Altoona Tribune

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

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MEDICAL AND CHEMICAL

REFORM.

ADVICE FREE.

New-York Benevolent Infirmary.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

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Consumption and Pulmonary Complaints, Fevers, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Eye and Ear Diseases, Cancers and other Tumors, Jaundice and Liver Complaints, Seminal Weakness, and all diseases of the Urinary and Sexual organs, from whatever cause or whatever nature. Our object will be to benefit the afflicted by effecting in all cases aspired cures.

The rule is to charge nothing for advice and written prescriptions; but will furnish, when requested, the very best medicines at the lowest rates.

These remedies are prepared in our own Laboratory, under the care of able Chemists, and are the most reliable now in science, including all the recent discoveries.

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N. B.—See Handbills. (May 9, '61.

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Altoona, May 9th, 1861-1y*

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From *Family Fair* we clip this capital war parody on Longfellow's brilliant Psalm of Life:

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Or, what the Heart of a Zouave said to Uncle Sam.

Tell me not in doleful numbers,
Union is an empty dream!
Success is not dead, but slumbers;
Traitors are not what they seem.

War is real! War is earnest!
And defeat is not our goal;
"Madrill thou to mind returnest,"
Is not true, upon the whole.

Small enjoyment and much sorrow
Is the soldier's destined way;
But we march, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Scott is strong, and Davis fleeting,
And the chivalry as brave
Still with muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Nay, on Freedom's field of battle,
Fighting for a Nation's life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be true heroes in the strife.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Is our manifest estate.

From the Home Journal.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

Where Shall we Pass the Fourth?

"Don't, my dear, say another word about it," I said to my amiable wife, in answer to a desire she expressed to go to the sea-shore, with my sister, to pass the Fourth of July. "I can't help it if my sister and her four boys have decided to visit the sea-shore before coming here; it is no reason why you and your girls should go. The other day it appeared to me as if you did not care to see my sister at all, and now you want to leave home to go where she is. For my part I never could find any pleasure at the sea-shore—the beach is always hot, sandy and shadeless. Then you get your feet wet, and take cold, and have the consumption and die. Now, if there be one place I dislike more than another, it is the sea-shore."

"Well, then," said my wife, "suppose we go into the country, and pass the day at a quiet farm-house, where we can have fresh milk and eggs, and all those kind of things."

"What do you mean, I should like to know, by 'all those kind of things?'" I asked.

"Why, vegetables just green from the garden, and mint," she answered.

"Mint?" I exclaimed—"what should I do with mint?"

"Why, use it in a julep," she said.—"I am sure I have often heard you speak of mint-juleps, and if the mint be freshly gathered, I suppose it makes a better julep."

"I don't believe it," I replied, "but at all events it is the best reason you have given for our going into the country.—After all, though, the country is not the place for me; farm-houses are miserable affairs, low-roofed, hot, and abounding with spiders. They are always small, and you can't turn round in one without rubbing your coat against the white-washed walls, or knocking off your hat passing through the low door-ways. Really, if there be one place I dislike more than another it is a farm-house. Do think of something else, can't you?"

My wife sighed.

"Why do you sigh," I asked. "You are always sighing and weeping; why don't you take matters easily, as I do, and not be forever making yourself miserable. Come, have you thought of some other place to pass the Fourth at?"

"Why not go," she replied, "to our friend the Colonel's place, up the Hudson. He has often invited us, and, I have no doubt, he would be pleased to see us?—He lives, you know, not far from the Catskill, and we might ride to the Mountain House in the afternoon."

"It is not a bad idea," I said, "but unfortunately the Colonel is with his regiment, at Washington, and I don't think his housekeeper would be particularly glad to see us; at all events I have no desire to see her, for if there be one class of females I dislike more than another, it is housekeepers."

"And yet," said my wife, maliciously, "you frequently wish that I were a good housekeeper."

I paid no attention to this remark, but continued:

"After all, I don't see that we can do better than to remain at home. I will invite a few friends to dinner, and in the evening we can have fireworks and be patriotic."

"Please don't ask any one to dinner," my wife said; "the very thought of being obliged to get dinner on the Fourth of July, which is always a hot day and made up of excitement, makes me ill. Still, I would rather get dinner for you than have you give a dinner away from home, as you did the other evening. Two days sickness, such as was yours after it, to say nothing of the money it cost, and the trouble and care I had in waiting on you, was paying entirely too much for one dinner."

"But you forced me into it," I rejoined; "you know well enough that I preferred to have the dinner at home, and if you had not made such an ado about attending to it, I should. Then, too, I would not have been sick, and you would not have been obliged to sit by my bedside for two days. Somehow, French dishes never agree with me; I presume it is because they are so highly seasoned. I am convinced that plainer dishes, such as you prepare, are healthier. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly," my wife answered," "but I am not sure the French dishes were to blame so much as the French wines."

"Now, my dear," I exclaimed, "you must not attempt to injure the reputation of French wines, for of them I drank comparatively little. I partook sparingly, however, of German and Spanish wines also, as well as several American productions."

"My dear, you need say no more," my wife replied; "I am satisfied. I was in error when I attributed your illness solely to French wines; but," she continued, "we have not decided where we shall go to pass the Fourth."

"I have," I replied; "I am going to remain at home, and I shall invite a few friends to spend the evening with me.—You can remain with me, or go wherever you like, provided you take the children with you."

"Very well, then," my wife said; "I think I will go and see my mother."

"Go, then!" I exclaimed; "but, remember, you needn't come back for awhile.—When I want you I'll send for you. Don't you think you had better start to-day?" I suggested.

"Perhaps I had," my wife replied, in her coolest manner. "If I can get the children's clothes ready, I will. As for myself I am prepared to go at an instant's notice. The truth is, if you would like to know it, that my trunk has been packed a week."

I confess my wife rather surprised me by her answer, and, to tell the truth, pained me by the way in which she spoke. I did not believe she would be willing to leave me at home, lest I might be sick, or some evil befall me. So I said, though not as boldly as I had heretofore spoken:

"Well, my dear, the boat leaves at six o'clock, and you have all day in which to prepare for your journey. I will be at the boat at that hour to bid you good-by; but I really think you had better postpone going for a day or two, until you get your new silk, and the children have a larger summer wardrobe prepared."

"No!" she replied, decidedly. "I will start to-day. I shall not require the silk dress if I go to my mother's, and the money which you gave me to purchase it with I still have; nor shall I require any more for some time. But I really wish," she continued—her manner and tone evidently softening—"that you were going with us. I know my mother would be glad to see you, and the girls would be delighted."

"I can't help it," I said; "I wouldn't go for a thousand dollars. Your mother doesn't like me, nor I her; and as for your sisters, I hate the whole batch of them. Why they don't get married, so they would have something else to do besides forever writing to you, coaxing you back to their old maids' home, I can't imagine."

"My sisters are not old, as you know very well. They are younger than I am, and I am not yet thirty."

"Well, I like that," I said. "Why you owned to twenty-five the day I married you, and that was nine years ago. I am a better judge of ages than you, and can tell an old maid from a school-girl the moment I see her."

"Well," said my wife resignedly, "I will not argue the point with you; but I tell you my sisters are not old maids."

"At all events, they are old," I said, "whatever else they may be."

My wife, seemingly, paid no attention to my last words, but asked:

"Where does the boat start from?"

"From its usual pier," I replied. "I don't remember its number; but you, who have sailed from it so often, ought to know."

"I presume I shall be able to find it," said she, "and lest you should not, I will bid you good-bye now. I have to get the children ready for the journey, and must leave you."

She bent forward, as if to kiss me, but I simply said "good-bye," and, taking my hat, went out of the door into the street. As I passed out of the court-yard, I lifted my eyes toward the window, and saw her standing there. She raised her hand to her lips, as our eyes met, and threw me a kiss from the tips of her fingers. I took no heed of the action; but slamming the gate behind me, I strode toward the avenue. When I reached the corner, I hailed a passing omnibus, and was on the point of stepping into it, when, chancing to look back, I saw my wife standing at the gate, waving her handkerchief. I told the driver to go on; but as for myself, I walked back to the house.

"So I forgot my handkerchief, did I," I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "this is mine."

"Very well," I said, "what the deuce did I return for, then?"

"I am sure I don't know," said she, half laughing, "if you don't."

"I think I must have left something behind me, in the house," I said, as with my wife on my arm, I walked up the court yard.

"It would be like you to do so," my wife continued, but what can it be?"

"Can't you guess?" I asked.

"Perhaps I can," she answered.

"Then give it to me," I continued.

My wife bent forward, and—we kissed each other.

"You will scarcely be able to start to-day, I think," said I, after a pause.

"Well, no," she answered; "I hardly think I can get ready."

"Then I'll not go to the boat to see you off," I added. "But to-morrow, if the weather remains pleasant, I trust you will be ready to start."

"We shall see," she said.

Again I bade her good-bye, and this time, having left nothing behind me, got into the first stage that came along, and proceeded down town.

A BRACE OF MISTAKES.

It is not every case of assault and battery that has so fortunate a termination as that of——*versus*——, which came off on the curbstone a few days since, and was very near being made the subject of a protracted lawsuit. Within the last three months an old moulder whose physiognomy has been for many years familiar in public places, and especially at the theatres, where he is so well known that the doorkeepers mistake him for an editor and pass him in free,—fell desperately in love with a sparkling eye and handsome waist at Magaire's. By perseverance our chevalier soon became acquainted with the object of his sudden flame, who was the daughter of a well-known politician, then absent at Sacramento—said politician being especially famous for his fighting qualities and for his high Southern notions of family honor.

A couple of months having passed, during which the Major had become a constant visitor, each visit having only riveted more firmly the bonds in which he was held, that adventurous person began to consider in what manner it was best to open his batteries with a view to making a similar impression upon his enchantress. His first offering was a bouquet, but not being posted in the language of flowers, he got the thing all wrong to start with, and instead of a symbolical letter full of explanations of his passion, he managed by careless selection to present the lady with a floral offering conveying sentiments anything but complimentary to the recipient. He next tried the literary line, and sent her a handsome bound volume, which proved on inspection to be one of Peter Parley's familiar stories for children, and the Major somehow or other saddled himself ever after with the name of 'Peter.' But love is blind, and in this case the victim fully carried out the adage. At last he received upon a vigorous assault, such as no citadel could withstand; and accordingly proceeding to a bird fancier's, he there selected a costly songster, which he duly labeled and caused to be conveyed with a note to the residence of his adored. At the same time the Major observed a naturalist who appeared to be as much interested in the study of ornithology as himself, but he gave the subject no attention, little thinking to what results the rencontre would lead, until subsequent events brought the matter rather forcibly to mind.

The same evening the Major dressed himself in his best; he was 'gorgeously arrayed' in the choicest of Parisian clothing and was a perambulating casket of rare perfumes and cosmetics. His glass told him he was irresistible, and so he was—for a good hearty laugh.

The Major rang the bell and was invited in. He found his charmer alone in the parlor, but he was somewhat chilled with his reception. He had resolved upon breaking the ice, and accordingly began his important disclosure at once, without even the customary allusion to the weather.

Without opening her lips the lady retreated to a rear apartment, from which she soon emerged bearing a cage, over which was hastily thrown a handkerchief. The Major's heart thrubbed convulsively in his bosom. It was the critical moment of his life. In another moment he should be on his knees before her—in another moment she should be enfolded in his embrace.

'Sir,' said the lady, with more severity than the Major had anticipated—(she was evidently disguising her feelings)—, I believe I am indebted to you for the gift of a valuable bird.'

'My dear Miss——!' grasped the Major—'I beg you wouldn't mention it.'

'Accompanied,' continued the lady, 'by a note.'

'I plead guilty,' faltered the Major, bashfully.

'Let me make sure that I am right, before proceeding further.' And the lady proceeded to read from the note as follows:—

'O! most adorable and fragrant of created beings—'

The Major sighed and made a convulsive movement as if about to throw himself at her feet.

—'Whose aggregate charms even the angels might envy—'

The Major gasped and sighed again.

'Behold in this accompanying gift a reflection of your charms. Your eyes, your voice, are here but feebly imitated. Accept the gift, and reward, if you will the donor.'

The Major got ready for his reward.

'And this note you confess to be yours.'

'Of course,' replied the Major, a little taken aback by the tone in which the inquiry was conveyed.

'And the present likewise?'

'Of course.'

'Wretch!' cried the lady, at the same time removing the handkerchief, and disclosing—not a canary, but a *parrot!*

The Major started to his feet, but before he had reached the sidewalk, the old politician, issuing from his lair in the back parlor, was after him with a cudgel.

And then and there occurred a struggle which out did the famous personal conflicts of the days of Homer—a conflict from which the Major narrowly escaped with his life.

All the result of a trifling mistake, the bird fancier had sent the purchase of the naturalist instead of that selected by the Major.—*California Mirror.*

A REJECTED PROPOSAL FROM A WIDOWER.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance and requested to speak a word with her in private.—Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrth," said he with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you know my wife?"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for a man to be alone?"

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave into each other till death do them part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to remind me of her kind consolation and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

She blushed and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes; I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now I have had but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write the headings of the chapters, I will give you five dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged first, and then I won't; you—you—."

She left the room, being unable to express her feelings. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. He has not yet published, nor engaged. It was a pity to be so misunderstood.

When a girl has too many boys about her, the indication is—like that of buoys off a harbor—"shallowness here." Gals, make a note of this.

The lays of a nightingale may be very delightful to a well-fed man, but the "lays" of a hen are liked better by one who is hungry.