

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRIM & DERN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1863.

NO. 16.

O, YES! O, YES!!
THIS WAY! THIS WAY!
NEW
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

J. B. HILEMAN has just received a large and well selected stock of Goods, consisting of Gents, Boys, and Fancy Goods, Satinets, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Broadcloths, Blue Drilling, and all other kinds of goods for the season.

MEN AND BOYS' WEAR,
LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
Suits of Black and Fancy Silks, Challis, Bergees, Brilliant, Leno, Delaine, Chamois, Gaiters, Coats, Pants, Caps, and all other goods for the season.

ALSO,
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc.

GROCERIES.
Our stock of Groceries is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and all other household necessities.

EXCELSIOR Hat & Cap Store.
THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "EXCELSIOR" HAT AND CAP STORE, has just received a large and well selected stock of Goods, consisting of Gents, Boys, and Fancy Goods, Satinets, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Broadcloths, Blue Drilling, and all other kinds of goods for the season.

HATS, CAPS,
SPRING AND SUMMER

MISSIE'S HATS, & C.
The stock of Hats and Caps is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Hats and Caps for the season.

New Drug Store.
BERLIN & CO. A. NOUNCE TO
The stock of Drugs and Medicines is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Drugs and Medicines for the season.

OUR MEDICINES
The stock of Medicines is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Medicines for the season.

THE UNION FOREVER!
GOOD NEWS!
GODFREY WOLF would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that he has opened a

CLOTHING STORE.
On Corner of Main and Caroline Streets,
where he will keep on hand a large stock of ready-made clothing, consisting of Gents, Boys, and Fancy Goods, Satinets, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Broadcloths, Blue Drilling, and all other kinds of goods for the season.

HATS & CAPS!
I have a large and varied stock of hats and caps which will be to the advantage of all to examine before purchasing elsewhere. Also a large stock of Gents' Hats, Boys' Hats, and Caps, all of which I have marked my goods at the very lowest figures, and feel confident that all will be satisfied with the quality and quality of my stock.

From the Front!
THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that they have just returned from the East with the

HATS & CAPS.
The stock of Hats and Caps is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Hats and Caps for the season.

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON.
MRS. C. BETTER respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Altoona that she has opened a

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
The stock of Goods is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Goods for the season.

PAINTING, GLAZING and PAPER-HANGING.
The stock of Paints and Glazes is now more extensive than ever, and includes all the best brands of Paints and Glazes for the season.

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E. B. McCRIM, H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.
SUMMER IS COMING.
"Summer is coming!" glad voices say,
But they spring from hearts which lightly play
At the morn of lifetime, free from pain;
Not from the ones who have hoped in vain
For the dove of peace.

Summer is coming! what doth it mean?
Blue skies o'erarching bright shades of green;
Waves crowned by glorious beams of light,
And a shimmering sparkle like diamonds bright;
Aye, and more than these.

It means that the war shall start anew,
And its smoke shall cloud the heavens blue;
That thousands shall sink to new made graves,
Where blood washed grass shall sigh as it waves
O'er heroes beneath.

Its sunbeams drying the moistened soil,
But fit the earth for its rest and toil;
It means that light on many a tomb,
Whose walls of known names shall be filled with gloom
And of terror breathe.

But let it come in its fearful strife,
Whatever is best of joy or life,
Hath a room for us, and the heart
For country stilled hath a deathless part
In the book of fame.

Y! why can nature smile and be glad
When human hearts are convulsed and sad?
The plan is wide which enables us here,
The sun will shine though the world is drear,
And earth is the same.

Nor ought we to murmur, for her child
The mother smiles, though her grief is wild,
And the sky will never wear a pall;
The impending grief is not for all,
And no heart should sulk.

We're a country still; our prayers should rise
For a warmer sun and brighter skies;
That the stroke may fall and treason's doom
Be sealed in blood ere the autumn's gloom
None should weakly shrink.

The lightning maysteth not in the sky
Because it may blast its passing;
The stroke may shatter the forest's pride,
But its pyre's smoke will also have died.
Let us learn to trust.

Thank God! we may live, though sad and lost,
He loveth us yet—we are not lost,
Though fearful and long may be the strife
In which we must win our nation's life
Again from the dust.

Select Miscellany.
MY COUSIN FANNIE.
"No, John Blaikie, I shall never marry you," I said in a tone which I meant should be particularly severe—"Let the conversation end here."

Mr. John Blaikie laughed in my face, which, by the way, was just what he ought not to have done. The consequence was that I grew angry in a moment.

"You can laugh as much as you please," I continued. "There is a certain class of people in the world that characterize themselves by laughing at their own folly. You have heard of them, haven't you?"

"Oh! yes,"
Again John Blaikie laughed a good natured, happy laugh, which did not testify very strong for the depth of his anguish at my decision. Of course, I grew more and more piqued; nothing more could have been expected of me.

"You are very gentlemanly, Mr. Blaikie," I said, in a tone which I meant should be very sarcastic.

"And I am aware of that, too, my little Bessie," he answered good naturedly.

"Cousin Fannie admires you very much," I said significantly, for a moment forgetting my anger.

"She does?"
He grew suddenly thoughtful, and bent his large, honest blue eyes to the floor.—Then, as if a new resolution had suddenly become fixed in his mind he arose, saying—

"You are quite sure of this, Bessie, quite sure?"

"Yes, quite sure. If you wish to try your luck in that direction, you may be certain of success."

"Thank you, Miss Bessie! I will try!"
"Miss Bessie!" In all his life John Blaikie had never addressed me in that way before. I stared at him in very surprise. He did not appear to notice me, but went towards the door, saying, a little sadly, I thought, as he paused at the threshold—

"I have troubled you, not importantly, Bessie; but because, until now, I

have been ignorant of your true feelings. The future shall speak for itself. Good morning!"

"Good morning!" I faltered forth, staring still at him in blank amazement.

For a moment I could not really believe that he had gone—not until his footsteps grew faint in the distance, and looking out of the window I could but indistinctly see his tall figure through the thick mass of shrubbery that lay between the house and the road. Then I drew a long sigh, not of relief, I am sure, as might have been expected from a young lady who had suddenly found herself rid of an annoying lover; but a sigh which puzzled my own heart to define.

I do not know what first put the thought into my head that I should not marry John Blaikie. From my childhood, even, I had been taught to look upon him as my future husband. Through the whole neighborhood our engagement had grown to be such a settled affair, and of such long standing, that the people forgot to tease us about it, and passed by as indifferently as though we had been a married couple for years instead of interesting, engaged young persons. But somehow, as I said before, I cannot tell why the idea came to me that marrying John Blaikie was not the best way of settling myself for life, after all; and so, working upon this, I grew to believe that I did not love him—and not loving him, what could I do but assure him that I should never be his wife? And that assurance I gave him: as I have already shown.

But after he left me, that morning, I felt anything but comfortable. Indeed, the tears came constantly to my eyes, and though I tried as well as I could to keep them down, they conquered me at last, and sinking down in my chair, I gave up and had a good hearty cry. I felt a little better after that, and tried to persuade myself, in my own mind, that I had done just the best thing I could do for the insurance of John's and my own happiness. But the worst was yet to come.

The next Sabbath John attended cousin Fannie to church. This was such a new and strange order of things, that it set the whole congregation to staring. Cranston could not sleep under anything so incomprehensible, and for that Sabbath, at least, good Parson Green preached to a wakeful set of hearers. But they could only conjecture as to the cause of the change, and conjecture they did without leaving but little time for any other mental speculation. Some were ready to declare that cousin Fannie had supplanted me in John's affection, and that I was breaking my heart in a secret kind of way about it; others said that the fault rested with me, and that I was looking in another and higher direction for a lover. But I had the truth, and most secretly did I guard it. It grew to be a very plain truth before the summer was gone. As time wore away, and I saw plainly into the depths of my heart, I knew that, for a childish, girlish whim, I had put the happiness of a lifetime away from me. But I could only have a brave face, and keep my secret away from the prying, curious gaze of those who were searching for it.

I did not often meet John, and but twice during that summer were we thrown into each other's company for a sufficient length of time to exchange a dozen words. Once we met at a picnic. From the moment I stepped upon the grounds I knew that he was intending to speak to me. Perhaps I felt it by the way he watched me as I went from place to place. When he came to my side, it seemed that the whole party lushed with joy, heart and soul to listen to us. He smiled at this, and commenced talking in a pleasant, gossipy way about the weather, appearing not to notice my flushed face and slightly disturbed manner.

"Are you enjoying the best of health, this summer?" he asked, at length, with, as I thought a faint touch of mischief in his countenance.

"The very best of health, Mr. Blaikie," I answered, curling my lip. "Perhaps you have been informed to the contrary, however," I continued, more in answer to his smile that ought else. "Cranston gossips have, I believe, given me the credit of bearing up under a settled heart disease."

"They are inferior judges, Bessie.—Do not class me among them."
"I never have," I answered dryly.
"No suppose not," he said, smiling again. "This is a beautiful grove!"

"Very," I answered, feeling that it was my turn to smile now.

"Have you noticed the arrangements made for dancers?"

"I took my head."
"Come this way, then, if you please."
He offered me his arm, which I took without thinking to thank him. For a little moment I forgot that the right of claiming his attention was not mine. It seemed so like old times to be walking by his side, watching his face and listening to the tones of his voice. Before I could help it, I found myself sighing long and deeply. If John noticed it he was very forbearing, for by look or word he did not reply to it; but I thought the silence was

a little too long for an ordinary one, and so I made a bold push to break it. Again I forgot myself.

"What a nice place this is," I said—"Do you remember John, how crazy I used to be about dancing? My father used to say if my heart would always keep as light as my feet, life would go easily with me."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he replied, as I thought, a little sadly. "Will you dance with me to-day?"

"Oh! yes, certainly."
I was glad to have him ask me that.—Of all persons in the world, I best loved to dance with him. I had told him so hundreds of times, too, so that he knew well enough what my smile meant. We danced together so many times that day, that the Cranston people—or at least all of them that attended the picnic—grew big-eyed with wonder. Noticing how close they watched us, John said, as he led me to my seat for the last time, after dancing—

"We are saving our good town-folks from a great deal of sin, Bessie; because while they are speculating about such innocent sort of people as you and I, they cannot be talking about worse ones. We are getting famous."

I was happier that night after I returned home, than I had been for weeks before. But my happiness was of short duration, for after supper was cleared away, and while I sat by an open window, recalling the events of the day, my mother said to me—

"Your aunt Hastings was here to-day, and she said that John Blaikie was finishing his house on the hill. Did you hear anything about it at the picnic?"

"No," I said scarcely above a whisper.

"And she said that if Fannie was going to marry John, she keeps it dreadful sly; for, besides peeping up a few squares of patchwork, she has not made the first step towards getting ready. What do you think about it?"

"I think she will be really as soon as the house is," I answered, turning my face towards the window, that she might not notice the expression of my features.

"Well, take it altogether, Bessie, it's a queer piece of business."
I did not answer, but only let my forehead drop low upon the window seat. Seeing this, mother came up to me, and rested her hand upon my head, and said—

"Poor child!"
How from my heart I blessed her for her quiet sympathy.

The next two weeks that followed were sad and tedious ones to me. Every day that I turned, news of John Blaikie's approaching marriage with cousin Fannie was poured into my ears; and even Fannie herself, who had always been very prudent about it, seemed pleased in telling me of the arrangements that were going on up at John's new house—of this piece of furniture he had selected, of the carpets which had been left to her judgment exclusively, and of the beautiful toned seraphine that John's uncle had presented him for the little parlor.

"You will be very happy," I said, one day, in answer to all this.

Fannie looked up suddenly into my face. I thought a quizzical expression drifted across her features.

"How pale you look, Bessie," she said.

"What is the matter with you?"
"Nothing, I am sure," I answered, with some little show of spirit.

"I am glad of it; but, indeed, you do look downright ill. Won't you go up to the new house with me to-night? Perhaps that will make you feel better. I believe you keep too closely in the house. But you need not shake your head; you will go. John will be there, and we will have a pleasant time of it."

I went, in spite of myself, although every step towards the house that was once to have been mine was very like torture to me.

Oh! what a pleasant house it was; and how simply and tastefully furnished, from the cunning, neatly grained kitchen to the fine well carpeted parlors. Everything was just as I had planned it, a hundred times, in a laughing, jocosely way to John. Had he, indeed, remembered it all on purpose to torture me with it now? It seemed so.

"Do you like the house, Bessie?" he asked, as if divining my very thoughts.

"Very much, indeed," I answered.—"Everything is neat and tasteful. Is it too early to wish you joy?" I asked, feeling that he was expecting me to say something.

"No, not too early; but it may be too late."
I looked up into his face. Its expression puzzled me.

"I do not understand you very clearly," I said. "But never mind," I added, noticing that Fannie had gone from the room; "I have a wretched headache to-night, and hardly know what I am saying."

Headache! when all the time it seemed as if my heart was breaking!
"Where is Fannie?" I asked, a moment after, seeing that she did not reply to it; but I thought the silence was

"Gone home!" he answered, in the coolest tone imaginable.

"What, and left me here? Are you frightened?"

"Not much—my poor head—I will go."
"Wait a moment, if you please," he said, detaining me. "I have something to say to you."

Something to say to me! Did he know that every kind word that he spoke to me pierced my heart like a barbed arrow?

"This house is yours, if you wish it, Bessie," he began, in a slightly embarrassed way. "I am afraid you made a hard decision in casting me off forever. It seems to me that I know your heart better than you know it yourself."

I looked up into his face. It seemed to me that I was dreaming. I told him so, between my sobs and tears.

"God forbid!" he said, taking both my hands. "But the past summer has been a wretched reality of doubt and despair to me. Tell me, Bessie, is it ended here?"

I could not answer him in words, only went closer to his side, and nestled my hands fondly in his.

"This shall be your home then, Bessie," he said, kissing me. "But, remember, my dear, that I cannot allow my house to go without an incumbent, as the newspapers say. Does that idea please you?"

"Oh! yes," I answered.

John believed me. Why shouldn't he?

SINGING SCHOOL.—The editor of the Montgomery Democrat thus soliloquises over this old-fashioned institution:

Of the old-fashioned singing schools how much has been said and sung!—Great institutions were they; arrangements charmingly suggestive of fun, frolic, snow, starlight, love, laughter, belle, and allowable "benders." Those singing schools "away out in the country," we mean—held in the only church—and that a small one—within a circuit of twenty miles around; they made it the week's centre of gravity for the old folks to get to for a shake of hands; they made it a grand gathering place, where matters practical could be talked over, and matters musical could be sung over and learnt. How many sung themselves from Old Hundred to matrimony! What life partnerships for the future sprung from the rides which William and Mary Ann had to and from the singing school! They went to church to learn to sing, and they only learned to soft sawder. They went in single harness and came back in double, with the usual promises never to kick over the traces or shatter the matrimonial dashboard. And Mary Ann's spit curl was accordingly sobered back, and William worked the old farm till he went to Congress or Canada.

SPY SHOT.—A few days ago a sentry on duty at Maj. Gen. Stanley's headquarters shot a rebel spy as he was endeavoring to escape through our lines near Franklin, Tenn. The spy was first challenged, and, having twice disregarded the order to "halt," the sentinel took deliberate aim and killed the unhappy victim at the first shot. He was recognized as an individual who had been lurking around the camp for several days, in the vocation of a songster, reciting patriotic airs for the soldiers, and receiving small sums of money for his trouble. He was detected, arrested, and thrown into prison, when he made his escape, and was going out of the lines when he was shot. After his death his body was searched by the guards.—Inside his boots, and between his feet and stockings, were found skillfully-drawn plans of the Federal fortifications, the strength of their armament, and correct details of the organization of this army, number of forces, &c. Had the spy succeeded in eluding our sentries, the rebel commander would have been in possession of invaluable information on which he could have based his plan of operation.

BAD BOOKS.—"Beware of bad books—never open one—they will leave a stain upon the soul which can never be removed. If you have an enemy whose soul you wish to visit with a heavy vengeance and into whose heart you would place vipers which will live, and crawl, and torment him through life, and whose damnation you would seal up for the eternal world, you have only to place one of these destroyers into his hands. You have certainly paved the way to the abode of death, and if he does not tread it with hasty strides, you have, at least, laid up good for many days of remorse. Those who print, sell or peddle such works to the young are the most awful scourges with which a righteous God ever visited the world.

"The Angel of death can snatch his sword, and stay his hand in the work of destruction. But these wretches! they dig graves so deep that they reach into hell. The blight the hopes of parents, and pour more than seven vials of woe upon the family whose affections are bound up in the sons thus destroyed.

NEVER FLOW POTATOES.
This may seem strange logic, no doubt, to many of our readers; but if they will only try it, I think they will find the difference in the yield, equally strange. Flowing potatoes will not answer with me. If the season is dry they do not grow until the autumn rains come, and they then grow so rapidly that they are very tender and soon rot after being taken out of the ground, if they do not before, which is very often the case. My mode of planting and cultivating potatoes is to take a piece of corn stubble and cover well with barn yard manure; then plow deep, and plant in every third furrow, the potatoes about ten inches apart in the furrow; then, after you have finished planting, harrow down smooth and roll with a light roller; then, when they begin to come through the ground, harrow again in the same direction of the rows; then, when they reach the height of about four inches, run the cultivator through the rows, twice to each row. After this, use the cultivator as often as you think proper, taking care to keep down all weeds and grass, and if any weeds grow in the rows that cannot be reached by the cultivator, pull them out with the hand. Never use the plow to cover them, as you form a ridge that runs all the water from your potatoes in between the rows, where it can do no good. Potatoes grow in the warm, dry months, and we sometimes have a number of small or slight showers that moistens the earth a few inches each time, and revives vegetation very much; but it is only the heavy, soaking rains that reach potatoes that are ridged up. Go into your potato patch, after a slight shower, and examine the potatoes that have been ridged up, and see if they have been benefited by it much.—*Cor. Dollar Newspaper.*

COAL OIL FOR FRUIT TREES.—A gentleman formerly connected with the coal oil business, says that several years ago, in taking a lot of simple bottles of coal oil on a journey for exhibition, accidentally had a bottle broken, saturating the sawdust in which the bottles were packed. When he arrived at his stopping place, he put the sawdust at the foot of a plum tree, it being about the time of the blossoming of the plum trees. The result was watched, and it turned out that the curculio, which ravaged the other plum trees in the orchard, gave this one a wide berth, and the plums were saved to ripen.

This circumstance led to still further experiments, with like favorable results. The sawdust thus saturated—which can be done with the cheapest kind of coal oil—retains the odor for a long time, which is quite offensive to the very fastidious tastes of this little pest. The borer, also, will not put his gimlet into the trunk of a tree which is encircled with this stuff.

WITNESS THESE.—Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is a book worth more than all others, yet it may sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember anything better than the Book."

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but one Book," said the dying man. With such testimony as to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, reiterated by the great and good in all ages, it is a sealed book to many.

A MAN WENT TO PHILADELPHIA some years ago, exhibiting six boys and six girls, but all of them were dressed in girls' clothes. They were all so much like girls in appearance, that he made money betting that no one could tell 'em from from which an Irishman went out and returned with a dozen apples. Throwing one to each of the children, he observed that some of them caught them in their hands; these were boys. Others held out their aprons; these he said were girls. Pat was right.

AN EDITOR MARRIED.—One of that unhappy fraternity, a bachelor editor, has lately married a pretty girl, and talks as follows of his bliss: "A pair of sweet lips, a pressure of two delicate hands, and a pink waist ribbon, will do as much to unshackle a man as three fivers, the measles, a large sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill."

"Papa, didn't you whip me once for biting Tommy?"

"Yes, my child, you hurt him very much."

"Well, then, Papa, you ought to whip sister's straggling meater, too; for he bit sister, yesterday, right on the mouth, and I know it hurt her because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."