The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

VOL. XVIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1863. NO. 37.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (12 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two squares	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three squares	1 50	2 25	3 00

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

	3 months.	6 months	12 months
Six lines or less	$1 50	$2 00	$3 00
One square	3 00	5 00	7 00
Two squares	5 00	8 00	10 00
Three squares	7 00	10 00	15 00
Four squares	9 00	13 00	20 00
Half a column	12 00	18 00	24 00
One column	20 00	30 00	40 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, per year.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$1 75
Advertisements not inserted with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Office of JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT.

At JAY COOKE & Co., Bankers,
114 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1862.

The undersigned having been appointed SUBSCRIPTION AGENT by the Secretary of the Treasury, is now prepared to furnish, at once, the

New Twenty Year 6 per ct. Bonds,

of the United States, designated as "Five Twenties," redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, after five years, and authorized by Act of Congress, approved February 25th, 1862.

The COUPON BONDS are issued in sums of $50, $100, $500, and $1000.

The REGISTER BONDS in sums of $50, $100, $500, $1000, and $5000.

Interest at Six per centum per annum will commence from date of purchase and is

PAYABLE IN GOLD,

Semi-Annually, which is equal at the present premium on Gold, to about EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, Capitalists and all who have any money to invest, should know and remember that these Bonds are, in effect, a FIRST MORTGAGE upon all Railroads, Canals, Bank Stocks and Securities, and the immense products of all the Manufactures, &c. &c. in the country; and that the full and ample provision made for the payment of the interest and liquidation of principal, by Customs Duties, Excise Stamps and Internal Revenue, serves to make these Bonds the

Best, Most Available, and Most Popular Investment in the Market.

Subscriptions received at PAR in Legal Tender Notes, or notes and checks of banks at Par in Philadelphia — Subscribers by mail will receive prompt attention, and every facility and explanation will be afforded on application at this office.

A full supply of Bonds will be kept on hand for immediate delivery.

JAY COOKE,
Dec. 2, 1862—3m Subscription Agent.

READING RAIL ROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North-West for PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, READING, POTTSVILLE, LEBANON, ALLENTOWN, EASTON, &c., &c.

Trains leave HARRISBURG for PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, READING, POTTSVILLE, and all Intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2 00 P. M.

NEW-YORK Express leaves HARRISBURG at 3.45 A. M., arriving at NEW-YORK at 10.30 the same morning.

Fares from HARRISBURG: To NEW-YORK, $5 15 to PHILADELPHIA, $3 35 and $2 50. Baggage checked through.

Returning, leave NEW-YORK at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M. (PETTSBURGH EXPRESS.) Leave PHILADELPHIA at 8 15 A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

Sleeping cars in the NEW-YORK EXPRESS TRAINS, through to and from PITTSBURGH without change.

Passengers by the CATAWISSA RAIL ROAD leave PORT CLINTON at 5.15 A. M., for PHILADELPHIA and all Intermediate Stations; and at 3.25 P. M., for PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, and all Way Points.

Trains leave POTTSVILLE at 6.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for PHILADELPHIA and NEW-YORK; and at 3.30 P. M., for AUBURN and PORT CLINTON only, connecting for PINE GROVE and with the CATAWISSA RAIL ROAD; and returning from READING at 8.15 A. M., for POTTSVILLE.

An Accommodation Passenger Train leaves READING at 6.30 A. M., and returns from PHILADELPHIA at 4.30 P. M.

☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves POTTSVILLE at 7.30 A. M., and PHILADELPHIA at 3.15 P. M.

COMMUTATION, MILEAGE, SEASON, and EXCURSION TICKETS at reduced rates to and from all points.

H. A. NICOLLS,
Nov. 25, 1862. General Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS

WESTWARD. Mail.	Pacific Express.	Mail Train.	Fast Line.	STATIONS.	EASTWARD. Pacific Express.	Mail Train.	Fast Line.	Mail.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
5 17	.....	.....	5 30	Mt. Union	.....	.....	1 58	.....
5 23	.....	.....	5 36	Mt. Union	11 41	.....	1 50	.....
5 35	.....	.....	.....	Mapleton	.....	.....	1 21	.....
5 42	.....	.....	.....	Node Creek	.....	.....	1 11	.....
5 50	7 14	6 20	6 05	Huntingdon	11 07	5 23	1 02	.....
6 18	.....	.....	.....	Petersburg	10 40	.....	12 37	.....
6 27	.....	.....	.....	Birmingham	.....	.....	12 28	.....
6 33	.....	.....	6 33	Spruce Creek	10 34	.....	12 23	.....
6 40	.....	.....	.....	Birmingham	.....	.....	12 18	.....
6 55	.....	.....	6 55	Tyrone	10 18	.....	12 10	.....
7 05	.....	.....	.....	Tipton	.....	.....	12 00	.....
7 14	.....	.....	.....	Leaman Place	.....	.....	11 53	.....
7 17	.....	.....	7 15	Bell's Mills	10 00	.....	11 51	.....
7 30	8 20	7 20	7 35	Altoona	9 50	4 05	11 35	.....
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP RAILROAD.—CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Wednesday, November 19th, 1862, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

UP TRAINS. Even'g P. M.	Mor'g A. M.	STATIONS AND SIDINGS.	DOWN TRAINS. Mor'g P. M.	Even'g P. M.
Lv 5 40	Lv 7 20	Huntingdon	Ar 12 30	Ar 9 14
1 00	7 40	McConnellstown	12 10	8 49
4 08	7 45	Pleasant Grove	12 02	8 41
4 24	8 01	Marklesburg	11 46	8 25
4 40	8 20	Coffee Run	11 30	8 13
4 45	8 28	Rough & Ready	11 22	8 05
4 53	8 40	Cove	11 10	7 50
5 01	8 44	Fisher's Summit	11 06	7 45
5 20	Ar 9 00	Saxton	10 50	Lv 7 30
5 20	Lv 9 10	Riddlesburg	10 25	Ar 6 50
5 45	9 35	Hopewell	10 15	Lv 6 40
Ar 5 55	Ar 9 45		Lv 10 15	Lv 6 40
.....	Lv 9 10	Saxton	Ar 10 50	.....
.....	9 32	Coalmont	10 30	.....
.....	9 40	Crawford	10 25	.....
.....	Ar 10 00	Dudley	Lv 10 15	.....
.....		[Broad Top City]		

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINE.

R. A. O. KERR,
ALTOONA, PA.,
AGENT
FOR BLAIR AND HUNTINGDON COUNTIES.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

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 to the superiority of the Machines, to A. W. Benedict, Joseph Watson, E. H. Turner and E. E. Bettleman.

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. [Oct. 21, 1862-1y.

PAPER! PAPER!! PAPER!!!

Tracing Paper,
Impression Paper,
Drawing Paper,
Deed Paper,
Tissue Paper,
Silk Paper for Flowers,
Perforated Paper,
Bristol Board,
Flat Cap Paper,
Foolscap Paper,
Letter Paper,
Commercial Note Paper,
Ladies' Gilt Edged Letter and Note Paper,
Ladies' Plain and Fancy Note Paper,
White and Colored Card Paper, in Packs and Sheets,
For sale at LEWIS' Book, Stationery and Music Store.

LADIES! ATTENTION!!

BALMORALS, a handsome lot just received direct from New York, by FISHER & SON.

COAL BUCKETS and Shovels, for sale by JAMES A. BROWN

CALL at D. P. SWIRES if you want fashionable Goods

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.
Friday, February 20, 1863.

NOTICE.

We have not the time nor the inclination, to dun personally, a large number of persons who have unsettled accounts upon our books of several years standing. We shall, therefore, from day to day, without respect to persons, place into the hands of a Justice for collection, all accounts of over two years standing. All those who wish to save expense, will do well to give us a call.

THE TRAVELS OF THE 53D REGT. PA. VOLS,

BY P. L. S., CO. C, 53D REGT. P. V.

[For the Globe.]

'Tis most eight months since I left home,—
The time seems short to me:
I've travelled since that time, for miles,
On rivers, land and sea.

When first to Harrisburg I came,
I there did learn to drill;
Our Captain applications made
A regiment to fill.

Our Company was letter'd C;
The rest were A, and D,
And I, and F, and H, and K,
And E, and G, and B.

These companies, ten, when on parade
Could march just at the word;
I none could see there to exceed
The gallant Fifty-third.

November ninth, at eight o'clock,
A. M., we took the train
To Washington; away we sped,
Not long there to remain.

But 'cross the Tomac, deep and wide;
Where "ebbs and flows the tide,"
With merry hearts, away we marched
To Old Virginia's side.

Two miles from Alexandria,
All winter we did lay;
Till orders from our Gen'ral came,
That we must march away.

'Twas March the tenth, at break of day,
With spirits light and gay,
To M'nassa, straight, through rain and mud,
Like heroes marched away.

The frighten'd reb, at our approach,
Confused with terror, ran;
We took possession of the place,
And never lost a man.

To Warrenton, then, next we went,
And routed them from there;
They 'cross the Rappahannock fled,—
For stand they never dare.

At Warrenton we did remain
Till April first, and then
To M'nassa we returned again,
And there we took a train.

To Alexandria we did run,
Where num'rous steamers lay,
Just ready for to take us off—
But where, I couldn't say.

'Twas April fourth we did embark,
As you shall shortly hear,
On th' Robert Morris, large and stout;
Away then we did steer.

Down the Potomac's famous stream
Sailed our steamer gay,
Till April sixth at break of day,
We reached the briny bay,

Where raging billows furious roll,
And tempest winds do sweep;
The Robert Morris ploughed through
The dark and briny deep.

To Fortress Monroe we did steer,
New orders to obtain;
One hour at anchor we did lay,
Then we moved off again.

To Ship-point then our course we took,
Where we did disembark
On the seventh day of April, just
About eight miles from York.

Expecting there our foes to meet,
But ah! it wasn't long
Ere the rebs found the Yankee force
For them was most too strong.

'Twas midnight on the third of May
We heard their cannons roar.
But ere another day did dawn,
We could not hear them more.

On Sunday morn the stars and stripes
Upon their forts did wave,
Which ever more shall cheer the hearts
Of the noble, free and brave.

To Richmond next the wretches went,
Where all their faint hopes lie,
And swear before they will give up,
That every man will die.

As they fall back, we do advance,
And now we're face to face,
In front of Richmond with our foes,
Each fighting for that place.

At Fair Oaks on the first of June,
We had a bloody fight,
Our motto 'twas to "Never give up"
While fighting for the right.

Disputed still we hold the ground
Of Fair Oaks bloody field,
Where many a gallant soldier fell,
And many another reeled.

Our General now is working out
With energy and skill,
His plans to conquer Richmond soon,
And give the rebs their fill.

Falmouth, Va.

[For the globe.]

SERMON, NO. 3.

BY THE UNKNOWN.

"He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding."

Great achievements cannot be effected by hasty means. The most wonderful works of art, both in ancient and modern times, have been those which were accomplished by slow and tedious steps; the advancement was always gradual but steady, until finally a work would be finished which should elicit the admiration of the world. "Rome was not built in a day," neither must we expect to accomplish any great undertaking without being compelled to endure a most laudable deal of patience. It appears to be the fault of modern progression that it lacks patience and untiring perseverence. Everything must be done rapidly or not at all. The wonders of steam are applied to all difficult undertakings, and if the hindrance is not at once removed by this means, the work is abandoned as impossible. If difficulties do not yield to mighty and sudden power, it is not supposed possible that long and persevering efforts can prove more successful.

Besides this manifest defect of modern progress, men are decidedly unwilling to begin any work however great or useful it may be, which cannot be finished during their life-time. And on this account, all attempts at effecting anything worthy of admiration, are comparatively on a very limited scale. In architecture, for instance, we are far behind those of former generations, when external grandeur is considered. We make a greater display of fancy, it is true, in the decorations of our edifices, but when the mightiest works of modern art are compared with those gigantic structures of antiquity, the former sink into insignificance. Where will you find a work of modern date to compare in grandeur with the Coliseum at Rome, which stands

"A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,"

whose mighty walls look down with contempt upon our frail and *selfish* structures? Where will you find a set of men who would be willing to undertake a work which would not be finished until years and years after they themselves were slumbering in the dust? None in these latter days would consent to begin a work of art which he could not live to see completed. In this respect, men of wealth who could easily afford to contribute largely to such an achievement, are as selfish as he who will not plant an orchard because its fruits can only be enjoyed by others.

But this is not the only department in which men are unwilling "to tarry the grinding." Even in *manufacturing* books, most of our authors are impatient and headlong. Literary works nowadays are not only printed by steam, but, judging from their superficial contents, seem to have been written *by steam*. Every young pet who can write at all, thinks of course he must write a book, and forthwith he makes the bold attempt. But if the task becomes more and more difficult, he only strives the harder—dragging his stubborn pen with mighty *pulls* toward the wished for *end*. The idea never crosses his mind that, perhaps he is not yet fitted for so responsible an undertaking, and better wait until experience has given him time to "grind" and turn to account the little *knowledge* he already possesses. Onward he goes, turning a deaf ear to the admonition which comes in thundering tones from the classic Muse—

"Nec, quod fugit, sectare."

If the young *genius* would only wait until his powers are fully developed, and would look around him for facts, before he begins "his book," it is to be hoped there would be less trash and more solid and readable substance in its contents, than we find in the majority of latter-day productions. Besides this, authors are in too great a hurry to get before the public. Impatience makes them careless whether their books are worthy of being read or not. What a great safeguard would it be against this fault, and what a relief to the *eyes* of the public, if all authors would follow the rule of Horace, and lay aside their productions for *nine years* before correcting them!—But we suppose this flood of intelligence must be endured and swallowed down, as it would be impossible by persuasion to restrain an author who is resolved.

—"In spite
Of nature and his stars, to write."

Such, then, is the result of impatience in literature as well as in art. We have an abundance of material, but through an unwillingness to write for its proper preparation, it is thrown together in a very careless manner.—The "wheat" is not ground, and, in consequence, the "cake" is very indifferent. The remedy for all these defects is, for men to be considerate and prudent. Let the young be more cautious and reserved when about to begin their career in life, and not be in too great a hurry to get upon the stage. They should remember that it makes no difference how *late* they appear before the public, so that they come prepared. The star at its first appearance is not generally the brightest, but grows brighter and brighter as darkness deepens round. So, the young man's renown and importance will increase in proportion as the shades of experience make his pathway dark. As surrounding circumstances form a contrast, so the brilliancy of his fame will increase, and when occasion offers, his glory will shine as did the star of Washington upon the dark back-ground of the Revolution.

SERMON NO. 4.

BY THE UNKNOWN.

"By our ears, our hearts oft tainted be."

The connections between the ear and the heart, though not clearly understood, is nevertheless manifestly real. The heart, or in other words, the affections, is partly supplied with sentiments by means of the ear, just as a lake is partly supplied with water by a river running into it: If this water is foul and polluted, the lake will be affected in proportion. In like manner, if the sentiments conveyed to the heart through the ear, are impure and vulgar, the affections will inevitably be tainted in a similar degree. Now we do not say this is the only channel leading to the affections, but it is certainly a principal and a very ready one, and to avoid contamination from this source, we must close our ears to every kind of impurity; we must turn away from the vulgar narrative as from a loathsome spectacle. Nothing must be listened to, which an innocent girl would blush to hear. To give attention to immoral words, is to expose ourselves to a very corrupting influence, and to one whose power is not easily resisted. By mixing in company where vulgar and impure language is used, a vicious taste is unconsciously formed, and by indulging a vicious taste, the victim of temptation is led from one degree of immorality to another, until finally he sinks into the darkest depths of degradation. There are few, yea, very few, who entirely escape the corrupting influences which taint the innocence of youth. The vast majority very early imbibe the nauseous sentiments which float upon the degraded lips of society like skunk up on the water's surface. The youthful ear drinks in licentious expressions conveyed to it from without, and the heart naturally prone to evil, is very soon polluted by their subtle influence. The mind dwells with involuntary delight upon the train of impure ideas thus inevitably set in motion, and the young man with passions thus aroused, is hurried on to a miserable and disgraceful exit from his worthless career.

But on the contrary, what a far different picture does he present, who, from his earliest childhood, has been taught to turn away his ear from the reception of impure words. His innocent heart remains uncorrupted, and the simplicity and purity of childhood, is nurtured up into stern morality of rigorous manhood. What a pleasure it is to meet with such an one, and how delightful to enjoy the company of such a being, whose value, like that of diamonds, is enhanced by the scareceness. I once knew a youth of this character, who had evidently escaped the usual corruptions of boyhood; he was a classmate at College and I remember that he was respected above all his companions. He was manly and dignified, and yet there was a degree of simplicity and childlike innocence about him, which rendered his character quite fascinating. All this was the result of his having been brought up free from impurity and youthful contamination; and this innocence may be retained by all who will remember that "by our ears, our hearts oft tainted be."

How great then is the guilt of such parents as permit their children to mix with any sort of companions whatever; being perfectly careless whether they go with the moral or the vicious. Or more correctly speaking, they do not take proper measures to keep them out of vicious company, for there are very few parents who would not wish their children to be brought up in innocence and pure morality. The child, thus allowed to take its own course and mingle with those whose words even in common conversation, are often so vulgar and shocking as to repel at first, him who is unaccustomed to hear such language, will soon be made acquainted with the obscene phrases which dwell upon the lips of the impure. The affections will then be tainted, and, perhaps, irrecoverably corrupted, and the unrestrained child will grow up into the dissolute youth. The passions, being prematurely called forth by the mind in dwelling upon the thoughts suggested to it by impure words heard in vulgar company, will urge him on, like hateful Harpies, from one vice to another of darker dye. The heart once tainted, and the mind once filled with impure images can never be totally divested of them.—There may be a partial return to the path of virtue, but its brightness will, ever and anon, be obscured by the dark clouds of passion which will continually arise from their *former* resting place. The victim of past indulgence will be compelled to struggle hard against each returning tide, which will periodically claim its accustomed gratification. And he will never be able to recover that perfect innocence which was lost in childhood. He may desire and yearn after it, but will always be unable to attain it. The simplicity of boyhood when once lost, is never obtained again, and licentious manhood must reflect in anguish o'er the lapse of heedless youth. But when the old age of a life spent in vice shall have arrived, how torturing will be the pictures presented by the mind as it looks back over the career of youth. The pain will be too intense for the intellect to endure as it thinks upon

"The hopeless past, the hasting future driven,
Too quickly on to guess of hell or heaven;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not,
So keenly tell that hour, but never forgot;
Things light or lovely in their *usual time*,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unrevealed,
Not unknown less because the more concealed,
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre the naked heart,
Rises with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and *break*."

COALMONT, Pa.

Noble Letter from Gen. Rosecrans.

On Tuesday last, in the Ohio Legislature, a message was received from the Governor, inclosing the following letter from General Rosecrans:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, Murfreesboro, Tenn. Feb. 3, 1863.

To the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

The resolution of thanks passed by your honorable body to the Army of the Cumberland, its commanding General and his staff, has been duly received, and published to the troops of this command. On behalf of all, I return you our heartfelt thanks.

This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for national existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interest.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom.—Voluntary exiles from home and friends, for the defence and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us. Crafty as the fox, cruel as the tiger, they cried "no coercion," while preparing to strike us. Bully like, they proposed to fight us, because they said they could whip five to one, and now, when driven back, they whine out "no invasion," and promise us of the West permission to navigate the Mississippi, if we will be "good boys," and do as they bid us.

Whenever they have the power, they drive before them into their ranks the Southern people, and they would also drive us. Trust them not. Were they able they would invade and destroy us without mercy. Absolutely assured of these things, I am amazed that any one could think of "peace on any terms." He who entertains the sentiments is fit *only to be a slave*; he who utters it at this time, is, moreover, a traitor to his country, who deserves the scorn and contempt of all honorable men. When the power of the unscrupulous rebel leaders is removed, and the people are free to consider and act for their own interests, which are common with ours, under this Government, there will be no great difficulty in fraternization. Between our tastes and social life there are fewer differences than between those of the people of the Northern and Southern Provinces of England or Ireland.

Hoping the time may speedily come when the power of the perfidious and cruel tyrant of this rebellion having been overthrown, a peace may be laid on the broad foundation of national unity and equal justice to all, under the Constitution and laws, I remain your fellow-citizen,

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS—new and improved styles—just received and for sale at LEWIS' Book Store

DIARIES for 1863, are for sale at W. Lewis' Book Store.

Stirring Address to the Democracy of Indiana.

The following stirring appeal has been addressed to the Democracy of Indiana by their companions-in-arms in Arkansas:

Having a deep interest in the future glory and welfare of our country, and believing that we occupy a position in which we can see the effects of the political struggles at home upon the hopes and fears of the rebels, we deem it to be our duty to speak to you openly and plainly in regard to the same.

The rebels of the South are leaning on the Northern Democracy for support, and it is unquestionably true that unjustifiable opposition to the Administration is "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." While it is the duty of patriots to oppose the usurpation of power, it is alike their duty to avoid captious criticisms, that might create the very evils which they attempt to avoid.

The name of Democrat, associated with all that is bright and glorious in the history of the past, is being sullied and disgraced by demagogues, who are appealing to the lowest prejudices and passions of our people. We have nothing to expect from the South, and nothing to hope, without their conquest. They are now using their money freely, to subsidize the press and politicians of the North, and with what effect, the tone of some of our journals, and the speeches of some of our leaders, too *plainly and painfully* testify.

We see with deep solicitude and regret that there is an undercurrent in Indiana tending toward a coalition of the Northwest with the South against the Eastern States. Be not deceived. Pause, for the love you bear your country, and reflect. This movement is only a rebel scheme in disguise, that would involve you, alike with themselves, in the crime of rebellion, and bring to your own hearthstones the desolation of a French revolution.—Separation on either side, with peace in the future, is impossible, and we are compelled by self-interest, by every principle of honor, and every impulse of manhood, to bring this unholy contest to a successful termination.

What! admit that we are whipped? That twenty-three millions of northern men are unequal to nine millions of the South? Shame on the State that would entertain so disgraceful a proposition! Shame upon the Democrat who would submit to it, and raise his cowardly voice and claim that he was an Indianian! He and such dastards, with their offspring, are fit "mudsills" upon which should be built the lordly structure of their Southern aristocracy! And with whom would this unholy alliance be formed? With men who have forgotten their fathers, their oaths, their country, and their God; with guerillas, cotton-burners; with those who force every male inhabitant of the South capable of bearing arms into the field, though starving wives and babes are left behind! Men who persecute and hang, or drive from their lines, every man, woman, and child who will not fall down and worship the Southern god. And yet free-born men of our State will sympathize with such tyrants, and dare even to dream of condition! Indiana's proud and loyal legions number at least seventy thousand effective men in the field, and, as with one great heart, we know they would repudiate all unholy combinations tending to the dismemberment of our Government.

In this dark hour of our country's trial, there is but one road to success and peace, and that is, *to be as firmly united for our Government as the rebels are against it.* Small differences of opinion amount to nothing in this grand struggle for a nation's existence. Do not place even one straw in the way, and remember that every word you speak to encourage the South, nerves the arm and strikes the blow which is aimed at the heart's blood of our brothers and kindred.

ALVIN P. HOVEY, Brig. General,
WILLIAM T. SPICELY, Col. 34th Ind.,
WILLIAM E. MCLEAN, Col. 43d Ind.,
GEO. F. MCGINNIS, Col. 11th Ind.,
JAMES R. SLACK, Col. 47th Ind.

HELENA, Ark., Feb. 2, 1863.

A Patriotic Address.

Colonel Peyton delivered before the Continental Cavalry, at Camp Metcalf, near Haddonfield, N. J., the following sound, spirited and patriotic address:

Soldiers: I must no longer withhold from you the fact that the time to complete this regiment (180th P. V.) known as the Continental Cavalry, will expire on Monday, the 16th inst., on which occasion our military connection will be severed, perhaps forever. Your patient forbearance in camp, during the past dreary winter months, assures me of your fixed determination to do your duty in the field, where be assured, for your honorable distinction, my best wishes will ever follow and abide with you. I called this regiment the Continental, under the hope that it would not be disbanded as long as we have a foreign or domestic foe in any of the States, provinces, or peninsulas on the continent.

Our inevitable destiny is one Great Government, which shall be the fear, hope, and admiration of the world. Our unnatural foe, the people of the South, are already sickening with the false delusions of foreign flatterers, and we, too, have long felt the arrogant insults heaped upon us by the foreign press.

As soldiers I know that you understand and appreciate the importance of your position. You have volunteered to maintain and defend your Government against a darling, brave unscrupulous foe, (I am sorry to say our own countrymen.) They have attempted to wrest from you that which has been achieved by the blood of a noble, gallant and patriotic ancestry, embracing many names cherished and revered by you all. Should success crown the arms of the United States in the struggle to maintain our Government, your names too, will be cherished and revered by generations yet unborn. When this Government was formed by the people, no sectional divisions existed among them—it was made by them a common Government in view of a common destiny, resting as it did upon the Union and fraternal relations of the people of the States, who formed it.

Our cause should be now a common cause. There should be no political divisions among us, but every freeman able to bear arms should be willing to do so, to preserve our liberties, our name, and our nationality. To be a *free citizen* of the United States of America, is to hold a position, of which every man should be proud, and to be a *soldier*, guarding the temple of liberty, defending freemen's rights, is your proud distinction. This is not a war upon the Administration, for had it been, the ballot-box would have afforded the peaceable remedy, without the cost of a dollar of treasure, or the spilling of a drop of blood. It is the fixed determination of the four hundred thousand slaveholders of the Southern States to govern the thirty millions of freeman of these United States, or to break up the Union, and establish an independent Government. If we submit to the former, we will then be governed by four million and a half of the African race, through their four hundred thousand owners.

You have been taunted by your neighbors that you are fighting for the abolition of slavery. It is not so.—The President, in what I think I term justly his peace proclamation, declared that if the people of the States in rebellion would, on the 1st day of January last, lay down their arms and submit to the Constitution of the United States, as we are doing, that they should be protected in all their rights that they have repudiated.

Had the farmers of the Constitution thrown a shield around that instrument, by declaring that if the people of any of the States should in anywise annul, or in any manner refuse to submit to the same, that they should be declared guilty of treason, and be punished by death and the confiscation of their properties? But they having failed to do so, it became a military necessity for your Chief Magistrate to issue the proclamation referred to.

You have been recruited for the service under authority from the War Department delegated to me. I have deemed it due to myself and just to you, to disabuse your minds of any wrong impressions that may have been made upon you, in regard to the purpose for which this war is being prosecuted, as well as to state that which I know to be your duties as soldiers in the field. The first, is a strict and prompt obedience; the second, a proper care of Government property under your charge; the third, the preservation of your health, which can only be maintained by temperate habits.

A Striking Contrast.

The Nashville *Union*, (Democratic) after a suspension of some weeks, has reappeared, and well does it deserve its name—UNION—not an unconditional Unionism, subordinate to slavery, nor in alliance with Northern "peace" *Democracy*. *Here* is its opening blast as it rushes once more into the battle for the Union:

"We are in the midst of a mighty revolution, in which it is ruin, disaster and death for loyal men to take one step backwards. Others may grow lukewarm, and talk of compromising with traitors, but with our consent not a star shall fall, or a stripe be torn from the National banner by the Richmond dynasty. We are unconditionally for the nationality and integrity of the Federal Union, now and forever, and we are the political brother and fellow-soldier of every man, whether he voted for Bell, Douglas, Breckinridge, or Lincoln, who is a bold and determined friend of the Federal Union, and of our country's nationality. We hate the Richmond dynasty, and their Conscription and Twenty Negro Exemption Laws and Secessionism, and cotton negro-aristocracy, in all its forms, as we do the devil. We want the fertile and broad fields of the South to be the homes of free, intelligent white laborers, instead of degraded and ignorant negro serfs. We want to see labor and laborers elevated and made respectable in Tennessee. We want to invite an influx of loyal immigrants into our State, to put new life and enterprise into her paralyzed limbs, and 'punched full of holes by the daggers of treason,' and streaming with the life-blood of her young men. We want to see the creed and practice of loyalty raised so high that patriots will deem it a disgrace to apologise for treason and traitors. We want to see the land once more blessed with the enduring sunshine of an honorable peace, based upon the complete and unconditional submission of the rebels now in arms, and not lit up with the deceitful glow of a peace based upon emasculate loyalty and concessions to traitors—the glow of a meteor which would shine only to betray, and going out, would leave us in a darkness tenfold more gloomy than that which prevailed before."

—Contrast this noble and out-spoken devotion to the Union, in the very midst of slavery, with the hypocritical whining of Northern traitor politicians of the Vallandigham stamp.