Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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Select Poetry.

THE INNER LIFE.

'Tis the hour of midnight lonely,
Very lonely, very drear;
All things round me seem too silent
E'en for noise of falling tear,
Falling on the Past's dark bier.

'Tis the hour best fit for musing,
Musing on the days gone by,
When the heart re-tells its story,
Having time and place to sigh,
Sigh for hopes long in the sky.

'Twere not well to give heart-memories,
Never dear though sad recall,
Nor to let e'en life's deep sorrows
In forgetfulness to fall:
From the dead ne'er lift the pall.

For, though heart-ache at recounting
Joy and hope and love e'er gone,
Sicken as it sees life's pleasures
Change to sorrows all anon,
Sorrows coming thickly on;

Yet the soul thus learns submission,
Being low, to look above,
And the heart, though torn and bleeding,
Learns to bear e'en severed love,
Gentle trusting as the dove.

Life is double, outward, inward,
Seen and hidden from the light;
'Tis a scroll of varied pictures,
Colored dark and colored bright,
Rolled up partly out of sight.

One's the life as shown to others,
This, though past, oft seems the whole,
For, at outward things e'er looking,
We forgot the life of soul,
Like as we forgot life's goal.

But, at silent hour of midnight,
When ourselves alone we see,
When all noise is turned to stillness,
Hushed is every sound of glee,
Sound of anguish, pleasure's foe.

When the soul, with eye turned inward,
Gazeth on its secret life,
Hope and joy, despair and sorrow,
Reason calm and passion rife,
Good and bad in constant strife.

Memory then her conjuring office
Fills by calling up the past;
Buddling hopes which in their spring time
Chilling frosts had come to blast,
Lest, if full blown, they should last.

Parted love, that tore heart-tendrils,
Severed from another heart,
That restrained the parted heart-strings,
Leaving ours of each but part,
Healed up now but bearing mark.

Scenes of childhood's joyous life-spring,
Form's of life's bright summer time,
Pictures of the soul that only
Spirit-language can define,
Pass in gay or solemn line.

And there's music, soft-toned music,
Played on chords of years gone by,
Causing tears of quiet sadness,
Tears which, though they fill the eye,
Help to see beyond the sky.

Thus the soul in secret growth,
While with mortal it must stay;
Up in Heaven 'twill grow forever,
Seen and seeing by the ray
Of the uncertain day

Select Miscellany.

THE WIFE CURER.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

"Been up the country?" I queried, as I met my friend Burner in the street, a few days since. I hadn't seen him for some time, and he looked sunburnt and rough, as if he had been exposed to the country sun. He informed me that he had, and that he had been to visit Tom Somers, a mutual friend of ours, who had moved away from town many years before. After inquiries concerning his visit, and his enjoyment during the warm months, conversation reverted to our friend.

"I never was more surprised in my life," said Burner, "than I was to see him in the depot at Ramshead. I had quite forgotten that he was located there."

I informed him that I had also forgotten it, though I believed his wife's relatives were living there.

"His wife's—yes, yes," continued Burner, "singular woman that; did you know her?"

"Yes," I replied; "she is a little, bustling, talkative thing; full of fun and chat, and making her house merry by the music of her voice. Nice little woman."

Burner looked at me a moment, and burst into a laugh, to my great wonderment. I requested him in a tone of chagrin, to inform me what the deuce he was laughing at.

"Talkative," said he, when he could check-rein his cachinatory colt, "I found her anything but that, I tell you. I never knew the lady when she lived in town, but a more taciturn body I never saw than I found her."

"Indeed!" I remarked, "then there must have been a change, truly."

"I met Somers in the depot," continued Burner, "and he was very glad to see me, inquiring after his old friends, and you with the rest. Through all his joy, however, I saw that there was a vein of sadness; and when I alluded to his family he appeared embarrassed, and disposed to change the subject. I had no object in view in visiting Ramshead, other than change of scene, and did not intend to remain there but a day or two; but meeting Somers led me to think that it would not be a bad thing to tarry there awhile, seeing that there was a beautiful pond of water in the vicinity, as I had seen from the cars as I came along, and a deep wood, denoting game. Somers used to be great on those things you know. I hinted at our former sporting practices, and mentioned my half resolution to stay; but instead of manifesting any interest in the subject, he sighed deeply, and replied:

"Burner, I havn't taken a pole in hand, nor put a gun to my shoulder, for five long years, and I never shall again."

I looked at him with astonishment, but I knew that he was sincere. I fancied that I saw a tear in his intelligant eye, my heart drew stronger towards him than ever. I then quite resolved to stay, and ordered the porter of the hotel to carry my baggage—my valise and gun—up to the house, which was close by. My rod-cane I carried in my hand. Taking Somers on my arm, we followed the porter, and a few minutes later found us seated in my room with a little rummer of claret negus—an excellent lubricator for a dusty day.

"Well, how are you prospering, Somers?" I asked, wishing to penetrate, if possible, the mystery that enshrouded him, deeming that it might be a business difficulty in which he was involved.

"Doing capitally," he replied, "haven't lost a dollar since I came here. People have nick-named me 'Lucky Tom.' How wrongly people judge in measuring men."

"What do you mean by that?" said I, as I saw the cloud creep over his face, as you have, while standing on the mountains, seen a shadow flitting across the meadow.

"I mean," said he, "that in measuring us they take but one feature into the account, and upon that base a hypothesis of happiness, or of luck, as the case may be."

"Are you not happy?" I asked, in a tone calculated to win his confidence.

"I am far from it," he replied, "indeed, a more miserable man is not to be found in these parts."

"In what regard?"

"My wife is dumb," he almost sobbed in answer to my question.

"Dumb!" I repeated; and thinking to rally him, said in a jocular manner, "Well, that is a very singular thing to be sad for; I know many husbands who would be too happy to have such a calamity happen to them. Burns says, 'An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter; and there is no contention in a house where a perpetual silence is the bond of unity."

I saw that he was hurt, and hastened to remedy the evil I had done. Taking him by the hand, I said:

"Tom, I assure you I would not wound your feelings willingly. I am no less your friend than I ever was, and no less worthy your confidence. Now, I wish you to tell me the cause of your trouble, that I may share it with you, or possibly alleviate it."

He hesitated a few moments, and then said with considerable emotion:

"Well, Burner, old friendship is stirring up within me, and I shall do at its prompting that which I thought nothing could wring from me. You remember how happy I was. There was not a man in the world who had more friends, true friends, than I had. My home was a happy one—my wife was pleasant, my children handsome and intelligent. You never saw my wife, friend Burner?"

My name, in the connection, sounded like an imprecation upon his wife, and the Burner a wrathful expletive—"*burn her.*" Somers continued:—

"When we moved up here things went on in pretty much the same pleasant way, until there came to the village a lady whom I had formerly kown, and about whom and myself there had been a little gossip in old days. Our acquaintance was renewed, and I visited her several times; made no concealment of my intimacy with her, and invited my wife to accompany me, but she declined. She wished to make no new acquaintances, she said. There was a frequent visitor at my house—a relative of my wife's—who poisoned her ears with suspicions that it was not right between May Brennon and myself. She repeated the old gossip, with additions, and spoke of my visits to Miss Brennon, and hinted at criminality, as that nasty-minded class always will, who, having small virtues of their own and depraved fancies, conjure up impure conceits regarding their neighbors imputing lasciviousness and wrong where the strictest purity might not see occasion to blush. I was returning home one summer evening, on foot, having spent the day in business at a town a few miles from this, when, by a strange chance, a short distance from town, I met Miss Brennon. It was pure accident that brought us together, and she turned back with me, taking my arm. We walked slowly, as the weather was warm, and stopped a moment on the rustic bridge yonder, to look down into the stream, and say a few pleasant words about old times. I saw some one pass us as we stood there, but was indifferent as to whom it might be, and bidding my companion good-bye I went home as happy as a lord, in anticipation of seeing the ones there that I loved so well. I met with a cold reception. My bane was sitting with my wife in counsel, and I read judgment on the face that had too many times lately turned unkindness on me.

"So you've come, Mr. Hypocrite, have you?" was the first salutation.

"Certainly, my dear, I have come," I replied—"though I can scarcely see reason for the application of that name to me."

"You cannot! you who have just left that vile creature, on whose account and in whose company you have all day been absent from your home. You cannot!"

"I have been away all day on business," said I, as calmly as Socrates, "I was returning, and encountered Miss Brennon. We walked together a little way, and then I left her for my pleasant home, and certainly did not expect such a cold reception."

"You did not," said she, sneeringly, "but you are found out, sir. You stood upon the bridge with your arm around the strumpet's waist, and kissed her!"

I felt aroused at this. I can bear any attack upon myself, but the reflection upon Miss Brennon was too much for me who knew her pure character and worth.

"It is a falsehood!" I shouted, "and your informant is a malicious and malignant falsifier."

The relative gathered herself up to go, but before she went I gave her a lesson on lying and tale-bearing that she has not forgotten yet. She has never crossed my door since. As soon as she was gone, I turned to my wife and said:—

"As for you, madam, if you cannot make a better use of your tongue, you had better never speak again."

I was heated, in a passion, and scarcely knew what I said, but the unkind words went into her soul. I left the house, and did not return for a long time. I found her calmly and undisturbedly sitting where I had left her, but she spoke not. She arose and performed such duties as were required of her; but she did not speak.—In vain I addressed her, but she made no reply. I grew alarmed. I begged her to speak to me, but not one word would she deign me. It has continued thus ever since. Not one word has she uttered to me or any one. My home is dismal as a tomb, or I would have invited you to stay there."

He ceased his story, and I told him how much interested I had been in it. "But," said I, "have you tried no remedy to cure this disease, for disease it must be?" He told me that he had not. "Then," said I, "take me home with you, and if I don't cure her, strike the spurs from my heel as an unworthy knight."

I went home with the poor fellow, and found things pretty much as he had represented. I was introduced to the mistress of the mansion, who received me with a profound bow.

"A delightful home, madam, this of yours," said I, glancing admiringly out of the window. I looked towards her as though expecting a reply. She merely nodded her head.

"Are there many such in this vicinity among the hills?" I persisted, looking her in the face.

She colored as though she were confused. I found, subsequently, that I was the first stranger that he had dared to take home for several years. I saw by her organism that she was not naturally a bad woman, and divined at once that she had vowed perpetual silence at the unkind words of her husband, and that it only needed a single word to break the spell that rested upon her.

I continued my engineering, making all manner of domestic inquiries regarding the children, of whom she appeared very fond, but could not elicit a word from her. I next alluded to her husband and our old acquaintance, and in the course of my remarks made some reflections in a playful way upon the slight blemish in one of his eyes—the only fault in his really handsome face. I saw a feeling like chagrin flit across her brow, and a moment after, when I praised him, a pleased expression effaced the cloud.

"Aha!" said I to myself, "here are pride and affection, at any rate; these springs have not dried up and I think that language may yet be unsealed."

A day passed, but nothing transpired save manœuvres, I have never tried so hard to make myself attractive as on this occasion, and felt that I had succeeded when on the second morning she greeted me with a smile, and extended her hand to me as I came from my chamber. I chatted and rattled on about the town and its splendors, told of new improvements, changing fashions, crinoline and lovely bonnets, all of which was listened to with evident interest.—Still she wouldn't speak, confound it! I trembled for my spurs. Something must be done.

"Mrs. Somers," said I very suddenly, "will you allow me to look at the palm of your hand?"

She extended her hand very readily, and I gazed upon it as though I were a wizard engaged in some trick of necromancy, involving the fate of the household. Looking in her face, I relinquished her hand and sighed deeply. She appeared surprised, and seemed as if expecting me to say something.

"You may well be surprised at my conduct," I said, "but your surprise would be overwhelming could I dare tell you the motive of it. I cannot do this without compromising others. I may say, however, that in your hand I discern a power that may be employed for immense good. There are lines in it that meet and diverge, and come near together again without meeting. There is a mystery!" I looked at the hand again, rubbed my forehead as though I were much perplexed, and went out abruptly. I saw her face depicted in the glass as I passed out, and it bore the expression of great wonder.

"How far is it to the top of Rattlesnake Hill, Somers?" I asked at dinner time, as we sat at table.

"About fifteen miles; why?" he replied.

"Because I am going here to-night. I must be there at precisely midnight. I am going to gather a charm from the old Rattler's cave, through which I hope to obtain a treasure that will compensate for all trouble and danger."

'You cannot go,' said he anxiously, 'the way is one of peril. It is full of ravines and pitfalls, and the serpents are very numerous."

I saw that his wife shared in his uneasiness, and her looks said "don't go!" plainer than words could speak.

"So much the better for my purpose," said I "were it not attended with danger, that which I seek would be valueless. I shall go; and more than this, I shall walk."

Somers and his wife changed looks, which I interpreted to mean, "Well, isn't he a queer one?" and after a few moments at table I left the house telling Somers that I should be back by the morning. I accordingly struck out stoutly for Rattlesnake Hill, accompanied by his utter blessing and his wife's inarticulate bension; but when I reached the first brook, I made my cane into a jointed fishing rod, and indulged till sundown in the finest sport. The trout never bit with more avidity; and having caught a goodly string, I carried them to a farm-house not far away, and had them cooked for my supper. Late in the evening I returned to my friend Somer's, and enjoyed a fine night's rest upon his haymow. At daylight I aroused the family by knocking at the door, but I greeted them with a simple shake of the hand, gazing abstractedly at Mrs. Somers. She looked troubled.

"Somers," said I "please leave me a moment with your wife. It is a matter that you may sometime know, but not at present. Have you not heard of my wonderful developements as a seer?"

He said he had not, but, without explaining, I pushed him out and closed the door I knew that he would listen however.

"Mrs. Somer's," said I, "my mysterious movements are fast growing to a climax. I last night plucked a dragon's tongue from the mouth of the rattlesnake's den; I laughed with the midnight echoes, and stood face to face with the darkness, in order to gain what I sought.—Your hand, please; thank you. The lines are brought nearer together, and it needs but one word of yours, in response to an incantation that I shall utter, to make my mystic charm complete. You must say *Yes*, or all is as naught."

I looked wildly as I spoke, and I saw that she was, as it were, spell-bound.

"And this is my incantation," I continued, "you swear that you *hate* Tim Somers."

"No!" she almost shrieked.

Poor Tim had been listening. Fearing harm to his wife from my supposed lunacy, and hearing the question I had put in response, he rushed in frantic with joy, clasped her in his arms, kissed her over and over again, and jumped about the room with the wildness of a madman. She did not seem to comprehend what she had done for an instant, but when she remembered that she had spoken, and divined the meaning of my cabalistic efforts, she came near fainting with her emotion.

"Thank God! the spell is broken!" she said, "the hideous spell that has bound me to silence and sorrow so long."

"The mystical word having been spoken," said I, "that brought the diverging lines together, I am free to tell what I sought at midnight on Rattlesnake Hill."

"What was it?" they both asked at once.

"A woman's tongue!" I replied, "and since I have found it, never allow any trifling cause to silence it again."

My theory was correct with regard to her not speaking. She had vowed perpetual silence, and had kept her vow until brought to utter one word, by stratagem, which had unsealed her tongue again. The children were delighted, and ran all around the neighborhood telling every body that their mother could talk, and every body rushed in to ascertain what it meant. For a time it seemed as though anarchy and confusion had become instaled on Tim Somer's hearthstone, to make up the silence that had so long brooded there; but he bore it all good humoredly. I left them, a week afterwards, the happiest couple you ever saw, and my midnight excursion to Rattlesnake Hill was frequently alluded to.

"Did you really go there!" Mrs. Somers asked the morning before I came away.

"No! said I, imitating her emphatic accent of the same monosyllable in reply to my incantation, and we had a grand laugh about it; Tim Somers swearing that my seership was the best ever known, and my magic had wrought a happier effect than that of all the fairies he had ever seen exhibited at the museum.

"Good-bye," said Burner, as he finished his story, and he left me well satisfied with the manner in which he spent his vacation.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE PRESS.

That truly eloquent clergyman, Rev. Dr. Fullor, of that city, in a recent address at a religious anniversary in New York, paid the following tribute to "the press."

"Who can measure the power of the press? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet, and put into a Minnie rifle, with a few grains of powder beneath it, will go two miles and do its errand in an efficient manner, if it encounter no obstacles. But that ounce of lead made into types and put into one of Hoe's lightning printing presses, will go thousands of miles and do its errand effectively, not on man merely, but on millions, and that though oceans, rivers and mountains may intervene. A steam printing press! Did you ever go down in one of the spacious vaults beneath your sidewalks here and watch the monsters? Why, my friends, I feel something like awe in looking at them. I feel like taking my hat off at the huge machine. (Laughter.) It seems to me to be a living thing—one of Ezekiel's living creatures with "the hand of a man and the sound of many waters, and the living eye in the wheel."

"He asks no nourishment knows no weariness. How it strips itself to its work and toils on with a strength that mocks to scorn the might of the giant, and with a clamor as if it would shriver to pieces every substance in his grasp. And yet, with a delicacy and precision unattainable by human muscles, it receives a fabric so delicate that a rude touch would rend it, and imprints upon it in the twinkling of an eye that which it costs hours to compose. It flings off sheet after sheet to entertain, instruct, regenerate and bless the earth. None of us have yet begun to begin to appreciate the influence of the press as an agent for the diffusion of knowledge, whether it be in volumes, pamphlets, or, above all, through the daily newspaper, the moral institution which has revolutionized not only the literary, but the commercial and political world. If you have read the constitution, you will remember that there are only two estates in Congress, the Senate and House of Representatives; but a third estate has sprung up, occupying during the session of Congress a seat higher than that occupied by the Senators and Representatives themselves, and which continues in Session long after Congress adjourned, everywhere and at all times. It is composed of the representatives of the press."

LOVE.

How beautiful is love in its hours of purity. How its sweet smiles soothes and charms our darkest hours of adversity. How it thrills the heart and sends the warm blood bounding along its arteries, with emotions too deep for utterance, untold and indescribable.

Love, sweet love! Thy power is indisputable. Thou hast conquered the most stubborn hearts, and caused crowned and sceptered heads to kneel and sue for thy coveted favor.

Sweet entrances of our being! under thy benign and holy influences, life is a continued joy, perfect blessing.

Thou art a cherished dream, in which we fondly and oft-times vainly desire to exist forever; for we fear lest our beautiful dream be suddenly awaked to a fearful reality, a life shorn and destitute of thy presence.

Love, beautiful love! Thy song is heard alike in the lowly cottage and the kingly palace. Thou art with the humble peasant as he goes forth to his morning employment, whispering words of peace and hope, causing him to work with increased vigor, inspired by the fond tho't that it is the loved ones beneath the lowly roof for whom he is toiling, and he blesses God for giving him those dear objects to live and labor for. Thou enterest the halls of the rich and the mighty; thy influence is felt, and the unfeeling man is touched. The low, sad voice of pity, before repulsed and driven away, is now listened to.

The widow and the orphans, the heart-stricken and destitute have occasion to bless the secret and invisible power that has opened the the heart and hand of the rich and powerful, before insensible to the cry of distress or the tale of woe.

TOMATO WINE.—The following recipe for making an excellent article of tomato wine, is communicated to an agricultural paper by a gentleman who tried it successfully last season:—

"To a bushel of sound, ripe tomatoes cut, add four gallons of water. Let the mixture stand in an open tub three days, stirring two or three times each day; then strain through a sieve.—To each gallon of the clear liquid add three pounds of brown sugar, stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, after which it is not to be disturbed for three days, except to take off the scum as it rises. Then strain the liquor through muslin or muslin bags, and put it in a cask filled to the top of the bung hole. There must be a surplus of liquor to re-place what fermentation throws off, as the cask is to be kept full. As soon as fermentation becomes feeble, (which is usually at the end of a week from the time the cask is filled,) dissolve half an ounce best isinglass in a portion of the liquor, put it in the cask and bung tightly. Half an ounce of isinglass is sufficient for ten gallons. Place the cask in the cellar, with the spigot in, so that the wine can be drawn off for bottling, without disturbing the sediment. The proper time for bottling is the following May. The wine is good when a year old, but continues to improve for several years. Two and a half bushels of tomatoes will make ten gallons of wine.

☞ Lorenzo Dow is still remembered by some of the old fogies as one of the most eccentric men that ever lived. On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community, recently deceased The result was an arrest, a trial for slander and an imprisonment in the county jail. After Lorenzo got out of "limbo" he announced that in spite of his (in his opinion) unjust punishment, he should preach at a given time, a sermon on "another rich man. The populace was greatly excited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance. With great solemnity he opaned the Bible, and read, "And there was a rich man who died and went and went to ——;" then stopping short, and seeming to be suddenly impressed, he continued: "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, fearing he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character."

INCONCEIVABILITY OF THE NATIONAL DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The London *Times* observes: "OUR national debt is the nearest approach to the infinite yet achieved by man. So little can we grasp it, and so much do we class it with other eternities and other infinities, that, in order to be practical, we take bits of it, and play in our fancy with an odd ten million or so.—What know we about 1,000,000,000 sterling?—It is like the distance of fixed star, or the bulk of the sun, or the length of a comet's tail, or the velocity of light. House and land, stock and share, mortgage and bill—everything has its ups and downs; but that which changes last is the three per cents. The commercial spirit loves their modest faithful, constant character, their equal mind, their moderation in prosperity their firmness in adversity, their help in the time of need, their open, honest countenance, like the good wine that needs no bush."

IT LEAKS.—A friend, says an exchange, returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported Maine Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join So putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked along side. "Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and weather, "what is that bundle under your arm?" from which she discovered a dark fluid dropping.

"Oh, nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me."

"Oh, it's a coat, is it? Well, you had better carry it back and get him to sew up ore hole more—it leaks."

☞ A man may have true christian manliness, and yet desire to serve himself; but no man who has true christian manliness would ever serve himself in such a way as to infringe upon the rights, or interfere with the interests of another. True christian manliness leads a man to desire to serve others as well as himself. A man who in everthing he does is open, simple, direct, straightforward, truthful, so that there is concordance between inward thought and inward motive and his outward life, is alone manly.

GRAND HOTEL IN BALTIMORE.—Mr. Thomas Wipans, of Baltimore, is about to add to the attraction of that beautiful city, by erecting in its most central locality a hotel, the like of which shall not have been seen even in our hotel excelling country. A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Mr. Winans is reputed to be worth from ten to twelve million dollars. The hotel here referred to, if constructed, will be on a grand scale, costing from one million to twelve hundred thousand dollars."

SAYING HER CATECHISM.—A lady observed a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question:

"Whose child are you?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am," said the little urchin, dropping a courtesy as if addressing the parson.

The lady resumed and said:—

"Where were you born?"

"Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

☞ A pretty and elegant present has been forwarded to Miss Nightingale by a grateful officer who recovered under kind treatment whilst in the Crimea. It consists of a small repeating watch in a ring, the cylinder of which is made of an Oriental ruby. Its diameter is the fifty-fourth part of an inch, its length the forty-seventh, and its weight the two hundredth part of an ounce.

☞ An old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recover in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to loose them. A good hint and a sensible doctor.

☞ A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says: "She had twelve berths in the lady's cabin." "Oh, life of me," exclaimed an old lady upon reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been."

☞ A good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well, replied: "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod.

☞ If women seek distinction in fashionable display, we should at least do them the justice to remember that this is pretty much the only avenue to distinction open to them.