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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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A Highly Concentrated VEGETABLE EXTRACT. A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia; Jaundice, Cronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and total pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in nine-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs; and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcohol-preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellies-legs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not equalled by any similar preparation.

The propietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, physicians and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS, AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were frequently used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for several days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 26th of June, Since that time I have been down as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was entirely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinmetz, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me in a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly gave a bottle. From the time I commenced using them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th. Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St.

JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United State.

☞For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices.

[July11 1863-2y

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story;
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
And shining bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet her foemen,
For glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by women.
For those who brave the mighty deed,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them;
We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis Freedoms' endless bower;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's daughters rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charmes,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a lover.

Rules of Health for Married Ladies.

Here is some advice which married ladies can bet high on! Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stoves, take up the ashes, sweep the front sidewalk, and scrub the front-steps, nurse the baby, put things to warm, see the shirts aired, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving to that brute of a lazy husband, and dry the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal as you like your breakfast cold. After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windowes, wash and dress the baby (that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing) nurse the baby, draw the baby in his wagon five or six miles for the benefit of his health, nurse him when you return: put on the potatoes, and the cabbage, (nurse the baby) and the corn beef, (don't forget to nurse the baby) and the turnips, and (nurse the baby) sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the casters, change the table cloth, (there that baby wants nursing.) Eat your dinner cold again, and nurse the baby. After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak, nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, *interspersed* with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two; hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some cod-fish, cut some dried beef. Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangements; hold the baby an hour to quiet him; put some alcohol in the nurse; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold as usual. After tea, wash up the dishes; put some fish to soak; chop some hash, send for some more sugar, (gracious, how the sugar *does* go—and twenty cents a pound,) keep on nursing the baby; get down the stockings and darn them; wait up to twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes with a double-shuffle on the front steps, a decided difficulty in finding the stareway, and determination to sleep in the back-yard. Drag him up stairs to bed then nurse baby and go to sleep. Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

LIFE AT A WATERING PLACE.—A correspondent of a St. Louis paper thus describes life at a watering place in Missouri:

The Programme of each day is similar to the last. First, get up early take a bath at the iron springs, then drink a gallon of water or more; then on your way back to breakfast, stop, at the magnesia spring and drink a gallon, more or less; then, if your appetite is not good, go on to the sulpher springs, roll a game of ten-pins, drink as much there as you have room left for, and then to breakfast, and eat as much as possible under the circumstances. After breakfast drink again, pitch quoits, roll ten-pins and drink. After dinner drink, and ramble through the woods in search of a cool spot; when found if you are so fortunate as to have a good book and an agreeable companion, enjoy yourselves, but don't forget, on your way back, to drink.—After supper drink and play euchre, during which time some lady will be found obliging enough to touch the guitar lightly. During this time you must drink.

FRUIT TREES.

The Rural New Yorker says, there is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into roots of fruit trees, with an instrument made for the purpose, and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also to enable it to resist the drough in dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with Seckel pears, dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September 1st as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, as I buy no "special" manures, to three-fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovels-ful of night soil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap-suds are capital for this purpose.

☞Widdow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, 'Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick around so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!'

A REQUEST.—'Good morning, Mr. Grimes; I come over to see if you'd lend our dad your pick axe to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in, he runs after our neighbors cows, and they won't come about any more so we have to drink our coffee without cream.'

Progress of the Draft.

The draft continues in progress in many of the Northern States, and is generally attended-ed with good order. It has been completed in Lancaster county, Pa., where the names of 1,325 persons have been drawn to fill the required quota. Among those drafted in Bucks county, Pa., on Thursday, were Andrew Jackson and John Brown. An enrolling officer was also so fortunate as to be called upon for the service to which he was enrolling. R. K. Kuhn, editor of the Doylestown Democrat, was also drafted. One man who had paid $1,000 for a substitute on the last draft, and another who had paid $500 for the same, were likewise drafted on Thursday. Two members of a club of twenty organized by each member paying $50, in order to lighten the exemption fee, were drafted. Each of the twenty had deposited his quota in the Doylestown Bank—making a total of $1,000. The four hundred dollars which will remain of the fund, after the two conscripts shall have been paid for, will be equally divided among the eighteen members.

Enoch Greene, the publisher and editor of the Philadelphia Transcript, was transferred into a conscript on Thursday.

The municipal government of Cape Elizabeth, Me., recently resolved to pay $350 to every drafted man from that town who goes to the war himself but not a dollar to a man that stops at home.

A Wife or a Musket.

Mr Ricks, a business man of Binghamton, New York, went to Utica on Tuesday to be married. All the arrangements were completed and the nuptial ceremony was about to be performed, the officiating divine was in his robes, and the bride to be in hers, when, lo! an unwelcome messenger appeared with the notification that he, the said Ricks, had a few hours before been drafted at Binghamton. The groom turned pale, and the bride paler. She appeared for a moment—just a moment—as if about to rush to his armes, like a heroine of the Grecian mould, and implore him to forsake all and rush to the rescue of his bleeding country—but she didn't.

The groom pondered for a brief space upon his country's imperative call to duty; for an instant the clangor of charging squadrons, the clatter of musketry, the clash of cannonry and the welkin-splitting shouts of victory rang upon his ears, his face beamed out a rapid succession of heroic impulses, he seemed decided to repounce the bridal couch for the ensanguined bed of the blazing battlefield—but he wasn't.

A furtive glance at futurity revealed a long line of existence-perilled Rickses, whom he alone could rescue from nonentity—he resolved to open his purse, fork over $300 and send it off in hot haste—and he did it. Won't that be a dramatic story for Mr. and Mrs. Ricks to tell to the little Rickses?—*Times.*

Rejoicing over the Draft.

The draft in Elmira, N. Y., took place on Monday. Trouble had been anticipated, but the utmost good feeling prevailed during the drawing. At five o'clock the conscripts formed a procession, with bands of music, mottoes, costumes, &c. Loud cheers were given for the constitution and the Union. Speeches were made, and the occasion was one of rejoicing and festivity rather than disappointment.

Auburn, N. Y., July 23.—The draft for the city of Auburn and seventeen sub-districts in the county of Cayuga took place to-day. The best order was observed: The drafted men had a dress parade in the evening, headed by a band of music. Several congratulatory speeches were made.

Pittsburg Exempts.

The number of drafted men exempted in the twenty-second district (Pittsburg) last week was six hundred and thirty-three, of which one hundred and forty-four furnished substitutes, one hundred and seventy-seven paid $300, eighty-eight were over thirty-five and married, twenty-one were under twenty or over forty-five, fifty-two resided and were enrolled in other districts than those from which they were drafted, thirty-three were aliens forty-sven were the sole dependence of aged parents or widows, twelve were the sole dependence of motherless children, thirty-four were in service on the 3d of March, 1863, eight were exempted by selection of parents having two or more sons drafted, one is at present in the service, one has two brothers in the service, and fifteen were exempted by the surgeon for disability.

Thirty-two out of the thirty-three members of the Wareham (Mass.) Mutual Draft Insurance Company were drafted.

In Franklin, N. H., a citizen had his four sons and his son-in-law drafted—the whole family.

One hundred and eighty men have been drafted from Colts's armory, Hartfort, Ct, and thirty-five from Sharp's factory.

The Newburyport Herald stats that Rev. Mr. Hooker, pastor of the North Church in that city, who has been conscripted expresses his willingness to answer the call.

One of the Exempts.

A person who was enrolled and drawn as a conscript in the Fourth District received his exemption papers yesterday afternoon under rather peculiar circumstances. He presented a a certificate from the warden of the State prison that he had been a convict in that institution on the charge of felony and had served out his full term of imprisonment. Of course, after such an imprisonment he is exempt in serving in so honorable a position as that of a soldier of the Union army.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Draft Essential as the Finishing Blow to the Rebellion.

No police could possibly be more ill-advised and suicidal than that which counsels the American people to impede the President's requisition for three hundred thousand men. Now is the very nick of time for the array of a strange force for contingencies. It is a question whether we shall call out an overwhelming reserve to overawe what is left of the Rebellion, or by a weak and languid course of action permit it to finger for years.

Look at the condition of affairs There is nothing to save the "Confederacy" from collapse but Lee's army and the chance of foregin recognition. The reduction of Vicksburg and Port Hudson have destroyed the whole Rebel army of the Southwest, except the weak and loose-jointed body under Johnston, which is also falling to pieces before the vigorous pursuit of Sherman. Bragg's force had melted away like snow, and Rosecrans is alread at Rome, in Georgia, thuddering away at the great Rebel armories, arsenels and foundries at that place.

The shattered battalions of Lee's late powerful army, and the desperate hope of foreign recognition, are all that remain to save the "Confederacy" from an early collapse. It should, therefore, be our policy to overwhelm the Rebel army of Northern Virginia as Grant was enabled to overwhelm Pemberton, by sheer force of numbers. That course has produced its priceless results in the West, and must be followed in the East, and the way to do it is by calling out, and placing in the field, a powerful reserve.

This will, also, have its reflex influence abroad. At the time when the last steamer left England, they had only just heard of Lee's successful invasion of the loyal States, and, as a consequence, "recognition" was in the ascendant. That feeling, however, will be damaged considerably when they hear the news of the brilliant success achieved by the Union armies in the early part of the month of July. But when, in addition to the disastrous defeat of Lee, the great victories at Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Helena, and the *fiasco* of Bragg's army, they learn that the invasion of Pennsylvania has called into the field fifty thousand volunteers; that Morgan's raid into Indiana brought out sixty thousand volunteers there—and that, in addition to all that, the loyal States are organizing their magnificent reserve of three hundred thousand men, the effect will be to put a short stop to all further meddlesome interference in our affairs. This exhibiton of power will be manifested too, at a time when it is clear that the "Confederacy" can raise no more armies.—If they could have organized another force it would have been done to save the Mississippi, and to succor Lee, but Davis, in his intercepted despatches, confessed his inability to do either.—Such a display of inexhaustible poweer on one side and of exhaustion on the other, must have the effect to suppress "intervention."

On all accounts, then, it is of vital importance that the draft of three hundred thousand men should receive the heartiest support of the Nation. There is reasonable ground for the expectation that the mere display of such a power in the present hopeless condition of Rebel affairs will terminate the war, without another great battle. And the prompt organization of such a force at this time must have the happiest effect abroad in checking that support which would otherwise enable the Rebellion to linger along for several years. instead of being suppressed in the next three months, as it may be if we act with wisdom now when the game is in our own hands.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A RECORD OF INHUMAN CRUELTIES.

REBEL BARBARITIES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The editor of the Memphis Bulletin, who has been upon a visit to Nashville, communicates the following to his paper, in reference to the Rebel rule in East Tennessee. Colonel Crawford, the gentleman from whom the facts are obtained, has a personal knowledge of some of the circumstances, having left the scene of their enactment quite recently, and vouches for the truth of all of them.

Last summer three young men, brothers, named Anderson, left their homes in Hawkins co., and attempted to make their way into Kentucky. They were arrested by a squad of Rebel cavalry on Clinch River, about seventy-five miles from Knoxville, shot and thrown into the river. Their bodies were found floating in the stream, fifteen miles from their own forsaken homes.

The Scarcity of Salt.

In the month of January, 1863, at Laurel, N. C., near the Tennessee border, all the salt was seized for distribution by Confederate commissioners. Salt was selling at seventy-five to one hundred dollars per sack. The commissioners declared that the "tories should have none," and positively refused to give Union men their portion of the quantity to be distributed in that vicinity. This palpable injustice roused the Union men; they assembled together and determined to seize their proportion of the salt by force. They did so, taking at Marshall, N. C., what they deemed to be their just share.

Immediately afterwards, the 65th North Carolinina regiment, under command of Lieutenant Colnel James Keith, was ordered to Laural to arrest the offenders.

Arrests for Seizing Salt.

L. M. Allen was Colonel of the regiment, but had been suspended for six months for crimes and drunkenness. Many of the men engaged in the salt seizure left their homes. Those who did not participate in it became the sufferers.—Among those arrested were Joseph Wood, about sixty years of age; David Shelton, sixty; James Shelton, fifty; Foddy Shelton, forty-five; Elison King, forty; Halen Moore, forty; Wade Moore, thirty-five; Isaiah Shelton, fifteen; Wm. Shelton, twelve; James Metcalf, ten; Jasper Channel, fourteen; Samuel Shelton, nineteen, and his brother, aged seventeen, sons of Litus Shelton—in all, thirteen men and boys. Nearly all of them declared they were innocent, and had taken no part in appropriating the salt. They begged for a trial, asserting that they could prove their innocense.

The Execution.

Colonel Allen, who was with his troops, but not in command, told them they should have a trial, but they would be taken to Tennessee for that purpose. They bid farewell to their wives, daughters and sisters, directing them to procure the witnesses and bring them to the court in Tennessee, where they supposed their tria would take place. Alas! how little they dreamed what a fate awaited them.

Horrible Barbarities.

The poor fellows had proceeded but a few miles when they turned from the road into a gorge in the mountain and halted. Without any warning of what was to be done with them, five of them were ordered to kneel down. Ten paces in front of these five a file of soldiers were placed with loaded muskets. The terrible reality flashed upon the minds of the doomed partriots. Old man Wood (sixty years of age) cried out: "For God's sake, men, you are not going to shoot us? If you are going to murder us, give us at least time to pray." Colonel Allen was reminded of his promise to give them a trial.—They were informed that Allen had no authority; that Keith was in command; and that there was no time for praying. The order was given to fire. The old men and boys put their hands to their faces and rent the air with agonizing cries of despair; the soldiers wavered and hesitated to obey the command. Keith said if they did not fire instantly he would make them change places with the prisoners. The soldiers raised their guns, the victims shuddered convulsively, the word was given to fire, and the five men fell pierced with Rebbel bullets. Old men Wood and Shelton were shot in the head, their brains scattered upon the ground, and they died without a struggle. The other three lived only a few minutes.

Murder of a Boy of Twelve Years.

Five others were ordered to kneel, among them little Billy Shelton, a mere child, only twelve years old. He implored the men not to shoot him in the face. "You have killed my father and brothers," said he, "you have shot my father in the face; do not shoot me in the face." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire and five more fell. Poor little Billy was wounded in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life, "You have killed my father and my three brothers; you have shot me in both arms—I forgive you all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters." What a heart of adamant the man must have who could disregard such an appeal. The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution; again the terrible word "fire!" was given, and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body. The remaining three were murdered in the same manner. Those in whom life was not entirely extinct the heartless officers despatched with their pistols.

The Burial.

A hole was then dug, and the thirteen bodies were pitched into it. The grave was scarcely large enough; some of the bodies lay above the ground. A wretch named Sergeant N. B. D. Jay, a Virginian, but attached to a Tennessee company of the 65th North Carolina regiment, jumped upon the bleeding bodies, and said: "Pat juba while I dance the damned scoundrels down and through hell." The grave was covered lightly with earth, and the next day, when the wives and families of the murdered men heard of their fate, searched for and found their grave, the hogs had rooted up one man's body and eaten his head off.

Torturing Defenceless Women.

Captain Moorley, in charge of a cavalry force, and Colonel Thomas, in command of a number of Indians, accompanied Keith's men. These proceeded to Tennessee; Keith's men returned to Laurel, and were instructed to say that the cavalry had taken the prisoners with them to be tried in accordance with the pledge of Colonel Allen. In their progress through the country many Union men were known to have been killed and scalped by the Indians. Upon the return of Keith and his men to Laurel they began systematically to torture the women of loyal men, to force them to tell where their fathers and husbands were, and what part each had taken in the salt raid. The women refused to divulge anything. They were then whipped with hickory switches, many of them till the blood coursed in streams down their persons to the ground; and the men who did this were called soldiers!—Mrs. Sarah Shelton, wife of Eaton Shelton, who escaped from the town, and Mrs. Mary Shelton, wife of Litus Shelton, were whipped and hung by the neck till they were almost dead, but would give no information. Martha White, an idiotic girl, was beaten and tied by the neck all day to a tree.

A Woman of Eighty-Five Hanged.

Old Mrs. Unis Riddle, aged eighty-five years, was whipped, hung and robbed of a considerable amount of money. Many others were treated with the same barbarity. And the men who did this were called soldiers! The daughters of Wm. Shelton, a man of wealth and highly respectable, were requested by some of the officers to sing and play for them. They played and sang a few national airs. Heith learned of it, and ordered that the ladies be placed under arrest and sent to the guard house.

Old Mrs. Sallie Moore, seventy years of age, was whipped with hickory rods till the blood ran in streams down her back to the ground; and the perpetrators of this were clothed in the habiliments of rebellion and bore the name of soldiers!

One woman, who had an infant five or six weeks old, was tied in the snow to a tree, her child placed in the doorway in her sight, and she was informed that if she did not tell all she knew about the seizure of the salt, both herself and the child would be allowed to perish. Houses were burned and torn down. All kinds of property was destroyed or carried off.

Interference of General Donalson.

All the women and children of the Union men who were shot, and of those who escaped, were ordered by General Alfred E. Jackson, headquarters at Jonesboro', to be sent through the lines by way of Knoxville. When the first of them arrived at this place, the officer in charge applied to General Donalson (formerly the speaker of the House of Representatives at Nashville) to know by which route they should be sent from there, whether by Cumberland Gap or Nashville. General Donalson immediately directed them to be released and sent home, saying that such a thing was unknown in civilized countries. They were then sent home, and all the refugees met on the road were also turned back.

Killing a Conscript.

On the 14th of February, 1863, a squad of soldiers were sent to conscript James McCollum of Green county, Tennessee, a very respectable industrious man, thirty-five years of age.—They found him feeding his cattle. When he saw some of them he ran to the back of his barn; others were posted behind the barn, and without hailing or attempting to arrest him, one of them shot him through the neck, killing him instantly. His three little children who saw it ran to the house and told their mother; she came out wringing her hands in angush and screaming with terror and dismay.

The soldiers were sitting upon the fence.—They laughed at her agony, and said they had only killed a d—d tory." The murdered man was highly esteemed by his neighbors, and was a firm Union man.

In April last two Rebel soldiers named Wood and Ingole went to the house of Mrs. Ruth Ann Rhea, living on the waters of Lick Creek, Green county, to conscript her son. The old lady was partially deranged; she commanded the soldiers to leave her house and raised a stick to strike one of them. He told her if she struck him he would run her through with his bayonet; she gave the blow and he shot her through the breast.

An Old Man of Sixty Hanged.

In the same month Jesse Price, an old man sixty years of age, two sons and two nephews, were arrested in Johnson county, Tennessee, bordering on Virginia, by Colonel Fouke's cavalry, composed of Tennessee and North Carolina men. They were taken to Ash county, N. Carolina, to be tried for disloyalty to Jeff Davis & Co. The old man had been previously arrested, taken to Knoxville, tried and acquitted.

When the five prisoners arrived in Ash county a groggery keeper proposed to treat Fouke's men to eight gallons of brandy if they would hang the old man, his sons and nephews, without trial. The bargain was struck, and the fire unfortunate men were hanged without further ceremony. The brandy was furnished, and some of it drank before the tragedy, the rest afterward.

REBEL PRISONERS.

A despatch dated Washington, July 19, says: The number of rebel officers, ranking from Lieutenant-Generals down to Ensigns, now in our hands, is estimated by the authorities here at over five thousand. Retaliation will be a dangerous game to play at.

Following is a nearly correct statement of the number of rebel prisoners known to be in our hands. It is below, rather than above, the actual mark:

On hand at Memphis	4,000
At Fort Delaware	5,000
Captured by General Grant	31,300
Captured by Gen. Sherman	4,000
Captured by Gen. Banks	13,000
Captured by Gen. Prentiss	2,000
Captured by Gen. Rosecranz	5,000
Captured by Gen. Meade	22,000
Total	86,300

The Southern Confederacy Dissected.

A correspondent calls in question a statement made yesterday, in our remarkes on the fall of Vicksburg, viz: "that the possession of Vicksburg by the Union forces cut the Confederacy square in two, that part west of the Mississippi being equal in extent to what is left on the east." This statement, however, is literally correct, as the following figures will show:

	Square miles.
Area of Arkansas,	52,198
Area of Louisiana,	41,255
Area of Texas,	237,504
	330,957

That is territory cut off. The following is what remains:

Alabama,	50,722
Georgia,	58,050
Mississidpi,	47,156
South Carolina,	29,385
N. Carolina, (four fifths),	40,000
Virginia, (two-thirds)	41,000
Tennessee (one half),	22,8000
Floriday, (two-thiads,	40,000
	329,663

It will, therefore, be seen that the possession of the Mississippi by the National forces cuts the Confederacy square in two, there being about three hundred and thirty thousand square miles in each section.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The Rebels and Thaddeus Stevens—How they Destroyed his Property.

It is known that one of the heaviest losers by Rebel invasion of Pennsylvania was Thaddeus Stevens. The Chambersburg Repository gives the following account of the destruction of his property:

"The only private property destroyed by the order of an officer in this valley was the extensive iron works of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, ten miles east of this place. They consisted of a large charcoal furnace, forge, rolling mill, coal house, shops, &c. On Tuesday, the 23d, a portion of Jenkins' cavalry came upon the works by an unfrequented mountain road from Hughes' works, and demanded the horses, and especially the two riding horses, which they described.—They threatened that they would destroy the buildings if the horses were not given up.

Mr. Sweeney, who has charge of the works, agreed to deliver up the riding horses if the property should be protected. This they agreed to, but on going for the riding horses they met the teamsters and compelled them to produce all the horses and mules nearly forty in all, with gears, harness, &c. They had evidently been minutely informed of the whereabouts of Mr. Stevens' horses, as they described them and knew exactly where to go after them. The day after General Early rode up to the works accompanied by his staff, and avowed his intention to destroy them.

Mr. Sweeney reminded him that he would inflict a much more serious injury upon some hundred poor laborers who worked there than upon Mr. Stevens. General Early replied that Mr. Stevens was an 'enemy to the South, in favor of confiscating their property and arming their negroes, and the property must be destroyed.' He then placed a guard around it and gave special instructions that it should not be destroyed until he gave the order. He seemed exceedingly fearful that he might miss the delightful spectacle of Mr. Stevens' works in flames. He then returned to the Greenwood, where he had his headquarters, but returned the next day and personally detailed Colonel French, of Jenkins' guerillas, with his command, to illustrate Southern chivalry and humanity by applying the torch to the private property of Mr. Stevens, because he was guilty of the crime of defending the republic of our fathers.

The work of destruction was well done, and soon all the works were in ashes. The houses occupied by families were not fired. Some three thousand dollars worth of charcoal was destroyed, seven thousand pounds of bacon stolen, leaving the families of the laborers without food, in spite of the earnest representations made by Mr. Sweeney as to their necessitous condition. Mr. Stevens' loss is not less than fifty thousand dollars. He is the only man in Pennsylvania who has been thus honored by the vandals for his unblushing devotion to freedom."

WARTS ON COWS TEATS.—In answer to inquirey in No 23 of the "Dollar Newspaper" how to cure warts on cows teats, I answer soft grease, of any kind, used free at every milking will prove a remedy; they will disappear in a month.

Mr. EVERETT'S SONS.—Both the sons of the Hon. Edward Everett—one of whom has just graduated at Cambridge, England—have been drafted in Boston. Both have made up their minds to serve in person instead procuring a substitute or paying the $300.