The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN. [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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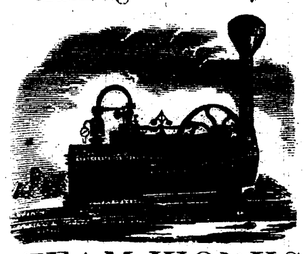
Muskingum Valley



STEAM WORKS

CORNER OF

Market and Third Streets,

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

WE ARE NOW TURNING OUT A LARGE number of our improved Portable Steam Engines, and Portable Circular Saw Mills, as well as Stationary Engines and Saw Mills, many of which are finding their way into Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon and Crawford Counties, and other parts of the State of Pennsylvania. Those already received and in operation, are giving the most entire satisfaction. There is now hardly a State or Territory in the Union, but that our improved Portable Engines and Saw Mills are in use in. All our Engine have Spark Arrester Stacks on them which confine the flying sparks.

We would respectfully refer you to the following gentlemen and Certificates for the portability, utility and practical operations of our Portable Steam Engines and Saw Mills:

HARTSTOWN, Crawford Co., Pa., May 30th, 1863.

MESSRS. J. & J. H. DUVALL:—*Gentlemen*:—We received our Twenty Horse Power Portable Engine and Saw Mill, in good order. We are perfectly satisfied with it; everything works to our entire satisfaction—in fact beyond our expectations. We sawed 4000 feet of white-oak boards in five hours, and could have done more in the same time, but we have had good logs.

We take pleasure in recommending those in want of Saw Mills and Engines to purchase of you.

Respectfully, C. REYNOLDS & E. ANDRESS.

We are authorized to say, for Mr. Samuel Milliken, Hollidaysburg, Pa., that the 20 horse power Portable Engine and Saw Mill we sold him, has fully met his expectation and proved itself to be all that was claimed for it in our circular; and since starting it, has sent in his order for a second Engine and Saw Mill, of same power and size.

For further references, we will give the names of M. T. Dillon and Thomas M'Auley, Altoona, Pa.; A. L. Holliday, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; M. M. Adams, Cresson, Pa.; W. S. Zeigler and Joseph S. Reed, Huntingdon, Pa.; Messrs. Surley & Co., Tyrone, Pa., all of whom have purchased Portable Steam Engines and Portable Circular Saw Mills of us.

We fully warrant our Engines and Saw Mills, to be made of first-class material; workmanship the same; with Brass Ball Valves in pumps and checks, and to saw from 6,000 to 10,000 feet of lumber per day.

Orders solicited. Description circular sent to all correspondents. Respectfully,

J. & J. H. DUVALL,
Corner Market and 3rd Streets,
Just opposite C. O. R. Road Depot, Zanesville, Ohio.
June 2, 1863-4m.

O, YES! O, YES!!

THIS WAY! THIS WAY!

NEW

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

J. B. HILEMAN has just received a large and well selected stock of Goods, consisting of Cloths, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinetts, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Beaverteens, Blue Drilling, and all other kinds of Goods for

MEN AND BOYS' WEAR,

together with a grand and magnificent assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Such as Black and Fancy Silks, Challies, Bereges, Brilliants, Lawns, Delaines, Chintzes, DeBages, Crapes, Print, Crape and Stella Shawls, Mantillas, Undersleeves and Hosiery, Bonnets and Ribbons, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Hooped Skirts, Skirting, Lace Mitts, &c., &c.

ALSO,

Tickings, Checks, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Cotton and Linen Table Diaper, Crash, Nankeen, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, OIL CLOTHS, CARPETS, &C.

GROCERIES.

Our stock of Groceries is more extensive than ever, and consists of Rio and Java Coffee, Crushed, Loaf and N. O. Sugars; Green, Y. H. and Black Teas; Molasses, Soaps, Candles, Salt, Fish, &c.

Thankful to the public for the very liberal patronage heretofore received, he hopes by strict attention to business, and an endeavor to please, to merit a continuance of the same.

☞ Call and examine his Stock, and you will be convinced that he has the best assortment and cheapest Goods in the market.

*** Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods at market prices.

Altoona, April 28, 1863.

EXCELSIOR

Hat & Cap Store.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "EXCELSIOR" HAT and CAP Store, would inform his customers, and the Public generally, that he has just returned from the city with the largest and most varied stock of goods in his line ever brought to Altoona, all of which he has now on exhibition and sale at his new store room on Virginia street, next door to Jaggard's store. His stock embraces all the latest styles of

SPRING AND SUMMER

HATS, CAPS,

MISSES' FLATS, &C.

His Stock of Hats and Caps are of the very best selection, of every style, color and shape, for both old and young.

All he asks is that the people call and examine his stock, and he feels confident that he can send them away rejoicing, if not in the purchase of such an article as they wanted, at the remembrance of having looked upon the handsomest stock of Hats, Caps, Flats, &c., ever exhibited in this town.

I have also on hand an entirely new stock of

Ladies' and Childrens' Hats and Flats,

which I am confident cannot be surpassed in the country, all of which I will sell at the most reasonable prices. Remember the Hall of Fashion when you want anything in the line of head covering, and call on

May 4, '63-tf JESSE SMITH.

New Drug Store.

S. BERLIN & CO., ANNOUNCE TO the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that they have opened a Drug and Variety Store in

WORK'S NEW BUILDING,

Virginia Street, between Julia and Caroline Streets, where may be had

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, DYE-STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERIES, PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, PUTTY,

and all other articles usually sold in the Drug business.

OUR MEDICINES

are of the purest and best quality, and our Chemicals bear the marks of the best manufacturers.

Painters, Glassiers, Builders and others requiring to use PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, TURPENTINE, *Window Glass, Putty, Paint Brushes, Sash Tools, &c., &c.,* will find our assortment to be of the BEST QUALITY AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

The purest Wines and Liquors for Medicinal, Mechanical and Sacramental purposes always in store.

☞ All orders correctly and promptly answered, and Physicians Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Altoona, May 12, 1863.

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS

JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinsey, Manufacturer of all kinds of PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK, at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction. Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1862-tf.

TO! EVER ONWARD!

P BY STEP!

ERSIGNED DESIRES TO customers and the public generally that he has gone into the Dry Good business and has a large and entirely new stock of

SS Goods

cracing all the latest, prettiest and most

NABLE PATTERNS,

may be found every quality of goods, it would be too tedious to enumerate. Call and see for yourselves.

ES & PROVISIONS

under" to any of my competitors. I am sure that I can render satisfaction. Country produce taken in exchange for at market price allowed.

ner of Annie and Helen streets, East Altoona.

1862. THOMAS HESLOP.

COB WEIS,

ND CONFECTIONER.

A STREET, ALTOONA, PA.,

NSTANTLY ON HAND

, CAKES, CANDIES

of his own manufacture, which he offers at wholesale or retail, at the most reasonable prices. FOREIGN FRUITS, such as

LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,

, RAISINS, NUTS, &C., &C., in their respective seasons.

AKED TO ORDER.

ns, on short notice and in the neatest style of the art.

price my stock and you will find goods as can be purchased elsewhere.

ETTINGER'S

News Agency,

No. 7, MAIN STREET

OKS, BLANK BOOKS,

, CONFECTIONARIES

S & TOBACCO,

TIONS IN GREAT VARIETY

PANTLY ON HAND.

OYD & CO.,

ALTOONA, PA.

ON, JACK & CO.,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

NKERS,

Johnston, Jack & Co.")

ON THE PRINCIPAL

ver and Gold for sale. Collections made on deposits, payable on demand, or for a fixed time, with interest at fair rates.

SSLER—PRACTICAL

respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he continues the Drug business, at the old stand, where he keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., &c., &c. In connection with the above business, and a desire to render satisfaction in prices and quality, he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night, by a competent druggist. [1-tf.

RIENDS WOULD DO

ing the choicest and cheapest assortment of GOODS now displayed upon the MURPHY & SOPER, Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.

LARD OILS, CAM-

Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at KESSLER'S.

T McCORMICK'S Store

rtment of Ready-Made Clothing. Nov. 25.-tf.

—A LARGE AND

ment of Groceries have just been received by J. B. HILEMAN.

, TOOTH, SHAVING,

Varnish Brushes at KESSLER'S.

OF PRINTING

expeditiously executed at the ALTOONA TRIBUNE OFFICE

S AND PARASOLS,

at LAUGHMAN'S.

CARPETING AND

found at LAUGHMAN'S.

ASSORTMENT OF

and Clothes Pins at LAUGHMAN'S

ORTMENT OF OVER-

and at LAUGHMAN'S.

OLOGNE, POM-

ade, Toilet Soaps, &c., for sale by G. W. TAYLOR.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,) ..... $1 50.
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00
Administrators and Executors Notices			1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change			10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year			5 00

Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

Choice Poetry.

WHY ARE ROSES RED AND WHITE.

BY W. S. SHIPLEY.

When first the roses reared their heads
In Eden's sacred bowers,
They flourished o'er the emerald beds,
The brightest of the flowers!

White—as the snow o'er mountain driven;
Pure—as the pearls of ocean;
Fair—as the cloudjest vault of heaven;
And lovely—as devotion!

Unspotted, and without a thorn,
Around the tree they blew;
Where the forbidden fruit was borne,
And flowers of all kinds grew.

There, as Eve passed, to rob that tree,
A virgin rose she crushed;
The flowers, ashamed her fault to see,
Drooped down their heads, and blushed.

But when the Saviour of mankind
Descended from on high,
Emblems of purity! we find
The roses lose their dye!

So, now they're blended, red and white—
The red blushes at the fall;
The snow buds opened to the light,
When Christ redeemed us all!

OH! TELL ME NOT.

BY F. B. D.

Oh! tell me not, recall them not,
Those visions of the past—
Those moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last!
Nay, tell me not—oh, tell me not,
Of those untarnished hours,
When life was but a summer's day
Of sunshine without showers.

They call to mind the form of one
That I would fain forget;
But which a word will swift recall,
And haunt my memory yet;—
They bring to view the forms of friends
And scenes forever dear;
O'er which I can but give a sigh,
And drop a burning tear!

They make again those cherished hopes,
That life's young morning knew;
But which as long, long years rolled on,
All perished with them too!
Then tell me not, oh! tell me not,
Of those untarnished hours,
When life was but a summer's day
Of sunshine without showers.

Select Miscellany.

COURTING IN THE DARK.

"Almost divine, eh?"

"I think so."

A lady at that moment entered the ball room. The above observations were made by a couple of gentlemen who stood directly in front of me, and who had seen the fair creature's face.

I am very susceptible to female beauty, and therefore my curiosity was slightly aroused at the mention of something almost divine.

"Ah! good evening, Ned," said my friend Bangs, coming in and tapping me on the shoulder. "Did you see Miss Leighton?"

"Miss Leighton—the lady that just now came in?"

"Yes, don't you know the Leighton's?"

"No."

"Why, my boy, Miss Leighton is the most splended woman in town—the belle, in fact. Shall I make you acquainted?"

"Certanly."

I was soon making my prettiest bow before the lady aforesaid. She had dark, languishing eyes that could speak the language of the heart much more eloquently than the tongue; a fine complexion—rose and lily blended; a voice as sweet as your loved one's, and a form gotten up from the softest cotton, etc. By the way, what would the ladies do were it not for cotton? But I didn't think anything of that kind at the time. I was doing my utmost to make myself agreeable to that being, who, robed in something soft and gauzy, which I do not know enough about to even tell the name of, seemed to me—if I may use the expression—part blood angel.

Then I was flying—she had wings or seemed to have—over the smooth floor, with this fair one leaning upon me, to the sound of the music, that, in my ecstacy, seemed heavenly.

I passed a delightful evening, and at last had the pleasure of helping Miss Leighton into her carriage, and securing a smile and a sweet "good night" as the carriage rolled away.

"Next morning I saw Bangs, and my first words were:

"Who is Miss Leighton?"

"What, my boy, has Cupid been up to his old tricks?"

"Never mind—answered the question!"

Well, then, Ida Leighton is John Leighton's daughter. The old gentleman is wealthy, has a fine house in town. Miss Ida has a sister, older than she, who as their mother is dead, takes charge of the household affairs and does the motherly for her sister; who, considering that she is an orphan, ought to have the protection of some nice young man like yourself.—No one as yet has been able to find the tender spot in Miss Ida's heart.

"Twenty sought her hand to gain,
And twenty sought her hand in vain,
Were out and didn't come again,
In the ordinary fashion."

"I am going to call upon her to-day."

"Beware! Don't get entangled in the masses of her net, for she'll laugh at you then."

"Don't make me faint-hearted"

"Well go on, you have my best wishes," and Bangs turned away and went whistling down the street.

"An hour afterwards I was setting in Mr. Leighton's drawing room. Ida looked as lovely as upon the previous evening; and the contrast between her sister Sally and herself added. I do not doubt, to her charms.

Sally was at least thirty years of age. She had looked at her face in the mirror so many times and tried to make her immense mouth into a small one, that she had at last settled it into an aggravated pucker, and her sharp nose hung over it as some giant might bend over to look into the crater of Vesuvius.

I did pity Sally, for I knew her face must have felt uncomfortable.

Ida was very social, and when I arose to go I felt I had made an impression upon her heart. I told Bangs so.

"Really, now, Ned, I must confess that I can't see it," he said, taking out his cigar case and proceeding to light a weed:

"You can't!" but I can. Don't you suppose I can tell?"

Well, no. You see, my boy, that woman understands her art to perfection. You'll slip up in your calculations, and take the arsenic train for eternity."

"You are quite cool about it."

"Yes, I have had several friends go the same road, and I'm getting used to it. I always warned them."

Bangs wasn't congenial, at least that time, and so I left him and sought the solitude of my chamber.

Solitude! Bridget was washing and dusting, and had turned everything in the room topsy-turvy.

"Ned," soliloquized I, "you want in a house of your own, and you want a wife to keep it in good order. I'll see about it."

For two weeks I was with Ida the greater part of the time. We rode together, read together, and my love grew stronger, and I didn't doubt it was returned.

But there was one thing that troubled me. I was fearful that Mr. Leighton would not consent to his daughter's marrying a poor man like myself.

"We can elope," thought I; "and as the old gentleman has a cork leg and the gout, he will not be apt to catch us before it is everlastingly too late."

But then, I thought Ida would not consent to that. She was altogether too good to disobey her kind old father, and so I must win them both.

Bangs was better acquainted with Mr. Leighton than I, and so I went to ask his opinion of the chances of my suit being successful with that gentleman.

"Ned," said he, "don't borrow any trouble at all. If you win the daughter, I'll vouch for the father."

"You think I cannot do that?"

"Exactly."

"I will show you your mistake then. To-night I shall lay my heart at her feet."

"I want to know!" cried Bangs, putting his finger on one side of his nasal organ. "Perhaps you shall step on it.—I don't think it would be safe, Ned. However, I should like to go to a wedding, and I hope you'll succeed."

What did I see? A carriage passed me at that moment; Ida was sitting beside a young gentleman, her face turned up to his. I bowed but she did not see me. They were chatting gaily. What could it mean?

It was just in the edge of the evening. I did not stop a moment, for I was determined to know the meaning of this, I would be at the house when Ida returned, and know if it was in reality a rival. I was hoping that it might be a cousin, for I could not believe her false. I could not believe she would even smile upon another. But then, how confidingly she was looking up to him. I had walked very fast, and soon found myself at the door, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned my head, and Bangs was standing before me!

"Take laudanum—it's the casiest way."

He laughed and went on. I entered the gate and walked up into the house. No one was in the drawing room, and I passed into the library, where I found Mr. Leighton.

"Ida has gone out, has she not?" I asked.

"No, she is in the drawimg room," he replied.

I went back. The gas had not been lit, and it was quite dark, but on the lounge I saw Miss Leighton. How it relieved me.

"I thought you had gone out," said I, taking a seat beside her.

"No. Sister went out with Mr. Davis, riding."

"But haven't you been out?"

"No."

"I thought I saw you."

"No."

"Who is Mr. Davis?"

"He is an old friend of ours. He came from New York to-day."

"Only a friend?"

"I believe sister and he are engaged to be married."

That was consoling. I could hardly believe that I had not seen Ida in the carriage, but if Mr. Davis was engaged to Sally, there was nothing to fear. The moonlight was just stealing into the room. That, and Ida's bright eyes, was light enough. I needed no other. I hardly dared to speak, tearing that it would break the spell and the dear one would vanish like the angels in our dreams. To-night decides my fate. I bent over her. I took her hand. It lay passively in mine. I felt her warm breath on my cheek.

"Dearest," I whispered. She pressed my hand. It thrilled me strangely. I felt the blood tingle in my finger ends, and shoot from my heart to the tips of my toes. I knew then that she loved me. I stole one arm around her waist. "It is needless to tell my love, dearest; you know it already."

"Oh Edward, this is too much happiness for me!" She flung herself upon my breast crying like a child. I kissed her brow; I wiped the tears from her eyes; I sipped the sweet dew off her lips.

"When will you be mine?" I asked, when she had became calm.

"When you will, darling."

"Will your father consent?"

"Doubt it not. He will do anything that will tend to our happiness."

"But I am poor."

"I know it, but father already regards you as kindly as if you were his son. Let us go to him now; he is in the library alone." We got up and went hand in hand to the library. Mr. Leighton had gone out. It was dark, all but where the moonlight shone through the windows, and lay in silver sheets upon the carpet.

"We will wait here till he comes in," said my charmer. Then we sat down on the sofa, and her soft cheek was pressed against mine. I almost dreaded the coming of Mr. Leighton. I was very happy, and often thought to myself, 'what will Bangs say when I tell him all.' Then footsteps and the voice of Mr. Leighton were heard in the hall.

"Sister and Mr. Davis have returned."

"Yes. I hope they will not come in." and I advanced to meet Mr. Leighton, leaving Miss Leighton sitting on the sofa. The gas was lighted. "Mr. Leighton," said I, "perhaps you have anticipated the request I am about to make."

"Well, well, I don't know—what is it?" he asked, looking somewhat surprised.

"You must be aware that my frequent visits to your house were for some purpose."

"To tell the truth I had not thought anything about it.

"What! never suspected my intentions?"

"No." He looked at the sofa, and then at me, while a look of surprise came over his face.

"I think I begin to understand what it is all about now. But, then, who would have thought it?"

"Was it strange?"

"Why, thunder and lightning, boy, she's old enough to be your mother!" What could he mean? I looked at him inquiringly. It was only for a second, for Mr. Davis came in at that moment, and Mr. Leighton turned to him.

"What do you think is up? Sally is going to be married. We'll have two weddings instead of one."

"Sally to be married!" cried some one whose voice I knew then so well.

I turned round quickly. Sally was sitting upon the sofa, blushing like a tiger lily. Horrors! I turned again to see Ida standing beside Mr. Davis, almost ready to burst with suppressed laughter.

"Why what's the matter with you, my boy? You look pale," said Leighton.

"Nothing, sir," I managed to articulate.

"Yes there is. Bring some water, Ida, quick—he is going to faint!"

They laid me upon the sofa, for I was too weak to stand.

"Leave the room, all of you; he is mine only!" cried Sally, bending down and putting that lovely mouth to my lips.

That revived me. I sprang up. The window was open, and without stopping to say, "Good night," I sprang through it, and did not stop till I found myself at Bang's door.

"What's the matter?" cried Bangs, as I rushed into the room where he was sitting. "Where is your hat?"

"I left that at Leighton's."

"Your hat and your heart, I suppose, are laying at the feet of lovely Ida."

"No; worse than that."

"Worse?"

"Yes I have been courting in the dark and have offered myself to—to—Sally."

"Bangs threw himself upon the floor, exclaiming, "O, ye gods, that is rich!" and rolled and laughed until I thought he would die in convulsions. I left him in that state and hurried home to pack my trunks.

"At twelve o'clock that night I took a private conveyance and left the town, never to return.

I saw Ida's marriage in a paper soon after; but Sally doubtless mourns for her lover as for one dead.

Deferred Articles.

A few Words for Pharaoh.

Brother Lawrence, of the *Religious Telescope* gets off the following bit of clever irony at the expense of the Northern advocates of slavery:

Ever since we were old enough to go to church we have heard of old King Pharaoh spoken of in terms of disrespect. Preachers all seem to "have a pick at him," more especially at his heart, which, if you would believe them, was as hard as granite! They always tell one side of the story; let us give the other.

Pharaoh was King of Egypt, in Africa, a country once celebrated for its science, its corn crops, and its masons. When the Pharaoh, about whose heart we hear so much, was on the throne, the Egyptians owned about two millions of slaves—descendants of a certain white man name Abraham. These slaves were multiplying very rapidly; were in the main contented; and were "better off," by far, than the most of us. Pharaoh and the Egyptians were much attached to them, made all their laws, and had nothing in the wild world to do but work, eat and be jolly.—Their masters had all the trouble.

But they were multiplying too fast, (so well off were they,) and Pharaoh was induced to order that, after a certain day all the male slave children born should be drowned or strangled like kittens. This looks bad, and the preachers have made the most of it; but, let us remember his motive. It was to make slave insurrections impracticable. Now, we all know what a horrible thing a slave insurrection is. Stump orators sometimes tell us of St. Domingo. Pharaoh thought his slaves might be incited by some miserable fanatic like John Brown to rise, and then what would they do but cut throats, burn houses, ravish their dusky mistresses, and run pitchforks through the curly-headed children of their good masters. Who will say, that, in view of all these possible horrors, it was not best just to send the little Hebrew slave boys of one or two generations, to Heaven where they would be better off?

It is true, too, that whipping and beating, even to death, were rather common, and that women even, were not spared; but, to offset this, they had plenty of leeks, onions, and other savory things to eat, and all they could do. They had no concern of mind, no schools to attend, no laws to make, no cares to furrow their cheeks, nothing to do but work, eat and be jolly.

We are certain that if a correspondent of the *London Times* had taken a boat ride on the Nile in those days, he would have failed for language to describe the happy condition of the chivalrous Egyptian masters and their contented slaves.

But alas! they were waked from this blissful dream of happiness by an impertinent agitator named Moses, a well educated man, but like too many now, he made a bugbear of himself by his altraism. He was a kind of Yankee interloper. When he saw an Egyptian beating a brother man cruelly, instead of helping to subdue the wretch, as he should have done, he smote the oppressor so violently that he died from the blow. For this cause, Moses was obliged to run away. But he could not stay away. He heard something out of a burning bush one day, which inflamed his abolition notions, (fanatics are always having visions,) so he went back to Egypt. When he got back, everything was going well. The country was flourishing, the people were united, taxes were low, and trade prosperous. If Pharaoh had hung him at once, a great deal of trouble would have been avoided. But Moses insisted on the emancipation of all the Hebrews. Think of that! Slavery was an old institution, the slaves were happy, and worth about $200,000,000! How could Moses ask such a sacrifice of property? He claimed that God had sent him—that the Israelites were oppressed and all that; but Moses was a minister; what right had he to meddle with slavery in Egypt, a purely "political question?" The other preachers in Egypt were faithful to Ammon, and let slavery alone. How much better it would have been if Moses had done as our American Tract Society, and as several of our popular churches have done—preached the Bible and kept out of the dirty water of politcs! But nothing would satisfy him but emancipation.

Of course the pride of the Egyptians was touched. They were a chivalric race, with hot Southern blood. They knew their rights. To show their contempt for Moses, they increased the task of their slaves and whipped them harder. The Hebrews themselves entreated Moses to go away and let them alone. But he went on, and kept up the excitement until the whole land was convulsed. Millions of dollars worth of grain and stock were sacrificed, and there was mourning for the "first born," in every house.

At length Pharaoh was over persuaded and like our weak-minded President, issued an edict of emancipation, and away the slaves went, *en masse*. But, after they were gone, his reason returned. There was a reaction in the public mind. The people failed to endorse the proclamation. Pharaoh's heart yearned for his poor slaves, who had no experience and could not take care of themselves; and so he started after them with a great army, and had it not been for a sudden fresh of water, he would in all probability have accomplished his humane designs. But the water in the Red Sea got too deep, and the "copperhead" Egyptians, who were determined to resist the designs of Providence, were engulphed in the briny deep.

Letter from a Loyal Southern Gentleman.

A recent visit to and a constant correspondence with the South, has convinced the writer of this article of the correctness of the views advanced in his communication to your valuable paper some months since. The fanatics on both sides who have asserted that the people of the South have no hand are a unit in their antagonism to the United States Government are in the wrong, and the falsity of their assertions is every day becoming apparent. Every Southerner knows that a majority of the white population of his particular section, are not in favor of establishing any stronger form of government than that set up by our fathers, and that they have no interest in, but, on the contrary, have an interest against the maintenance of slavery, which only operates in competition with their labor. Every Southerner knows there are not over two thousand persons, all told, in that portion of the United States now in rebellion, who are directly interested as slave owners in upholding slavery, and that a majority of them are not disposed to abandon a republican form of government as a failure. It is true that the politicians of the South who fomented and still control the rebellion, do regard a monarchy as the best form of government, and have been and are laboring insiduously to get their opinion adopted by the people who put them in power. They have already established a rigid military despotism, which, so long as the war continues, will answer their purposes well enough, but in the event their rebellion were to prove a success, which is now more improbable than ever, what would become of them in case their armies were disbanded before some stronger form of government were adopted and organized? They have pondered well upon this question. They know what in that event would be their fate.

The writer of this article, having been born in the South, having always resided there, and having been in five of the seceded States within the last six months, is perhaps better qualified to judge of public sentiment in the South than those who have never been there. Those residing elsewhere, who are known as "sympathizers with the South," are not entitled to be so designated.—They do not sympathize with the majority of the white population of the South but with the politicians that are riding them to their ruin.

The question is often asked, why, if such be the state of the case, do not the masses in the South rise up, and, after deposing the rulers, return to their allegiance? It is easily answered. They lack arms, munitions of war, and organization, all of which are in the despotic control of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his confederates. After having been abandoned to their fate in portions of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and Texas, by our government, it is not to be expected that the people of any portion of the seceded States will now declare themselves for the Union until they see clearly that they will receive permanent protection.

It is not at all strange that Mr. Jefferson Davis's health seems to be giving way under the pressure to which he has been, is, and must continue to be, subjected. What has become of the flattering inducements held out by him and his associates in the conspiracy to us, the people of the South? Have we had "peaceable secession?" Has the export duty on cotton filled the treasury of the so-called Southern Confederacy by paying the interest on the bonds issued by Mr. Memminger? Have the great Powers of Europe intervened and opened our ports? Have the Democrats of the North held their party ties stronger than their allegiance to their government, and consented to help out the treason of those who regard a republican form of government as a failure? Thus far, what have the leaders of the South gained by the war they inaugurated save a stay of execution? They know that their doom is fixed, and they are only fighting for delay. If such is not the case, why are so many of the knowing ones among them occupied in converting, at a ruinous sacrifice, their assets into gold or sterling exchange? Where has Gen. Stirling Price sent his personal effects, and why? Where have Floyd, Slidell, and a host of the contractors of the so-called Confederacy, put their available means? Why are millions worth of exchange and gold, not to speak of government cotton, quietly escaping out of the limits of "Secesia" by the only safe route left open by the neglect of President Lincoln's administration—by way of Matamoras?

The "Northern men with Southern principles" who, like Slidell, have ridden the South for years past, and yet ride it, have a prudent consideration for the future. Though, like rats, they may instinctively desert their sinking ship, they have their hoards for future use in places of safety abroad.

Gen. Hunter's Letter to Jeff. Davis.

The following letter from General Hunter to Jeff. Davis is printed in the *Free South*, dated May 30th:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, April 28.

Jefferson Davis, Richmond Va.:

The United States flag must protect all its defenders, white, black or yellow. Several negroes in the employ of the Government in the Western Department have been cruelly murdered by your authorities and others sold into slavery. Every outrage of this kind against the laws of humanity which may take place in this department shall be followed by the immediate execution of the rebel of the highest rank in my possession. Man for man, these executions will certainly take place, for every one murdered, or sold into slavery worse than death. On your authorities will rest the responsibility of this barbarious policy, and you will be held responsible in this world and the world to come for all blood thus shed.

In the month of August last you declared all those engaged in arming the negroes to fight for their country to be felons, and directed the immediate execution of all such as should be captured. I have given you long enough to reflect on your folly. I now give you notice that, unless this order is immediately revoked, I will at once cause the execution of every officer, and every rebel slaveholder in my possession. The poor negro is fighting for liberty in its truest sense; and Mr. Jefferson has beautifully said, "in such a war there is no attribute of the Almighty which will induce him to fight on the side of the oppressor."

You say you are fighting for liberty. Yes, you are fighting for liberty—liberty to keep four millions of your fellow beings in ignorance and degradation; liberty to separate parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; liberty to steal the products of their labor, exacted with many a cruel lash and bitter tear; liberty to seduce their wives and daughters; liberty to kill these children with impunity, when the murder cannot be proven by one of the pure white blood. This is the kind of liberty—the liberty to do wrong, which Satan, chief of the fallen angels, was contending for when he was cast into hell.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. HUNTER, Major General Comdg.