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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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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, accidity 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 dull 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 ninety-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 adventures, 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 Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellied kegs, 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 rivalled 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 relieved. 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 28th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely 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 who 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 Steinborn, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procure a bottle. From the time I commenced taking 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.

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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

[July 11 1863-2y

The Wife to Her Volunteer Husband.

Don't stop a moment to think, John,
Your country calls, then, go,
Don't think of me or the children, John,
I'll care for them you know.
Leave the corn upon the stalks, John,
Potatoes in the hill,
And the pumpkins on the vines, John,
I'll gather them with a will.
But take your gun and go John,
Take your gun and go.
For Ruth can drive the oxen John,
And I can use the hoe.

I have heard my grand sires tell, John,
(He fought at Bunkers Hill,)
How he counted all his life and wealth,
His country's offering still
Shall we shame the brave old blood, John
That flowed on Monmouth plain?
No, take your gun and go, John,
If you ne'er come back again,
Yes, take your gun and go John, &c,

Our army's short of blankets, John,
Then take this heavy pair,
I spun and wove them when a girl,
And worked them with great care;
There's a rose in every corner, John
And here's my name you see,
On the cold ground they 'll warmer feel,
That they were made by me.
Take your gun and go, John, &c.

And if it be God's will, John,
You ne'er come back again,
I'll do my best for the children, John,
In sorrow, want, or pain,
In winter nights I'll teach them all
That I have learned at school,
To love the country, keep the laws,
Obey the Saviour's rule,
Then take your gun and go, John, &c

And in our village church John,
And at our humble board,
We'll pray that God will keep you John,
And Heavenly aid afford,
While all who love their country's cause,
Shall love and bless you too;
And night and morning they will pray,
For freedom and for you,
Then take your gun and go, John, &c.

And now good bye to you, John,
I cannot say farewell;
We'll hope and pray for the best, John,
God's goodness none can tell.
Be His great arm around you, John,
To guard you night and day,
Be our beloved country's shield
Till the war has passed away,
Then take your gun and go, John,
Take your gun and go,
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can use the hoe.

Dangerous Advice by a Clergyman.

Mr. Snib's son was engaged in breaking up a piece of new land with a team of unruly oxen. Junior Snibs becoming vexed at the ill usage he was receiving at the plough-handle, set up such a vociferation of protracted oaths as to astonish the Rev. ———, who expected to see a bolt launch poor Snibs into eternity. Feeling it his duty to chastise uncalled for wickedness, he stopped and lectured the infuriated youth for some time, warning him of punishment that awaited such blasphemy.

"Why, sir, I'll bet my head that such cattle, such ploughing, would make a minister swear—"

"I think not, my young friend," said he; "I am a minister, and it would not make me swear."

"I'll bet my dinner on it," was the sanguine urchin's reply; "and take the bet if you dare, sir."

"To make a bet would be equally wrong, but I'll go one bout with you to prove that your swearing is useless."

The boy assented, at the same time applying his whip heartily upon the oxen while turning them into the furrow. The parson took a firm hold of the handles and started the team. Rip—tear—slap—jerk went the plough, giving him an occasional rap in the side or on the shins. The oxen, feeling the smart of castigation, were all but abidable.

"Wo—back—gee—haw—go along Buck and Bright," exclaimed the preacher becoming excited. "The like of this I never did see, Gee, Buck! Haw, Bright! G'lang!"

Slap came the plough-tail against his side knocking him some ten feet. The boy stopped the team. The moralist was on hand, saying:

"I never saw the like; no man ever did. It beats all," etc.

Thus he continued until his bout was accomplished, when he triumphantly said to the lad:

"There I've gone a bout without swearing!"

"Yes," replied the boy; "but you have told a great many stories."

"What, do you mean to say that I have lied?"

"Yes sir; because a great many have seen this same land, and some worse."

"But you must never tell any one they tell lies. You should whistle—remember that.

After admonishing the youth soundly on swearing, he made him promise to be at church next Sabbath, where he was to preach.

When Sabbath came, the boy, agreeable to promise, went, and took a front seat in the gallery. During the sermon, the divine observed that "of all the bird creation the bite of the goose was the most severe." A shrill whistle was given by the boy, the divine's attention was drawn to the gallery, where he saw his hopeful youth. Again he repeated the same sentence, and again the boy gave a shrill whistle, which echoed throughout the church.

As soon as the service ended, the minister attacked him for improper conduct in church.

"Didn't you tell me to whistle whenever I heard any one tell a lie?" replied the boy.

"Did I tell a lie to-day?"

Yes sir—you said a goose bite was the most severe of the feathered tribe."

"Well, did I lie then?"

"Yes sir."

"How?"

"Because sir, the gander can bite just as severe as the goose.

The parson left for dinner.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—The Comic Grammar says:

Pray remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen not oxes.
To which may be said—
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of geese aren't gooses nor geese-es.
To which may again be said—
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice not mouses.
All of which goes to prove that grammar a farce is;
For the plural of donkey surely is asses.

Letter fron President Lincoln.

His views of Compromise Measures—No Compromise with Rebels in Arms—The Emancipation Proclamation—Employment of Negro Soldiers—The Prospect of Peace—A Forcible and Characteristic Letter.

CHICAGO, September 2.—The following is President Lincoln's letter to the Springfield mass meeting:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 26.

Hon. James E. Conkling,

My Dear Sir:—Your letter inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the Capitol of Illinois on the 3d day of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable to me to thus meet my old friends at my own home, but I cannot just now be absent from the city so long as a visit there would require.

The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union, and I am sure my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partizan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life. There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: you desire peace and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we obtain it? There are but three conceivable ways. First: to suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, we are not agreed.

A second way is to give up the Union. I am against this. If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginary compromise. I do not believe that any compromises embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All that I learn leads directly the opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is its military—its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range is simply nothing, for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of the compromise, if one were made with them.

To illustrate: Suppose a refugee from the South and the peace men of the North get together and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing the restoration of the Union, in what way can that compromise be used to keep General Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? General Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and I think can ultimately drive it out of existence, but no paper compromise, to which the controllers of General Lee's army are not agreed, can at all affect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste time, which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

A compromise to be effective, must be made either with those who control the army, or with the people first liberated from the domination of that army, by the success of our army. Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from the Rebel army or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges or intimations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless, and I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it shall not be rejected and kept secret from you.

I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people according to the bond of service—the United States Constitution—and that as such I am responsible to them. But, to be plain, you are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose do not. Yet, I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your views, provided you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such a way as to save you from greater taxation, to save the Union exclusively by other means. You dislike the emancipation proclamation, and, perhaps, you want to have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think that the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said—if so much—is that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been any question that by the law of war, the property both of enemies and friends may be taken when needed; and is it not needed whenever taken it helps us or suits the enemy? Armies, the world over, destroy the enemy's property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy, except a few things recorded as barbarous and cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and noncombatants, male and female.

But the proclamation as a law is valid or is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction. If it is valid it cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life.—Some of you profess to think that its retraction would operate favorably for the Union. Why better alter the retraction than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half for trial to suppress the rebellion before the proclamation was issued, the last *one hundred days* of which passed under explicit notice it was coming unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance.

The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the proclamation as before. I know, as fully as one can know the opinions of others, that some of the commanders of our armies in the field who have given us our most important victories, believe that the emancipation policy and the aid of the colored troops constitutes the heaviest blows yet dealt to the rebellion; and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved when it was but for the aid of the black soldiers.

Among the commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called Abolitionism, or with Republican party politics, but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit their opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged that emancipation and the arming of the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith.

You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you; but no matter, fight you, then, exclusively to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union.—Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes.

I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negro should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakens the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union.

Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives.—Why should they do anything for us if we do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom, and the promise made must be kept.

The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea, thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, the Empire, Keystone and New Jersey hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand on the spot. Their part of history was jotted down in black and white. The goal was a great national one, and let none be banned who bore an honest part in it, while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud.

Even this is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and better done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note.

Nor must Uncle Sam's noble fleet be forgotten. At all the water's margins they have been present. Not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracts.

Thanks to all, for the Great Republic, for the principles by which it lives and keeps alive for man's vast future! Thanks to all!

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such an appeal are sure to loose their case and pay the cost, and then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongues, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it. Still, let us not be over sanguine of a speedy and final triumph. Let us be quite sober, let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result.

Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

"Wife," said a man, when the war broke out, "I must enlist. If it is necessary for my neighbors to go, it is for me to go. I can't stay at home easy, anyhow."

"Oh, William, must you?" said his wife sorrowfully, "must you? How can I and the boys get along alone?"

"Yes, father, go," cried little Will. "I think you ought to go. They won't take us, or we'd go in your stead. Some of the family ought to go, to keep the family credit good. Don't you know, father, how many times grandma has told us how her father left his oxen in the field and went to fight the enemy at Lexington, without going home to bid the folks good-bye?"

"Yes," said Sammy, we'll take care of home, for you; we'll help mother. Go, father, and fight for the flag of freedom."

"Thank you my brave boys," cried the mother, "thank you. Go, father, enlist."

The man enlisted, and the boys, as good as their word, took care. There was a large patch of ground near the house which Will dug, hoed, planted and raised a good supply of vegetables on, enough to eat and some to sell. He did it all himself, for Sam worked for Dr. Blake.

One day a gentleman came along, who looking into Will's premises and seeing the thrifty state of things, "why I thought your father had gone to the war," said he. "Where did all this come from?"

"Work did it sir," said Will.

"Work will do almost everything," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Will. "father's fighting, I'm digging, and mother's praying."

"Fighting, digging, and praying," cried the gentleman; "that's the patriotism that will bring the country out of her distresses. Would that every family went to work so."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear, or make fools of yourselves by trying to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? I know you would not. Then how can you be guilty of convicting my client of *man*-slaughter for taking the life of a *woman*." The prisoner was acquitted.

A HERO.—An Irishman who was reprieved, as he stated, the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows:—"I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man."

☞ The title selected for the ruler of Greece is that of "King of the Hellenes."

A Rebel Massacre in Kansas.

The massacre of citizens in Lawrence, Kansas, by Quantrell's Guerillas, surpasses everything in the way of barbarity, and more fully possessed the spirit of fiends than anything that has occured since the war. The following is a brief account:

[A Private Letter from a Citizen of Lawrence.]

LAWRENCE, August 23, 1863.

Dear Brother—You have dobutless heard before this will reach you of the dreadful calamity that has befallen Lawrence and vicinity by the sacking and burning of the town and othe indiscriminate slaughter of its citizens, on Friday, the 21st instant, by Quantrell and his band of incarnate demons. The record will make a page in the history of America alike humiliating to every American who has a spark of manhood left within him, and disgracing, insulting, and outraging to common humanity. Such a record would degrade the wildest savage tribe of our Western plains; and yet these beings, *animals*—for you cannot call them men—are said to be "*erring brethren*," whose rights have been invaded, and whose institutions have been trampled upon.

What right has a *murderer*, an *assassin*, a highwayman, but the right to be shot whenever and wherever found? The issue is forced upon *us*, the people of Kansas. These bushwhackers will kill us, or we must kill them. They have proclaimed this policy and fully adopted it; and by the blessing of God, the issue shall be met by us, as men and patriots, firmly quickly, and, I hope, courageously.

Language fails me to depict the scenes enacted on last Friday. May I never behold the like again. But I must give you some idea of the raid and its dire results.

About sunrise, or a little before, on the 21st instant, four men forcibly entered the house of a Rev. Mr. Snyder, living about a mile southeast of Lawrence, and pierced him through with balls from their revolvers, while lying in bed by the side of his wife. At the same time a body of about three hundred well mounted beings, in the shape of a man, armed to the teeth, dashed into the town and spread themselves instantly over the whole business part of the place, shooting down every man who dared show himself.

In this dash two small camps of recruits on Massachusetts street (one of white and the other of colored) were surrounded, and the poor defenceless fellows, without a gun in camp, and begging most piteously for their lives, were pierced through and through with bullets, and all but four of the two unfilled companies left mangled corpses on the ground. One of the poor fellows thus barbarously murdered for daring to become a Union soldier was a nephew of mine, the sight of whose bleeding, mangled body I shall never forget.

The armory was cut off from the citizens, pickets stationed around the town, and no chance whatever of concentrating even twenty men with arms. The people were completely paralyzed by this sudden and audacious dash; indeed the most of them were still in their beds when the work of murder commenced. The banks were robbed, safes broken open, stores ransacked, the best of everything taken and then the buildings fired. Every man that was encountered was met by them. "Your money or your life," and, with few exceptions, the poor victim would be shot dead, after handing over his purse and answering what question they chose to put to them.

In several instances they ordered the men to get water for them and wait upon them in various ways, pledging themselves, if they would do so, their lives should be spared, and as soon as they had done with them would turn around and shoot them down like mad dogs. One little child they shot dead because it cried. There were those with them who evidently were well acquainted with the town, as the places and persons of active and prominent Union men were made the special marks of vengeance.

General Lane's fine residence was among the first, and he himself had a narrow escape.—The editors of the several papers were objects of especial vengeance, and two of them were caught and murdered. I shall not attempt to give you a list of the precious lives taken, nor shall I attempt to make an estimate of the property destroyed. This will be done through the papers more correctly than I can do it. I believe, however, that half our business men were either shot down or burned alive in their houses; and out of the fine blocks of stores of every description, only two solitary buildings remain, and they were sacked. The rest, is a mass of blackened ruins under which lies, I fear, many a charred body, as many were shot down while attempting to escape from the burnings. I fear the dead will foot up nearly or quite two hundred.

Nearly every house was sacked, and the best ones fired; but owing to the very stillness of the air at the time, the flames were extinguished in many of the houses, as soon as the Rebels would leave, and as they had so large a programme before them, they could not repeat any of the performance. The work of murder, arson and robbery lasted about two hours and half in which time they had sent over one hundred innocent men to the eternal world—deprived a large number of families of food, raiment, house and home, and destroyed about two million dollars' worth of property. They then took up their line of march due south, detailing squads of men on either side of the road to burn every house and murder every man. Family after family would slip out into their corn fields to watch their houses burn up by these invaders, without being able to offer the least resistance; and woe be to any man who had the hardihood to remain at his house and offer remonstrance.

I live but two miles south of Lawrence, and three men were shot between Lawrence and my place for daring to remain in sight—all of them quiet, peaceable men, and two of them too old to be called upon to do military duty. And now comes the practical application to my own case. A squad of six men are sent from the main body to visit my house. With guns cocked and eyes glaring more ferociously than tigers, they draw up to the buildings, apply the match to a large stack of Hungarian, then to the outbuildings, the barn and sheds, and while these are rolling up their volumes of smoke and flames, the house is visited, trunks burst open, drawers and shelves ransacked, all valuables that could be crammed into pockets or strapped on their horses taken and the rest enveloped in flames.

By the time the flames begin to recede, the next house south of mine is rolling up dense volumes of smoke, and soon the next, and next and next; and now they visit the house of an old gray-headed Dunkard, who alas, thought that his age and religion would protect him, but the infuriated demons thirsting for blood, shot him down, regardless of the poor old man's cries and entreaties to spare his life. The track, by fire and sword, of these murderous villains, was made through the valleys and over the hills as far as the eye could reach.

In a little longer than it has taken me to write this, everything inflamable was consumed—houses, furniture, bedding, clothing, books, provision, outbuildings—all, all, uterally destroyed. The work of eight years' hard toil gone in as many minutes, and another family thrown out of house and shelter.

I cannot refrain from giving you an instance or two of the savage barbarity practised by these demons. They brought Mr. Trask to the door of his house, and told him if he would give up his money they would not shoot him, but as soon as he had given it up, he was instantly shot. He then tried to escape by running, but they followed him and shot him dead.

Dr. Griswold was in his house when they attacked him. His wife ran and put her arms around him and begged most pitiously for his life, when one of them passed his arm holding a revolver, around her, and shot the Doctor through the heart.

Mr. Fitch they shot in his house, and his wife, while running to his rescue, was dragged away. The house was fired, and poor Mr. Fitch burned up, it may be, alive.

A gunsmith by the name of Palmer and his son were burned up in their shop before dying from their wounds.

Mr. Allison, of the firm of Duncan & Allison crawled out from under the burning ruins, and then they threw him back again into the ruins.

But the heart sickens. I can write no more. Oh, God! who shall avenge!

Your brother, S. R.

"Providentially Directed."

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the look-out for pretty feminine faces. During the intermission, at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy—

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder, "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for a wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmate in the work of the ministry."

The elder as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait a while. It is not best to be hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he said well; for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and while the worthy confident still marvelled, a fourth drew near with the question—

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of the unsuspicious girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that young lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could keep in no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed in an excited tone, "the Lord *never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!*"

WHAT IS "GREEK FIRE?"—The announcement that General Gilmore has thrown shells containing "Greek fire" into Charleston city has elicited a general inquiry as to its peculiar composition and properties. The New York Journal of Commerce explains as follws:

The Greek fire of history was probably a compound of bituman, sulphur and pitch.—There has been considerable romance in the accounts of it. But it was a weapon of great importance to the Romans for four centuries, during which they preserved the secret of its composition as a national possession. It was thrown in balls, or on arrows and spears, and it was poured from walls of cities upon the towers and heads of besiegers. Its most terrible use was on shipboard where it was pumped out of tubes, in the prow of a galley, upon the decks of an enemy, setting fire to all that it touched.—The Mohammedans learned the art of making it, and used it in the crusades with deadly effects; and the Knights of St. John, while at Rhodes, made it as a grand weapon of their naval combats. The common idea that Greek fire was a fluid, which ignited on the surface of the sea may be dismissed. It sometimes burned on the water, but only when falling in large quantities.

The Generic name of Greek fire has been given to all kinds of incendiary compounds inclosed in shells and thrown into cities for the purpose of firing them There are several patents out for these compounds, and the exact methods of mixing and using them are known only to the inventors. But the basis of them all is said to be phosphorus dissolved in bisulphide of carbon. The latter is a very curious liquid, having all the apparent purity of distilled water, and a very high refractive power, but evolving, on evaporation, or combustion, the foulest stench known to chemical science—a science which positively revels in nauseous odors. It has the extraordinary property of dissolving phosphorus freely, and preserving it in a fluid state for any length of time when kept from the air. The compound kindles at a heat as low as that of phosphorus alone. When the shell, charged with this "villainous" mixture, explodes by percussion or otherwise, the dissolved phosphorus is set on fire and scattered far and wide. Wherever it strikes, it burns for a long time with an almost inextinguishedable flame, and ignites all combustable materials that it touches. At the same time, the bisulphide of carbon throws out its abominable odor, and assists in keeping meddlers at a respectful distance!

HONESTY.

A quaker, passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest farmer, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand."

"Has thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir, here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small but rich of their kind."

"Then canst thou recommend them?"

"Certainly sir."

"Very well, I will take two."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he went again to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the previous day asked him if he would have some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee, but my neighbor chooses to deal uprightly with me, and I shall henceforth be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable ope in the end."