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H. C. DEERN,  
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400 lines or less	80.00	81.00
405 lines or less	81.00	82.00
410 lines or less	82.00	83.00
415 lines or less	83.00	84.00
420 lines or less	84.00	85.00
425 lines or less	85.00	86.00
430 lines or less	86.00	87.00
435 lines or less	87.00	88.00
440 lines or less	88.00	89.00
445 lines or less	89.00	90.00
450 lines or less	90.00	91.00
455 lines or less	91.00	92.00
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### Choice Poetry.

#### THE SOUTHERN GIRLS' SONG.

O! Yes I am a southern girl and glory in the name,  
And boast it with far greater pride than glittering  
wealth or fame;  
We envy not the northern girl, her robes of beauty  
rare,  
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck and pearls  
bedeck her hair.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah for the sunny South so dear,  
Three cheers for the home-spun dress, the southern  
ladies wear.

The home-spun dress is plain I know our hats palmetto  
too,  
But then it shows what southern girls for southern  
rights will do;  
We sent the bravest of our land to battle with the  
foe,  
And we will lend a helping hand, we love the south  
you know.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

The northern girls are out of date, and since old  
Abe's blockade,  
The southern girls can be content with goods that  
southern made;  
We sent our sweethearts to the wars, but dear  
girls never mind,  
The soldier brave will ne'er forget, the girl he left  
behind.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

The soldier is the lad for me a brave heart I ad-  
dore,  
And when the sunny south is free and fighting is  
no more,  
I'll choose me then a lover brave from out that gal-  
lant band,  
The soldier lad that I love best shall have my  
heart and hand.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

The southern lands a glorious land and has a  
glorious cause,  
Three cheers, three cheers for southern rights and  
for the southern boys;  
We scorn to wear a bit of silk, a bit of northern  
lace,  
But make our home-spun dresses up and wear them  
with such grace.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

And now young man, a word to you, if you would  
win the fair,  
Go to the field where honor calls and win your la-  
dy there;  
Remember that our brightest smiles are for the true  
and brave,  
And that our tears are all for those who fill a sol-  
dier's grave.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

#### Parody on the Southern Girl's Song.

O! yes I am a northern girl, it's glory is my pride,  
And dearer far its ragged little than all the world  
beside;  
The northern girl is not adorned with pearls or dia-  
monds rare,  
But lovelier far the golden gleams of her bright  
sunny hair.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah for the bonnie North so free,  
The northern land, the northern land is still the  
land for me.

We boast not of our home-spun dress, and tho' we  
are arrayed,  
In robes of cotton, wool, or silk, and hats of flor-  
ence braid;  
Yet still our heart goes with the right, the cause of  
liberty,  
We scorn your heroes of the fight, your southern  
chivalry.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

The southern girls are out of date, and since the  
southern ports  
Have been blockaded by our foes, and Abe holds  
all the forts,  
The southern girls must be content with goods  
that's northern made,  
While loyal ladies of the north in rich robes are  
arrayed.

CHORUS:—Hurrah, hurrah &c.

The soldier is the lad for me, a brave heart I ad-  
dore,  
And when the Union all is free, and slavery is no  
more,

### Select Miscellany.

#### NOT GUILTY.

##### HOW TWO HEARTS WERE MADE HAPPY.

One day, a good many years ago  
a young woman knocked at the  
door of a little cottage in the sub-  
urbs of the town of Newcastle up-  
on the Tyne. The knock was im-  
mediately responded to by the open-  
ing of the door within. An aged  
woman, neatly dressed and who had  
evidently risen from her wheel, was  
the sole inmate of the little cot.

"Bless your heart, girl," said the  
dame, as she entered with her visi-  
tor and sat down to her wheel again:  
"there must surely be something  
particular about you to-day, for you  
did not use to knock."

"I was afraid some one might be  
with you, mother," said the girl,  
who had taken a seat opposite to the  
spinner.

"And though a neighbor had been  
here," replied the dame, "this surely  
would not have frightened you away.  
But the truth is you have got some-  
thing to say to me, Catherine," con-  
tinued the speaker, kindly; "out with  
it my dear and depend upon the  
best counsel that old Hannah can  
give."

The young woman blushed, and  
did not immediately speak.

"Has William Hutton asked you  
to be his wife, Catherine?" said the  
dame, who easily and rightly anti-  
cipated the matter that was in the  
mind of her youthful visitor.

"He has, mother," was the reply.  
The old woman began to birl  
earnestly at the wheel.

"Well, my dear," said she, after a  
short pause, "is not this what you  
have long expected—ay, and wished?  
He has your heart; and so I sup-  
pose it needs no witch to tell what  
will be the end of it."

"This may be all very true, but  
there was something upon Cath-  
erine's mind which struggled to be  
out, and out it came. "Dear Han-  
nah," said she, seating herself close  
by the dame, and taking hold of her  
hand, "you have been a kind friend,  
a parent—to me, since my own poor  
mother died, and I have no one else  
to look to for advice but yourself.  
I have not given William an answer  
and would not till I had spoken to  
you; especially as something—as you  
once said—"

"What did I say, Catherine?" in-  
terrupted the old woman; "nothing  
against the man you love, surely.  
He is from all that I have seen and  
heard, kindhearted, industrious and  
every way well behaved."

"Yes Hannah," replied the young  
woman, "but you once said, after I  
had brought him once or twice to  
see you that you did not like those  
—those sorts of low fits that some-  
times fall upon him even in com-  
pany. I have often noticed them  
since, Hannah," continued Cath-  
erine, with a sigh.

"Plague on my old thoughtless  
tongue for saying any such thing to  
vex you, my dear child. Heed not  
so careless speech, Catherine. He  
was a soldier you know, a good many  
years ago—before he was twenty—  
and fought for his country. He  
may have seen sights then that make  
him grave to think upon, without  
the least cause for blaming himself.  
But whatever it may be I mean not,  
Catherine, that you should take  
such a passing word to heart. If he  
has some little cares, you will easily  
soothe them and make him happy."

As the kindly dame spoke, her

visitor's brow gradually cleared,  
and, after some further conversa-  
tion, Catherine left the cottage light-  
ened at heart with the thought that  
her old friend approved of her fol-  
lowing the course to which her in-  
clinations led her. Catherine Smith  
was, indeed, well entitled by re-  
spect to the counsels of Hannah.  
The latter never had been married,  
and spent the greater part of her  
life in the service of a wealthy fam-  
ily at Morpeth. When she was  
there the widowed mother of Cath-  
erine had died in Newcastle, and on  
learning of the circumstance, Han-  
nah, though a friend merely, and  
no relation, had sent for the orphan  
girl, then about ten years of age, and  
had taken care of her till she grew  
fit to maintain herself by service.  
On finding herself unable to continue  
a working life longer, Hannah had  
retired to Newcastle, her native place,  
where she lived in humble comfort,  
on the earnings of her long career  
of servitude. Catherine came back  
with her to Newcastle, and immedi-  
ately entered into service there.  
Hannah and Catherine had been two  
years in their respective situations  
when the dialogue which has been  
recorded took place.

On the succeeding expiry of her  
term of service, Catherine was mar-  
ried to the young man whose name  
has been stated as being William  
Hutton. He was a joiner by trade  
and bore, as Hannah had said, an  
excellent character. The first visit  
paid by the newly married pair was  
to the cottage of the old woman,  
who gazed on them with a truly  
maternal pride, thinking she had  
never seen so handsome a couple.  
The few years spent by Hutton in  
the army had given to his natural  
good figure an erect manliness, which  
looked as well in one of his sex as  
the slight graceful figure, and fair,  
ingenious countenance of Catherine  
was calculated to adorn one of wo-  
mankind. Something of this kind  
at least, was in the thoughts of old  
Hannah when Catherine and her  
husband visited the dame's little  
dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by  
these same parties to Hannah, and  
on each successive occasion the old  
woman looked narrowly, though  
unobtrusively as possible, in the state  
of the young wife's feelings—with  
a motherly anxiety to know if she  
was happy. For, though Hannah—  
seeing Catherine's affections to be  
deeply engaged, had made light of her  
own early remarks upon the strange  
and most unpleasant gloom occasion-  
ally if not frequently observable in  
the look and manner of William  
Hutton, and the old woman had never  
been able to rid her own mind alto-  
gether of misgivings upon the sub-  
ject. For many months after Cath-  
erine's marriage, however, Hannah  
could discover nothing but open  
unalloyed happiness in the air and  
conversation of the youthful wife.  
But at length Hannah's anxious eye  
did perceive something like a change.  
Catherine seemed sometimes to fall,  
when visiting the cottage, into fits  
of abstraction not unlike those which  
had been observed in her husband.  
The aged dame felt greatly distress-  
ed at the thought of her dear Cath-  
erine being unhappy, but for a long  
time held her peace upon the sub-  
ject, trusting that the cloud might  
be a temporary one and would dis-  
appear.

It was not so, unfortunately.  
Though in their manner to each  
other when together nothing but  
the most cordial affection was ob-  
servable. Catherine, when she  
came alone to see Hannah, always  
seemed a prey to some uneasiness  
which all her efforts could not con-  
ceal from her old friend. Even  
when she became for the first time  
a mother, and, with all the beauti-  
ful pride of a young mother's love,  
presented her babe to Hannah, the  
latter could see signs of a secret  
grief imprinted on Catherine's brow.  
Hoping by her counsels to bring re-  
lief, Hannah at last took an oppor-  
tunity to tell the young wife what  
she had observed and besought her  
confidence. At first, Catherine  
stammered forth a hurried assu-  
rance that she was perfectly happy,  
and in a few seconds, belied her  
words by bursting into tears and  
owning that she was very unhappy.

"But I cannot, Hannah," she ex-

claimed, "I cannot tell the cause,  
not even to you."

"Don't say so, my poor Cath-  
erine," replied Hannah; "it is no en-  
ciousity that bids me interfere."

"Oh, no, Hannah," replied the  
young wife, "I know you speak  
from love to me."

"Well then," continued the dame,  
"open your heart to me. Age is a  
good adviser."

"Is your husband harsh?" asked  
Hannah.

"No, no," cried the wife; "man  
could not be kinder to woman than  
he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink—  
in private."

"Hannah you mistake altogether,"  
was Catherine's reply; "my husband  
is as free from all such faults as ever  
man was."

"My dear child," said the old  
woman, almost smiling as the idea  
entered her head, "you are not sus-  
picious—not jealous—"

"I have never had a moment's  
cause, Hannah," answered Cath-  
erine. "No, my griefs are not of that  
nature. He is one of the best and  
dearest of husbands."

Old Hannah was puzzled by these  
replies as much as she was distress-  
ed by the now open avowal of  
Catherine's having some hidden  
cause of sorrow; but, seeing that  
her young friend could not make up  
her mind to a disclosure at the time,  
the aged dame gave up her in-  
quiries, and told Catherine to think  
seriously of the propriety of confiding  
all to her.

Hannah conceived that on mat-  
ured consideration, Catherine would  
come to the resolution of seeking  
counsel at the cottage. And she  
was not wrong. In a few days after  
their late conversation, the young  
wife came to visit Hannah again,  
and after a little absent and embar-  
rassed talk, entered upon the sub-  
ject which was uppermost in the  
minds of both.

"Hannah," said Catherine, "I  
fear you can serve me nothing—I  
fear no living being can serve me.  
Oh, Hannah, good as my husband  
appears to be—good as he is—there  
is some dreadful weight pressing  
upon his mind, which destroys his  
peace, and mine too. Alas! the  
gloomy fits which you as well as I  
noticed in him, are not, I fear with-  
out a cause."

Catherine wept in silence for a  
moment, and continued:

"All that I know of this cause  
arises from his expressions—his  
dreadful expressions—while he is  
sleeping by my side. Hannah! he  
speaks in broken language of man-  
der—of having committed murder!  
He mutters about the 'streaming  
blood' that his hand drew from the  
innocent victim! Alas! I have  
heard enough to tell me that he  
speaks of a young woman. Oh!  
Hannah! perhaps a woman deceived  
and killed by him!"

As Catherine said this, she shud-  
dered, and buried her face in that  
of the babe which she carried in her  
arms.

Hannah was shocked at this, but  
her good sense led her at once to  
suggest, for the comfort of the poor  
wife, that it was perfectly possible  
for her husband to imagine himself  
a murderer in his sleep; and speak  
of it without the slightest reality in  
the whole affair.

"Ah, Hannah," said Catherine,  
sadly, "these dreadful sayings are  
not the result of one's nightmare  
slumber. They occur often—too  
often. Besides, when I first heard  
him mutter in his sleep these hor-  
rible things, I mentioned the matter  
to him in the morning at our break-  
fast and laughed at it; but he grew  
much agitated; and telling me to  
pay no attention to such things, as  
sometimes he talked nonsense, he  
knew, in his sleep, he rose and went  
away, leaving his meal unfinished  
—indeed, scarcely touched. I am  
sure he does not know how often  
he speaks in his sleep, for I have  
never mentioned the subject again  
—though my rest is destroyed by it.  
And then his fits of sadness at ordi-  
nary moments! Hannah! Hannah!  
there's some mystery—some terri-  
ble mystery under it! Yes, contin-  
ued the poor young wife, he is so  
good—kind—so dutiful to God and  
man. He has too much tenderness  
and feeling to harm a fly! Hannah

what am I to think or do? for I am  
very wretched at present."

It was long ere the old dame re-  
plied to this question. She mused  
deeply on what had been told to  
her, and in the end said to Cath-  
erine:

"My poor child I cannot believe  
that William is guilty of what these  
circumstances lay seemingly to his  
door. But if the worst be true, it  
is better for you to know it than to  
be in killing suspense forever. Go  
and gain his confidence, Catherine;  
tell him all, everything that has  
come to your ear, and say that you  
do so by advice."

Hannah continued to use persua-  
sions of the same kind for some  
time longer, and at length sent  
Catherine home firmly resolved to  
follow the counsel given her.

On the following day Catherine  
again presented herself at the abode  
of Hannah, and as soon as she en-  
tered exclaimed:

"Dear mother, I have told him  
all! He will soon be here to ex-  
plain everything to us both."

The old woman did not exactly  
comprehend this. "Has he not  
said she," given an explanation,  
then, to you?"

"No, Hannah," said Catherine;  
"but, oh! he is not guilty. When  
I had spoken to him as you desired  
me, he was silent for a long time,  
and he then took me in his arms  
and kissed me, saying 'My darling  
Catherine, I ought to have confided  
in you long before, I have been un-  
fortunate, but not guilty. Go to  
blind Hannah's and I will soon fol-  
low you and set your minds at ease,  
so far as it can be done. Had I  
known how much you had been  
suffering I would have done this  
long before.' These were his  
words, Hannah. Oh, he may be  
unfortunate, but not guilty."

Hannah and Catherine said little  
more to each other until the hus-  
band of the latter came to the cot-  
tage. William sat down gravely by  
the side of his wife, and commenced  
to tell his story.

"The reasons of the unhappy ex-  
clamations in sleep," said he,  
"which have weighed so much on  
my mind, my dear Catherine, may  
be very soon told. They arose from  
a circumstance which has much em-  
bittered my peace, but which I hope,  
to be regarded as a sad calamity,  
rather than a crime. When I en-  
tered the army, which I did at the  
age of nineteen, the recruiting party  
to which I attached myself was sent  
to Scotland, where we remained for  
a few months, being ordered again  
to England, in order to be transpor-  
ted to the Continent. One unhappy  
morning, as we were passing out of  
a town where we had rested on our  
march southwards, my companion  
and I chanced to see a girl, appar-  
ently about fifteen years of age,  
washing clothes in a tub. Being  
then the most light-hearted among  
the light-hearted. I took up a large  
stone with the intention of splash-  
ing the water against the girl. She  
stopped hastily, and shocking to  
tell, when I threw the stone, it struck  
her on the head, and she fell to the  
ground, with I fear her skull frac-  
tured. Stupified by what I had  
done I stood gazing on the stream  
of blood rushing from my poor vic-  
tim's head, when my companion  
observing that no one had seen us  
(for it was then early in the morn-  
ing), hurried me off. We were not  
pursued, and were in a few weeks  
on the continent; but the image of  
that bleeding girl followed me ev-  
erywhere; and since I came home I  
have never dared to inquire into  
the result lest suspicion should be  
excited, and I should suffer for mur-  
der! For I fear from the dreeful  
nature of the blow, that the death  
of that poor creature lies at my  
door!"

While Hutton was relating this  
story, he had turned his eyes to the  
window; but what was his aston-  
ishment, as he concluded, to hear  
old Hannah cry aloud, "Thank  
God!" while his wife burst into a  
hysterical passion of tears and smiles  
and threw herself into his arms.

"My dear husband," cried she, as  
soon as her voice found utterance,  
"that town was Morpeth."

"It was," said he.

"Dear William," the wife then  
cried, "I am the girl."

"You, Catherine?" cried the man.

zed and enraptured husband, as he  
pressed her to his breast.

"Yes,"