MORNING TELEGRAPH.

BY GEORGE BERGNER. HARRISBURG, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1861. PRICE ONE CENT.

Medical.

DR. JOHNSON
BALTIMORE
LOCK HOSPITAL.

HAS discovered the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

RELIEF IN SIX TO TWELVE HOURS.

No Mercury or Noxious Drugs.

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE, IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAYS.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Stricture, Pains in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, Decay of the Physical Powers, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Stomach, Affections of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin—those terrible disorders arising from the indiscretion or Solitary Habits of Youth—those dreadful and destructive practises which produce constitutional debility, render marriage impossible, and destroy both body and mind.

YOUNG MEN.

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 talent and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to perfect health.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately cured and full vigor restored.

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.

Office No. 7 South Frederick street, Baltimore, Md., on the left hand side going from Baltimore street, 2 doors from the corner. Be particular in observing the name or number, or you will mistake the place. Be particular for *Ignorant, Trifling Quacks*, with false names, or *Paltry Humbug Certificates*, attracted by the reputation of Dr. Johnson, lurk near.

All letters must contain a Postage Stamp, to use on the reply.

DR. JOHNSTON.

Dr. Johnson member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greatest 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 ears and head 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 having injured themselves by private and improper indulgencies, that secret and solitary habit which ruins both body and mind, unfitting them *for either business or society*.

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, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.

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 evil effects.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their decline in health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, have 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 hopes of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

effect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial 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.

DR. JOHNSON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy, Weakness of the Organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored.

Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical or Mental Disqualification, Nervous, Trembling, Weakness or Exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured.

TO STRANGERS.

The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last twelve years, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Dr. J., witnessed by the reporters of the papers, and many other persons, 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.

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.—When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds 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, affecting the head, throat, nose, skin, &c., progressing on with frightful rapidity, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler 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.

TO STRANGERS.—The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

Letters must contain a Stamp to us on the reply.

Remedies sent by Mail.

No. 7 South Frederick street, Baltimore.

apr13-dawly

All Work Promised in One Week

104.
PENNSYLVANIA
STEAM DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,

104 *Market Street between 4th and 5th*,

HARRISBURG, PA.,

WHERE every description of Ladies' and Gentlemens' Garments, Piece Goods, &c., are Dyed, Cleansed and finished in the best manner and at the shortest notice

DODGE & CO., Proprietors

Nov3-dawly

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has opened his LUMBER OFFICE, corner of Third street and Blackberry alley, near Herr's Hotel.

For sale by

W. F. MURRAY.

The undersigned will sell Horses, Carriages and Harness as low for cash,

ALSO—Horses and Carriages to hire at the same office.

FRANK A. MURRAY.

mar11

KELLER'S DRUG STORE is the place to find anything in the way Perfumery.

D. W. Gross & Co.,

D. W. GROSS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 19

MARKET STREET

HARRISBURG, PENN'A.

DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS, STORE-KEEPERS AND CONSUMERS,

We are daily adding to our assortment of goods all such articles as are desirable, and would respectfully call your attention to the largest and best selected stock in this city, of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS & PAINTS,

Oils, varnishes and Glues,

Dye-Stuffs, Glass and Putty,

Artist Colors and Tools,

Pure Ground Spices,

Burning Fluid and Alcohol,

Lard, Sperm and Pine Oils,

Bottles, Vials and Lamp Globes,

Castile Soap, Sponges and Corks,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c

With a general variety of

PERFUMERY & TOILET ARTICLES,

selected from the best manufacturers and Perfumers of Europe and this country.

Being very large dealers in

PAINTS, WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL, VARNISHES,

WINDOW GLASS, ARTIST'S COLORS, PAINT AND ARTIST'S BRUSHES

IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,

COLORS AND BRONZES OF ALL KINDS,

D. W. GROSS. H. A. ROSS.

We respectfully invite a call, feeling confident that we can supply the wants of all on terms to their satisfaction.

TEETH! TEETH!!

JONE'S AND WHITES'S PORCELAIN TEETH,

PATENT MEDICINES AND HAIR RESTORATIVES

Of all kinds, direct from the Proprietors.

Saponifier and Concentrated Lye!

Wholesale Agents for Saponifier, which we sell as low as it can be purchased in the cities.

THAYER'S MEDICAL FLUID EXTRACTS

COAL OIL! CARBON OIL!!

Being large purchasers in these Oils, we can offer inducements to close buyers. Coal Oil Lamps of the most improved patterns, very cheap. All kinds of lamps changed to burn Coal Oil.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS,

one of you who have not given our HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS a trial know not their superiority, and the advantage they are in keeping Horses and Cattle healthy and in good condition.

Thousands can testify to the profit they have derived from the use of our Cattle Powders by the increasing quantity and quality of milk, besides improving the general health and appearance of their Cattle.

Our long experience in the business gives us the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the trade, and our arrangements in the cities are such that we can in a very short time furnish anything appertaining to our business, on the best of terms.

Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowe on our house, we hope by strict attention to business, a careful selection of

PURE DRUGS

at fair prices, and the desire to please all, to merit a continuance of the favor of a discriminating public.

Miscellaneous.

PROPOSALS FOR RATIONS FOR 1862.

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, U. S. MARINE CORPS, Washington, September 25, 1862.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this office until the 30th day of October next, at 12 o'clock m., for furnishing rations to the U. S. Marines, at the following stations, during the year 1862, viz:

Portsmouth, New Hampshire:
Charlestown, Massachusetts;
Brooklyn, Long Island, New York;
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania;
Washington, District of Columbia.

Each ration to consist of three quarters of a pound of mess pork, or bacon; or one-and-a-fourth pounds of fresh or salt beef; twenty-two ounces of bread, made of extra superfine flour, or in lieu thereof twenty-two ounces of extra superfine flour; or one pound of hard bread, at the option of the Government; and at the rate of eight quarts of best white beans, or in lieu thereof ten pounds of rice; ten pounds of good coffee, or in lieu thereof one-and-a-half pounds of tea; fifteen pounds of good New Orleans sugar; four quarts of vinegar; one pound of sperm candles, or one-and-a-half pounds of adamantine candles, or one-and-a-half pounds of good hard-dipped tallow candles; four pounds of good, hard, brown soap; two quarts of salt; and one hundred and fifty-six pounds of potatoes, to each hundred rations.

The increased allowance of four ounces of flour or bread, and the allowance of potatoes, as above proved, will cease, at the termination of the present insurrection, and the ration be as provided by law and regulations, on the 1st of July, 1861.

The beef shall be delivered on the order of the commanding officer of each station, either in bulk or by the single ration; and shall consist of the best and most choice pieces of the carcass; the pork to be No. 1 prime mess pork; and the groceries to be of the best quality of kinds named.

All subject to inspection.

All bids must be accompanied by the following guarantee:

Form of Guarantee.

The undersigned, ——— of ———, in the State of ———, and ———, of ———, in the State of ———, hereby guarantee that in case the forgoing bid of ———, for rations, as above described, be accepted, he or they will, within ten days after the receipt of the contract at the Post Office named, execute the contract for the same, with good and sufficient sureties; and in case the said ——— shall fail to enter into contract as aforesaid, we guarantee to make good the difference the offer of the ——— and that which may be accepted.

A. B., Guarantor.
Witness: C. D., Guarantor.
E. F.
1862.

I hereby certify that the above named ——— are known to me as men of property, and able to make good their guarantee. G. H.

(*To be signed by the United States District Judge, United States District Attorney, or Collector.*)

No proposal will be considered unless accompanied by the above guarantee.

(Newspapers authorized to publish the above will send the paper containing the first insertion to this office for examination.)

Proposals to be endorsed "Proposals for Rations for 1862," and addressed to the undersigned,

W. B. SLACK,
Major and Quartermaster.

oct1-4t]

ALDERMAN.

HENRY PEFFER.

OFFICE—THIRD STREET, (SHELL'S ROW,) NEAR MARKET.

Residence, Chestnut street near Fourth.

CITY OF HARRISBURG, PENN'A.

my12 dtf

WHOLESALE

UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY!

No. 69, Market Street, below Third,

HARRISBURG, PA.

M. H. LEE,

MANUFACTURER OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS and ALKING CANES, will furnish goods at LOWER PRICES than can be bought in any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will do well to call and examine prices and quality, and convince themselves of this fact. aug23-dly.

TREES! TREES!! TREES!!!

THE undersigned invite attention to their large and well grown stock of

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES,

Shrubs, &c., embracing a large and complete assortment of

APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS, CHERRIES, APRICOTS, and NECTARINES, Standard for the Orchard, and Dwarf for the garden.

ENGLISH WALNUTS, SPANISH CHESNUTS, HAZLE-NUTS, &c., RASPBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, CURRANTS and GOOSEBERRIES, in great variety.

GRAPES, OF CHOICEST KINDS

ASPARAGUS, RHUBARB, &c., &c. Also a fine stock of well formed, bushy

EVERGREENS,

suitable for the Cemetry and Lawn.

DECIDUOUS TREES

for street planting, and a general assortment of

Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs.

ROSES of choice varieties, CAMELLIAS, BEDDING PLANTS, &c

Our stock is remarkably thrifty and fine, and we offer it at prices to suit the times.

Catalogues mailed to all applicants.

Address EDWARD J. EVANS & CO., Central Nurseries, York, Pa.

sep25-2md

PEIFFER'S

DAILY LINE!

Between Philadelphia

LOCK HAVEN, JERSEY SHORE, WILLIAMSPORT, MONTOUR, UNIONTOWN, WATSONTOWN, MILTON, LEWISBURG, NORTHUMBERLAND, SUNBURY, TRENTON, GEORGETOWN, LYKENSTOWN, MILLERSBURG, HALIFAX, DAUPHIN,

AND HARRISBURG.

The Philadelphia Depot being centrally located the Drayage will be at the lowest rates. A Conductor goes through with each train to attend to the safe delivery of all goods entrusted to the line. Goods delivered at the Depot of FREED, WARD & FRIEND, No. 811 Market Street, Philadelphia, by 5 o'clock P. M., will be delivered in Harrisburg the next morning.

Freight (always) as low as by any other line.

Particular attention paid by this line to prompt and speedy delivery of all Harrisburg goods.

The undersigned thankful for past patronage hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

T. PEIFFER,
Philadelphia and Reading Depot,
Foot of Market Street, Harrisburg.

jel6-dtm

TO FARMERS!

BUTTER (good, sweet and fresh) in one pound rolls, and fresh EGGS, in large and small quantities taken at all times and cash paid or groceries given in exchange at the regular market rates, always paid at

WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.,
Opposite the Court House.

aug19

War Sketches by a Northern Ranger.

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURE.

We had reached the entrance of a narrow pass which led through some rugged hills. Our party was not small, but its members were determined men, none of whom were novices in scenes of danger. We marched in silence, that was broken only by the murmured whispers of the men, the cries and fluttering of birds, or the quick plunge of some small animal through the thick foliage, which, from the very edge of the path we were pursuing, spread amid lofty trees thinly scattered on the hill.

Day was near its close. We were distant some miles from the camp. The enemy might be in possession of the defile in overwhelming numbers. It was determined that we should keep in compact order until we had got well beyond the entrance of the pass, when, as it becomes more obstructed or tortuous, we should, taking advantage of every bush, rock or inequality, advance singly, ready for the foes and reckless of his numbers.

The foliage become thicker as we advanced, and evening fell. On our right was a dense thicket, which we reached after having lost sight of the entrance to the defile in our rear. This thicket reached from the foot of the gorge to its summit. Each step became firmer, but more cautious. There was no whispering now, and every breath was guarded. We were far in the glen—on one side gray rocks, lofty trees, flowering plants and creepers in wild confusion spreading over the abrupt sides of dark fantastic hills, broken at intervals by huge chasms that gleamed wildly in the rays of the declining sun—on the other side the impenetrable thicket was buried in gloom.

Still steadily and stealthily advancing, each man, with his rifle grasped easily in his hand, glancing quickly to the right and left, with unwearied energy crept along the glen. A whistle, quick and clear, sent its wild sound thrilling through every heart and ear. There was a sudden halt in our little troop. All was breathless suspense. That was no bird's cry. No throat but a human one every gave out a note so threatening. "What was it?" passed in a still, rapid whisper among us. "Guerillas!" "Hush!". We listened long and breathlessly, and warily peered on every side. Not a man of us visible but to his fellows. Crouched, with our very hearts beating, on the earth, covered by the friendly bush, we lay for many minutes in the hope of hearing the whistle repeated. All was as still as though the spot had never known its wild solitude broken by the foot of man or disturbed by his passions, his schemes or his ambition.

Still we listened, but in vain. No further sound was heard. Why was there no other signal? Was it some solitary wanderer, who sent that shrill cry forth through the stillness (in mere wantonness) and with no other motive than that of breaking its monotony. Not so. There was a significance in that sound that breathed war and defiance as plainly as if it had come from the blast of a trumpet. "Up and moving, men!" came, in low tones, from the lips of the sergeant in command. "Let 'em try it again."

Our march was resumed as before; but we step more stealthily, listened with painful attention and glared on every side with the intensity of blood-hounds. The defile took an acute turn to the right, and on the left was a naked space, extending for some yards, devoid of all verdure, but the gray moss clinging round the gray rocks.

We began, hastily, to cross this uncovered space, when there was a report of many pieces; whilst red flashes from rocks and bushes in the front gleamed savagely and suddenly upon us. For a moment we were staggered. Then with a shout we rushed forward to unearth the ambushed foe. Again the fire was repeated, with the muzzles of their rifles within a few feet of our faces. I gazed round for an instant, after discharging my piece at one fellow, and with my bayonet transfixing another to the soft sandy rock, against which he fell, and perceived none of my party by my side. But the thick smoke and rapidly falling darkness that now ruled, in conjunction with yells, shots and groans, the surrounding glen; made all invisible beyond the length of the arm.

At that instant I felt a sudden pang; a dizziness, a blackness, like death, came over me; I clutched wildly at the sulphurous air, reeled and fell.

When I recovered my senses, I discovered that I was lying on my side, bleeding slightly from a flesh wound in the thigh. I had bled profusely, before recovering, for I was saturated in half-congealed gore. Raising myself on my elbow, I looked round for my comrades. The moon was shining with all the softness of her beauty on the spot. I counted five bodies lying within a compass of almost as many yards. I endeavored to discover their uniforms, but could not at that distance. I rose slowly, and, with much difficulty, reached the nearest. He was dead, with a blue hole in the centre of his forehead, through which the bullet had passed, and the blood still slowly oozed. I crawled to the next one; he, too, was past all earthly aid. So on to the third, fourth and fifth. The bullet had done its full work on all. These had been, a few hours before, my comrades, eager to deal destruction upon foes, and careless of the fate that met them. I was the sixth and last of the party.

But where was the enemy, or what had been the enemy? I heard no sound, and the moonlight falling directly upon the dead men, and gray, weird-like rocks, produced an effect that was sickening and horrible. I remembered the man I had slain. I searched for his body, but it was gone. I searched for others of the enemy, but all had disappeared.

There was no dead left on that battle-ground but the five fallen scouts. Yet, that others had perished there, was obvious from the blood lying in little pools among the rocks, behind which the ambushed foe had lurked and poured upon his deadly fire.

My wound began to bleed afresh, which brought a faintness upon me and I sank to the earth, A burning thirst was consuming me, and I groaned in agony.

After a little while I made another effort to rise, but failed; and then falling back, as calmly as possible, I yielded to my fate. I thought of past days, when, in early youth, no cry for blood had yet awakened that inherent ferocity that lurks unseen in the heart of man, until the fearful scent rouses it as it does the bloodhounds, and it springs forth with a swiftness that appals and a strength that desolates.

A CAPTURE.

My reverie was broken by the sound of voices. Then came that of approaching footsteps. As it drew nearer a new life seemed to quiver through my veins, like a fresh gush of virgin spring. The most savage foe, to whom the torture of a captive were, with an unapproachable delight, advancing upon me, with the menaces of a demoniac, would at that moment been welcome as an angel of light in comparison to the loneliness—the woe of that dismal glen, and its bloody and unburied dead.

In a few moments a dozen armed men were on the spot, leaning upon their rifles and gazing round upon the dead. Some stooped and examined the body with careless scrutiny; others merely stirred them with the foot, or turned them over with the muzzles of their guns, with the brutal indifference bloodshed engenders in the heart.

"They're dead. Let them rot?" said one who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Not all dead," I replied.

Had a voice actually issued from the tomb, as mine undoubtedly seemed to do, its effect would not have been much more startling. Each man, for an instant, seemed changed into a statue. Then the whole group made a simultaneous movement toward me.

"This is the fellow that bayonetted Ike," exclaimed one of them, cocking his revolver and thrusting the muzzle between my teeth.

In another instant I should have been in eternity, but for the sudden jerking back of my would be destroyer's arm by one of his comrades, who calmly remarked: "If he's got through the rough work he had awhile ago, we'll not kill the poor devil now." With a muttered curse the ruffin replaced his weapon in his belt and withdrew. "Where are you hurt?" inquired he whose interference had just saved me; "can't yer get up?" I told him I had been shot in the hip, and was dying of thirst. Here he called a member of the party to him, and taking from his hand a canteen, poured some of its contents—brandy and water—down my throat. My wound had entirely stopped bleeding, but my whole side was stiff and painful. With much difficulty I rose to my feet, and by the aid of two of my captors, for such they were, managed to move along with the rest of the band, through what appeared a cleft in the mountain, pursuing a new path to that I had hitherto traversed in the company of those who had fallen, and whom I was now leaving behind me forever.

For some time we followed this road, running at the base of two declivities almost perpendicular, whose dizzy summits I could not scan, and whose rugged sides of gray, at intervals were shining coldly beneath some stray gleam of moonlight, that, even in that cavernous pass, found its way and smiled amid the gloom, like the good glance of a visiting angel.

Suddenly we emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves in what appeared almost a level country. Here—where some tents were pitched—we halted, and I was a prisoner in a guerrilla camp.

A week elapsed, and I had recovered from my wound. The chief of the party who had captured me offered me my liberty, on condition that I gave my parole not to bear arms against the rebels again during twelve months. This I had sworn never to do in the event of my becoming a prisoner to the Confederate army. I was equally resolved now to adhere to my oath.

From that moment I was closely guarded, with the vigilance known but to an angry foe. No sleepy sentinel ever lounged with heavy limb and weary eye, in mock watchfulness, near the ragged couch whereon I lay. But, sleeping or waking, some hawk-eyed watcher kept guard by my side, marking all my outgoings and incomings.

In that camp was another prisoner beside myself, a miserable creature, apparently, only waiting the certain death that the caprice of a merciless band would, in some unexpected moment, hurl upon his head, and whom nothing but the same caprice permitted still to move upon the earth a living thing. This wretch had been captured some days after I had, in the act of robbing the dead after a skirmish. His crime, in the eye of a soldier, is a deadly sin. He is the pariah of his class. A vulture too foul for an honest shot, from whose blood the bright steel would receive a disprace deeper than its stain. A thing too worthless to hang; one whose loathsome life should be crushed out suddenly, with stone or club, as a reptile should, and the contaminated weapon then flung from the hand forever.

He cringed to his captors, and they drove him from them with curses and kicks, and when he fawned they spat upon him.

AN ESCAPE.

One night, after unwearied watchfulness and ceaseless planning, I broke from the bondage that held me. The night was cloudy and threatened rain. I had heard enough from my captors to know that a detachment of northern troops was encamped to the eastward, within five miles of us. This detachment I resolved to reach or die. From what I had learned among the guerillas, I felt assured I could with little difficulty find the encampment. After crouching my way through and along the outskirt of a thicket (that grew by the side of a road, old and grass-grown, running nearly east and west) for at least two miles, I merged from it into the road, sweating and bleeding; hatless, my clothes torn into fragments, panting and wearied. I had taken my bearings from the few stars that glimmered through the clouds, in the unobscured spot of the heavens, and was about to start along the road in an easterly direction when a man leaped from the thicket—and the thief of the battle-field, the plunderer of the dead, stood by my side. "On, on!" he exclaimed in hoarse and excited tones, pointing along the road in the direction I was about to take, "they're following." He shook with fear, and I pitied him. Disgust at his presence too, was lessened by a sense of the common danger.—Before I could speak he dashed past me along the road. I followed, and thus we fled for more than twenty minutes: he a little ahead of me during the whole time. We reached a narrow, unfinished bridge, stretching from high banks across a stream. We began to cross the bridge, but our progress was much impeded and even endangered, as our only stepping points were from beam to beam and plank to plank, most of them loose and rotten and at uneven distances. The bridge was supported by huge piles set in the river, whose sullen waters we were able to distinguish rushing far beneath us. Yet the river seemed shallow there, for white breakers curing around the rocks we could detect also. Onward we went. I was now in advance some dozen yards. All before us, beyond twenty feet, was lost in gloom; behind, the same darkness impenetrable at the same distance. Yet on we pressed from one rotten, shaking timber to another.—Suddenly loud shouts in the rear proclaimed the pursuing foe. These were followed by the sharp ring of rifles, and a fearful shriek from my companion. I stopped and turned. He called on me, for the "love of Heaven to help him." I returned some little distance and found him clinging, about a couple of feet above the cross-pieces, to a narrow iron bar that ran from one of the piles to another. He was struggling wildly. "How is it?" I asked, as I stooped to aid him. "But I discovered my assistance to be valueless, as, had I could place my feet on the bar, such leaning with my knees upon one of the timbers, and reach over both hands and grasp him by the collar. As I was making this essay, the moon broke fully upon us, and I met his upturned pallid face. His teeth were set. His bloodless lips drawn from them with a rigidity that left them completely bare. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and his form trembled so as to shake the last hold to which he clung.

"One of their bullets," he hissed between his teeth, "has smashed my ankle. I am going!" His hold relaxed, another terrible shriek rang through the night air, and he fell crushing among the jutting rocks below; his blood mingled with the pure element that eddied round them.

I again pursued my way along the bridge alone. Many a bullet whistled past me from my inveterate but bewildered foes, and many a narrow escape I ran of being hurled into the dark river, or of impalement upon its half-concealed rocks. But one such death sufficed for that night. At length I reached the other side, thankful but exhausted. Still, with unabated speed, I pursued my way, until the challenge of a sentinel stopped further progress. I had reached one of the pickets of the detachment for which I was bound—our gallant northerners. I was safe, and a free man again.

MORRISANIA, September, 1861.

BY TELEGRAPH

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.

The city to-day is free from excitement and rumor, though there continues to be an absence of details concerning the battle of Edwards' Ferry. Every person arriving presents an exaggerated story, differing from those that have preceded it.

Col. Colburn, however, who has just come in from the vicinity of the scene of battle, says that a large number of men who have been reported as missing are coming into camp.

A Committee of the Board of Trade and the bankers of Boston arrived here to-day, to see the authorities on the subject of woolen goods for the army. They have had an interview with the President, and are satisfied with the course of the administration in purchasing blankets in England, and of its desire hereafter to use the New England mills.

The following deaths of Pennsylvania soldiers occurred yesterday in the hospitals here: W. Boardman, company D, first regiment; D. Plummer, company H, thirty-third regiment, and John Beach, company F, thirty-third regiment.

Completion of the Overland California Telegraph.

Congratulatory Message from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of New York.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN IN A FLASH.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

The Overland California Telegraph has been completed.

The following message was received this afternoon;

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 25.

To the Mayor of New York:

San Francisco to New York, sends greeting, and congratulates her on the completion of the enterprise which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic. May the prosperity of both cities be increased thereby and the projectors of this important work meet with honor and reward.

(Signed) N. S. LESHRMAKER,
Mayor of San Francisco.

TWENTIETH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

LIST OF THE CASUALITIES.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.

Lieut. Col. Palfrey, of the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment, telegraphs the following casualities:—

Among the officers of the regiment taken prisoners are Col. Wm. Raymond Lee, of Roxbury, Maj. Paul J. Reve, of Boston, and First Lieut. George B. Perry, of Boston. Drowned—Lieut. T. Alers Babb, of Boston, and Rembold Wessel Heopt, of Boston, both of company C. Killed—Lieut. W. L. Putnam, of Roxbury.—Wounded—Capt. Ferdinand Drebber, of Boston, badly, Capt. George A. Schmidt, of Cambridge, badly, Lieut. James L. Lowell, of Cambridge, slightly, Lieut. O. W. Holmes, Jr., of Boston, slightly, Capt. John G. Putnam, of Boston, right arm gone. All the other officers are safe.

FROM FLORIDA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

Mr. Pachard, a native of Maine and a fugitive from Florida, who arrived on the steamer Gen. McClellan, communicates the fact that Col. Brown had made an arrangement to open his batteries upon Pensacola on the 16th, but was prevented by the state of affairs at the mouth of the Mississippi, which rendered it necessary that two of the ships which were to have taken part in the action should go to the aid of the fleet there.

THE MEMPHIS *Appeal* offers the following yellow-covered invitation:—"Let the brutal minions of a beastly despotism come on! The slaughter-pens are ready, and Yankee blood shall flow as free as festal wine. Amiable, very!