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The Only Place Where a Cure Can Be Obtained.
Dr. JOHNSON has discovered the cause of all Physical Weakness, and has discovered the means of curing it. He has cured thousands of cases of Physical Weakness, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Debility, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Irritability, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Prostration, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Exhaustion, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Collapse, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Paralysis, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Stupor, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Coma, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Death.

YOUNG MEN.
Who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, and who are suffering from its effects, should be cured by Dr. JOHNSON'S method. He has cured thousands of cases of Solitary Vice, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Debility, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Irritability, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Prostration, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Exhaustion, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Collapse, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Paralysis, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Stupor, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Coma, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Death.

MARRIAGE.
Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, should be cured by Dr. JOHNSON'S method. He has cured thousands of cases of Physical Weakness, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Debility, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Irritability, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Prostration, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Exhaustion, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Collapse, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Paralysis, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Stupor, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Coma, and has cured thousands of cases of Nervous Death.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS.
The most dangerous of all diseases, and the most difficult to cure, is Organic Weakness. It is caused by the use of Solitary Vice, and it leads to the most terrible of all diseases, Nervous Debility, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Collapse, Nervous Paralysis, Nervous Stupor, and Nervous Death. It is cured by Dr. JOHNSON'S method, and he has cured thousands of cases of Organic Weakness.

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Choice Poetry.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WATKINS.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquakes strive below.
And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Through o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell!

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.
What mean the gladness of the plain,
The joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the board of grain,
And yellow shocks of corn?

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-disease's stain.
Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm:
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the best lies safe below
The first that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the pin return.
She sees the cheer of suffering born,
The good of suffering born;
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes,
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies.
Oh, give us, in her fiercer war,
Above this stormy day,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in.

Still no answer.
'Impatiently I began to pound upon the door.'
'At last I heard the clatter of feet in the bare hall, and a few moments afterward, a dirty, slovenly-looking Irish woman cast open the door and confronted me. The creature was drunk too, so drunk that she staggered.'
'As the door opened, I heard a mingling of male and female voices, and the sound of a bacchanalian revelry.'
'Who lives in the third story of this house?' I demanded.
'I did not, of course, suppose, that the house was occupied by but one family, on the contrary, I judged that every room was rented separately.'
'Who lives in the third story, is it?' repeated the woman, with a drunken hic-cough between every syllable.
'Yes, yes. Who lives in the third story?' I replied, with a growing impatience.
'An' how should I know, I'd like yer to tell me?' was the indignant answer. 'I'm not the landlord, sure, nor the landlord's lady, either.'
'Then you don't know who lives up stairs?' I added.
'Divil a bit,' was the forcible rejoinder. 'Well, some one cried murder up there, a few moments ago.' I continued.
'Did they, indeed?' responded she with-out the least show of anxiety or curiosity.
'Yes, they did, I quickly replied—didn't you hear it?'
'Divil a bit, sur.'
'I saw that I should make no headway with this poor creature, and took another course.
'I will go up stairs and see what is the matter, my good woman, if you have no objection,' I exclaimed, at the same time, pushing past the female, who, however, willingly made way for me.
'Be me sowl, it's none o' me business at all, at all,' she muttered as she shut the door.
'I scrambled up the dark, rickety stairs and at last mounted to the third story.
'As I reached the upper hall, I heard the sound of voices, issuing from the front room. I moved over towards the door, following the sound, for I could see nothing; but had not taken half a dozen steps when that ominous cry again smote fearfully on my ears.
'Murder! murder!'
'I stopped a moment, thrilled to the very heart, and then dashed on again; for I am no coward as you know, and only too ready to poke myself into danger and difficulties.
'I tried the door, it was locked.
'Open the door there!' I said with a peremptory kick.
'I heard a scrambling inside, and the buzz of smothered voices, curses, cries, groans, and, as I thought, the peculiar sound of blows.
'Outside, I could hear nothing except the cries of the drunken revellers, which rose up from the rooms below.
'No one at all seemed to hear or heed what was going on there in the third story.
'I knocked again, once more demanding admittance.
'Open the door there! I cried.
'I thought not of danger to myself—Previous immunity from harm had made me reckless and venturesome.'
'The sound of the struggle grew louder and the voice of the struggle more and more sanguinary, if there was any judging from what I heard.
'Help! oh help! now came to my ears in smothered tones.
'Fairly beside myself with excitement, I placed my shoulder against the door, and pushed with all my might. In a few moments it burst open, and flew back against the wall.
'I almost fell my full length into the apartment. Managing to recover my equilibrium, however, I glanced around.
'The room was a large one, and was comfortably, even handsomely, furnished. I was amazed; for I did not expect to behold anything but the evidences of the most squalid poverty.
'What did it mean?
'At a glance I took in the comfortable, even luxurious surroundings; and then my gaze became riveted on a terrible scene which was transpiring in the middle of the room.
'A woman still young in years, as I could readily see, and quite handsomely dressed, was lying prostrate upon her back on the floor. Her dress was torn and bloody, her face and hands besmeared with gore, and her whole appearance violently disordered and disheveled.
'Bending over her was a rather handsome man who was probably thirty-five years of age. He was well and fashionably dressed; and his whole appearance, save that it was now disordered by excitement, was quite gentlemanly. His hands were bloody, and his apparel much disordered.
'Bending over her was a rather handsome man who was probably thirty-five years of age. He was well and fashionably dressed; and his whole appearance, save that it was now disordered by excitement, was quite gentlemanly. His hands were bloody, and his apparel much disordered.
'I said the man was rather handsome—he was; but at the same time he was quite as wicked-looking as he was hand-

Select Miscellany.

THE BURGLAR'S LEAP.

A REPORTER'S STORY.

BY ANNA M. LAWSON.

My brother Richard was a reporter, and for years he was attached to the newspaper press of one of our largest cities.
Dick saw many strange and thrilling sights, accounts of some of which we gleaned from the papers he sent us, while the particulars of others he communicated to us through the medium of his letters.
From one of the epistles which we received, I copy the narrative, verbatim. He says:
'I had a somewhat thrilling adventure the other night good folks—quite thrilling, if I am any judge of such matters. I will tell you the particulars, and the account would not prove uninteresting to any body, much less will it do so to you.
'I was going home from the office about midnight (a morning paper, you know, is apt to keep one up at all hours,) when as I was passing up Sixth street—which is one of our largest avenues—and had just gotten abreast of a twelve foot alley—a dark place filled with rickety abodes of poverty, and habitations that bear a most villainous reputation—I was startled by a sudden cry of "Murder."
'With terrible distinctness the word pealed out on the still air.
'Murder! murder! murder!
'The ominous sound was uttered by a woman too; and thrilled me in every nerve of the body.
'For a few moments I stood and listened with my gaze fixed up the alley. The word was not repeated, however, nor was there any particular stir among the out-laud denizens, and the larger streets were nearly, or quite deserted. The cry of murder was, no doubt, of too frequent occurrence in that vicinity to attract much attention from the occupants of the alley, and no one else appeared near to hear it.
'My curiosity was aroused; however, and, if being all in the way of my business, I poked myself around into strange places, I rapidly pushed on up the dark alley. I saw nothing, though, to throw any light on the recent outcry.
'At length I stopped, and, as it happened, in front of a dingy, old fashioned three story brick house—a building that in its better days, a long time ago, had no doubt been looked upon as something particularly fine.
'Suddenly I heard a window quickly raised and a sheet of light instantly flooded the alley at my feet, and I looked up.
'Murder!' I again heard in a woman's voice, now uttered in tones broken and half smothered.
'The next moment, the window was violently slammed down, and the light disappeared.
'Again all was dark and still.
'I must find out what that means, I muttered to myself.
'Instantaneously I turned to the door of the house, and rapped in a quick and anxious manner.
'There was no answer.
'I rapped again, loud and long.

TOUCHING AFFAIR.

The following extract from the funeral discourse of Rev. J. B. Berry, at the obsequies of Ex-President Van Buren, at Kinderhook, New York, contains reflections of a highly affecting character:

"Before we see the lifeless body of one of the Presidents of our Union. We bury him amid such circumstances as never attended the burial of a President of the people's choice before. While we are engaged in these solemn rites, at this very hour an atrocious rebellion is warring for that Union's utter destruction. Shall it succeed? Shall it be said that the life of this republic was measured only by the life of one of its rulers? Are you ready to lay the Union beside him in his grave? Are you willing to make his tomb the memorial of a republic, which in his own lifetime, rose from three to thirty millions—put on a transcendent glory among the nations—blessed its citizens as no other citizens ever were blessed—kindled hope among the oppressed of all the earth—brightened the prospects of the Savior's universal reign, and then suddenly was put to death because its recent sons would not defend it against the foulest conspiracy the sun ever looked upon, save that which hung the Lord of glory on the cross?"

O, with such reflections, who would wish to remember even the names of the rulers of the nation whose ephemeral glories would only cast a deeper infamy upon its untimely ruin! If a shattered and degraded and impoverished country, how sad would such memories be!—how full of shame and remorse and bitterness! Instead of the rejoicing with which we have been wont to hale the anniversary of our nation's birth, we would rather be tempted to say: "Let that day be darkness. Let not God regard it from above; neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it. Let a cloud dwell upon it. Let the blackness of the day terrify it. Let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Let it not come in the number of months." With a more poignant grief than David's we would cry: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen! Tell it in Gath. Publish it not in the streets of Askelon. Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."
As the modern Jew of Jerusalem wept from the temple of his fathers, weeps every week at the outside of the impene-trable wall and presses his throbbing head in agony against the stones, to think that he may no more see the glories and taste the joys and tread the courts of that holy place which once was the common heritage of all; so would we, in a country conquered and destroyed by treason, weep at the outside of the wall of an irretrievable ruin, over the privileges and blessings, over the names of rulers and the memories of prosperity and honor, once ours, but forever lost because in the hour of their danger we rush not to their rescue.

Shall it be so, O, ye who assemble to-day to bear one of your nation's rulers to the tomb? Can you bear the thought of yourself and children standing in future years beside that tomb only to look over that nation's ruins? Can you consent to it, if it be the power of man, by the help of God, to avert so dire a doom? If not, then, the voice which God in His Providence speaks to you to-day. It is not the voice of partisanship, or passion, or prejudice; it is the voice of high and holy duty, bidding you like Israel of old, to 'play the man for your people and the cities of your God.' Your natural obligations as citizens demand it, the cause of truth demands it, the remembrance of the past, the dangers and struggles of the present, the hopes and fears of the future, demand it; gratitude to God demands it; a regard for the cause of religion and liberty demand it; all that we hold dear in our own interest and hopes for this world, the love we bear our offspring, the trembling hopes of millions of the oppressed among the nations' the evil eye and malicious wishes of tyrants—all, all combine in imploring us to know the day of our visitation; to cast away every partisan, and prejudiced, and avaricious thought; and over the grave of our departed President, to pledge our country now, in the hour of its stupendous danger, what the true patriots lived it at the hour of its birth—our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The longest war recorded in history, if not the most destructive and important, was that waged for a hundred and eighty-two years against the Spanish invaders by an Indian tribe, or rather nation, called the Aracaucians, occupying the southeastern part of South America.
'Snobs,' said Mrs. Snobs to her husband, the other day, after the ball, 'Snobs, why did you dance with every lady in the room last night before you noticed me? Why, my dear, said the devoted Snob, 'I was only practicing what we do at the table—reserve the best for the last.'

Punch will continue to poke sharp sticks at us. In his last number is the following: "Latest from Washington—General Halleck is to assume command of the Federal armies under the title of Halleck under the Great."

Master and Scholar.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us:
'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'
'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simpson that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book and immediately I informed the master.
'Indeed,' said he, "how did you know he was idle?"
'I saw him,' said I.
'You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"
'I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.
'If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.
A SHORT ANSWER.—One of the enrolling marshals, the other day received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at a lady's house he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent abatement in the price of a peck of tomatoes.
'Have you any men here, ma'am?' The reply was gruff and curt—"No."
'Have you no husband madam?"
'No."
'Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"
'Well, what of it?"
'I should like to know where he is."
'Well he isn't here."
'So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"
'In the Union army, where you ought to be.
The marshal hastened around the corner. He didn't further interrogate the lady.
A young lady fainted at dinner, the other day because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs.
'What made you faint?' anxiously enquired her friends as soon as she came to.
'The nakedness of that horrible quadruped,' sobbed this bashful piece of modesty.
'Och, an' bedad,' exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, 'it wasn't naked at all, at all. I dressed it myself before I brought it in sure.'
An ingenious youth from the Granite State now residing at Denver, returned to his lodgings a few nights since in a state of great independence and erectness.
'My friend,' asked his wondering companion and room mate, "are you drunk or sober?"
'Well,' replied the youth, with the peculiar dignified and oracular manner which only an intoxicated person can assume, "for Pike's Peak, sober; for New Hampshire, pretty drunk."

AND BAKERY!
SIGNED ANNOU-
of Altoona and vicinity that he
and FRUIT STORE, is always
of articles to be had, and in great
R SALOON
which will give up OYSTERS
of FISH always on hand,
to supply cakes, candies, &c.
It invites a share of public
can render full satisfaction to
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