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[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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Choice Poetry.

NO FLAG BUT THE OLD FLAG.

By JERRY M. PARKER.
No flag but the old flag—the red, white and blue,
With the stars of a Union unbroken and true;
Arise and defend it, ye sons of the brave,
Whose blood bought the banner your valor must save.
Who are ready to fight for the flag of the Free!
Up! up with the stars and the stripes, and go forth
To save our great Union, brave men of the North!
Nor rest till the Star Spangled Banner you see
Triumphantly float from the Palmetto tree!
God bless the old flag, as he old hath done,
Since he strengthened the arm of our own Washington;
And God bless the freemen, devoted and true,
Who are ready to die for the red, white and blue!

Select Miscellany.

HETTY MARVIN.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17—, and set a price on the head of Gov. Griswold, the latter fled to the town of I—, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him, for some days, in a secluded farm house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May, he was routed from his hiding place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him. His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek which emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the boat was two miles by the usual travelled road. But a little sheep-path across the farmer's orchards would bring him to the road only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for his life. Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser. Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road, to escape his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond many of her elders. She was frightened by the head long haste with which the Governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene, and instantly quitted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps. Her wise thoughtfulness arrested the Governor's notice and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said, earnestly, "I am flying for my life, and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. Now I want you to run down this way to the river. But you must tell the rescuers who are chasing me that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along your way. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl, in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed, I cannot. Why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Hetty, my child, surely you would not betray me to death. Hark! they are coming; I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh! Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of down; and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never bless those who speak falsely, cousin. But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me; so run quickly as possible."

"It's no use; unless I can deceive them, I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as swift as you can, and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

"It's my only chance, child; I'll get down as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the Governor was soon hidden under the ample folds of the cloth.

Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to capture him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the little girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and blushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer, with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his tory guide; "I know the child, I believe—Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"And this man who ran by you a few

THE DYING SOLDIER.

OR, PEACE IN DEATH.

A pious soldier mortally wounded in one of the great battles of the Peninsula war, was carried by two or three attached comrades to the rear of the scene of action. They laid him down under a tree, unwilling to leave him in such a condition of agony and peril, lingered beside him to see if there was no act of kindness which they could do. His speech seemed much affected; so that he was unable to answer intelligibly to their inquiries, but he made them understand by signs that he would not wish them to remain with him to the neglect of their post of duty in the battle. Reluctantly they left him and returned. A little while after, an officer who had been hastily summoned from a distance to join the action rode past. He pulled up on seeing the fellow countrymen alone and bleeding to death, and asked if there was anything he could do for him. The soldier murmured something in the negative, and motioned to him also to go forward. "My poor fellow," said the officer kindly, "if you are so far gone as to be beyond the reach of help yourself, perhaps I could do something for your friends at home; is there no message I could carry for you to your wife and children?"

At the mention of his family a flash of consciousness seemed to return to the dying man. He said distinctly: "Yes; knapsack—book."

The officer dismounted and opened the knapsack beside him. He searched for a book in it, and soon drew out a Bible. "The soldier continued: 'Read John xiv. 27.'"

The hand which held it was little accustomed to turn over the sacred pages, and slowly, and not without difficulty, the verse was found and read. A radiant and heavenly smile lighted up the poor man's features as he listened. "There! there!" he exclaimed, in thrilling and triumphant tones, "is all I want. I have peace. I am going home; my Savior is waiting to receive me."

The officer gazed on him a moment in speechless astonishment, and then remembering that he ought to have been at his post before now, threw the Bible into the knapsack, sprang into his saddle and was gone.

Within an hour afterward that same officer was carried by his men on a rude litter, out of the field of battle. He too, was mortally wounded, and had not spoken until they approached the tree where the lifeless remains of the soldier were now stretched on the field. The spot too vividly recalled the circumstances which had taken place there so short time before. Passing his hand over his forehead, he was heard to say, in tones of heartfelt anguish: "I have no Bible. I have no peace; there is no Savior waiting to receive me."

Both these men were exposed to the power of the sword; both as to their mortal life fell victims to it; yet the heir of the promise, in the hour of his lonely death, experienced the "I will" of deliverance—his soul was redeemed from the power of his sword.—The Sayings of the King.

WEDDING CEREMONIES ON THE ALPS.—There are still many of the old customs remaining, of which one of the most peculiar is the wedding, which has some of the features of those in the Northern part of Germany. An orator is bearer of invitations, who is often the village schoolmaster. He makes a formal speech before every house, which all the people run to hear. On the morning of the wedding he accompanies the bridegroom and the groomsmen to the house of the bride, where they breakfast together; after which he makes a speech to the father and mother, recounting to them all the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and beseeching them to give their daughter willingly away, as he is sure a long life of happiness is in store for her. A rival orator then "takes the word," and presents the dark side of the picture, all the difficulties of the new position, and the virtues of the bride. After this parliamentary discussion the bride departs with her betrothed for church amidst the prayers and tears and good wishes; and to keep up her spirits musicians cheer her way with song.—The Cotages of the Alps.

A BRAVE HUSBAND.—A bear attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized the pork and aimed a happy blow at Bruin.

"Give it to him," cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft and exclaimed, "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

THE KEY TO PROSPERITY.—"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to prosperity ob de Souf?" "Key to de prosperity ob de Souf?—big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eatin' massa's dicken-uary. Golly; I ain't larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chile, 'tis de darkey."

"If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any."

THE OBJECT OF AMBITION SHOULD BE TO BE HAPPY AT HOME. If we are not happy there we cannot be elsewhere.

ANECDOTE OF COMMODORE FOOTE.

We find the following anecdote of Com. Foote in the Christian Advocate and Journal:

"It is well known that whiskey forms part of the rations supplied to men in the navy, the wisdom of which may well be called into question. A saving clause allows each sailor to consume his whiskey ration for money. Many do this, but by far the largest number answer to the whiskey roll, and with evident satisfaction, gulp down all the law allows. At the commencement of a cruise, Com. Foote called the chaplain to his stateroom, and told him that he desired to form a temperance society on board the vessel. The chaplain thought the object a good one, but the success of the experiment he very much doubted. His doubts were much greater when the Commodore told him he intended to make old Brown president, if agreeable to the others. Now old Brown had for many years been a follower of the sea, and had imbibed such quantities of bad liquor that his nose plainly told of his drinking; and in answer to the chaplain's doubts about securing the concurrence of old Brown, the Commodore replied: 'Never mind; I have already spoken to Brown on the subject, and he enters heartily into our scheme, and consents to be president of our society.'"

"The meeting was called and the society was formed; and so persevering were the effects of this noble effort, and those whom he inspired with the good work, that every officer and man on board that vessel signed the pledge of total abstinence, and the first port that the good and now safe bark touched, all the 'U. S.' stores of whiskey were stored on account of the Government. The cruise was finished without one drop of whiskey ration; and no doubt the crew was much better able to perform their duty and to endure hardships than when they daily imbibed that which calculated to destroy both body and soul. It may be well asked what can one man do? or rather what he cannot do when, with the spirit of love and charity to animate him, he works with a will in his master's cause?"

BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.—The following extract from the response of Mr. Seward for the President, to the patriotic sentiments of the Presbyterian General Assembly, will be treasured among the elegant passages brought out by the perils of our country:

"For many years heretofore, one of the greatest subjects of solicitation among good men will be the signal success of the Government of the United States in preserving our Federal Union, which is the ark of civil and religious liberty on this continent and throughout the world. All the events of our generation which preceded this attempt at revolution, all that shall happen after it, will be deemed unimportant in consideration of that one indispensable and invaluable achievement. The men of our generation whose memory will be the longest and most honored, will be they who thought the most earnestly, prayed the most fervently, hoped the most confidently, fought the most heroically, and suffered the most patiently, in the sacred cause of freedom and humanity. The record of the action of the Presbyterian Church, seems, to the President, worthy of its traditions and aspirations, as an important branch of the church founded by the Saviour of men."

TRUTH.—Every word of it. Cut it out and learn it by heart. "We should make it a principal to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance."

The husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length one of the clergymen of the parish, making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving an account of her spouse's last moment, told him her poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die. "At last," said she, "I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb."

Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aqua fetris; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple dumplings.

The most remarkable case of indigestion we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

A writer speaking on the subject of the bloomer costume, says it has revealed the fact that woman is a forked animal, and is not, as she seems to be, a chimp on castors.

NATURAL HISTORY OF CHILDREN.

A child hearing some one speak of the cells in a prison, asked, "Are there any bees there?" On being answered in the negative, inquired, "Then why does the poem of the little busy bee say 'how skillfully she builds her cell?'" Another who was taken to see a large serpent or boa, inquired as he walked home, "Mamma, when will hairs grow on the skin of this boa?" "There will never be any hairs on it; then why do you ask such a question?" "Then why are there hairs all over the boa you wear around your neck?" was the answer, showing how a long train of erroneous ideas had originated in the two different meanings of the word boa. On another occasion a young interrogator asked, "How are your mamma made?" "Mamma—" They are not made; they grow like hair." "Oh, mamma, papa said they were knit?" "The child had heard the phrase, "Knitting the brows." One asked, "Where is the leg of the stairs?" "The leg of the stairs? I do not know what you mean." "Why, papa, you said the foot of the stairs, and I want to know where the leg is." There is difficulty sometimes in penetrating the mind of the child, and laying hold of the erroneous idea that has got possession of it; and until this be done, the truth cannot find admission. A lady asked a little girl in a school-room, if she knew what a camel was like. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "it is a wee, wee, wenny thing like a worm; that can squeeze itself through the eye of a needle."

THE THOUGHT WHICH CHECKS A DYING HOUR.—Said a dying man in my hearing once, "My life has been a failure; I have made a fortune to leave to my relatives to quarrel over when I am gone, and what is there in that thought to cheer me now? There is but one green spot in the dreary waste of a long life, and that is the fact that I took a number of poor boys by the hand, and aided them in becoming men. I can run over in my memory more than a dozen such, who are now, useful and honored men, both in church and state whom I aided and encouraged in obtaining an education. They will do some good in the world if I did not." The tears ran down his cheeks as he thus spoke, and he turned himself on his bed and gently sunk into the arms of death. We shall never forget that scene. It dignified itself upon the page of memory, never to be effaced.

Reader, what are you doing that you will look back on with pleasure on your dying bed? Have you any green spot in life upon which memory will delight to linger? Is your life a success so far as the great business of life is concerned? You will soon lie upon your death-bed, and it becomes you to ponder these questions now.

A BULLET EXTRACTOR.—Brigade Surgeon and Medical Director, U. S. A., J. E. Quidor, has invented an instantaneous bullet extractor. It consists essentially of a metallic cylinder, closed at one end; to the other of which is attached a bell-shaped, India-rubber mouth-piece, or sucker. Within this cylinder is a tube containing metallic mercury, with a valve at its lower extremity. To the upper extremity of the cylinder is attached an exhaustor or air-pump. In using the instrument the mouth-piece is applied over the orifice of the wound, the tube projecting a short distance within it, and the air exhausted. If the ball is simply imbedded in the soft structure, the expansion of the air beneath the ball, which is just in proportion to the power of exhaustion above, expels it from the wound. Should the ball be imbedded in a bone or retained beneath the tendons, the valve is opened and a column of mercury precipitated into the wound, which, by its specific gravity, added to the atmospheric pressure above, forces the ball from its position and floats it from the wound.

"Who can paint like nature?" exclaimed a young lady, as she held a copy of Thompson's seasons in one hand, while the other was clasped by her enraptured lover. "Ah! what soul there is in that passage! who indeed can paint like nature?" "You can," shouted her brother, who had been peeping in at the window: "you are painted like all nature now."

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