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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Scientific American.

Improvements in Farm Machinery.

It is a feature of the first importance, in the agriculture of this as well as other countries, that the improvements in agricultural machinery are receiving so much attention, accomplishing so much of real practical benefit to the farmer. This fact alone has done much to revolutionize the operations upon all large farms, and to some extent to change the system and practice among small cultivators.

Every year brings with it new inventions, numerous and pretentious; and we believe, also, that nearly every year gives to the public some decisive advance towards the perfection of agricultural machinery. It would be too much to expect, under the high pressure demand for improved machines, that all inventions will prove valuable; on the contrary, it is doubtless true that nine-tenths of those offered to the public are failures; but out of this great wealth of mind and skill, something must be evolved which will simplify agricultural operations and benefit the farmer.

Taking our observations at short intervals or by single years, the changes may not appear to possess very great significance; but when we extend them to a decade or to a score of years, the results achieved are astonishing, and fill us with admiration. When we revert to the exhibitions, which it was our practice to attend twenty years ago, of the State and county agricultural societies, and compare the implements and machines then in use with those now offered for inspection on similar occasions, we are filled with admiration for the genius and skill of American mechanics, and prompted to congratulate the farmers of the United States upon the advantages thus placed within their reach.

This subject has been brought forcibly to our notice on reading, in the *Prairie Farmer*, a sketch of the exhibition of agricultural machines and implements at Dixon, Illinois, under the auspices of the Illinois State Agricultural Society. That exhibition was a great and proud triumph for the cause of American mechanical skill and for American agriculture, and proved conclusively to our mind the steady and even rapid progress of the farmers in this country towards the dignity of labor, and the triumph of mind over muscle.

Events are fast proving the practicability of applying science, in the form of skillfully constructed machinery, to the practical work of the farm. Henceforth, in farming as in other pursuits, mind shall be worth more than muscle, and the intelligent, educated farmer enabled to employ his powers to better profit and greater advantage, in the direction of his business, than in the mere manual drudgery of routine work, which the machines of the present day will perform vastly quicker, cheaper, and more successfully than it can be done by hand labor.

The West is peculiarly the field for the introduction and use of agricultural machinery. Farming there is done on a broader scale than in the Atlantic States, and the nature of the soil, as well as the face of the country, specially invites this system of agriculture.

Hemlock Tanned Leather.

The Hon. Zadoc Pratt gives some of his experience in the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* on tanning hides. From the records of tanning 200,000 hides, the average time required in tanning them was 5 months and 27 days. He says: "The average weight of the leather was over eighteen and one-half pounds per side, and the average gain of weight seventy per cent for the whole time. This according to the best authorities we have at hand, is considerably below the time employed in England. There it is no uncommon thing for eight and ten months to be employed in tanning a stock of sole leather, and some of the heaviest, it is said, requires from fourteen to eighteen months. Such deliberation undoubtedly insures fine quality, but it may be questioned whether there is not a great loss in the increase of weight, a loss of interest on capital, and in consequence an unnecessary enhancement of price, which does not suit the American genius or market. It will be borne in mind that they pay three or four times as much for bark as we do in this country. They have no hemlock bark. Hemlock is truly an American bark, and that of the Catskills affords more tannin and is better adapted to make sole leather than any other. The farther you go from the Catskill mountains the less tannin you find in the hemlock.

I admire its cooling shade.

"Tis pleasant unto me—

Of all the trees the Lord hath made,

I love the hemlock tree.

When we sent the first hemlock leather to England John Bull's chemists said it was not tanned, and declared that they could bring it back to hide. The mistake was perhaps a natural one, but it was none the less a mistake; for after trying their utmost skill upon it they were obliged to exclaim that they did not know what those Yankees' red tannin had been doing to it. And so learned British chemists gave it up.

The hemlock is not rooted like oak before it is used. In all new countries bark is cheaper than in old, and less care taken to preserve it. It is often that they find it for their interest to use, where bark is dear, nut galls, terra japonica and divi divi, while in this country these are rarely used for sole

leather, but sometimes to finish light stock, skins, &c. I have been engaged about fifty years in hemlock tanning, and a part of the time have added the use of oak to one tannery. The bark has scarcely ever been analyzed for the use of the tanner, and to my knowledge not at all since chemistry has been improved; the knowledge which I have acquired has been the result of long continued practice and experience. This teaches me that the hemlock is much stronger than the oak. I have visited the English and the French tanneries but have seen nothing to compare with the American improvements.

Estimating the Capacity of Barns.

Very few farmers are aware of the precise amount of shelter needed for their crops, but lay their plans of outbuildings from vague conjecture or guessing. As a consequence, much of their produce has to be stacked outside, after their buildings have been completed; and if additions are made they must be put up at the expense of convenient arrangement. A brief example will show how the capacity of the barn may be adapted to the size of the farm.

Suppose for example, that the farm contains 100 acres, of which 90 are good arable land, and that one-third each are devoted to meadow, pasture, and grain. Ten acres of the latter may be corn, stored in a separate building. The meadow should afford two tons, per acre, and yield 60 tons; the sown grain, 20 acres, may yield a corresponding bulk of straw, of 40 tons. The barn should, therefore, besides other matters, have a capacity for 100 tons or over one ton per acre as average. Allowing 500 cubic feet for each ton (perhaps 600 would be nearer) it would require a bay or row 40 feet long and 19 feet wide for a ton and a half to hold four feet deep. If 20 feet high it would hold about 30 tons. If the barn were 40 feet wide with 10 feet posts, and 8 feet of basement, about 45 tons could be stored away in a bay reaching from basement to peak. Two such bays, or equivalent space, would be required for the products of 90 well-cultivated acres. Such a building is much larger than is usually allowed; and yet, without it there must be a large waste, as every farmer is aware who stacks his hay out; or a large expenditure of labor in pitching and repitching shaves of grain in thrashing.

In addition to this, as we have already seen, there should be ample room for the shelter of domestic animals. In estimating the space required, including feeding alleys, &c., a horse should have 75 square feet; a cow 45 feet; and sheep about 10 square feet each. The basement of a barn, therefore, 40 by 75 feet in the clear, will stable 30 cattle and 150 sheep, and a row of stalls across one end will afford room for 8 horses. The 30 acres each of pasture and meadow, and the 10 acres of corn, fodder already spoken of, with a portion of grain and roots, would probably keep about this number of animals, and consequently a barn with a basement of less size than 40 by 75 feet would be insufficient for the accommodation of such a farm in the highest state of cultivation.—*J. J. Thomas.*

The Apple Worm.

Everybody knows—when we have apples—how very generally they are infested with a worm; not the worm proceeding from the egg deposited by the curculio, but from an egg deposited in the blossom, and thus growing with the growth of the apple. It is a fat, sleek-looking, white worm, often an inch in length, which eats to the very centre of the fruit, and frequently in transverse directions, throwing its offal out at the calyx, or through the sides of the fruit. The centre is sometimes filled with this matter, so that the whole apple is thoroughly ruined.

In the autumn of 1859 there was a fair apple crop, yet scarcely ten in a thousand apples could be found free from this worm. A short time since, Mr. J. W. Wilcox, of West Roxbury, brought us a bottle of worms, eighty odd in number, which he caught in two nights under a single tree. He learned how to catch the worms in the following manner: Several years ago, while engaged in doing carpenter work, some timber and boards were left under an apple tree, lying in various positions upon the ground. Upon removing this lumber, he found that wherever two pieces of board or timber lay pretty closely together, these worms had crawled in in considerable numbers, and seemed to be well pleased with their snug retreat. This served to give him the idea of a trap which has proved the death of thousands of the offenders.

He places two boards, each about three feet long, and of a pretty smooth surface, not planed, however, together, under the tree and near the stem. These boards are visited each morning and the worms found there destroyed, and the boards put back in position again. Three sets of boards are usually placed under a tree, on its different sides, which, Mr. W. says he thinks, will soon draw the worms from the fallen apple into their beneficent shelter. He also gave it as his opinion, that all old apple trees under the walls and in the pastures that are not attended to, are so many nurseries of these pests, and that if they were cut down, or all the fallen apples were eaten by swine or cattle, and proper care observed with cultivated trees, this great evil would be abated or entirely removed.

We hope ten thousand traps will be set at once, and clean off these vermin. [Maine Farmer.]

An editor says the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass, the more it shows that her hands of life are running out.

Taxation Cheerfully Considered.

If we assume that at the opening of 1863, our National debt will be \$800,000,000, it will even then be less than one-fifth of that of Great Britain, and even the little kingdom of Holland. Our capacity to meet it is really greater than that of all these nations together; for while they have reached the limits of their expansion and resources, we are only at the commencement of the development of ours.

There is nothing, therefore, to discourage us in the expectation of a happy issue out of all our troubles. We may look cheerfully at the taxation which we are about to encounter, and adopt the philosophy of an Irish member of the House of Commons, who said that the "true way of avoiding danger was to meet it plump."

As a nation, we have been so nearly prosperous; we have been but lightly burdened with taxes, so lightly as scarcely to feel their existence. Fortune has followed industry with unparalleled certainty, and millions have risen up among us with the rapidity of thought. New States have been formed, and populated, and consolidated, and become rich in a day, and our free institutions and our benign laws have conferred a greater amount of happiness upon a greater number of people than was ever before achieved by any form of policy.

But as Satan entered Paradise, so his children have penetrated the home of our peace. A conspiracy of rebels apparently possessed of the demon, has undermined this happiness, and should it succeed, will destroy our prosperity as well as our glory. If its abettors, North and South, overturn this Union, we shall be but a collection of insignificant confederacies, each struggling desperately for existence. We shall have to give up all the great outlets of the country. We shall lose the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Alleghany, the Ohio—for in losing their mouths, we shall lose the power of supply. We shall lose our capital, and a large part of our commerce, and acquire only an endless series of conflicting tariffs, disputed boundaries and border wars.

Now, if the South, in the unholy and worst of causes, can make such sacrifices of life and property with so much readiness as they have done, can we be excused, in our most righteous one, if we leave untried every possible exertion? The southern traitors fire their houses and their cotton, strip their plantations of their slaves, and drag old and young alike from their homes to recruit their decimated ranks; and shall we hesitate or complain, if we are called upon, out of our yet undiminished abundance, to contribute a fractional part of our incomes, our earnings or expenditures, to preserve the priceless blessings we have enjoyed?

But let us bring this home to individual feeling. Shall we, in this Empire City of the Empire State, grudge our share of contribution to the national wants? Let us reflect for a moment on the exorbitant outlays going on every day around us, and see if a part may not be saved for acts of grace and loyalty. Will that family, which is now saved the expense of the tuition of a son by educating him for three years in our admirable free schools, and five years in the Free Academy—the saving amounting to the sum of at least \$1,000—will this family complain if it is asked to pay with \$200 or \$300 to the country which gives them these schools?

Will the young men who smoke cigars at ten cents each, day after day, and year after year, refuse to pay a small tax annually to sustain the government under which they are able not only to gain a livelihood, but indulge in such luxuries? Will the women, whose prosperous husbands have arrayed them in the most gorgeous robes of silks and laces, refuse to do with a less number of dresses, that those husbands may again prosper?

Will the ancient dames, who now recline on velvet cushions, or drive through the parks in equipages such as royalty itself would deem a splendor, object to restricting their bills at the carriage maker's until the war is over? Will not the loungers in Broadway, or the men of fashion in the saloons, spare the coat of one dress coat to clothe the poor and honest soldier?

For in this way, and with this desire to do our duty, we may all reason as the tax-gatherer approaches our door. The useless and superfluous gew-gaws which fill the dwellings of the "gay unthinking crowd," whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround, if turned into money, would, in the city of New York alone, raise and sustain a hundred regiments of infantry.

The classes which form the basis of the State are doing their duty without the aid of any such arguments. To them we find no occasion to appeal. Let us then remember that this taxation is the first trial we have had to encounter of its kind; that we have to choose between it and ruin; that those who grumble at giving a little, may, if they do not give, lose all.

Twenty years hence, it will be of little consequence whether we are taxed \$100 or \$500; but it is of the mightiest consequence that we put down this rebellion, and give our children the same chances that we have enjoyed, for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," whether twenty millions of good and loyal men shall be ruined by eight millions of bad ones; whether a great nation shall be puffed out of existence by the fetid breath of drunken conspirators, and whether the people of this continent are able to govern themselves, or must yield at last to despots, kings, dictators and knaves. [N. Y. Post.]

What is the simplest way of increasing the speed of a slow boat? To make her fast.

MISCELLANY.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATCH.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

You have no faith in the supernatural? I have. You do not believe in necromancy or astrology? I do. The reason for this is you are Americans, descended from English ancestors, while I have German blood in my veins, and inherit a reverence for what you sneer at. Were a disembodied spirit to arise at my bedside to-night, I should question it, and own to being frightened, while you would throw a candlestick at its immaterial head, and insist to the last upon its being a burglar in disguise. Yet, mark me, in spite of yourself, your hair would rise, and you would feel what you would not acknowledge for the world. Bah! if such things have no existence, what do you strange shiverings mean? and why do we look about us with awe-stricken eyes when we pass grave-yards after dusk? You do not, you say? I have never seen a ghost, and I cannot say that I desire the spectacle. There must be an uncomfortable beating of the heart at such a sight. I doubt if many could retain both life and reason through such an ordeal.

I am a doctor. Years ago I was very poor and very young. I came from my own country with my diploma, and nothing else. I found that the great cities of the new world were full of doctors, young and poor as I was. I left them, and went westward. I settled in the State of Indiana. It was then one great forest, with clearings here and there for the fields of corn and rods of houses. Any one led a hard life there, and a doctor's, it seemed to me, was worst of all. Miles and miles of hard riding through rain and mud, to visit patients who could pay nothing; miles back again, to steal a few moments' repose before another announcement of some one "being very bad!" I was skin and bone in a twelve-month, but that was nothing uncommon in that part of the world. The only wonder is that I did not have what they called "fever's ager;" I was the only person free from it for fifty square miles. However, I prospered, after a certain fashion, and in a year or two made a considerable local reputation. The place was growing, and my spirits began to revive.

It was about this time that I first saw my watch, to which all I have now to tell relates. A cold night in November had set in. I was at supper in my little home, enjoying it as only hungry and weary men can enjoy food. Don't ask what I had; it was "out West," remember. Of course there was a preparation of pork, and a preparation of whiskey; corn meal, pork and whiskey are the staple articles offered "out West." I was enjoying my supper, as I have said, and a loud knock at my door was not the most delightful sound that could break the silence. However, I said "come in!" with as good grace as possible, and a stranger entered. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, in the dress of a backwoodsman, and his large features wore a troubled expression. I saw at once that something serious had occurred.

"It's a bad night to trouble you to come so far, Doctor," he said, looking at me from under his fur cap, "but there's a bad accident happened over at our clearing, and if you kin do anything for the poor chap, I'll be glad to see it done, more particularly as I helped to shoot him!"

"Helped to shoot him?" I said, with a start, "what do you mean?"

"We took him for some kind of a critter, that's how it was," said my visitor; "not a purpose, stranger. We think heaps of him. I'd sooner hev shot myself."

I knew the man spoke the truth, and taking my box of surgical instruments under my arm, followed him to the spot where his horse was tied. Mine was already saddled; my little darkey knew well enough what the arrival portended, and had him ready. We were off in a few moments.

Few words were spoken as we rode along through the darkness. I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion replied—"I'm afeared they be, Doctor." I asked if the man was young or old, and he answered—"Rising forty;" and then, after a few words upon the badness of the road, we relapsed into silence.

At last a glimmering light told me that we had approached a dwelling, and with a short "We're there, Doctor," my companion sprang from the saddle and entered the door. I followed him. The room was modestly lit with flickering candles. About a foot in the centre was grouped four or five men, and a woman, large and broad-shouldered as any of her masculine companions. A child, too, lay crying in its cradle, but no one seemed to notice him. They made way for my approach, and I saw a figure stretched upon the bed. It was that of a man with sinewy limbs and weather-beaten face. His shirt was unbuttoned, and the breast and sleeves were soaked with blood.

"Tain't no use, doctor," he said, as I bent over him; "I'm a gone coon, doctor's stuff ain't of no account to me now."

I did not believe him. His face was not that of a dying man, and the wounds scarcely seemed dangerous.

"These bullets are bad things to have in one's side," I said; "but men have lived through more than that. Cheer up!"

"I ain't down-hearted, doctor," answered the man. "I shan't leave no children nor wife to fret after me, and suffer for the want of my ride. I never hev been much afeared of death. But I tell you all you do's no use, there's a sign that can't be mistook."

The group about the bed glanced at each other, and the woman shook her head at me as though she would have said, "Never mind his words."

I did what I could for him. The bullets were extracted, the wounds bound up. He was weak, but no desperately so. I looked at him and smiled. "How now?" said I.

"Tain't no use—the watch is stopping fast," he answered.

Then, for the first time, I noticed that beside him on the bed lay a great old-fashioned silver watch, the case battered, the face discolored, and that it ticked with a strange, dull sound as though it was very old and feeble.

"The watch has been injured by the bullets, I suppose," said I; "besides, all watches stop at times."

"Not this one, stranger," said the wounded man. "They're laughed at me about that watch a hundred times; now they'll find my story true, I reckon. The watch and I will stop at the same minute."

The woman at the bedside shook her head again. "It's an old fancy of yours, Mike Barlow," she said; "you'll live to see the folly of it."

"So they talk," said the man. "Now, listen, doctor. You're come far to see me and done all you could. I'll give you that watch. It's money val'ry arn't much, but it'll do you service. It was giv' to me by an old Frenchman, out of 'Canada, when he was lyin' just as I am lyin'." It had been his father's, and his grandfather's, and his great-grandfather's before that; and this is what he told about it, and this is what you'll find to be true: That watch will tick slow and steady, regular as the sun, as long as whoever it belongs to is well, and safe, and thriving. When there's danger coming, it begins to go fast, and faster, and faster, until it is past, and so loud that you can hear it across the room as plain as if you held it in your own hand. When death is coming, that watch begins to stop. It goes slower and slower. Its voice grows hollow; and when the breath leaves the body, there's no sound to be heard, and all you can do won't make it go for a year. At the end of that time it will start all of a sudden, and after that you can read your watch by it and know your death-hour. It was so after old Pierre died. It will be so now. Keep the watch when I'm gone, doctor."

I could not help looking with some interest at the battered time-piece. A strange story had been woven about it, and the marvellous always had a charm for me.

I sat beside my patient until he sunk to sleep. He seemed to be doing well still, and I had no doubt but that the morning light would see him greatly better. But Western hospitality would not permit of my departure at that late hour, and I was lodged in an upper chamber upon a bed as clean and fragrant as it was simple. I slept soundly. I was awakened at midnight, however, with the news that my patient was worse. He had awakened in mortal agony. Some inward injury impossible to discover, had done his work. I said nothing of hope now, and the man looked at me with a ghastly smile.

"Take the watch," he said. "Watch it and me. You will find me right."

These were the last words he uttered. He muttered incoherently after this, and tossed his arms about, and struggled for his breath. At last, he seemed to sink into a slumber. My hand was on his heart; I felt its beating grow faint, fainter still. At last there was no motion. He was dead. I lifted the watch to my ear—that had stopped also.

There were tears in the eyes of the rough men about me, and the woman wept as she might for one of her own kindred. I could do no good now, and I turned away leaving the watch upon the coverlid; but one of the men came after me.

"He giv' it to you," he said, "and it's your'n. He had nobody belongin' to him, so you needn't be afeared of takin' it. He must hev taken a likin' to you, for he thought a heap of it. Take it, doctor, and so the watch was mine."

It was dumb and motionless, and remained so. I took it to the water-melon, and he laughed at the idea of its ever going again. This was after I left the West and dwelt in a large and populous city in the Eastern States, some eight or nine months after poor Mike Barlow's death. The water-melon only confirmed my own suspicions. It was a strange coincidence that it should last exactly its master's lifetime, but that was all. So I hung it upon my chamber wall, a memento of those days of toil and struggle in the far West.

One morning I awoke early. The blushes of dawn were just breaking over the earth. It was in the month of November, but still the day was lovely. There was an unwonted sound in my room. At first I could not guess from whence it came. Had the sky been cloudy I should have imagined it to be the rain upon the roof. Then I began to feel that this sound I heard was too delicate for the patter of rain. It might have been the clang of a fairy hammer, or the tapping of the beak of some minute bird, save that it was too regular. But the mystery of the sound was what it seemed to appeal to me—to reproach me with forgetting it.

I sat up and looked about me. In an instant I understood the sound. It was the tick of the old watch upon the wall. Silent for a twelvemonth, it had suddenly found voice, as though some spirit hand had touched its springs. I looked at my memorandum book. Twelve o'clock of the past night was the anniversary of Mike Barlow's death. His words came true at last. He had said that when it once began to move, it would be as my monitor of safety or danger. All else happened as he had foretold; why should not this come to pass? I worked upon my guard chain a dainty little Geneva watch. I unfastened it, and put the battered silver monster in its place. The budding development of the mystery made it more

precious to me than if it had been set with jewels.

It did not stop again. I heard the soft "tick, tick, tick," all day and when I wakened in the night. Once or twice it beat more rapidly than usual, and always before peril—the first time when a fever threatened me; the second, as I stood upon a broken bridge, which was swept away one hour afterwards; and at other moments which I have forgotten, but which served to keep alive the fancy that I have loved to cherish.

Never was its voice so clear and soft as on that evening when I first met Rosa Grey. I loved her from the first moment, and she loved me in return. We had neither of us any friends to interfere, for she was an orphan, brotherless and sisterless; and so, after a brief courtship, we were married.

I had no secrets from my wife, and in a little while she learnt the story of the watch.

She had faith in it, and thought or fancied that she could detect the very shades of difference in its utterance. When I was weary, she said the watch was weary, too; when I was glad, it had a joyous echo. I know that on that night when a feeble breath fluttered in a feeble frame, and the little creature whom our love had given existence struggled in vain for life, there was a piteous cadence in the voice of that old watch I hope never to hear again.

So we lived on together. It was God's will that we should be childless, but we loved each other all the more. I grew rich and prosperous, and our only grief was the missing of those baby eyes and voices which we had hoped to have about on earth.

It was my fortieth birthday—I never shall forget the day—when the watch began its warning. My wife and I heard it at one moment. Never before had the voice of that watch been so loud or so rapid. All day long, all the next, and all the next that warning continued. The strong pulse of the watch shook the table on which it rested, when I drew it forth from my pocket, and made the garments on my bosom rise and fall when I replaced it. Were we threatened with illness? No! her cheek was blooming and my pulse was regular. What could it mean?

After four days I began to laugh at my credulity, and even Rosa began to lose her faith in the Monitor. About noon I left her, and went alone to a little room where I kept my medical works and some rare drugs and curiosities. It was my purpose to study for a lecture which I was to deliver that evening. I seated myself at my desk and commenced to read; but after a few moments I began to experience a singular faintness, and to inhale a disagreeable odor. I recognized the smell in a moment. In one of the jars upon my shelves was a rare essence of great use in cases where a suspension of consciousness was necessary, but excessively dangerous, save in skilful hands. Some one—a servant, probably—had been meddling with the jar and removed the stopper, and the room was full of the powerful odor. I must leave it if I would live. I staggered to the door, put my hand on the lock when, horror of horrors! it remained immovable—something had happened to the catch. I strove to call aloud but my voice failed me. I clutched the table for support, but lost my hold, and fell heavily to the floor. I could see nothing—all grew dark about me. Mechanically I placed my hand upon the watch within my bosom. It had stopped!—and I remember nothing more.

Consciousness came back to me, as it may come to a newborn babe, for aught I know. I felt without understanding; I was conscious of facts for which I cared nothing; I was in the dark; I was very cold, and my movements were constrained; but it did not seem as though that were any affair of mine. Hunger at last awoke me; the animal aroused the mental, and I began to wonder where I had been and where I was. I put up my hand as well as I could. There was a low roof over my head, folds of muslin lay about me, and something was upon my breast which emitted a sickly fragrance—a bunch of flowers seeming half withered. I knew this by the touch. What was the matter with me? Why could I not breathe freely? Was I blind and deaf, that I could neither see nor hear? Suddenly the truth flashed across me; I had been buried alive!

—I lay in my coffin!

And this time, you ask, where was your wife—how had she borne the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon her. She was with me, and something was committed to the tomb. I had often made my wife promise me that if I died first she would take the watch into her own possession, and wear it all over she lived, and so, now that it was all over, she took it, voiceless as it was and laid it next to her bosom. For three days and nights she never slept; but at last exhaustion did its work, and she fell into a heavy slumber. She was awakened by a sound as strange as it was unexpected. The watch, silent since that fatal day, had begun to tick—fast and furious, as it never ticked before; loud enough to arouse her—loud enough to make her spring from her pillow in an agony of hope and fear.

Those about her thought she was a mad woman but, nevertheless, the strength of her purpose bore all down before her. Out into the midnight she went and they followed her. Through the streets of the deserted town she passed in her white night-robes like a ghost, and they dared not hold her. She reached the church-yard at last, and beat wildly on the old sexton's door.

"I am come to tell you to open my husband's vault," she said; "he is come to life again."

He also thought her mad, and yet dared not disobey her; and all the while the furious ticking of the watch was heard by each one there. It softened, it stilled, when the doors were opened and the dark coffin stood upon the turf. It grew musical when my wife bent over me and caught me to her heart—no corpse, but a living man; and it has had no change in its regular beat since that moment.

It is before me now, battered and worn as it was when it first came into my possession; and you may laugh alike at the watch and at the superstition with which it is connected. But my wife believes in it firmly, and loves it as though it were a living being; and, for the matter of that, so do I.

ANECDOTE OF CILLEY. A friend communicates to us the following anecdote of the late Hon. Jonathan Cilley, the first Congressional victim of the slave power, which is said to have been completely characteristic of his complete presence of mind, his resolute courage, coupled with the most disinterested generosity and forgiving spirit.

During the winter of 1835-6, while he was speaker of the house of Representatives at Augusta, he had occasion to make an unexpected visit to his home in Thomaston.

He left Augusta in the afternoon, and reached home late at night. It being dark and cold he concluded not to call upon his wife, who was alone in the house with his young children, but to enter through the barn and shed in the rear. He accordingly went through the back yard, and on approaching the barn, discovered the door to be open. Listening a moment he heard movements in the shed which satisfied him that some person or persons were there. He slipped quietly into the barn, and securing the door after him, advanced immediately into the workshop, calling out to know who was there. Hearing no reply he commenced exploring the premises. In groping about he stumbled upon the burglar, and instantly received a blow from a stick that nearly stunned him. He instantly grappled with the man, and throwing him upon his back, demanded to know who he was and what he wanted, but received no answer.

After a short struggle he succeeded in dragging the thief into the kitchen, and striking a light, discovered the thief to be one of his townsmen, one who had often manifested towards him, both personally and politically, the bitterest hostility.

Here was one of his bitterest enemies completely in his power. A single call to the nearest neighbor would have delivered him to the authorities of the town, or a mere mention of what had occurred, would have attached a stigma to the man's reputation, and rendered him powerless over after, to injure Mr. Cilley.

But far different was the course pursued. Mr. Cilley kindly to him, told him he regretted to find him thus engaged, and how surely it was bringing disgrace and ruin on himself and family. He then led him to the door, gave him a part of what he had come to steal from an unprotected house, and bade him depart in peace.

Between Mr. Cilley and his wife, who having been awakened by the disturbance, had overheard the conference, the circumstances for a long time remained a secret, and the name of the guilty party went down with each of them to the grave.

[Bath Sentinel.]

WHITE MEN AS LABORERS AT THE SOUTH. We wish we could remove our fallacy from the Northern mind, and that is the fallacy that labor performed by negroes on the plantations of the South cannot be done by white men. We say it can; and can be done cheaper and better. Intelligent and independent Southerners will admit this. Why, the white farmers of the west, in their harvesting season, work and are happy and healthy, under a sun quite as oppressive as that of this latitude. The hod carriers of the North, with no wool to shield their heads work as no negro could work, in a sun quite as broiling as anything experienced in a rice field or a cane brake. We throw these assertions out for the examination of the philosopher and the statesman. And we will anticipate events so far as to say that a sugar plantation will be worked in this State by white men before the year is out.

Don't then, believe those who tell you that a white man can't do what a negro can. He can do all that a negro can do, in the way of laboring in the sun, and ever so much more. [N. O. Delta.]

THE SUNKY SPA. Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when one breaks his leg let him be thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it was not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is a true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human breast.

Somebody in the army writes to a friend, who counselled him in kindness to bear himself bravely in the face of the foe; "Don't bother me with advice. We think but little of the counsel of men who stay at home."

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do, ye even unto them."

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per
year, in advance; Two Dollars, at the end of the
year.

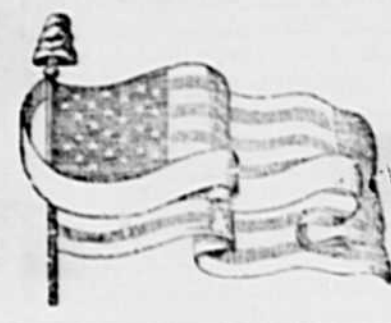
Clipping.—We would respectfully call the
attention of such as are disposed to lend their aid
in extending the circulation of a home paper to the
following offer:

We will send
10 Copies, for one year, for 12.50
20 Copies, for one year, for 20.00

And one copy to the person getting up the club.
The money must accompany the order.

Wm. A. Pidgin & Co., 10 State Street,
Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, are
our authorized agents.

JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.



The last State Election.

Return enough have come to hand to show that the State has gone Republican by a handsome majority. There are several things connected with the canvass and the results growing out of it worthy of notice. 1. The war and its incidents have engrossed so large a share of the public notice that in many places, but little attention was bestowed on the election. No public meetings were had, excepting war meetings and these not of a political character;—another thing, the raising of the two quotas of six hundred thousand new troops aided largely in diverting public attention for the time being away from other matters. With the exception of certain localities where there were closely contested questions between particular candidates, so far as the republican party was concerned, the election had to take care of itself. 2. There was much greater activity among democratic politicians, than in the ranks of their opponents. In many places, the democrats did every thing they could, secretly; and there is no doubt they had a secret league or organization, which acted as a powerful agency, in producing certain very unexpected results. By its aid they carried the County of York—very nearly prevailed in Cumberland and elected their candidate in the 1st Congressional District. 3. The republicans were altogether too inactive to expect favorable results. Many towns went against them by sheer neglect and the party actually beaten by default.

4th. The cry about "union with union democrats" which last year prevailed to a certain extent in the republican party has culminated in its legitimate results. The magnanimity of the republicans, in electing L. D. M. Sweet to the Senate last year—elected him to Congress this year and defeated Mr. Goodwin. The republicans of Cumberland have been deeply paid, for generously throwing away one of their own men to run after a political opponent.

5th. The self styled democracy have convicted themselves of hypocrisy, by abandoning the gallant Jameson and going over nearly in a body for Blinn Bradbury. By this act they show they have no heart in sustaining the national administration and the war. The secession predilections of many of their number are too prominent to leave any doubt as to their real position. Their sympathies and feelings are with the rebels. They would compromise in a moment with Jeff Davis and betray their country into the treacherous hands, if it would but restore to them the slaves and fishes.

6th. The election has settled another question—it shows that the "democracy" of Maine will hereafter "run but one machine." The loyal portion of the Jameson wing will be compelled to go square over to the republicans and the remainder will get into the same bed with the Bradburys. The whole party will then wheel squarely on the treasonable platform of the Saco Democrat and come out flat footed against the war and in favor of some disgraceful compromise with treason. We make this prediction, and if any doubt its fulfillment, let them watch the current of events and if it is not fulfilled to the letter, set us down a false prophet.

Lastly, this election has taught us another lesson that men can be safely judged, not so much by their present professions, as by their antecedents. Men who have formerly sympathized and acted politically with the South, are generally in sympathy with southern treason now. They may profess loyalty, but underneath lurks the venom of secession. On the other hand those who have in years past stood up boldly in defence of northern rights and northern institutions are the men to be trusted now—the men on whom we must mainly rely to bring us safely out of our present difficulties and perils.

The Portland papers state that recruits are arriving at Camp "Abraham Lincoln," in large numbers. Several companies have been organized.

On Monday, the quotas of Watford, Lovell and Fryeburg, passed down the railroad, on the way to camp. They were a fine looking set of men.

We learn that the volunteers from Buckfield, Hartford and Canton have formed a company, and will designate Charles Prince, of Buckfield, as Captain.

Under a General Order lately published, any of the nine months men may enlist in the old regiments, receiving the additional bounty. Drafted men have also permission to volunteer, and avoid being returned as drafted.

The postage currency is circulating slowly. Thus far it has been used by government officers in making payments.

"Oh! for a General!"

Such was the exclamation of a friend, the other day, while conversing upon our army operations. Upon reflection we think there is a good deal comprehended in the remark. What we seem to need the most of all now, is a military commander who has the genius, the military skill, the energy and courage to lead our armies to victory. That has really been the great lack with us from the beginning of this war, and the want of competent officers has already prolonged it, months, if not years. Our soldiers have all fought well. There has been no want of courage and bravery on their part. Gen. Lyon made no mistakes, but all the way long, up to the time he gave up his life bravely leading his troops upon the battle field, his military movements were a success. Gen. McDowell in a great measure lost his reputation as a military leader, at the first great battle of Ball Run, and he has not regained it since. Not only his ability, but his loyalty has been suspected, and he has recently temporarily retired from an active command under these imputations. Gen. Fremont ever since he was given a command in the west, has been made the object of the most wicked and unjustified persecution. Just at the point of time when success was about to crown his herculean labors in that Department he was removed from his command; and it was in adopting and carrying out his well laid plans, that Halleck drove secession to the wall. As soon as he started the country, by one of the most vigorous forced marches, the world ever saw, and made his successful dash at Jackson—he was superseded by an officer inferior in rank and ability. Smarting under these accumulated wrongs, he asked to be relieved from his command—and now the country is deprived of his valuable military services, on account of the ungenerous treatment he has received at the hand of the government.

Gen. Banks was for a long time cursed by "West Point and red tape," much after the manner that Gen. Fremont was treated. He was carefully kept in positions where he had no opportunity to distinguish himself. In spite of all these obstacles, he is one of the rising men among our military chiefs. Gen. Banks lacks an elementary military education, but this want is more than supplied by his eminent ability and tact to do every thing well that he undertakes. As a commanding General he has thus far succeeded admirably. The country has full confidence in his ability and patriotism, and will demand that he be placed in a high and responsible command. Gen. Pope covered himself with glory in the west, where he exhibited the highest traits of military genius; but his recent Virginia campaign has detracted somewhat from the great reputation which preceded his arrival upon the Potomac. The part he was required to act in the memorable conflict which ended in a retreat to the defenses around Washington, was a most difficult task. He had all the time to encounter a much superior force; and although he has been severely censured on account of being out flanked by Jackson and allowing the enemy to penetrate his rear, yet we believe a careful investigation of the whole matter will prove other Generals in the fault, and that he did all he could do under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. He has gone back to the West where he will not be embarrassed by other officers who neither have the ability to accomplish anything themselves or the magnanimity to allow others to win laurels in their stead. "Joe" Hooker is a great fighter, and has always shown the highest traits of military genius in every encounter between his division and the enemy. He has been put forward in all the hard fights and come out of them, covered with glory. The country would be pleased to see him "go up higher."

Gen. Heintzelman is an old veteran who has always done well and made fewer mistakes, than almost any other man entrusted with the care of a Division. The people have full confidence in his skill and ability. Gen. Burrows is another General, that has distinguished himself in every position in which he has been put during the war—His promotion would be hailed with delight by the country. His expedition to North Carolina has given him a fame that will never die. Hunter is undoubtedly a great military genius. Give him a command where he will not be embarrassed by countermanding orders, and he will distinguish himself. He has made few mistakes as yet. Give him a fair field and he will win. Gen. Grant for bull dog fighting has few superiors—yet he probably has not skill in military combination, that would make him a safe commander, under trying emergencies. Halleck has brains enough for a great commander, although his setting down before Corinth and allowing the enemy to evacuate and run away when he might have bagged the whole, will never add much to his reputation. For aggressive operations he is evidently too slow. What he will yet do as commander in chief of all our forces remains to be seen. Gen. McClellan has passed through an ordeal of fulsome praise and severe censure, unknown to any other military commander in this war. He came from Western Virginia more than a year since with the wreaths of victory upon his brow. His army have great confidence in him it is said; and his late operations have been attended with marked success.

What shall we say of Gen. Sigel, the intrepid, dashing Siegel? We say, what the people everywhere say—Harrat! for the General that never was whipped. Sigel has proved himself the greatest fighting General of the war. He gained the battle of Pea Ridge against every other officer in that army, was three times whipped, but did not know it, and beat Price at last. In Pope's last battles upon the Potomac, by his masterly manoeuvres and determined bravery in covering the retreat he saved our army from annihilation. A responsible appointment doubtless awaits him.

ENLISTED. The Kennebec Journal upsets the fact that our friend Geo. H. Brown, of Mason, has enlisted as a private in the 10th Maine Regiment. Mr. Brown is one of the Selectmen of Mason; and finding some difficulty in arranging the quota, went to Augusta to straighten matters. On ascertaining that just one man was wanting he at once enlisted, and is now in camp at Augusta.

Under a General Order lately published, any of the nine months men may enlist in the old regiments, receiving the additional bounty. Drafted men have also permission to volunteer, and avoid being returned as drafted.

The postage currency is circulating slowly. Thus far it has been used by government officers in making payments.

Cattle Show and Fair.

The twentieth exhibition of the Oxford County Agricultural Society, will be held on its grounds, between South Paris and Norway, on the 30th of September, and the 1st and 2nd days of October next. The Trustees have announced a programme much like that of last year. Alex. S. Thayer, whose efficiency added so much to the interest of the exhibition last year, it is expected to act as Marshal.

The Trustees appeal properly to the farmers of the County, to unite in bringing their Stock, Vegetables, and samples of Crops, to increase the interest and profit of the exhibition. We earnestly hope the call will meet a general response. The County has the material for a noble exhibition, each year; yet, though our shows compare well with those of other Counties, they do not afford the benefit to all interested, that they might, with a more earnest disposition to compete for the premiums offered. Those who have attended the exhibitions for a few years past, have remarked the great improvement in the localities where the most interest has been taken.

We have urged the people to come out and take part in the exhibition. It is true objections have been offered against holding any show the present year. We do not consider the proposition at all wise. The people need not come together merely for a holiday, though this is very desirable; but there is at the present time the greatest need that the agricultural interest should be placed in the highest possible state of efficiency for productiveness. The government demands the services of a large proportion of our population in the army. Many of these, before producers, have now become consumers. The whole army is also consuming vast amounts of stores of all kinds, which the farmer must supply, and with a reduced amount of labor. As a matter of necessity, therefore, every producer should scan closely the reports of last crops, that the method which shall ensure the best results with least labor and expense may be adopted. He has an equal interest in selecting the best breeds for working oxen and milch cows; the best stock for farm horses, and for the market, as well as the most profitable sheep and swine. There is no manner in which so much information may be gained so readily as in attending an agricultural exhibition. Let our farmers take a lively interest in the subject, making such a fair as will realize all the advantages anticipated.

It will be seen, by reference to the notice of the Secretary, that an important matter comes up for consideration at the Annual Meeting. The members will be called upon to decide whether they will generously come forward and liquidate the debt of the Society by a small assessment, or allow it to continue to embarrass the action of the trustees. The question should be considered before the meeting, and answered as the interest of the society shall best prompt.

Goop. The Advertiser intimates that the long continued efforts to release the Maine 13th from Gen. Butler's Division have been successful, and that it will soon appear on the Potomac. The regiment has been so disposed that the drill may not be perfect; but the gallant Col. Rust, in being released from guarding Ship Island, will have the disposition to make the most of the opportunities now presented.

It seems, too, in this juncture, as though Gen. Dow might be more profitably employed than in holding a dilapidated fort, with a handful of men.

The Ladies of Bryant's Pond forwarded the following articles to the Sanitary Commission—1200 yards bandages, 8 shirts, 16 pillow slips, 26 towels, 5 shirts, 28 handkerchiefs, 5 neck do., 3 pillows, 4 pairs feeting; also a large quantity of lint, &c.

MEDICAL STRING OF PEARLS. This is the title given to another of the popular collection of hymns and tunes, for special occasions, edited by the Rev. J. W. Daldum. The present number is adapted to social worship, and contains a variety of new tunes by the editor, with selections from the best authorities lately issued. For sale by B. B. Russell, 315 Washington St., Boston Price, 15 cents, or \$1.25 per dozen.

The Press considers the district composed of Sweden, Watford, Stoneham, Albany, Mason and Gilead, the banner district. It is a relief to the editors to turn from the returns of the first district.

BROWNFIELD, Sept. 13, 1862. Twenty-two able bodied men, the full quota of this town, left here on Wednesday, for the place of rendezvous at Portland. As they were about leaving, short and stirring speeches were made by J. H. Allen and M. E. Ingalls. Never did recruits leave for camp in better spirits; and as they passed through towns where a draft was going on, all seemed proud that they had aided in relieving old Brownfield from such a stigma.

On arriving in Portland, they went into barracks. Joining the Bridgton, Harrison, and Bethel squads, an election of officers was held Thursday morning. Maj. Gen. Virgin presiding, with the following result: Capt.—Horace C. Little, Bridgton. 1st Lieut.—E. M. Wright, Bethel. 2d Lieut.—Fernald, Harrison.

Good officers and excellent men. May they all do their duty nobly, and all return at the expiration of the term of service.

It is a matter of surprise that some persons have travelled a considerable distance to locate the paragraph in the last issue of the Democrat, headed, "Who killed Cook Robin?" It had no application outside the town of Paris.

We are indebted to Capt. J. E. Bryant, 8th Maine Regiment, for a copy of the "New South," a Union paper published at Hilton Head, S. C.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY. This Monthly blends in a happy manner the qualities of a literary, illustrated, and fashion Magazine. The matter is well selected, while the illustrations of various matters of public interest are exceedingly well done. It is published at \$3 per year, which is a low price for the amount of matter presented.

Election Returns.

VOTE OF OXFORD COUNTY.

	1861	1862
Albany	85	84
Andover	88	24
Bethel	299	72
Brownfield	131	24
Buckfield	202	102
Canton	29	26
Denmark	115	32
Dixfield	97	29
Fryeburg	136	40
Gilead	200	51
Gratton	46	3
Greenwood	91	16
Hanover	26	6
Hartford	146	19
Hebron	137	18
Hiram	147	78
Lovell	149	110
Mason	27	2
Mexico	55	18
Newry	24	10
Norway	235	96
Oxford	145	99
Paris	383	151
Peru	124	47
Porter	138	55
Roxbury	12	2
Rumford	173	62
Snow	46	10
Stoneham	51	38
Summer	158	58
Sweden	100	25
Watford	142	67
Woodstock	101	37
Franklin Pl.	8	24
Milton	20	25
Upton	21	16
Lincoln	00	00
Hamlin's Gl.	00	00

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THE STATE ELECTION. The entire vote of the State will not exceed three-fourths of that thrown last year. Returns have been received from 302 towns, with the following result: For Governor, Abner Coburn, 57,161; Blinn Bradbury, 25,742; Chas. D. Jameson, 5,755. Total vote, comprising four-fifths of the State, 68,668.

The Representatives elected stand as follows: Republicans, 89; Union Democrats, 11; Bradbury Democrats, 22. [Farmer.

Sabbath School Picnic.

A most pleasant gathering was enjoyed by several of the Evangelical Sabbath Schools, on the 17th. The day was one of the most beautiful of the season. The gathering was larger than the warmest friends expected, and the interest manifested showed that the good work of Sabbath Schools has a deep hold on the people of the vicinity.

The forenoon was devoted to exercises by the schools. The large audience listened with great interest and evident pleasure. The tables showed an abundance and taste, which our good sisters know how to set forth to good advantage.

The afternoon was given to remarks by various persons present, and when we adjourned it was to meet again on the last Wednesday of August, 1863. Last year we thought the occasion in the same group was one of the best we ever attended, and this was equally pleasant. We missed many familiar faces who have gone into our army, and we remember them with interest as good soldiers under our Flag, and we trust also under the banner of the Cross. We neither forget them nor our country, and rejoice that the spirit of true Christian patriotism is manifest among even the young, who are growing up to fill the places of those now active.

W. Parley writes the Boston Journal that the 10th Maine Regiment, Col. Beal, now numbers but 275 effective men.

Mr. S. A. Farrar, member of one of our bands lately mustered out of service, reached home last Saturday. He reports that S. B. Emery, of the 10th Maine Regiment, formerly employed in this office, was, it is supposed, taken prisoner at Culpepper. He was in hospital when the attack was made, and has not since been heard from.

Suspicious characters having lately inquired particularly about the time of President Lincoln's riding to and from his summer residence, it has been considered advisable that he should have a guard. Accordingly a squadron of cavalry has been detailed for the service. The President had a narrow escape from accident, last week. His horse ran away. He was able to curb him; but lamed his wrist seriously.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR. The day after the engagement of the 6th of June, near Harrisonburg, Va., in which Capt. Haines of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry was killed, a party from his regiment were sent in search of the body. They met with no success till an old woman, the wife of a Dunker, came, asking them what they wanted. Upon being told, she said her husband had said that morning found the body of a young officer, lying in the lane near their house, and raised him, but found that he was quite dead. Touched with pity at the sight of one fallen in his beauty, in such early manhood, he took the body of the stranger up, and that it might be spared from further mutilation, he laid him in a hole near the house, and called to aid him, dug a grave, and buried it near a little school house. She pointed out the spot. There were four graves, one newly made. This they opened, and found the object of their search. The good old man had no coffin, but had covered the bottom of the grave with boughs that he cut from the trees. Tenderly he laid within the young man's graceful form, then spread a cloth over his face, and putting a board the length of him, filled in the earth. He went to the spot, and returned to his home with the satisfaction of having done a kindly deed for one whom he had never known in life. Circumstances might have kept unknown the old man's act, surely Heaven's blessing will reward him for his deed of kindness. [N. Y. Observer.

A WHOPPER! The Clarion says Deacon Daniel Hobart has let at that office a blood beet, measuring seven feet six inches in length. It had gone to seed, and the measurement probably includes both root and top.

The Sentinel says Thos. A. D. Fessenden is elected to fill the vacancy in the old 2d District, by about 800 majority.

The overland mail to California has been resumed.

Gen. Pope's Report.

The N. Y. Times publishes General Pope's report of the recent battle in Virginia. He severely censures Fitz John Porter's conduct, but speaks in the most decided terms of the zeal and energy of McDowell, Banks, Reno, Heintzelman, Hooker and Kearney. He attributes the disaster of Saturday jointly to bad conduct of Porter, and the failure of McDowell to send him supplies. On those points he says:

"I do not hesitate to say that if the crops of Porter had attacked the enemy in flank on the afternoon of Friday, as he had my written order to do, he would have utterly crushed Jackson before the forces under Lee could have reached him. Why he did not I cannot understand. Our men, much worn down by hard service and continuous fighting for many previous days, and very short of provisions, rested on their guns. Our horses had no forage for two days. I telegraphed and wrote urgently for rations to be sent us, but on Saturday morning, before the action was resumed, I received a letter from General Franklin, written the day before at Alexandria, stating to me that he had been directed by General McClellan to inform me that rations and forage for my command would be loaded into the cars and available wagons, as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring them up. All hopes of being able to maintain my position, whether victorious or not, vanished with this letter. My cavalry was utterly broken down by long and constant service in the face of the enemy, and had as they were could not be spared from the front, even if there had been time to go back thirty miles to Alexandria, and await the loading of trains. At the time this letter was written, Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army was in motion between that place and the enemy. I at once understood that we must, if possible, finish what we had to do that day, as night must see us behind Ball Run, if we wished to save men and animals from starvation."

The North is not whipped yet. It is impossible to do it. The more we are whipped, the more we wait. The Government is afraid of the people, or rather they have too little confidence in them. After a country has sent six hundred thousand men to the field and spent millions of dollars, the Government ought not to keep a defeat or a disaster from the people. The more we are whipped on the Potomac the better the soldiers of the Gulf will fight. The darker the picture looks, the brighter will the first of patriotism burn. This is certain.

CINCINNATI. The people of Cincinnati, were in expectation of a battle for several days. Fortunately, the army under Gen. Grant made its appearance before an attack could be made, and now the city is out of danger. The brave citizens of the city and State turned out in large numbers for service, each man armed and equipped with the best he could find. They built seven miles of fortifications across the river, and were prepared to give the rebels warm work. The last reports state the confederates were retreating.

T. Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, is attached to Gen. Wallace's staff at Cincinnati. We remember him when at the age of twenty—no girl could look more frail and slender.

The Clarion learns that a young man in Moscow cut off the first joint of his fore finger to avoid a draft. The town has raised its quota by volunteers, and he is named for life to be available.

A correspondent of the Press says that one man in Stow was obtained by draft. The lot fell upon the last son of a widow, who had four sons in the war. The citizens of Stow will care liberally for the woman thus deprived of her last support.

TOWN AGENCIES. The District Assessor informs us that he shall require town agencies to be licensed as "retail dealers." The Agents will apply for licenses to the assistant assessor of their respective districts.

UNION AG. SOCIETY. The following Committees were omitted in the list furnished us by the Committee.

On Faculty Articles—N. D. Faunce and wife, Moses Alley and wife, William Atwood and wife.

On Agricultural Implements—Gilbert Barrett, John Thompson, Jr., Albert D. White.

On Miscellaneous Articles—C. C. Loring, Isaac E. Richardson, Sharon Robinson, Jr.

BIG APPLE. Mr. Alfred Twitchell, of Bethel, has shown us an apple grown in his garden this season, which measures 13 by 12-1/2 inches in circumference. It is of the Golden Ball variety, of fine proportions and most delicious flavor.

A special dispatch to the Boston Journal says: "The First Maine Cavalry distinguished themselves on Friday afternoon in a skirmish with the rebel cavalry under Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, about three miles this side of Frederick. After the rebels retreated they made a stand in the streets of Frederick, but were forced to give way, after the rebel army had occupied the town one week.

Eli W. Whitney of Sweden, and Edwin F. Whitman of Lovell, are reported among the wounded in the 5th Maine battery.

The Sentinel learns that a little girl in Strong, set out for Sabbath School, last Sunday, alone. Not returning when expected, search was made, and her body found buried in the woods. Examination proved the villain had violated her person and then cut her throat. One or two arrests have been made.

ANOTHER DRIFT. The Norwich Bulletin professes to have information that as soon as the levy for 600,000 men is filled up, it is the intention of the Government to call out an additional force, stated at 400,000. This force is to be drilled, and held in the States as a reserve.

The overland mail to California has been resumed.

War News.

The rebel force, fearing Gen. McClellan's advance, evacuated Frederick Friday, passing through Boonesboro' and Hagerstown, towards Williamsport. An eye witness states that the rebel column was from 9 o'clock in the morning until dark passing a given point. It was estimated at 50,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 90 pieces of artillery. They had also a quantity of guns and provisions stolen in the vicinity.

Gen. Pleasanton came up with their rear guard, and opened upon them, driving them beyond the mountains to Middletown, from which place they were driven in the afternoon. They were again attacked, before night, beyond Boonesboro'.

BATTLE AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN. Boonesboro', Md., Sept. 15. The battle of South Mountain was fought yesterday, and resulted in a complete victory to the army of the Potomac.

The battle field was located in the gorge of the mountain, in the turnpike road. About 1 o'clock the corps under Gen. Reno was ordered to ascend the mountain on the left, and make an attack on the enemy's flank. At 3 o'clock Gen. Reno's troops got into action. The rattle of musketry for about half an hour was terrible, when the enemy gave way, leaving our men in possession of that portion of the ridge.

Gen. Hooker, commanding McDowell's corps and the Pennsylvania reserves, ascended the mountain on the right for the purpose of making an attack on the rebels' left. He got his troops into position and moved upon the enemy about two hours before sundown.

Here our troops were successful, driving the enemy before them with great slaughter. The rebels suffered the most here.

Gen. Hatch, commanding the division under Gen. Hooker, was wounded in the leg. Gen. Gibbons' brigade, composed of 21, 6th and 7th Wisconsin, and the 19th Indiana regiments, were ordered to move to the gorge of the mountain. This brigade did not get into action till after dark, which lasted till near 9 o'clock. This brigade lost about 120 killed and wounded.

The rebels were driven back for about a mile, when Gibbons' brigade was relieved by a portion of Sumner's corps, who held the position during the night.

The rebel troops engaged were Longstreet's, D. H. Hill's and A. P. Hill's corps.

Had our troops had two hours longer of daylight, the greater portion of the rebel army would have been taken prisoners, as they were surrounded on three sides, and the only mode of escape being a narrow defile in the mountains, which the artillery would have made impassable.

Among the rebel officers known to be killed were Gen. Garland of Leesburg, and Col. Strong of the 19th Virginia.

At daylight our worst fears were realized. The rebels under cover of the night had left on their way to the Potomac. They took the road towards Sharpsburg. They left all their dead on the field, and those of their wounded not able to walk were found in the churches at Boonesboro'.

Gen. McClellan was on the field the whole day and night, and conducting all movements in person.

Between 1200 and 1500 prisoners were taken during the day, the most of them by the troops under Gen. Hooker.

Yesterday Gen. Franklin's corps advanced to a mountain pass six miles nearer Harper's Ferry, where he engaged the enemy, holding that pass for about three hours, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy and heavy loss.

Our loss in the action was about 250 killed and wounded.

The rebel loss during the day and night was fully 15,000 killed, wounded and missing.

Gen. Lee acknowledged to the citizens of Boonesboro' that they had been defeated with terrible loss.

Our loss in killed and wounded will probably reach 5,000. We lost but few prisoners.

A special dispatch to the World states that after the battles of South Mountain and Burkittsville gap, fought on Sunday, the enemy having been driven from their positions, fell back on Boonesboro', and thence southward to Sharpsburg, and begun crossing the Potomac above and below Shepherdstown. The pursuit of our troops was rapid, Hooker following by way of Boonesboro', supported by Sumner and Banks, and capturing a thousand prisoners. During the morning the enemy brokefasted at Keedysville, three miles from Boonesboro', but our cavalry soon drove their rear guard from that place. Porter's and Reno's corps took a shorter road over the mountain and arrived at Sharpsburg at Sundown, capturing hundreds of prisoners on the way. Franklin's corps fought a brilliant battle Sunday evening at Burkittsville gap. The enemy was terribly repulsed, though having great advantages of position. Hancock's brigade made a charge up a hill and captured a battery of six pieces. Howell Cobb, and 900 of his Georgians, Cobb was wounded. The 16th Virginia was taken entire.

On Sunday Longstreet marched back from Hagerstown to reinforce those troops fighting at the gaps, and arrived in season to join the rout.

Brig. Gen. Garland of Virginia, Col. A. Strange of the 19th Virginia, and Col. James of the 34 South Carolina battalions were killed Sunday evening. We have taken since Friday about 6,000 prisoners, and the mountains are full of straggling, demoralized rebels, who are giving themselves up as fast as they can find their way into our lines. The Union army is in splendid condition, the men in light marching order with buoyant spirits over their success. The new regiments in the fight acted like veterans. Our total loss will probably not exceed 2500 in killed and wounded, with a small proportion killed.

SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY TO THE REBELS. WASHINGTON, Sept. 16. Harper's Ferry was surrendered to the rebels at 10 o'clock yesterday, after Col. Miles had been severely if not fatally wounded. The officers and men, supposed to be about 8000 strong, were paroled.

Col. Miles' leg was amputated, but he died shortly after. The rebels did not intend to hold the place; and blew up the

An Appeal to the Patriotic People of the North.

The wants of the United States Sanitary Commission at the present time, is mostly for woolen, such as:

Woolen Hospital Sheets,
Drawers,
Shirts,
Socks,
Slippers.

The demand for lint having been fully supplied, there will be no further call at present.

Geo. R. Davis,
Sanitary Agent for Maine.

PORTER. A correspondent in Porter, under date of Sept. 11th, writes the Press:

"I wish you to give notice in your paper that Porter has not been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Her quota of the last 200,000 was 28, all of whom were raised by volunteer enlistment, with a reserve of three for contingencies. The fifth son of Richard Fox enlisted yesterday, (the other four being now in the army) also a son-in-law. The town gave each volunteer the sum of \$100, and after they had enlisted the sum of \$25 for each one, was raised by private subscription."

NEW ATTITUDE OF FOREIGN POWERS. The New York Journal of Commerce attributes the failure of France and England to interfere in the affairs of this country to the opposition of Russia, and makes the following important statement:

"We now learn from private

WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND

Coughs, Coughs, Coughs, Coughs,
Colds, Colds, Colds, Colds.

ASTHMA.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough
Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough

CHAMBERLAIN'S

**BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
CONSUMPTION.**

In fact every form of pulmonary disease or af-
fection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs, have an
unfail'g antidote in

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WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND.**

So general has the use of this remedy become,
and so popular is it everywhere, that it is un-
necessary to recount its virtues. It speaks for
itself, and find utterance in the abundant and vol-
untary testimony of the many who from long in-
fernal diseased have by its use been

restored to pristine vigor and health.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

From Hon. Jos. Poland, State Senator, Vt.

I have used **WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND** in my family, and have never found any remedy so effective in curing coughs and sore throat, and other diseases of the lungs.

JOSEPH POLAND.

Montpelier, Oct. 1, 1860.

From Hon. Timothy P. Redfield.

By using **WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND**, almost time, I was entirely cured of one of the most severe and ultimate colds upon my lungs that I ever experienced. I know of no remedy equal to it for cough and lung complaints generally.

Montpelier, October 13, 1960.

Croup.

A short time since my child was attacked most severely with croup. We thought she could not live five minutes. A single dose of WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND relieved her at once, and she has had no attack of it since. I think no family should be without it.

M. F. VAREY,
Princ. Mississippi Valley Academy,
North Troy, April 18, 1960.

Testimonials like the above are constantly being received from all sections of the country where "Weeks' Magic Compound" has been used.

*All who suffer from any disease of the throat,
Lungs or Chest, can obtain relief by using*

**Weeks' Magic Compound,
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A MOMENT'S reflection ought to convince a sensible man of the folly and danger of continuing to do with a faulty medicine. An experience of forty years has taught me that the constantly increasing evils of indigestion are fearfully aggravated by the too free use of Cathartics. The American people are fast becoming a nation of dyspeptics by their artificial modes of life. Drastic Cathartics increase the irritability, and pro-

The undersigned Physicians, cheerfully certify to the high professional standing of Dr. C. C. of Stansand, one of the oldest and best physicians in the State, and to the excellent quality of his "Anti-Catarrhal" and "Tonic." Such of us have used in our practice many highly-worned

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Price \$3 per Gallon.
Also on hand, a large stock of **PRIME COACH AND FURNITURE VARNISHES**, in all their varieties, for sale by the manufacturer, in quantities to suit, at wholesale prices.
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