ANTIETAM.

SCENES ON THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

From the Notes of an Eye-Witness.

As appropriate to the present time, and to the events which have so lately occurred at Antietam, we are permitted to publish the following extracts from the private memoranda of a gentleman of this city, who, with several other physicians, gratuitously responded to the call of the Surgeon-General of the State, rendered necessary by the great number of our wounded at the battle of South Mountain, Antietam and vicinity. After caring for those of the wounded who had been brought to Hagerstown, the author, with a friend, started for the field of Antietam. He thus writes:

At the point we had now reached a widely extended view of the battle-field was afforded us. Nature has done her part towards making the field of Antietam a theatre worthy of the tragedy so lately enacted there. It presents almost every variety of scenery; here a large plain, there a deep ravine, here a hill from near which the artillery was effectively served, there a piece of woodland, which at a time sheltered the enemy, while near this is a large field of corn, in which the sharp shooters assailed us, and in which the many fallen men have been struck down in the fierce engagement, as if by the knife. In front lies the long blue ridge, in the distance the famous South Mountain, while behind are Sharpsburg and the distant Potomac.

Two days had elapsed since the battle. Our own dead had all been buried, as the many mounds of earth sadly showed. Nor had they been carelessly buried, to be thought of no more. Each grave had its little headboard, with the name and regiment of him who slept beneath it. It was mournful to read the brief inscription—"W. C., Company Y., fell in battle Sept. 17, 1862, aged 19 years." And oh, how many were Pennsylvania volunteers, and how many were aged 18, 20 or 21 years—boys made men by the exigencies of the day in which they lived! In some instances, instead of a single mound, there would be six or more graves side by side. These were generally surrounded by a rude fence, made for the occasion; and if time permitted, we were carefully covered at the top with rails, as if tenderly protecting them from the storm, the work of rough hands, but yet of kind and loving hearts. In one part of the field there was quite a large inclosure of this kind, bearing this brief and touching inscription: *"Michigan's dead."* Oh, battle-field of Antietam, what far-off hearts and homes will yearn for the treasures hidden beneath thy soil, treasures more precious than ever freighted Grecian argosy!

Walking through the cornfield where the battle had raged most fiercely, I suddenly came upon a single dead body, crouched as if to avoid danger; a little further on two more were lying side by side, and so, at almost every step other corpses were before me. A ghastly sight indeed! Although so recently dead, decomposition to a frightful extent had already taken place. In almost every instance the face was as black as that of the negro, the eyes gushing from their sockets, while the very hair had a scorched and reddened hue. Here and there were groups of three or more, who seemed to have fallen towards each other in the battle, as if, in the act of clasping one another for aid in their last agony.

* * *

As I wandered over this Golgotha there was one scene which awakened my tenderest feelings. It was the dead body of a boy, evidently not more than eighteen years old. He lay with the palm of his hand upward, as if invoking aid. It was a thin hand, with long tapering fingers, little used to the rough life and hard death that had befallen its young owner. Everything about him showed that he was no common soldier. Even the faded uniform, if uniform it can be called, of the rebels, which in others was filthy, on him was singularly clean. I stooped down and carefully examined his clothing in the hope that some clue might be found to his name and his home. In his coat pocket were found four or five pages of *Harper's Magazine*—"the editor's arm-chair," full of fun and jokes—and in the other pocket the torn leaf of a story-book. As I raised his head and studied the features, changed as they were by death, I could still note the merry curve of the lip, which told how he had been the life of his regiment and the light of his home. Ah, my young unknown brother! I know thou think, when the morning of the 17th dawned upon thee, that before the coming Sabbath, Northern eyes would fill with tears for thee, Northern hands would tenderly compose thy limbs for sleep, and even a harder heart than mine could not have looked upon thee unmoved, thou darling son of some Southern home, whose light has gone out with thy life!

No name could be found on the clothing, and I was about to give up my search, when a party of soldiers, who had come up, raised his oil-cloth blanket and opened it. Written in large capitals were the letters J. N. A. C., but whether the letter C was a part of the name, or the beginning of "Company," we could not tell. And this was all that was left to tell of his name or his home. The four soldiers now carefully laid the dead body on the ground, straightened the stiffened limbs, and covered it with his woolen blanket which he wore no more.

Near by lay the body of an older man, whose clothing was marked, in large letters, "Gale." At some distance from this, amidst a large number of the dead, was the body of a Confederate, in whose shirt-pocket I noticed a little book, which, on opening, I found to be a copy of the New Testament. On the blank leaves were written, in a woman's hand, the text: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his father or mother more than me is not worthy of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his child or wife more than me is not worthy of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his child or wife more than me is not worthy of me." Oh, little dreamed the writer of these words, that they would be the exigencies of the day in which they lived! In some instances, instead of a single mound, there would be six or more graves side by side. These were generally surrounded by a rude fence, made for the occasion; and if time permitted, we were carefully covered at the top with rails, as if tenderly protecting them from the storm, the work of rough hands, but yet of kind and loving hearts. In one part of the field there was quite a large inclosure of this kind, bearing this brief and touching inscription: *"Michigan's dead."* Oh, battle-field of Antietam, what far-off hearts and homes will yearn for the treasures hidden beneath thy soil, treasures more precious than ever freighted Grecian argosy!

Walking through the cornfield where the battle had raged most fiercely, I suddenly came upon a single dead body, crouched as if to avoid danger; a little further on two more were lying side by side, and so, at almost every step other corpses were before me. A ghastly sight indeed! Although so recently dead, decomposition to a frightful extent had already taken place. In almost every instance the face was as black as that of the negro, the eyes gushing from their sockets, while the very hair had a scorched and reddened hue. Here and there were groups of three or more, who seemed to have fallen towards each other in the battle, as if, in the act of clasping one another for aid in their last agony.

* * *

As I wandered over this Golgotha there was one scene which awakened my tenderest feelings. It was the dead body of a boy, evidently not more than eighteen years old. He lay with the palm of his hand upward, as if invoking aid. It was a thin hand, with long tapering fingers, little used to the rough life and hard death that had befallen its young owner. Everything about him showed that he was no common soldier. Even the faded uniform, if uniform it can be called, of the rebels, which in others was filthy, on him was singularly clean. I stooped down and carefully examined his clothing in the hope that some clue might be found to his name and his home. In his coat pocket were found four or five pages of *Harper's Magazine*—"the editor's arm-chair," full of fun and jokes—and in the other pocket the torn leaf of a story-book. As I raised his head and studied the features, changed as they were by death, I could still note the merry curve of the lip, which told how he had been the life of his regiment and the light of his home. Ah, my young misguided brother! I know thou think, when the morning of the 17th dawned upon thee, that before the coming Sabbath, Northern eyes would fill with tears for thee, Northern hands would tenderly compose thy limbs for sleep, and even a harder heart than mine could not have looked upon thee unmoved, thou darling son of some Southern home, whose light has gone out with thy life!

No name could be found on the clothing, and I was about to give up my search, when a party of soldiers, who had come up, raised his oil-cloth blanket and opened it. Written in large capitals were the letters J. N. A. C., but whether the letter C was a part of the name, or the beginning of "Company," we could not tell. And this was all that was left to tell of his name or his home. The four soldiers now carefully laid the dead body on the ground, straightened the stiffened limbs, and covered it with his woolen blanket which he wore no more.

Near by lay the body of an older man, whose clothing was marked, in large letters, "Gale." At some distance from this, amidst a large number of the dead, was the body of a Confederate, in whose shirt-pocket I noticed a little book, which, on opening, I found to be a copy of the New Testament. On the blank leaves were written, in a woman's hand, the text: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his father or mother more than me is not worthy of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his child or wife more than me is not worthy of me;" and on the opposite page, "He that loveth his child or wife more than me is not worthy of me." Oh, little dreamed the writer of these words, that they would be the exigencies of the day in which they lived!

In some instances, instead of a single mound, there would be six or more graves side by side. These were generally surrounded by a rude fence, made for the occasion; and if time permitted, we were carefully covered at the top with rails, as if tenderly protecting them from the storm, the work of rough hands, but yet of kind and loving hearts. In one part of the field there was quite a large inclosure of this kind, bearing this brief and touching inscription: *"Michigan's dead."* Oh, battle-field of Antietam, what far-off hearts and homes will yearn for the treasures hidden beneath thy soil, treasures more precious than ever freighted Grecian argosy!

Walking through the cornfield where the battle had raged most fiercely, I suddenly came upon a single dead body, crouched as if to avoid danger; a little further on two more were lying side by side, and so, at almost every step other corpses were before me. A ghastly sight indeed! Although so recently dead, decomposition to a frightful extent had already taken place. In almost every instance the face was as black as that of the negro, the eyes gushing from their sockets, while the very hair had a scorched and reddened hue. Here and there were groups of three or more, who seemed to have fallen towards each other in the battle, as if, in the act of clasping one another for aid in their last agony.

* * *

The sun was now sinking behind the hills and the chill evening air warned us that it was time to leave the battle-field. In the distance the drum was beating in camp, the camp fires were lighted for the night, groups of men collected to which I could listen to as dead confederates were now returning to camp, when, with a longing look I turned away from Antietam.

I had seen the battle-field with its dead, whom I could not help, and I now sought the living, whom I hoped to aid.

The driver of the ambulance in which I had come from Hagerstown now proposed to go to the field hospital where it belonged, about a mile or more from where we then were. Here I found, in the regimental surgeon, an old and dear friend. We were greatly surprised to meet, and under the circumstances it was hard to say which was the more glad to see the other.

The hospital which my friend Dr. G. had established was at a beautiful farm-house called Hoffman's Farm, about a mile from the battle-field. The house is a brick one, with a large yard and numerous outhouses. Immediately about it were the patients under his special care, numbering about five hundred, including the wounded of his own regiment and those of General Sumner's corps, while at a large barn, some distance from the house, were a thousand more wounded men. A sadder sight than this battle-field I never saw. Here were men wounded in almost every conceivable way. The stables were filled with them, as were the barn-floors, while hundreds were lying in the barn-yard without even a blanket to cover them.

* * *

With great judgment, skill and kindness Dr. G. had made every comfortable place available for the badly wounded. The cider-press house had been covered with straw, and three men occupied it and a shed adjacent. One or two other outhouses had been similarly appropriated. A few shelter-tents had been put up—all that could be obtained, and in this way the orchard back of the house was occupied.

In the house the rooms on the first floor were used for the wounded, as was also the piazza and the space under the piazza. The lawn was covered with the wounded, of whom a few had shelter tents, but more of them had to lie exposed to the heavens and the sky. Never before had I seen such suffering, such suffering borne with such fortitude. Touching incidents of heroism and self-denial were continually occurring. Time and again would men say to me, "Doctor, you need not dress my wound just now; I can wait. There is my comrade, who needs you much worse than I do." A young confederate had received six wounds; amputation of the leg was necessary to save his life, and was performed. After the operation we needed a cushion on which to rest the stump of our patient. The message was returned, and said that there was not one to be obtained. A young Massachusetts man, *whose thigh had been amputated two ninge before*, hearing this, put his hand down, took off the cushion from under his own mutilated limb, and handed it to us, saying, *"Here, Doctor, give this to the poor man more than I do."* I regret very much that I did not write down the name of this brave man. If I remember aright, he was a member of the 15th Massachusetts Volunteers. ***

In this way, from day to day, from morning until late at night, we were occupied in dressing our wounded. We did our best, and that we mitigated much suffering I do not doubt; but we were not able to do all that we wished to, and I fear there was much unnecessary unrelieved. Especially was this the case at the barn, where were more than a thousand wounded men. These were cared for as soon as possible, but at this early day after the battle there had not arrived enough medical men properly to care for all of them.

I shall not soon forget an evening's visit to this barn and barnyard. One night I ventured up there with a large bottle of solution of morphia, and administered a dose to the patients who had not been under any medical care. Here, as I have before said, were all kinds of injuries, and when it was discovered that I had something with me which would ease their pain, I was sought on every side the cry! "Oh, Doctor, give me something to ease my pain! Give me something to put me to sleep!" "Oh, Doctor, do something for me, won't you?" A large number of the wounded at the barn belonged to the rebel army.

In the barnyard, sheltering themselves as well as they could under large sticks of wood, which had been cut away at the base, were a hundred or more wounded men, belonging to the rebel army also. I was called to see one of these by one of our own soldiers, who mistake not, by name Merkle. He had been wounded in the neck, the ball passing down toward the lungs, involving the windpipe and the nerves concerned in respiration, inducing violent paroxysms of difficulty in breathing. A young Confederate, who was attached to him, though himself wounded, never left his captain. Always, night and day, he was at his side. When his captain succeeded in getting a few minutes of sleep the boy kept silent, but at the slightest movement of the wounded man the boy was wide awake in a moment. Greater devotion there could not be, and should the captain live he will owe his life, not to his physicians, though they did all they could for him, but to the loving care and nursing of this brave boy. In the house or near it were three of our men who had been wounded in the spine and who were bodily paralyzed. One of them was a young man of an unusually intelligent face, and excepting his wound, the picture of health and strength. I could not fail to become deeply interested in him.

To-day, on taking up the New York *Herald*, I read the sad announcement: "Died on Sunday, October 5, of wounds received at the battle of Antietam, Captain Edward H. Wade, of Company F, 5th Regt. N. Y. Vols., in the 25th year of his age." It was some little satisfaction to me to know that he died *at home*.

Close by Captain Wade was a very large man, aged about 40 years, wounded through the thigh, which bone was broken. I learned that he was a Methodist clergyman from Detroit. His grandfather had fought in our revolutionary war, his father in that of 1812, and he did fighting blood in him would not allow him to stay at home in this great struggle of our nation. Much to the surprise of his friends, instead of seeking a commission, he entered the ranks; and he did so, as he told me, with a firm belief that it was his duty to be of more use to the young men of his regiment, the most of whom he knew, in this than in any other position. I left him at "Hoffman's," and his wound is a serious one.

In the adjacent room were several of our Philadelphia soldiers, among them Captain Roussell, whose thigh had been amputated. Next to him was a very young man named Park. He had been made Lieutenant on the field (Lieutenant Colonel Park) for bravery there, and I am sure he well deserved it. Since then he has been brought home, and I learn is now very ill. He is a thoroughly brave boy, and I trust he may recover. So, too, with another lad from Western Pennsylvania, by name Snyder, whose thigh had been amputated by my friend Dr. G. As brave as a lion, he was yet a mere child in years. Fortunately, his wound is healing nicely.

Time would fail me to note even one-half of the cases of interest with which we were surrounded. Such patience, under suffering, —such an absence of selfishness—such real heroism! I never saw such men equaled. I can never see surpassed.

I have spoken of the living, but before I close my account of "Hoffman's Farm" there is one of its heroes whom I dare not pass by, as a mere patriot, and as brave a soldier, sleeps in that house, not under the shelter tent, but beneath the cold, damp earth, and the tent above him was the blue sky. In a distant corner of the orchard are five or six graves, chiefly those of the members of the 28th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. One of them has a head-board with this brief inscription: "W. Co. D. 28 P.V., died September 17, 1862, aged 18 years;" and the sod above it covers as pure a patriot, and as brave a soldier, young as he was, as any that have fallen on the battle-field of Antietam.

From the surgeon of the regiment and from other sources I learned that young W. had joined their regiment about a year ago, that although his social position and family connections were such as to render a commission accessible to him, he declined applying for one until, in his own words, he had "been something of fighting," and then he wished to enter the regular service. He soon became an earnest, hard-working soldier, and was a great favorite in his regiment. His company entered the field early, and was one in the hottest part of the fight. While thus advancing, and crying out to his comrades, "Come on, Company D," he fell, shot through the arm and the body. A few minutes later his lieutenant spoke to him, inquiring if he were badly hurt. Poor H. raised his wounded arm, and pointing upward, he said, "This! it's all for the Stars and Stripes, Lieutenant, it's all for the Stars and the Stripes!" His surgeon soon came to him, and, at his request, gave him some chloroform, which eased his pain for a time. He then requested that the chaplain might be sent to him. After a prayer, he asked the chaplain, who was very fond of him, to repeat to him a hymn, which was done: "When I can read my title clear." Strangely, but naturally, upon that field of battle, amid the roar of artillery, the groans of the wounded, the shouts of the victors, and the wail of the vanquished, fell these solemn words:

"Let earth's wide compass fall:
Let storms of sorrow fall
So that I safely reach my home
My God, my Father, my all!"

There anchored safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roar
Across my peaceful breast."

After this, kind messages were left for the loved ones at home, when he wished should be told that he died, content—"happy to die for the Stars and the Stripes!" At 11 P. M. his brave young spirit passed from earth.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY.

Orders for these celebrated Shirts supplied promptly and neatly.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Of late styles in full variety.

WINCHESTER & CO., 708 CHESTNUT.

jel-m,w,f-tf

J. W. SCOTT & CO., SHIRT MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN Men's Furnishing Goods, 814 Chestnut Street, Four doors below the "Continental," PHILADELPHIA. mh1-tf,m,w,tf

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, at every variety, at 518 Market street, corner of Sixth. The best HOSIERY for ladies and gents, in the UNION BAZAAR. my8-6m[illegible] OPEN IN THE EVENING

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

ENO & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Sterling Standard & Silver-plated Ware. An elegant and extensive stock always on hand. Manufacturers of and dealers in Gem, Elon's celebrated Patent ICE PITCHERS, which retain the purity of the water for a longer time than any other, and is by far the most economical ICE PITCHER ever invented.

S. E. Corner Eighth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

LEWIS LADOMUS & CO., Diamond Dealers and Jewelers, No. 802 Chestnut Street, World invite the attention of purchasers to their large stock of Gents' and Ladies' Watches, Just received, of the finest Compensation Balance, Independent Seconds, Chronometer, Duplex, Lever and Lepine Watches; also, a full assortment of Diamond Rose, Pin, Stud, Ring, Ear, Coral, Malachite, Coral and Pearl Sets, in 18 and 14 k. Solid Silver ware of all kinds, including a large assortment suitable for Wedding Presents.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

T. SINCLAIR'S LITHOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT Removed from No. 141 Chestnut st. to Nos. 506 and 508 North Street, (Between Market and Arch) Bonds, Maps, Certificates, Bill Heads, Circulars, Show Cards, Checks, Labels, Scientific Plates. Drawings of every description, and Chromo-Lithography in the finest style of art. m30-1m[illegible]

LOOKING GLASSES AND PAINTINGS: A. S. ROBINSON, 910 CHESTNUT STREET, LOOKING GLASSES, PAINTINGS, Engravings and Photographs. Plain and Ornamental Gilt Frames; Carved Wood Frames, Gilded to Order. ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS ALL SHOULD HAVE.

I MPORTANT TO WHOMSOEVER MASTER LANGUAGES WITHOUT MASTER. Just Published, THE SECRETARY, Or Self-Instructor in French Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons. Also, Just Published, THE SECRETARY, Or Self-Instructor in German Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons. Also, Just Published, THE SECRETARY, Or Self-Instructor in Italian Without a Master. In Five Easy Lessons. Also, Just Published, THE SECRETARY, Or Self-Instructor in Spanish Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons. Any one or all of the above five languages can be learned by any person without the aid of a teacher. The system is so plain and simple that no difficulty can be found in any one volume. In cloth. Price Two Dollars.

Send for our Mammoth Descriptive Catalogue. Address all orders to DE WITT & DAVENPORT, Publishers, Sole Proprietors, 56 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Books sent, postage paid, on receipt of retail price. ALL NEW BOOKS ARE AT PETERSONS'. oct10-2m

THE BRAVO—BISHOP LYNCH'S LATEST! A New Edition—A Grammar of the Latin Language, Just Published, THE BRAVO, Or Venice. A Tale. By William Bingham, A. M., Superintendent of the Male Department. Spirited Sketches of the Character and Events of Venetian Life. Intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Ladies and Gentlemen. Copies will be furnished to Teachers and Superintendents of Schools at the trade at low rates. In cloth, 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1 50. Published by E. H. BUTLER & CO., 127 South Fourth street. And for sale by Booksellers generally. jel1-3t

THE PRIMARY—BISHOP LYNCH'S LATEST! Just Published, THE PRIMARY Or Pronouncing Spelling Book. Intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Ladies and Gentlemen. Copies will be furnished to Teachers and Superintendents of Schools at the trade at low rates. In cloth, 1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents. Published by E. H. BUTLER & CO., 127 South Fourth street. And for sale by Booksellers generally. jel1-3t

THE CONFESSIONAL—BISHOP LYNCH'S LATEST! Just Published, THE CONFESSIONAL, Or Confession Explained and Vindicated. Intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Ladies and Gentlemen. Copies will be furnished to Teachers and Superintendents of Schools at the trade at low rates. In cloth, 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1 50. Published by E. H. BUTLER & CO., 127 South Fourth street. And for sale by Booksellers generally. jel1-3t

HORTICULTURAL.

CHOICE BULBOUS FLOWERING ROOTS. Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Narcissus, Iris, Jonquils, Lilies, &c. Catalogue gratis. COLLINS, ALDERSON & CO., Seed Growers' Warehouse, No. 115 and 117 North Delaware avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. oct5-6m

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c.

WHITE PRESERVING BRANDY, PURE CIDER AND WINE VINEGAR, GREEN GINGER, MUSTARD SEED, SPICES, &c., &c. All the requisites for Preserving and Pickling purposes. ALBERT C. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fine Groceries, Corner Eleventh and Vine Streets.

SUPERIOR VINEGARS. French-White Wine, and Pure Old Cider Vinegars. For sale by JAMES R. WEBB, WALNUT and EIGHTH STREETS.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED FOR BEST FAMILY FLOUR, At the late Inter-State Fair, to George F. Zehnder, Dealer in choice Brands Penna., Ohio, St. Louis and Minnesota Family Flour, Unbolted Rye and Wheat, for making Boston Brown Bread, Rye Flour, Indian Meal, &c. GEO. F. ZEHNDER, Fourth and Vine. s23tf

NEW CIDER.—FIRST QUALITY OF CHINA and Sugar House Molasses, for sale at COUTTS'S Cash Grocery, No. 1103 Spring Garden street.

DUDE, OLD JAMAICA RUM, HOLLAND GIN, Imported Brandies and Sherries, Port Wine and California Wines, in store and for sale at COUTTS'S Cash Grocery, No. 1103 Spring Garden street.

GRENOBLE WALNUTS—3 BALES OF GRENOBLE Paper Shell Walnuts, just received and for sale by M. F. BILLINGS, W. Cor. Arch and Scotch streets.

NEW MESS MACKEREL, PICKLED SALMON, MESS Shad and Pickerel, in half-bbls. and kits, received and for sale at COUTTS'S Cash Grocery, No. 1103 Spring Garden street.

MACARONI AND VERMICELLI—50 BOXES OF Macaroni and Vermicelli, just received and for sale by M. F. BILLINGS, W. Cor. Arch and Scotch streets.

PURE OLD JAMAICA RUM, PURE CIDER VINEGAR, Pure Spices, Mustard Seed, &c., always on hand at COUTTS'S Cash Grocery, No. 1103 Spring Garden street.

NEW GREEN GINGER—50 LBS. JUST RECEIVED, in prime order. For sale at COUTTS'S Cash Grocery, No. 1103 Spring Garden street.

FRENCH WINE VINEGAR.—VERY SUPERIOR French Wine Vinegar, in store and for sale by M. F. BILLINGS, W. Cor. Arch and Scotch streets.

MEDICAL.

DANIEL H. BROWN'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT A Certain Cure for Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Wounds, &c. PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1865. FRIEND BROWN: It gives me great pleasure to say to you, that your Ointment is the best article I have ever used for the purpose for which it is intended. I have had a very severe scald on my hand, which was given up by the best physicians in this city as incurable, and I am now able to use it without pain, and it is healing very fast. I cannot but think that the Ointment will be a great blessing to the world, and I hope you will succeed in making it known. Yours, truly, JAMES M. MARPLE, Firm of Marple, Lippincott & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 1 Dock street. Prepared only by DANIEL H. BROWN, Druggist, 1 Dock street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. M. C. McCLUSKEY, SOLE AGENT, 109 North Seventh street, Philada. s2-tf

CHESS COLUMN

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN.
FRIDAY, October 11, 1867.

All communications for this column must be directed "Chess Editor of Evening Bulletin," and should reach the office, at latest, on Thursday morning. All Problems must be accompanied by the solution and name of the composer.

Answers to Correspondents.

"R."—The position is entirely too simple for publication.

"J. C. Parry."—Appears to-day.

Chess Tourney at Dundee.—The Grand Tournament has come to a conclusion, Messrs. Neumann and Steinitz winning the first and second prizes, and the third prize was divided between Messrs. McDonnell and de Vere.

	SCORE.		DRAWN.
Neumann	7	1	1
Steinitz	7	1	0
McDonnell	6	2	1
de Vere	6	2	1
Blackburne	6	3	0

Inclusive of one game forfeited by Mr. G. B. Fraser.

Dr. Fraser	4	5	0

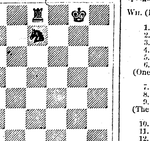
Inclusive of one game forfeited by Mr. G. B. Fraser.

Robertson	3	6	0
G. B. Fraser	2	7	0
Hamel	2	7	0
Speers	0	9	0

A Handicap Tourney is also in progress, in which all the principal players are taking part.

Problem No. 534.
BY J. C. P.

BLACK PIECES.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA.
Game No. 1765.
Between Mr. Reichelsheimer and Mr. Elson.
(*Gambetta de Bouvet.*)

Wh. (Mr. R.)	Bl. (Mr. E.)
1. P to Q K4	P to K
2. P to K B4	K Kt to B3
3. P to K5	P to Q4
4. K to K2	P x P
5. Q x P	Q to Q3
6. B to K	Kt to B3
7. Castles	Castles
8. P to K B4	P x P
9. P x P	Q x P
Decidedly better than Kt to K 2.	
10. Kt to K3	P x Kt
11. P to Kt3	B to K6
12. B x Kt	P x B
13. R to Q	Q to K3
(Preferable to at once checking and playing B to B 2.)	
13. B to B sq	B to B 3 (ch)
14. K to R sq	Q x P
(A very necessary precaution to shut off the Bishop.)	
15. P to B3	B to B 3
16. P to Q4	Q x B
17. R to Kt sq	
(Remove White's Queen. Knight.)	
(Sacrificial blunder.)	
17. B x P	P x Kt
18. Q x Q	R x Q
19. B x Kt	P x B
20. R x P	R to B5 (ch), &c.)
21. Q x B	R x P
22. P x P. Black mates in six moves.	

Game No. 1766.
Between the same players.
(*French Opening.*)

Wh. (Mr. R.)	Bl. (Mr. E.)
1. P to K4	P to K3
2. P to Q4	P to Q4
3. P x P	P x P
4. B to Q3	P to Q4
5. Kt to K B3	Kt to K B3
6. B to Q3	B to Q3
7. Castles	Castles
8. P to K B3	P to K Kt3
9. P to Q Kt3	P to K R3
10. P to K5	Kt to Q5
11. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
12. P x P	P x P
13. Q to R5 (ch)	K to B sq
14. Q x P (ch)	K to Q2
15. Q x Kt	Q to K2
16. Q to R5	P to K Kt4
17. Q to R4	P to K B4
18. P x P	P x P
19. Q x P (ch)	K to B3
20. Q x Kt	P x P
21. Q to R6	P to K Kt4
22. R x P	Q to K2
23. Q x P (ch)	K to Q2
24. Q to K6	R to K sq
25. R to K3	Q to K3
26. Q x Q (ch)	P x Q
27. R to K4	K to K3
28. K to K2	K to Q4
29. P to K Kt4	P to Q Kt4
30. P x P	K to Q3
31. P to Q5	P x P
32. P x P	K to Q2
33. P to K6	K to B3
34. P to Q6	P x P
35. P x P	K to Q2
36. P to Q7	K to K3
37. P to Q8 (Kt)	K x Kt
38. P x Kt	K to Q2
39. P to Kt5	P x P
40. P x P	K to B3
41. K x P	K to Q4
42. K to Q3	K to K3
43. K to B4	K to Q3
44. K to B5	K to Q2
45. K x P	K to B3
46. K to B6	K to Q3
47. K to Q6	K to Q2
48. K to B7	K to B3
49. Q to B7	K to Q3
50. K to B8 (ch), and wins.	

CHESS IN RUSSIA.
Game No. 1767.
Between Mr. Schumoff (given the Knight) and Mr. Gratchewski.
(*Ruy Lopez.*)

Wh. (Mr. Sch.)	Bl. (Mr. Gr.)
1. P to K4	P to K4
2. P to K B4	P x P
3. Kt to K B3	P to Q4
4. P x P	P x P
5. Kt to K5	Q to Q5
6. Kt x Kt	Q x Kt
7. P to Q4	P to K3
8. B to Q3	Kt to K B3
9. Castles	Castles
10. P to K5	Kt to Q5
11. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
12. P to K6	B to K2
13. P x P	P x P
14. P to Q5	Q to Q4
15. P x P	Q x P
16. Q to R5 (ch)	K to Q2
17. Q x Q	P x Q
18. P x P	K to B3
19. P to Q6	K to K3
20. P x P	K x P
21. Q to R6	P to K Kt4
22. R x P	Q to K2
23. Q x P (ch)	K to Q2
24. Q to K6	R to K sq
25. R to K3	Q to K3
26. Q x Q (ch)	P x Q
27. R to K4	K to K3
28. K to K2	K to Q4
29. P to Kt4	P to Q Kt4
30. K to Q3	K to Q3
31. P x P	P x P
32. P to Q6	K to Q2
33. K to B4	K to B3
34. K to Q5	K to Q3
35. K to B7 (ch)	K to Q2
36. K to B8 (ch), and black resigned.	

MACHINERY, IRON, &c.

PHILADELPHIA ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS.—CHARLES SHOEMAKER, No. 1024 CHERRY STREET, WROUGHT AND CAST IRON, GARDEN AND CEMETERY FENCES, VERANDAHS, CASES, STAIRS, &c. Also, Iron Doors and Shutters, for Warehouses, &c. REFERENCES: Leading Architects of Philadelphia. s4-3m

ROBERT WOOD & CO., THOS. S. WOOD. BRONZE WORK. Having fitted up works for the above, in special reference to the above class of Work, we are now prepared to fill with promptness and despatch, orders for Bronze Work of every description, to which the subscribers would most respectfully solicit the attention of Architects and others interested in the erection of public buildings. ORNAMENTAL IRON WOODS, Nos. 1027 and 1029 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. ROBERT WOOD & CO. s4-3m

VAUGHAN MERRICK, JAMES E. COPE, SOUTHWARK FOUNDRY, NORTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, MERRICK & SONS, ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS, Manufacture Steam Engines of all kinds, Single and Double Engines, Cotton, Woolen, Flour and Saw Mills, Hoisting Machines, Iron Boats, &c. Also, Manufacturers of Patent Plumbago Metallic Packing, for Piston Rods for Gas Works, Workshops and Railroad Purposes. Refer to Messrs. Merrick & Sons, the latest and most improved Steam Engines, Plantation Machinery, and Sugar Pans and Grist Mills, Vacuum Pans, Open Steam Trains, Iron Boats, Propellers, Tanks, Iron Boats, &c. Also, Manufacturers of Sugar Machinery, Cotton Presses, Newspaper Patent Steam Hammer and Approved Gas Fixtures, &c., &c., would call the attention of Gas Companies, Gas Fitters, Steam Engine Builders, Machinists, Iron Founders, Iron Boat Builders, Sugar Planters, Saw Mill Men, Manufacturers of Iron Pipes, Iron Buildings, and persons in the country who require Machinery of any description, to their extensive Works, which are now in full operation. Orders promptly executed. s4-3m

WM. SELLERS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD WORKING MACHINERY, Such as Patent Mortising, Tenoning, Moulding, Tenon Cutting, Sawing, Planing, Shaving, Dovetailing, Hub Mortising, Spoke Tenoning, Felloe Dovetailing, Felloe Mortising, Felloe Tenoning, Felloe Boring, Felloe Sawing, Felloe Planing