



ALTOONA, PA.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1864.

Development of American Benevolence.

We know that for many years it has been the boast of Spread Eagle, Fourth of July orators, that "we are a mighty people, the greatest people under the sun."

Less than a century has passed away since we have had an existence, but in that short time we have made strides in national progress, such as have rarely astonished the Old Foggism of the Eastern world.

For the present there seems to be a comparative lull in the news from the field of battle. Perhaps not a day passes without more or less skirmishing, yet no heavy battles have been fought for some few days gone by.

In the south-west, Sherman is advancing slowly, but we hope surely. Hunter, in the Valley of Virginia, has been generally successful, having pressed the enemy back, and taken many prisoners; the rebel papers, however, say he has met with a repulse at Lynchburg.

But it remained for our own great struggle—for the hours of darkness that should brood over our own land, to fully develop that benevolence. The shock of battle must be felt, and the vibrations of a tenderer chord be experienced, than heaven's darkness or Erin's sufferings had yet produced, in order that we might show what we could do.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR JULY.—The July number of this magazine is one of the best yet issued. It opens with a beautiful and piquant steel engraving, called "How they Caught Fish," which represents a couple of young lovers earnestly engaged in conversation, apparently much to the astonishment of a party of ladies, who have just come to the edge of the woods.

That first shock of battle has been followed by hundreds of closely contested fields, and each year, more, each month, we might say every day has increased the demand; but to show that benevolence was being developed equal to the demand, until now, boxes of supplies are scarcely counted, millions of dollars are contributed, and ships and railroad trains are employed to carry forward those supplies which relieve and satisfy the wants of our brothers and sisters.

HOQUETS.—The thanks of the "Junior" are due to Mrs. Robert McCormick and Mrs. Robert Green, for elegant bouquets. We say elegant, and yet it seems a tame expression, when compared with the flowers that now grace our parlor. We had almost concluded that a printer's life was all ink, when we were reminded by these timely bouquets that we have our bright spots too.

those same objects to which we so liberally gave before have not decreased, but very materially increased, and yet we have enough and to spare.

There is one other point in which our benevolence has been tested and not found wanting, for benevolence consists not only in material gifts, but also in the giving up of home comforts, to minister to the wants of those who need the ministry of good men and tender women. In this respect how much has been given can never be estimated on earth. The recording angel has alone registered it and God only knows its value.

War News. For the present there seems to be a comparative lull in the news from the field of battle. Perhaps not a day passes without more or less skirmishing, yet no heavy battles have been fought for some few days gone by.

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Letter from the 184th.

GAINES FARM, ON THE FRONT, June 11th, 1864.

McCORMICK & DEHN.—Sirs:—When you last heard from us, we were in Washington. Since then we have seen, what the boys call "the elephant in his natural state." We left Washington, May 18th, and arrived at Belle Plains about 11 o'clock P. M., but remained on the boat till morning. I will now try to give you a short account of our proceedings from that time up to the present date.

We lay over the next day to draw fresh rations. Here we met several of the Altoona boys out of Capt. Bell's company. They were just coming from the front, where they had been doing picket duty. Up to this time very few, if any of us, except the head officers, knew where we were going. But we soon found out. The troops that were with us belonged to different Corps, ours being the only regiment for the 2d Corps.

Our Brigade is composed of the 69th, 71st, 72d, 100th and 184th Pa. Vols., and the 152d New York, under command of Brig. Gen. Owens. On the morning of the 30th (Monday), we—the Corps—took up our line of march direct for the front, where we have been ever since. We have never lain in the same place over 24 hours at one time. On the 1st inst., we were erecting breast-works, when private John R. Morrow received a ball in his left hip. He was the first man in the company and the third in the regiment wounded. On that night we received orders about 9 o'clock to fall in quickly and were moved to the rear, as we thought, to be relieved. But instead of that we were marched all night to reach the point where we are now lying. On the evening of the 2d our regiment relieved a Vermont of the 6th Corps. In the morning we were relieved, to get rations and cook some coffee, as we thought, but "there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip." We were immediately taken into a small hollow, where the rest of the brigade joined us, and we were massed for a charge on the Johnnies. We did the best we knew, but paid dearly for it. We managed to reach our present position, but no further.

Our front is now about 50 yards from the Rebs' front works. I could write you 4 or 5 sheets full, but will condense as much as possible. One of our boys, (D. Burkholder,) was wounded in the back to-day, while cooking at the fire. We are lying at a very ticklish place. I have seen several members of the 76th, 62d, 110th and 84th, since we are here. Lieut. Garden was over to see us to-day. The casualties in our regiment up to this date amount, in killed, wounded and missing, to 109, of which 22 have been from our company.

The boys who have escaped unhurt wish to inform their friends that they are all enjoying good health. Capt. Huff is moving around, and is now off to purchase rations for the officers, as they have to furnish their own, unless where they cannot procure it, in which case the government furnishes them. J. H. BRYAN, Lt. Co. D, 184th P. V.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July, has been laid on our table, and we find it, as its predecessors have ever been, brilliant and attractive. We don't know how families do that don't get the "Lady Book." They evidently must be an age behind the times, at least in fashions and pleasing literature. Reader, send on your three dollars and get the "Book" a year. The cost is small when you remember the smiles it will wreath for the countenance of your wife or daughter—make home happy, and you'll be happy.

DRAFTED.—The following is a list of the men who were drafted to fill deficiencies in the quota of Blair county, on Saturday last, June 18th:

- Altoona, Pa. Drafted, 40. Barney Galligan, Peter Cooney, Isaac Neil, John Carroll, F. Norambrook, David Clapper, Dennis McGraw, Benj. Evans, Joseph Knewalt, John Reese, Wm Weaver, Geo. Free, Michael Murphy, John Jarrett, S. J. Berlin, Thomas Holland, Daniel Hoffman, James Kelly, Peter Cooney, Miles Curtis, Geo. M. Bush, J. C. Underhill, O. A. Traugh, David P. Corbin, Frank Renaker, Thomas Burns, Wm McComb.

- Holidaysburg, Drafted, 10. J. C. Underhill, O. A. Traugh, David P. Corbin, Frank Renaker, Thomas Burns, Wm McComb. Gayport, Drafted, 6. Frank Henry, Andrew Kuhn, Joseph Hoffman, John Shriver, Henry Burley, John Cline, John Hoover, I. Burget, (of A.), John Hoover. Taylor, Drafted, 6. Job Sprang, George Schoenfelt, M. Daugherty. Woodberry, Drafted, 2. John Brown, John S. Eicholtz. Huston, Drafted, 2. Benj. Hughes, N. Miller. Blair, Drafted, 23. H. McIntire, Wm Vaughn, M. Grenada, James Benton, C. Cassidy, Wm Ayres, Wm Anderson, H. S. Miller, Wm Houser, Peter Cook, John Maginnis.

- Junata, Drafted, 19. Michael Murphy, Simon Diehl, James McIntosh, J. H. Frank, John Beagle, Jas. Morgan, Jr., E. Wilt, D. Berger, Jr., D. Diehl, Adam Glass. Logan, Drafted, 43. D. Hemshire, M. McCormick, J. H. Robertson, M. McDermott, A. Boyer, Patrick Ayder, Wm Morgan, Joseph Broger, John Otto, A. S. Smith, M. DeLaughlin, A. Hout, A. Markey, F. Wagoner, S. Weight, G. Catell, A. Blushy, M. Maligan, G. Bouterbaugh, A. Lingafelter, Wm McCule, J. J. Hutchinson. Antis, Drafted, 21. Thomas Shaw, James Smith, B. F. Bell, E. Trueman, H. Pennington, Wm Stevens, M. Olesin, Wm Fleck, B. F. McCauley, M. Myneham.

- Greenfield, Drafted, 14. G. Barkhamer, J. Newlun, M. Kofke, G. Benhauer, Jacob Fries, G. Ritchey, K. Lingerfelter. Freedom Township, Drafted, 1. Solomon Smith. Pic-Nic.—Remember to bear in mind, keep it in memory, don't forget, that the greatest pic-nic of the season, is to come off in McCartney's Grove, under the auspices of our Catholic friends, on the 4th of July next, and that good cheer and innocent recreation is to be the order of the day.

"THE OLD FLAG."—McClure & Stoner, of the "Franklin Repository," intend, as will be seen in our advertising columns, publishing a weekly campaign paper to be called "The Old Flag," commencing on the 21st prox. One copy 50 cents, or ten copies for \$4.50. It will, no doubt, be conducted with ability.

The Rev. Daniel Young will preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this place, on next Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Subject: "The future glory of the Republic, as indicated by the prophecies of the Bible."

A Frenchman writing a letter in England to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserve," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity!"

Jubilant.—Our neighbor Traugh, over the hill seems to be highly delighted with the idea of having received an invitation through the Provost Marshal's office to join Gen. Grant's army in its onward march to Richmond. His name came out No. 7 on the list, and he congratulates himself on being the possessor of that magic figure upon which fortune has always smiled so serenely. Well, it is not a bad number, we guess, and may be the means of getting him out of the difficulty with the aid, of course, of three hundred greenback dollars, wherever they are to come from. Speaking about the lucky No. 7, reminds us that just seven times seven and one, are the number of pieces comprised in an extra full set of Ironstone China Queensware, which our friend McPike is now selling at the low price of seven dollars. And speaking of Mac reminds us that notwithstanding all kinds of goods have advanced, at least, 80 per cent in the last few days, there are yet great bargains in that line to be found at his cheap store, corner of Virginia, and Caroline streets. Everything else in his establishment will be sold at like rates. Go and see.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—Are we to celebrate the coming Anniversary of American Independence? This inquiry begins to be agitated by a few, but we do not learn that any definite move has yet been made for celebrating the coming Anniversary of our National Independence in this place. We think it highly important that the day be commemorated by a regular old fashioned celebration, and we hope the initiatory steps will at once be taken, and a programme of the order of the day be early sent forth to notify the citizens of the surrounding towns that we are wide awake with patriotism and love of country, and are determined to try and infuse into the minds of the citizens of this region of the country more zeal for the principles which gave birth to the day we desire to commemorate. Within a few days we hope to have such additional cheering news of Grant's campaign upon Richmond, as will add vastly to the enthusiasm of the day we celebrate. In the meantime, don't forget to buy all your groceries and provisions at Frithey's cheap store, corner of Caroline and Virginia streets.

THE CONCERT.—We had the pleasure of being present last night, (Thursday) at Miss Shoemaker's Concert, and were pleased to see it well patronized, but more pleased to hear each one, with whom we conversed on the subject, express entire satisfaction with the performances. The quiet attention, manifested by the audience, was the greatest applause that could be rendered.

Another Concert will be held this (Friday) evening. Let one and all go and see for themselves.

FOUR ladies desire private, for eight or ten weeks, in a respectable board family (where there are no other boarders preferred) in Altoona or within a mile of town. They would require two bed rooms. Terms not to exceed \$7 per week per week. Please apply to Mr. Octavius Jones, at the Episcopal Rectory, Altoona.

Varieties.

Hot.—The weather for the past few days? Cool—Ice Cream, and the manner in which Traugh, of the Standard, accepts his ticket to "Father Abraham's Ball." Dry—Sundry loafers around the street corners, and our garden. Different.—The kinds of drink they desire. Idle.—What they ought to have. Alike.—Only those who won't work. Busy.—Everybody about our office. Cause.—The great press of job work on hand. Our Desire.—That we may be always thus favored, and be well paid for it. Early.—The snapping of Fourth of July torpedoes and fire-crackers along the streets in advance of the day. Late.—Our paper this week, in consequence of our being pressed with other matters. Lazy.—Numbers of our friends and ours, but modestly forbids us to speak of ourselves. Industrious.—The men that get up drafts, judging from the rapidity with which they come. Scarce.—Local items and gold. Plenty.—Grumblers and faultfinders. Prompt.—Calls for the paper when the day of publication comes round. Not so Prompt.—The payment of those small bills due us from various sources. Coming.—The Fourth of July and any amount of Pic Nics. Going.—A great many conscripts—to Canada, &c., and a few to the army. Postponed.—The National Democratic Convention until August 29th.

Tom Thumb and wife were robbed of \$1,297 at White Hall, New York. Small work. A lady, complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then my dear, you make me alive to expense."

The death of the rebel Gen. Polk is confirmed by the following dispatches in a rebel paper, dated at Atlanta, Ga., June 18: "Lieut. Gen. Polk was struck by a cannon shot to-day about 11 o'clock, and instantly killed. Gens. Johnson, Hardee and Jackson were with him when he fell."

An individual advertised in one of the morning papers for "a wife" the other day, and requested each applicant for the situation to enclose her carte de visite. One of his correspondents closed her reply in these terms: "I do not enclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse. I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A Kentucky correspondent says: "I understand that extensive contributions were levied on the flower gardens about Frankfort by rebel sympathizers, for the purpose of making a most magnificent floral wreath with which to encircle the brow of John Morgan. The wreath was made and was to be presented by the transient young ladies of the Capital Hotel. Mr. Morgan, however, didn't call."

Freedmen's Association.

The following letter, which explains itself, has been handed us for publication. We cheerfully give it a place:

FREEDMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION. No. 424 WALNUT ST., PHILA., June 24, 1864.

Dear Friend:—Your favor of the 31st, covering check for \$70 25, being a contribution from citizens of Altoona, for the benefit of the Freedmen, was duly received and is hereby, on behalf of our association, gratefully acknowledged. I have handed it to the Treasurer and it will without delay go to its destined use. That is, it will, with other funds, will be employed in relieving the immediate physical necessities of the new-comers from the house of bondage, in organizing their labor so as to make them and the community mutual sharers in its benefits, and in providing schools and other appliances for their moral and intellectual elevation.

This is the work in which this association is engaged, and these are the ends which your money is to aid in accomplishing. The accompanying circular will show you what we have already done and also what we are now aiming to effect. The blacks of the Sea Islands of South Carolina have been transformed from degraded and ignorant chattel slaves into a well behaved and moderately well informed peasantry. Two years ago, when we first sent our teachers among them, they were sunk to the lowest point to which the curse of slavery could reduce them. Now, they are a well-conducted, self-supporting, self-respecting, wealth-producing community. Whether in the field of bloody battle, or in the peaceful fields of agriculture, there is not, at this moment, a more loyal or more serviceable community in the United States than that of the Freedmen of South Carolina.

What we have done for the Sea Islands we propose to do for other parts of the country. We have organized a corps of teachers in Tennessee and North Alabama, and are following close on the heels of the victorious Sherman with our school teachers and their appropriate instrumentalities. In Huntsville and Stephenson (Alabama) we have already organized schools, and wherever our army goes there go our teachers.

We are now establishing schools among the 10,000 unstructed colored children in and around the city of Washington. Yesterday we sent two additional teachers, both ladies of culture and practiced in their calling, and to-day we are sending as General Superintendent a gentleman qualified by experience for his work.

I enclose you a letter lately received from one of our teachers in South Carolina. It will show you the sort of people we employ and at the same time the amount of result they accomplish. Please return it to me when you are done with it. Yours, truly, J. M. McKIM.

[The letter referred to will appear next week.—Eds.]

We clip the following from a late report of the Richmond markets:

Peanuts.—We notice the arrival of a peck from near the Diamond Stearns. No sales. An old contractor, who lives on the south side of James river, is said to have a quarter of an acre. This keeps the market depressed. Dry Goods.—Sales of ten cotten handkerchiefs by Todd, Dugan & Co., at \$16 @25; endorsed notes six months. Cotton.—The arrival of one bale from the coast, per mule pack, threw the city into confusion. Such an accumulation of the precious staple in Richmond, it was thought, would attract the curiosity of the Northern mercenaries, and precipitate an attack before the military defence were completed. The Provost marshal sent the cotton back at the expense of the owner.

Tobacco.—Universal scarcity exists in Virginia. Tobacco was sold on change, on Saturday last, to parties who wished to send to Atlanta. A good sale has sprung up in old fields. They are collected by the blacks, put up neatly in tin foil, and sold to new beginners. The price ranges according to the number of times chewed. The third chewing is made up into snuff. Whiskey.—This necessary article is going down every day, though not in price. The figure now for a common sized drink is \$14 75; to wet your tongue, \$10; to smelt the cork, 4 75; to look at the bottle \$11, and 67 cents to say whiskey aloud. There was a charge made of 25 cents for passing a saloon, but that tax has been removed by the Legislature. A pint of the fluid was bought by a wealthy planter early in September. It cost him a steamboat load of Confederate notes, four niggers and a hoghead of sugar. This seems almost incredible.

OLD ABE'S CHOICE.—A gentleman in conversation remarked to President Lincoln on Friday, that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed on Saturday at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had to do it, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

The total number of Generals in the Regular Army since the commencement of the war is 29, viz: One Lieutenant-General, six Major-Generals; and twenty-two Brigadier-Generals; and 18 of all grades are now in the service, viz: One Lieutenant-General, three Major-Generals and fourteen Brigadier-Generals.

In the Volunteer force, 103 have been appointed Major-Generals, including the promotion of 91 Brigadier-Generals, and 477 have been appointed Brigadier-Generals, of whom 207 are now acting as such. There are 70 Major-Generals at this time in the service.

Ruined or Not?

"Gold is 190, and the property of the country will be destroyed," says Mr. Fairheart. "Gold is going to 200, and I shall be broke," says Mr. Weakness.

I am ruined!—My bank balance is worth only five cents on the dollar, says Mr. Neverthink. Let us stop a moment, gentlemen, and look into this matter. Frets are better than fears, and principle is better than prejudice. You are suffering under the delusion that the amount of gold and silver coin in the country is an equivalent of its wealth. Now, do you know that the highest financial authorities have never estimated this amount at over two hundred and fifty millions, and it is probably much less, even in the time of peace? But suppose we admit that it is three hundred millions; and now do you know that, according to the United States Census of 1860, the wealth of the country, real and personal property, was estimated (rather low than too high) at fifteen thousand millions. If you will just take your pencil and cypher out the proportion, that three hundred millions in specie bears to fifteen thousand millions of property, you will discover that it is—what? No! No! No! Twenty-five per cent? No—But exactly two per cent.—that is, the whole amount of specie in the country never was two per cent. or a fifth part of the specie value of the property; and if, at the present time, the whole property had been forced to sale for the specie in the country, it would not have brought two cents on the dollar of its actual specie value.

Specie, or the currency that may stand for it, is only the convenient and recognized medium for making an exchange of products. It represents property in the market, property in transit, but never the fixed property of a nation. Money is the lubricator. It doesn't make value; it simply lubricates the machinery, and keeps the wheels of commerce running smoothly. When too abundant, the wheels run too fast; and when scarce, there is too much friction.

And now, Mr. Fairheart; can you pick a flaw in our statement? Is it not absolute truth? But what shall we say to Mr. Weakness, who is afraid of bankruptcy, and Mr. Neverthink, who is only afraid of his bank-balance. If Weakness is in debt, it is now easy to get out. Pay up while money is plenty and be happy. If a mortgage on your land will be due next year, or any year, provide for it now while you are getting high prices for everything you sell. But Mr. Neverthink, you have—say, a bank-balance of \$20,000. You are afraid that gold is going up, paper going down about out of sight, and you propose to invest the balance in some productive property. Will you buy a house worth only \$10,000 in specie, and pay for it \$18,000 in currency? Suppose you wish to sell that house after a real-estate speculation, it will bring you only \$10,000, and you will have lost exactly \$8,000. Will that be a shrewd operation? We think we can "put you up" to something better—something by which you can make your bank-balance of currency besides. Invest in Government Bonds. Buy the 10-40's. After the war is over, they will be par in gold, and some thing over—and they pay a liberal gold interest from the beginning. If they are not safe, then no property will be safe. The spirit of anarchy will not repudiate your property in the national debt, will not repudiate it in your house. If the law will not protect you in one description of your property, it will not in another, and your greatest safety as well as profit is in maintaining a safe and sound Government that maintains and supports the law.—E. Vining Telegraph.

Tobacco and Cigars, Tobacco and Cigars, Tobacco and Cigars, Tobacco and Cigars, Spectacles, Spectacles, Spectacles, Spectacles, Spectacles, Spectacles, Perfumery and Notions, Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Notions, Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Notions, Drugs and Medicines.

First! First!—Do not risk your property any longer to the mercy of the flames, but go to Kerr and have him insure you against loss by fire.—He is agent for thirteen different companies among which are some of the best in the United States. Altoona, July 21.—f.

MARRIED. On the 21st inst., by Rev. N. W. Colburn, Mr. ALEXAN. DER KENNY, of Blair county, Pa., and Miss ELIZA BOES, of Maria Forge, Blair county, Pa.

On Monday evening, June 13th, 1864, in Williamsburg, by Rev. W. J. Spencer, Mr. JOHN SWARTZ, to Miss JOSEPHINE FLOWMAN, of Altoona.

DIED. Fell asleep in Jesus, June 9th, ISABELLA J. HAZLEPENNY, aged 17 years and nine months. Also, June 12th, LYDIA P. HUNTER, widow of David Hunter, aged 32 years and 3 months, daughter of Col. John and Mary Halfpenny, of Blair county, Pa.

In this and our Journal, and only the home circle, and the Logan's Valley Baptist church, where they were active and honored members, but also the community in which they were so highly respected and beloved, are called to mourn their loss.

With Christian patience and ever cheerfulness they bore their affliction, which was protracted, but not painful, for over three months. These elevated spirits could, like the dying Stephen, calmly and hopefully resign their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus, in whom they had for some years trusted with unswerving confidence.

The cause was truly solemn: to behold these young sisters addressing these remarks to the departed, and one of the family, on the importance of religion, and exhorting that they should so live as to meet them in heaven, and then expiring in confident assurance of seeing their God in peace. Such a sight, while it confounds the infidel, confirms the faith of the believer, and awakens in his bosom admiring and grateful feelings for the merciful and glorious promises of the gospel, which bring such delightful prospects to view.

On Monday, June 13th, all that was mortal of Lydia and Isabella was borne to sea beside the grave, followed by a large and sympathizing concourse of friends. Dear rest! Alas! you have left us; But 'tis God that hath bereft us; He can all our sorrows heal. Parsonage, Blair's Mills, June 16th. A. F. S. At the residence of his father, in Altoona, on the 15th inst., JAMES O. HUBBS, aged 25 years, 6 months, and 24 days.

Go to the rest my child; Go to thy dream and mid; With blessing on thy head; Fresh tears in thy hand; Bide on thy pillow laid; Haste from this sorrow land; Whoe'er thou art, be quickly blest; Because thy smile was sweet; Thy lips and eyes so bright; Because they cradled care; Was such a fond delight; Shall love with weak embrace; Thy bowing head delight; No, angel's wings will fly; Amid you cherub train.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Office of the Altoona, Gas & Water Co., No. 214 N. 1st St., Altoona, Pa., June 22, 1864. The Board of Directors have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of FOUR PER CENT ON THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE COMPANY, clear of State tax, payable on and after July 3rd, 1864. B. F. ROSE, President.