E WILLIAMS

ware, &c.
having taken charge of the Hardware
Tin Shop recently under the charge
Virginia street, opposite Keepler's
Hardware, to their stock are now
thing in the Hardware and Cutlery
Axes, Augers, Adzes, Chisels,
Planes, Hinges, Locks, Latches,
Spoons, &c., &c., all of which
reasonable terms.
thing in the Hardware line are
examine their stock.
Oils, Paints, Carbon Oil, etc., to their
of all these articles at a small ad-
ing the
E BUSINESS,
and an assortment from which any
select an article to please their fancy.
D SHEET IRONWARE,
and WILLOW-WARE
have a large supply, and will make to orde
be called for.
promptly attended to.
G AND SPOUTING
like in the best style.

W GOODS.
ersigned would respectfully in-
of Altoona and surrounding coun-
returned from the East, where he has
ock of
D WINTER GOODS,
ality and price, cannot be surpassed in
ty. His stock is much larger than
it is quite an object, in these exciting
ery one to purchase where they can get
oods and at the Lowest Prices,
he can and will sell as low, if not a
any other house in this place. Be sure
his stock before purchasing elsewhere,
ent he can offer inducements which will
His stock consists of
ESS GOODS of every description,
BOYS' WINTER WEAR,
AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF HOSE
S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.
PS,
D AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.
INGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.
dies Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
1.37@1.50
2.75@3.50
IRTS, very low.
GROCERIES.
wn Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c.
that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store,
the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.
, 1863.

LY DYE COLORS.
nted October 13th, 1863.

Dark Green,
Light Green,
Magenta,
Mauve,
Maroon,
Orange,
Pink,
Purple,
Royal Purple,
Salmon,
Scarlet,
Slate,
Solferino,
Violet,
Yellow.

Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs,
bons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers,
ves, Children's Clothing, and all
kinds of Wearing Apparel.
ING OF 80 PER CENT.
u can color as many goods as would oth-
times that sum. Various shades can be
e same dye. The process is simple and
the dye with perfect success. Directions
ch and German, inside of each package.
ensation in Dyeing, and giving a perfect
colors are best adapted to dye over oth-
luable receipes,) purchase Howe & Ste-
Dyeing and Coloring. Sent by mail on
18 cents. Manufactured by
HOWE & STEVENS,
260 BROADWAY, BOSTON.
ggists and dealers generally.

TOVES,
D SHEET-IRON WARE.
DERSIGNED WOULD RE-
LLY an-
ness of
ing that
e store
occa-
interest,
and it
has on
pply of
aterials,
Parlor,
Stoves,
at the
prices. A large supply will always be

TERIRON WARE, in great variety.
NG & SPOUTING
notice.
tached a copper-smithing room to his
will keep on hand an assortment of cop-
ing, &c.
work promptly attended to.
STEPHEN WINTERS.

n and Sheet Iron Ware.
OUTING, &C.
WOULD RESPECT
the citizens of Altoona
a large constantly on hand a
Cooking, Parlor, Office and
styles and sizes, to suit the
he will sell at low prices, on reason-
hand a large stock of Tin and Sheet
g of all articles for culinary purposes
Pipe, &c.
ed the right of sale in Blair county
D SAUSAGE STUFFER.
needs only to be seen to be appreciated,
ASSOCIATION.

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864. NO. 28.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

K. S. McCRUM. . . . . H. C. DERN.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices 1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change..... 10 00
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 not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
At Winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all dreary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts
Which leaped as leaped the laughing main,
And dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the emblems wan and gay,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent fears;
And then how dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And cold in Summer cease to be;
And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity,
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold
Another dawn, with fairer light,
While watchers whisper thro' the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

Shall woman's worth be held disgraced,
If beauty fail the lip or cheek?
Shall stainless merit stoop abased
To those that will not deeper seek?
Each look of thine is worth the gems
Round many royal diadems.

Of simple manners, nobly sad,
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor,
Intent to succor, making glad
The poor man by his cottage door,
I see thee move, I see thee go,
A light amid the gloom below.

Select Miscellany.

LOVE IN A STAGE-COACH.

BY A BACHELOR.

How it poured! Rattle, rattle, against the casement; splash, splash on the ground underneath, all night; and now, when I awoke here, it was raining away harder than ever, as if a second deluge were at hand.—Confound the breakfast bell! I do wish there was no such thing as a breakfast on a rainy morning; for then one might lie abed all day, or until the storm cleared off. Philosophers tell us that rain is necessary for the economy of nature; it may be true, though I never troubled myself much about such things, but if so, men ought to be made like dormice—to sleep in unconsciousness until the rain sees fit to cease. Nature never intended us to be out in a shower, or we would have been born with patent oil-cloth or India rubber skins.

Down it poured! What on earth was I to do? The day before had been the brightest one of the bright month of May; and as I had a passion for walking in the country—more fool for it!—I had trudged away off here, eight miles or more from town, to see a country wedding, "after the order used among Friends." I must say that the thing was handsomely done, and that I was much edified. So much so, that one of these days I shall tell how the parties deported themselves—how many new hats there were in the wedding company, who drove the finest horses, and all other matters of gossip, so interesting to young misses and old bachelors like myself. The day passed off, with a bright blue sky, until towards dusk, when a thunder shower came up that lasted till bed-time; but I retired fully resolved that the morning would see a clear sky over my head; but the morning had come, and here it was, pouring down in one dark, splashy, continuous stream for all the world like an old maid's objugations when her tongue gets waggin.

Down I hurried to the breakfast table. I had just buttered my bread, and was swallowing the first mouthful of coffee, when the horn of the coach to town was heard, and looking out of the window, I saw the vehicle, with its four smoking horses, dashing down the turnpike. It was my only chance to reach the city that day. I bolted my bread, gulped down the coffee till my throat scalded, jammed my hat on my head, and made a dive through the door. The driver did not see me, but cracked his whip with a flourish and went on. I shouted; still the old villain did not notice me, but with another flourish of his whip, set his four-in-hand on a brisker trot, and rattled down the hill.

Desperate with the fear of being left, I pitched after him, scattering the mud around at every step, and shouting at the top of my lungs; but I might have shouted on till doomsday, had not a passenger seen me, and stopped the old sinner.—Out of breath, wet to the skin, covered with mud from head to foot, and not in the best humor from the loss of my breakfast, I mounted into the coach; but the instant I placed my foot inside the vehicle, all my sulkiness vanished, for one of the loveliest angels that ever blessed a rickety old coach, or warmed the soul of a sour, breakfastless bachelor with her presence, sat upon the back seat.

Did you ever fall in love? Of course. And the lady was the loveliest of her sex? To be sure. Then the stage-coach beauty was twice as handsome as your sweetheart; and if, after this, you don't think my fellow passenger a cherub, then I give up all hope of making you appreciate her. Her eyes, such teeth, and then lips—egad! it almost makes me crazy to think of them.—I put myself down for the luckiest dog in the world. She was dressed in a plain straw cottage bonnet, with a green veil—"just such a costume," said I, "as a real lady wears when traveling"—and then she gave me such a sweet, but half roguish smile, as I tumbled into the coach in the plight I have described, that I knew her at once to be a paragon in the way of education, taste, fortune, and all that; and I resolved—what knowing one would not?—to make the agreeable off-hand, for there is nothing like meeting an heiress in a stage-coach, where she thinks she is unknown, and dreams that every attention paid to her springs from true love—ahem!—on your part.

I was in clover. What cared I for rain? Splash, splash, splash, aye! rain away there, like blazes—who cares? One doesn't get a *tete-a-tete* with a pretty girl every day of the week—so I determined to make the most of it. And faith, with a few sly compliments, and my extraordinary good looks, I soon got as cozy with my unknown beauty, and she with me, as if we had been acquainted since the days of Noah. We talked of the wedding, for she too had been there—of the scenery—of the rain—and of whatever came uppermost; and there was such a charming frankness in all she said, that I really thought her the most winning little creature I had ever seen; and I verily believe if the floor had been softer, and I had known the accurate number of houses of which I would be tenant, in courtesy, I should have gone down on my knees to her at once. I hate showing one's learning off in public, so I avoided anything like literature, though I saw by the intelligent eyes of the charmer, that she had a soul alive to all the finer sensibility of nature.

At length we got on the subject of house-keeping. Now, if there is anything I hate, it is a woman that can't keep house, and I trembled at every word, lest my charmer should confess her ignorance of these matters. Shade of Apicius! how my heart leaped when she told me that hardly a day passed in which she did not make bread, or pies, or sponge-cake, or some other of those shimshaws that delight the heart of man; and in expatiating on such delicacies she rose to a pitch of eloquence that I never heard surpassed. I could not resist my feelings, but snatched her hand to my lips and kissed it.

Yes! I felt that she was destined to be mine, for if there is anything that a wife ought to know it is this. I come of a race of caterers. My grandfather lunched on half a dozen rabbits, and died at last of a surfeit produced by eating two roast pigs. My father can break his fast on a brace of capons, or devour a pair of turkeys without having to pick his teeth; and a brother of mine can tuck in a hundred oysters and dishes of chicken-salad, which does honor to the family. My own exploits in this line my modesty forbids me to mention.

No wonder I loved this rosy little beauty, who could get up such a choice fry, and bake such delicious cakes. Ah! what a life of domestic happiness rose before my vision, when I pictured myself returning home from court at night, to meet a beef-steak ready broiled or a bowl of the richest turtle soup served up by the fair hand of the angel at my side. I resolved, if there was any virtue in a pair of whiskers, in an eloquent tongue, or in my new blue coat, to win this seraph of pie-bakers.

There is no place like a stage-coach for making love. It comes natural! You do it, egad, in an easy, don't care for anything style, that you can't for the life of you assume in any other place. What betwixt sitting on the same seat to talk more conveniently, and putting your arm around her waist to keep her from jolting off, you soon get to be wonderful cozy, and ten to one, if you don't catch yourself squeezing her hand, or varying the entertainment in some other way, before you are aware of it.

For my part, as I have said, I was ready to surrender at discretion, and I already fancied myself lightening the dear creature beside me of the troublesome duty of collecting the rents of her various fine houses. It was charming to think of the progress I had made in her affections. What a delicately rosy cheek it was that I just then slily kissed—she blushing the deeper at my warmth. And then her saucy, pouting lips; and then her figure, just the size for a man who hated your thin weasel-shaped young misses as he hated epidemics. Ah, what a wife she would make! How I thanked my stars that I had hitherto set my face like a flint against every temptation to marry—for now my firmness was rewarded by this beauty and heiress dropping into my mouth.—And then I preached to myself a mental homily on the short-sightedness of man, as I ventured to steal another kiss from the conscious and blushing little angel at my side. I was about to pop the question itself: when the coach stopped, and the driver descended and opened the door. My charmer rose. I was taken all aback.

"Do you get out here?" said I in surprise.

"Yes!" said she, "I see Mr Powell is waiting for me."

"Mr. Powell," said I, for that was the name of a friend of mine, who lived up this very lane, not half a mile from the turnpike; "do you then live with him? Perhaps you're a relative? Strange;" I muttered to myself, "I never heard him speak of this charming creature."

Before I could answer, Powell approached, and while he halted me, my fellow passenger sprang to the ground as if by magic, and the next minute was in my friend's vehicle.

"For heaven's sake," said I, half mad that the hearty grip of Powell prevented me from hastening to his ward's assistance, "who is that angel? Is she a relative, a ward, or what? I'm dying for love of her!

Powell burst into a laugh, and laughed on till tears came in his eyes. Confound the fellow, what did he mean? I began to look angry.

"Come, my dear boy," said he, "don't get into a passion, but consider how odd it is that you, of all men, should fall in love with my cook."

I never make acquaintance in a stage-coach now, until I have exchanged cards.

GATHERING AND KEEPING APPLES:—In order to secure soundness and preservation, it is indispensably necessary that the fruit should be gathered by hand. For winter fruit the gathering is delayed as long as possible, avoiding severe frosts, and the most successful practice with our extensive orchardists is to place the good fruit directly, in a careful manner, in new, tight flour barrels, as soon as gathered from the tree.—These barrels should be gently shaken while filling, and the head closely pressed in; they are then placed in a cool, shady exposure under a shed open to the air, or on the north side of a building, protected by a covering of boards over the top, where they remain for a fortnight, or until the cold becomes too severe, when they are carefully transfered to a cool, dry cellar, in which air can be admitted occasionally in brisk weather.

A cellar for this purpose, should be dug in dry gravelly or sandy soil, with, if possible a slope to the north, or, at any rate, with opening on the north side for the admission of air very rarely in weather not excessively cold. Here the barrels should by placed on tiers on their sides, and the cellar should be kept as dark as possible. In such a cellar, one of the largest apple-growers in Duchess county is able to keep the Greening apple, which, in the fruit room, usually decays in January until the first of April, in the freshest and finest condition. Some persons place a layer of clean rye straw between every layer of apples, when packing them in barrels.—*Downing.*

A NOBLE ACTION.—A few days ago Augustus Preston, engineer of a freight train on the Galena branch of the Northwestern Railroad, nobly saved a child's life at the risk of his own. The train which Mr. Preston was driving had just passed Belvidere when he observed an infant close to the track, creeping in the grass towards it. He immediately reversed the engine, whistled "down brakes," and running along the engine, jumped off, rushed up to the infant, then on the track but a few feet from the fast approaching train, and snatched it from certain death. The mother of the child had waited breathlessly the peril of her babe, unable to help it. On seeing it rescued, her feelings overcame her, and she fainted at the feet of the noble rescuer of her offspring.

☞ General Sherman is described by a chaplain as "a man who has a gaunt look about him—as if he got hungry when a boy and never got over it. A nervous man, never quiet, pulling his whiskers, or buttoning his coat, or twisting a string, or rubbing a finger—never quiet, but with a kind of look in his face that reminds one of a panther, if he gets angry, fiery, keen, powerful—and a genius."

☞ A country girl coming in from the field was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any fellow of that name.—Bill Jones kissed me, and confound his pictures, I told him that everybody would find it out."

☞ The sun is best at it's rising and setting. So man's native disposition is the most clearly perceived when they are children and when they come to die.

☞ "Weep not for me, my husband dear, I am not dead but sleepeth here; The time will come when you must die, Therefore prepare to follow I."

NOBLE LETTER FROM GEN'L SHERMAN.

The following letter, dated Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the Field, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 12, was written by Gen. Sherman in reply to a letter from the Mayor and City Council of Atlanta:

Gentlemen: I have your letter of the 11th in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order—simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles in which millions, yes, hundreds of millions of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

Now, I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and sooner or later want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scens of the past month? Of course I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but do you suppose this army will be here till the war is over? I cannot discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot import to you what I propose to do, but I assert my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to day than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority whenever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always back to that Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I, and this army, become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion such as has swept the South into rebellion: but you can point out so that we may know those who desire a government and those who insist on war and its desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes or your houses or your land, or anything you have; but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involve the destruction of your improvements we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you look for truth in other quarters the better for you.

I repeat, then, that, by the original compact of Government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began the war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, &c., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I, myself, have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry, and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg, and Mississippi, we fed, thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands and whom we could not see starve. Now, that war comes home to you, you feel very different—you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shells and shot, into Kentucky and Tennesee, and desolated the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war with a view to perfect an early success.

But my dear sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now you must go and take with you the old and feeble, feed, and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

Yours, in haste,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major Gen.

☞ "Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conly, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?"—"Sure no one but me eldest brother, ma'am", replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother.—What is his name?" "Barney Octoolan, ma'am." "Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?" "Troth, ma'am, he has been married once."

☞ We have lately seen it computed that if the women would cut their dresses to escape the ground one inch, instead of trailing two inches, as is now the fashion, a saving of $1,000,000 would be annually effected.

☞ "I shall be," and "I might have been!"—The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sounds of silver bells; the latter, the paint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb.

☞ Enjoyment soon worries both itself and us; effort never. That man is happy who devotes himself to the cultivation of an island, to the discovery of one that is lost, or the extent of the ocean.

☞ A physician has discovered that night-mare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper, and that the best cure is to pay up.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.—Doctor Bolus, who was a very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said: I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, Doctor," replied a wag, "dead men tell no tales!"

☞ Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Because it's a tiptop apple.