

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 12, NO. 25.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1861.

OLD SERIES VOLUME 28, NO. 35.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Letters from Magalloway.—No. 1.
The steamer Union, Capt. Tyler, is now plying on the Umbagog waters, from the Lake House to Goodwin's at the Errol Dam on the Androscoggin, and Durkee's at the mouth of Diamond River on the Magalloway, and can run to the upper settlement, excepting at times when the water is low.

The places at which it will stop at occasion may require, with the distances from the Lake House are as follows:

	Miles.
Cambridge Port,	3
Grand Island,	4
Chub Brook and Marden's Ranch,	4
Haywood's Ranch,	5
Narrows,	5
Metalluck's Island,	5 1/2
Taylor's Cove,	6
Black Island,	7
Molly's Rock,	8 1/2
Outlet,	8 1/2
Pine Point,	11
Islet,	11
Osler Stump,	13
Starbuck's Cove,	13
Water Landing,	12
Moose Point,	9 1/2
Richardson's Carry,	9
Mouth of Magalloway,	10 1/2
Swift Water Point,	11
Cold Spring,	13
Errol Dam,	14
Indian Camp Ground, or Birch Point on the Magalloway,	13
Pine Hill Pond,	13 1/2
Pine Hill Spring,	14
Parson's Landing,	14 1/2
Bear Brook,	15 1/2
Little Brook,	16 1/2
Ben's Ranch,	17 1/2
Lewis Landing,	18 1/2
Pond Brook,	19
Calwell Landing,	19 1/2
Flint's Landing,	23
Bennett's Ferry,	25
Durkee's Landing, mouth of Diamond River,	27
Horse Shoe Pond,	30
Wilson's Rips,	32
From the Caldwell Landing to Gilman Bennett's, by land,	7 1/2
From Bennett's Ferry,	5 1/2
From Durkee's Landing,	5

Passengers can obtain conveyance by land from the Caldwell Landing, Bennett's Ferry, and Durkee's Landing to the upper settlement, (the verge of civilization, or a little beyond.)

Those who intend to follow up the Magalloway will find a comfortable and convenient stopping place at the house of Gilman Bennett, who will furnish conveyance for baggage over the carry, and boats above the falls suitable for the navigation of the river and Parson's Lake.

The descent of the river at Anisec Falls is about 175 feet in less than two miles, and the view is very interesting.

The distance on the Magalloway above the falls, navigable without interruption, is about 25 miles, to the mouth of the Little Magalloway, and the foot of Parson's Lake; thence there is a carry to Parson's Lake, or to Berry's Dam, of about 1 1/2 miles; thence the passage over the lake and up the river above, (7 or 8 miles,) is very easy to the Little Boy's Falls.

From this point the distance to the national boundary, by the main river, is about 15 miles, and by the East Branch about 7 miles.

Between the Anisec Falls and the head of Parson's Lake there are near the river several "lodges in the vast wilderness," built by lumbermen and fishermen.

The fishing is generally good in the Parson's Lake, the Little Magalloway, and in the ponds, of which there are six or seven near the river. The best fishing places on the Magalloway are as follows:—Bottle Brook, Pond Brook, Lombard's Pond, mouth of Diamond River and Diamond Falls, mouth of Abbott Brooks, Anisec Falls, Beaver Brook, the narrows, Lincoln Brook, Metalluck's Lower Pond, Upper Pond, Little Magalloway, Curious Pond, the Lake, Town Line, Little Boy's Falls, Camp Ground Ponds, and Nahum's Pond.

J. M. W.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Benefits of Drought.
Mr. Editor: Have your readers ever noticed the fact that a severe drought is usually followed by a fruitful season? Such is usually the case. Farmers will notice another fact, that the ground is lighter, and works more easily after a drought. It is probable that the soil after a severe drought becomes more soluble, and renders itself better food for plants than before.

The severe drought in this State the last year is strongly contrasted with the rich vegetation now everywhere seen in this vicinity. Many persons prophesied a light lay crop because the grass suffered severely last summer. I prophesied differently.

Turnip plants. Don't be afraid to transplant the Rutabagas where the worms have made vacant spots in your garden and field. They will be well relished by your cattle next winter.

FED BONES TO THE HENS. If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge, on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only will they digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will be themselves greatly benefited by them; they will lay throughout the season with much greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscle that will adhere to the bones.

[Homestead.]

For the Oxford Democrat.
CAMP OF THE MAINE REGIMENT, CO. G,
MERIDIAN HILL, D. C., July 8th, }

THE FOURTH AT CAMP JACKSON.

Mr. Editor: To us the day came and went in a manner so unlike that in which we have been wont to observe it, that the fact seemed a strange and vague reality. The camp awoke a little earlier than usual, as cannons commenced booming in the city, and scattering musketry rattled through all the surrounding encampments. No deviation was made in our discipline, except the omission of drills, and each company was left to pass the day as they should choose in their respective quarters. We, of Company G, had been presented with a beautiful mess of green peas, by our commander, Capt. Reed, who, with Lieut. Rust and Blake, assisted us in providing puddings and other delicacies, which, added to our regular rations, enabled us to spread quite a sumptuous table, and enjoy such a dinner as we had thought an impossibility to soldiers.

Our repast concluded, the following regular tables were offered and responded to by different members:

1. **Our National Birth-Day.**—Whether celebrated in the rejoicings of our peaceful homes, or in the camp with arms in our hands to defend the government established 85 years ago by our fathers with arms in their hands, its memories are still dear to every patriotic heart.
2. **Our Country.**—It had almost seemed to govern the world, when the greatest trial known to a government occurred to it—that of governing itself. Let us now show to the world that loyal Americans shall govern America.
3. **Our Native State.**—When her sons are called upon the battlefield may the old Star in the East gain new lustre by their achievements.
4. **Our Friends at Home.**—While they assemble to celebrate this glorious day, and are thereby, perhaps, reminded of our absence, may they not think of us sadly, but with joy, as the defenders of those liberties, the achievement of which this day commemorates.
5. **Our Company Officers.**—While we appreciate their indulgent efforts in our behalf, may we also second their endeavors to maintain the honor and fair fame of the N. I. I. Many excellent volunteer sentiments were offered by members and guests, which withal renders this 4th of July dinner an occasion long to be remembered by us.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF OUR REGIMENT.

In speaking of our regimental concerns, I would not presume to attempt to answer all the interrogatories that come to us from anxious friends at home, or to refute the direful tales which seem to have gained credence with them, concerning a long catalogue of afflictions and privations that have befallen us. Among the letters our boys received from home last eve, was one stating that, in view of the naked condition of the Regiment, "Bill" might be on the lookout for a suit of clothes, to wear on his journey home, and prevent the painful scene of receiving him in a state of nudity. Another conveyed the rumor which prevailed in Maine that the small pox had opened a masked battery upon us, and was sweeping us away by platoons. Still another remarked at some length upon the sad state of our forms gradually fading and wasting away, until we resembled those ghastly, spectral armies described in heathen poetry. When I speak of our fare and treatment, I speak for one only; I believe we have nothing to complain of.

In the month of April last, our country called for 75,000 troops to go into the field and serve three months. We readily responded to the call, and amid the bustle and turmoil of the first great perils of our national capital, we were organized and ready to be sent forward, as the pioneer regiment of Maine. We enlisted with the expectation of entering immediately into active service, and grappling with all the pains and hardships of a vigorous campaign. Surely, our minds were prepared for the worst, and the little we have had to suffer thus far is comparatively nothing. It is true our outfit was poorly provided, and our clothing not so good as it should have been; but we were equipped in great haste, and with no lamp of experience to guide the feet of our State authorities. We were detained by unavoidable circumstances four weeks in Camp Washburn, which, while it was unfortunate in some respects, has proved very beneficial to others. By the drill and discipline practiced in Camp Washburn, we are here to-day acknowledged as the best drilled regiment, with one exception, that has yet entered the service.

Our fare for the first 10 days in this camp was poor and somewhat scanty, and is accounted for by the fact that regiments were then coming in at the rate of six per day, and the subsistence department would not promptly supply the increased demand. Our uniforms still hold together by means of a little patching, and occasion very little complaint, because ventilation in the present hot weather is rather agreeable than otherwise.

If moved at all from our present encampment, I do not think it will be for any great distance, as our term of service is so soon to expire.

From our company we now have but two men in the hospital, and they are not dangerously sick.

T.

sweating will cure it, and if it rains, the cocks will shed water. On a clear day, open the hay into five or six flakes, and let it air two or three hours, when it is fit to cart away. A peck of salt to the ton of hay is his rule. He sows 12 to 15 lbs. seed to the acre, and thus obtains a fine, thick growth, not near as likely to lodge as coarser stalks, the result of thinner sowing.

From the American Stock Journal.

Matched Horses.

We recollect the reply of an intelligent farmer, when asked if his horses were well matched: "Yes," said he, "they are matched first rate. One of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should." This is not what would be considered well matched, especially by a person who has a proper regard for his own comfort and safety, and of his own animals, yet there are a great many pairs of horses worked together which are matched in this same way. It is not an easy matter to find a pair of horses well—not to say perfectly—matched in every respect; and we regard the thing as impossible, unless they are of the same blood on both sides. In market it is essential to a good price that horses offered in pairs should be of equal size, similarity of build, and colored alike to a shade. Those qualities are of importance as affecting the market value of horses offered for sale as matched pairs, but there are, in our opinion, other considerations of vastly more importance as affecting the real value of matched horses. They should have the same temperament; that is, one should not be quick and nervous, always ready to start at the first signal, and the other slow and plodding, never ready to move until started by the whip; and a pair of horses perfectly matched in size and color, but of different actions, are ill matched. Therefore a span of well matched horses should have the same spirit, action, temperament, gait and disposition, as well as color, form and size.

Then again, matched horses should be gaited alike when they walk or trot. Many horses that trot well together cannot walk together, because one may naturally walk fast and the other slow, and the fast walker takes more than his share of the load, while the other is greatly worried to keep pace with his mate, and ambition and courage never can make up for the natural slow walking gait; and although a pair of horses may move along together when upon a walk, because the slow walker has the disposition to keep up with his mate, yet he is worried in performing what his mate does with the most perfect ease. In matching, or selecting a pair of matched horses, there are many things to be taken into account, besides color, size, &c.

As we have said above, it is a difficult thing to get a pair of horses well matched unless they are the same blood on both sides. A spirited, sprightly, ambitious, nervous Morgan never will work well with a dead, unsteady dunghill. Thorough breeds of the same stock have a similarity of temperament, disposition and gait, if not of size and color; and when they are found to match in color and size, the same discrepancies do not exist between them as between dunghills. Take the different families of Morgans, and if kept pure, they will be found to possess the same general leading characteristics, and when got together make valuable pairs. In this view of the subject of horse raising, who can doubt that it is the wisest, cheapest and best to bestow great care upon the stock used for breeders?

TO FREE SWINE FROM VERMIN. A correspondent of the Southern Planter says if your hogs are busy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar. No spaniel ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself to the most infested spots on his body, so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen 95 out of 96 hogs smear themselves in less than thirty minutes after they had access to it and not one had ever known its use before.

A WORD TO MILKERS. The sage of the Ploughman says:—"The milk should be on good terms with the cow. If milkers scold and kick, the cow will, most likely, return the latter; and moreover, she cannot kick to advantage when her leg is in close conjunction with the milk. The best milkers are the quietest; for there will be a flow in less than a minute from the commencement of the process. Take advantage of this, and prevent its return. Milk drawn by the strippings are worth four times as much for butter as the milk that is first drawn." This is good advice. A lazy, scolding milk, will soon spoil a good cow.

SOAPSCENTS. In days that once were, the soapscents went to the gutter as regularly as the washing day was ended, and there are too many who allow the plan to be followed in the present day. All do not seem to have learned that a tub full of strong soap suds is worth as much as a fertilizer as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Now ever, a bucket of soapscents will be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place to dispose of it, but the roots of the grape vines, young trees, or anything of this sort will do as well.

SPRINKLE BEER. Allow an ounce of hop and a spoonful of ginger to a gallon of water. When boiled, strain it, and put in pint of molasses, and half an ounce of the essence of spruce; when cool, add a teacup of yeast, and put it into a clean, tight cask, and let it ferment for a day or two, the bottle it or use. You can boil the spruce, spruce fir in room of the essence.

MISCELLANY.

ECHOES.

Mr. Harlow sauntered listlessly about his garden walks; the long summer twilight was drawing to a close, and the young moon had hung her silver bow in the east. The hour was beautiful, and the place in which he walked one to delight the heart. But seeing, he saw not, and hearing, he heard not, for his mind was with his ledger and tangled business affairs.

Mr. Harlow did business in Boston, and resided in one of the adjoining suburban towns. He had recently purchased a pretty little place, and his family rejoiced in the exchange from a narrow city street, to the lovely gardens surrounding their new home.

At the foot of the garden was a little woody dell which had been purposely left in its natural state. A brook leaped musically down its rocky bed, and then, taking a sudden turn, wound placidly through a green meadow. Here the five children of Mr. Harlow were playing, and their shouts of gleeful song rung upon the evening air.

"Papa, papa!" cried little Harry, appearing at the top of the bank, "come and hear our echo. Ellen says it is the sweetest echo she ever heard; we have called to it again and again, and it answers back just what we say."

Mr. Harlow followed his son mechanically, but when he stood in the midst of the laughing troop of children, he came out of his troubled reverie.

"Oh, father! we have found an echo!" they cried together. "Hark!—it shall call father," said Susan. "Father!" and the echo answered "Father!"

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Ellen, the eldest, a thoughtful girl of twelve years. "If we stand in this spot, the echo speaks just once, clearly and distinctly; but a little to the right or left, it is repeated two or three times."

"I always liked to hear an echo," said the father, with a smile.

"Hallo, old echo!" shouted Harry, jumping up and down, and the response made him shout and laugh again.

"Where do you live?" called Susan.

"Sweet echo! sweet echo!" cried Susan, and the woodland sprite gave quite wild in answering to their merry calls.

"What is it, papa?" asked Ellen, the three year old, pet as he clung timidly to his father's side; "who is it that speaks?"

"It is the nymph of the stream, or the goddess of those woods," said Nelson, with a patronizing air. He had been reading mythology.

"Don't you be afraid, Eddie," said Ellen, kindly taking her little brother's hand; "it is only the sound of our own words coming back to us."

"The dew is falling let us now go into the house," said the father, and he turned from the place, followed by his children. Ellen walked by his side. "Father, the echo reminds me of something I read the other day. It was a piece about moral echoes; it said that if we spoke kindly, almost always we should hear the echo in a kind reply; and everything we do or say awakes echoes in our own hearts, and the hearts of those about us."

"Very true, dear Ellen; you are quite a moralist."

In the society of his family the shadows were charmed from Mr. Harlow's brow, but when he lay upon his pillow, busy, troubled thoughts banished sleep. He had been speculating, somewhat aside from his regular business, and was consequently harassed with too much care. As the day advanced, he sank into a fitful slumber which gave no refreshment to his wearied mind and body.

A cheerful group gathered around the breakfast table—five smiling, happy children, and their gentle mother. But the father's brow was shaded, and he had no reply for the pleasant prattle of his children; so they subsided into silence, chilled by his stern aspect. It might and should have been an hour bright and beautiful with domestic sunshine; and when Mr. Harlow bade his family "good bye" for the day, and felt that his wife's eye followed him with a sad, inquiring glance, his conscience smote him, for he had clouded the sweet atmosphere of home.

On his way to the depot, an importunate neighbor seized him by the arm, and held him an impatient captive, while he detailed a long account of affairs which he cared nothing about. He reached the depot just as the train was passing out of sight. Fretful and vexed at this unnecessary delay, he strode the platform frowningly until the next train appeared. Had the ride been longer, he might have settled down before its termination into a more quiet state of mind; but as it was, he grew more impatient with each passing moment, and when he arrived at his place of business, almost an hour behind the usual time, he was in a high state of excitement.

A little trial awaited Mr. Harlow, which did not improve his temper. Andrew Chase, a lad of fifteen, approached him with a timid, downcast air—

"See there, Mr. Harlow!" he said, pointing with a trembling hand to a large mirror which was one of a row lining one side of the store—a long crack disfigured its polished surface.

"Who did that?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow.

"Well being sorry won't mend it," said Mr. Harlow, fretfully, as he passed on to his counting room.

Andrew was deeply grieved at the accident, and Mr. Harlow's manner wounded him sorely. The merchant looked back through the glass door of his counting room, and saw the boy's troubled, tearful face.

"Poor fellow," he thought, "he feels worse about it than I do; I might have spoken more kindly, for Andrew is a good boy."

Everything seemed to go hard that day. Mr. Harlow worried himself and all about him. The oil of good humor would have had a wonderful effect upon the machinery of business, but he did not think of that.

Yet Mr. Harlow was not by any means, a cross and early man; usually, he was most bland and cheerful, but too much care unstrung his nerves, and weakened his self-control.

Late in the afternoon, he received a message from a business firm in New York, and he was more hurried and troubled than before.

"Here, Andrew Chase," he called, in a peremptory tone, "this box must go to New York; the mail has closed, but it can go by express. Hurry, you have just five minutes to take it to the depot. It is of great importance; don't fail to get it expressed."

"Yes, sir," said Andrew; "I'll run every step of the way!" and eager to do his master any favor, that he might, in some measure, atone for his carelessness in the morning, he darted down the street.

Half an hour elapsed, and Andrew returned with slow and reluctant steps, the packet still in his hand.

"What! how is this?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow in angry disappointment. "Were you too late?"

"Yes, sir," said Andrew.

"But you had full five minutes time, and you could have walked, and got there soon enough. It is too bad! Here it is Saturday night. Too bad—too bad!"

"I am very sorry, sir; I started on a full run, but stopped, for there was a child in the street, and a horse—"

"Never mind; don't tell me all the why's and wherefore's. You know that it was of the greatest importance that you should stop for nothing at all. You had no business to stop, or to turn right or left. If I can't trust you in such matters, I can trust you in nothing. Go to the head clerk and get your wages and henceforth I will dispense with your services."

"Mr. Harlow, do hear what I have to say! I say the child was in great danger; in a moment more—"

"Oh, please!" interrupted Mr. Harlow, with an impatient wave of his hand, "children are in the streets all the time; it is a poor excuse for delay in such a matter—Go, Andrew Chase; your carelessness has done me enough damage for one day."

The boy stood for a moment hesitating, flushed and angry; once his lips parted, as if he would again attempt his defense; then with a proud, half-triumphant light in his eye, he turned away.

Mr. Harlow was puzzled with the meaning of that last glance.

Another message from New York. Now Mr. Harlow was glad the packet had not gone—all was right. It was a lucky accident which had delayed Andrew Chase.

"Has Andrew gone?" he hastily inquired of his clerk.

"Yes; I gave him his wages, and he bade me 'good bye.' He seemed to feel very badly, sir."

Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself; and then he remembered with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow with several children, and depended much on his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was disaffected and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but it was with difficulty he replied to her remarks. He soon retired to the parlor, threw himself into his arm chair, and took up the evening paper. Ellen sat down to the piano and ran her fingers lightly over the keys; Nelson was occupied with his book, and the young child sat upon the carpet playing with their toys.

"Eddie, you naughty boy, let my house alone," cried out Harry, in a cross voice, and he caught up a little building block and threw it at his brother.

The block did not hit Eddie, but, half-grieved and half-angry, he began to cry, and said "bad, naughty Harry."

Mr. Harlow started, and his first impulse was to punish Harry instantly and severely, but Ellen, the peace-maker, was before him, and he wisely resumed his seat in silence.

"Don't cry, little Eddie," said the sister's gentle voice.

"Harry's a cross boy," sobbed the child.

"Did you not know, Harry, we all have echo in our hearts? When dear mother speaks to us so kindly and sweetly, how we love her; and if we don't reply in the same words, we do in the same tone. And when you speak unkindly to little Eddie, how quick he pouts, and says, 'Naughty Harry?' It is the little echo in his heart answering you. Now, if you had not been angry, but had said, 'Please, Eddie, don't throw my blocks down,' he would have stepped one side very quickly. Are you not sorry you made me angry, and tried to hurt him?"

Harry looked upon the beautiful face of Eddie, which was smiling now, though there was the glitter of tears upon his lashes, and with a gush of love and penitence, he flung his arms about him, and hugged and kissed him heartily.

Mrs. Harlow witnessed this scene with misty eyes. Ellen had unconsciously given him the key to his despondency. In the echo chamber of his heart, he heard repeating and repeating the words and the deeds of the day. Impatient and exacting, he had evoked a like spirit in all about him. Especially did he recall his intercourse with Andrew Chase, and he pictured the boy, with angry and injured feelings, sitting in his widowed mother's home, which, though he thought it humble, was indeed far poorer than his fancy painted.

"Ah, me!" he murmured, regretfully, "would I had done otherwise!"

It is a strange, mysterious thing, this Echo, the voice of memory. Some one has said that "We have only the present; the past is buried and the future is yet unborn. It is scarcely thus, for the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, give coloring to, and permeate with their spirits, the present. One day of calm and elevated happiness is a joy forever, for other days will borrow serenity from the light of its memory. Often a look, a motion, an incident seemingly most trivial, will awaken recollections of words and deeds of long ago. Perhaps we deemed them forgotten; but, lo, the thoughts, the language, the acts of other days have come back to us, and Echo repeats and repeats them again."

As our lives are in part moulded by those around us, and they are continually awakening responses of pleasure or pain in our being, so we in our turn, by all the influences going out from what we do or say, are helping to make melody or discord in the hearts of others.

Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Mr. Harlow, and he sighed again, in a moment more—

"Would I had done otherwise."

Mrs. Harlow, who had been busy with some household task, now entered the room.

"Did I not hear angry voices a little while ago?" she asked. "I hope my little boys have not been quarreling?"

"Harry was unkind to Eddie," said Ellen, "but he is sorry, and they have made it all up."

Mrs. Harlow took Eddie upon her lap and gazed upon him with great tenderness.

"What was it, mother, that happened to dear Eddie?" and Harry drew near again to caress the pet of the household.

"Mr. Harlow," said the mother, "my heart has been full ever since I came home to-day. Little Eddie went with me to the city, and he was delighted with everything he saw, and I could hardly keep him by my side. I was making some purchases, and thought he was standing near me, when suddenly I missed him. I looked anxiously towards the door and saw him in the street, just before the foot of a large cart horse; the street was pretty clear at that moment, but I saw no escape for the child. I rushed forward, expecting to see him next moment crushed and mangled, when a lad who was passing caught him up with the quickness of thought, and with one hand seized the horse's bridle. The driver swore in a great rage at the hindrance, and the horse struggled and reared beneath a shower of blows. For an instant it seemed that the boy would be thrown down, but he held on bravely, and then sprang to the sidewalk, with little Eddie unharmed."

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless with the exertion and excitement. Oh, Mrs. Harlow!" he exclaimed, "it is your little Eddie! I thought he would be killed! Oh, I am so thankful!"

"I tried to thank him, and tell him my gratitude, but he said he was in great haste—that I must excuse him, and without listening to a word he ran down the street."

This little narrative was listened to with thrilling interest by the family group. Eddie, the dear, youngest one, had narrowly escaped a frightful death.

"I should like to shake hands with that Andrew Chase," ejaculated Nelson; "he is a brave fellow."

"Yes, that he is," cried Harry emphatically.

"He was a good boy," said little Susan, with tears in her eyes.

Ellen's eyes quite overflowed. She took the little fellow from her mother's arms, and gazed lovingly into his bright, young face; she kissed the fresh red lips, and the beautiful black eyes, and stroked the fair, curly hair, which was her pride; and the vision of that cherished one all crushed and mutilated, no more to bless them with his presence, made her shudder. But she had him safe in her arms, and her heart went up in gratitude to the Great Preserver, and she blessed the name of Andrew Chase.

"Come to papa!" said Mr. Harlow, holding out his hand, and the child sprang upon his knee to receive a fervent embrace.

Mingled emotions of gratitude, regret and shame, swelled Mr. Harlow's breast. Now he understood the meaning of Andrew's last half-triumphant glance, as he pondered it over, he could not blame the pride of spirit which had kept the boy from saying

that it was his own child whom he had saved from death.

In the moment of angry excitement, Mr. Harlow only thought he was trying to find an excuse for mere carelessness and neglect. But had he known the facts, and had the child been one of the poorest and least cared for of all the city orphans, he would have approved the boy, though his loss was great. But it was Eddie, the pet lamb of his flock! He was under infinite obligations to Andrew, and he had sent him from his presence with the severest reproof.

He tried to comfort himself with the thought that to-morrow he would find and reward him suitably. This was easy to resolve, but difficult to accomplish. Where in the great city Andrew Chase lived, with his poor mother and younger brother and sister, Mr. Harlow did not know, and all of whom he inquired were equally ignorant.

Weeks passed, and he began to feel the burden of unacknowledged gratitude painfully, when one day a plainly dressed woman entered the store, and asked for the proprietor of the establishment. She threw up her veil, disclosing a pale, sorrowful face—

"I am Mrs. Chase, the mother of Andrew," she said by way of introduction.

"I am truly glad to see you," said Mr. Harlow, shaking her hand. "Where is Andrew? I have been searching for him this long time."

"He is at home, just recovering from a fit of sickness. He spent two rainy, chilling days in endeavoring to find employment, and caught a violent cold, which settled upon his lungs, and he has not left the house since. He is getting better, and will soon be able to be out. I depend much upon his earnings, and cannot afford to have him waste any time in finding a place. He is too proud to come to you himself, so I have come to ask you to recommend him to others if you are unwilling to receive him again in your store."

"Mrs. Chase," said the merchant, in a husky voice, "I was hasty and unjust in my treatment of your son, and he has laid me under a deep debt of gratitude—I must see him."

Mr. Harlow was not a man of many words. He accompanied the poor woman to her home. He was shocked to find it so

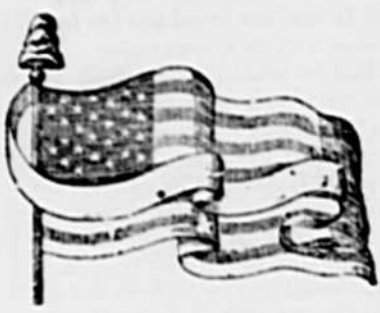
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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per
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The Great Problem

Whether man is capable of self-government is now being solved. That is really the question involved in the present war. The experiment has been tried in past ages, and in more modern times, and outside of our own republic, failed. Since the adoption of the Constitution, as a nation and a people, we have been traveling on to greatness and glory. In comparison with the other nations of the earth, we have become a great power. Upon every sea, in every foreign port, and over every foot of foreign soil, our flag has been and is respected. We have ourselves boasted that this was the model government of the world. The people of other nations have fled to us and sought that protection which our institutions afford to the oppressed.

In all that makes a nation great and powerful, we stand to day vindicated before the whole world. The question now comes, can we maintain the authority of this government against those at home. No matter what pretences are set up by the Southern rebels; the fact is they are engaged in a war for the destruction of this government. All the talk we hear about the oppression and wrongs which have been inflicted upon them by the Federal Government, is the merest humbug. It is only an excuse for treason. The boasted right of secession is but a pretext for destroying the government. When we consider the immediate cause urged by them for the mad and treasonable course they are now pursuing, to wit: the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, it scatters to the winds every apology that can be put forth by way of justification. A refusal to submit to the election of Lincoln, is a flat denial of the right of the majority to rule, under the laws and under the Constitution. To deny this right, necessarily involves the complete destruction of the government. View the present controversy in any light you will, it is nothing less than a deliberate attempt on the part of the traitors to destroy the right of self-government. To effect this, the rebels are in the field with arms in their hands, threatening devastation, death and destruction to all who oppose their treason. Success on their part would be an end to free institutions and self-government; it would be an end to all that we hold dear and sacred.

A government that cannot maintain its authority against domestic violence and treason, is no government. A recognition, either directly or indirectly, of the right of secession, would be an end to all authority, all rule, and all law. A recognition of a government instituted by the hand of lawless violence, within the limits of Federal authority, under the Constitution, would be an end not only of the Union, but of the government itself.

This is the issue that has been forced upon us by southern traitors. The question strikes deep at the root of everything we value of importance. Our fathers fought seven years, through all the terrible, trying scenes of the American Revolution, to establish a republic form of government. This rich legacy they transmitted to us, and the great question now is, will we preserve it as our fathers handed it down to us, or will we suffer it to be destroyed. Will we stand up like men and patriots, and wipe out rebellion from the face of the land, and transmit the legacy of our fathers to our children and their posterity, or will we leave but a wreck of our former national greatness, and leave them to perish amid its ruins? These are serious, solemn questions. Upon them hang the hopes of the patriot, the hopes of the whole civilized world.

With the oath of God upon him to "support the Constitution of the United States," how could Abraham Lincoln have done differently from what he has? Armed rebels denied the authority of the Federal Government, and commenced a war against it. But one course was left; but one alternative remained to the Executive—to meet force with force. War existed by the acts of the rebels. And now we wish that everybody may be undeceived. President Lincoln and the Republican party are engaged in a war, forced upon them, for the preservation of the government. Its very existence is at stake, and unless this causeless rebellion can be put down, the great problem of self-government fails, and the sun of liberty goes out. Let there be no false lights or false issues. We wish the real question to stand out before the gaze of the whole people. Let them clearly see the consequences involved, the interests at stake. And when these are clearly seen and understandingly considered, how can any man that loves his country hesitate for a moment as to what is duty? The Administration are laboring, not for a party, not for party interests, but to save our country from ruin,—to maintain

the Constitution and preserve the Union. Then let all true patriots stand by the President,—stand by their country until rebellion is effectually put down, and the good old flag that has been our protection at home and abroad floats in triumph over every State in the Union.

The Organization of the House.

In selecting its officers the present House of Representatives has been peculiarly fortunate. The election of Hon. Galusha A. Grow to the Speakership is but a just tribute of respect to a worthy, honorable man. Mr. Grow, when quite a young man, was elected to the House of Representatives, where for ten consecutive years he has served his constituents and his country faithfully and honestly. During the four years we were in Congress, we served upon the Committee on Territories, of which he was chairman. This, together with a familiar acquaintance, enabled us to judge correctly of the man, and to say that he has fairly earned the high position he now occupies, by his strict fidelity to principle, his untiring industry, his unwavering devotion to the great principles of freedom, and his spotless moral and political integrity. Sternly has he stood up against the corruption of the old democratic party, of which he was formerly a member, while his bold and defiant attitude, when brought in collision with boasted southern chivalry, has won the applause and admiration of the whole country. Mr. Grow possesses a warm and genial heart, which always has, and always will draw around him hosts of admiring personal friends. His present position requires a man of nerve, decision, patience, and impartiality, peculiar to Mr. Grow; and we predict that he will prove an efficient and popular presiding officer.

The Hon. Emerson Ethridge is just the man for Clerk. Our readers know his political history. Although he hails from a far off State—a State cursed with traitors, who are now madly laboring to drive it out of the Union. Mr. Ethridge was a member of the 33d Congress, where he distinguished himself by his active efforts against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. After a terrible fight, he was re-elected to the 34th Congress, where we first became personally acquainted with him. At the next Congressional election he was beaten by about 100 votes. Two years ago last fall he again took the field, and was elected by seven majority, after another severe fight.

Mr. Ethridge has always been true to the best interest of the whole country. He never was in any sense a sectional man, and it is because he will not join with traitors in Tennessee in carrying on a war of rebellion against the General Government, that he has been obliged to leave his own State to escape personal violence. No man that has been in Congress for the last ten years can boast of more personal friends than Emerson Ethridge. And he has won them by his warm heart, his gentlemanly bearing, his kind words, and strict, unbending integrity.

As the second officer in the House, we know Mr. Ethridge will be a general favorite. Endowed with a high order of talents, enjoying a national reputation of which any man might justly be proud, Mr. Ethridge undoubtedly awaits yet higher honors, which he has fairly earned by a life of devotion to the best interests of his country.

Mr. Goodenow, the new Door-keeper, was assistant door-keeper in the 34th and 35th Congress. His selection for that responsible position was an excellent one, and he will make an efficient officer. The same may be said of the Hon. Edward Hall, of Ohio, the new Sergeant at-Arms. He has served in Congress four years, and will sustain his well earned reputation in his new and responsible position.

Jeff. Davis' Pirates.

Recent telegraphic despatches, and other means of information establish the fact that the Privateers sent out under Letters from the Southern Confederacy are doing essential damage to our Commerce. Several Maine vessels have been captured and their cargoes confiscated by the Southern pirates. Our government is pursuing altogether too lenient a course towards these atrocious scoundrels. A crew of men was recently taken with a prize in tow, and as yet nothing has been done with them, and it is said they are to be tried? To be tried? A pretty way to deal with such devils in human shape. What is the use to talk about "trying" them when the evidence of their guilt was found upon them, most unmistakable. They ought to have been hung up at the yard arm instantly. This is the way to deal with these pirates in war times. They have forfeited all title to mercy or the forms of a trial, and should be hung up just as quick as a rope can be put around their stiff and rebellious necks. This pirating upon our commerce, under the authority of the Jeff. Davis dynasty, is a disgrace to civilization, and a burning scandal upon the age. None but a hardened, conscience seared gang of slavecrats would be guilty of such Heaven daring piracy. And it is no use to think of stopping this infamous business by easy blows. Our government must make an example of these villains, by hanging them up just as fast as they can be caught. This and this alone will put a check upon the accused business.

Another thing, our blockading vessels must be more vigilant. The "Echo," which has recently been cruising near our coast, with several prizes, worked its way out of Charleston Harbor, eluding the blockade. We have too many old fogies in command of our Navy. They have been doing nothing so long it is hard rubbing off the rust from them. Our government has had "palace" enough with Southern traitors. It is about time to strike heavy blows. And first of all, let summary vengeance be visited upon the guilty heads of these privateering pirates.

MAINE WHELFAN SEMINARY. The catalogue of this excellent institution, for 1860-1861, has been received. It remains under the charge of Rev. H. P. Torrey, who we perceive has lately donned the title of Doctor of Laws; and the evidence that none of its past popularity has been lost is contained in the single statement that the aggregate attendance for the past year was 549.

Mission of the Republican Party.

Rebellion must be put down, and the Republican party, aided by patriotic men in other political organizations must do it. But this is not all they are called upon to do. The government must be purged of corruption. The two last National Administrations, inaugurating a system of cheating, stealing, plundering and robbing, of course had in place of trust, knaves and robbers. This class of men completely corrupted the whole government. Nothing sacred was done upon any principle of honesty or fair dealing. In every contract there was plunder to be distributed, knaves to be rewarded. Millions were plundered from the treasury and put into the pockets of government officials and the tools that aided them in their wholesale piracy upon the national treasury. This democratic system of public plunder has done more to debauch the mind, corrupt the morals and inject the poison of death into the very vitals of the body politic, than all other causes and agencies put together.

The Republican party was placed in power to correct this great and alarming evil, and unless they do it the same power that made it can and will unmake it. This party has in its train a set of unprincipled camp followers, who to aggrandize themselves would continue the same abuses that ruined the old democratic party, and well-nigh ruined the whole country. These demagogues must be kept at arm's length. They mean no good either to the party or the country. They are a set of Hessian adventurers, and professed loyalty to the Union only to procure facilities to plunder the treasury. The leaders in the Republican party must inaugurate a radical reform in this direction. The government is in their hands and they will be held to a strict accountability. If they purge the government of these terrible abuses, then well we may hope for the perpetuity of our free institutions; but if they are to be continued the union is hardly worth the sacrifice the people are making for its preservation.

A Pirate off the Coast!

Much excitement has been occasioned within a few days, by the arrival, in Portland, of a vessel which had been captured by one of Jeff. Davis' pirates, and released. The pirate is a full rigged brig, mounting one large, and two small 18 pounders, and two small 12 pounders. She was fitted out at Charleston, and run the blockade in the night. It is reported that after she left, a practice ship took her place in the harbor, so that the blockading squadron did not notice her absence.

The Mary Goodell, at Portland, reports that the pirate had captured five vessels, and sent them home in charge of prize crews. The officers were taken off and sent into port in this vessel, while the crews were impressed into the rebel service.

Prompt measures have been taken by the Government to capture the Jeff. Davis, five vessels having been dispatched the day intelligence was received. As she is represented to be a slow sailer, there is little doubt of her being captured, before she has time to do much more mischief.

The rebel steamer Sumter escaped from New Orleans, while the Brooklyn was chasing a British vessel. She has been heard from at Cienfuegos, where she had several prizes, among which were some Maine vessels. The piratical character of these vessels is completely demonstrated by the fact that they pay no regard to property protected by other than the American flag. A cargo of sugar, belonging to Spanish owners, is among the prizes carried off.

For The Oxford Democrat.

Ordination at North Paris.

Bro. Russell B. Andrews was set apart to the work of the Gospel Ministry, with appropriate exercises, according to the practice of Baptist Churches, on the 11th of July. Order of exercises as follows:

Singing. Prayer of Invocation, by Rev. Charles Perkins. Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Orr Richardson. Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Ventres. Singing. Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Z. Morton. Charge to the Candidate, by Rev. W. H. S. Ventres. Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Wm. Bavin. Singing. Charge to the Church, by Rev. E. W. Pray. Closing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Turner, of the Methodist Church. Benediction, by the Candidate.

DROWNED. On Saturday, 13th inst., Alvin E. Adams, son of A. W. Adams, of Mexico, was drowned in the Androscoggin river, at its junction with Swift river. In company with some other lads, while bathing he would swim down the quick current of the Androscoggin and back up the Swift river. The last time, not calculating the distance correctly, he was drawn into an eddy, where the streams meet, and though the boys with him tried their best he could not be rescued. His amiable disposition and conscientious truthfulness had won the regard of all who knew him. He was 14 years old.

STEAMER UNION. It will be seen by a letter, printed on the first page, that the steamer Union is now ready to carry pleasure parties to any part of Lake Umbagog, or adjoining waters, desired. The steamer has been built for the benefit of the guests of the Lake Hotel, a house recently opened by Simon F. Frost, at Upton. The letter of Capt. Wilson, contains a table of distances to the principal points of interest, in the Lake region, which will prove of interest to persons about to travel in that section.

INTERNAL MACHINES. The rebels have been trying to blow up the Potomac flotilla with infernal machines. Two were sent down last week, against the Pawnee and Freedom. One careened and sunk, and the other had the fuse put out by water. They proved to be hollow cylinders of boiler iron, filled with powder and every description of missiles, moored to big oil vats, which acted as booby traps for them down. One has been taken to Washington, where it excited much attention.

The Freeborn has taken another cruise about Matthias Point, and scattered the rebels there assembled. They had no battery.

For the Oxford Democrat.

The Republican Party—Is its Mission Ended?

In times of intense excitement the judgment is frequently easily biased, and our generous impulses get the mastery of right reason and sober second thought. These thoughts have been suggested by the fulsome praise bestowed upon some Democrats who support the National Administration in putting down rebellion. The Republican party was called into existence, not by politicians, but by the people. The encroachments of the slave power were making such rapid strides, and had so demoralized the old parties, that the people demanded an administration of the Government upon the principles of the fathers and founders of the Republic. The demand was so great that the new organization formed in 1855, taking the Constitution as its basis, and the administration of the government upon the principles of Washington and Jefferson as its platform, sprang forward with a giant's strength, and well-nigh wrested the government from the hands of the usurpers in 1856, and in 1860 elected their candidates for President and Vice President notwithstanding the threats of traitors to dissolve this glorious Union if Lincoln and Hamlin should be elected. The subsequent transactions are before the people, and I will not here recapitulate. Suffice it to say that on the 4th of March last Abraham Lincoln took the oath to support the Constitution of the U. S. A., and enforce the laws thereof. In his inaugural he told the people that he should perform the obligations imposed upon him by the oath he had taken. Upon taking the Presidential chair he found open rebellion in several of the States and others on the eve of resistance. The treasury was completely emptied; the munitions of war had been removed to the rebellious States, and it was evident that the late administration had paved the way for the utter subversion of the government. He called about him an able cabinet, and set about righting the old ship of State. Soon the news dashed across the wires that Sumter is bombarded; 10,000 men are engaged with all the implements of hostile force to subdue 70 Federal troops in the fort. Anderson nobly sustains the flag of his country until from exhaustion he is obliged to succumb. The President notifies the rebels to disperse, and calls for troops to defend the Capital (which was threatened,) and disperse the Mob. The Country is aroused! Hundreds of thousands of brave men spring to arms to defend the stars and stripes, and to wipe out the disgrace. Republicans and Democrats were found shoulder to shoulder to defend the flag, and why not? It is not a rebellion against the Republican party or against Abraham Lincoln, but against the government. Democrats as well as Republicans need government, and it is as much for their interest to sustain it. Hence we find Gen. Butler, the Breckinridge candidate for Gov. in Mass., engaged (heartily I doubt not,) to put down the rebellion. He pledged the people of the South in the last campaign, true to the Union and Constitution. They have deceived him, but he stands true to his principles. Hence we find the lamented Douglass urging the dispersion of the rebels with all the force of the government. Hence we find the majority of the Democratic journals throughout the free States loyal to the government. Not because Abraham Lincoln is President, but because our very existence as a government is threatened by armed rebels. Are these men and these journals doing anything more than their duty? Are they doing more than we expected? Have we not always declared our belief in the honesty of the people, and their fidelity to the government?

While the unanimity of the people, and the hosts that are offering their services to defend the government, is one of the grandest spectacles the world ever looked upon, and sends terror to the hearts of the leaders of the rebels, yet it is no more than we had a right to expect from our law-abiding, law-loving people, and he who does not come up heartily to the support of the government, is a rebel and a traitor, and deserves a traitor's doom, whether he live in a free or a slave state.

The question then arises what is the necessity of the Republican party? Why not have a grand Union party of all who favor the suppression of rebellion, and all who oppose its suppression, as this is the great question. Now what is the necessity of parties? Queries like these are very plausible and should receive careful attention. If there is any principle in the platform of the Republican party that is repugnant to the people and in contravention of the constitution, then it should be at once disbanded. If it has accomplished all the purposes for which it was instituted, then it may cease. But if, after having elected a President, who found upon coming into office an armed rebellion to resist government, (not the Republican party,) because Democrats come up to help sustain government, it is thought wise to dissolve the party. Experience will show it to be the height of folly. The Administration must have a party to rely upon in which it has confidence. And what party can have that confidence except that which elevated it. This matter of putting down rebellion has nothing of a party character to it. It is a question whether we have a government or not, and all parties are equally interested, and all agree that armed rebellion must be put down, not by compromise, but by armed resistance.

Joel C. Preble, who murdered his wife, at Lewiston, July 4, was taken last week, at the house of Wm. Bonney, West Minot. He thinks he has wandered 300 miles, subsisting on milk and berries. Losing his bearings he became desperate, and called at Mr. Bonney's for food, when he was recognized and detained until an officer could be called to arrest him.

COUNTY CONVENTION. The County Committee fixed upon the Sixth of August, as the day for holding the County Convention. In the notice, as published last week, Wednesday was accidentally named. It will be seen that the call now reads "Tuesday, August 6th."

Rev. Z. Thompson is chaplain of the 6th regiment, just gone to Washington.

From the Boston Journal.

The Contest in Missouri.

There are many who will be apt to regard the contest now going on in the southwest corner of Missouri as a local or provincial affair. This is a great mistake. The battle there has wide, almost continental proportions. They are fighting for the key to the growing nation on the Pacific coast. Let us imagine for a moment that the Union men of Missouri should be overpowered. Unless they could be relieved by loyal reinforcements, a wall would be interposed between the Union men of the East and West. A powerful force, embittered by old recollections, would destroy the loyal communities of Kansas without the least mercy. The Mormons from Utah, not yet weaned from their rebellious attitude toward the Government, would soon be leagued with the traitors. Nebraska would have no power of resistance. The Indian Territory would be speedily occupied, and all its tribes promptly in their disposition toward the Government. The loyal minority in Texas would be able to neither move hand or foot. And thus from Iowa to the Gulf, all the Western side of the Mississippi would be closed to the Union cause, cutting off our land communication with California and Oregon, and exposing them to the dangerous wiles of the conspirators.

The truth is, the great contest in which we are now engaged will be brought to a decision in but a few localities. It is possible, indeed, that Richmond, New Orleans and Southern Missouri may be the real battle-fields of the war. That the latter is to be reckoned among the decisive theatres of action, is evident from the course of the secessionists. Already, Ben McCulloch, the most rising of the disunion spirits, has turned up in that quarter, having witnessed the slaughter of his brave followers by the well handled cannon of Col. Sigel. He did not wait for the termination of the local contest in Missouri, but hurried to the rescue with his Arkansas troops, and issued orders for the rapid transfer of many more. The Southern papers intimate that a heavy force had been dispatched to the Northwest from the neighborhood of Memphis, Tenn. As if fully aware of all this, Gen. Lyon has concentrated the Union forces, to the number of at least ten thousand strong, in the same vicinity, and the result of an important collision must be soon before the public eye.

If the Union army is triumphant, as we cannot doubt it will be, it will not let the grass grow round its shoes. Men like Lyon and Sigel will make the most of whatever advantage fortune bestows upon them. They will probably return McCulloch's invasion of Missouri by visiting the rebels of Arkansas. They will meet with but feeble resistance from poorly armed and discouraged rebels, and (if Mr. Rust's words were true at the beginning of the last session of Congress), with a hearty welcome from a large Union population. They will restore confidence to the Indian tribes in the contiguous territory. They will advance in the rear of, and easily take, those rebel batteries which are said to be scattered along the west bank of the Mississippi, thus preparing the way for, or co-operating with, Gen. Fremont's column, which is to go down the river. Possibly they may continue the co-operation, till the city of New Orleans beholds the gleam of their muskets, and witnesses their victorious junction with that other column to Richmond.

ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON. A letter to the Boston Journal, dated Saturday morning, states that Mr. Thompson of the Glen House started for the Tip Top House, on the summit of Mt. Washington that morning. He drove a buggy, with a span of ponies. With a glass he was seen near the top of the last pitch, and probably reached the summit in safety. This is the first ascension of the mountain by carriage; and if not the highest carriage road in America, is at least sufficiently perilous to give it notoriety.

DEATH OF MRS. LONGFELLOW. Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Longfellow, wife of the poet Henry W. Longfellow, met with an accident, Wednesday, which proved fatal the same day. She was melting sealing wax on some envelopes, when a match set fire to her clothing. Her funeral took place, on Saturday. She was 44 years of age. Professor Longfellow was so badly burned as to be unable to be present during the funeral exercises.

THE TARIFF AND WAR LOAN. A dispatch from Washington, dated 16th, says: The Tariff bill will be considered in the House to-morrow. The committee of Ways and Means inserted nothing about iron. The duties on sugars range from 2 1/2 to 6 cents per pound, according to form and quality; molasses 5 cents per gallon; all teas 15 cents, and all kinds of coffee and cocoa 5 cents per pound; salt 18 cents per 100 pounds; Russia hemp \$40, and manila and other humps of India \$25 per ton. All goods and war merchandise actually on shipboard and bound for the United States, or on deposit in warehouses and public stores, at the date of the passage of this bill, shall pay such duties as are provided by law before the time of the passage of this bill.

The Loan bill has passed both branches of Congress, and awaits the President's approval. One of the thirty amendments authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange for coin or in payment of public dues, Treasury notes bearing six per cent interest for a period not exceeding 12 months, provided that the amount at any time so used shall not exceed twenty millions. The sections pledging the duties on tea, coffee, spices, wines, liquors, and also the excise and other internal taxes, is struck from the bill.

The rebels at New Orleans are fitting out an iron boat, pointed, intended to run down the vessels engaged in the blockade. It is reported that Captain Seward Porter, formerly of Portland, will command the machine.

B. F. Kendall, a native of Bethel, in this State, and a graduate of Bowdoin College has been appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs for Washington Territory.

Western Virginia Movements.

Attack of the Enemy upon Gen. McClellan's Outposts.

CINCINNATI, July 11. A special dispatch from Beallington, near Laurel Hill, says that yesterday morning the rebels were kept up with the enemy all yesterday afternoon. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon two large bodies of troops were seen marching out of the enemy's camp. Preparations were immediately made to resist an attack. By 4 o'clock the skirmishing in front by the 10th Ohio and 9th Indiana became very warm. The enemy advanced under cover of the woods. Our skirmishers pushed forward, pouring in a sharp volley killing several. The rebel cavalry then advanced to take our skirmishers by the flank, but our boys rapidly retreated, and the artillery dropped a couple of shells, one exploding among their cavalry, causing them to instantly fall back, when the boys again rushed forward pouring in another volley. The rebels now scattered in the woods, their efforts attempting to rally them, but they could not be brought up in a body again. In the meantime our boys picked off their officers. Several more shells were thrown in, and our men made a final rush, driving them clear through their own rifle pits, bringing back several of their blankets, canteens and guns. It was a crack Georgia regiment numbering 1200 men.

As dusk the skirmishers retired from the woods in capital order. Astonishing pluck was displayed by our skirmishers, the only trouble being to restrain them from running into the midst of midst of the enemy.

The Georgians now have new ideas to Yankee courage. A prisoner says they refused to come down to the roads opposite our advanced position again, and all were much astonished and terrified. Their supplies of provisions are cut off, and they must soon come to extremities. Our loss is one killed and three wounded. Indications are that the enemy is about to cut a new road through the woods to effect their escape or obtain provisions. Arrangements are being made to head them off. Every outlet is watched.

Defeat of Rebels at Roaring River.

ROARING RIVER, Va., July 13. A battle was fought yesterday afternoon at Rich Mountain, two miles east of this place, where the enemy numbering about 2000, under Col. Pegram, were strongly entrenched. About 3 o'clock in the morning Gen. Rosecrans with portions of the 8th, 10th and 13th Indiana and 19th Ohio Regiments, left this place, and after a very difficult march of seven or eight miles, cutting a road through the woods succeeded in surrounding the enemy about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A desperate fight immediately ensued, lasting about an hour and a half, resulting in the loss of sixty of the enemy killed and a large number wounded and prisoners, some of the latter being officers. The enemy retreated precipitately, leaving behind six cannon, a large number of horses, wagons, camp equipment, &c. The loss on our side was about 20 killed and 40 wounded; among the latter Capt. Cris Miller of the 10th Indiana regiment.

The Battle at Beverly.

Gen. McClellan's Official Reports.

RICH MOUNTAIN, Va., 9 A. M., July 12, 1861. Col. E. D. Townsend: We are in possession of all the enemy's works up to a point on the right of Beverly. I have taken all his guns, a very large amount of wagons, tents, etc., everything he had, a large number of prisoners, many of whom were wounded, and several of them officers. They lost many killed. We have lost in all perhaps twenty killed and wounded, of whom all but two or three were in the column under Rosecrans, which turned the position. The mass of the enemy escaped through the woods entirely disorganized. Among the prisoners is Dr. Taylor, formerly of the army. Col. Pegram was in command.

Col. Rosecrans's column left camp yesterday morning and marched some eight miles through the mountains, reaching the turnpike some two or three miles in the rear of the enemy, defeating an advanced host and taking two guns. I had a position ready for twelve guns near the main camp, and as the enemy had no artillery, I ascertained that the enemy had retreated. I am now pushing on to Beverly, a part of Col. Rosecrans's troops being now within three miles of it. Our success is complete and almost bloodless. I doubt whether Wise or Johnson will unite and overpower me. The behavior of the troops in the action and toward the prisoners was admirable. (Signed) G. H. McCLELLAN, Major General Commanding.

Further Particulars.

BEVERLY, Va., July 13. Yesterday morning Gen. McClellan ordered four regiments, the 8th, 10th and 13th Indiana Volunteers, and the 19th Ohio Volunteers, to proceed along the line of the hill, south east of the enemy's entrenched camp, to the Beverly road where it crosses the Rich Mountain, two miles east of the enemy's position, with orders to advance along the Beverly road and attack the enemy on its flank. Gen. McClellan being prepared to assault the West side as soon as the firing should announce the beginning of the attack. The capture of a courier who mistook the road through the enemy's camp for the route of our troops, placed the enemy in possession of the movement. When Col. Rosecrans reached the Beverly road at 2 o'clock after a most exhausting march over the mountain, he found the enemy posted at the opposite side of the road, about 800 strong, with two cannon and holding a strong position partially fortified.

An engagement instantly took place and continued for three-quarters of an hour, when the rebels were totally routed with the loss of 300 men, including officers, and both cannon. About 75 of the rebels were killed, 75 of them wounded and are now in our hands, and 150 others as prisoners. The road was between two hills. Our goods and war merchandise actually on shipboard and bound for the United States, or on deposit in warehouses and public stores, at the date of the passage of this bill, shall pay such duties as are provided by law before the time of the passage of this bill.

Gen. McClellan was in position with his whole force during the whole afternoon, ready to make the assault, but heard nothing from the other column except the distant firing early in the morning. He was proceeding to plant cannon on the rebel camp, commanding a portion of the rebel camp, preparing to attack the whole nest in front, when it was ascertained that the enemy evacuated the place during the night, moving toward Laurel Hill, leaving behind a few of their sick men, all their tents, camp equipment, and transportation. A rapid march was then made by Gen. McClellan to Beverly, passing Col. Rosecrans's command on the road with instructions to follow quickly. At Beverly, it was ascertained late in the day that the rebel forces at Laurel Hill had retreated, moving toward Romney. Our total loss is not more than 11 killed and 35 wounded. The foregoing is approved by Major General McClellan.

WASHINGTON, July 13. The following dispatch was received to-day at headquarters from Gen. McClellan: BEVERLY, July 13. To Col. E. D. Townsend, Washington, D. C. The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannon, of which one is killed, and all the enemy's camp equipment and transportation, even to his cups. The

number of tents will probably reach 200, and more than 60 wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to 150, with at least 100 prisoners, and more are coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners. Their retreat was completed.

I occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Garnet abandoned his camp early this morning, leaving much of his equipment. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George. Gen. Morris is to follow him up closely. I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland to join Gen. Hill at Bowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Bowlesburg and will cut off Garnet's retreat near West Union, or, if possible, at St. George. I may say we have driven out some 10,000 troops, strongly entrenched, with the loss of 11 killed and 35 wounded.

Previous to this morning, Gen. Garnet's force had been 10,000 men. They were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseans, and I think Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c. I trust that Gen. Cox has by this time driven Wise out of the Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia. I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

Major General Department of Ohio.

WASHINGTON, July 14. The following is the report of General McClellan to Lieutenant General Scott:

BEVERLY, Va., July 13. I have received from Gen. Pegram propositions for a surrender, with his officers and the remnant of his command, say 600 men. They are said to be extremely confident, and are determined never again to take up arms against the General Government. I shall have nearly 900 or 1000 prisoners to show Gen. McClellan. Gen. Pegram comes in. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels killed some 150. Gen. McClellan's dispatches have diffused general joy. None share in it in a greater degree than Gen. Scott himself. The intelligence seemed to make the military here impatient for an opportunity to achieve results similar to those narrated.

CINCINNATI, July 14. A dispatch from Beverly says Gen. McClellan's advanced division were moving rapidly to Cheat Mountain Pass. The rebels have burned the bridge at Huttonsville, and will burn Cheat Mountain bridge, but will not delay our troops an hour.

At Rich Mountain 131 dead rebels were found. Our wounded are doing well. Ten commissaries, including Capt. Skerphoff of Powhatan, Capt. D. E. Sangell of Brunswick, dangerously wounded, and Dr. Tyler and Dr. Walk, both late of the regular Army. Some Georgians and South Carolinians are among the dead, but the dead rebels are chiefly Eastern Virginians.

This morning Col. Pegram, commanding at Rich Mountain, sent a letter to Gen. McClellan, offering to surrender himself and command of 600 men. The surrender was accepted, and the rebels will march in to-day as prisoners. They are much reduced by hunger.

The Battle of Carriekford.

200 Rebels killed and 1000 taken Prisoners.

WASHINGTON, July 15. The following official dispatch has been received by the War Department:

HUNTSVILLE, Va., July 15. Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General: Gen. (last night) our forces have been routed, and his baggage and one gun taken. His army is completely demoralized. Gen. Garnet was killed while attempting to rally his forces at Carriekford, near St. George. We have completely annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia. Our loss is but 13 killed and not more than 40 wounded, while the enemy's loss is not far from 200 killed, and the number of prisoners we have taken will amount to at least 1000. We have captured 7 of the enemy's guns in all. A portion of Gen. Garnet's forces retreated, but I look for their capture by Gen. Hill, who is in hot pursuit. The troops that Gen. Garnet had under his command are said to be the crack regiments of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and I firmly believe the secession is killed in this section of the country. (Signed) G. H. McCLELLAN, Major General U. S. Army.

New York, July 15. A Cincinnati dispatch states that the rebel force, after being routed from Laurel Hill, Thursday night, General Morris's column commenced pursuit the next afternoon, and after a terrible forced march through the rain and mud over Laurel Hill our advance came upon the enemy at Carriekford, eight miles south of St. George. The rebels drew up in line of battle and poured a raking volley up in the right of our column, killing the 4th, which returned a few shots, lasting twenty minutes. Dumont's Indiana 7th made a charge upon their battery, when they broke and ran, crossing the ford toward St. George. General Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball which killed him instantly. Col. Dumont continued the chase for two miles and bivouacked on the battle ground near St. George. Forty loaded wagons, one rifled cannon, two stand of colors, killed twenty wounded many, and took more prisoners than we could take care of. Our loss was two killed and two mortally wounded. The rebels lost all their tents, camp equipment, arms, chests, clothing, hundreds of muskets, knapsacks, and large quantities of ammunition. They retreated toward St. George, but it is feared that Gen. Hill will meet and still further route them near West Union. Gen. Morris was to return to-day by St. George to Laurel Hill. Garnett's body was brought here and it will be embalmed and forwarded to his friends.

CINCINNATI

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