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TERMS.

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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 PURE TONIC.

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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 pall 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.

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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 mated 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 incident to 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 dissentery. 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 29th 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 Steinbron, 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,
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Proprietors.

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☞For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices [July 21 1863—1y

The Battle-Call.

Under the flag beat the long roll once more
Call up the North as you called her before,
Up from the work shop, the office, the plough,
She responded before, she will answer you now;
In Freedom's warfare, what freeman can lag?
Beat the old battle-call, under the flag.

All the young men in the prime of their life,
Call them from mother, from sister, from wife,
Blessed if they live and revered if they fall,
They who respond unto liberte's call,
Where the air thickens with *copperhead brag*—
Beat the battle-call under the flag.

Hoist up the flag to its stout staff again,
Swearing that treason shall leave there no stain,
Some loyal hand with a vigorous grasp,
Bear up its fold with unwavering clasp,
Where our tired soldiers, their weary feet drag—
Beat the old battle-call, beat for the flag.

On to the field, where our brothers have gone,
Side by side, under the flag we'll press on,
Charging the foe in the place of the slain,
Fight 'till old glory shall triumph again;
Our country calls, what freeman can lag?
While the old battle call beats for the flag.

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Mercury.]

ELSIE'S REWARD.

"Dear me, Elsie I do think this is the crossest child I ever saw in my life. I don't know how you are going to manage with him when I am gone. I only wish things were so that I could stay all winter with you."

Elsie Norton, the young wife and mother, did not wish her mother could stay longer, dearly as she loved her; for though only the wife of a year, Elsie had already a "skeleton in her closet," which her mother must not see.

"It seems to me Elsie, that Charles stays a great deal away from you of night. He might stay at home sometimes, and help you take care of this cross child."

"O mother, that is not his place. I do not except it. He won't stay out nights, mother, when you are gone. He is only taking a good time when I have company."

"Well, child, I hope, it's all right, but my mind misgives me some how. I know it is not 'his place,' but it seems to me, if he loved you as he ought, he could not look at your pale face without wishing to lighten your load; especially as such a cross little imp is hardly born once in fifty years."

"Please, mother, don't call my baby an imp; and, mother, you cannot think Charlie does not love me? I should die if I thought that."

The sturdy New England woman looked at her pale child, and regretted her words.

"I was only worried, Elsie, and spoke foolishly don't mind it. Charlie is certainly careless.—It wouldn't take anything from his manliness, either. I've seen Senator Sloan walk the floor half the night with that cross young one of theirs so that his pretty, brown-haired wife might lie and sleep."

"But I am not so pretty as Bertha Sloan, mother," said Elsie sadly. "Pretty people are always loved the best."

"You were pretty enough for Charles Norton to pester my life out till he got you."

Elise burst into tears.

"Mother, I believe you hate Charles; you talk, too, as if he did not love me, and I know he does; he is only thoughtless."

"Well, child, don't cry any more. There is the buggy drawing round. Come down to the door."

"Mother, ain't you going to kiss little Charlie good-bye? He isn't cross now."

"To be sure, childie. I forgot. He is a nice wee fellow after all."

Charlie met them on the doorstep, ready to drive his mother-in-law to Worcester; and in another moment Elsie stood alone.

She went back to the nursery, and after a good deal of "strategy," succeeded in moving baby into the land of dreams. Then she took a book, and sat down by the window, but her mind could not fix itself upon the contents.—She was thinking of Charlie, and whether he loved her or not. Baby slept till dark, and then, to use his grandmother's words, "woke up for a night's devilin." As the hours wore on, Elsie tried many a trick to lure him to sleep again, cooing some lullaby in a low, soft voice, and hushing him up against her breast. He did go to sleep, and she laid him softly down: but he would stir every moment enough to keep her by his side. She kept the cradle going with her little foot for an hour; every one knows how tiresome that is. Then she took him up and down, till her slender limbs ached, and still baby twisted and fretted. She even tried "cattea," thinking he might have a pain under his apron, but all of no avail. If she sat down, he fairly howled, and anything was better than hearing him cry loud in that lonely room.—Every one who has ever kept these sad watches for some loved one, whose absence, continued hour after hour, every hour increasing the dread of the undefined something that might happen to him, will know what Elsie felt, how she dreaded the sound of her baby's cry: how she scarcely breathed herself lest she might lose the first sound of the returning footsteps. Up and down Elsie walked. She longed now for mother's strong arms; but, then if mother was here, she would know that Charlie was out, and at twelve o'clock. Then she would scold, and Elsie could not bear to have Charlie blamed.—At last by a little strategy in turning up the astral lamp to its full height, she made baby believe that it was daylight, and he went to sleep. He would not have slept a wink if he had known it was only midnight. Then very softly Elsie moved aroud, taking down her hair, and brushing it for the night; and donning a long white night-dress that made her look like a spirit.

"Somehow, I thought Charlie would come home to-night, as it is the first night mother has not been here; perhaps he may yet; I will wait a little while."

So she sat down on the floor by the cradle, scarcely breathing, lest baby should wake.—Her mother's words came to her mind. Could it be that Charlie did not love her? She wished she were beautiful, like Senator Sloan's wife. She was considered pretty by some, though Charlie thought her the prettiest girl in Worcester; and surely she was not much changed, only thinner. She rose and stood before the mirror. A very sweet face met her; beautiful brown hair, and a pretty mouth, and soft grey eyes; somwhat more pale the face was, and an expression of suffering was about the mouth; but it was a fair face still.

Elsie brightened up and said:

"Mother is just notional. I shouldn't wonder if Charlie thinks me just as pretty as ever. He does go to the tavern sometimes; but he never gets real—real;— Well, he is good and kind, any way."

By-and-by, she heard buggy wheels; and soon Charlie's step in the hall, and then on the stairs. As he came to her room door, she noticed that his step was firm, not uncertain and slow, as it sometimes was. She sprang to meet him.

"O Charlie! how glad I am!"

He was a fine looking fellow, tall and strong. He drew Elsie toward him and kissed her fondly.

"Elsie, I heard your noble defence of me to-night; and it was every word true that your mother said. I was sitting in the next room mending the bridle, and caught, her first words; and when I heard your answer, darling, I just listened. I do not deserve you Elsie."

"Oh yes, you do, Charlie. I only wish I was better. But Charlie, dear, you will try to keep from—from—"

"Drinking, Elsie. Out with it. I will try, Elsie for your sweet sake. You look pale, dear. Come let us go to bed. Perhaps you can get a short sleep before the little fellow wakes."

Elsie was happier that night than she had been for many a day. Somehow, things seemed to look brighter. She lay with her head on her husband's arm too happy to sleep. His calm, regular breathing showed that he had not tampered with the fatal poison that had brought her so much sorrow. Even his snoring did not disturb her, it seemed so pleasant to have him home again.

There is nothing that will make up to a woman's heart for the want of love. A man may grieve her in many ways; he nay even be somewhat given to strong drink, but if she is sure of his love, she will find excuses for him. He grieved her through thoughtlessness; he was sorely tempted, and in a weak moment yielded, etc.; but he loved her!

But oh! let him be cold and careless—I don't mean unkind, merely careless and neglectful—liking her well enough, because she belongs to him, and he is used to having her around—liking self and his boon-companions better, letting days, and weeks, and months go by without an endearing word, a caress, or a single act of thoughtfulness; then she is like a helmless ship adrift on a dangerous sea. Nothing but her own integrity, her own purity of heart, saves her.—Coldness, neglect, indifference, will kill a woman's love for her husband just as sure as sorrow, toil, and trial will augment it; for the more he suffers, the rougher her life-path is, the more will she love him. I often think that men, with all their great knowledge, have yet one thing to learn: and that is, how to make their own homes an Eden. Let a woman feel and know she is loved, and the domestic machinery will run as if freshly greased every day. No matter if money is scarce and care plenty, she will manage some way. Do not mistake me. I do not mean that a man should court his wife as he did his sweetheart; only sometimes, by some little word, let her feel she is dear to you. I plead for thousands of my sex. For, in one short year, I have seen so much of this kind of suffering, which can be so easily remedied. Men would shudder at the idea of starving their wives; but there is a hunger of the heart far harder to bear than a hunger for bread! How sad it is that the most beautiful emanation of a woman's nature—the God-implanted feeling of love—should be the cause of her greatest suffering. This is a digression, pray forgive me. I promise you it is the only phase of "woman's rights" I will ever clamor for. I think she has rights enough—all a true woman wants. I write of this thing because it is fearfully on the increase, and it leads to sorrow and death.

By-and-by, Elsie, nestling her soft face against Charlie's bearded cheek, drifted away into dreamland. The clock ticked away fifteen minutes; and then a little white leg was thrown over the cradle, and then an arm flung the covering off, and baby opened his bright eyes. Seeing he was alone, a shrill scream came, waking Elsie, but never "fazing" Charlie. Elsie slipped up, and then began the same low singing and wearisome rocking and walking that had been every night since he was born. Grandmother Steel might well ask "if ever that cross child would be able to repay his mother for her care of him?"

For almost a week, Elsie's heart was made glad by her husband's tenderness. Then, one sad night, he failed to come home; and after that, things were just as they were before. He came home night after night under the influence of liquor, refusing to listen to her pleadings when in the morning she would beg him to give up the habit that was ruining their happiness.

One night he came home so much intoxicated that he could not mount the stairs, but lay down in the hall with some senseless mutterings.—Elsie brought a pillow and put it under his head, and then, taking her baby, sat down by his side till morning. For a wonder, baby slept a great part of the night, and Elsie had time to think.

This course lasted for five years. Elsie's love excusing this erring man. Her baby had grown into a mischievous boy, but loving and kind.—Ten more years passed away, and there came a time when Elsie turned wearily away from the husband she had once loved; when it required much prayer to keep from hating him, when the two lived together only by sufferance. During these years, if Elsie had followed the dictates of her own heart, she would have taken her boy and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth—any where so she was away from her husband. But Elsie knew that there is in life but two paths, the right and the wrong, and she must walk in the right path though it led through great darkness. She had many battles to fight with her rebellious heart, many sinful thoughts to drive away. There was much inward moaning, and pressing together of pale lips; but for the sake of the right, she bore it all. Then there came a time when death relieved her of her husband; and then her life was devoted to her boy.

When he reached man's estate, her fear lest he should follow in his father's footsteps was quieted. He grew thoughtful and steady in his habits, and his devotion to his mother was beautiful to see. At the age of thirty years he took unto himself a wife, but the warmest place by his fireside was always for his mother. Twenty years they had lived together, all in the old homestead. Elsie Norton was now seventy-six years of age. From her having so much trouble during a long life, her mind had broken early. She was now quite childish. There was nothing of the Elsie of our tale but her loving heart. It had been her mother's habit to say during his babyhood and youth, "That child will never repay all your care, Elsie." During my visit to Linden, three years ago, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful as Charles Norton's devotion to his mother. She grew so infirm and childish that she would cry if denied anything, or if she met with a disappointment. One day, her son had promised to take her to ride, and a thunder storm coming up he could not keep his promise. This woman, so brave and strong in her youth, but now reduced to the weakness of a little child, cried, saying, "You promised to take me, Charles."

A young man present, said, "I wonder they don't keep that foolish old thing out of sight."

Though not intended for her ears, Emma Norton heard it. "Grandma is not contented away from the family, therefore we bring her great chair whenever we come into the parlor."

In place of looking embarrassed or ashamed of his mother's childishness, Charles Norton bent over her and said, softly:

"Come out into the dining room with me, mother, and I will get you some nice peaches, and, when the rain is over, we will go to ride."

"Will you, Charles? Then I'll go."

He was the same Charlie to her, though fifty winters had whitened his head. He put his arm round her and led her from the room. Tears filled my eyes as I watched him. Here was the son doing for the mother just what she had done for him nearly fifty years ago. Pretty Elsie Norton little thought, when she was patiently watching over her cross baby, how great would be her reward. She was not left in her second childhood to the care of hirelings, for, as carefully as she had watched over his boyhood, Charles Norton now watched over her.

Reader this is no fancy sketch, but a true story. Let weary mothers then take heart of grace, for some day they will find their reward. To-day I heard of Elsie Norton's death, at the advanced age of seventy-nine.—*Daisy Howard.*

Incident in a Depot.

I was pacing the floor, impatiently waiting the arrival of the steamer. The other passengers had come in, till the seats in the "gentleman's room" were quite filled, when the door again opened, and a woman entered. She held in her hands some boxes of blacking, and approaching me, as the person nearest the door, offered them for sale. I had scarcely declined purchasing when, noticing the woman more closely, I regretted not having favored her.—Her face was pale, sad, and careworn. Her dress was neat, yet cheap and scant, and her manner timid in the extreme. It was plain that my refusal had well-nigh frightened away her small stock of courage, for she stood irresolute a moment, as if fearing a similar repulse from others to whom she might apply; then, summoning resolution, she passed to the man at my right, and asked, faintly, "Will you buy some blacking, sir?"

He also shook his head. She paused once more, with a pained look, then mutely tendered the boxes to each person in the room, going unsuccessfully round the entire circle. The last one accosted was a young sailor in tarpaulin and blue jacket. He sat, leaning over a paper, reading, when she found voice to say, despondently, "Won't you take a box?"

By this time the attention of all the persons present was fixed on her with deepening interest. The downcast eyes; the alternate pallor and crimson check, and neck, and brow; the slow, hesitating step, now advancing, now stopping, as if powerless to proceed; utterance overcome by emotions—impressed us that some great trouble or an inexorable emergency had brought her thus before us.

"I don't want your blacking," said the seaman heartily, "and if I did, 'twould be of no use to me, for I am more than two hundred miles from home; but if you want money," drawing forth a handful of loose change, "you can have it." At the first movement of his hand pocketward, before his words had interpreted the action, most of the men present, with evident feeling, were doing the same, and, pouring their united contributions into the apron of the astonished woman, she retired overpowered with gratitude and joy.

As I stepped aboard the boat I thought, how eloquent is silence! No tale of sorrow did this woman present, to excite pity. Her mute appeal was understood. And is not many a good cause injured, rather than helped, by the wordiness of its advocate? Are we not often conscious of internal revolt, as we listen to verbose appeals to our sympathies, whether on behalf of private or public charities? We get accustomed to declamation, to argument, and peroration, but who can resist sincerity, modesty, sensibility—the condensed, broken, or speechless plea of a full heart?

And then, too, the power of example—of frank, disinterested, beneficent action—do we ponder this as we ought? The generous sailor, in his homely sea-garb, led nearly a score of men that day in the work of mercy, and the lowliest and poorest are never so low and poor as to be without the opportunity and means of influencing others by efficiency in well doing.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Real Courage.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are apt to sometimes mistake prudence for cowardice, and yet no two questions can be more different.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy once to his more gentle cousin, "I do believe, John, you're afraid to go near that horse just because he isn't tied."

"There is no need of my going near him, Stephen," was the reply, "and there is danger of his kicking any one who teases him uselessly."

"Ha, ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a brave, now, ain't you? The idea of being afraid of a horse!" and with a taunting look at John, the foolish boy walked up to the grazing animal, and poked him with a stick. The horse gave an uneasy start, but continued pulling at the grass.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing bolder, "if you'll promise not to faint, John I'll present you with a lock of his tale in a minute."

John didn't faint, but Stephen did; for as he stealthily approached the horse in the rear, the animal bounded away, after performing a flourish with his hee's that laid his tormentor in the dust.

John tried hard to restore Stephen to consciousness. He loosened his clothing, rubbed his hands and feet, and bringing water in his cap from a pool near by, dashed it on the boy's face; but all in vain—there were no signs of life. The nearest house was their own home, a quarter of a mile distant. He approached the now quiet horse and leaping upon his back, rode swiftly, without saddle or bridle, to his uncle's house for help.

When, after a long illness, Stephen recovered, he was a wiser boy, and told his cousin that he really believed the horse had managed to knock a little common sense into him.

"And what a dunce I must have been, John," he added, "to fancy you were afraid of that horse!"

The Moisture of the Air.

One of the most curious and interesting of the recent discoveries of science is, that it is to the presence of a very small portion of watery vapor in our atmosphere—less than one half of one per cent—that much of the beneficent effect of the heat is due. The rays of the heat sent forth from the earth after it has been warmed by the sun, would soon be lost in space but for the wonderful properties of these molecules of aqueous vapor, which act with many thousand times the power of the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen, of which the air is composed. By this means, the heat instead of being transmitted into infinitude as fast as produced, is stopped or dammed up, and held back on its rapid course, to furnish the necessary conditions of life and growth. Let this moisture be taken from the air but for a single summer night, and the sun would rise the next morning upon a "world held fast in the grip of frost." But the power of absorption and of radiation in the same body are always equal, so that at length it is poured forth into space, else our atmosphere would become a vast reservoir of fire, and all organic life be burnt up.

WAR INCIDENTS.

The Union Prisoners in Richmond.

The other day we noticed the arrival of nearly two hundred prisoners at Annapolis in the most horrible condition from the want of food and from ill-treatment. Several had died on the voyage. Now we are told that forty-five have died at Annapolis, and that twenty-five or thirty more will, probably, die. These were a detachment from the Libby Prison, the condition of affairs in which is represented as follows by Major Houstain, of the 132New York Volunteers, who escaped from the Libby a fortnight since. The Major says:

"The Union prisoners in the Libby prison have been gradually reduced to a state of starvation, being furnished with a small piece of bread—one loaf to sixteen men—meat in the same proportion, and a little wishy-washy soup once a day. The scenes which occur among the prisoners are heart-rending in the extreme. The cries for food are piteous, and the ravings of the men rendered insane, in many instances by the pangs of hunger, sound through the building night and day. Men are dying daily, and the horrors of the Jersey prison-ships have been revived in the treatment of our poor incarcerated soldiers.

Journals in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama report the prices of food in the respective localities, and everywhere the rates, even in Confederate paper, are fearfully high. The mere price, after all, is not so important, unless as an indication of scarcity, but it happens now that the scarcity is confessed, and that there is universal cry that famine is approaching.

The South confesses the deplorable prospect that lies before it, and, in the full belief that its duty is owing first to those of its own household, its inhuman policy in regard to the unfortunate prisoners in its hands is stated. These are to be starved deliberately. No other alternative is suggested. They do not even propose to parole them. A few extracts from Richmond papers will illustrate the truth of what is here written:

The *Examiner* of the 29th ultimo says:

"We have nine thousand of them (prisoners) in this city, and four thousand on Belle Isle, and the question which forces itself upon the attention of every one who gives the matter thought is, how are they to be fed? The Government will not agree to exchange them, and we certainly cannot find them in victuals much longer. They have already eaten up all our beef, and have begun upon the sheep."

The *Examiner* of the 30th says:

"The Yankee Government, under the laws of civilized warfare and the cartel, are entitled to these men, and, if they will not take them, let them be put where the cold weather and scant fare will thin them out in accordance with the laws of nature."

The *Whig* of the 30th says:

"The people are suffering already, while the Yankees are comfortable. Is this fare? Certainly the prisoners are to be kindly treated, but if we are forced to choose between them and the wives and children of our soldiers in the field, to say nothing of our people, who are threatened with starvation and freezing, there will be but one voice, and that not in favor of the Yankees."

The *Enquirer* of the 13th ultimo says:

"There is here, if not a scarcity, at least a great dearth of provisions, and not less of fuel; while, as to the medicines, they are 'contraband of war,' and our enemies use extreme diligence in keeping them from us altogether. We would assure those Yankee soldiers that death on the field of battle were far better than captivity here this winter, and would accordingly counsel them also not to be taken alive."

What can be done to relieve our brave soldiers from the horrid fate impending over them?—The pride of the South will steel her against any such concessions as the exchange or parole of these prisoners. As the *Examiner* says, "the Government will not agree to exchange them," and it has but one solution of the difficulty, and that is to "thin them out" with "scant fare."—Must our Government retaliate? Must we refuse medicines, food, and clothing to the poor creatures on Bedloe's Island, in order that the gaunt and shadowy processions of the victims of the Richmond tyranny may have its parallel in New York?

Would this sort of retaliation be the means of relieving the Union prisoners whose sufferings are mainly caused by the acknowledged inability and poverty of the South? There must be wisdom enough in Washington to discover and apply a correction of this dreadful condition of affairs. There is little time for delay. Whatever action is adopted should be immediate and generous, and it should not be hindered by any scruples of etiquette. We are strong enough to risk some informality in a mission of humanity to those who have volunteered to sustain the national honor.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Effects of War upon the South.

Some idea of the effects of the rebellion upon the misguided people of the South, may be gathered from the brief extract printed below, taken from the Memphis *Bulletin*. No wonder that they clamor for a transfer of the war to northern soil, as we promised them by their leaders that it should be.

There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone River; the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Falling in behind the retiring footsteps of humanity come the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwelling where a happy family once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and the school house. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest in the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children. The gum is rotting in the cool spring.—The partridge whistles from the ridgepole of the cabin. The wild bee seeks a storehouse for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature. What a comment on the ravages of war.

VIRGINIA WASTE AND DESOLATE

The Washington *Star* of Saturday draws the following picture of things in front, and says the confederate supplies are so low, and the country through which their march must be made so bare, that they can never tarry forty-eight hours this side the Rappahannock unless they have better luck in capturing supplies than in their late movements. We quote:

We are told that no description can give an idea of the suffering of the people of Fauquier and Prince William for want of food. The wealthier have divided with the poorer as long as there was aught to divide, but all are now on a common level of want. When Ewell (who came up in the rear of Meade, while A. P. Hill undertook the flank movement) was at Warrenton, a lady there sent him six pounds of white sugar. He returned it, saying that his knowledge of the utter destitution of the people forbade him from appropriating any portion of their scant supplies to his own use.

At the residence of Samuel Chilton, (well known here formerly as a lawyer,) a peck of meal constituted the sole stock of food supply. Chilton himself is in Richmond, but his family are at the home place; among them a son, late an officer in the rebel army, now dying of consumption.

Almost the sole food for Lee's army during the movement was dry crackers.

Prisoners and refugees say that the great pinch for food has come on them since we took Chattanooga and Knoxvlle, and cut them off from the great source of supply. And terrible as is this condition now, it is but a foretaste, they fear of what it will be through the coming winter.

The necessity of doing something at once was doubtless at the bottom of Lee's fruitless advance.

THE INVALID CORPS—WHAT ITS DUTIES ARE.—How often, since the commencement of this war, has the question been asked, "What provision does the Government intend to make for its disabled soldiers?"

The multitude of the brave men who throng our hospitals and are found in every town and hamlet—the heroes of battle-fields illustrious in our history—bearing the scars of honorable wounds, or wasting away by disease contracted in the country's service, were not to be cast upon the chairity of the world as no longer of value, but entitled to a just and honorable recognition of past services.

This, too, not as a matter of favor, but of right—not merely as a question of National pride; as an example to other nations, by giving them to understand that we are not only able to muster the largest and bravest army in the world, supply it with material as no other army is supplied, but that we are able and willing to take care of the veterans who survive the war.

To the honor of the country, this question is at length answered; the maimed and enfeebled soldier is provided for, and the citizen is no longer deterred from enlisting in the army, for fear of beggary, should the fortune of war deprive him of the means of support by his labor.

It may be safely averred that no measure of the Government, since the commencement of the war, has been hailed with more satisfaction than of the *Invalid Corps.*

Entirely divorced from all party or political considerations, it is a measure for the benefit of the soldier; no matter how opinions may differ as to men or measures, civil or military—upon this subject all are agreed.

Aside from considerations of duty to the soldier, the advantage accruing to the Government is not to be lost sight of; *every soldier transferred to the Invalid Corps sends an able-bodied man to the field.*

Hitherto able bodied men were detailed for garrison and provost duty, guards at hospitals, headquarters, &c., &c.—now all these are to be relieved and sent to the front, and their places supplied by the Invalid Corps.

In addition to this the entire working force of the hospitals is to be supplied from this corps—clerks, ward-masters, cooks and nurses organized into companies, permanently stationed at the hospitals, commanded by invalid officers, who, under the direction of the Surgeon in charge, are responsible for the executive duties of the hospital.

Were there no other reasons for the organization of this arm of the service than the fact just mentioned, we would still be its supporters.

Under the old system, convalescents, or men temporarily assigned to duty in hospitals, were detailed to the duties above enumerated; frequently, as soon as they had acquired sufficient knowledge of the duty to perform it to advantage, their services were needed with their regiments, and they were sent accordingly—if a nurse, his patient was turned over to a new one, perhaps, entirely unacquainted with the treatment and care required; if a clerk, the papers passing into new and inexperienced hands, were liable to confusion, and often lost; for all of which some absent soldier had to suffer.

Under such a system it was impossible for the most accomplished medical officer to carry on the duty to advantage.

How frequently is the complaint, that soldier cannot get their pay—the descriptive list is not to be found, or some paper forming a part of the soldier's history is wanted, and he and his family made to suffer? While under this organization the duty men are made a fixture, each man has his place, and his work to do, and his practical experience makes him competent for the task.

The invalid officer on duty at the hospital relieves the surgon of the executive or administrative duty of the hospital, and the latter is afforded an opertunity to devote his time to his legitimate duties as Surgeon in charge.

It must be borne in mind, too, that these men perform exactly the duties that were hitherto done by able-bodied soldiers, instead of remaining in hospital at the expense of the Government while our ranks in the field are thined to carry on hospital duty; they perform the service and send the able-bodied soldier to the front—the number of patients is lessened, the effective army strengthened, and an honorable vocation is provided for the disabled soldier.

Not only this, but the burthen of pensions is materially diminished; hitherto disabled men were discharged, an ablebodied man must take his place, the Government lost a man, replaced him with another and pensioned the one it lost.—Now, instead of receiv a pension, the soldier receives full pay, and performs full duty.

So long as the Government thus provides for its brave defenders there is nothing to fear for its safety or honor.—*Baltimore American.*

REMEDY FOR CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—Take a common foot tub and put enough warm water in it to cover nearly half the leg to the knee; put a good handful of table salt and a tablespoonful of mustard into the tub, and let it dissolve in the water, cover your knees well with a blanket to keep the steam around your limbs, and keep the water as hot as you can bear it for fifteen or twenty minutes.