

# The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 9.

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## THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

K. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Published weekly, (except on Sundays and holidays) at the office of the Tribune, No. 100 North Second Street, Altoona, Pa., at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements are taken at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first week, and 50 cents for each subsequent week.

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afraid to trust their lives in the hands of such a young scapgrace as they had known me to be, for my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than in any more profitable business; and it is certain more of my time was spent in Mr. Hale's pleasant parlor than in either study or practice of medicine. Some of the neighbors slyly remarked that I must have a very sick patient there to occasion such frequent visits; and I was certain that if I had no patient there, all the patience I ever had was required there at times; for of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he were in the body or out of it—Jessie Hale was the worst.

And there was I—William Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, big enough to have known better, that is sure, led about by that little elf, coming and going at every beck and call; as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing "yours most devotedly" for six months, I was no nearer winning than at first. Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall, for all the sense I could get from her. No matter how cautiously I might approach the subject, she was always ready with some off-hand answer, as far from what I wanted as the equator from the poles, until I was almost in despair, but more eager after every failure. "All is fair in love and war," or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, as I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits of iron that I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle; and of course I caught her before she reached the ground. No sooner was she in safety than, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helplessly by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"Oh, Will," she said pitiously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; and what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

"Now, look here Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names, I won't tell you at all, though perhaps that is love talk, is it? Will, I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me, I can't speak at all, for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see"—beginning to count her fingers—"there is Chloe that one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm, you know—is two; and old Brindle in three; and Watch is four, and—let me see—yes, there is Mr. William Tremaine is five."

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit, it was certainly more dignified. I had taken my hat, and was out of the gate before Jessie had reached the house.

I went home in no very enviable state of mind, resolving that I never would go near her again. But by the time I had reached my study, my anger cooled considerably, and I sat down in my armchair and began to think of my plan, just as I did a hundred times before, how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would; but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you, sir," cried out a boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. I was too much occupied with my thoughts to care much what its contents were; but the first few lines fixed my attention. It was from an uncle of mine, a surgeon in a flourishing city, making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been watching for

years, and I hailed it with delight now.

"But Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me what was needed, for if she really cared for me, my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make my arrangements, and before night they were all completed, and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mr. Hale's on my way to bid Jessie good-bye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it?" I retorted. "But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years and if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some, trick, for her eyes said plainly—

"You can't cheat me again."

And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left paradise, although his Eve went with him, and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposal. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakplace. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight of a pleasant September day when I reached Oakplace. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never!" Straight up to the gravel walk and across the lawn I went, and into the dusky parlor, unannounced. By the light, I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on a pillow. She was alone, and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That augers well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and raised the bowed head.

"Jessie, dear Jessie!" I said, tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it.

With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh I am so glad to see you Will. They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely, too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?"

I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known, and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "that just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

I think I accomplished more in that half hour than I ever did in twice that length of time before or since, for at its expiration I was supremely happy. And the result was that in a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all New England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony.

"I never told you I loved you, Will." And she never has to this day.

"She isn't all that fancy painted lover," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover, "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

whole throng that looked upon him. The officer took out his watch to note the moments that yet remained. It was three minutes of 2 o'clock, and during those three minutes that seemed almost an hour to the lookers-on, he remained motionless and firm. Then, at least, the scene became impressive. The soldiers formed in hollow square, the spectators on the top of Castle William and Fort Columbus, men, women and children belonging to the place, and the few officers and others who stood on a rising knoll overlooking the scene, all gazed intently and listened for the word of command. Save the occasional shrieking of a steam-whistle from boats in the bay there was hardly a whisper of sound.

The faint sunshine was undisturbed by any shadow, and the bay, in front of the spectators and behind the prisoner, gleamed white with fragments of floating ice, but gave forth not even the noise of a ripple on the beach. The spires of the city rose dark against the sky in the distance, but the music of their bells at two o'clock would not reach but half way to the prisoners' ear before he should fall. For him, excepting a military command and perhaps the clicking of musket locks, the life of sound was already gone, unless in the noise of that shock in which he should expire. One might almost think that he was dreaming away from life, and had already passed so motionless was the kneeling form. One might almost imagine that it was a straw-stuffed coat, surmounted by a huge white choker and a hat, that was placed in front of the firing squad, and that the real man was somewhere among the crowd of spectators, looking on with no more interest than they. Or perhaps that he was one of the white sea-birds that winged noiselessly to and fro over the bay. Or that he was paddling in the tide, on a huge cake of ice, in search of the Stygian river. Or that he was another man among the officers on the knoll, who was almost dangerously gazing at the sight, and drawing short, quick gasps as if he really were the culprit. On looking again, the resemblance did appear striking. Has anybody ever advanced any theory of ante-mortem transmigration.—Did nobody ever think that—

READY—AIM—FIRE.

Imagination that had run wild in that scene of tragical suspense, retired, and the words that broke the silence called back attention. A sharp sound of musketry, and as the prisoner fell upon his face, the balls having passed through his body, struck the water a dozen rods from shore and frightened up a flock of a thousand seagulls, that flew noisily, flapping their wings and screaming. The surgeon was called for, and approaching with a few officers, pronounced the prisoner dead. The entire nine balls had struck him, producing instant death. One evidently passed through the heart, seven others mostly through the right lung, and one through the cervical vertebra, just above the shoulder. There seemed to be only eight torn holes in the back of the coat, but one of them was large and irregular, showing that two balls had passed through in immediate proximity.

The scene was about over. The troops were marched past in double file and away, the band playing a quick-step. The body was placed in the coffin for burial at some other place, according to orders, and the officers and reporters who had come from the city returned. So occurred and ended the execution of a "bonny jumper," in vindication of the dignity and honor of a service, the responsibilities of which are not to be trifled with, and the allegiance and oaths of which it is justly precious to renounce.

THE PRISONER KNEELING TO BE SHOT.

After a few moments an officer approached again and informed the priest it was time for him to leave, and an orderly tied the white cloth about the prisoner's face. Another word in his ear, another brief prayer, and the priest had finished the office of his work for living man. The prisoner knelt in front of his coffin—knelt in the temple porch of eternity—still calm and apparently as self-possessed as any one in the

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

JAMES DEVLIN was shot on the 3d at Governor's Island, for repeated bounty-jumping. The following graphic description of the execution is taken from a New York paper: The order for the execution was given to Colonel BOWMAN, commanding at Governor's Island, on Wednesday. Rev. Father HEALY, of St. Peter's Church, was sent for, and thenceforward acted as DEVLIN's spiritual adviser. DEVLIN appeared calm and collected during the entire time, and, until his death, listening to the advice and prayers of Father HEALY. His wife visited him on Thursday with one of the children. She was agonized to find that he was really to die, and was almost violent in the exhibition of her grief. Yesterday morning, and until the prisoner was taken out for execution, the scene was painful in the extreme. He was under guard in one of the apartments inside of Fort Columbus, and his wife, with a female friend, appeared to have a last interview. While she was waiting at the door she cried loudly, "Oh God, look down upon my orphan children!" A large number of rebel prisoners, officers and privates, in the fort, gathered in the corridors overhead and looked at the scene, but made no remark. A number of Union soldiers belonging to the garrison were also gathered around. The sound of a drum-beat at 1 o'clock caused the poor woman to break forth in still louder cries, and for a time she appeared almost frantic.

Soon after, Father HEALY appeared from the cell and conducted her to her husband. She had an interview of a few minutes, and came out again comparatively calm. At 1 1/2 o'clock the officer of the day entered with an escort, and the prisoner marched between them, accompanied by his wife on one side and the priest on the other, who held a crucifix before him and constantly repeated prayers. He was dressed in a coarse suit of citizens' clothes, and walked firmly, exhibiting neither emotion nor any attempt to conceal it. The party proceeded to the open space between Fort Columbus and the quarters, where some four hundred troops, including recruits and federal prisoners arrested for various offenses, were drawn up on parade. Col. LUDLOW, Major CHARLES TEMPLE DIX, and Capt. BLAKE, of Gen. DIX's staff, and one or two officers of Gen. HUNT's staff, were among those present. The bier and coffin had been placed on the ground near by, and when the party in charge of the prisoner had advanced nearly to it, they halted. The prisoner then kissed his wife good-bye. She placed a small prayer-book in his hand, and was then led away by a couple of soldiers proceeded to the glacis South of Fort Columbus, the band playing a dead march, and the prisoner, still accompanied by Father HEALY, marching with correct step close behind the bier and coffin, which were borne by four soldiers.

THE HOLLOW SQUARE FORMED.

Arriving at the glacis, a hollow square was formed, fronting the water and in double ranks, the recruits and prisoners forming the rear rank, in open order. There were two firing parties of ten men each, only one of which, however, was called upon to act in that capacity. These squads, with the prisoner, marched between the open ranks, and the prisoner took his stand near the coffin, with the firing party ten paces in front. The priest still continued at DEVLIN's side, repeating prayers, as it was yet some fifteen minutes before 2 o'clock. The officer approached Father HEALY and spoke to him, and the adjutant general at the post, then read the sentence of death, the approval, and the order for its execution. The prisoner listened; and still made no sign of emotion.

After a few moments an officer approached again and informed the priest it was time for him to leave, and an orderly tied the white cloth about the prisoner's face. Another word in his ear, another brief prayer, and the priest had finished the office of his work for living man. The prisoner knelt in front of his coffin—knelt in the temple porch of eternity—still calm and apparently as self-possessed as any one in the

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