

The Altona Tribune.

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THE ALTONA TRIBUNE.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
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DR. JOHNSON has discovered the cause of all the various forms of Lock, and has found a permanent cure.

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DESIGNED ANNOUNCEMENTS.
SUGAR, MOLASSES, BUTTER, WHITE WHEAT FLOUR, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, &c.

REFORMED AMERICAN PRACTICE.
GO AND SEE THE ROOT AND HERB DOCTOR, who can cure all the various forms of Lock, and has found a permanent cure.

GLORIOUS NEWS!
THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altona and vicinity, that they have just returned from the East with their FALL AND WINTER STYLES OF HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

NOTICE.—I would hereby notify those who are owing me small bills for my goods, that they should pay them to me at once, as I have no time to spare.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
A large and varied stock of FRESH GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, just received, and for sale as cheap as the cheapest.

GREAT PILES OF PANTALOONS.
For Men and Boys, at LAUGHMAN'S.

Choice Poetry.
THE HEMPEN CRAVAT.
BY E. R. STODARD.

The Southern cotton—have you heard of it, it is a single shirt-collar and a big pair of spurs. It is a very fine article, and it is very much in vogue. It is a very fine article, and it is very much in vogue.

TO THE MECHANICAL AND MANUFACTURER.
No person engaged in any of the mechanical or manufacturing pursuits should think of "doing without" the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

TO THE INVENTOR.
The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is indispensable to every inventor, as it not only contains illustrated descriptions of nearly all the best inventions as they come out, but each number contains an Official List of the Claims of all the patents issued from the United States Patent Office during the week previous.

ONWARD! EVER ONWARD!
STEP BY STEP!
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO inform his old customers and the public generally, that he has this spring gone into the Dry Goods business, and has just received a large and entirely new stock of Dress Goods.

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NO PEACE.

The Richmond Dispatch has an editorial on the propositions of Mr. Brooks, of N.Y., for a national peace convention. The following are a few extracts: "And are we to be invited while the smoke is still ascending from our towers—while our fields are unharmed by the blood of our citizens murdered in cold blood is yet crying to Heaven for vengeance—to clasp the red hands of the assassins, and call them brothers?"

"There!" says the lieutenant, "why didn't you fix him then? You've got to be spy, that's all." "It's a pretty long range, sir," said I, "and I thought I'd made some good shots; and then again, I never liked him much. He was a dandified fellow, with curly hair, and always had his chin shaved clean, and his mustaches waxed and a new outfit and patent leather boots and clean gloves, no matter how ragged and dirty the men were. He was only a second lieutenant, but was rich, and I always thought he wanted to put on airs."

"Yes," said he, "it is a good looking shot, but some of you ought to make it out. Now suppose I try myself. Who'll lend me his gun?" "I picked up poor Janer's rifle and handed it to him. 'You can have that to keep,' says I, 'if you want it.' He smiled, but looked sort of sorrowful, and examined the sights like a man who had seen a rifle before, any way."

"Shall I load it for you, sir," says I, a little impudently; "you'll shoot your gloves." "He did not answer me, but he looked better. He pulled off his gloves—nice waxed leather ones, clean and white as they could be—handed them to me to hold, like if I'd been his servant, while he loaded the rifle. That stopped my mouth."

"The rebels got the steam locomotive and shipped, very carefully, went right out where Janer had stood when he was hit. 'Think I, there's a bad job for the tailors and bootmakers! A bullet kicked up dust within three feet of him; but he kept stepping round so that nobody could have drawn a bead on him to save his life; while he looked sharp for the man with the white hat through a double barreled field glass."

"The further we drove them the faster they went; and when their ranks broke we gave them a good dose, I tell you. We took back Schwartz's battery, and turned it upon them. That started them on a run, and we began to get on our feet. I wanted them to make a stand at the redoubt, when they got to it; but we crowded them a little too hard, and they didn't feel safe outside of Donelson. It was a bayonet charge that rushed them from the redoubt, and we began to get on our feet. I was in the van, and I was among the first to enter the redoubt. We ran up the Stars and Stripes as quick as we could, and Lord! you ought to have heard the cheering that came from everybody in sight of the flag."

"The next thing of course, was to turn the guns of the outlook upon Donelson, and I went at it with a squad of men. While I was over-seeing the job somebody touched me on the shoulder. I looked around, and saw my poppin' lieutenant, and he had a fine white handkerchief tied round his neck to cover a big, ugly sabre cut on his forehead. "Hello, sir," says I; "the scoundrels have spoiled your face?" "Yes," says he, "you don't think I'll ever be sorry to see that, do you? Come here a minute."

"He started off to the parapet, and I followed him to an angle, where a poor devil lay flat on his face. "Do you see that?" asked the lieutenant. "I looked, and saw that the dead man had a hole in his jacket just back of his shoulder, in one hand he held a white hat with a red band around it, and in the other a ramrod. The lieutenant's bullet had taken him just where he said—the shoulder blade."

SLANDER.

"Who stabs my name would stab my person too, did not the hangman's axe lie in the way. 'The man who attempts to rise in the world by pulling his neighbor down is unfit to be elevated, and mankind will do well to keep him where he is, unless they wish to make a heartless tyrant.' The woman who budges off from home to house and as she opens her budget of evil reports, begs you not to mention it on any account, it would grove her that it would get abroad, and the poor creature would be injured, and repeats the same wherever she goes, is not only a suspicious character but she proclaims herself a very wizen."

REV. T. G. GARVER.
The individual who penned the following must have had some conception of the evil of Slander, or he could not have depicted it so horribly. "Twas night and such a night as earth never saw before. Murky clouds veiled the fair face of the heavens, and gave to pitch darkness a still deeper dye. The moon had fled; the stars had closed their eyes, for deeds were doing which they dare not look upon. For a time the waters became stagnant and stood to flow. The mountains trembled; the forest dropped its leaves; the flowers lost their fragrance and withered; the nature became desolated; in gloom serene, amidst harpings, screams, and sobs, revealed beneath; domestic beasts crept near to the shade of man; the lion relinquished his half-eaten prey; the tiger ran howling to his lair, and even the hyena quitted his repast over dead men's bones. Man alone, and not his creature, wept, but alas! as if in the bodings of some half-known calamity, sat brooding over his mind. Aspiring youth would mutter of blasted hopes long cherished; young fair and gifted maidens would start and tremble, would half awake and press the trembling nurslings to their breasts, and breathe to heaven another prayer for their protection. On such a night, hell yawned and gave to earth a SLANDERER."

"I DID AS THE REST DID."
This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands. A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

Other children in the same situation in life do so and so; are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education—has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters gently. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several useful matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner follows the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, still unconscious, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare, and he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

RAILROAD ETHICS.—"What's the justice into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his stool, eating through life, still unconscious, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare, and he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

"Mr. Jones, have you got a match?" "Yes sir, a match for the old boy. There she is, mixing powder." Jones pointed to his wife and then said from the front door. "The last we saw of Jones he was 'kiting' it down the road, he was pursued by a red headed lady with a cistern pole. Poor Jones!"

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