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VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & E. WILVERT, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 3. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1864. OLD SERIES, VOL. 25, NO. 3.

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ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may early with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured, and Full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street

left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Full notice observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

FARE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

Timely reflection! Alas! how many, alas! how many fall victims to early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

Marriage.—The fearful effects on the mind produced by the following Secret Habits: Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

WHO MAY HOPE

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are highly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASES OF DELICATE NATURE.

When the misguided and impruden votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this fearful disease, it too often happens that an aliated sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone be relied on, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, discharges, pains, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, disease of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns.

It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the multitudinous of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatement are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,

Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

April 2, 1864—1y.

MATTHEWS & COX,

Attorneys at Law, No. 160 Cor. Fulton and Broadway, New York. Will carefully attend to collections and all other matters intrusted to their care.

Sept. 12, 1863.

FLOUR & FEED STORE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he keeps constantly on hand at his new WAREHOUSE, near the Shamokin Valley Railroad Depot, in SUNBURY, Flour by the barrel and sack, and all kinds of Feed by the ton.

The above is all manufactured at his own Mills, and will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

J. M. CAMPBELL & SON.

Sunbury, Nov. 6, 1861—1y.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BONCHURCH.

Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage or two rooms for a dwelling, and a barn for the school. He was self educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mathematical parts of reading, writing and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate and purify them. In this large aim he had but one text-book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek to save that which is lost."

Like all its order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn and boys who would not. But the boy who gave him the most trouble could and did learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; but he felt a christian yearning toward the lad, who was an orphan, and was not without promises of better things.

"Harry, Harry, looking in my face sir," exclaimed the master, one day, in his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up a bold handsome, and although dirty face, surrounded by a mesh of dark curling hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright eye met that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pelted him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing Farmer Watson's apples."

"Was I master?"

His tone of meek innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were sir; and I tell you Harry," said the master, solemnly, "if you go on in this way, you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced.

"Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand."

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist."

The hand was held out very firmly. Harry winced hardly the strap descended, and then with an clbowed howl, ended in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school hours, to a sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day in a wicker easy-chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-gray worsted stockings; "yet what else am I to do with him? he is exceedingly hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so prone to lying, wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In my control, all the boys fear him; but he fears no one. He intends will-do enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and, really, I often think he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister, quietly.

"What then will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle, the blacksmith, to let him come to school—that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then to keep him in good humor?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend and thinks more of one gentle word from you than all your blows with your strap.—He has had far too much violent usage at his home."

"That is true; you are right."

One forenoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window; whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that lay anchored near the shore, in order, as Harry had heard it rumored, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner. Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson."

"No."

"Then sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings.

Before dinnertime had come, the double lesson was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to Harry.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

"Oh my poor boy!" said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?"

Harry colored up to his temples; his eye flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short around, and went out of school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whip-cord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Besides the pond in the centre of the village he stopped, and looking jealously around, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water.

"There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense, and show the master, and show everybody what I can do. I'm thirteen years old, and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for himself, she the master says I am clever, and all that; and so I am clever, and have got abilities; I feel it—that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out—

"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? Why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out, "I only wish I had some money there."

With this fresh wish on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth covered with coke and potato peeling, the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the table. The boy feet disgusted as he mentally compared this abode with the neat, though equally poor home that he had just quitted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty gown and dis-colored cap in the chimney corner, and compared her with the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harry's breast was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once he said to his aunt.

"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" she looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see though if I don't pay you back one day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle with his first doubled, and his face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, gazed with steady boldness into the tyrant's face, and said:

"You have done nothing but ill use me since my father died. I have never done you any harme, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick.

"Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprung to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened and the schoolmaster of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke from him, trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarreling," said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry "but it don't matter master; I like you—you have been good to me, and I shan't think of it; but as for him—I hate him and I despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from the table and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing.

Afterwards they conversed respecting the poor boy, and the matter expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing and could not be found.

At dusk the villagers were traversing the road with light—that old upper road which viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mount side.

At that time, the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarce begun to exist; only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amidst which the shouts of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the furry of an equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights until long after midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs, or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money, nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope of help of any kind that any one knew of out of Bonchurch.—One person hinted at gypsies another at smugglers, and the bold, erratic character of the boy made the master fancy it might be possible that he had joined one or the other. But gypsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months and the smugglers of that part of the island were well-known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last he, too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventnor Cove when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and the waves raged in fearful unison, felt a melancholy conviction that Harry Bonner was lost forever.

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance of the boy was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead and of those who survived scarcely any remained in the village. All was changed, but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days he had eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out in fine days into his patch of garden-ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of strength, his proverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset, one day, stood at his school-room window, looking toward the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there, and held him in a kind fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship-of-war one of the most imposing size, moored near Ventnor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who, on the day of his disappearance, had been detected by him watching just such a vessel from this window, while this neglected lesson was flung aside on the form.

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene: the mast and ringing of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm, which has been in preparation for some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightening broke upon his musings. He turned to leave the schoolroom and to enter his cottage; but what figure was that which amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window.

The schoolmaster had grown nervous and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagained it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant, and then he asked in a faint voice, "Who is here?"

A manly voice replied, "*Only Harry Bonner.*"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large dreary-looking school-room, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honor.

Darkness instantly succeeded as the officer started from the form and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage while the thunder crashed overhead.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man; and as the officer still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage fire, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner and the shipand the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer cover his face with his disengaged hand and weep, his brain rallied its disordered perceptions. He lighted a rushlight that stood on the mantle-shelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling, if in nothing else, he almost recognized his long-lost but unforgotton scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master?", he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath, and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair in which the knitter of the dappled-grey worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of his arms, and, looking up, said mournfully and shook his head: "*She* is not here. She said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day; and now *she* is not here."

"Dead, is she?"

"Oh! yes."

There was a short silence, solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been redeeming the past. I have been working myself from rags and infamy to this"—touching, with an air of great dignity, his gold epaulletts and the insignia that glittered on his breast—"and I have been gathering this," showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and the strap, and make my latter days easy my old benefactor.

The change seems wonderfully to you, no doubt" continued the other, after an agitated pause, "it is wonderful to myself, but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instructions, your patient endeavours to reclaim me, your observations on my wickedness, your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea and trying to lead a new life.—The sight of the man-of-war from the window and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith decided me. I ran down the cliffs; I told my tale to a boat's crew of the warship; I was taken on board as a cabin-boy. The ship sailed directly. I rose step by step. I have been in many battles, and here I am, commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the schoolroom and found my way to the old seat."

"And I hope said the master, earnestly "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wondering feet through paths so strange and difficult.

"I trust I am," rejoined the officer with profound reverence. "And now, does my uncle live?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since."

"I am sorry for it. I should of liked to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have embraced the mossy palings; I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if you lived that I paused nowhere till I reached the school door and found you gazing at my ship."

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner," said the master, "whatever has become of his vices."

"You shall find I have; for whatever money can procure, or affection and gratitude bestow for your health and comfort, shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUTHERNERS AMONG US.—A great influx of Southerner people, very many of them men of considerable wealth and position, has been apparent in New York and Brooklyn during the last two months. They have either run the blockade or obtained passes through the rebel lines, and have taken up their abode among us, with their families, for the better and easier pursuit of happiness, if not of personal safety. Most of these quasi enemies are astonished at the kindness of their reception; at the entire absence of bitterness towards the Southern people; at hearing iterated and reiterated, in all classes of society, that nothing is needed on the part of the Southern States, to terminate the war, but to lay down their arms, singly and collectively, and resume their existing rights under the Constitution, subject to no abatement, except such rights as have been annulled or infringed by the exigencies of the war.

A number of Georgians are holding almost daily meetings, to devise the ways and means for making the actual state of affairs known to their native State. They say if the matter was understood in their State Legislature, that body would without hesitation, and almost by a unanimous vote, surrender the State into the hands of General Sherman on the spot. They were hurried and throttled out of the Union, in the first place, and the masses of the people, and especially the non-political, intelligent classes, have constantly regretted the act, and wished continually and earnestly to return to it. These ideas are repeated too, and, if possible, more emphatically by North Carolinians, as also by natives of other States.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

Glorious Results of Sherman's Campaign.

[Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 8th, 1864.—The long campaign is ended, its hardships have not been in vain; the victory has been won and the old flag floats over Atlanta.

On the night of the 25th of August, the 20th corps withdrew from the works in front of Atlanta, and fell back to the Chattahoochee.

General Sherman has announced that the army having accomplished its undertaking in the complete reduction and occupation of Atlanta, will occupy the place and the country near it until a new campaign is planned in concert with the other grand armies of the Union. A full month's rest will be given to the troops, with every "chance to reorganize, replenish clothing, receive pay, and prepare for a fine winter campaign." Thus triumphantly has ended the summer campaign, unequaled in the present war for glorious victories over almost unsurmountable difficulties, and unsurpassed in modern history.

This has ended a campaign which shall stand forever a monument of the valor, the endurance, the patriotism of the American soldier. Four months of hard, constant labor under the hot sun of a Southern summer; four months, scarce a day of which has been passed out of sound of the crash of musketry, the roar of artillery; a hundred miles traveled, through a country in every mile of which nature and art seemed leagued for defence; mountains, rivers, lines of works; over a route marked with the blood of the wounded and tracked by the graves of the dead; a campaign in which every march was a fight; in which Rocky Face, Resaca, New Hope, Pine Knob Cupid's Farm, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Decatur, Jonesboro, Atlanta, follow in such quick succession, are so intimately connected by a continual series of skirmishes that the whole campaign, from the bright May day when our cannon thundered before Dalton, until that bright September morn when the flag waved over Atlanta, seems but one grand battle—one great victory.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF OUR ARMY.

FORTRESS MONROE, Sept. 30.

The United States hospital steamer Matilda has arrived with 195 wounded officers and soldiers from the front, wounded in the action of yesterday at Chapin's Bluff.

The United States steamer George Washington, with 150 wounded, and the hospital steamer Thos. Powell, with 226 wounded soldiers, mostly privates, all from Deep Bottom, also arrived here this afternoon.

From the officers and others we gather the following facts in regard to the action on the north side of the James river, which has thus far proved a most brilliant success.

During the night of the 28th, the 10th and 18th corps crossed the James to the North side, moving with great celerity, and at day-break on the 29th suddenly came upon the enemy.

The 18th Corps (Gen. Ord's) met the enemy at Chapin's Bluff, charging the enemy's works with great gallantry and were successful, carrying the post, Ft. Morris, with seven guns, and then charging and carrying, at the point of the bayonet, six other earth works, capturing in all 16 guns and 500 prisoners.

The works thus captured are very strong, and fully equal to any that the enemy have around Richmond.

Gen. Birney's corps also met with great success, driving the rebels from their works commanding the Newmarket road, and gaining an important position, seriously menacing Richmond.

All accounts agree that the colored troops behaved admirably—a fact which is abundantly attested by the large numbers of wounded reaching here. Of course our brave white troops fully maintained their well-earned character—so nobly earned on many a hard fought field, and showed clearly by their actions that they believed in conquering a peace.

Major General E. O. C. Ord was wounded whilst gallantly directing the movement of his troops. His friends will be glad to learn that his wound is not serious, and will probably only keep him from active duty for a few weeks. It is a flesh wound in the right leg.

General Burnham was killed. He fell at the head of his brigade whilst leading a charge. His remains have reached here and will be sent north immediately.

LATER.

FORTRESS MONROE, Sept. 30.

The latest reports from the front, of that part of our army on the north side of the James river, represents everything as highly encouraging. Our forces were within four or five miles of Richmond this morning, having driven the enemy before them in confusion.

Nearly all of our wounded in the action of Thursday—about 570 in all—have been brought down.

THE FIGHT BEFORE RICHMOND.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 1.—The following additional particulars have been received from a participant in the fight at Chapin's Bluff:

General Ord, of the 18th corps, with two smaller divisions, pushed towards Richmond on Thursday morning, fighting his way, and driving the enemy's front line till he reached Chaplin's Bluff.

These are heavy works, in extent several miles around.

Rebel gunboats were in the rear and below them.

The rebel garrison, at first small, had been reinforced from Richmond.

One division of Stannard's took the salients of the main work, and thence swinging around inside of and in the rear of the enemy, in the other works, drove them out before them.

While doing this heavy reinforcements came down from Richmond, but they were also driven out.

The division which did this lost every brigade commander killed or wounded. Gen. Burnham was killed, and Colonels Stevens and Donohu wounded, but not dangerously. This division behaved most gallantly, losing some 500 men and officers killed and wounded.

Our loss shows the stubborn character of the fighting of the rebels. General Ord was only slightly wounded.

The grape is soon to become a leading article of culture in Illinois. An extensive vintage has yielded a profit of $2000 per acre the present year.

The Union gain in the State of Maine at the recent election over the vote of 1862 is nearly fifteen thousand.

"A Low Tart, Inclined to be very Sweet."

General Schenck describes the Chicago platform in a speech at Hamilton, Ohio, on Saturday, as follows:

"The truth is, that neither you nor I, nor the Democrats themselves, can tell whether they have a peace platform or a war platform; a peace ticket or a war ticket. Perhaps it may be explained in this way: that it is either one or the other: or both, or neither; but upon the whole it is both peace and war, that is, peace with the rebels and war against their own Government. It seem to have been thought necessary that Pendleton should be put on to balance McClellan, and McClellan to balance Pendleton. I know nothing at all that is like it, unless it may be the character of the fruit that is sold by an old lady that sits at the door of the Court House in Cincinnati. She is a shrewd old woman. A young sprig of a lawyer stepped up to her one day and said to her: 'You seem to have some fine apples. Are they sweet or sour?' The old lady tried to take the measure of her customer, and find out whether his taste was for sweet or sour apples. 'Why sir,' said she, 'they are rather acid; a sort of low tart, inclined to be very sweet.' Thus when we come to their leader after this, and inquire whether that platform is for peace or war, he will be compelled to say it is rather acid—a sort of low tart inclined to be very sweet. It is neither peace nor war, and yet both—such a mixture as is intended to make it palatable as possible to the Democratic tastes all round, without turning the stomachs of any of them. And if you believe that a compound of that kind is possible, why then in God's name, shut your eyes and swallow it. But if you don't, I cannot understand how you or your leader, or any one, is going to be satisfied with the position in which they are placed."

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—After a ride of nine miles, we were at the foot of the Biers-Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was Bier-Nimrood, the ruins of the tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here, also, it was that Nebuchadnezzar built; for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mounds a great mass of brickwork pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped, and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar—the "slime," now hard as granite—handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering spect was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of his life, to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around; there, at some time or other, to bend his body and count his beads—is the daily desire of every devote Mohammedan.—*Letter in Blackwood.*

☞ THE Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, one of those saintly gentlemen whose devotion to the Union is only surpassed by their devotion to God, thus gives his views of the peace McClellan would bring:

"We love peace—love it for its own sake. They love peace because they are afraid we will first whip the rebels and then punish them. They want peace that they may make new conspiracies, and the peace they propose is disunion peace, which means separation of the States and endless ruin to the whole country. Ten thousand times better would it have been for us to have acquiesced at first, and never shed a drop of blood, than under these circumstances and at this time to make such a peace as that."

☞ The Boston *Herald*, a leading journal of New England, and among the most earnest supporters of Douglas in 1860, denounces the Chicago platform, and says:

"The success of the Chicago ticket would be but the beginning of a series of disasters which would come upon us, too horrible to contemplate. For ourselves, we support no such doctrines and no such ticket as that made and put forth at Chicago, and which we believe will be repudiated by the people at the polls."

REBELS OPERATING ON LAKE ERIE.—On Monday of last week, a party of rebels from Canada, numbering about 30, armed with revolvers, took passage on a small steamer running from Sandusky to the small towns along shore, rose upon the officers and passengers, overpowered them; then seized another steamer, burned the first, and then hovered off Sandusky awaiting for signals from shore, where they had accomplices. Their object is to seize the only gunboat we have, or can have according to treaty, the Michigan now guarding the prisoners, lakeward, at Camp Chase. But the accomplices in Sandusky were all seized, and the party on the steamer ran the vessel ashore, and after robbing it burned it also. They were afterwards arrested through the assistance of the British authorities and are now in prison.

A leather belt for a grain elevator in Detroit has been made by a Boston firm. It is two hundred and forty-six feet and a half long, twenty-eight inches wide, double thickness, weighs one thousand pounds and required one hundred hides. It may be called the champion belt.

A locomotive from Spain has passed through the Pyrenees into France along the new series of tunnels twenty-six kilometres, about forty miles, in length. This was merely a trial trip, and it was perfectly successful. "Decidedly," exclaims the Monitor du Soir, "the Pyrenees are no more."

A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, in a description of the present condition of Charleston says:—"In one of the widest and handsomest thoroughfares, a space just wide enough for the carwheels is all that can be seen of the paving stones; all else is covered by tall grass and weeds, reminding you of a pathway through an old field in the country.

IRON AND STEEL.—Mr. Bessemer, the inventor of the process of converting iron quickly into steel, now says he can produce a solid block of the latter, twenty tons in weight, from first cast-iron, in twenty minutes.

Miss Sildell's Marriage—A Curious French Matrimonial Romance.

[Paris (Sept. 9) Correspondence Liverpool Journal.]

The marriage of M. Erlanger, the banker, to Miss Sildell, is causing no small sensation.

M. Erlanger being just divorced from Mlle. Odella Lafitte (Charles Lafitte's daughter), and the divorced lady being about to enter the bonds of matrimony, with the cause of the divorce, make the event of the highest order of picturesque interest. One of those curious circumstances which can never happen but in France is recorded of the incident which led to the divorce. The guilty party being pursued by the offended husband was, of course, struck with terror; but phylosophy and contempt had done much to mitigate the pursuer's wrath, and so, instead of "chastising the insolence," according to the fashion observed in novels, he quietly placed his pocket-book into the hand of the fugutive, exclaiming, "*Ah malheureux!* You have only taken ten thousand francs, and you are going to Rome. Knowing your fair companion well, I can safely say that such a paltry sum as that will be devoured before you get to Marseilles. There is double the sum. This will enable you to go further off—to Naples, perhaps—and I shall be the gainer, for you will be forced to stay there." And with this consolatory speech the injured party coolly turned upon his heel and walked off.

So goes the legend, at least.

In Europe the cotton famine has nearly ceased, and that without the aid of the Southern crop. The manufactories have nearly resumed their wonted activity, and continue to supply most of the world's markets with their products though at consider ably enhanced prices.

The "west shaft" at the Hoosac tunnel, is now sunk about 320 feet, and the temperature at the bottom during the warmest day is 35 degrees. The depth of water in the mountain is about nine feet, and the engine employed at the shaft removes 25 gallons each revolution. The engine also works a fan by which the men are supplied with air. The number of men employed on the west side of the mountain is 350.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says that the coal diggers are willing to take out the coal at five cents a bushel, if the dealers will sell at ten cents.

Fifty thousand Canadian acres have been planted with flax this year against five thousand the last year, a result of the cotton famine.

It is stated that the potato crop in Ireland is very large this season, and that there can be no risk of a scarcity of the "blessed root."

The consumption of wines has gone down nearly 40 per cent. in this country, and the consumption of segars one-half.

Generals Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, McPherson, Sheridan, Kautz, Gerrard, Weitzel, Crook and Gilmore were all born in Ohio

The income of the four Rothschilds of Europe is estimated at nine million dollars a year, or a thousand dollars an hour.

The postage stamp system has been adopted in all parts of the world by ninety different kingdoms, states, provinces, colonies, islands and free cities.

HUMOROUS MATTER.

THE WARM CORPSE.—A couple of medical students disinterred a subject on a cold winter's night, and having dressed it, placed it, sitting upright, on the seat of a covered wagon, and started for home. Coming to a tavern, and seeing the bar-room lighted up, they left the wagon and went in for a drink. The hostler observing the man sitting alone in the cold wagon, attempted some conversation, but receiving no answer, he discovered how the affair stood, and instantly resolved on having a little fun of his own on the occasion. So taking the corpse to the stable, he dressed himself in its clothes, and seated himself in the wagon.

The students soon returned and took their seats by the side of the supposed dead man, when one of them in merriment gave him a slap on the face, saying, "How would you like some flip old fellow?" then remarked tremulously to his companion, "He is warm by Heavens!" "So would you be," replied the corpse, "if you had been stolen from h—ll as I have." Both students bolted, and never returned to inquire for the horse and wagon.

THE PASTOR'S BREECHES.—Daniel Webster used to relate the following anecdote of Father Searls, the minister of his boyhood. As was the custom in those days, the old gentlemen used to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather, and on getting his pair one Sunday morning from an attic in which they had been hanging during the summer, he found a nest of wasps in them. By diligent labor he succeeded in removing the intruders, as he supposed, and started for church. Just as he was in the middle of the services, some of the insects still remaining, gave him a pierce, which caused him to jump and slap his thigh.—Such treatment infuriated them, and the more he jumped and slaped, the more they stung. The congregation began to think he was crazy, but he soon explained the trouble by saying, "don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.—A young lady advertises in the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gentleman to act as an amanuensis. He must be able to write in ciphers, and when not thus engaged, he will be expected to read poetry with feeling, converse with ease, and be able to play cribbage and backgammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is p