

# The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DEHN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
One insertion 25c  
One month \$7.00  
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One year \$66.00

**REMONSTRANCE ON WINTER.**  
BY J. MONTGOMERY.  
Ah! why, unfeeling Winter! why  
Still dogs thy torpid wings;  
Fly, melancholy season, fly,  
And yield the year to Spring.

**Choice Poetry.**  
The postmaster himself felt ashamed to see the old, flat mail-bag come and go, empty; but he did all he could to have the applicants, at least go full of whisky, and while he doled it out, he consoled with them. To appease their wrath, he even let them search the bag themselves, and kick it, in lieu of himself. Nightmare was, indeed, an utterly unlettered part of the earth. There had never been a school in the place, which could truly boast as others have, that in it there was no minister, no lawyer, no doctor, and no town-poor. Their people were independent, living on their own hook. The post-office was the only favor they had asked from the Government. "But what, what were they letters?"

**Baltimore Lock Hospital.**  
Established as a refuge from Quackery  
The Daily Place Where a Cure Can  
Be Obtained.  
Dr. Johnson has discovered the  
most certain, speedy and safe remedy for  
all the various diseases of the male  
sex, such as Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Catarrh  
of the Prostate, etc.

**THE ENLIGHTENED VILLAGE.**  
The enlightened village, or town, of  
Nightmare, in the far Southwest, consist-  
ed of a heterogeneous collection of rudely  
constructed habitations as wild in appearance  
as the rough, demi-savage white  
people who occupy them. It could not be  
called a *gens*, for there are plenty of  
such places and communities out there,  
which serve as a connecting link between  
the states of civilization and barbarism,  
though civilization pretends to bear sway.

**SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.**  
No matter how long a patient has been  
suffering from any of the various skin  
diseases, such as Eczema, Psoriasis, etc.,  
they can be cured in a few days by the  
use of the "Skin Cure" advertised in this  
paper.

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Spring—the young cherubim of love,  
An exile in disgrace,  
Flies o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,  
Not finding a resting place.

**YOUNG MEN.**  
Youth, the most beautiful and most  
valuable period of life, is often  
wasted in dissipation and  
vice. A young man who  
spends his time in such  
pursuits, will never attain  
to that state of health and  
strength which is necessary  
for the discharge of his  
duties.

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ties, complained of "irregularities in the mails"—"some fault in Sam's agents somewhere." A post-office and postmaster were there, it was true, and that was one comfort, but "what are the letters?" they howled and grumbled. Not that any one of them had any reason to hope for a letter for his or her individual self, but they thought that *somebody* ought to. It would be gratifying to know that the wheels were working.

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Such was the long-unanswered inquiry, until one auspicious day the tidings came among them that "A letter has come!" The news spread like wild-fire. Women and children ran from house to house in great excitement, announcing that "A letter has come!" They wouldn't believe it, at first.—But Bill Handy had met John Digger, who had taken Luke Swinford, who had just taken ten horns of whiskey with Jimmy Herod himself, that morning; and the postmaster had not only shown the letter, but had sworn to it.

Such indignity was not to be long doubted; and the cry now was: "Who is the letter for?" All rushed to see if it was for any one of them, and which. They had never been such a congregation of the people of the place since the pine sign was put up. "Who is the letter for, Jim Herod?" assailed the postmaster from every side. "Is it for me? Or me? Or me?"

Each and each of the crowd racked his brains to consider who on earth was likely to have sent a letter to him. One would have thought that the postmaster would have looked elated, with such a prize in his hand. But no! He looked sheepish. He turned the letter over and over repeatedly, in the midst of the crowd, and at last asked: "Who expects one?" "Can't you read?" cried several. "Of course! I kin! I kin read. But—who expects a letter?" "No matter. Say who that ar letter is for."

"If it was *printed*, I could read it," replied he coloring up, and vainly trying to puzzle out the superscription. "Why, the old blind bar can't read!" sneered some one; and all regarded him with looks of contempt. "Smart chance of a postmaster!" "He's a heap of a scholar, by catamount!" "It's spell mighty poor," plead Herod; "and *verry* like a snake-track."

out whom sent for whom? I motion we toss up." "Hooray! Go in! Flip up!" was the approving cry of those who pretended to no letters at all. "Flip up, and let's open the critter, and draw a sight on her insides." "You can't do that trick, boys," cried the alarmed postmaster, snatching the letter back and putting it in the breast-pocket of his coat, which he buttoned up to the chin. "It's again the law." "Who is the law, anyhow?" "Again the law to open another man's letter; and I'm postmaster here; and I don't allow no niddle-comings out o' Uncle Sam, no how you kin fix it. Nobody else is from somebody to somebody else, is somebody? That is the beeswax.—More to this, there's nobody here kin read; couldn't tell one swimmer of a pen from another; and then how—I ax you—could you waltz out what's inside, if it was cracked open before you? That's what I ax."

"This argument was convincing; but curiosity was a foot, and the disappointed auditors conferred seriously among themselves as to how they should overcome the difficulty. "They may be money in it," said one. "This suggestion increased anxiety. "Anybody here been expecting some soap?" was the loud inquiry. "I've been expecting I wished I had some," replied a jolly-looking Irishman, in three ragged looking garments—shirts, pants, and boots. "If anybody had sent me any sweet-push, I'm good for three gallons of whisky on it; and I won't quiver if I take a little aforehand."

"I had an uncle who used to write to me when I was in Saint Lewy," added another, with a sad, shamed face. "But that I could buy somebody to spell for me—which are more'n kin be done here." "My old father's down to New Orleans," complained another; "and he must have writ me a thing of that sort—though he used ter couldn't."

"Hold on, boys!" quickly cried Jimmy Herod, seeing mischief in their eyes, and fearing the loss of all his goods. "I know it's rumpling to good nature to be in such a huddle; but let's you all on us smother it all over smooth, with as much ballface as you kin squeeze. At my expense, boys—my expense! Come in and wobble down, and three cheers and a whoop for Uncle Sam. If we can't read taint his fault!"

While they were about it, some was possessed, of a sudden, with a luminous idea, which all wondered they had not conceived before, and that was, to saddle two horses and send some one off, post-haste, to Joe Batter—the only man in all Nightmare who could read—and bring him back on the spare horse, to solve the mystery for them! "Yes, send for Joe!" was now the cry. "Where is he?" "Six mile away, shoeing horses." "But kin he read?" "Yes, and write. I've seen him do it!"

A horseman with a spare horse was at once dispatched for the learned man. Hope now increased their hilarity. Hilarity increased their drinking. Drinking led them to banter each other upon their ignorance. And joking upon their ignorance. And joking upon their ignorance. And joking upon their ignorance. And joking upon their ignorance.

proudly summoning the attention of all, read aloud the mystic subscription: "Peter Quitman." "All started." "Peter Quitman! Why, it's for Old Pete Quitman after all. And he's dead. Died last week of whiskey. And now what is to be done?" was the general remark. "Open it, Joe." "Shall I?" asked Joe, of Jimmy Herod. "Why, yes. No harm in reading a dead man's letter, as I know of." "Then here goes."

The missive was unsealed, and Joe Batter read it aloud to his breathless hearers. It was from Old Pete's only child, a daughter of sixteen, who had years before been sent to a Northern town, in the care of a relative—her father's constant drinking preventing his ability to support her. She was now a school-teacher, she wrote, and begged her father to renounce his fatal course, and come on and live with her; otherwise, her affection would prompt her to journey to Nightmare, where, perhaps, she might still keepschool. "Such a letter, just at that time, from the innocent girl to her dead father, and on such a subject, made a deep impression upon all hearers, and a lasting and reformatory one on many." "Soon after reading, with downcast eyes, they rose, and went their saddened homeward way. The unaffected, unpremeditated sermon had fallen upon their inmost hearts. Ignorant as they were, and brutish as they had acted, there was much of man's nobler nature glowing and working within them."

As to the post office, though Jimmy Herod hopes little of it as far as the mail-bag is concerned, for the present, he looks forward with a patriot's eye for the obiteration of rebellion; when he anticipates the spread of civilization all over South and West. His "store" is his main reliance, and it is true that he has hired Joe Batter to "do all the reading" for him, as long as he holds office—Joe to be paid with the freedom of whiskey at the bar. Batter believes that he has the best of the bargain; but 'deirim trerens' may yet show him that such good fortune is but fatal.

**SPECULATION IN THE WEST.**  
A day or two since, a friend of ours, a merchant in this city, was hailed in the street by a tall, rough-looking fellow, very plainly attired in linsey-woolsey, cowhide boots and slouched hat, who accosted him with— "Hallo there, mister—I say! aint your name—?" "That is my name, sir," replied the merchant. "Well, how d'ye do? 'Spouse you don't know me though." "I do not recollect having seen you before." "Well, 'spouse not; but what I was goin' to say, was hain't you got an eighty acre lot in Wisconsin, county, eh?" "I believe I do own a lot there." "Well, now, perhaps you would like to sell that ere lot?" "Well, sir, I am in a hurry; do you wish to buy it?" "Well, now, I don't; what do you ask for that ere lot?" "Two thousand dollars, sir." "Two thousand dollars? No; you're joking!" "If you wish to purchase, sir, you know my price."

"Well, now, wouldn't you like to take nineteen hundred, if you could get it, eh?" "Why, sir, who will give it?" asked the merchant, eagerly, for he had bought it only a few months since, at the government price. "Well, will you take it? that's what I want to know." "Yes, sir; I will take nineteen hundred." "Make out your papers then?" said the stranger. "I've got the money; here's witness to the bargain;" and so saying, he drew from his pocket a large bag labelled "shot," from which he counted the rhino and took his deed, evidently well pleased with his bargain. "You seem pleased with the trade, sir," said the merchant. "Well, I guess I might as well," said the stranger. "Why?" returned the merchant, "have you seen the lot?" "Well, I guess I have." "Is the land *retn* lully good?" continued the merchant, supposing he had been trading with a green 'un. "I'll do it," said the buyer. "What is it worth?" said the seller. "Well, I don't know what it's worth, but I've dug about ten thousand dollars worth of lead ore out on it already! I can't tell how much more I'll get!" and with a broad laugh he stuffed the deed into his pocket and left our chafepan friend to consider how much lead ore the balance of his eighty-acre lot in Wisconsin might contain.

How to make pantaloons last—make the coat and vest first.

**JACK AND THE SKELETON.**  
In one of our southern seaboard cities, and on a long street—almost a road—leading therefrom to the country, "dwells an apothecary," a very tall and remarkably slender person—so thin in fact that one would suppose he fed exclusively on his own professional mixtures. No tailor dare venture to cut a coat or any other garment in any way approaching a snug fit to his person, for fear of having the work returned on his hands and in that case they would be found to fit nobody else.

And yet, with this extraordinary paucity of flesh there was a great supply of humor in our hero; he was extravagantly fond of practical jokes, and practiced them freely when occasion offered. He had an electric machine secluded from sight and when any lazy person snattered into his shop and ventured to indulge in a nap or lounge, he was sure to be shocked into activity, and pushed off. He was a great advocate for temperance, and yet was ready to furnish gratis a brimming glass of any sort of liquor any customer might fancy, but liquor was invariably found to produce more nausea than any other sensation.

But a contrivance which afforded him most merriment was a skeleton of a full grown person in a closet of easy access to his shop. This skeleton was placed erect on a platform which ran smoothly on wheels; and when the door was opened, this platform was pulled forward by an unseen thin wire or string, which connected it with the bolting of the closet door.—There were also similar wires fastened to the wall behind the skeleton and passing over each shoulder bone, were attached to the wrist. Consequently, when the closet door was opened, the platform on which the skeleton stood not only advanced but both arms and hands were lifted upwards!

If any intoxicated, noisy, boisterous, or imprudent fellow came into his shop, the apothecary would manage, in some way, to lead him to that open door, to take the liquor and spunk out of him. He had two or three apprentices laid in his employ, who naturally relished these jokes, and prac'de'd them with his full consent, when he might be absent. One day during his temporary absence, a sailor came drifting along—occasionally stopping and dancing a jig and singing, to the great no-merit of a gang of boys who followed him. He was just drunk enough to play fool, but not too drunk to navigate. He eventually brought up at the door of our apothecary, and bracing himself in the door-way, yelled out: "Hallow, my hearties! here you are with your stuffed alligators and gallop mixins for sick folks! Why the devil don't you keep grog for tuff folks like me? and here he shuffled off a rigaldon, and made himself very merry. "Well, Jack," said one of the lads, "what kind of grog do you want." "I'll take brandy," was the prompt reply.

"Very well, go and help yourself; (handing him a tin mug,) you will find it in that closet." Jack went as directed and pulling open the closet door, found himself within grasping distance of an advancing skeleton; he unconsciously fell back a step, dropped his tin cup, turned ash-color, made one spring to the door, and when he reached the street, took to the middle of it, and ran like a deer till he reached a supposed safe distance. Shortly after this our apothecary returned, and being informed of the event was greatly amused, but sadly lamented his absence. "I wouldn't have missed seeing it," said he for a great deal. I do wonder if he will come back this way!" But this was not probable, and yet it was the only way to town.

In the course of a few hours, however, sure enough, Jack was heard at a distance on his way back, singing and dancing.—Our apothecary, hopelessly anticipating an encore, went out on his doornsteps and elevated his thin person, and extending his long emaciated arm and hand, very kindly beckoned to Jack to repeat his visit. Jack no sooner saw him than he "put his helva hand apart," and sheered over to the other side of the street, buttoning his jacket over his breast, and pressing his tarpanin closer on his head, so as to be ready for a run if chase was given. "Ah, hey, old bag of bones, says Jack; 'there you are again, are you? You think I don't know you now you've got your clothes on!' and away he went on his course, leaving our apothecary rather puzzled in deciding which of the two got the sharpest end of the joke. "Brown county, Indiana, from which the cry of heavy Federal taxes comes, pays under the U. S. revenue law, for the first three months, the enormous, crushing, stupendous and tremendous tax of just 22 cents!