

The Altoona Tribune.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. D. McCRUM, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. H. H. HANES, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same place at 10 o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST—Rev. W. LEE STUART, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same place at 10 o'clock P. M.

ANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. C. L. BARNYVELD, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same place at 10 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST—Rev. A. H. SEAGER, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

UNITED BRETHREN—Rev. ROBERT KENNEDY, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same place at 10 o'clock in the morning.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—(No regular Pastor)—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. JOHN TOWN, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

GERMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

AMERICAN METHODIST—Rev. ALEXANDER JOHNSON, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

ON AND REEF ROAD, NOV. 25, 1861. TRAINS will arrive at and leave Altoona as follows:

Express Train Eastward	9:55 P. M.	leaves 9:55 P. M.
West	8:20 A. M.	leaves 8:20 A. M.
East	8:40 A. M.	leaves 8:40 A. M.
West	8:55 P. M.	leaves 8:55 P. M.
East	7:50 A. M.	leaves 7:50 A. M.
West	7:45 P. M.	leaves 7:45 P. M.

The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Express Train and Fast Line West, and Mail Train East and West.

INDIAN BRANCH TRAINS connect with Johnston Accommodation Train East and West, Express West, and Mail Train East and West.

E. NOCH LEWIS, Gen'l Supt.

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

MAILS CLOSE

Eastern Way	11 00 A. M.
Western Way	11 00 A. M.
Eastern Through	8 00 A. M.
Western Through	7 00 P. M.

MAILS OPEN

Hollidaysburg	8 15 A. M. & 11 15 A. M.
Western Through	3 10 A. M.
Eastern Through	11 20 A. M.
Western Way	1 25 P. M.
Eastern Way	1 25 P. M.

10 P. M. On Sundays, from 7 45 till 9 00 A. M. GEO. W. PATTON P. M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 251, A. Y. M. meets on second Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., in the third story of the Masonic Temple.

ALTOONA LODGE, No. 473, I. O. O. F. meets every Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

VERANDA LODGE, No. 521, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

WINDYBROOK LODGE, No. 35, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening, in the second story of the Masonic Temple. Council fire kindled at 7 1/2 run 30th breath.

ALTOONA DIVISION, No. 211, of F. M. meets every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Andrew G. Curtin.
Secretary of State—Ed. Sillier.
Attorney General—William M. Meredith.
Auditor General—Thomas E. Cochran.
Surveyor General—William L. Wright.
Adjutant General—F. M. Bidle.
State Treasurer—Henry D. Moore.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Judge, Hon. George Taylor. Associate, Samuel Deane, Adam Moore.
State Senator—Hon. John M. Woodcock.
Assemblyman—Thaddeus Banks.
Prothonotary—Anthony S. Zorow.
Recorder and Coroner—Hugh A. Caldwell.
Sheriff—Samuel McCannan. Deputy—John Marks.
District Attorney—Bogdan L. Hewitt.
County Commissioners—George L. Cowan, George Koon, James M. Kinkaid.
County Surveyor—James L. Grin.
Treasurer—John McKee.
Poor House Directors—Peter Good, William Burley, David Arnold.
County Auditors—A. M. Lloyd, Robt. M. Mosimer, L. L. Moore.
Clerk—A. J. Freeman.
Superintendent of Common Schools—John Mitchell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland.
Borough—John Allan.
Town Council—A. A. Smyth, Daniel Laughman, John McNeill, B. Greenwood, C. H. Hoettner, N. J. Morrison.
Clerk to Council—M. Woodcock.
Borough Treasurer—Daniel Laughman.
School Directors—M. C. Crain, John Shomaker, J. B. Hillman, Wm. Boyden, James Lowther, E. A. Beck.
Trustees of School Board—J. B. Hillman.
High Constable—John E. Kline.
Collector of State, County, Borough and School Tax—John Mitchell.
Auditor—John Lowther, C. J. Mann, Alex. McCormick.
Assessor—John McClelland.
Inspector—James J. B. Bellinger.
Judge of Elections—East Ward—William Maloney.
West Ward—John L. Piper.
North Ward—John L. Piper.
Inspectors—East Ward—J. M. Greene, John Hooper.
West Ward—J. K. Bellman, Robt. Picketts.
North Ward—Robt. McCormick, John Condo.

Select Poetry.

THE WOLVES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[The following poem, which we find in the Atlantic Monthly for December, may not jingle so musically upon the ear of the casual reader as some others we might select, but to our mind it possesses more of the elements of genuine poetry than anything we have met with in a long while. It is peculiarly appropriate to the season.]

Ye who listen to stories told
When hearts are cheery and nights are cold,
Of the lone woods and the hungry pack
That howls on the fainting traveler's track—
Flame r d eye-balls that waver,
By the wintry moon, the lashed sleigh;
The lost child sought in the dismal wood,
The little sleds and the stains of blood
On the trampled snow; Oh! ye that hear
With thrills of pity and chills of fear,
Wishing some angel had been sent
To shield the hapless innocent—
Know ye the fiend that is crueler far
Than the gaunt grey herds of the forest afar?
Swiftly vanish the wild, fleet tracks
Before the rille and woodman's axe;
But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street!

Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a specter and haunts the town.
All night they snuff and snarl before
The poor patched window and broken door.
They paw the steps and claw the thatch;
At every creak they whine and scratch:

Their tongues are subtle, and long and thin,
And they lap the living blood within.
Ye keen are the teeth that bear,
Red as rubia the eyes that glare.
Children crouched in corners old
Sliver in tattered garments old,
And start from sleep with bitter pang
At the touch of the phantom's viewless fang.

Wear the mother and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life.
But her hand is weak and weapon small!
Our little noodle against them all!

In an evil hour the daughter fled
From her poor chamber and wretched bed,
Through the city's stillness stole,
To the door of sin the wolves pursued.

Fierce the father and grim with angst,
His heart is gnawed by the specter gaunt;
Frenzied, stealing forth by night
With whetted knife to the desperate fight,
He thought to strike the specter dead,
But he smites his brother man instead.

Oh! ye who listen to stories told
When hearts are cheery and nights are cold,
Weep no more at the tale you hear—
The danger is close and the wolves are near.
Shudder not at the murderer's name,
Marvel not at the murderer's shame,
Toss not by with averted eye
The door whence the stricken children cry.

But when the heat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night in the stony street,
Flow then where the specter glides,
Stand like Hope by the mother's side,
And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless and innocent.

He gives but little who gives his tears,
He gives his best who aids and cheers.
He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster and saves the child;
But he does better and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

THE HISTORY OF CROWNS.

Crowns were originally sacred only to the gods. First there was the little band or bandelet, that fitted tight around the heads of the ancient gods; then two strings or fillets; then leaves and branches and flowers; then finally the conventional crown or circlet, much as we have it at the present day. But soon the emblem of the divinities was transferred to men, and victors and statesmen and lawgivers and kings and heroes of all sorts, even to a well developed athlete, were duly crowned, until at last the proudest of the rulers adorned the rayed or spiked crown, which was the last form held peculiar by the gods. This was in those days of degeneracy when kings, pretending to be gods, forgot to be men. With the Jews the original crown was pointed like horns—horns being the emblems of power and prowess with them; and the first mention made of a crown in the Bible is when the Amalekites bring Saul's crown to David. According to a rabbinical tradition, Nimrod—Kenaz, the hunter king—was the first to imagine a crown, and the first to be crowned. One day, as he was abroad hunting, he looked up to the sky and saw the figure of a crown in the heavens. He called to a craftsman, and bade him copy the pattern—the crown remaining long enough to enable him to do so; and ever afterwards he wore that crown in obedience to the will of Heaven, and no one could look upon it without blindness. Pope Gregory VII used to say, sneeringly, in allusion to this story, that the priesthood came direct from God, but imperial power, crowned from Nimrod. The "mitre" of the Church is only the old Jewish horn-crown, in its turn copied from the Egyptian; while the Pope's tiara is the same mitre triply crowned, to mark him high priest, judge and supreme legislator of the Christian world. So was the king of old time ever a twofold personage—high priest and chief magistrate in one; and it has been an endless struggle hitherto to simplify his pretensions. This, too, is one of the many creaking legacies left us by the Jews.—All the Year Round.

Choice Miscellany.

MY BIRTH-NIGHT DREAM.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

[Original.]

There is a tempest raging outside to-night; and I sit here alone, listening to its strife. The rain is dashing against the windows like mad, and the wind is wailing out a wild *misere*—a sad, sullen *Dies Ira*—and that strikes a chill to my heart.

Twenty-six to-night! lonely, homeless; I had well nigh said *windless*; but thank God, some few friends are left to me.— Courage! fainting heart; let me and I look at this thing just as it is. Let us look our future calmly in the face—you and I, poor heart.

First let us count our purse. Just seven cents!—a bright half-dime and two pennies; and poor Jennie's shoes out at the toes, and his bright locks uncovered, save by an old felt hat with many and many a hole in it; poor little Jamie! Give strength, O Father—strength to a sorrow-sick soul.

Twenty-six to-night, "and all is lost except a little life." But, courage! poor heart; droop not, O! weary head; it is not *seemly* on your birth-night. All this is very well to write or speak; but it will not still the clamoring of my lonely heart. O! friends of other days, my soul is yearning for your presence. Come back to me—come if but in seeming, and sit these down in the vacant chairs by my side; for I am weary and lonely, and my heart is aching drearily. Ah! I invoke thee in vain; but no—what is this? As I live, every chair is filled! and loving words and tender tones are round me. Gather closer—closer, ye loved ones. O! I have

HOW TO EARN A HOME.

A STORY FOR HARD TIMES.

The other evening I came home with an extra ten dollar bill in my pocket—money that I had earned by out of doors work. The fact is, I'm a clerk in a downtown store, at a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it. I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to your two and three thousand dollar office-holders, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on a floor of an unpretending little house, for which we pay \$150 dollars per annum, and Kitty, my wife, you'll understand, does all her own work; so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me! Well, I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of course was delighted with my industry, and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with interest to the end of the year."

Forthwith I commenced casting interest, and calculating in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking Harry," said she, after a moment's pause, "since you've got this extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadfully shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact. "I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife. "Velvet—seven dollars," groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first-ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars,—only six dollars,—Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a pretty green silk dress?"

"That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled, or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress forever! Everybody knows it is the only silk dress I have."

"Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting?"

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor, with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern time-piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to further that purpose. Savings-bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before the fire each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza, and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale road, had always been the crowning ambition of my life—a distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy the mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor "we have all been working to this end for years.—My wife has darned, patched, mended and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual, positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by rod coppers, one by one."

"Times are hard you know, just now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell at a

SINGULAR WAR INCIDENT.

The Lynchburg Republican publishes the following incident, remarkable alike for its singularity, as well as for its melancholy fulfillment to the brother of one of the parties concerned: Just before the war broke out, and before Lincoln's proclamation was issued, a young Virginian named Summerfield, was visiting the city of New York where he made the acquaintance of two Misses Holmes of Waterbury, Vermont. He became somewhat intimate with the young ladies, and the intercourse seemed to be mutually agreeable. The proclamation was issued, and the whole North thrown into a blaze of excitement. On visiting the ladies one evening, at the hour of parting they remarked that their present meeting would probably be their last; they must hurry home to aid in making up the overcoats and clothing for the volunteers from their town. Summerfield expressed his regret that they must leave, but at the same time especially requested them to see that the overcoats were well made, as it was his intention, if he ever met the Vermont regiment in battle, to kill one of them and take his coat.

Now for the sequel. Virginia seceded. The Second Vermont regiment, a portion of which was from the town of Waterbury, was sent to Virginia. The battle of Manassas was fought, in which they were engaged, and so was Summerfield. During the battle, Summerfield marked his man, not knowing to what State he belonged; the fatal ball was sped on its errand of death; the victim fell at the flash of the gun, and, upon rushing up to secure the dead man's arms, Summerfield observed that he had a fine new overcoat strapped to his back, which he determined to appropriate to his own use. The fight was over, and Summerfield had time to examine his prize, when remarkable as it may appear, the coat was marked with the name of Thomas Holmes, and in the pockets were found letters signed with the names of the sisters whom Summerfield had known in New York, and to whom he had made the remark we have quoted, in which the dead man was addressed as brother. The evidence was conclusive—he had killed the brother of his friends, and the remark which he had made in jest had a melancholy fulfillment. We are assured this narrative is literally true, Summerfield now wears the coat, and, our informant states, is not a little impressed with the singularity of the incident.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, whose death occurred rather suddenly on Sunday, the 15th ult., in London, of gastric fever, was born at Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, under whose immediate personal superintendence he received an admirable education, which he completed by attending the University of Bonn, during three academical seasons. In July, 1838, he visited England, in company with Leopold, King of Belgium, and spent some time at the court of the youthful queen, and in November, 1839, it was formally announced to the privy council, by the Queen, that she intended to form a matrimonial alliance with Prince Albert. The secret had long been public property, but was kept in suspense by the decorous contradictions of the ministerial journals. The marriage was solemnized Feb. 10, 1840. For the purpose of rendering him perfectly independent, the munificent personal allowance of \$150,000 a year was made to him by Parliament. Beside which he was a field-marshal, Knight of the Garter, and other orders, colonel of the Fusilier Guards, and held a number of other lucrative or honorary appointments. He was a man of refined taste, and an accomplished musician and draughtsman. Forbidden by his position from interfering in politics, he occupied himself with superintending the education of his children. The progress of the arts and sciences, and general philanthropic subjects, such as the "dwellings of the working classes," sanitary arrangements, &c., also engaged his attention.—He was patron and president of numerous charitable institutions, in which he took a personal interest. As President of the Society of Arts, he was the chief promoter of the great exhibition of 1851. He was noted, in a country of scientific agriculturists, for the spirit with which he carried out agricultural experiments, and his farming stock has been frequently exhibited, and gained prizes. As a patron of art, Prince Albert has shown himself particularly active.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

It is stamped upon the broad blue sky—it twinkles in every star—it mingles in the ocean's surge and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering storm cloud. It is in the mountain's height and in the cataract's roar,—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Where we can see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling-place.

WHEN YOU DOUBT BETWEEN TWO WORDS.

Choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would a rogue; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

Advertisement for a factory, mentioning McCrums and Dern, and other details.