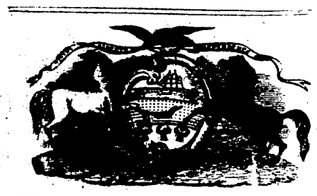

Altoona Tribune.

ALTOONA, PA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1863.

GONE WEST.—Within the past week, the 9th army corps, known as Burnside's old corps, numbering about 18,000 men, passed West over the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, and are now almost, if not altogether, at their destination, on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, which is likely to become still more bloody. The men who passed through this place were in fine condition in every respect, and fully refuted the slanders that they were not well fed and clothed, and were in a state of demoralization. The contrary of this is true. They were in the best of spirits and under strict discipline. Their officers were fine looking men and much respected by their commands. One and all testified to their unbounded confidence in General Burnside, whom they regard as an able and experienced General aud true patriot. Having been in every battle with him from the first Bull Run down to the disaster at Fredericksburg, they know him, and their confidence in him at this time is the most successful contradiction we could offer to his contemptible slanderers.

◆

NOT NEEDED.—We observed an item going the rounds of newspaperdom, a few days since, to the effect that sundry bankers of England had tendered Secretary Chase $100,000,000 of specie at moderate interest, but the Secretary declined. We observe since, that the bankers of Amsterdam have tendered the Government $50,000,000 of specie on equally low terms and that offers from other quarters have also been received. It is not likely that any of them will be accepted, as we see it stated that the specie derived from revenue duties is sufficient to meet all demands upon the government in that line. And besides, if gold continues to tumble, the government will soon be able to buy as much at home, at fair prices, as it may require. We can throw up our hat and rejoice more heartily over the downfall of gold to its proper value than we could over the defeat of the rebels at Fredericksburg and the taking of Richmond, because we would regard it as a greater victory for the Union in the way of establishing the National credit, than an achievement of our arms, and then it would be entirely bloodless.

◆

STAND BY THE ARMY.—Stand by the army! In its brave hearts, unerring guns, and deadly bayonets, rests the only hope of the nation at present. The rebels have appealed to the sword and by the sword only can we meet them. Let us all be true to the army and the army will be true to us. Every good citizen will spend his money in taxes and contributions as freely as the soldiers spend their blood. How can that man who grudgingly pays his taxes, which goes to pay the soldier, look one of the veterans in the face when he returns? Now, while the soldier is away from home and friends, enduring hardships and privations upon the tented field or lone picket line to secure peace and prosperity to those at home, the dastard would withhold his taxes, if he dare, and let the soldier perish; but when the soldier comes home, covered with glory, this same man will rush up to shake hands with him. "Oh! shame, where is thy blush." Oh! what hypocrisy. But the soldiers will know their friends. They will find out who was attempting to assail them in the rear while they watched the foe in front. We long to see the day of reckoning. It will come.

◆

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—We are in the receipt of a copy of the annual report of the Superintendent of Common Schools for the year ending June 2, 1862. It embodies an interesting review of the past history and present condition of the system, with reports of the County Superintendents and tabular statements of the various districts. From the county table we glean the following statistics of the state of the system in Blair county:

Whole number of schools	202
Number yet required	3
Average number of months taught	558
Number of male teachers	106
Number of female teachers	30
Average salary of males per month	$27 41
" " females "	23 86
Number of male scholars	4,084
Number of female scholars	3,633
Average number attending school	4,761
Cost of teaching each scholar ⅌ month	$ 53
Tax levied for school purposes	$24,536 36
Tax levied for building purposes	1,763 90
Total tax levied	26,300 26
State appropriation	6,524 40
Received from collectors	22,016 65
Cost of instruction	19,995 66
Fuel and contingencies	3,289 10
Cost of school houses, &c	3,630 64
Balance on hand	1,059 04
Temporary debt	441 43

◆

ALL IN A NUTSHELL.—About the best and shortest answer we have yet seen or heard, to this insane cry about the President turning the war against the rebels into an Abolition war, for the purpose of freeing the "niggers," we found in a sentence in a series of resolutions passed by a Wisconsin regiment. Among other good things was this:—"*We are not fighting to free the slaves—we are freeing the slaves to stop the fight.*" There is the whole sum and substance of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and this sentence convinces us that the soldiers understand the President's intentions, much as his opponents attempt to pervert them.

◆

INCREASE OF THE PICKET GUARD.—A writer from the Army of the Potomac gives the following romance and reality of the soldier's life:

"I was on picket for seventy-five hours last week, and the weather was very rough, though we got along and had one of an increase.—One of the pickets from a New York regiment [illegible] sick on beat, and was taken to a house nearby. A woman being there discovered the complaint and a doctor was sent for, but before he came the picket was relieved of a young female soldier. She (the picket) had been in the service eighteen months and had been in five fights, having been with her lover undetected till the time of this occurrence.

That soldier deserves promotion—*in the nursery.*

Our Army Correspondence.

HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA,
March 14th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having obtained a few particulars worthy of note I haste to lay them before you.

We have just been having a little sport for our own amusement. We were awakened from our peaceful slumbers this morning, about 2 o'clock, by the long roll. Something up, thought we, as we hastily arose and dressed ourselves, and gun in hand, issued from our comfortable quarters. The regiment was not long in turning out, and few minutes elapsed after the call until we were on the parade ground, formed in line of battle and awaiting further orders. Although being awakened at that time of night, and having to leave our comfortable beds and go forth in the damp and chilly air, the men were all in the best of spirits; but not more so than was our Colonel, who rode back and forth from one end of the regiment to the other, joking and laughing, seemingly well pleased. We had not long to wait until we were ordered to march. On reaching the North Western Sally Port we halted, and two companies (F and C) under command of Capt. Hicks, by order of Gen. Terry, were ordered to march to St. Luke's Church. (St. Luke's Church is about 4 miles from camp, on what is called the Point.) But as yet, I have not told you what the cause of all this fracas was, and in fact we did not know ourselves until we were outside of the entrenchments It appears that the rebs are on the lookout for any opportunity that may present itself, to take advantage of us, and on the present occasion they made a raid on the picket stationed at Spanish Wells. They surprised the picket and succeeded in capturing 1st Lieut. T. P. Rushby, Acting Signal Officer, three flagmen and five of the pickets. They also set fire to the building, and then left for parts unknown. Through the exertions of the negroes the fire was extinguished with but little damage to the building. A large quantity of clothing, belonging to the signal Department, was consumed.

On reaching St. Luke's Church we halted and remained there on the watch until daylight, but of course, saw no sign of rebels. At daybreak we marched back to camp feeling disappointed that we had not been able to have a brush with the cowardly rebs.

Times are about as usual: plenty of talk about the expedition but no movement made. Hot weather is fast coming on as are also the fleas. There were plenty of fleas with us all winter, but now they are increasing daily.

I promised you in my last letter to give you the muster roll of company F, in this letter, but not having time to make it out I will be obliged to postpone it until some future period. The members of company F are, for the most part, enjoying good health.

A few words more and I am done. I think some of our friends in the North are a little dilatory about writing to us. Now this should not be. O did you but know with what anxiety the soldier watches, when mail is being distributed, to see if there is a letter for him. He is expecting to hear from those dear friends he left far away in the North; mark the pleased expression of his countenance when he receives the welcome epistle. "They are thinking of me at home," is the language of his heart. Oh, how eagerly he peruses the precious document. He is another man altogether; he is encouraged and better fitted for the arduous duty he is called upon to perform. But on the other hand, let him be disappointed. Then mark the sorrowful expression of his countenance. He feels as if he were an outcast from society; he thinks he is forgotten. He is almost ready to despair. Why is he disappointed? Because those who should have written to him, think it does not make any difference if they do delay answering a letter received from a soldier, for a few days. Oh no difference. He is only a soldier! Only a *soldier!* far from his friends! *far* from his home! fighting for his country! fighting for his fireside!

I remember hearing a minister of the gospel, a few days ago, make this remark: said he, "soldiers I want to impress upon your minds the importance of keeping up a regular correspondence with your friends. I am afraid some of you are negligent in this matter." Well, thinks I to myself, if you would just take the trouble to go North, and gather said friends together and try and get them persuaded to write to us, a little oftener than they do, you would have no bother in getting us to write to them. In conclusion, let me say to one and all, write often to your friends in the army. Do not always wait to hear from them first, for sometimes letters are lost; but write whether you receive a letter or not. If you have no relations in the army, write to some acquaintance; if you have no acquaintances in the army, write to somebody you do not know. Above all WRITE. You can do a great amount of good. Cheer the soldiers—a word of encouragement here and one there—here a little and there a little.

But as I have already spun my letter out to a greater length than I at first intended, I will close for this time, by wishing you all a "good night."

Yours respectfully, J. L. KINSEL.

◆

☞ We would like to know how the opponents of the Administration construe the President's Emancipation Proclamation into an Abolition document. So far as we are able to comprehend the instrument, and there appears to be nothing incomprehensible in it, we understand it to apply only to the slaves of rebels in arms against the Government, hence the slaves of loyalists in all the Southern states are not effected by it—are not freed. And again, while the army may free all the slaves of rebels within its reach as it moves Southward, a Union man can come in right behind the army, possess the land and hold as many slaves as he wishes. The instrument does not directly say that he can do this, but the inference is so plain, from the fact that it does not say that he cannot do it, that any man of common sense can understand. Some men entertain more fears that a few slaves will be freed than hopes that the Union will be saved. Their actions say, "let the Union slide, rather than free the slaves."

◆

POSTAGE.—On and after the first of July, all letters deposited in the postoffice for mailing, on which the postage is short, instead of being sent forward, as now, will be kept and treated as if there was no stamp on them. This is an important fact, which the public will do well to impress on their minds. After that time the postage on drop letters will be two cents, instead of one, as now.

Temperance and Morality.

TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

A pearl, the price of kingdoms fair,
A queen dissolved in wine,
But thou art wasting in the cup
A gem of ray divine:—
The deed of Egypt's daughter proud
Was foolish styled alone,
But thou art perpetrating crime
That fiends should blush to own.

The flowers of hope and memory
In dust are prostrate laid,
When quaffing from the fatal stream
That ripples, dark with shade—
Oh! waken from thy trance of sin
On Time's dissolving shore—
Dash down, dash down, the hell-drugg'd bowl,
And be a man once more!

◆

Lager Beer.

It is but a few years since this drink was first introduced into our country, yet it has become, perhaps, the most common, and one of the most fashionable beverages in use; consequently its deplorable effects are to be seen on every hand.—Hundreds that never drank intoxicating drinks are now spending their time and health in the lager beer saloons, so thickly scattered over the land. Behind the green screen—which is in reality nothing but a bar between the outer world and inner destruction—may be found tender boyhood, young manhood, the prime of life and hoary hairs, all the infatuated slaves of this common vice. Nor is the fairer sex free from this deceptive stimulant; for many a glass, poured forth from the pitcher upon the sideboard, is raised to lips that ought to be curled in scorn at such a practice.

Many were induced to drink this pernicious stuff, at the time of its first introduction, upon the plea of its being a temperance drink and free from all intoxicating qualities. To show that such a statement is utterly without foundation, we have only to point the reader to a lager beer saloon, and ask him to view the haggard countenances, the unnaturally fiery eye and uneven steps of those who go in and out.

It is not only not a temperance drink, but one of the worst beverages with which our land has ever been cursed. It may not so soon render man insensible, it may not so soon fire his brain as some other drinks, but it acts with murderous rapidity upon the whole system, and creates that appetite for strong drink which has been so much deplored.

And yet there are those professing to be friends of temperance, who indulge very deeply in this deceptive beverage. From the criminal, to the judge upon the bench; from the most vicious, to the preacher in the desk, we can find in all classes those who are its votaries. And many indeed, who have either found, or are fast hastening to, a drunkard's grave, have taken their first step in inebriacy, in the lager beer saloon, and perhaps have taken the last in the same place, where, without license, *"stronger damnation" is dealt out secretly.*

◆

Church vs. Distillery.

Some years ago, the rich proprietor of a distillery in Canada (no matter in what part of it) erected a church in the neighborhood of the distillery, to which (the church, not the distillery) he gave the name of a saint. So far he was to be praised. But, unfortunately, forgetting that "humility" is an indispensable ingredient in all true religion, and not recollecting the Divine precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," he caused to be affixed over the principal entrance of the edifice dedicated to God, this inscription, dedicated to himself: "*Thomas* ——— (we omit, of course, his surname,) *built this church at his own sole expense.*" A wag, passing by, remarked it, and gave birth to the following effusion:

A lover of wealth a distillery built;
But knowing 'twould plunge wretched creatures in guilt,
And fearing to leave the poor souls in the lurch,
He near the distillery built, too, a church;
Thus nicely with good counterbalancing evil,
And placing a saint as a check on the devil.

The cost of erecting this church was his own;
But, as merit is nothing unless it be known,
And he was unwilling time's process to wait,
He caused a large slab to be put o'er the gate,
With these words (very plain to occular sense)—
"Thomas Cash built this church at his *own sole expense.*"

A teetotaler, who by both buildings had passed,
And indignantly mused at the strange contrast,
One dusky night to the distillery went,
And, on piquing the rich self-flatter bent,
Scribbled over the gate with a piece of charcoal—
"Thomas Cash built this place at *the expense of his soul.*"

These lines getting wind, down came the inscription, which was replaced by a quotation from Scripture, taken from Hebrews xx. This change, although for the better, did not place the distiller (who was also a brewer) in a state of perfect security; for another wag, on passing the same way, and remarking it, exclaimed, "Ha! the old fellow has an eye to business, even on Sundays, for he advertises on his church, that '*Hebrews XX.*'" (*He brews XX.*)

◆

A TIMELY REPROOF.—Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reproofs like the following were more frequent:

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey, there was a naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first she bore it with perfect equanimity; then, as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecations, she began to grow fidgety, and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would be shot, and that it would strike him. It came directly.

"Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" "Yes," was the answer, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone." "Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you will greatly oblige *me*, and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you do it in Hebrew."

I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or in English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

◆

A FACT FOR "TIPPLERS."—Paul Barlett is employed as a laborer at Tudhall Ironworks, Durham, and has been a teetotaller fourteen years.—His employment consists in wheeling iron to the furnace He works nine hours per day, and five days per week. He wheels twenty-four tons of iron each day, four hundred weight at a time. The distance traversed is nearly nine miles per day. He thus walks 45 miles per week of five days, wheeling in the same time 120 tons of iron. During the fourteen years Paul has driven his barrow, with its four hundred weight of iron, not less than 630 miles, and has wheeled in the same time 87,260 tons. He can, on a "pinch," place one ton weight on his barrow, and wheel it several yards. I leave these facts for the imitation and consideration of our "tipplers," who cannot work without beer.—*Corr. Mining Journal.*

Rather Severe on Peace Men.

From the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 5th of March, we copy the following article on the subject of peace propositions. When will the peace men of the North get their eyes open to the fact that there can be no compromise. After the manner in which all their offers have been spurned, they must indeec be "feeble-kneed" and "tender footed" if they do not change their views. The *Enquirer* says:—

From old it was held perilous for men to cry peace! peace! when there was no peace. The dangers of it for us at this moment are manifold. It encourages the planting of cotton instead of corn; it unsettles the minds of our soldiers in the field, which is demoralization; it stimulates the enemy to more vigorous prosecution of the war, by the idea that we are so tired of it.

There are some who reproach the *Enquirer* with being an advocate of war, and not of peace.

This is somewhat unreasonable. Is any one offering peace? Look round our whole horizon—where is it, on sea or land, that you discern any faintest flutter of the "white wings?" It is all war: all one bottomless gulf of blood, one universal carnival of slaughter, and ravage and ruin.

True, there is one way by which the Southern Confederates could immediately regain all the blessings of peace; it is by submission—by reconstruction—by desisting from the "rebellion," and delivering up our ringleaders to the punishment of the laws they have trampled upon. Is there, indeed, one single citizen of this confederacy who would have peace at any price? Well, here is the price, say at once—are we to pay it?

But the symptoms of a breach between the East and Northwest! May not they be managed and turned to account, perhaps? Why "repel" the Northwest by harsh and cutting language? Truly, we admit that language is a very inadequate weapon against those armed and brutal invaders; they would never be "repelled" by vituperative epithet; and all the bayonets and columbiads we can master are scarcely enough to repel the brigands. But let us help and encourage, you say, their intestine divisions. Yes, we are willing; in the way we give rise to those divisions at first, we wish to encourage them now. That is to say, by desperate resistance and defiance.

To be plain, we fear and distrust far more these apparently friendly advances of the Democrats than the open atrocity of philanthropists of Massachusetts. That Democratic party always was our worst enemy; and but for its poisonous embrace, these States would have been free and clear of the unnatural Union twenty years ago. It is not the Sewards and Sumners, the Black Republicans and Abolitionists, who have hurt us. They were right all along; there was an irrepressible conflict between two different civilizations, two opposite social organizations; they were no more able to live peaceably together in one Government than two hands can wear one glove. If we did not discover so soon as the Abolitionists, this great truth, it was because the Democratic party neutral as it was in principle, false to both sides, and wholly indifferent to the morale of either of the opposing communities, placed itself between, raised the banner of the "spoils," and—we all know the rest. The idea of that odius party coming to life again, and holding out its arms to us makes us shiver. Its foul breath is malaria; its touch is death.

Give us the open foeman; let him be as ferocious and greedy as you will. Let our enemy appear as an exterminating Yankee host, we pray, and not as a Democratic Convention. Let him take any shape but that! Already we have visions of the men of feeble knees, tender feet and undulating spines, losing their senses and manhood by the contact, as they did, alas! so often before. We scent from afar off the old dead compromises—*absit omen!* and seem to feel upon our throats the strangulation of unclean fingers. But it is a dream; nobody lives in this Confederacy who will dare to oppose, or to hint even at a distance, that we should sacrifice at that abominable shrine all the gallant blood freely poured out to sanctify our nationhood. For it comes to this: we can have no peace now, save by submission; no peace now save by making once more an affiliation with a Northern party, and making the Democracy a present of all that estimable treasure of the dearest blood that flowed in Southern veins.

Peace! Does the monstrous host before Vicksburg bring us peace? Is it peace that Rosecrans is making in Tennessee? Does the military dispersions of public meetings in Kentuckey bode peace? The Northern conscription, enrolling three millions, and making provisions for instantly commanding their service, or exacting a heavy exemption tax—does this look like peace? The deliberate vesting of Abraham Lincoln of all the military powers of a dictator, with the treasure of the whole nation opened to him without stint—is it to enable him to make peace or war—which?

Where, then, are those indications of peace, which we are said to be recklessly resisting and disdaining? Oh! the great speech of Vallandigham; the touching invitation of tuneful Cox! We greatly fear that those two woers of the South so fond and fain, will very soon be found, like John Van Buren, shrieking out for war to the knife; and if they delay or decline to recant their great and noble peace speeches, why they will see the inside of Lincoln's jails. We wish from our hearts they were both already safely chaned up at the present writing; they have done us more harm, they and their like, than ten thousand Sewards and Sumners. We tremble to see their unwholesome advance; still more to see a sort of morbid craving here to respond to them, under the delusive idea of promoting intestine division at the North.

Oh, Dictator Lincoln! lock ye up those two peace Democrats—together with Richardson—in some of your military prisons!

Under the head of "Conservatives and Fanatics," the Richmond *Despatch*, uses the following language:—

"Between the two classes of our mortal foemen at the North, there is little to chose. One is commercial and the other crazy. If the latter are more cruel and develish in their loth, the former are more persistant and systematic in action. If we had only the lunatics to deal with we might hope for a lucid interval, or possibly that their insanity might vary in its form. But of the commercial classes we can entertain no such exceptions. They have invested their money in the war, and they intend to get it back, if they send every dollar they have left after that which is gone. If we were called upon to say which is the worse man, Wendell Phillips, who is the embodiment of Massachusetts fanaticism, Edward Everett, who represents its conservatism, or Caleb Cushing, its politician, we should find no difficulty in a reply. We have infinitely more respect for Wendell Phillips, or any honest fanatic, than either of the others. The fanatic has principles—such as they are—while the commercial class has no principle whatever but selfishness. If it is opposed to Abolitionism, it is because the success of Abolitionsim would be fatal to trade. Could Conservatism be convinced that freeing the slaves would increase the production of cotton, it would be converted in an hour into the very genius of universal emancipation. We dread and detest such an enemy as this more than honest Abolitionisms. We despise and execrate Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing more than Phillips or Garrison. No man of honor could take Everett or Cushing by the hand—the latter especially. If there be a negro in the South as degraded as Cushing, he ought instantly to be freed and sent to Massachusetts.

◆

Repudiates it.—Archbishop Hughes, it is stated in New York, has ordered the *Metropolitan Record* to take from the imprint of that journal the standing announcement that it is the organ of that distinguished prelate. The reason for this proceeding is the incendiary article in last week's *Record*, counseling resistance to the Conscription act, and the disloyal cast of the editorials generally. In the course of a few weeks, it may be added, it is not improbable that a new Catholic weekly, of unquestionable loyalty, will make its appearance as the real organ of the Archbishop.

Hearken to the Cry from the Battle-Field.

The Connecticut soldiers, in the Army of the Potomac have rebuked the home traitors in their native State, and now comes the voice of a regiment in Gen. Banks' army, in Lousiania, speaking in terms no less decisive. We quote the following paragraphs:

"We call on you, across a thousand miles of hostile territory, so to decide it that we can look into the eyes of our Southern freinds and our Southern foes without being ashamed because of you. We call on the Connecticut citizens to be as brave by their firesides as they expect Connecticut soldiers to be on the battle-field. Do not be deceived by ill-informed and ill-designing men, who cry 'Peace! peace!' when there is no peace.' We, who have been a year in the midst of treason, and who have bought our sad knowledge with our health and blood, are certain that we know the rebels better than do those who have remained half a continent away from the scene of contest. It is not true that the men who are in arms against our Government are in favor of a pacific restoration of the Union. They are so blinded by ambition and jealousy and hate that they desire anything rather than that. They are hard pressed but they catch at every hope.

"There is but one way to bring back the rebels to the Union; and that is to destroy their organized treason in the field. Trust us when we assure you that this cry of northern poltroons for peace does not conciliate the rebels, but, on the contrary, gives them energy to continue the the war. They now believe that, if they fight only a little longer, they will gain the victory through the disunion and discouragement of the loyal part of the nation. We beg of you not to strengthen thus the hearts and hands of our foemen. We implore you not to make yourselves guilty, even thus indirectly, of the blood of loyal Connecticut Soldiers. When we face the rebel cannon, we do not wish to see your masses behind them, giving them better support than that of their own infantry. Do not be anxious to close the war from a mistaken sense of kindness to us. We would like to return home, but not until treason is crushed. We would like to become simply American citizens once more, but not until the title of American citizen has again become altogether honorable. And, if Connecticut joins her voice with that of her enemies and the enemies of our country, we do not desire even to tread her soil again. Do not be perplexed because what was once a political dogma has been judged a military necessity, and our Comander-in-Chief, the President, has thought it wise to strike a blow at slavery.

"Are you at home under the delusion that in becoming soldiers we altogether ceased to be citizens? Are your rights as co-heirs in a freeman's heritage forfeited by our absence? The graves of our comrades, stricken down by disease, or killed in battle, made sacred the soil of Lousiania. The war may call for the lives of many more of us.—Years hence, if hostilities shall last so long, with what feelings will you expect the returned remnant of us to meet those men who, by their counsels of comfort to the enemy, shall have prolonged the war and made themselves parties to the murder of our brave comrades in arms? We are ready to fight treason wherever it may be found, in one State as uncompromisingly and sternly as in another. Whether in Louisana or in Connecticut, we abhor it, and desire its destruction, and in so speaking we believe that we utter the feeling of the whole American army.

"We learn by every mail, of acts at the North as treasonable as that which in this State deservedly brought Manford to the gallows. We hear of public expressions of sentiment more disloyal than those which have made Ship Island a penal colony. Is it true that while Louisiana, repentant, is on her way back to the ranks of loyalty, Connecticut is preparing to desert to the army of treason? Unless you look upon the offer of our health, our comforts, our ambitions, our lives even, as a thing to spit upon, do not by every mail send us, through your newspapers and the reports of your public gatherings, expressinons of your disapproval of the war, and so of the part which each of us is taking in it.

"We address you thus earnestly, fellow citizens, because we fear that in your deliberations on this matter you may forget us, and the twenty thousand other citizens of Connecticut who are now absent from their homes in defence of the nation's life and honor. We are confident that you have no right to disgrace us by calling for a cowardly peace, and we have no right to disgrace you by dastardly conduct on the battle-field.

"Finally, we conjure you to resolve with us that this war shall never end but with the destruction of treason and the waving of the Stars and Stripes over every foot of earth belonging to the United States."

◆

Robbery of Adams' Express.—*Baltimore, March* 19.—The robbery of Adams' Express, on the Northern Central Railway, going from Baltimore to Harrisburg last night, still remains a mystery. The iron safe containing a large amount of money, it is supposed not less than fifty thousand dollars, partly Gold and Treasury Notes, was thrown off the train somewhere between Cockeysville and Parkton, but neither the safe nor its contents have been found. There was a considerable amount of money passing through from Washington.—Neither the Company's Agents nor any one else yet knows the exact amount of the money lost. Some rumors say one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, but payment has been stopped on all the negotiable paper known of. It is believed the robbery was regularly planned, and that the robbers accompanied the train and were also stationed where it was thrown off. The agent of the Express Company, it is supposed, was derelict, being a new hand. The Company offers five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of the money and detection of the thieves, but no clue has yet been had to the money or the robbers.

◆

A Fortunate Speculation.—Nor' Wester, the New York correspondent of the Boston *Post*, relates the following incident of one of the fortunate speculations of the day:

In the summer of 1861, a young man who happened to have $10,000 burning in his pocket, but whose fears counseled him to keep it out of the usual channels of trade, called on one of our heavy shipping merchants, who is also president of a city bank, and asked his advice, as to how to use his money. The merchant sugested his investing in a purchase of tar, the article at that time selling at only one dollar a barrel, with every prospect of soon being on the advance. The young man took the advice, bought ten thousand barrels of tar, and stored it away for a rise. After keeping it until last fall, he concluded to realize on his investment, and sold out at $40 per barrel, or forty times its original cost, receiving his original capital of $10,000, and the slight accumulation of $390,000 as the dividend thereon.

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The War on the Mississippi.—*New York, March* 29.—The *Sunday Mercury* has a special Cairo dispatch to the effect that the rise in the Mississippi has overflowed the Peninsula, and that there are fifteen feet of water in the Vicksburg Cut-off.

A fleet of six iron-clads and twenty transports are said to have passed through, carrying 15,000 men. They are to join Admiral Farragut, and though the object is kept secret, it is thought they will attack Port Hudson.

Another dispatch says a report has been received announcing the complete success of the expedition under Generals Ross and Quimby and Admiral Porter.

It is said that the rebel Fort Greenwood has been captured with all the troops. No particulars are given.

◆

Ingenious.—Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious child has gotten up with just the letters found in the word maiden: "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a d e and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

PROGRESS OF UNION LEAGUES.—We are informed, says the Chicago *Tribune*, that there already exists not less than five hundred clubs of the "Union League" in this State, and that the organization is extending with surprising rapidity throughout the loyal States. The object of the organization is strictly loyal, and is thus stated in the printed circulars of the organization:

"The object of the 'Union League' shall be to preserve Liberty and the Union of these United States; to maintain the Constitution thereof, and the supremacy of the laws, to put down the rebel enemies of the Government, and thwart the designs of traitors and disloyalists; and to protect and strengthen all loyal men, without regard to sect, condition or party."

That a necessity exists for the consolidation of the country, without regard to party, in such a manner as to place it in condition to render most efficient aid to the Government, will be conceded by every reflecting man. "The growing boldness of rebel sympathizers, backed by treasonable and secret cabals in our very midst, which have been formed for the purpose of sapping the patriotism of the people and overturning the Government seem to demand a counter movement which will combine and concentrate the loyal sentiment of the North in an organized and effective form."

Other organizations having similar objects in view, exist; but we have no hesitation in saying that the "Union League," so far as we understand it, is better calculated than any other to render the Government essential service in the great work of saving the Union from perishing, and the people from a horrible dismal future.

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DEATH OF BRIG. GEN. COOPER.—COLUMBUS, O., March 28, 1863.—"Brig. Gen. Cooper, commander of the U. S. troops in this city, died here this morning. Arrangements have been made to transport his remains to his former residence, Frederick, Md."

[Brig. Gen. James Cooper represented this State in the United States Senate during the administration of President Filmore and was well known to the citizens of this State. Before his election to the United States Senate he represented the county of Adams in the Legislature and was at times regarded one of the ablest men in this State and an ardent advocate of Whig principles.

After his retirement from the U. S. Senate he retired to his native State, Maryland, and after the breaking out of the rebellion he raised several regiments of volunteers in the State of Maryland, placed himself in the ranks, where he was promoted as Colonel, and rendering gallant service in the field the President appointed him a Brigadier-General, which position he bravely filled to the honor of his county, in whose service he died. HONOR TO THE BRAVE.]—*Harrisburg Tel.*

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ECCENTRIC.—Joseph Pierce, a worthy citizen of Cincinnati, died a few years ago. At twelve years of age he had his coffin made. By his order it was made in plain form of solid mahogany, with flat lid and with plate, handles, &c., sunk in the top and sides. He would not allow a single screw to be used in it, except in fastening on the bottom the different parts, with that one exception, it was all dovetailed together; nor would he allow the lid to be made to fasten down, it being made so as to merely rest on the top of the ends and sides. Together with this, a stone sarcophagus was hewn some time since, of such a shape and size that the former should fit in it. Captain Pierce long since expressed his desire that the Star Spangled Banner should be his shroud, and even took the precaution to purchase and lay aside one for this purpose.—He was buried in the coffin which had been "seasoning" so long.

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EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DROPSY.—Mrs. Destin, a lady in New London, Connecticut, a few days since, died of the dropsy. Within the last eighteen months her attending physician performed the operation of "tapping" twenty-four times, and in all took from her nine hundred and seventeen pounds of water, a little short of four barrels in bulk.

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☞ The Trenton Iron Company have, it is said, succeeded in producing iron suitable for gun barrels, of the standard required by the Government. It is described as much superior to the English iron, and being turned out at the rate of twelve tons per day. The ore is mined at Ringwood, in Passaic county.

R. A. O. KERR,
ALTOONA, PA.,
Agent for Blair & Huntingdon Counties.

THESE MACHINES ARE ADMITTED to be the best ever offered to the public, and their superiority is satisfactorily established by the fact that in the last eight years,

OVER 1,400 MORE

of these Machines have been sold than of any other manufactured, and more medals have been awarded the proprietors by different Fairs and Institutes than to any others. The Machines are warranted to do all that is claimed for them. They are now in use in several families in Altoona, and in every case they give entire satisfaction.

The Agent refers those desiring information as the superiority of the Machines, to Col. John L. Piper, Rev. A. B Clark, George Hawkesworth, Benj. F. Rose, and E. H. Turner, Esqrs.

The machines can be seen and examined at the store of the Agent, at Altoona.

Price of No. 1 Machine, silver plated, glass foot and new style Hemmer—$65. No. 2, ornamental bronze, glass foot and new style Hemmer—$55. No. 3, plain, with old style Hemmer—$45. [March 21, 1861-tf.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE!

A VALUABLE GRIST MILL SITUATE on Black Lick creek, three-fourths of a mile from Black Lick Station, on the Indiana Branch, P. R. R., propelled by patent iron water wheels, two run of burrs and one first quality flint two smutters and screens, 3 bolts and a corn breaker, all in good running order. Also a first rate water SAW MILL, also SEVEN HOUSES AND LOTS with out buildings; one of said houses containing a good STORE ROOM. Attached to the above property are SIXTY ACRES OF LAND under fence; also a timber tract adjoining, containing 170 acres more or less unimproved. The above will be sold at a great bargain or exchanged for a good farm. Apply on the premises. SAMUEL M'CARTNEY.

Feb. 24-6t.*

LUMBER YARD.—The undersigned have formed a co-partnership in the lumber business, under the name of WILLIAMS & HICKEY, and opened a Lumber Yard in East Altoona, at the Carpenter Shop of J. Hickey, where they will always keep on hand

DRY LUMBER of all kinds.

PLASTERING LATH,

SHINGLES, &C.

BILLS FOR FRAME STUFF will be filled and delivered on short notice.

☞ Prices as reasonable as any in the Market.

T. J. WILLIAMS,
JOHN HICKEY.

March 3, 1863.-tf.]

WANTED.—$600 for one or two years, on good security. Apply to James Lowther, Secretary of the Altoona F. V. C. Association

Altoona, March 16, 1863.-3t.

FOR SALE.—A NEAT WROUGHT IRON RAILING, suitable for a cemetery lot, is offered for sale cheap. Apply at this office. [Mar. 17.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Trusses and Shoulder Braces for sale at G. W. KESSLER'S.

[illegible]

Altoona Tribune.

Printed on Campbell's $800 "Country Press."

TRIBUNE POWER-PRESS

CARD & JOB

PRINTING OFFICE.

Having, within the past two years, made considerable addition to our establishment in the way of new fancy type, Screw Press, Paper Cutter, Card Cutter, Ruling Machine, Card Power Press, and large Newspaper Power Press, (a cut of which we give above) we are now prepared to execute anything in the line of printing or ruling in style equal to any establishment in the state, and at prices equally low. We can execute, on short notice, all kinds of

Wedding, Invitation, Visiting, Ball & Business Cards,
Circulars, Programmes,
MAMMOTH POSTERS, SALE BILLS,
BILL AND LETTER-HEADS
Pamphlets, Pay and Check Rolls,
BLANK BOOKS,
MANIFESTS, AND BLANKS OF ALL KINDS.

All we ask is a trial, feeling confident that we can give satisfaction if we have the opportunity.

Office in Lowther's building, corner of Virginia and Annie streets, opposite Superintendent's Office.

LOCAL ITEMS.

National Union League

ALTOONA, March 26, 1863.—Pursuant to adjournment, the Union League met in "Patton's Hall" on Thursday evening, March 26, 1863.

CHAS. J. MANN, in the Chair. JOS. G. ADLUM, Secretary.

The committee on permanent organization offered the following report:

President—W. H. WILSON.

Vice Presidents—East Ward—A. A. Smyth, C. R. M'Crea; West Ward—C. J. Mann, J. F. Bowman; North Ward—Daniel Laughman, Thos. M'Auley; Logan Township—A. London, M. M'Cormick.

Rec. Secretary—David Irons.

Cor. " —Jos. G. Adlum.

Treasurer—Michael Clabaugh.

Managers—Johnston Moore, John Shoemaker, B. F. Rose, John Loudon, Martin Runyen, J. L. Irwin, Daniel Price, George Rosenberger.

On motion, adopted.

Committee on Constitution and By-laws reported progress and continued.

Mr. Rose moved that when we adjourn we adjourn to meet in this Hall on Tuesday evening next, at 7½ o'clock. Motion adopted.

Mr. Shoemaker offered the following motion: That a meeting also be held on Thursday evening next, and that Judge Taylor, of Huntingdon, be invited to deliver an address. Adopted.

On motion, Mr. Shoemaker was instructed to invite Judge Taylor. Also that the Board of Managers be directed to procure a suitable room for the occasion.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That this Association be styled the "National Union League at Altoona."

On motion, adjourned.

D. IRONS, *Sec'y.*

SOLDIERS AT HOME.—Capt. John M. Clark, of this place, has been home on a furlough of ten days, the first time he has been away from his men for over a year. His company, now numbering 49 effective men, have had a rather varied campaign thus far. They were first recruited as a cavalry company, and entered Young's Kentucky cavalry, when that regiment was formed. On the disbanding of the cavalry, the company was transferred to the 1st District of Columbia Volunteer infantry. Shortly after, through the exertions of Hon. S. S. Blair, it was transferred to the Fifth U. S. Artillery, where it remained until the first of the present month, March, when it was ordered to join the 2d Regt. Penn'a Reserves, and take position as company F. The company has been through all the battles on the Peninsula, Pope's Bull Run battle, the battle of South Mountain and Antietam, and the engagement at Fredericksburg. The Captain looks hearty, as usual, and reports the men all in good condition.

Our jovial friend, Capt. Bob. Hopkins, of the 110th Pa. Vols., paid us a flying visit on Wednesday morning last. He looks hearty as a buck, soldiering agreeing exactly with his inclinations. He, too, reports his men now in fine health, only stuck fast in the mud. We hope Capt. Bob. may come out of all engagements in the future as safely as he he has done in the past. He has the pluck to fight, we know, and all he wants is an opportunity to distinguish himself.

MARKET HOUSE AND TOWN HALL.—We announced last week that the bill chartering "The Altoona Hall and Market Company" had passed both branches of the Legislature, and only awaited the signature of the Governor. It has, doubtless, ere this time received the finishing touch, and the company will at once proceed to the erection of the building. The sum of $6,650 has been subscribed, and a guarantee received that sufficient stock will be taken to complete the building in a style which will make it a credit to the company and an ornament to the town, as well as a great convenience to the people. Whatever may have been our feelings of distrust, either as to the success of the enterprise in securing stock for the erection of the building, or in reference to the value of the stock after the building was completed, we are now satisfied of the security of both. And now, in addition to the other great improvements which are to be made in our town this summer, we may add the market house and town hall; and we feel that we are beginning to take rank with the cities.

When we first called attention to these improvements, our neighbors "over-the-hill" twitted us a little about being behind time, and intimated that they had those things long since. So they had, but we have an idea that our improvements in that line will so far eclipse theirs, that they will wish they hadn't mentioned them.

☞ We have received several numbers of a new paper styled the *Johnstown Democrat*, published in Johnstown, by Jas. F. Campbell, Esq., formerly of the Greensburg Republican. Typographically the paper presents a neat appearance, but we are sorry to say that the editor has far departed from the path in which his previously expressed opinions induced us to believe that we should find him. He may believe that he is right, but we doubt it. Once he was a supporter of the [illegible] for the Union and particularly severe on rebels in front and rear. Now he is severe only on the Government and has but little to say about the rebels. Why this change, James? [illegible]