

The Altoona Tribune.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

H. B. McCORM, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

- CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C. PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. J. B. Baker, Pastor—Presiding 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 room at 9 o'clock in the morning.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

- ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1862, TRAINS will arrive at and leave Altoona Station as follows: Express Train East arrives 9:35 P. M., leaves 9:55 P. M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

- MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 281, A. O. U. M., meets on second Tuesday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M. in the third story of the Masonic Temple.

STATE OFFICERS.

- Governor—Andrew G. Curtin. Secretary of State—Bill Miller. Attorney General—Thomas M. Meredith.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

- Judges of the Circuit—President Judge, Hon. George Taylor. Associates, Samuel Dean, Adam Moore.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

- Mayor—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland. Aldermen—John Allison, A. A. Smith, Daniel Laughman, John McLaughlin, R. Greenwood, C. B. Hoesler, N. J. Mervine.

Choice Poetry.

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. The midnight, through my troubled dream I saw the ship, the good ship Union, bound for Freedom's shore.

THE BOY PATRIOT.

A Story of the Revolution. History is filled with the deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriot women forgotten in the burning words of the annals of '76.

Select Miscellany.

THE BOY PATRIOT. "Who is he?" said James. "I don't know—I don't indeed," said George. "Tell!" threatened Frank. "He is the captain of the Yorkshire Dragoons."

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenacious storehouse in the little village of Newark, Delaware.

He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and women and children left exposed to the pitiless foe.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor, about two miles distant.

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation. James' eyes flashed like fire. "Now by the death of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's house, though death stands in my path."

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the dark shades of night; still it was not dark.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defense and shouted: "Who goes there?"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant as if with one impulse; the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood.

"Now for our prisoners!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death.

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character.

defeated along the banks of the Whiteclay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Such readers, were the acts of the boys of '76, and though they have no monumental pile to preserve their memories, they live in legends, songs and verses, where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity.

"Now, boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion.

It was a beautiful night to wreck a work of death. The heavens were spangled with innumerable stars, and every object which the moon beams played upon, sparkled with silvery radiance.

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs, James Wilson saw the tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bows guiding the oarsmen, by his orders the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical friend, Major Bradstone.

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"A shop was broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing."

On hearing a clergymen remark, "The world is full of change," Mrs. Partridge said, she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

BAD FOR THE COW.

The editor of the Schoharie (N. Y.) Patriot thinks the General Government represents the locomotive, and the seceding States the cow, in the following story:

"So you have made a carriage to run only by steam?" "Yes, my lords!" "And you expect your carriage to run on parallel rails, so that it can't go off, do you?"

HUMAN LIFE.

Man seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hived forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence.

SALT IN THEAT DISEASES.

We clip the following from an exchange, which our readers will do well to recollect, as it may be beneficial to them:

WRIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.

To the question "What is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint answers as follows: The weight of a million dollars United States currency in gold is 53,750 Troy ounces.

FOR FEAR THAT HE SHOULD COME TO LIFE AFTER HE WAS BURIED.

A Parisian old gentleman provided in his will that after his death his face was to be coated over with pitch, his mouth and nostrils hermetically sealed, and an incision made in his chest.

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including: BINDER, HOLLAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS, BAKERY, RAISINS, and others.