

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 7.

ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

NO. 43.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

H. C. DERN, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Subscription price, payable in advance, \$1.00 per annum in advance, \$1.00 per annum in advance, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

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Choice Poetry.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

"O wrap the flag around me, boys,"

And lay me down to die,

Where the cannon roars around me

And the carnage rages high;

While the last thought of my country

And my mother—oh, my God!

Let thy strong right arm support her

While she passes 'neath thy rod.

There's a cottage on the hill side

Of the noble "Fratric State,"

Where a golden willow droopeth

O'er a little rustic gate,

And my gray-haired sire is sitting

With his bible on his knee

By its hearth stone, while he prayeth

Even now, perhaps for me.

And farther on, another still,

But, oh, the mad'ning thought!

What misery to thee, beloved,

Treason's black hand hath wrought;

But this is not the only heart

That bows in woe to-night,

Nor thine the only stricken soul

That looks above for light.

But be ye strong, and bear ye up—

We have not blest a vain—

The fetters we have stricken off,

Will ne'er be forged again.

And had I now a thousand lives,

I'd give them all for thee,

My native land, my precious home,

If they might make thee free.

Then "wrap the flag around me, boys,"

"The Red, the White and Blue,"

In every thought and every act.

To them I have been true;

Living, I fought beneath thy folds,

Dying, my prayer shall be,

That every star may typify

A country truly free.

Select Miscellany.

THE HIDEOUS MAN.

By Emily J. Macintosh.

CHAPTER I.

"You know it is your father's wish, Luly."

"Only a wish, auntie, not a command,

and I think it is cruel for you to try

to force me to marry that hideous man!"

"He has been very ill, dear, and of

course—has that is—"

"You can't make an Adonis of him,

auntie, so don't try. And if you could

would not be much improved, in my

estimation. Such an uncouth mortal

never crossed my path! If I speak to

him he colors to the hue of a boiled lobster,

and fidgets his hands and feet as if he

were afraid I wanted to run away with them;

and his 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am,' are

as broad and constrained as if I were his

grandmother."

"And yet your uncle says he is very ac-

complished."

"Oh Auntie!"

"Quite true, my dear. You must take

into consideration his disadvantages—"

"His mother, one of the loveliest women

whom I ever knew, died when Lionel

was five years old; and his father, in-

conceivable, shut himself up in that out-

of the way country place of his and never

went into society again. Lionel's edu-

cation has been his whole care, and a pro-

found scholar himself, he has probably

spared no pains to make his son his equal.

Still the entirely reclusive life was calculated

to make the boy shy and nervous, and the

long, severe illness, which followed his

father's death accounts for his pale face."

"I hope his trip to France will restore

his health," said Luly, rather coldly.

"And you?"

"I cannot go with him," cried the young

girl passionately. "My father's will only

requests us to look upon each other as the

children of life-long friends as he and Mr.

Carleton should do so. He hopes we may

love each other well enough to marry hap-

ily; otherwise, he does not even desire

our union. I do not love him and I can-

not flatter myself with the idea that he

even admires me, so we had best part as

good friends, but no more."

"At that instant the subject of conversa-

tion entered the room. A few commo-

nal remarks passed between him and Mrs.

Raymond and she pleaded some house-

hold engagement and left the room.—

"The lovers, per contract, sat in silence for

some moments, and a greater contrast can

scarcely be imagined than the two pre-

sents.

Luly Hazleton was a blonde of the

most exquisite type. Of medium size,

her form was graceful and symmetrical,

and her fair curls and large blue eyes suited

the Grecian profile and fair delicately

tinted complexion. An expression of an-

imation and high intellect saved her face

from insipidity; and as she bent now over

her sewing, the rich color mantling her

cheeks proved her embarrassment. She

was but seventeen, and not at her ease

with the lover she intended to discard.

And Lionel Carleton, raising his dark

eyes from the floor, saw in the large mir-

ror this perfect form and face, and his own

figure. He was very tall, and his height

was exaggerated by the attenuation of

his long limbs. The large features, which

would have been manly and handsome in

health were actually monstrous in the

present condition.

THE FRENCHMAN'S SHEEP.

If, unluckily, you should happen to get

into a dispute, the best way is to stop

short and ask your antagonist to enter

into a consideration of what the point is.

This is apt to have a cooling effect on

both parties, and to result in a clear un-

derstanding of the real question. A few

years since we happened to be riding in a

stage, where, among half a dozen pas-

sengers, there was a Frenchman and an

Englishman. There seemed to be a cat-

and-dog feeling between them, for if one

opened his lips the other was sure to fly at

the observation with the teeth and claws

of a dispute. As we were driving along,

the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had

seen in some foreign land with a tail so

long as to drag upon the ground. There-

upon the Frenchman shrugged up his

shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eye-

brows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said

the Englishman, not a little nettled at the

contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do I mean?" said the latter.—

"I mean dat a sheep has not von tail at

all."

"A sheep's haint got a tail, ha?" said

the Englishman.

"No; not von bit!" said the French-

man.

"Well, this comes of eating frogs,"

said John Bull. "What can you expect

of a man that eats frogs? You say a

sheep hasn't got a tail?"

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other,

with a polite bow, yet with a very sneer-

ing expression, "I say a sheep has no tail

—not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly

excited, and we cannot say what might

have happened had not one of the pas-

sengers asked the Frenchman what he meant

by sheep.

"Vat do I mean by sheep? Vy I mean

von large ting vat sails and rudder, vat

goes upon the sea."

"Oh, oh!" said the Englishman, "you

mean a ship."

"Yes, monsieur," was the reply, "I

mean von sheep dat has de captain, and de

sailors, vat goes upon the waters."

"Very well, sir," said the Englishman;

"I mean a sheep—a creature with four

legs, covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean one sheep vit ze wool,"

said the other. "Yes, yes, monsieur, ze

sheep vit ze wool has ze tail."

After this explanation the parties shook

hands.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—