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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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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 seventy 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 25th 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 dead 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 Steinburn, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me in 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.

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[July 21 1863-1y

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

The effect of a stirring song or tune is often electrical. The western armies have one of this character called the "Battle-Cry of Freedom," which we give below.

The great number of thrilling circumstances under which this song has been sung in the army adds to its popularity. "Either Grant's or Rosecran's army," says an exchange, "it only needs to be started to be caught up from camp to camp, till it spreads for miles over the whole army. By order of a General commanding one division of the Army of the Cumberland, the colonel of each regiment is directed to start the "Battle-Cry" when the army goes into action, and the effect of thousands of voices united upon the chorus:

"The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah! etc.," is described as awakening a frenzied enthusiasm perfectly indiscribable. When Gen. Blair's Brigade, that led the assault upon Vicksburg last Fall, after being hurled again and again upon the enemy's fortifications, only to see each time a ghastly proportion of their numbers go down in death, were at last ordered to retire, the brave fellows closed up their shattered battallions, and came out the smoke of the terrible carnage singing—

"Yes we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

And when, after months of hardship, assault and battle, these same troops ran up the Stars and stripes over the same rebel stronghold, Gen. McPherson and staff, on the cupola of the Court House, fittingly started the same song, and we can imagine with what a will it was sung by Grant's entire army. The song reads as follows:

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the Traitor, up with the Star;
While we rally round the Flag, boys,
Rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free-men more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
The Union forever, &c.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
The Union forever, &c.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
The Union forever, &.

THE REBEL SPY.

The other day I met a friend who was formerly one of the Red Devils. During the conversation which ensued, he asked me whether I remembered Bill who deserted the regiment at Fortress Monroe.

'A slender, dark-eyed young fellow, was he not?'

'The same,' replied my friend. 'We became chums from the first moment we met at Fort Schuyler; and if you will give me your attention a few moments, you shall hear how he came to desert the regiment, and a few other facts that will surprise you.'

'By all means,' said I, 'let me hear the story.'

'Well,' began my friend, 'one day we were sitting in the shadow of a pine tree near our encampment at Fortress Monroe, when my chum commenced to speak of a beautiful girl in the village of Hampton, whom he was in the habit of visiting occasionally.

'She is a beauty!' he exclaimed, enthusiastically; 'and Jack,' he added, laying his hand upon my arm, 'you shall go with me to see her.'

'At first I objected, pleading as an excuse the modesty and bashfulness I always experienced in the presence of the fair sex.'

'But she isn't fair,' said he, 'she is a quadroon.'

'When do you think of going?' I asked.

'To-night.'

'But we'll have to 'run the guard.'

'That's nothing,' answered Bill, 'we can easily manage that.'

'So at length I promised my chum that I would accompany him to the village of Hampton to see the beautiful quadroon.

'When night came, and we started upon our nocturnal expedition, we had no difficulty in passing our line of sentinels, for by some means of other Bill had succeeded in obtaining the countersign.

'This task accomplished, we now made our way to the river beach, and after we had walked a short distance, my chum paused near a rock that jutted over the water, and showed me a small skiff moored beneath its shadow. We were soon seated in the skiff, and flew swiftly over the waves before the vigorous strokes of our paddles. In a few moments we reached the place of destination—a small dilapidated building which stood a few yards back from the spot where we landed. There was a small archway beneath the house; which evidently led into the cellar, and it was to this quarter that the steps of my chum were directed. Passing through the archway, we found ourselves in total darkness; but Bill shouted 'Come on!' and so I followed, although I stumbled several times against some empty casks, and once came very near being precipitated over a barrel.

'It is all right!' shouted Bill. 'Come on!'

'What the deuce tempted you to seek an entrance this way?' I inquired. 'There is a good stoop on the otherside of the house, for I saw it.'

'It's the shortest route,' answered my chum. 'Here we are—here are the cellar steps,' he continued, catching me by the hand and pulling me towards him. 'We were soon at the top of the steps, when Bill knocked at the door in front of us. A musical voice said 'Come in!' and we entered a small neatly furnished room in which were seated an old negress and my friend's quadroon.

'The latter was indeed a beautiful creature, with long bright hair that descended below her waist, and eyes as dark and soft as a summer midnight. She seemed very glad to see us—Bill in particular, around whose neck she threw her arms, kissing him with all the warmth and fervour of her southern nature while he was not backward in returning the compliment. The old negress rose and left the room, and I was just coming to the conclusion that it would be a good plan for me to do the same, when the unmistakable tramp of horses' hoofs approaching at a gallop saluted my ears and drew me to the window. Looking out into the night, I caught sight of a number of gray uniformed horsemen coming toward the house at a pace which must bring them to the door in a few moments.

'The moon, which had hitherto been obscured by clouds, was now shining brightly, revealing every outline of the approaching figures. They were rebel cavalrymen.

'Bill,' I exclaimed, 'come here!'

'There was no answer, and without turning around I again called his name.

'Still there was no reply.

'I turned impatiently, and perceived that both himself and the quadroon had deserted the apartment!

'I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and blew out the candle, leaving me in total darkness,

'Again I stepped to the window and looked out. The horsemen had halted a few yards from the house, and were dismounting. Presently I saw three of them advance to the stoop, and heard the clattering of their sabres and the noise of their heavy boots as they ascended the steps. I could also hear some of them coming up from the cellar, so there was now left to me but one way of retreat from the apartment, the same by which the old negress had made her exit. As I passed through the doorway, I stumbled against the bottom of a staircase. This I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible. Arriving at the top I discovered a door, which I pushed open without ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment half lighted by the rays of a lamp, which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door that had been left open. The murmur of voices, coming from the other apartment, fell upon my ear. I looked through the open doorway, and beheld a sight which surprised me. Seated upon a sofa at one end of the room were three figures. One was my chum Bill——, with his arm around the waist of the quadroon, and her head upon his shoulder, while the other was a tall rebel lieutenant of cavalry!

'So Magruder does'nt want the village burnt yet?' remarked Bill, as he stroked his whiskers. 'There's an excellent opportunity to do it, if he does; for the pickets are very small around Hampton at present.'

'I know that captain,' answered the lieutenant, 'but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d——d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of their going into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town.'

'I shall keep my eyes about me,' said Bill, 'and report matters as usual.'

'But when are you going to join us, captain?' inquired the rebel.

'As soon as Magruder thinks fit,' answered Bill, 'though to tell the truth I'm about tired of playing the spy. It was a deuced good idea of his—my going to New York and enlisting in the Fifth Zouaves—ha! ha! ha! Captain S.—of the Rebel service, a Red Devil.'

'At that moment Bill happened to turn his head toward the door. Our eyes met, and he sprang to his feet with an exclamation. At the same moment the Lieutenant rose and drew his sword.

'You have over heard us?' said Bill, in a tone of chagrin, 'but that whiskey of yours,' he added turning to the Lieutenant, 'made me careless.'

'He shall not leave this house alive,' exclaimed the Lieutenant, drawing a pistol from his belt and pointing it at my head.

'But I had picked up a chair as he drew forth the weapon, and now, with the quickness of lightning, I hurled it at his face. The pistol was discharged, but the contents whistled harmless over my head. I darted from the room, rushed down stairs, and nerving myself for a desperate venture, dashed across the apartment below, in the direction of the cellar stairs. The room was filled with rebel cavalrymen, but my sudden appearance so astonished them that they made no attempt to arrest my progress. By the time I had reached the cellar, however, they had recovered from their surprise, and as I sped onward I heard the report of two or three carbines behind me, followed by the whiz of bullets as they flew past my ears. The next moment I had passed through the archway into the open air, and with two or three bounds reached the skiff. Unfortunately, by the ebbing of the tide, it was now high and dry upon the beach. I seized the stern with both hands, and by a great effort of strength succeeded in launching it. But the time occupied in this manœvre enabled the foremost of my pursuers to gain upon me. With his peace clubbed and elevated on high to deal me a powerful blow, he came on. But while he was yet a few yards distant, I stopped and quickly unfastened the rope of the skiff from the stone to which it was tied. Lifting the heavy rock, I suddenly rose upright and hurled it with all my force at the head of my pursuer.

'It struck him on the temple, and he dropped to the beach like a log.

'The skiff was drifting away from me, but I darted into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon succeeded in reaching it. I clambered into it, and then looked toward the beach. The cavalrymen were drawn up in line, with their pieces pointed toward me. 'Fire!' exclaimed a voice which I recognized as that of the lieutenant.

'But as the sharp report of the carbines rang out on the air, I dropped quickly to the bottom of the skiff, and the storm of led flew hissing into the water beyond.

'I now sprang to my feet, and with a shout of defiance seized the only oar the boat contained, and adopting the sculling process, sent the light vessel shooting through the water like a rocket. Assisted by the tide, the skiff flew over the waters so rapidly that before the men could reload I was out of range.

'Half an hour afterward I arrived safely in camp, and was just in time to take my place in the ranks, for having heard the firing, and supposing that our pickets was attacked, the officers had ordered the men under arms. A message from the front, however, soon convinced them that this was not the case, and the men were allowed to 'break ranks' and disperse to their quarters.

'Well, come,' continued my friend, 'this isn't the end of the matter, for I saw Bill again at the battle of Big Bethel. You probably remember that, during the fight, a troop of rebel cavalry attempted to make a dash upon us, but were driven back.'

I answered in the affirmative, and my friend continued.

'At the head of that troop rode Bill, or properly speaking the rebel captain, I saw him as plainly as I now see you. But it was only an instant. He tumbled from his horse the next moment, with his head torn from his shoulders by a shot from our brass pieces. At his side rode a rebel, who upon seeing the captain fall drew a pistol, aimed it at his own heart and fired. The horse becoming unmanageable, galloped into our lines, dragging the rebel after him, the foot of the dead soldier having become entangled in the stirrups as he fell. As the steed dashed wildly about the field the rebel's foot became disengaged from the stirrup, and he fell to the earth a few yards from the spot where I was standing. His jacket had become disarranged and torn around the breast, revealing to my astonished gaze the beautiful but blood-stained bosom of a female. I advanced and looked down upon the corps, closely scrutinizing the features. The face was familiar. Once seen it could never be forgotten. It was the face of the captain's mistress, the lovely quadroon.'

[From the Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal.]

Romance in Real Life.

In one of the townships of this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well-to-do widower about fifty, with an only son of twenty three. Mr.—— (we withhold names for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of that mode of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him, a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter possessing all the requirements.—She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and sprightly—just the one he wanted. To be sure she was rather young, but Mr.——was young looking also. Sometimes his mind would wander to the mother, who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance, but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and set about it with a will. He did not mention his determination to his son, fearing the idea of marrying one so much younger than himself might expose him to ridicule.

In the meantime his son had become desperately enamored of the widow, and had likewise determined upon marrying her. He did not communicate the fact to his father, for the same reason that actuated the old gentleman, for fear of exciting ridicule by marrying a woman so much older than himself. They both commenced calling at the house of the widow, and frequently met each other there. This circumstance annoyed them both immensely.—The old gentleman thought, very naturally, that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young gentleman as naturally supposed the old one was there for the widow.

As the matter progressed, the meetings of the father and son at that place became frequent and the more often it occurred, the more intolerably it became. Finally, Mr.—— determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined, after much consideration, to marry, and thought it but right and proper to make you acquainted with the determination."

"Very good," replied Charles; "I consider it very proper that you should do so. And, speaking of marrying, I have concluded to marry myself."

"I approve of the idea," returned the old gentleman; "you are of suitable age to settle down. May I ask the name of your intended?"

"Mrs.——," exclaimed Charles, starting up and assuming a defiant look.

"Whew," whistled the old gentleman; "fine woman Charles, but isn't she a trifle too advanced in years?"

"I think not," said he, "but who have you decided upon?"

"Why, Charles, it is a very curious circumstance, but I had determined to marry her daughter."

"Daughter!" exclamed Charles, "Why, you are at least twice as old as she is; I don't object."

The matter was thus happily settled, and in the course of a few week it was satisfactorily arranged with the widow and daughter, and the parties were married.

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a great mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three, and the old gentleman found that a young lady of twenty was too volatile for a sober-minded man of fifty.—Disagreement followed, then neglect, and finally the thousand little quarrels, and snubbings, and bickerings, simmering down into a grand fight, which was kept up, with variations, for three months.

Finally they agreed permanently to disagree, and availing themselves of the ease with which divorces are obtained in Indiana, the whole four removed to Indiana, where in due time the divorces were obtained.

The four came home as they went, together, the son taking the daughter under his special charge, and the father doing the agreeble to the widow. Long before they had arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matters on an entirely different basis—the father and the widow made up a match, and the son and daughter ditto. The marrying was performed immediately on their arrival at Bucyrus. Up to date they appear well satisfied with each other, and it is to be hoped that they will long continue so.

[From the New York Times.]

Inhuman Treatment of Prisoners of War in Richmond.

A vast deal has been said and written at various times, and by various peole, about the barbarious treatment received by the Union prisoners in Richmond at the hand of those who have always styled themselves "F. F. V.'s," *the* "chivalry." &c., but, as the subject is one on which too much cannot be said, and as our people are only now beginning to give some slight heed to the cries of mortal suffering and anguish coming ever and anon from the poor fellows who have had the misfortune to fall into Rebel hands in Virginia, I venture to give your readers a few particulars which may have escaped the notice of those who have not had the same opportunities the writer has in witnessing the barbarities alluded to.

Of the "Libby Prison" I find the following description in my diary, kept while I was an inmate of that infamous abode of misery:

Close on to the canal, and at the corner of Cary and Twenty-first streets, and within a mile of "Rocketts," stands the horrid Libby Prison. The entire length of the building on Cary street is 135 feet, with a depth of about 90 feet on Twenty-first street. It is divided into three sections by stout brick walls, and is, on the side next to the canal, four stories, while on Cary street it is but three stories in height—each of the stories being divided into three oblong low rooms of 45 by 90 feet.

On the ground floor the room next to Twenty-first street is appropriated to the Rebel guard, the next one to the Union officers, and the third is the hospital.

This is on the Cary street side, or front of the building. On the canal side, the lower story, or ground floor, is the cook-house *and receptacle for the dead, until a sufficient number have accumulated to make it worth while to remove them, or until the stench becomes too great for the Rebels themselves to bear.* On the second floor, in the two rooms next to Twenty-first street, are *over four hundred* Union soldiers, and in the third room on this floor may be found *the remnant* of some one hundred Union citizens who have been incarcerated since the commencement of the war. Some few of these prisoners were Quakers, and were released on payment of $500 each. The three rooms on the upper floor containde at least two hundred Union soldiers each. Four small-sized windows at each end of these rooms admit a limited amount of light for about twenty-five feet, leaving about forty feet in the centre of each, *where print cannot be read in the daytime.*

Prisoners once admitted to the "Libby," *never leave it for an instant for any purpose, day or night*, except to be exchanged or to be *carried to an unknown grave.* There are ill-constructed *water closets in the rooms*, which owing to the continual breaking of the waste pipes, emit a most intolerable effluvia. In addition to all this the whole place is *one nest of the most abomniable vermin.* About half a ration of fair bread, and a plate of small, dark-colord beans (or "cow-peas") twice a day, is the usual fare, meat being issued only twice a week, and then in very small quantities.

So much for the Libby Prison itself; but all this is capped by the treatment received by the unfortunate inmates.

Belle Isle (surely miscalled) is situated in the James river, about half a gunshot from the Libby, and right opposite that famed institution of the Sunny South. It is a long, low sandbank, and when there is a freshet in the river, a large portion of it disappears beneath the filthy waters of the James. It is on this mere sandspit that hundreds of our poor shivering Union soldiers are now in utter wretchedness naked and famishing, and subject to all the dire diseases consequent on exposure to the elements in such locality. It has never been occupied as a dwelling place, and was only visited in the daytime by the shad fishers, who had a few rude huts there, until the "chivalry" found it a convenient place to get rid of the "d—d Yankees."

The relentlessly cruel treatment of the Union prisoners in Richmond commenced immediately after the first battle of Manassas, when the prisoners were confined in "Ligon's Tobacco Factory," on Main and Twenty-sixth street, and has continued unabated to the present day.—From the begining the prisoners have been under the supreme control of Gneral Winder, but at that time Captain Gibbs and Lieutenant Tod were his subordinates, who came in direct contact with the prisoners. Winder is a man of middle height, or slightly under it, advanced in years, rather stoutly built, hair quite white, florid in complexion, with a red nose and a cold cruel, gray eye; and his acts from the first prove clearly that he is precisely what that eye indicates to the observer—cold cruel, and vindictive. He wears a gray uniform.

The last two mentioned have both been killed, as I am informed, and have therefore gone where they have been "rewarded according to their works," but I may mention that it was under the *regime* of Winder, Gibbs and Tod that *the "Ligon Prison" was perforated with musket balls in at least twenty places*, and that Gleason, of the Fire Zouaves, a man of the 1st Michigan regiment, and several others, were shot by the guards for merely looking out of the windows; and it was at the same time that *a Rebel soldier was permitted in the broad daylight to bring a human skull, with a rope passed through the eyes, and dangle it in front of the windows* in the public street, shouting out while he brandished a huge bowie knife, "This is the last of one——Yankee."

These are but few of the barbarisms practiced under the eyes of the men mentioned above; the whole would fill a good-sized volume. Two of these have gone to their account. Shall the third escape punishment here?

General Winder still retains the chief command, though Captain Turner is the commandant of the post at the "Libby." This man, though lauded continually by the Richmond papers for his kindness to the prisoners *is cruelty itself.* Every petty annoyance that can be invented is tried, in order that some one may infringe even in the least degree some of his rules, so that he may have the satisfaction of "bucking and gaging," or putting in irons, or on bread and water, the offender (!)

I have known him to threaten to hang one individual because he would not get twelve men to sweep the streets in front of the prison, and he put four men in irons and in a dark room, on bread and water for forty-eight hours, because they would not clean out his stable. I find his description in my diary as follows:

"Turner, Lieutenant in the Rebel service, belongs in Winchester, Va., was formerly abou six months at West Point; is of very spare build thirty to thirty-five years old, about five feet nine inches in height, dark hair, close cut, no beard or moustach, grey eyes, has a cadaverous look, a deep voice, and a peculiar stiff gait. Uniform grey cap, coat and pants."

Next in command to the above elegant specimen of the "F. F. V.'s" is Emack, Lieutenant in the Rebel army. He is a native of Baltimore, full six feet in height, about twenty-five years old, has short light-hair slight moustache, fair complected, and blue eyes. Uniform—sky blue cap, gray coat, light blue pants, with black stripes, and wears a sword with steel scabbord. This man carries out all the odious and abominable orders of his superiors with relentless severity. He is the man who when Col. Benedict was unable to leave his wretched bed, stood over him with a revolver in his hand, and swore that "if he did not get up he would kick him out of it."

Are these men, I ask, to be allowed to escape the punishment which is their just due when Richmond becomes ours?

But beside the cruelties and indignites to which our men are subject in the "Libby," they are made the victoms of *pettythieving* whenever an opportunity offers. For instance, some poor soldier has a dollar or two, for which he desires to obtain some trifle to eke out his scanty fare. A Rebel soldier offers to buy what he may require, receives the despised "green backs" and that is the last that is seen of him or the "Yankees" money. I have seen many cases of this kind and it ought to be known also that when our Government first sent clothing to Richmond for the prisoners much of it was stolen by the Rebel soldiers. Blankets, overcoats and shoes were seen every day on the prisoners of Rebels, who seemed quite proud of their acquisitions.

Now then for the remedy for the gross and disgraceful abuses, the inhumane and barbarous treatment which I have so freely attempted to set forth. What should it be?—*Retaliation.*—It is a harsh one I admit, but a just one under the circumstances. It only requires that it should be invoked with discretion. We are not to suppose that men will be contented and happy in prison anywhere but no such complaints are heard from any place in the South where prisoners of war have been located as from Richmond. In truth, everywhere else more or less consideration is shown to prisoners but in *Richmond a prisoner is looked upon as a dog*, and treated accordingly.

Therefore, the remedy is not to visit the sins of the Richmond ruffians upon soldiers from other States, but to *retaliate solely on Virginia soldiers.* It is worse than useless to appeal to the Richmond authorities, Winder or his subordinates; they are insensible to the first emotions of kindness, pity, consideration or fine chivalrous feeling; they have no hearts, or they are of stone—cold, callous, cruel. We have seen them, and "know their works." *Retaliation, then, strict, stern and unflinching, and that on Virginia Rebels only* is the true remedy for this monstrous disgrace to the age we live in and to civilization.

Insight into Alabama Sentiment.

Letter to a Private in Lee's Army.

The following letter to a private in Lee's army, was picked up on the battle field at Bristow's Station by one of our soldiers, and is forwarded to us by an Inquirer correspondent at the front. We omit the name of the writer, who is evidently one of the "poor white trash," as it might get him into trouble.—*Ed. Inquirer.*

ST. CLAIR COUNTY, ALA., Sept. 28, 1863.

Dear Brother:—I embrace the opportunity of writing you a few lines, to inform you that we are not all well. Every one of my family have had the measles; the last one has just got up so that he can walk about. I have not done scarce any work in five days. I am very weak now, not able to do a day's work. I came home from Blount county with the measles on me, and I have had a very hard time of it. I hope these few lines may find you in good health. I received your very kind letter yesterday, dated August 16th, which gave us great satisfaction to hear from you once more, for your letter was so long coming that we had become very uneasy for fear you had got hurt when you went up to Gettysburg.

Times are getting, or have got, very bad here, for I do not believe half of our county have got any meat to eat. Meat is selling for $1.50 per pound, and scarce any in the country to spare, and when it is to spare the people do not want to take the Confederate money for it. They look on the Confederacy as about conquered, and when it is conquered the money will be dead. Some people are offering ten dollars per bushel for wheat, and they suppose corn will sell for $2.50 per bushel from the heap, and some say it will bring $5 per bushel soon; and considering such high prices, how can we expect the women and children to be fed who are dependant on their husband's wages to feed them, and many of them have lost their husbands in the war.

What such families are to do I cannot tell, and the Confederate money now is worth only one dollar in ten. The private gets eleven dollars per month, and that is worth little over one dollar in specie. *Men that would fight for such a Government as this surely have not got good sense.* The men are deserting and coming home by scores, and I do not think they are to blame.—Although there is about one company of men to every boat hunting deserters and robbers, *I believe they come in faster than they take them out.*—There have been *several men killed by the deserters.* and some of the deserters have been shot. I am afraid, if the war holds on long, *our country will be ruined by our own men at home.*

Some time ago there was many of our men came home from Vicksburg with their paroles. I suppose the Yankees took about 40,000 of our men at Vicksburg, beside what they took at other places, and the word came last Saturday that they were exchanged, but the most of them do not believe it. Some of them have gone and some say they won't go without they are taken. I do not know what will be done. *I do not believe they are exchanged myself; I believe our big men are fooling them*, and if I was them and they fooled me once, and I found it out, I would never do them any more good if I could keep from it. I do think there is enough of our men killed and died, and if we can't whip the Yankees *we had better give up* and let the war stop.

I think my boys have made enough to do the family, but our Congress has passed a law that each one has to give the tenth of what is made. I do think *that is a very unjust law.* When the men are in the war, and have no one to make a support but their children, I do think they should not pay anything but their common tax. *The poor men have nearly all the fighting to do*, and I think the rich men should support the war. I do hope that the war may come to an end soon. I do not know what the people will do for salt, and the Government is pressing all the cattle, so that we will soon have nothing to eat but bread.

I want you to write to me regular. And I remain your affectionate brother till death.

TWO GOOD 'UNS.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel engraved at the bottom, and when she filled it for him he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear angel."

Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

WHAT IS HE?—A rebel letter from Alabama says—Our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is, 'a bit of a wag,' or a very careless fellow, or an 'abolition traitor,' is now the topic of discussion with us. At the meeting on Fast Day he gave out Dr. Watt's hymn, commencing:

"And are we wretches yet alive,
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,
That we are out of hell."

An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work. No, was the reply, but he had cut them all down, and was going to trim them in the afternoon!

"Well, sir, what does h-a-i-r spell?"
Boy—"I don't know."
"What have you got on your head?"
Boy (scratching) "I guess it is a muskeeter bite, it itches like thunder!"

An English writer, in his advice to a young married woman says that their mother Eve married a gardener. Some one wittily remarked that it might be added that the gardner, in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

CONUNDRUMS.—Under what legal process should a common swearer be arrested? Ans.—A *man-dam-us*, clearly.

Why is a Seceesh house occupied by Union troops like the copyright of a book? Ans.—Because it is "entered according to act of Congress.

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans. Because they have to "scratch" for a livelihood

Little Herby was about to take a ride in the horse cars, and as he scrambled in, his mother said to him: "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue hastily called out, "Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"