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VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

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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 thunder of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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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.

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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 pleasure of a healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive consequences 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

First hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to 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.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

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

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by 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.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, 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.

YOUNG MEN

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 nightly 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 consequence 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 dearly 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.

DISEASE OF THE DEPRAVED.

When the misguided and impudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, discased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness 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 unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison*, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the remainder of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Beware of your lives or health, to the care of the many Educated and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisement, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, in opposition to 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 as despair leaves you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment 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.

ENDORSEMENT 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 the Institution, in the following manner

JOHN S. JOHNSTON, M. D.,

Office Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

February 21, 1863—1y.

ELEGANT CARDS DE VISITE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO FILL YOUR ALBUMS.

A novelty in place of the scarcity of change. I will sell a fine elegant PENOGRAPH CARDE DE VISITE PORTRAIT

Sixteen for One Dollar.

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These cards are best published and are perfect gems. They embrace all the principal Generals and Statesmen of the Army, President, Cabinet, &c. Also two of the greatest Officers among JEFF and BEAUREGARD.

Catalogues sent on application.

Single copies sent on receipt of Ten Cents.

JOHN DAINTY

728 Sansom St., Philadelphia

January 3, 1863.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW A BLOCKADE-RUNNER WAS CAUGHT.

Uncle Sam's Lock-Outs.

We find in an English magazine the following account of a shrewd trick by which a blockade-running steamer was trapped in her voyage from Nassau towards Charleston. Nassau is thus described by the writer:

"The harbor was crammed with craft of all sorts and sizes; the bay was full of shipping; the little streets were crowded, and there was a continual stir and turmoil on the quay, all too small for the press of traffic that daily poured in. All this animation, all this activity, had been caused by the federal blockade of the southern coast; and the cheerful faces of the burghers attested the fact that Nassau was the great emporium for contraband of war and smuggled cotton, and that much money was being spent in the island by those employed in this gainful but perilous commerce. Wherever I went, in tavern, grocery, store or counting-house, there was but one all-engrossing topic, one common subject of interest—the blockade. Such and such a schooner had been taken; such a brig had been burned, cargo and all, to keep her out of Yankee hands; such a drogher had come in with cotton; such a steamer had got safe to Charleston, with so many thousand stand of arms on board. The Black-eyed Susan had been sunk by the United States gunboat Sloper—no, she had only received four round shot in her hull, and had escaped among the sand-keys. Who had insured the Delight? They would lose smartly, for the vessel had been condemned, whereas the Fly by Night had got into Charleston securely, and her freight of Blakely guns was worth twenty three thousand dollars, net profit.

"All this gambling and venturing, this staking of fortunes on the speed of a vessel or the wariness of a captain, was thrillingly exciting to the brokers, merchants, and other speculators who swarmed in the Nassau boarding houses, and who had only a pecuniary interest in the game. And I perceived that the risks nearly balanced the favorable chances; that if many escaped, many were taken; and the loss of a ship was philosophically borne by her owners.

HE ENGAGES PASSAGE.

At last he found a steamer about to sail. When do you start? he asked the captain.

"The commander's voice sunk to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying eyes; and using all reasonable caution, since Nassau teemed with northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal which was to be replied to; and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"'After dark,' muttered Pritchard, with an oath, 'we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that lounges about the island. The Governor bade her keep the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal, now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't dogged up and down by rascals in federal hire. See there! that mulatto hound has been after me these four days,' pointing to a dark-complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned nonchalance, and lit his pipe.

* * * * * *

"I found a good deal of quiet bustle and suppressed excitement on board the Bonnybell. The fires were bunked up; the swarthy faces and red shirts of the engineer and his gang were visible at the hatch of their Cyclopean den, getting a breath of the cool breeze before starting. Some brass guns, that had been hidden under fruit baskets, hencoops and tarpaulins, were visible enough now; and beside them lay little heaps of round shot. The crew bustled to and fro, and the captain was so busy that he could but return a brief word and a nod to my greeting. The sky grew darker, and surrounding objects dimmer, every instant.

THE PASSENGERS.

Before long the passengers arrived. Several southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of harsh imprisonment at least in the event of capture. By the uncertain light I could see that most of them were pale and nervous; but they talked in an undertone among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

"'Get up steam!'

"By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the captain give orders to 'stand by' for slipping from the moorings and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

"'There they are, slick and right—three red lights and a green one!' murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the masthead. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on shore.

THE PILOT.

"'We'll soon see the pilot now,' said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner; 'the signal's made and repeated. In ten minutes our man will be with us. Hilloa!—boat ahoy!—what dy'e want?'

"'Bonnybell ahoy!' was the rejoinder in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion; 'pilot wants to come on board.'

"There was a stir and a start of surprise among those on deck, and as a rope was thrown to the boatman, Captain Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"'You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted you must be own cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you're our pilot?'

"'I'm the pilot engaged by Colonel Jeremy Carter, of Spottsylvania, if that'll do,' answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side. 'Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was born.'

"While the captain—reassured by the mention of Colonel Carter's name—gave hasty orders to cast off the cable and go ahead, I, in common with the rest of the passengers, and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the new comer. The latter was about forty years of age, long and lean of figure, with a hardy, sun-browned face. There was no mistaking the resolute air and daring of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk about his lips; and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore-going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin till we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, gnawing viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

THE BONNYBELL SLIPS SEAWARD.

"It was an anxious time when the Bonnybell, under a full head of steam went darting out of the bay; her look-outs straining their eyes to pierce the mist, and give warning to the helmsman of vessels ahead; while Pritchard walked to and fro, too fidgetty and eager to endure conversation, listening every instant for some sound that was to indicate that the federal cruiser had taken the alarm. But on we went, without check or hindrance; and we all drew our breath more freely as the lights of the town began one by one to vanish, as if the sea had swallowed them, and the dark headlands faded away into obscurity. The American gunboat was neither seen nor felt, a circumstance which I did not the less regret because I perceived, not only by the display of the cannon alluded to, but by the resolute demeanor of several of the crew, who stood grouped about a couple of uncovered armchests, that our pigmy foe would not have found an entirely unresisting prize.

A HAIL.

"One slight circumstance, hardly, as I thought, worth mentioning, did occur before we had run half a mile to seaward. There came a long, faint hail, from so great a distance as to be hardly distinguishable even by a sailor's practised ear, but which was announced to be addressed to us.

"'Some boat, with a message perhaps for a passenger. The lubbers deserve rope's ending for being so late. Can I lie to safely, do you think?' said Pritchard to the pilot, irresolutely, and giving the word 'Slacken speed!' What the pilot answered I know not. I only caught the concluding phrase—

"'Yankee tricks; so, cap., you'd best look sharp about you.'

"So Pritchard thought. He gave the word to go on at full speed, and we heard no more about the matter.

THE RUN.

"The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling summer sea, with no boisterous behaviour on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy. We saw several vessels, but none of a hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yatching excursion in holiday waters. We were all disposed to be pleased and the pilot, although a saturnine and morose personage, viewed through this rose-colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purpose, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals and islets—many of which were not noted down in the chart—more than once saved the Bonnybell from an ugly thump upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something elephantine about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than vacuity. He did his work, answered when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

"'Land ho!' sung out the look-out man at the masthead, and Pritchard and the pilot, who were poring together over the map close to the pinnacle, looked up, while the passengers edged nearer to hear the news. Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

"LAND HO."

"'Edisto Island, as I said, cap!' hailed the pilot; 'and byond the Carolina coast. We'er close to home, gentlemen and ladies.'

"There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the helm, but directly afterwards came two shrill cries of 'Sail ho!'

"'Uncle Sam's barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, cap.,' said the pilot as he leisurely descended the rope ladder.—There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the portholes, the grinning cannon, the 'star-spangled' flags, and warlike display of the federal blockading squadron. The steamer was put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entrance into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war-vessels. There was no going to bed on board the Bonnybell that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing out over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fires. There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the captain and pilot stood on the forecastle noting the replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in a shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

"'Ten fathoms sheer! By the deep, nine! By the mark, seven!' called out the leadsman, from the chains.

"'Water allers does shoal here, cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore, at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean,' said the pilot, with some confusion.

"'By the marks, five!' was the next call.

"Captain Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seaman not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the depth of water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and we moved but slowly on, the lead going as before.

"'Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me the water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash, left Moultrie to leeward and got into the network of sand-banks near. Hilloa! what's that ahead of us? Boats, as I'm a sinner!

AGROUND.

"At the same moment the pilot thrust his hand rapidly into the breast of his coat, drew out something and flung it on the deck where it instantly began to sputter and hiss. and directly afterwards the lurid glare of a blue-light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish two dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats full of men, pulling swiftly but noiselessly towards us, and no doubt with muffled oars.

"'By the mark, two! Shoal water—we're aground!' cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and the Bonnybell came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor instantly arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who now came dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

"'Treachery! treachery!' cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood beside the blue-light that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war's men, for such we could not doubt them to be, began to scramble on board.

CAPTURED.

"'The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough; but you shall not live to share the prize money!' exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster that would have been a lethal stroke had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been madness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were nine marines, well armed with musket and bayonet, and who drove the Bonnybell's crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The federal lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no needless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the United States war-brig Dacotah, he yet restrained the fury of that precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, drawn a bowie-knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"'Gently, sir,' said the lieutenant; 'gently Quartermaster Fitch. These caged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?'

A REVOLUTION.

"'Quartermaster!' exclaimed poor Captain Pritchard, as his wrists were thrust into the hand-cuffs. 'You don't mean that that double-dyed villain, that Judas of a pilot, is a Yankee petty officer, after all! I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and—if I swung for it—I'd have chucked the spy overboard as I would a mangy puppy!'

"The lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest, and to take steps for getting the Bonnybell off the sand-bank. He then compelled the engineer to set the machinery at work, and we ran down, under the skillful pilotage of Mr. Fitch, to Edisto Island; in which anchorage we came to our moorings under the guns of the Dacotah, and within a short distance of several other vessels of the blockading squadron."

Mr. Dickinson on the "Democracy."

A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Cooper Institute, New York, William Allen Butler presiding. Speeches were made by Senator Wilson, Henry J. Raymond and Attorney-General Dickinson.

Mr. Dickinson spoke in a very happy and forcible vein. He reviewed the history of the true democratic party:

"Where is the democratic party to-day? It is here; it is in the army, fighting the battles of the Union and sustaining the Administration; that is the democratic party. The democratic party is a party of principles and not of men. It is a party of glorious traditions. It has a great and proud record. But the democratic party was made up of those men who opposed the institutions of the country. It was not a *coon-skin party*. It became illustrious because it took its theory from Jefferson that all men were created equal. That was its corner-stone. There was its great origin. It was conservative. It took instructions as it found them, but its theories were based on progress. It became illustrious in the war of 1812, not by opposing the administration of Madison, although Madison in that war made ten mistakes where Abraham Lincoln has made one. [Great applause.] But he was sustained, and why? Because there was a democratic party who were determined to go with the country, and stay up the hands of the Administration, and say to it, as the British peer said, 'With all thy faults I love thee still.' The democratic party rallied around Tompkins, Madison and Van Buren, and came out crowned with success and with glory. When Jackson declared that the Union must and should be sustained, by the Eternal, the democratic party seized upon that as part of its creed. That is what gave it its great name, and brought around it the bloodsuckers of the present day. [Sensation.] Suppose that Jefferson had laid down the platform of the copperheads? Suppose that the democrats had opposed the war of 1812, and taken a position against the country in the days of Jackson and nullification? Who imagines that the democratic party would have had a name to-day, except for execration? Suppose that in 1812 the democratic party had been made up of a few Know-Nothings taken out of the *Dog hole* (great laughter), and of dilapidated politicians generally, of soldiers of fortune and men like Peter Brush, who wanted something to have, and nothing to do. Suppose that instead of supporting the war in reality they had said, "Yes, to be sure, we are for a most vigorous prosecution of the war," but had declared at the same time that it should be conducted with most liberal propositions for peace. (Laughter.) Suppose that every victory of the federal arms had been belittled, and that they had rejoiced at every success of the rebel arms. Suppose they had opposed the raising of troops, and especially of the colored troops, because it was beneath the dignity of the white soldier to fight besid them. Do you believe that the democratic party would have acquired a name except for execration? But now gentlemen come forward and trade upon the name of the democratic party.

He should like to see the northern and southern wings of the rebels, butternuts and copperheads together, and Governor Seymour called to address them. He might well adopt the language of Milton's devil, "Friends and Confederates welcome." [Great laughter.] Mr. Dickinson had said "constitution" as long as the South had said "constitution," but when they said "arms" he said "arms." [Applause.] We might as well expect to preserve the frosts of winter through the dog-days as to preserve slavery longer. He was as much in favor of thoroughly and completely abolishing slavery as he had been for preserving it. He had been in favor of waiting the Almighty's time. The rebels preferred to take the devil's time; and there was now no saving it. His only objection to the emancipation proclamation was that it should have been returnable immediately.

The Commanders of the Cumberland.

[Correspondence of Herald.]

General Rosecrans leaves his army a most popular commander, despite the late failure on his part. He understood thoroughly a certain system—for which I cannot find an expressive name—by which to gain the affection of his troops. He never passed a regiment without having a pleasant word for the men. He chatted freely and even jocularly with them. He blamed the officers for everything—the men for nothing. If a knapsack was put on carelessly, he told the guilty man's captain that he "didn't know how to strap on a knapsack." If a canteen was missing he ridiculed the soldier who thought he could fight without water, and scolded his officer. All this pleased the men, without exactly offending the officer, and the whole army had a hearty laugh over every such scene, and felt an increased admiration for the General.

Gen. Thomas has another system that makes him, not in the common sense of the term, popular—perhaps not as popular as Rosecrans. He has the deep-seated and deep-rooted affection of his men. It is of the undemonstrative kind. He stands forth in the army as above suspicion, and is looked upon by the army as the nation looks upon its great men of the past—with a sort of reverence. He never for a single moment sacrifices his dignity, though no private soldier ever had a difficulty in reaching his ear. He always finds a patient listener and sound adviser. He has a quiet way of deciding, from which a soldier never deemed it proper to appeal. He talks in a low, quiet strain. There is no boisterous laughter ever heard about his headquarters. His staff is small—smaller, perhaps, than even Buell's used to be; but he has about him working men like himself. The army reveres the man, and I have no doubt will heartily welcome him, while it feelingly takes leave of Rosecrans. The public, too, will gladly acquiesce in this part of the action of the War Department; for where a man holding the highest military rank in the army so regulates his advancement and promotion that, at the end of two years of active warfare, he fights a terrible battle, saves an army, is recognized as a hero, and the serpent of jealousy does not hiss at him, the public wish to see more of him and to see him more trusted and honored. Gen. Thomas is such a man, and, strange to say, has gone through this was without apparently exciting the envy or jealousy of a single fellow officer; and his character stands to-day as free from stain as that of any man who has made his appearance in this war.

Important Medical Discovery.

A London correspondent of the *Liberator* gives this account:

"A great discovery is just now engaging the attention of the scientific and medical world. Few English names are more familiar to Americans than that of Dr. John Chapman, once the leading publisher of heretical books, now editor of the *Westminster*, and always a devotee of science and medicine. He is well acquainted with many scientific and literary Americans; and many of them, amongst others Mr. Emerson, have resided in his house when in England. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in studies and experiments connected with the nervous system alone, with such men as Dr. Brown-Sequard and Claude Bernard of Paris. For the past year he has been proving a tremendous discovery—namely the cure of epilepsy, and many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, by means of the external application of ice and hot water, in India-rubber bags, at various parts of the spinal cord, acting thus upon the sympathetic nerve, and through it upon the most important and vital regions of the body. Many eminent physicians have accompanied Dr. Chapman to see the marvels which he had brought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Some physicians, amongst others Dr. Wilkinson (though a homœopathist), have so recognized the importance of the discovery as to commit to Dr. Chapman's care some of their patients. Cases are attested where a man for six years had three fits (on an average) daily, a girl who had two from the ages of thirteen to seventeen, had been entirely cured by ice.—Just as wonderful have been the cures of paralysis. Many of the worst and most inveterate female diseases have yielded to the new cure. The treatment is as simple as it is grand. Any one who is troubled by the pressure of blood on the brain will find that, by holding a bag of ice on the nape of the neck ten minutes, an equable flow of blood can be secured. Those who are troubled with habitual cold feet may find relief by applying ice to the small of the back in the lumbar region. It is hard to estimate the importance of this discovery, which will ere long be ranked by the side of that of Jenner. Several hospitals are already under Dr. Chapman's practice, and, as yet no one can bring forward an instance of failure."

A CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT FOR RUSSIA.—Emperor Alexander of Russia has just signalized his reign by a new reformatory act of the highest importance—an act which, in its bearing upon the progress of Russia, can be only compared with the Ordinance of Emancipation, and which will secure to Alexander in Russian history a place by the side of Peter the Great as among the most illustrious rulers of the nation. He has convoked the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Finland, and opened it personally with a speech, which expresses his confidence in a liberal form of government, and intimates his design to develop liberal institutions first in Finland, and later in other parts of the Empire. The convocation of a Representative Assembly in a Russian Crown land, and still more the tenor of the Imperial address, may be regarded as proofs that the era of absolutism is on the wane in Russia, and that the largest Christian Empire of the world may ere long be converted into a constitutional monarchy.

Failure of the Three Hundred Pounder Parrotts.

It is a fact not generally known, and one which should moderate a little our transports over the new-found perfections of our hitherto neglected rifled guns, that the three hundred pounder Parrotts have proved a failure. The Pittsburg Gazette has, from time to time, argued that, though far superior to the monster smooth bores, the large sizes of Parrott's guns were essentially defective; since the requisite strength for the charge of powder they should have, could not be obtained by the plan (which is all there is of the Parrott gun,) of shrinking a wrought iron band over the breech of the cast iron gun; and that the only materials that would be found capable of bearing the heavy strain required to develop the full capacity of rifled guns, were wrought iron or steel. That lesson, too, since the late revolution in their department, the ordnance officers have learnt.

Readers have doubtless noticed a recent dispatch stating that the gun which fired Greek fire shells into Charleston, was a two hundred pounder. Five of the Parrott rifled three hundred pounders were sent to Gen. Gillmore, and every one of them bursted—all but one at the first trial! Of course they could be fixed as the Dahlgren smooth bores were so long, with half charges of powder, but the Parrott guns have no need of such subterfuges. Up to 200-pounders they have proved a success, it is no discredit to their plan that, beyond that sive, the strain is too great for a cast-iron barrel, no matter how heavily reinforce with a wrought-iron band.

For the largest calibres, it now seems as if we would fall back on the Ames' wrought-iron gun, or on Wiard's steel guns.—*Washington Letter.*

General Scott on Generals.

Ggate, of the Cincinnati Gazette, in a recent letter from Washington, writes:

Gen. Scott was encountered the other day by a leading Washington official, with whom the old veteran fell into a very unreserved talk about generals. It will not surprise any one to know that he pronounces Lee the greatest general of the war, thus far; or that he declares that he was more disappointed in Gen. McClellan's performances than he ever was before with those of any other officer in our service. Gen. Grant's operations he spoke of as displaying more military skill than any other general had exhibited on our side; and he was the more surprised and mystified at it, as he could only remember him in the Mexican war as a young lieutenant of undoubted courage, but giving no promise whatever of anything beyond ordinary abilities. If he had remembered that Gen. Tecumseh Sherman was Gen. Grant's right hand man, his mystification might have been diminished.

Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—[Special to the Times.]—Our army is following the enemy up to-day rapidly. No rebels were discovered this side of the Rappahannock by a reconnoissance to-day.

BRISTOE.

FIELD, Oct. 20.—This morning we passed over the scene of our late fight at Bristoe.—They must have suffered a heavy defeat, as we found a large number of broken muskets knapsacks, &c., strewn over the ground.—One patch on the side of the hill, near the wood, is red with graves. They were chiefly North Carolina troops, as the slabs at the heads of the graves indicated. I was told by a man who lives on the place, and at whose house some officers stopped after the fight, that they had about three hundred, and that they looked upon it as a regular defeat. He saw two generals badly wounded: one had his leg taken off, and the other his arm shattered. This is confirmed. He did not know their names. Gen. Heth had his horse shot under him. They complained that the conscripts did not fight. Lee had his headquarters near, but was not able to bring up the main body of his troops in time.

BUCKLAND'S MILLS.

ARMY, Oct. 20.—Gen. Custer's brigade did not retire from Buckland's Mills, on Monday, until his men had exhausted all their ammunition. The officers and men then held the bridge with their pistols, until the enemy had forded the river and thus flanked the brigade, which then fell back, holding the cavalry in check, so that it could move no faster than the infantry supports. When near Gainesville, the enemy cried out "Where is your Kilpatrick now?" Just at that moment our cavalry fell back into the woods, and the enemy's cavalry, supposing that a stampede had been started, came on with a dash in advance of the infantry and ran into the Fifth Corps skirmish lines. A deadly fire was opened upon the enemy's cavalry at short range, killing many, among others, the rebel officer leading the charge. Gen. Kilpatrick's division, notwithstanding the severe fight against large odds yesterday, is again on duty to-day.

WHEREABOUTS OF THE REBELS.

ARMY, Oct. 21.—Among the camp rumors wearing the semblance of truth are these:—That Gen. Lee's headquarters are now at Culpepper; that Ewell's and Hill's corps of rebel infantry are between Culpepper and Warrenton; that Lee is greatly disappointed at the failure of his plan to occupy Centreville and the Bull Run field before Gen. Meade could march his troops and send his supplies back to that point; that Lee intended not only to force Meade to fight him at Centreville, but proposed to take up his winter headquarters there; that Lee's army is discouraged and disheartened, and that the Blue Ridge is full of rebels, who are awaiting an opportunity to desert and come into our lines.

About thirty prisoners and deserters from the rebels, chiefly belonging to Hill's corps, were sent to Washington to-day. Some of them came in this morning, and surrendered with arms in their hands.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO GEN. MEADE.

From the Tribune.

The message which the President sent to Gen. Meade last Saturday, deserves to be recorded as a part of the history of the campaign now drawing to a close. Mr. Lincoln told Gen. Meade that he must find and fight the enemy at once; that if he won a victory he should have all the glory; but if he was defeated, he himself would, as Commander-in-Chief, assume the responsibility.

MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.—One bar of common rosin soap, 1 pound sal soda, 1 ounce borax—dissolve the soda and borax in 8 pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, 10 lbs. of good soap, worth from 8 to 10 cents a lb., and costing only one cent a pound.

WORKING GIRLS.—Happy girls—who cannot love them? With cheek like the rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our word for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to another. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jumping a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly. They have no affectation, no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a half dozen airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted or fallen angel.

It girls knew how sadly they miss it while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skin, and put a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the heavens are above the earth.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—A Washington dispatch of Tuesday says:

The National debt is far less in amount than the enemies of the Government hoped it would be on the 1st of October. They had prophesied that we would owe three thousand millions of dollars before the end of the second year of the war. Government enters upon the third year of the war, with a debt of only twelve hundred and twenty-two millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The increase of this debt, hereafter, will be moderate, the Government being abundantly supplied with muskets, cannon and clothing.

In a speech last night at Armory Hospital, the accomplished Register of the Treasury, Hon. L. E. Chittenden, said that, while Northern Copperheads were predicting bankruptcy and ruin in our monetary affairs, foreign capitalists were only too anxious to invest in government securities. Yesterday three hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of United States bonds were issued to foreign brokers, and Government has money now on hand with which to pay the entire army for the month of November, which money was furnished by foreign capitalists.

The California people are better acquainted with the Celestial method of talking and writing Anglo-Saxon. We extract the following specimen from the San Francisco *Mirror*, which introduces it thus:

"We this morning received a piece of Chinese composition—a genuine valentine—sent by a rich Chinaman named Ah Chong to Hi Sing, a beautiful (ahem!) child of the Flowery Kingdom, who was so proud of the effusion (they both speak English) that she sent it to us with the following note, writen on yellow paper:

"SAN SISCO FEBLUALLY, 1861.

"'ELITOR MILLOR: Me leady you paper plenty time. Ah Chong he buy 'em. Spose you likee—you putchee he song in Millor. High yaw-w-w. O-nee-tor-loo; he mally me.