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

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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 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.

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No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

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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 indulgence 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 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.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of a 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, diseased 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 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 gulling 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.

February 21, 1863—1y.

ELEGANT CARDS DE VISITE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO FILL YOUR ALBUMS.

IN consequence of the scarcity of change, I will sell my elegant PENOGRAPH CARDE DE VISITE PORTRAITS.

Sixteen for One Dollar.

Sent by mail Postage paid.

These cardes are best published and are permanent. They embrace all the principal Generals of the Army, President, Cabinet, &c. Also two of the greatest villians unhung JEFF and BEAUREGARD.

Catalogues sent on application.

Sample copies sent on receipt of Ten Cents.

JOHN DAINTY,

728 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

September 5, 1863.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MINER'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES.

INCIDENTS OF MOUNTAIN LIFE.

Major F. Ignacio Rickard has published in England an interesting account of his adventures during a journey across the Andes from the Pacific side. He was on his way to some silver mines in the Argentine Republic, where he is mining inspector. To get to San Juan (where at present the mining operations are chiefly carried on) from Valparaiso is attended during a portion of the year, with no little difficulty or danger, inasmuch as the Cordillera of the Andes, which is only passable for mules, is subject to storms of the most violent description, whilst the cold is excessive. But to those who are willing to brave such obstacles the author gives ample instructions respecting the clothing and provisions necessary to be taken, describes the best mode of packing goods, and enters into various details which concern the traveller's comfort. Thus, good port wine he recommends as the only antidotes against the effect of the extreme cold, and advises that cognac be avoided as especially injurious. The sleeping accommodation on the road is execrable, and the traveller is recommended to take a light portable camp bedstead with mattress and air pillow. He would do wisely, also, not to wander from his guide or companions, as the author by so doing found himself in the following perilous condition:

A STORM ON THE ANDES.

Allow me to draw a long breath before I begin to describe the last hour of my first scramble across the Andes by the Cumbre Pass. Reader, it was terrific—appalling. I can find no fitter words to describe it; but I will illustrate these words, as they are used in the present instance, and try to convey to you an idea of their sense. As I have before said, I went on some distance ahead of my companions, in order to enjoy more leisurely any fine view or other attractive object. About half way up I passed a large troop of mules heavily laden, the same, probably, which I had seen in the morning ascending the other narrow road from the *Ojos de Agua*. The road or track was still perfectly visible, as the snow had not yet begun to settle down heavily; but every moment it was becoming darker, and loud peals of thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. Still I pushed on, anxious to gain the summit and enjoy the view alone, if I may consider my dog as nobody.

About two thirds of the way up I came to a sort of plateau of small extent, and to my surprise, found here some bullock-wagons loaded with large pieces of machinery, segments of wheels, shafts, cranks, &c., some of which must have weighed three tons at least. They were partially covered with snow, and how they came to be lying in such an out-of the way place was then a mystery to me. I afterwards learned that they were the property of a gentleman from Mendoza, who had determined on erecting a flour mill in that city, and had the machinery made in Valparaiso. He was on the road to Mendoza with it, when, on arriving at the Cumbre, he received intelligence of the fatal earthquake of the 20th March, 1861, by which the entire town was destroyed and his whole family entombed beneath the ruins. The blow was so severe that he never returned to claim his property, and there, on the wild Cumbre, lie some thousands of dollars' worth of machinery, buried beneath the snow, lost to all intents and purposes. I gazed a short time at these relics of civilization, and moved on buried in thought.

From my reverie I was suddenly aroused by the rapidly increasing violence of the storm and the obscurity in which surrounding objects were wrapped. I could not see distinctly for a distance of ten yards ahead; nevertheless I allowed my mule to follow the track which every moment became more and more obliterated. I passed the plateau, and began ascending still higher and higher; the snow being now nearly knee-deep, and the storm raging fearfully. I continued for a short time ascending beneath a ledge of projecting rock, which served to shield me from the fury of the storm; but on emerging from this shelter, farther up, a violent gust of wind rushing down a deep gorge, and carrying with it a large quantity of snow and small pebbles, almost blinded me. I was now meditating a rapid retreat, expecting much rougher treatment higher up. While hesitating as to what course I should pursue, my mule became restive and frightened, and attempted to turn back; in so doing she lost her footing on the already frozen and slippery snow, and came down on her knees. I kept in the saddle for a moment, but eventually determined on alighting and awaiting the arrival of the remainder of my party.

On looking around me, all that met my straining gaze was white desolation, as if universal nature was shrouded in a winding sheet of snow; not a rock or landmark visible. I began to doubt as to whether I was in the right track or not, and took out my pocket compass to ascertain in what direction I had been going when I stopped; but this was no easy task; my mule had turned once or twice, so had I, and for the life of me I could not tell in which direction I had come, or how to proceed. It became darker and darker every moment, and the storm increased tenfold. I had my compass on the palm of my hand to level it, and was looking most anxiously at the needle, when another terrific gust of wind, stronger than the first, and charged with sand and snow, came down upon me, carrying away my compass, my hat, and my "poncho," tearing my overcoat right up the back, and leaving me in "tatters." My mule took fright, also, and went off at full speed down the side of the mountain, regardless of road or track.

I was now obliged to throw myself down and burrow in the snow, in order to avoid the continued fury of the tempest and prevent myself from being blown over a precipice, which through a momentary clearing I got a glimpse of on my right. My poor dog huddled himself close to me and whined most piteously. I was in danger of being blown away if I stood upright, and of being buried beneath the enormous masses of snow drift if I lay still. I knew not what to do or how to turn, when to my delight, I found that the wind was blowing off the snow from around me, and had ceased to carry down more from above. I now clearly saw the track about ten feet off and crept towards it on my hands and feet. In this way I reached the ledge of rock which I before mentioned as being a sort of shelter, and there rested for a short time, until the fury of the storm in some measure abated. In about ten minutes the strong gusts of wind ceased, but the snow still continued.

Having descended the Andes with no worse result than that of snow blindness arising from the loss of his blue spectacles, the author arrived at the town of Mendoza, which in 1861 had been laid waste by one of the most frightful earthquakes on record, not less than twelve thousand out of a population of sixteen thousand having been engulfed in the ruins. On entering the first street, the author describes himself as struck dumb with horror at the sight. As he gazed along the whole length of the street not a single house was to be seen standing. All was a confused mass of beams and bricks, which filled up the street on a level with what remained of the walls on either side. The only portion of an edifice that remained entire was that of the theatre, the roof of which he ascended, and saw for a mile round nothing but a chaotic mass of ruins. One of the survivers thus tells his tale:

BURIED ALIVE.

He was paying a visit to some friends in a house situate near the Alameda, and at about half-past 8 P. M. arose to retire. He stood at the table in the centre of the room and was in the act of lighting a cigar, when the shock, preceded by a loud rumbling noise, was first felt; it was slow for a moment in the beginning, but from the noise he concluded it was going to be something more than ordinary, so he rushed into the street and ran down the centre, intending, if possible, to reach the Almeda. He was accompanied by a most intimate friend, who was close behind him, and had only run some twenty paces when he felt as if he had been struck a heavy blow on the back of the head, and was borne down to the earth in a moment. His hands were stretched out in advance of his head, and, on attempting to rise, he found he could not even move a a finger; the weight upon his back appeared to him enormous, and with great difficulty could he breathe. His face was flat on the pavement, and every time he respired he inhaled a quantity of dust. Still his senses were all perfect, nor did he experience pain of any description.

His companion, who had also been thrown down close to him, called out for succor in a feeble voice, when he replied, and begged of him not to waste his little remaining strength in useless efforts to obtain assistance as no one would be likely to pass there for some time. The other responded incoherently, and by his voice evinced much suffering. In a few minutes all was over! The spirit had fled! My friend (whom we will call Don Domingo) now began to reflect on his own condition, and to consider by what means he could enable his position to be made know to some passer-by. He concluded that from the severity of the shock the entire town, or at least the greater part of it, must have been destroyed; and that in such case the watercourse or stream, in the Almeda, must be obstructed by the fallen houses, and would naturally rise over the bank and flow down through the streets; consequently he would be drowned! Then he knew that such catastrophies are generally followed by conflagrations among the ruins, in which case he would inevitably be burned! The possible, nay probable, termination of his existence, by burning or drowning was to him a fearful contemplation; but neither half so horrible as another—the inevitable fate which must await him in case of his not being found out by his friends. He knew that the town was infested with rats and vermin of all kinds, and that sooner or later, they would not fail to find him out among the thousands of victims, entombed like himself beneath at least six feet deep of "adobes"; this, together with the conviction that he must pine away day by day and little by little, and eventually die of exhaustion and starvation, were the dreadful thoughts which rushed through his already heated brain, and nearly drove him mad.

He remained thus watching and waiting for nearly two hours, during which he never heard a sound from the entire world. Suddenly he thought he heard weeping and footsteps above him. He was right; and called out as loudly as possible for assistance. To his delight he was heard, and the person replied, but refused to render him any assistance, as he was engaged looking for his family, who had been also buried.—Nearly another hour passed away without a soul passing. Almost interminable seemed that hour of misery and anxiety to the poor old man. At last he again heard some voices at a distance, apparently in dispute They came nearer and were more distinct; he could distinguish the words, and heard the following: "*Señor, es imposible! por aqui no se puede pasar el coche?*" (Sir, is it impossible for the coach to pass here?)—To his great joy he recognized the voice as that of a coachman he had been in the habit of employing, and immediately called out to him—"Gonzales! Gonzales!" The man answered, "Who calls me?" "Tis I, Don Domingo," responded my friend. "I am buried here beneath the ruins, and cannot move. For God's sake help me to get out."

The man Gonzales, after ascertaining who my friend was, and marking the position, went in search of some tools to excavate, and at least afford him some air to breathe freely. He soon returned, and after half an hour's hard work cleared a considerable space around my friend's head, and finally removed the last brick which covered it.—On the fresh cold air being suddenly admitted to him he fainted, and remained insensible for a short time. When he came to he found himself half out of his late prison, his preserver still endeavoring to extricate him with all his strength. The pressure was, however, so great upon his legs that it required their united efforts to accomplish it. He made an attempt to stand upright, but his legs refused their office, and he dropped backwards, exclaiming that he could not walk. Gonzalez now told him that he had done all he possibly could for him; and said that as some of his own family were missing, he must return and search for them among the ruins.

Leaving this ruined city, the author proceeded to San Juan, the centre of mining operations, where he remained six months.

To the sportsman is offered in this region the inducement of hunting huanacos (a species of llama) and ostriches, shooting four distinct species of partridges, and an occasional encounter with the pumas, of which, in conclusion, we extract the following account:

HOW THE ASS SERVES THE PUMA.

A minute had scarcely elapsed, when a distant shout up the valley announced that my suspicions were tolerably correct, and that an attack had been made by the puma on the mules. Leaving some of the men in charge of the camp, I started off at full speed accompanied by the remainder, and got up just in time to see a most furious struggle between two pumas and two mules; the remainder of the troop having scattered and disappeared immediately on the appearance of their most terrible and justly dreaded enemy. The men in charge were vainly endeavoring to frighten off the pumas or separate the animals, but were so frightened themselves, that would induce them to approach closer than from twenty to thirty yards; and not being good marksmen, they were afraid to fire lest they might kill the mule instead of the puma.

When I arrived, therefore, I found it would be useless to attempt saving the lives of the poor mules, as they were already not far from being dead; but determined to have revenge, I covered the nearest puma, which was about fifteen yards off, fired, and hit him a little below the right ear; he let go his grip and rolled over, writhing in agony and howling most fearfully. My men followed my example with respect to the other, and a few minutes sufficed to finally accomplish, with the help of the hunting knife, what the rifle had left unfinished.—The two mules died, one almost immediately, and the other in the course of the morning: the first being frightfully torn about the throat, neck and shoulders, and having also received an ill-directed bullet from one of the men. We skinned our "game," if such it may be called, and carried off the head and claws as trophies. The skin of the largest puma measured about five feet from the nose to the root of the tail, and the smaller one about four and a half feet. The jaws are very strongly constructed, and well adapted for "crunching" bones and tearing flesh; the paws and talons are also very strong and large, the former being about the size of a large man's hand when spread out.

It is most dangerous in the neighborhood of the Andes to allow mules or horses to wander far from the camping ground, as they generally fall an easy prey to the wild animals which infest the district. It must be, however, borne in mind that the puma will not attack a man; but on the contrary, will flee from him, if not immediately in contact or engaged with his prey. The only animal I know capable of resisting successfully the attacks of the puma is the ass; and two seem perfectly to understand each other, for the former will never attempt the conquest of the latter as long as any other animal is present to prey upon. The ass, unlike the mule or horse, never runs from the puma, but obstinately gets his head down between his forelegs, and keeps up a continuous system of what is commonly known by riders as "bucking," thereby preventing his enemy from springing on to his neck, or sticking there a sufficient time to insert either his talons or teeth in the throat which is comparatively protected by his stooping posture. The ass never looses his self-possession, whereas the mule or horse takes fright, knowing by instinct when their enemy is near; the puma, being swifter, soon overtakes his prey, and springing on to his neck, very quickly brings it down by his weight and superior strength.

Waste of Ammunition.

The following is extracted from a recently published book of campaign sketches in Virginia and Maryland, by Captain George F. Noyes:

The great disproportion of our battles between the number of ball cartridges discharged and the number of killed and wounded was due mainly to the want of presence of mind in our raw troops; but the very limited investigation I have been enabled to make has convinced me that our troops take much better aim, and consequently waste far less ammunition than is usual in European warfare.

During the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire—Napoleon's wars—according to Gassendi, a French general of artillery, the infantry fired 3,000 cartridges for every enemy killed or wounded. Piobert admits the same thing. Decker, a Prussian general, and one of the best military writers in Germany, estimated that not less than 10,000 cartridges are burned for every enemy killed or wounded.

At the battle of Vitcoria the English are supposed to have killed or wounded one of the enemy for every 800 balls fired. An English officer states that at the battle of Cherubusco the Mexicans killed or wounded an American for every 800 balls fired, and that the Americans killed or wounded a Mexican for every 125 balls fired.

The heroic Rosecrans, in his account of the bloodily-contested battle of Murfreesboro', declares, "Of 14,560 rebels struck by our missiles, it is estimated that 20,000 rounds of artillery hit 728 men, and 200,000 rounds of musketry hit 13,836 men, averaging 57 cannon shots to hit one man, and 145 musket shots to hit one man.

In the battle of Gainsville there could not have been expended more than 100,000 cartridges, and the enemy admit a loss of more than 1,000 men, thus averaging 100 musket shots to each of the rebel killed or wounded. Of course all such statements only approximate the actual ratio, but it was sufficiently clear that, great as is the waste of ammunition by our army, it is not only equalled, but excelled by those of Europe.

One trouble is that our own men, in going into battle, are weighed down, overloaded with ammunition, having to stuff their pockets as well as their cartridge-boxes, with the sixty or eighty rounds ordered. Of course very much of this is thrown away and wasted; but this is only a trifling evil compared with the encouragement thus given to the too prevalent idea among the men that he who fires the greatest number of rounds in battle is the best soldier. I have heard men boasting of their achievements in this regard, and the result of such an idea is a hurried loading and discharge without any regard to aim, a wasting upon trees and foliage of ammunition which, if used at all, should be used so as to defeat the enemy. I was struck with a remark made by a rebel prisoner to his captors, "We never carry more than forty rounds into action, and usually expend about ten."

There is altogether too much of this wild, reckless firing, the men discharging their pieces before bringing them fairly down to a level, and utterly regardless of taking aim. Of course there are periods when heavy, rapid and continuous volleys are necessary; still it would be well if every man could be drilled as a sharpshooter, taught to shoot slowly, and always take aim, either at the enemy or his supposed locality.

"In the five battles of the late Italian campaign it was estimated that about 8 per cent of the French and Sardinians, and 10½ per cent. of their enemies, the Austrians, were either killed or wounded. In the battles spoken of in these sketches our loss was not far from 10 per cent. of the whole numbers engaged, while certain divisions and brigades lost one third of their number; and in the fearfully bloody fight at Gainsville two of our regiments lost more than one third of their number engaged, as also did the Fourth brigade.

"The proportion between the killed and wounded is about as 1 to 5, and of the wounded about 1 in 10 never recovers. If this be even approximate to the truth, it certainly robs war of some of its presumed fatality. As I have before remarked, the escape of so large a majority of the men, amid such storms of bullets sweeping and yelling around their ears, has always been the great mystery of war."

The Siege of Fort Moultrie.

EXPLOSION OF A MAGAZINE IN FORT MOULTRIE.—While the enemy were concentrating their fire upon the Weehawken, she was not idle, as I have before remarked. One of her shells struck and penetrated a large magazine in Fort Moultrie, and ignited the supply of powder within it. The result was instant and terrific. The top of the mound covering the magazine was thrown high in the air in a second's time, and an immense column of fire and smoke shot up, mingled with earth and timbers, which for a few moments enveloped the entire work in a cloud of dense, dingy smoke and dust. Then followed the tremendous concussion, which caused Morris Island to tremble as if from the shock of an earthquake, and the vessels in the offing to shake from keel to truck. The shock was terrible, and instantly drew all eyes to the point from which the deafening concussion proceeded. Above Fort Moultrie were seen innumerable clouds of white smoke, such as only proceed from the bursting shell, while about it hung a canopy of smoke, mingled with dust that plainly showed something had occurred out of the ordinary run. The terrible concussion was followed in an instant with the reports from bursting shells, which rapidly increased, and in another moment had become so rapid that the detonations seemed like the quick beating of a snare drum.

For a minute or more the air was alive with the reverberations of exploding shells, until the reports of at least three hundred of them had fallen on the ear. The Rebel batteries ceased firing and the Monitors were silent. Every one near the scene of the explosion seemed for the moment to be impelled to silence by the awful manifestation of this terrible power, which, properly confined, is as weak and impotent as the sand, but, when once developed by the life-giving spark, is a demon of death and destruction. When the smoke cleared away one of the magazine to the left of the flagstaff was a heap of ruins, and the parapet and traverses about it bore marks of the severity of the explosion. The Monitors began the cannonading again, and, one by one, beginning in other batteries than Moultrie, the Rebels slowly returned the fire. Finally, after a long silence, some of the guns of Moultrie began to reply to our fire, and the fight soon assumed its former vast proportions.

THE "IRONSIDES" GOES INTO ACTION.

She maintained her ground from nine o'clock in the morning until about two in the afternoon, at which time she came out of the action, her ammunition being exhausted, as coolly and quietly as if she had been firing at a target with her heavy guns in the Delaware river. But the rapidity and terrible earnestness of her fire have never been equalled. There was one continuous line of flashes from her port battery, from stem to stern, and *vice versa*, and half of the time she obscured from the view all of Fort Moultrie by the immense clouds of smoke issuing from her broadside. Her shells exploded in quick succession in Moultrie, tearing up the parapet and dismounting guns in their course, and hurling their fragments so thick and fast among the defenders of the fort that on several occasions the work was entirely silent. Not a gun was fired from the sea front, and only one or two from a flank of the work, bearing on the Weehawken, while the Ironsides was paying exclusive attention to Moultrie.

During the latter part of the forenoon her firing was more rapid than I have ever seen from heavy ship guns before and I have seen the crack American frigates engaging batteries when I supposed the rapidity and accuracy of their fire could not be surpassed. The fire was too hot, at any rate, for the Rebels, and they at times deserted their guns and sought shelter in the bomb-proofs. When she had subdued Moultrie's fire she would rattle the shell into the batteries on either side, until they were obscured by the smoke of those exploding missiles and clouds of flying sand. It would require but a few moments to make the small batteries of three or four guns each too hot for work, and they, too, would become silent. Then on Moultrie again would her ponderous broadside guns be turned, and again would that work become silent, to open again when the fire of the Ironsides was directed against other batteries.

For nearly five hours did this magnificent ship hamber the Rebels, and draw the greater part of their fire against her own impregnable sides. But for her it is not probable that the Weehawken could have been extricated from her perilous position The other Monitors while they fired as rapidly as they could, and with splendid effect, could not keep down the Rebel fire. At the best they fired painfully slow, and every one knows it is the rapidity and continuity of fire that tells against open works, or, indeed, works of any kind. This element of success they lack. One frigate like the Ironsides, inasmuch as its fire is rapid and well sustained, is worth a dozen of the Monitors. If this fact was even a questionable one before, the magnificent and terrible conflict of yesterday must remove all doubt on the subject.

Late Southern News.

From the Richmond Enquirer, of the 12th we make the subjoined extracts:

While all the best men of North Carolina are in the field, defending their country from subjugation and universal plunder, there are some of the people they have left behind them at home who express the opinion that those soldiers have defended their country *long enough*, and ought now to stop. In this opinion, those people concur precisely with Abraham Lincoln. He also thinks that our soldiers have fought long enough.

At some sort of meeting, held in Granville county, the other day, amongst other resolutions adopted was this one:—

"*Resolved*, That the present bloody, wicked and inhuman war has raged *long enough*, without any profit or advantage to either North or South; we, therefore, call upon our Representatives in the next Congress to use their utmost endeavors to obtain a cessation of hostilities and a termination of our present struggles in a just, honorable and lasting peace."

These folks at Granville hold it to be a wicked and inhuman action in the soldiers to resist the invaders of their country; so they desire an honorable peace.

☞ From an able paper entitled "A Month of Victory and Its Results," in the Christian Examiner, we take the following graphic paragraphs on the consequences of the Union success at Gettysburg:

It is not easy for us to realize, even now, the greatness and imminency of the peril from which we were saved at Gettysburg by the repulse of Longstreet's column on Friday afternoon, the 3d of July. To meet this crisis, or grand climacteric of the gigantic struggle, several things concurred, as if by special directing of a Higher Power, turning what might have been the most terrific disaster into a glorious deliverance. A rapid march of a large army—estimated at from to a hundred and twelve thousand men—so skillfully ordered that the invading host suddenly found itself confronted with divisions that it supposed a hundred and fifty miles away; our repulse in the first day's conflict, which drove the army back upon a position where an attack became necessary, and where defense was possible to men hungry, wearied, and foot-sore with the exhausting march; the sagacity, skill, and patience of the chief upon whom so fearful a responsibility had been thrust literally without an hour's notice; even the accidental false rumor that exhilerated the men, and was echoed three hours long in their eager shouts, that re-enforcements were close at hand under the old commander of the Army of the Potomac;—all these, but, more than all, their patience and wonderful endurance under the unrelenting storm and accumulated horrors of battle,—such that, in one instance, the commander of a battery continued to give his orders to the two survivors of his command after one leg was shattered, until he was struck fatally in the breast, and the only live man left of that company dashed among the advancing enemy to recover the battery-flag, which he brought off safe,—this wonderful endurance, resting on the conviction that on the hour the destiny of the nation itself was staked;—such is a brief summary of a part of the circumstances that brought about this crowning victory of the war. It was a stronger hand and a higher wisdom than ours that saved us on that Friday afternoon.

Saved us from what? We do not draw on the doubtful future, or on the treacherous fancy, when we try to sketch what seemed to many, till that hour, the probable fortune of the day. The sketch is already drawn for us in the eager anticipations of the Rebel prints, boastful before the fact,—in the cool calculations of the event that floated over to us during the weeks that followed, from beyond the seas,—in the hideour story of outbursts at the North, which only needed the looked-for Rebel victory to turn our great cities into a horror that of Paris in the days of September or the bloodier days of June. Philadelphia, rich and generous, held under foot by an insolent soldiery, and plundered to furnish costs of the devastating war; insurrection, so long manacled, at length bagrant and defiant in the streets of Baltimore; terms of subjugation and claims of recognition dictated by the victorious army that should stand ready to seize the capital, and usurp before the world the presige of the fallen Republic; foreign ministers already instructed to recognize whatever government might be in actual power at Washington; a revolution to sweep the North over with blood and fire, inaugurated by the fury of a New York mob in direct complicity with the invaders, and issuing in mere anarchy and misrule; while the assailing column in the West should find, north of the Ohio, a conspiracy wide-spread, stealthy, well armed, unscrupulous, to force the country to take refuge from the catastrophe in the despotism which was thought so nearly triumphant.—These are the results, not as conjured up by any heated fancy of ours, safely vindictive after the event, but as confidently counted on in Richmond, and coolly speculated on in London, by those to whom they seemed so certain, that they should appear no way impossible, hardly improbably, even now.

The noble patriotic sentiments announced by one of the highest literary authorities in the capital of New England will assuredly find an echo in the hearts of the people, and have already received a practical illustration in the result of the recent elections.

Rebel Labors in the North.

The rebel agent in England, Maury, in his letter to the London *Times*, showing that the "prospects of the South were never brighter" than now, makes a remark of which we had a mention by telegraph, but which is so much more striking as given in full by himself, that we think it worth while to repeat it. He is speaking of the plans of the rebels, and their mode of operating in the North to "offset the tide of military reverses which in the first weeks of July ran so strong against the South;" and his words are: "*Other agents* have to be called into play. What are they? Let us inquire. They are divisions in the camp of the enemy, *dissensions among the people of the North*. There is already a peace party there. All the embarrassments with which that party can surround Mr. Lincoln, and all the difficulties that it can throw in the way of the war party in the North, operate directly as so much aid and comfort to the South."

According to the confession of their own agent, then, it is the rebels of the South who are intriguing here in the North to bring about "dissensions among the people and divisions in the camp." Nothing could be more important than that it should be understood by the people of the North that the Copperheads—the "other agents called into play" after the military failure of the rebels—are really and truly the tools—undoubtedly some of the rebels are the hired tools—of Jeff. Davis, and as Maury says, "operate directly" in favor of the rebels. Let it be understood that all the violent ranting about "State rights," "peace," and the "conscription" are but pretensions and shams gotten up by agents and organs of Jeff. Davis, employed by him to do his work in the North. Let everybody, when he reads or hears this rant, bear in mind its origin. The simple remembrance of this fact will act as an effective foil to these efforts of Jeff. Davis.—*New York Times, Sept. 5th.*

WORCESTER SAUCE.—Take one gallon of ripe tomatoes, wash and simmer them in three quarts of water, boil it half down and strain this through a sieve. When all is brained, add two table-spoonsful of ginger, two of mace, two of whole black pepper, two of salt, one of cloves, one of cayenne; let them simmer in the juice until reduced to one quart, pour in half a pint of best vinegar, then pour the whole through a hair seive, bottle in half pint bottles, cork down, tightly seal, and keep in a cool place.

A Democrat in Principle not in Name Alone.

The following is an extract from the letter of the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, to the Union Mass Meeting at Springfield, Illinois, on the 3rd of September:

"I have been a life long democrat reveling in the sublime theories of Jefferson, and rejoicing in the memorable illustrations of Jackson. These eminent Democrats taught their votaries that all men were created equal, and that the Union must be preserved. But while their true followers are proving their adherence to early teachings and are illustrating their faith by their works, a spurious edition has been issued, stealing the honored Democratic name for the purpose of giving aid and comfort to rebellion, as the hypocrite "steals the livery of the Court of Heaven to serve the devil in." They issue bulls of excommunication with an assurance which would command a premium on brass, and while there are some Democrats who defy their importance and scorn their fulminations, there are yet many who fear they shall be lost if they seperate from the Democratic organization, however spurious or artificial. But let all Democrats from principle be strong in their cherished faith. When Judas passes for a true disciple, and Arnold for a patriot; when rats take the rank of lions, and mousing owls, of eagles, then those who turn the cranks for the hand organs of party and grind out political music during the life-struggles of the only free Government on earth, will be esteemed, in the popular judgment, worthy descendants of Jefferson and Jackson and representatives of their principles."

New Mode of Keeping Fruit.

In a late number of the *Ohio Farmer*, there is a communication from Mr. A. F. Brown, of Indianapolis, Ind., describing the mode of a Mr. Nice, of that place, by which he preserves his fruit in the most perfect manner, far beyond the usual period. This is so interesting and so simple that we desire that the readers of the *Telegraph* should possess the information.—We therefore annex Mr. Brown's communication.

MR. NICE'S MODE OF KEEPING FRUITS.—Some years ago, Liebig discovered the analogy between the slow decay of vegetable substances and fermentation, and settled many things in reference to temperature, moisture and other circumstances under which these actions take place. Subsequent experiments confirmed the deductions of Liebig, and fixed the range of fermentation between 40 degrees and 150 degrees Fahrenheit. Appert a French chemist, introduced the practice of heating vegetable substances to 180 degrees or above, and at that temperature, excluding them from the air, and thus effectually preventing fermentation. This method has now become so common that it has nearly revolutionised this department of domestic economy.

Mr. Nice, of Greensburg, Ind., a few years since, conceived the idea of availing himself of the margin between the fermenting point (40 degrees) and the freezing point below (32 degrees.) His first trouble was the presence of moisture in the atmosphere; this, however, he effectually remedied by the use of chloride of calcium, which, by absorbing the moisture, renders the air perfectly dry. Having obtained favorable results, he secured by patent his discovery. In the summer of 1860, Messrs. Fletcher, Williams & Vancamp erected in this city a large house for the purpose of testing the economica value of Mr. Nice's discoveries. As early as ice could be procured last winter, they put their house into operation. About one thousand bushels of apples, consisting of Bellflowers, R. I. Greenings, Rambos, Russets, etc, constituted the first experiment These were put into market last June, as perfect in every respect as when they were taken from the tree, and with a very trifling loss in quantity. Last summer, various experiments were made on small fruits, with very encouraging results. Raspberries and strawberries were kept eight weeks, after which they lost their flavor, though they showed no evident marks of decay.

Gooseberries, currents and cherries were kept in good order for a long period, giving evidence that, with proper cars, they may be kept the year round. Peaches, in ten weeks, showed evidence of decay; the skin sloughing without material discoloration.—Of pears, about two hundred and fifty bushels were housed, and are now in a fine state of preservation. Among these are the Sugar pear, the Bartlett, Seckel, Flemish Beauty, and several other varieties of summer and fall pears.