

The Altoona Tribune.

McCORM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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McCORM & DERN, PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

The tall-tale eye is eloquent,
In mirth or anger's sudden flash;
But far more meaning in its glance
When love peeps out beneath the lash.
In vain the half-averted brow—
The thought to hide but doth reveal,
And downcast look, and crimson glow,
Do but betray and not conceal.
The lips may move in studied phrase,
And words well chosen feign surprise;
But ere by speech the heart is hid,
The truth is spoken by the eyes.
Think then as well beside the day,
When those who speak the shadows move,
As in the eye to quench the ray
That speaks, and bids, 'The Dawn of Love!'

LOVE AND POLITICS.

Who could love a Scotch woman?
Half a devil, scarce half human,
A real red one,
Red, white, red upon her bonnet,
Screaming some rebellious sonnet—
Or yelling for Jeff Davis.
If with such I were united,
Or to her my vows had pledged,
I would break the fetter:
Never yield a name concession,
But from her I'd claim secession
To the very letter.
I am certain I should learn her,
For like Scotland's poet farmer,
I would cure the evil,
If I had to beat and bang her,
Give her poison, down, or hang her,
Or whip her like the devil. Quiz.

Select Miscellany.

THE PICKETS' RUSE.

Private Joel Smapes, of a hardworking, tough-sinewed regiment of Vermont volunteers, was a good shot and a smart soldier. He found great satisfaction in picket duty, and hardly came in after a day's exercise in that branch of military without having a report to make to his superior officer of some new work discovered, some conversation overheard, some little chance circumstances perceived, that might be of use in gaining an advantage over the enemy.

Joel was a long, lank, yellow-haired fellow, not very soldierly in speech or bearing, but of infinitely more service than many of our snug dapper, well-looking city soldiers. His face was frightfully sunburned, and his face, coarse-featured and demure, suggested good humor and endurance, more than courage and discipline.

Wellington's Strategy.—On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions Gen. Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Donning his cocked hat and waving it in the air he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musically, as if addressing himself—"Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up and we shall beat him." It turned out as anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

A Petrified Man.—According to the Territorial Enterprise, a petrified man was found some time ago in the mountains south of Gravelly Ford. Every limb and feature of the stony mummy was perfect, not even excepting the left leg, which had evidently been a wooden one during the lifetime of the owner, which lifetime, by the way, came to a close about a century ago in the opinion of a savan who has examined the defunct. The Enterprise adds: "The people of the neighborhood volunteered to bury the poor unfortunate, and were even anxious to do so, but it was discovered when they attempted to remove him that the water which had dripped upon him for ages from the crag above had coursed down his back and deposited a limestone sediment under him, which had glued him to the bedrock upon which he sat as with a cement of adamant, and Judge S. refused to allow the charitable citizens to blast him from his position."

Prentice says Lot's wife would be worth seventy-five cents a pound in the southern confederacy.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant western State. He had his usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterwards to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had, by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor-shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation beside his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth, Gen. Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our northern mudsills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.—N. Y. Ec. Post.

QUEER MANIFESTATIONS OF CHARITY.—Dr. Peet, an Iowa gentleman, writing to a friend at Des Moines, relates the following:

"In Chicago I had a pleasant proof of the value of a great city. A sudden call had been made from Minnesota for the immediate relief for the 30,000 men, women and children made homeless and destitute by the Indian raid. The clergy of the city took the matter in hand, called for help from the pulpits, and the next two or three days they were kept busy in packing mountains of every conceivable thing in use in domestic life. I was sitting with the Rector of the Trinity Church, in his splendid edifice, and great packages were constantly coming in, which were opened and disposed of in huge boxes of pine wood for transportation. I observed in one large bundle a package of corsets and remarked 'that they would hardly be needed,' but the Rector said 'somebody may be glad to get them, put them in.' The sexton amusingly gave them a place in a huge box, saying as he pressed them down, in his Yorkshire dialect, 'No 'ooops be coom in as yet.'"

GOING TO REST.—Did you ever know a child, though half dead with play, who was willing to go to bed? How they will wink, open their poor eyes, and stare about, and linger round the bright lamps, and plead for a reprieve, "just a little longer, just five or ten minutes!" Time will cure them of that soon enough, poor things, so don't try to teach them the lesson now. Let them "sit up," before the evil days come when sleep is the most coveted boon on earth; when they dread nothing so much as waking to a new day, and its repetition of weary struggles with wrong and wrong doers, lighted by glimpses of sunshine so few and so transient. Crowd into the children's insect-life all the happiness you can, that they may have that at least, to look back upon, when they have no longer the wish or the power to "sit up."

A good story is told of one of our country constables, who was directed to serve an execution. He was told that the property to be levied consisted of three heifers, and after taking charge of them he must endorse a return describing the property. With a view to be entirely correct, and not finding "I had heffers," he specified as follows: "I went to level on 3 heffers, but they warn't sul heffers only won was a shee heffer, and the other was a meely bull and the other was a bully moul."

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of Secession and the end of Jeff Davis.

THE SIMPLE FAITH OF A CHILD.

A Paris paper relates the following touching incident:—In one of the narrow streets near the Marche St. Honoré resides a poor working family who have lately been laboring under great distress. The wife has been for sometime ill, and the husband has just met with an accident which has prevented him from following his usual occupation, so that his family of five children often suffer from hunger. Among the children was a little intelligent girl, who every-day attended the charity school, but who has lately been obliged to stop at home to attend, as best she could, to her little brothers. She had been taught at school that those in distress ought to address themselves to God, and the idea entered her mind that if she sent a letter to God relief would follow. She therefore got a pen, ink and paper and wrote the letter asking for health for her parents and bread for herself and brothers. Thinking that the poor box which she had seen in the church of St. Roch was the letter box of God, she took the opportunity of stealing quietly out of the room and running off to the church.—While looking round to see that no one was near, an elderly lady noticed her movements, and thinking that she was at some mischief, stopped her and inquired what she was doing. After some hesitation she confessed the object of her visit to the church, and showed the letter. The lady took it and promised the child that she would take care that it should reach its destination, asking at the same time to what address the answer must be sent, which the child gave, and returned home with a light heart. On the following morning, on opening the door of the room, she found a large basket filled with different articles of wearing apparel, sugar, money, &c., the whole packed up with a direction card, on which was written "Answer of the good God." Some hours after a medical man also came to give advice.

A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make inquiries of his whereabouts. "Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street?" "Well, who said 'twan't'?" "What you call zis street?" "O'course we do."

"Pardonnez! I have not ze name you call him?" "Yes, Watts we call it." "How you call ze name of zis street?" "Watts street, I tole yer." "Zis street."

"Zis street old feller; and don't yer go ter make game o'me." "Sarce mon dau! I ask you one, two, tree thousand times, will you tel me ze name of ze dan street—eh?" "Watts street, I tole yer. Yer drunk, han't yer?" "Mon kette fren, vere you lih ef?" "In Vandam street."

"Eh bine! You live in von dam street, and ou is von dam fool—by dam!"

AN EPIGRAPH.—It is stated that Tom Moore, one night while stopping at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he would write her epitaph. Accordingly at night he gave impromptu as follows:

"Good Susan Blake, in royal State,
Arrived at last at her Master's gate,
And stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in transports at the inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That's so," said he, and immediately added—

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub!"

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

HOW A MODEST MAN WAS MISTAKEN.—The Syracuse Standard says: In Lowell, at a lecture a few evenings, a gentleman, the most modest of his sex, and no less polite than modest, was setting in a pew rather remote from the light. A pretty lady sat next to him. Looking at the floor during the lecture, he espied what he thought was the lady's handkerchief, the lace trimmed edge just visible under her dress. Turning to his pew mate he gallantly whispered, "You have dropped your handkerchief, madam!" before she could reply, he proceeded to pick it up. Horror! he had seized the edge of her pet—skirt, and did not discover his mistake until the top of a gaiter boot stared him in the face, and the faint sound of a laugh just nipped in the bud by the application of a real handkerchief, warned him of his mistake. Moral—Don't attempt to pick up anything with lace to it before you know what it is.

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Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." We are in an excellent condition to be experimented upon.

THE WALLED LAKE.

The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the centre part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one wide, in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2000 acres. The wall enclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stone varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water, in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the wall. The lake at the lowest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is as clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large spring or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action; the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boone river on the west, eight miles from the Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

SMART.—A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" "She 'gave it up!'" "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell.—"Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished."

The gentleman owned that there was one lady who did not speak without reflecting and casting reflections.

A GOOD JOKE.—"Now remember," said an officer to an Irish soldier, when the Colonel asks you what battery you are in tell him battery I. Now don't forget.

"No, be jabbers, I won't forget," said Pat. The Colonel met him a day or two afterwards, and asked him what the Captain told him to say, when Pat stepped up to the Colonel, and without saying a word, gave him a blow in the eye. "What do you mean?" shouted the Colonel, in no good humor, on being struck by an Irish soldier. "Faith, an' the Captain told me to batter yer eye, if ye asked me sich a question," said the terrified Irishman. The Colonel, of course, took the joke.

A story is told of a doctor in Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a poor neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully cutting off all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful the doctor hid the same, exclaiming: "There, you must burn green wood part of the time; I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveler in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

"But a gentleman told me that you had a barrel."

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk?"

The traveler sloped.

WEET THE POWDER.—Two Irishmen in a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

"Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd better stop firin' a little."

"Divil a bit," replied Mike; "just dip the cartridges in the river afoes yee lad, an' kape it cool!"

"Matchless misery," is defined as having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.

Second thoughts are best; man was God's first thought; woman his second.

CAPITOL Bindery, MANUFACTORY, Altoona, Pa.

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