

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1863.

NO. 33.

HUTCHES' BOOK BINDERY
BOOK BINDERY
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY
54 Market St. Harrisburg, Pa.
Establishment is chiefly devoted to the binding of all kinds of books, pamphlets, etc., in the most durable and beautiful manner. The work is done in the most perfect style, and the books are bound in the most durable and beautiful manner. The work is done in the most perfect style, and the books are bound in the most durable and beautiful manner.

HOLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN MAKEIGAN, proprietor
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK
All work done in the most perfect style, and the marble is of the best quality. The work is done in the most perfect style, and the marble is of the best quality.

ARD! EVER ONWARD!
STEP BY STEP!
DESIGNED DESIRES TO
ALL customers and dealers
this spring gone into the Dry Goods
received a large and entirely new stock of
ESS GOODS.
embracing all the latest, prettiest and
UNIONABLE PATTERNS.
which may be found every quality of goods,
which it would be tedious to enumerate.
The line of pure, fresh and cheap
ERIES & PROVISIONS.
stock under" to any of my competitors.
I feel sure that I can render satisfaction
of country produce and exchange for the
highest market price and allow.

JACOB WEIS,
AND CONFECTIONER,
TRINITY STREET, ALTOONA, PA.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
HEAD, CAKES, CANDIES
ICE CREAM
PREPARED BY HIS OWN MANUFACTURE, which he
supplies to all orders, and is of the most
superior quality. He also has on hand
FINE LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
FRUIT, RAISINS, NUTS, &c., &c.
in their respective seasons.
S BAKED TO ORDER.
on a short notice and in the most
perfect style.
and price my stock and you will find
it cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware
POURING & C.
WOULD RESPECT.
inform the citizens of Altoona
that he keeps constantly on hand
a large stock of Tin and Sheet Iron
of all styles and sizes, to suit
the public. He will sell at low prices, so
that he will sell at low prices, so
that he will sell at low prices, so

FETTINGER'S
General News Agency,
No. 7, MAIN STREET
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
ERY, CONFECTIONARIES
S & TOBACCO
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.
STON, JACK & CO.,
HOLIDAYSBURG, PA.
ANKERS,
Hill, Johnson, Jack & Co.
S ON THE PRINCIPAL
of Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
made on deposits, payable
or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

KESLER—PRACTICAL
Druggist, respectfully announces
that he has just received a
large and complete stock of
all the latest and most
valuable medicines, and
is prepared to supply the
public with the same at
the lowest prices. He also
has on hand a large stock
of all kinds of
Druggist's Sundries,
and is prepared to supply
the public with the same
at the lowest prices.

AND LARD OILS, CAM-
BELLING, etc., etc.
No. 7, Main Street, Altoona, Pa.
KESLER'S.



Muskingum Valley
STEAM WORKS
Corner of Third and
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.
WE ARE NOW TURNING OUT A LARGE
number of our improved Portable Steam Engines,
and other parts of the State of Pennsylvania. These
engines are of the most perfect construction, and are
capable of doing more work in less time than any
other engines of the same power. They are also
very economical in the use of fuel, and are
entirely safe and reliable. For further
information, apply to the undersigned at
Zanesville, Ohio.

Choice Poetry.
SUMMER.
BY GEORGE LANDIS TAYLOR.
Summer's smile! How I wonder
If it true, and no sad blunder!
Silenced, shattered, crushed and smothered:
Summer captured! Let it thunder
Over the land and o'er the ocean!
Let it sweep in grand commotion
Up the rivers to their fountains,
O'er the valleys, prairies, mountains,
O'er the plains and deserts glowing.
O'er seas ever snowing,
Down where tropic gales are blowing,
Down bright streams to sunset flowing,
Till the sun and clouds are gone,
Sweep the rainbow's commotion—
Sweep the triumph acclamation
Of a great triumphant nation,
And with twenty million voices
Hail a continent rejoicing
O'er the sure and glorious token
That rebellion's power is broken!

Great Discovery!
KUNKEL'S
BITTER WINE OF IRON.
FOR THE CURE OF
WEAK STOMACHS, GENERAL DEBILITY, INDI-
GESTION, DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYS-
TEM, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE
BLOOD, AND ALL CASES
REQUIRING A TONIC.
The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt
of Iron in the possession of modern chemistry, combined
with the most energetic Vegetable Tonic, Yellow Ferrous
Bark. The effect in many cases of Debility, Loss of
Appetite and general prostration, is so efficient and
so happy, that the patient feels as if he had been
restored to health, and a new vigor is imparted to the
debility, and gives a sturdy vigor to the constitution.
Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good rest?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to eat and sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

THE UNION FOREVER!
GOOD NEWS!
GODFREY WOLF would respectfully
announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity
that he has just received a
large and complete stock of
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valuable medicines, and
is prepared to supply the
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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
E. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
Per annum (payable in advance) \$10.00
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time
paid for.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING: 2 ds. 3 ds.
Four lines or less..... 1 insertion \$2.00
One square (8 lines)..... 50 27 1/2 3.00
Two " (16 ")..... 1.00 1.50 2.00
Three " (24 ")..... 1.50 2.00 2.50
Over three weeks add less than three months, 25 cents
per square for each insertion.
Six lines or less..... 3 months 6 months 1 year
One square..... \$2.00 \$3.00 \$5.00
Two "..... 4.00 6.00 10.00
Three "..... 6.00 10.00 14.00
Four "..... 8.00 14.00 20.00
Half a column..... 10.00 14.00 20.00
One column..... 14.00 22.00 40.00
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares,
with liberty to change, not exceeding 10 lines
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines
with paper, per year..... \$5.00
Communications of a political character or individual
interest, will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements marked with the number of inser-
tions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged
according to the above rates.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

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O'er the plains and deserts glowing.
O'er seas ever snowing,
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fate like his own, but after a moment's reflection, it occurred to him that, should the savage take him there, a chance might arise for him to regain his liberty, and he decided upon speaking the truth. "Why no Long-knife tell?" demanded the Indian, with an impatient frown. "No make lie!" "No, chief, I'll tell you the truth—There are only three persons in my cabin—my wife and two children—but I know a big brave chief like you won't hurt 'em." "Me go see 'em!" returned the savage, with a fierce gleam of triumph which the other did not fail to notice. Having tightly bound the hands of his captive behind his back, the savage felt about his dress for other weapons, took away his ammunition and putting both weapons over his shoulder, told the white man to lead the way. This the latter did, full of hope, fear and general anxiety, till he came in sight of his humble log dwelling, situated in a pleasant valley, through which flowed a pretty little stream, a branch of the Green river, when the Indian ordered him to stop, and proposed to make him fast to a tree, by means of another deer-skin thong secured to that around the wrists.

"Ain't you going to let me go down to the house with you?" inquired the captive, now beginning to feel much alarm for the safety of his family. "Me go alone!" returned the savage gruffly. "Me big chief—want scalp!" "Oh, for God's sake, don't scalp!" pleaded the Indian, fairly agonized at the thought. "You are a great chief, I know, and you'll remember that they never did you any harm!" "Long-knife scalp much good!" rejoined the Indian sullenly, as he finished binding the other to the tree, and strode away down the hill, carrying the two weapons with him. Bowditch watched him, step after step, as he glided away under cover of the trees, keeping some rock, stump, or clump of bushes between him and the inmates of the dwelling, so they might not by any chance perceive his approach and take the alarm.

"At any rate I can holler yet!" muttered the captive, "and maybe they'll hear me; and forthwith he set up a series of yells, that went echoing and re-echoing far away through the forest. The settler saw his wife and children come in haste to the door, and look up the hill in alarm. At this time he shouted at the top of his lungs. "Quick, Esther—go back into the house and bar it up tight! The Indians are arter you, and I'm a prisoner! Quick! Quick! or you're lost, and the children too!"

For a moment or two the mother and child stood as if paralyzed with astonishment and terror, and then, to his great relief, he saw his little boy point in the direction of the skulking savage, and all three retreated and closed the door. The Indian now uttered a fierce yell, and stepped out into plain view, fired both pieces one after the other, at the dwelling, as it he had impulsively adopted this means to vent his rage at being discovered and foiled of his murderous purpose. Then looking round at his captive, he threw down the rifle belonging to the latter and drawing his tomahawk, started toward him on a run. Bowditch, who had watched every motion, and knew that in his rife the savage would brain and scalp him, now gathered all his strength, and made one desperate effort to free himself, acting rather from the instincts of self-preservation than from any hope of success.

But to his great joy, his unspeakable joy, he heard and felt his hands strain, crack and snap, and suddenly found himself free and his arms at liberty. He looked quickly and wildly around, almost disposed to doubt his senses—to discredit his misfortune—for any future seemed good which gave him even a bare chance for his life where he expected only certain death. The Indian was at least a hundred and fifty yards from him, and he did not make the attempt, but immediately dropped it to the ground and held up his palms, in token of submission. On seeing this, the savage walked up and said: "Give Injun gun!" "I see you're a big chief, and I hope we may be friends." "Where live?" asked the savage, as he produced a stout thong of deer-skin, and proceeded to bind the hands of his captive, who, being a small man, saw he was no match for the other, even without weapons on either side, and so submitted quietly, though agonized at the thought of his poor helpless wife and children in their lonely cabin over the hill.

"I live out yonder not a great way from here," replied the captive, nodding his head in the proper direction. "How many got?" queried the savage. The settler hesitated about telling correctly. He first thought he would name a number large enough to deter the Indian from going thither, and thus, perhaps, save his wife and children from a

following one of the labyrinthian passages within, and could come out on the same side into a thicket not more than fifty feet from the main opening. Looking back occasionally, as he fled along his rocky way with the ease of a mountain goat, Bowditch soon discovered that however superior to him his adversary might be in mere physical strength, he was no match for him in speed in that particular locality; and this not only inspired him with the hope of escape, but with such confidence in his own resources, that he began to calculate in turn how best he might compass the destruction of his foe.

"Why not lure him into the cave," he muttered, "and let him fool his time round that, whilst I start back after my rifle, and follow up the audacious whelp? I'll do it, and if I don't get even with him, then it's a clear case fortin's against me." Having come to this determination, Bowditch slackened his chase till his pursuer was in full view, when he pretended to stumble and fall, and then got up and ran with a limp, which caused the savage to yell with a fierce delight and redoubled his exertions to overtake him. This was exactly what he intended to bring about, and he now managed his pace with so much deception, that, though seeming to exert himself to the utmost, he permitted the panting savage to gain a little every minute, till the mouth of the cave was reached, at which time not more than a hundred paces divided them. The Indian saw the fugitive disappear in the dark opening, and believing that he now had him secure once more, he came bounding up and plunged in after him, and then quietly slipped off in a different direction, and reached the bright open air about the same time the other did the middle of the interior.

"Now then for it," muttered Bowditch, as he slipped over the brow of the hill and ran toward his dwelling, which, owing to the ridge bending round the valley, in the shape of a magnet, or horse shoe, was scarcely as far distant as when he called to his wife. His family saw him, and with a cry of joy his wife threw open the door. "Quick, Esther!" he exclaimed, as he came up panting; "tother powder-horn and some bullets—quick!" "Ain't you coming in, Samuel?" inquired the wife in surprise and alarm. "Just long enough to get them things, since you won't," he answered, as he bounded in and hurried to a rude shelf on one side of the room, "I've sort o' played the coward once to-day," he added, "and now I am going to wipe it out—Shut the door, Esther, and keep yourself and the children out of danger. I'll be back shortly. Good-bye!" and without waiting for a reply, he ran out in the direction of his rifle, his wife vainly calling for him, and entreating him to come back, and not risk his life foolishly.

As soon as he once more got hold of his rifle, he hastened to load it, and felt, as he afterwards expressed it, "like a new man." Then keeping himself as much under cover as possible, he hurried up to a point where he could see the mouth of the cave, within easy rifle range. "If old Paint-face haint mizzled," he muttered, with an ominous frown, "it's my opinion he never will!" and like a cat watching for game, he kept his eyes riveted upon the spot where he expected to see him appear. For ten minutes all was still—nothing moved—and then, to his bitter satisfaction, he beheld the Indian coming out with a stealthy step, looking cautiously and suspiciously around. The rife of the settler was already leveled, and at a moment or two he had sighted directly at his heart, and then fired. The savage threw up his hands convulsively, uttered a noise between a groan and a yell, and fell back quivering on the earth. Bowditch took time to reload, and then approached him cautiously. He found him quite dead.

How THEY ESCAPED.—The telegraph furnished us the other day with reports, brought by seven deserters who lately escaped from Sullivan's Island. A late letter says—These deserters reached Morris Island under the following circumstances: Several officers belonging to the garrison of Fort Moultrie, who had gone out yachting, went ashore at some point in the bay, leaving their yacht in charge of these seven soldiers, two of whom acted as guard. As soon as the shore party were far enough away to make the attempt practicable, the soldiers, guards and all, formed the plan of making use of the opportunity afforded them of placing themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. So the sails were hoisted, the yacht swung off from her moorings, and the adventurers reached the American camp in safety. The yacht is said to be a very fine craft.

THE HAND IS DEAD.
AN INCIDENT IN THE TOUR OF GOV. CURTIN.
The panorama of life, in times such as these, is thrillingly varied, intensely enthusiastic, wonderfully attractive and decidedly interesting. In this speaking, we allude particularly to that class of public men who occupy an exalted and proud position in State or National affairs. Of this class, Gov. Andrew G. Curtin has a prominent place before the people of the State—in fact, we may truly say the world. In this present tour, an incident occurred that caused a great sympathy to stir in the eye of the Governor. He had addressed a large meeting at Catassauqua, in the mountain region. As the sun was fast receding behind the mountain-top, and casting a long shade in the valley, the Governor took passage in the train bound for more level regions. He arrived in Philadelphia in due time, having been met half-way by Col. W. B. Mann, and by him and two other warm admirers, was conducted to the Continental, where he sought repose. His nature was well exhausted, the want of sleep, the fatigue of travel, the eventful scenes of his life, the universal hand-shakings, the surrounding crowds, the vivacity and vociferations of the thronging multitude, all of which he had so recently passed through, made it necessary for retirement.

He was to start next day on some business relative to the defence and protection of the State, in case of another rebel raid, which seemed to be projected. About ten o'clock in the morning there appeared in the vestibule of the Continental a well dressed young lady. She was by herself. Her face betokened hard usage, that had added to her appearance ten years to her natural life. She attracted rather more than ordinary attention of the throng moving to and fro through the main avenue of that palatial building. She maintained her silence, and appeared wrapped in deep thought. Presently Col. Wm. B. Mann came down the large winding marble steps; a slight tap on the shoulder caused him to stop—The young woman stood before him, and said: "Sir you are Wm. B. Mann, I believe."

"I am, madam, what do you wish?" "I desire to see Governor Curtin." "Well, madam, he is very much engaged at present; is your business pressing—is it of a public nature?" "I desire to see him; I have come all the way from Ohio for the purpose. I have been to Catassauqua, but the train was to late; I arrived in the city this morning and must see him; he is the only dear friend I have on earth." Such an appeal was resistless. The gallantry of Colonel Mann, as well as his business, could brook no delay. He retired for a moment, and presently ushered the strange lady into the presence of the Governor.

"Oh! Governor, I am so glad to see you," said she, as she placed her left arm upon his shoulder and imprinted a kiss upon his manly forehead. "Madam," said he, quite overcome, "to what am I indebted for this unexpected salutation?" "Sir, do you not know me?" "Take a chair," said the Governor, blandly, at the same time extending one of the handsomest in the parlor. "Shirly after the battle of Antietam you were upon that bloody field," said she to the Governor. "I was," replied the Governor, thoughtfully, with a sigh, as the fearful scenes of carnage were thus unexpectedly brought to his memory. "You administered to the wants of the wounded and dying." "It was my duty, as a feeling man." "You did your duty well. Heaven alone will reward you, sir, for in this life there is no reward adequately expressive of the merit due you. You, sir, imparted consolation and revived the hopes of a dying soldier of the 28th Ohio. He was badly wounded in the arm; you lifted him into an ambulance, and the blood dripping from him, stained your hands and your clothing. That soldier was as dear to me as life itself."

"A husband!" said the Governor. "No, sir." "A brother, perhaps?" "No, sir." "A father?" "No, sir." "A son?" "No, sir." "A lover?" "No, sir." The little party around were more interested than ever. If not a husband, father, brother, son, or lover, who, then, could it be? "My dear madam," said the Governor, at length breaking the silence, "this is an enigma to me. Please explain more about the gallant soldier of Ohio." "Well, sir, that soldier gave you a ring—C. E. D. were the letters engraved on the interior. That is the ring now upon your little finger. He told you to wear it, and carefully have you done so." The Governor pulled the ring off, and sure enough the letters were there. "The finger that used to wear that ring will never wear it any more. The hand is dead, but the soldier still lives, thanks to your kind attention on that bloody field." The whole scene was yet a problem, that even the sagacity of Colonel Mann could not solve. The Governor was now more interested than ever. "Wall, madam," said he, "tell me all about it. Is this ring yours? Was it given to you by a soldier whom you loved?" "I loved him as I loved my life; but he never returned that love; he had more love for his country than for me; I honor him for it. That soldier who placed that little ring upon your finger stands before you." So saying, the strange lady arose from her chair, and stood before the Governor.

The scene that now ensued we leave to the imagination of the reader. A happy hour passed, the girl who had this introduced herself was Catharine E. Davidson, of Sheffield, Ohio. She was engaged to be married, but her future husband responded to the call of the President, and she followed him by joining another regiment where she fell wounded. She is alone in the world, her father and mother having departed this life years ago. She was the soldier of the 28th Ohio who had placed the ring upon the finger of Governor Curtin, for the kind attention given her upon the bloody field of Antietam. The right arm had been amputated about half way between the elbow and shoulder. The interview finally ended, and having at last seen her benefactor, she bade him and his friends adieu, taking with her an order, bearing the bold signature of A. G. Curtin, for one of Palmer's patent arms.

We had an interview with the heroine. She was modest, although she had led the life of a "bold soldier boy." She was loud in her praise of Gov. Curtin, and is firm in the belief that through his hard-working energy, he saved the lives of ten thousand soldiers, many of whom still live to bless his name as one of the "few immortal, not born to die."—*Phila. Press.*

The feeling at Richmond Va., over the news from Georgia is, we are informed, not at all exultant. The rebels concentrated on Rosecrans, expecting to be able to crush him at a blow. After two days desperate fighting, Bragg, while reporting progress, does not claim a victory but admits heavy losses, and that our army still confronts him. The military managers of the Southern Confederacy believed they had made arrangements that would insure them a great success, nothing less than the destruction of one of our finest armies. Nothing but a decisive victory could compensate them for what they had done. If they could in one day have shattered the Army of the Cumberland, their picked troops sent from Virginia could have been returned to meet the advance of Meade, but after immense losses, they find the results indecisive. Rosecrans' army still firm, and all their masses unable to do the work cut out for them. They know, too, that in a few days their advantages in numbers in Northern Georgia will cease to exist, as reinforcements are moving to the relief of our hard pressed heroes; and in the meantime the Army of the Potomac is again in motion to take advantage of the weakness of several choice divisions of Lee's Army. There is occasion for the gloom said to prevail in Richmond.

A YANKEE REVERSES HIS POSITION.
On the night of the 6th instant, says the Richmond Examiner, a Yankee prisoner, named Myran Little, company E, 6th Pennsylvania regiment, escaped from Belle Isle by swimming the river. On the 10th he was overhauled by some rebel pickets, at Beshers' Dam, at the nine mile mark on the canal, and was turned over to Gordon, a member of Robins' (late Wren's) cavalry, to bring to Richmond. Obidiah got along well enough with his prisoner until he arrived within a mile of Richmond. The Yankee had presented to be little lame, and was allowed to pick up a big cudgel to help him along. It was night, and, watching his opportunity, he turned the tables on Obidiah, compelling him to vacate his horse and arms, and the bold Yankee, pointing the one and knocking the other, bid the trembling Obidiah good night, and put out.

In England, a candidate for a Government office, while under examination, spelled the word Venice with two n's, thus Vennice. The candidate, a clever man, though not known as a learned speaker sternly inquired, "Do you know, sir, there is but one Venice in the world?" Then eggs must be very scarce there, was the reply. The candidate passed.

Slight of hand.—A man who was engaged in a game of cards, was playing with a partner who was a very experienced player. The man who was playing with the partner was a very experienced player, and he was playing with a partner who was a very experienced player. The man who was playing with the partner was a very experienced player, and he was playing with a partner who was a very experienced player.

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