

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 7.

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NO. 4.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

H. C. McCrum, Proprietor.

H. C. DERN, Editor.

Published every Wednesday.

Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum.

Advertisements, per square, 6 months, \$3.00.

Advertisements, per square, 3 months, \$2.00.

Advertisements, per square, 1 month, \$1.00.

Advertisements, per square, 1 week, \$0.50.

Advertisements, per square, 1 day, \$0.25.

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Advertisements, per square, 1 month, \$1.00.

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Advertisements, per square, 1 year, \$5.00.

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Choice Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RIGHT.

BY RICHARD COE.

Let every loyal heart today

Sing a shout of praise

Unto the mighty Triumphant God

The Author of our days;

That He hath given victory

Unto the cause of right,

And laid the rebel millions low

Beneath the bloody fight!

We know full well our cause is just—

Our men both true and brave;

That Freedom's banner never was meant

To float above the slave;

We know that "truth when crushed to earth

Will rise again" in might;

And, knowing this, we give to God

The glory of the fight!

We have a faith, outreaching time,

That this our land shall be

The heritage of a nation's pride,

That labor to be free—

That stricken millions shall arise,

And kindle at the sight;

Believing this we give to God

The glory of the fight!

Now, unto each and every one

That hastened to the field,

The honors of a nation's pride,

With grateful hearts we yield!

But unto Him who led our hosts,

And bared his arm of might,

To Him we give the choicest praise,

The glory of the fight!

Then let each loyal heart to-day

Send up a shout of praise

Unto the mighty Triumphant God

The Author of our days;

That He hath given victory

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Beneath the bloody fight!

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A True Story.

The chaplain came at last to a cot, set

somewhat by itself outside the ward.

Here, reclining at length, was a young

man, whose face bore slight traces of suffering.

It was flushed with a hue like

unto health; the eyes were undimmed, and

only the position of his hands, which were

thrown over his head and locked in almost

spasmodic tightness, told that he was in

pain. He was unusually noble in his

countenance. His brow was broad and

fair, and the thick locks that clustered back

from the temples, curled like the ringlets of

a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain

experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy

for this young man, struck down in his

beauty; still he felt that there was no immediate

danger.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of

the surgeon, as the two approached the

bed, softly.

"In the right side below the ribs," was

the reply.

"Is he in danger?"

"O! no; that is not at present. The

case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but

looks very well now. Charles," he ad-

dress, addressing the sick man familiarly,

"the chaplain is going the rounds, would

you like to see him?"

"O! certainly!" exclaimed the young

man, smiling. "I am very glad to see

him," and he held out his hand. His

voice was strong and ringing, as with the

highest health, his clasp was vigorous.

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