

The Altoona Tribune.

McGHEE & DEHN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McGHEE & DEHN, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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course of twelve months the nurseries were occupied also.

"There are increasing anxieties in a mother's lot," said the good wife of Ralph, "but increasing pleasures, too. And she smiled at the innocent face of her sleeping babe.

"How women can like the bore of children, I cannot imagine," remarked her sister-in-law, as her child was hastily given to its nurse.

"Years passed on—as they always do—and the young wives became middle-aged women. Sons and daughters clustered round them, and the grandfather, old and feeble, now lean on these young things for support.

"Time had worked a wondrous change in the two brothers—Ralph took of a homestead of happiness, from which he drew largely, while Boydell looked as if content and happiness were not in the world at all.

At this time, when the families of each were springing up, and needed money to be spent on them, in education, maintenance, and the different adjuncts of their station, one of those panics of the commercial world, which ruin thousands, took place. Unfortunately, Ralph and his brother had entered into large speculations, which failing, they were involved in the prevailing ruin, and found themselves verging on bankruptcy.

"De of good heart, Ralph," said his wife, "there is bread in this great world for all. Our fine large house, our servants and our carriages, are not absolutely necessary to our happiness; we can do as others do—live without them; and the children! this lesson of adversity may be for their welfare. Take comfort, Ralph! there is plenty of that left for us in the world, if our wealth has flown away."

"Yes," answered the husband, as he clasped her hand, and drew her to him, "yes! there is never failing comfort here, Lucy. God be praised for having given me one so 'meat to help' me, both in joy and sorrow, wealth or poverty."

"You should have foreseen this crisis," remarked the wife of Boydell, "and not allowed your children to be brought to beggary at their age, when just entering on life. Expenses are unavoidable, unless indeed, they are educated as the laboring classes—which idea may be worth your wise consideration."

She ceased with a sneer on her face. "Other men would not have been so venturesome with their money," she remarked. "The Brownings, for instance, and the Smiths, withdrew in time, and Lionel Blagdon told me that your children might thank you, and you only, if starvation were their fate."

"In mercy cease," replied the husband, "or you will drive me mad."

"I must put your conduct fairly before your eyes—it is my duty," she replied.

"Then reserve it until I am likely to appreciate your effort at the performance of the duty," he answered bitterly.

"Poor 'Duty'! how dreadfully is she misshaped by these ascetic dames. 'It is a duty!' and under that plea many a harsh truth is uttered. 'It is a duty!'—so says the ever-strict disciplinarian, and cold, stern words are driven forth to tremble on an overworked and wearied brain. 'It is a duty!' covers the cruel rebuke and the severe rejoinder. It may be a 'duty' to speak plainly and boldly sometimes—but it is a duty to choose the opportunity when the speech may be acceptable, and not fret and chafe the wounded heart by a repetition of the very truths which, silently recognized, are galling it already."

Boydell knew, quite well that he might have foreseen and partially have provided for the melancholy event which had taken place. His conscience reproached him bitterly for carelessness, and rashness, and his wife's words were not needed to add to self-reproach, which left to itself, might have worked some good by producing a quiet determination to abide by the more sober counsels of Ralph in future, for Ralph's voice had been lifted against the very speculation which had caused the joint failure of the brothers.

Fretted and galled, and wearied of life and life's struggles, Boydell knew not whether to turn for comfort and consolation. His father had been gathered to the dead; his brother—Boydell was two proud to betray his lack of domestic peace to him; his children, imitating the bad example of the mother, turned against him, and instead of clustering round him in the hour of woe, openly blamed him for the course he had adopted.

At last his mind, torn by a thousand conflicting sorrows, gave way; a lunatic asylum became his home, while his wife and children dragged on a life of misery, supported by the mere charity of relations.

Far differently fared Ralph. In the humble cottage on the outskirts of the town where he now dwelt—a smile always welcomed him when he came home from the city's toil and din, tired with the business of the day, heart-sick with its disappointments—rest and peace and happiness awaited him in the little home—his children—drawing their tone from

that good wife and mother—thought only how they could soothe the tired wanderer who had returned to them, and make him forget in the placid joy of the present, the misery of the past.

"Ralph," says his wife one day, "I would scarcely exchange our present lot for the one we held when I first became your wife. There is an earnestness in this quiet life of strict utility which is lost in the gilded day of wealthy splendor. I am as happy here, Ralph, as if you had placed me in a palace—happier, indeed."

He gazed at her as he looked lovingly into her gentle face.

"Not happier, Lucy," he added, "not happier, dear wife. Your nature would carry bliss as perfect as this world can bestow into any phase of life—not 'happier,' Lucy, but as happy either here, or there, or anywhere on earth—as happy as such a kindly heart as yours can and should, and I will be anywhere."

Ralph lived to an old age; his hair was white, and his steps tottering; but the heart and mind were firm still. His children were married, or otherwise settled in the world; wealth had fallen to the share of some, competency only to the lot of others.

But sorrow, keen sorrow, now fell on Ralph. Lucy died, and he saw the mould fill on the lowered coffin until it was hidden from his view, he whispered, as if to her who lay there—"I know what 'loss' is now, dear wife—I never felt its meaning before."

Boydell also lived to an old age. A partial recovery enabled him to return to his home—but he was no welcome guest there. Unkindness and want of care had the result which might have been expected—he returned to the asylum, hopelessly mad, and died there some years afterwards, to the very evident relief of his wife and children.

Now, in all human probability, these two women worked the sequel to the fate of their husbands. The one by her gentleness soothed the wounded spirit, and in seeking to bless him, sowed a fall harvest of blessing for herself.

As the other truly did she cast her seed upon the waters, and truly did she "find it after many days." It was like the poisoned Ulysses, taking root and springing into the deadly tree, cast its destructive influence on those poor wretches who sat beneath its branches.

LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.—The Philadelphia Ledger says: There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his mental abstractions to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity has been mistaken for an insult.

To say the least the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint in his or her presence; and in this way the chances of imaginary offences are vastly increased. Your people who fire up easily, miss a deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort, as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visit them.

CAUGHT.—A lady had a magnificent cat. Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, ordered her man-servant to kill it, as it alarmed her canary. The lady sent mousetraps to all her friends, and when two or three hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to the "crude neighbor, who eagerly opened what she hoped was some elegant present, when out jumped the mice, to her great horror, and filled her house. At the bottom of the box she found a paper directed to her, from her neighbor, saying, "Ma'am, as you killed my cat, I take the liberty of sending you my mice."

The match between John C. Heenan and Tom King, for the Championship of England, was completed in London on the 17th of March. Both men were present on the occasion. They are to fight for one thousand pounds sterling a side and the belt. One hundred pounds sterling a side of the money was put down.

ADVENTURES OF A FEDERAL SPY.

In May, 1861, Arnold Harris visited Buffalo. It was the day of the departure of the Twenty-eighth regiment for the seat of war and recognizing a number of his friends in the ranks, he enlisted, and marched by their side. Soon after his arrival at the Army of the Potomac he was transferred to the naval service, and placed in command of the Island Belle, of the Potomac flotilla. A few months later he lost his vessel and applied for another command.

The department proposed to send him to Richmond to frustrate, if possible, the projects of George N. Sanders, who had just then secured contracts from the rebel government for a navy to be built in England. He accepted the perilous mission, and soon made his way to the Confederate capital. Without any disguise of name or person, he succeeded in acquiring the confidence of the rebel authorities, and established himself on intimate terms with several of the most important officials. His situation, however, was dangerous in the extreme, and he was arrested and confined in Castle Thunder for seventeen days.

He was soon recognized by two Marylanders as the former commander of the Island Belle. Upon his trial he acknowledged the identification, claiming to have done the Confederacy more service, while holding a command in the Federal navy, than he could have done by openly joining its cause at an earlier day. His audacity triumphed, and he not only obtained an acquittal, but continued to enjoy the confidence of the rebel authorities, or, rather, of all but Benjamin, who was suspicious of him throughout.

Soon after his discharge from Castle Thunder he became a participant of the enterprise of Sanders, who had recently returned from Europe. As soon as Sanders had perfected his arrangements with Jeff. & Co., he was to return to England with money and documents necessary to the carrying out of his schemes. His son, Reid Sanders and Harris were to accompany him. The aim of the latter was to secure Sanders' mail. He succeeded in having it arranged that George, with his friends, should proceed by way of Matamoras to Halifax while Reid Sanders and he, with the documents, and despatches to be taken, were to run the blockade at Charleston, and get to Halifax by way of Nassau. In accordance with this plan, Sanders, junior, and Harris proceeded to Charleston and purchased a yacht, which they loaded with turpentine, and started gaily out, in January last, to slip through the blockading fleet, and make for Nassau. Great interest was taken in the enterprise, and before leaving the voyagers were entertained at a dinner with Beauregard and the leading celebrities of the city.

Meantime, Harris had succeeded in communicating with one of the vessels of the outside fleet, and putting in his commander on the watch. The yacht, as she ran out of the harbor was speedily detected, and subjected to a cannonade which frightened Sanders out of his wits, and made him eager to surrender. The mail-bag, heavily freighted with iron, was thrown overboard; but Harris had previously abstracted from it a portmanteau containing the important despatches and documents, substituting in its stead his own, which happened, as a remarkable coincidence, of course, to be its exact counterpart.

The capture of Reid Sanders will be remembered. Harris is at present in Buffalo, on a visit to his friends. He ranks as a lieutenant in the navy.

MRS. FUBBS AND MR. FUBBS.—Correct Views of the Former.—"Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and I want you to listen while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but I don't; I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a little Bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract which that fellow called Porter left one day, entitled 'Light to the Heathen.' It's well he left it, for you're a heathen, Fubbs, you may feel thankful you ain't a Mormon! Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haven't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, 'cause you're too stung to take a paper! Now, Fubbs, I declare your name ought to be Fibs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week I lost a dollar and a half on butter I sold to a pedlar, because I didn't know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down to the big marsh a hunting, because some one said that the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e-s-y-o-u-d-d-d. You needn't deny it, Fubbs.—Didn't kill any, did you? It was a bad day for turkeys, wasn't it, Fubbs! Ha! ha! ha!"

FIRST SHOT IN THE REVOLUTION.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Dorsing, N. H., about fifty years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired at a few Americans on the green in front of the meeting house, killing some and wounding others, it was a signal of war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions in the roads, over the fields and through the woods, each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn hung to his side, and his pockets provided with bullets." Among the number was Ebenezer Lock.

The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who, instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar at a convenient distance for open execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some ten minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the Americans. The British greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random firing of an unseen foe, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of balls which lodged on the walls opposite. Mr. Lock, remaining unhurt, continued to load and fire with the precision of a distinguished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left, that he was compelled to retreat.

He had just one bullet left, and there was but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard, and not one moment was to be lost; he leveled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon, and the man was shot through the heart. The balls whistled about him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself down upon the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

AN INCIDENT.—A pleasant story is told of the adventures of Mrs. Gray, wife of a conductor on the New York and Erie railroad, and her baby, while passengers from Cincinnati by the Cleveland Express train. While the lady was procuring some refreshments the bell tapped, and she hastened out to find the train, on board of which was her darling two-year old and all her baggage, moving off and already beyond her reach. The shock at the sight on her nervous system, was terrible to witness. Not that she was noisy or even wept, but the agony depicted in her pale face, the quiver of her lip, her starting eyes and words of alarm and affection fold of the intense emotion of a mother's love. As soon as possible she ran to the telegraph office, and there meeting the officers of the road, who on learning the sad case, directed, by telegraph, the operator of the road at Lewis Center, to take the child and baggage in charge until further ordered. Mr. Patterson, the resident agent of the Company, with all the kindness of a tender parent, placed an extra train on the track. A half hour of anxiety to the mother, passed, when the following was received: "Child and traps all safe at Dr.— Lady passengers on the train unwilling to part with so good a child." In thirty minutes the extra train reached Lewis Center, and the ruby boy was smiling in the arms of his grateful mother. It should be added that the lady, with whom the child was left in the train, a Miss Holmes, of Cleveland, got off with it and waited till the mother's arrival before she would resign her charge.

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend who, however, gave him no knife: "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?" "Oh," said