

The Altoona Tribune.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

McCRUM & DERN,

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862.

NO. 13.

VOL. 7.

Choice Poetry.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country—every breeze
That sweeps across her bounding sea—
Her stars and stripes—her mountain heights—
And all her fair and glorious sites.

I love my country—let the Greek
In raptures of his sun-clime speak
Of ancient hills that boast the Swiss;
No land can be compared to this.

I love my country—yet 'tis not
Because 'tis nature's favorite spot;
But 'tis because it is the land
Where freedom may be safely staid.

I love my country—may it be
The home of all the noble free;
But never lasting hence of those
Who are at home their country's foe.

I love my country—every grave,
Moss-grown; of her immortal brave,
By weeping Freedom laid to rest,
Whose memories are forever blest.

I love my country—all the best
Of noble men whom she may boast;
Her every tried and faithful son,
From Jackson up to Washington.

I love my country—let its blood
While yet the crimson blood doth start,
In her defence its tide shall flow,
When Freedom points to me her part.

Oh, Thou, who didst our Fathers guide,
Still o'er our lovely land preside;
Direct their sons, and may they love
Their country, next to that above.

Select Miscellany.

THE LEFT-HANDED THIEF.

"How many young men have been injured and perhaps ruined, by false suspicion," remarked my mercantile friend, as we were conversing upon the subject of the "panic," a few evenings since. "Suspicion is like the assassin in the dark. It stabs its victim, and he knows not whence the blow comes. Or it may be more like the keen frost which seizes upon the ears, the cheeks or the nose, freezing the flesh and driving back the life-blood, and yet the poor man totally ignorant of his situation till he comes in contact with the heat, and begins to feel stinging pain. But I believe I never told you of the only time that suspicion of evil was ever fastened upon me. It has nothing particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it served to show how merchants sometimes lose money.

When a mere youth, I was placed in the store of Jonas Wharton, who was a merchant doing a good business. I was frugal, industrious and faithful, and at the age of twenty-one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after banking hours was also in my care.

I tried to do my duty faithfully and I think I succeeded. Mr. Wharton was a close, methodical man, with a quick eye and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied he was satisfied, I felt much pleased.

"I had been a book-keeper a year, when I thought my employer's manner toward me began to change. He seemed to treat me more coolly, and finally I was sure he watched my movements with distrustful glances. I became nervous and uneasy, for I feared I had offended him. But the thing came to head at length. One evening when I was alone in the store, engaged in making up my cash account, Mr. Wharton came to me with a troubled look, and spoke. His voice was tremulous, and I could see that he was deeply affected.

"George," said he, "I am sorry for the conviction that has been forced upon me. I fear you have not been treating me as you should.

I managed in spite of my astonishment to ask what he meant.

"I fear you are not honest!" was his reply.

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon me, I could not have been more startled. Not honest! And there I had been for years making it my chief aim and study how to serve him most faithfully! I do not remember what I said at first. I only know that tears came into my eyes—that my lips trembled—and that my utterance was almost checked. How long had he held such suspicions? I asked him, and he told me for more than two months.

"Good God! You have suspected me thus and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to your interests all my energies—and striving for faith and honor that I might win your love and esteem—to suspect me in secret!—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me!—I would not have believed it!"

"Let us talk the matter over calmly," said the merchant, his own kind tone coming back. He was touched by my agony, and I could see that he was wavering.

I felt at first like telling him that he should have done this before; but as he seemed ready to reason now, I found no fault.

"You have spent considerable money of late," he began.

"How?" I asked.

"Have you not built a house?"

"Yes, sir—and paid for it too—and

have thus given my mother a comfortable home.

Mr. Wharton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply; but pretty soon he asked—

"What did the house cost you?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. My mother owned the land. And I supposed you would know where I got the money. You, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you six years. The first year you paid me fifty dollars, and I laid up twenty-five of it. The second and third years you gave me a hundred, and of that I laid up sixty dollars a year. The fourth year you made me a clerk and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me, and as our little cot answered for the time, I got along that year upon an expense of seventy-five dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred on condition that I would keep your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you paid me one thousand dollars, and I have spent only the interest of what I had previously invested, so that the thousand was not touched. Of course my mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars cash for my house, and have over five hundred in the Savings bank. This is a plain statement of affairs."

For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I missed seventy-five dollars, and I had now set my trap with more care. The red pigment was not only used, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket-book and the cash book were fingered as before, and the marks were very clear and distinct.

When the week was up, Mr. Wharton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," he said, as he noticed the sorrowful expression upon my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

"Alas! I wish I could say so," I replied. "I have discovered too much! In the first place, the money has been taken from the safe, and the key left in its proper drawer, and locked up as usual. Also the cash book has been examined each time to see if any entry had been made of the money. There has been one hundred and seventy-five dollars taken in all."

"But how do you know the cash book has been examined?" Wharton asked.

"I will show you," I said producing both the cash and pocket books. "You see those red marks. I fixed a red pigment upon the door knob of the safe, and also upon the edges of the money drawer. You can see those finger marks?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"And now," I continued, "just examine them carefully. See how the leaves of the cash book were turned over, and also see how the strip of the pocket book was tucked into its place. Do you see anything peculiar about it?"

"Only that the finger marks are very plain."

"But can you not distinguish the thumb marks from those made by the fingers?"

"Yes—I can."

"Then tell me this," I said "which hand did the thief use most dexterously in the work?"

Wharton gazed upon the marks and finally gasped—"The left!"

"So he did," I returned. "And all of the marks have been made the same. The thief is a left-handed one; and he is acquainted with the store, and with our books, and can gain access here. But I have yet another mark. The last bills that were taken were all marked with a small red cross upon the numerical figure in the right hand and upper corner. You can follow those up, for I have neither had the courage nor the heart to undertake such a thing."

The merchant sank as pale as death.

"Henry is the only left handed person upon the premises," he groaned, gazing at me as if he wished me to deny his statement. But I could not. I knew that his own son was the guilty party.

"Ask me no more," I said, with tears in my eyes—for the father's agony deeply moved me. "The secret is locked up in my own breast; and neither to you nor to any living being, will I ever call the name of the thief in my suspect."

The stricken man grasped my hand, and with sobs and tears he begged my pardon for the wrong he had done me, and blessed me for the assurance I had given him.

On the following morning he brought me fifty dollars, in eight different bills, all marked with the red cross.

"I know all now," he whispered in broken accents. "Be kind to me and let this not go out to the world."

I kept my promise, and lived to see the old man smile again; for when Henry saw the deary agony of his father, his heart was touched, and he not only acknowledged all his wild sins, and humbly begged for pardon, but he became a good and true man, an honor and an ornament to society.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF MODERN TIMES.—From a comparison of the great battle of Pittsburg, which was fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April instant, it will be seen that with the exception of Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Waterloo, the struggle is the greatest in the list, looking to the numbers engaged. At Wagram, the French lost 23,000 and the Austrians 38,000; and at Waterloo the losses of the French was 33,000 while those of the Allies amounted to 29,000. The entire loss at Wagram was 61,000, and at Waterloo 62,500. Next to these ranks the battle of Jena, 47,100; Eylar, between the French and Russians, 43,000; and Austerlitz, 42,000. The loss on both sides at Pittsburg was probably between 10,000, and 12,000.

get enough on to be easily noticed. I had left the cash account open to be closed up in the morning. When I next opened the safe, all was as I had left it. The next night I fixed the knob in the same manner, and on the following morning I found forty dollars gone! Upon the pocket-book were finger marks of red lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found the same kind of marks there. So I had learned one thing, the thief knew enough to see whether any account had been made of the money before he took it. I felt more unpleasantly than before, for my unwelcome suspicions were being confirmed. I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger marks which told me a sad story. Still I wished to try further.

For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I missed seventy-five dollars, and I had now set my trap with more care. The red pigment was not only used, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket-book and the cash book were fingered as before, and the marks were very clear and distinct.

When the week was up, Mr. Wharton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," he said, as he noticed the sorrowful expression upon my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

"Alas! I wish I could say so," I replied. "I have discovered too much! In the first place, the money has been taken from the safe, and the key left in its proper drawer, and locked up as usual. Also the cash book has been examined each time to see if any entry had been made of the money. There has been one hundred and seventy-five dollars taken in all."

"But how do you know the cash book has been examined?" Wharton asked.

"I will show you," I said producing both the cash and pocket books. "You see those red marks. I fixed a red pigment upon the door knob of the safe, and also upon the edges of the money drawer. You can see those finger marks?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"And now," I continued, "just examine them carefully. See how the leaves of the cash book were turned over, and also see how the strip of the pocket book was tucked into its place. Do you see anything peculiar about it?"

"Only that the finger marks are very plain."

"But can you not distinguish the thumb marks from those made by the fingers?"

"Yes—I can."

"Then tell me this," I said "which hand did the thief use most dexterously in the work?"

Wharton gazed upon the marks and finally gasped—"The left!"

"So he did," I returned. "And all of the marks have been made the same. The thief is a left-handed one; and he is acquainted with the store, and with our books, and can gain access here. But I have yet another mark. The last bills that were taken were all marked with a small red cross upon the numerical figure in the right hand and upper corner. You can follow those up, for I have neither had the courage nor the heart to undertake such a thing."

The merchant sank as pale as death.

"Henry is the only left handed person upon the premises," he groaned, gazing at me as if he wished me to deny his statement. But I could not. I knew that his own son was the guilty party.

"Ask me no more," I said, with tears in my eyes—for the father's agony deeply moved me. "The secret is locked up in my own breast; and neither to you nor to any living being, will I ever call the name of the thief in my suspect."

The stricken man grasped my hand, and with sobs and tears he begged my pardon for the wrong he had done me, and blessed me for the assurance I had given him.

On the following morning he brought me fifty dollars, in eight different bills, all marked with the red cross.

"I know all now," he whispered in broken accents. "Be kind to me and let this not go out to the world."

I kept my promise, and lived to see the old man smile again; for when Henry saw the deary agony of his father, his heart was touched, and he not only acknowledged all his wild sins, and humbly begged for pardon, but he became a good and true man, an honor and an ornament to society.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF MODERN TIMES.—From a comparison of the great battle of Pittsburg, which was fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April instant, it will be seen that with the exception of Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Waterloo, the struggle is the greatest in the list, looking to the numbers engaged. At Wagram, the French lost 23,000 and the Austrians 38,000; and at Waterloo the losses of the French was 33,000 while those of the Allies amounted to 29,000. The entire loss at Wagram was 61,000, and at Waterloo 62,500. Next to these ranks the battle of Jena, 47,100; Eylar, between the French and Russians, 43,000; and Austerlitz, 42,000. The loss on both sides at Pittsburg was probably between 10,000, and 12,000.

THE FALL OF FORT PULASKI.

The N. Y. Post has been furnished with an account of the bombardment and capture of Fort Pulaski, which embraces many interesting particulars in addition to those already given. The preparations for the bombardment were in progress on Tybee and Goat Islands for more than three months before the attack began. Heavy cannon were shipped from New York for the reduction of the fort, and among them were several formidable 100-pounder Parrot rifled guns. There were also Parrot 30 pounders, James's cannon, columbiads, and a considerable number of 13-inch mortars, cast at Pittsburgh. The batteries were mostly constructed under cover of the woods, and were fifteen in number, mounting, we are informed, but thirty-five guns; but these were nearly all of immense size, and weight. The heaviest batteries were situated on Goat Island, at an average distance of less than two thousand yards from Fort Pulaski.

Our batteries were manned partly by the crew of the frigate Wabash and other war steamers, and partly by the Rhode Island Artillery, and a few soldiers from other companies. An immense amount of ammunition had been provided for the siege, and on the 10th instant all the preparations were complete, and a sufficient number of troops for the occupation of the fort had been landed at Tybee Island, in expectation of the capture.

THE BEGINNING OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

At seven o'clock and fifty-two minutes on the morning of the 10th instant the attack on the fort began. The rebels at once replied; and the firing slowly opened from the different batteries on our side.

The orders of our men were to fire four shots from each piece per hour, and to continue without intermission. The rebels fired rapidly and fiercely, endeavoring to silence our guns, or compel the evacuation of the batteries; but as the fire opened along the line, revealing new batteries, the enemy, apparently surprised at the extent of our works, redoubled their fire, and in an hour the fight was conducted with the utmost desperation on their part, but without effect, their shot either falling short, or passing over our batteries.

As a proof that the rebels were not acquainted with the localities in which our batteries were built, it is stated that their fire followed the opening of ours from the different points in regular order, until all our batteries had opened, and then distributed their efforts, keeping up the rapid and desperate firing for two hours and a half. Meanwhile, our fire was continued from Tybee and Goat Islands as it had begun; and the rebels failing to do any execution, relaxed their efforts.

Much enthusiasm was manifested by the federal forces, and as the effects of their best shots were noted—the bricks and mortar of the fort occasionally flying in all directions—the men jumped on the batteries and gave loud cheers. These demonstrations of course subsided, especially as there was no corresponding ones from the fort; and towards the middle of the day the firing on both sides became regular; the rebels, however, sometimes retiring from one part of the fort to another, as the range of our guns grew better and rendered their positions dangerous.

THE EFFECT OF THE FIRING.

The effect of the firing was visible on the fort from the first, but no breach was made the first day. One or two guns were dismounted and some of the embrasures were injured, and it was not until ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th that any important breach in the walls of the fort was made. It has been stated that the projectiles fired from our guns went at once through the walls, but such was not the case. Second and third shots, which were aimed at the same place with extreme accuracy, did the work which the rebels attributed to single shots.

The spectacle of the bombardment was grand. Our guns discharging rifle shots and shells, the effect was a continuous explosion inside the fort; fragments of shot and shell, and of the works of the fort sometimes falling almost the entire area of the enclosure, and compelling the rebels to remain in their casemates, but for which the loss of life among them would have been fearful.

THE SURRENDER—COL. OLNSTEAD.

About noon on the 11th the rebels' fire suddenly increased, and they worked at all their available guns with a persistency quite equal if not surpassing that with which they began on the first day. But the immense breach in the fort, in an exact line with the magazines, threatened to be the cause of their total destruction through an explosion, and at eighteen minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon, they hauled down their flag, which had been once shot away, and ran up a flag of truce. The firing, of course, ceased at once on our side, and it was not until evening that two hundred men, accompanied by their officers and General Gilmore, went over to the fort to accept the surrender of the garrison.

Col. Olmstead, the rebel commander at Fort Pulaski, in delivering his sword to

Gen. Gilmore, also delivered a speech.—He said it was by night, and not by right, that he was compelled to give it up; and he hoped he should have the pleasure of using it again in the same cause. The other officers also gave up their swords, with the exception of one, who said his sword was in Savannah, and he offered his sash instead, which, however, he was directed to keep. The privates surrendered their arms.

On the 12th, Gen. Hunter, Gen. Benham and other officers, proceeded to the fort in the steamer McClellan; and on their arrival, First-Officer Denny, of the steamer, under orders from Gen. Hunter, hoisted the Stars and Stripes amid loud cheers. The forces which had held the fort during the night were, however, replaced by the large and handsome ensign, under which it was formally taken possession of by the commanding officer.

Fort Pulaski is in a condition difficult to describe. The breached walls and generally-battered surface, enlarged embrasures, dismounted and broken guns and carriages, and general ruin of the inner works caused by the explosion of shell and the entrance of shot, are evidences of the terrific firing of our artillerists. There is abundant evidence that the fort would, by their splendid aim, have been literally battered down had the fight continued.

The prisoners brought to New York are all privates, and number one hundred and five. Some are boys, and many are Irishmen who are said to have been impressed into the rebel service. All are extremely dirty; and the majority are rank secessionists.

WHAT WE SOW WE SHALL REAP.

There was once an old man whose eyes had become dim, his ears deaf. When he sat at the dinner table, he could hardly hold on to his spoon, so that sometimes he spilt his soup on the cloth. His son and daughter-in-law were much displeased with this; at last they put him in a corner behind the stove, and gave him food in a little earthen pale. He never got as much as he could eat, and he would often look towards the table with wet yet longing eyes.

One day his shaking hands let the little dish fall, and it was broken. The woman scolded but he said nothing; he only sighed. They bought a wooden trough for him.—Once as he was sitting thus in the corner, his little grandchild, about four years old, was playing on the floor near him, with some pieces of wood.

"What are you making?" asked the father, smiling.

"I am making a trough," answered the child, "for father and mother to eat from when they are old and I am grown big."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence. They brought their old father back to the table and gave him as much as he wished, and they never again spoke angry when his trembling hands spilt soup on the cloth.

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman. "America," was the reply. "Ah!" said the foreman, "from America? A lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him a character and standing with all in the office.

HOW TO GET GIRLS MARRIED.—A thriving trader, in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months.—A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the latter informed him he made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between "death and matrimony!" "You can imagine," he continued, "which of the two they preferred."

WHISKY AS IS WHISKY.—A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives the following lively description of a light and wholesome spirit now manufactured to an immense amount in Virginia: "It cateterizes the mucous membrane of the windpipe, sets the brain on fire, and sends a cold tremor through the system; the soldier who indulges in half a dozen nips is likely to stay drunk for a week, and a second or third application drives the breath out of the body."

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you would have at another time, under the same circumstances, forbidden.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recital the perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

GONE TO BED.—An eminently good man thus wrote, on hearing of the death of a child:—"Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two earlier to bed, as children used to do, and we are soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

BAD LUCK.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate declares: "We have had bad luck with Kentucky and her people.—Crittenden, one of her sons, lost a battle he ought to have gained; Tilghman, another Kentuckian, gave up Fort Henry; Johnston, another Kentuckian, failed to save Fort Donelson, which he might have done; and Buckner, also a Kentuckian, surrendered twelve thousand men." They have had bad luck with North Carolina as well, and with Florida, and with Tennessee, and their usual luck has pursued them in the Valley of Virginia, and on the South Carolina and Georgia coasts.

Pain is life's sentinel. It gives warning to danger. It is nature's monitor. It says, "Take care—you have violated the laws of health—you have wounded yourself—desist or you die?" But when the wound is mortal beyond hope, the sentinel gives no challenge. Pain is of no use then. The victim must die; and usually he suffers little. Pain, therefore; if it be a penalty, is also a mercy. It is designed only to tell us of danger and to make us avoid it.

When a person is very ill, he says, "God has afflicted me;" but if he feels very happy, and very well, how rarely does he say, "God has made me happy." How prone are we to think God is at burials, but not at weddings; how prone to think God is in all dark, sepulchral and gloomy places, but not in the midst of all that is bright, giving it greater brightness, and in all that is joyful adding to its intensity and its purity.

"Sam" said one little urchin to another, yesterday, "does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?"

"I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' regularly every day, and says I merit too!"

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore, and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man, "had she had a little more modesty."

Franklin said a Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is, that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.