

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1863.

NO. 23.

Muskingum Valley



STEAM WORKS

CORNER OF
Market and Third Streets,
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.
WE ARE NOW TURNING OUT A LARGE number of our improved Portable Steam Engines and Portable Circular Saw Mills, as well as Stationary Engines and Saw Mills, many of which are being fitted up for the State of Pennsylvania. These engines are of the best quality and are giving the most entire satisfaction. There is now hardly a State or Territory in the Union, but that our improved Portable Engines and Saw Mills are in use. All our Engines have Spark Arresters on them which confine the flying sparks. We would respectfully refer you to the following gentlemen and Certificates for the portability, utility and practical operations of our Portable Steam Engines and Saw Mills.

Messrs. J. J. H. DRYDEN, Gettysburg, Pa.—We received your Twenty Horse Power Portable Engine and Saw Mill, and find it to be a most perfect and reliable machine. It is very compact and easy to handle, and is well adapted for use in the woods. We are very much pleased with it, and have no objection to its being used in any part of the State of Pennsylvania. Respectfully,
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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

Per annum, payable in advance, \$1.50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
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One Square (10 lines)..... 1.50 2.00 2.50
Three " (24 ")..... 4.00 5.00 6.00
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One Square..... 3 50 6 00 7 00
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Business notices five cents per line for every insertion. Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

Choice Poetry.

NO HOME.
No home, no home! Poor wanderer,
Lark, hath no home for thee,
Forever driven to and fro,
A waif upon life's sea.
No home, no home! Oh! bitter thought
And full of agony,
It makes the eye grow dim with tears,
The heart how drearily.
No home, no home! Oh! cruel world,
How gladly would I leave thee shores,
Some better land to find.
Where gladness could and heartless woes,
No more will seek the breast,
And even in hope to find
A place of peaceful rest.
A home, a home! How sweet the sound!
Oh, Father! can it be,
In thy bright world of joy and love,
Hast thou a home for me?
If so, then will I meekly bear
With life and all its woes,
For thou wilt receive me there,
When e'er my life shall close.

Select Miscellany.

JULIA'S SELF-DENIAL.
Julia and Hattie Ashley were just eight years old. They were twins, and looked so much alike, that persons out of the family could not distinguish one from the other, but were obliged to ask, "Which is Hattie?" This Julia "J." Each of them had a pair of bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and long golden curls.

One noon, they rushed, quite out of breath, into their mother's room, exclaiming both together—
"Oh, mamma! mamma! may we go to the Aquarial Garden this afternoon?"
"We've got an invitation! Uncle William—"

"Stop, little chatterboxes; one at a time," said the mother. "Julia, tell me what it is you wish."
"We came in to ask if we may go to the Aquarial Garden this afternoon. Uncle William says he'll call for us. You know we've never been. Please let us go!"

"Yes, do, dear mother," added Hattie, "nearly all the girls in our school have been expecting us. You will say yes, won't you? Please do!"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Ashley, "you may go, since your uncle is so kind as to invite you to go with him. I have often wished you could go. But I thought the visit would prove both amusing and instructive. As I have not been well enough to go with you, I have said nothing about it."
"O, thank you, dear mamma," said the little girls both at once, at the same time almost smothering her with kisses.

"O, how nice that will be said Hattie: 'only think, mamma, there is a seal there, that plays on the hand-organ.'"
"Yes," said Julia, "and a lot of animals, all in one cage together, called the 'Happy Family.'"
"And Uncle William says," said Hattie, "that we may stay all the afternoon, so as to examine everything, and see the animals fed. O, I'm so delighted!"
"And I too," said Julia, "I'm so happy I don't know what to do. It is real good in Uncle William to invite us."
The happy children then ran down stairs to tell their uncle of their mother's consent.

"I thought she would let you go," said he. "You must be good girls, and be all ready when I call. You know I don't like to wait."
"O yes, uncle, we shall get ready as soon as we have finished dinner," said Hattie.

"I wouldn't be a minute later for anything," said Julia.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Ashley called to her daughters, who were in their room preparing for the walk, saying—
"Girls, bring me those things you have finished for Mrs. Dolan. Mary is going home this afternoon, and can leave them on her way. I think it will be very cold to-morrow, and the poor woman will need the flannels more than ever."
Mrs. Ashley thought it proper that her

children should learn to be useful, and had taught them to sew when quite young. She had been making some flannels for a poor sick woman, but had given them to the little girls the day before to hem, thinking in this way to impress upon their minds the duty of doing for others.

A few moments after, Julia entered her mother's room saying—
"Here is the skirt; I finished it this morning, but Hattie has not begun the waist."
"Not begun it!" exclaimed her mother. "I'm sorry. Mrs. Dolan ought to have it this afternoon. My eyes trouble me so much, that I fear if I work on it 'twill bring on one of my bad headaches. Tell Hattie to come here."

Hattie immediately obeyed the summons: she looked ashamed, and began to make apologies, by saying—
"I meant to have done it but I had my lesson to learn: besides I didn't know there was any hurry about it."
"Hattie said her mother, sadly, 'don't make excuses. Your conscience must tell you that you've done wrong. You knew Mrs. Dolan was suffering, and sympathy for her should have caused you, for this time at least, to overcome your bad habit of putting off.'"

"I'm very sorry," said Hattie: but went to-morrow do as well, mamma?"
"No, Hattie, it must be sent to-day, the poor woman has been without warm clothing long enough. I will finish it."
A loud ring announced the arrival of their uncle, and Hattie ran quickly down stairs, but Julia remained behind.

"Why don't you go, Julia? your uncle is waiting."
"I think I'd rather stay at home," said Julia, "and finish the waist, for it will hurt your eyes to sew."
"No, Julia, 'twould be a pity for you to lose the opportunity of going with your uncle—you may never have another."

"I don't think, mamma," said the child, "I ought to go. The Golden Rule says, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' and I'm sure, if my eyes pained me, I should want some one to sew for me; and if I were sick and cold, I should like to have some one make me nice, warm flannels."
"Just as you please, my daughter," said Mrs. Ashley.

"I'd rather stay," said the sweet child, "please tell Uncle William. If I go down I might want to go with him."
Mrs. Ashley informed Julia's uncle of her decision to remain at home, and he left with Hattie, saying, "I hoped to have had them both with me."

Julia immediately seated herself at the self-imposed task. At first the tears fell thick and fast, as she thought of her great disappointment, but she brushed them away, and was soon so interested in her work, and in thinking how glad she was that she could save her dear mother's eyes, that she was soon quite cheerful.

After working industriously for nearly two hours, she had the satisfaction of having completed her work, just as Mary knocked at the door saying she was ready to go.

"Mamma," said Julia, as she sat at the window, watching for her sister's return, "I think I'm a great deal happier than if I had gone to the 'Aquarial Garden.'"
"I'm quite sure you are, my daughter. We are always happier when we deny ourselves anything for the sake of others."

Mrs. Ashley knew that her little girl, though young, had acted from a sense of duty, that she was trying to follow the example of that Saviour who "pleased not himself."
"Poor Hattie returned feeling very uncomfortable, for she knew she had done wrong. This knowledge, and her sister's absence, prevented her from enjoying herself as she had anticipated. When she learned why her sister remained at home, she burst into tears, saying—
"O mamma, forgive me, forgive me. I'll try to be more thoughtful of others, I'll try to be more like Julia."
Then throwing her arms around Julia's neck, she exclaimed—
"Twas all my fault; you shant stay at home again, because I'm naughty, and selfish. I knew I ought to stay at home and finish the waist, but I couldn't bear to go going."
The day was never forgotten by Hattie, and ever after, she persevered in her resolution never to put off things which ought to be done, and she was quite as ready to practice self-denial as her sister Julia.—Boston Recorder.

"Women will be pure if men will be true. You men, this great result abides with you. If you would but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the stock of self-denial, you would give this plant the honor it deserves. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not, for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes to gladden your closing eyes with their grateful perfume."

SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm;" "Work much, and eat little;" etc. just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improviser for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives extensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases; or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

A SCORE OF IMPOLITE THINGS.—1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat, in a church or elsewhere.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistake of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and—
20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

STORY OF A MISSISSIPPI LANDLORD.—Printed bills of fare were provided, yet the lord stood at the head of the table, at dinner, and in a loud voice read off the list of articles in a rhyming way: "Here boiled ham, and raspberry jam; baked potatoes and cooked tomatoes; turnips smashed and squashes squashed," and so on. A stranger asked him, afterwards, why he read it aloud when printed copies were on the table. "Force of habit," replied the landlord; "got so used to it I can't help it. You see I commenced business down here at Jackson, (the capital of Mississippi) and most all the legislature boarded with me. There wasn't a man of 'em could read, so I had to read the bill of fare to 'em."

THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.—An officer of a Connecticut regiment, who was lately taken prisoner and carried to Richmond, writes as follows to the New Haven Palladium:

Before being taken prisoner I was somewhat under the impression that we could never whip the South. Since taking a free trip to Richmond I have come to the firm conclusion that we are whipping them every day, and the time is not far distant when they will have to knock under, whether our army advances or not. You would be astonished to see the miserable condition they are in.

Let our recreations be many, moderate, reasonable, and lawful. If your life is sedentary, let it be tending to the exercise of your body; if active, more to the refreshing of your mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.

DEAD SUBSCRIBERS.

A long winded subscriber to a newspaper after repeated dunnings, promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he were alive. The day passed over and no money reached the office. In the next number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after the announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with a pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence:

"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?"
"Why, sir, I meant what I mean when I published the death of any person, viz: to let the world know that you were dead."
"But I am not dead."
"Not dead! then it is your fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word."

"Oh oh! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but no more about it—here's the money. And hark ye, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week?"
"O, certainly, sir, just to please you, though upon my word I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship for me."

HOW NEAR WE ARE TO DEATH.—A writer in the Independent thus discourses on our nearness to death:

When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder with their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the lane in the rail car, and there is nothing but half an inch of flange-iron to hold us on the track. So, when we are at sea in a ship, and there is but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition which divides us from eternity, is something thinner than an oak plank or half an inch of flange-iron. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are too often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as we will to widen the space, no man can at any time go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of our youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gathered together by our firesides, and then the rough places of wayfaring will have been smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age.

PRETTY GOOD.—A good joke is told of an Indiana captain and one of his men, during the siege of Vicksburg. The captain is one of those firey little fellows who think it cowardly to keep out of danger when one can do it just as well as not. While out with his company in the rear of Vicksburg, two or three shells came whizzing over them, when his men instinctively fell upon their faces, and sheltered themselves as well as they could behind the hill. When the men had arisen the captain exclaimed: "Men! what mode of warfare is this?" "That captain," replied a waggish corporal, "is a la mode!" The captain is fair to presume, saw the joke.

"Mister, have you seen a yaller dog going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or about two years old?" "Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was quizzing him, "yes, I saw a yaller dog going along here about a year, a year and a half, or two years old, about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and you'll find him a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long." "Hold on! that'll do stranger, for I calculate you are into me a foot, a foot and a half, or two feet."

The man who kept his word, gave serious offence to Webster who wanted it for his dictionary.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She indulged in this habit until it had increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose at night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died, and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh!" she said, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "It is not there!" "Oh!" said she, in agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do, look again." The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again!

DREAMING IN CHURCH.

At Ballston Spa, N. Y., one Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long journey, a wagoner, with his son, John, drove his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived, John was sent to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a very fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, but half awake, threw his arms around her waist, and cried out, very soothingly: "Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nancy! Here John," calling his son, "cut the belly-band and loosen the breeching; quick, or she'll tear everything to pieces!"

MRS. BARTON ON WEDDINGS.

It is a solemn thing—matrimony—is a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, "with my goods I thee endow." He used to keep a good store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a loving sight to see young people "plighting the troth," as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows."

In the fight near Mount Vernon an incident occurred worth mentioning. As it began to wax hot, a negro came to our side, saying, "I know you all, just give me a gun." Some one handed him a Sharp's rifle laid aside by a wounded soldier. He bit his cartridge, poured down his powder, and tried to force the ball down the muzzle. Failing, he threw it down and begged for something he could shoot with. Next, he got a minnie musket, with which, mounting on a log, he shot a rebel—ran and took his gun and continued to load and fire as if all depended on his work till the enemy fled. When it was all over, the darkie rose up from behind his stump and cried out, "I knew we would whip 'em."

In one of Caroline Gilman's romances this passage was marked and much thumbed: "There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man; I watch him as I do stars in heaven." "This is my view exactly," sighed Miss Josephine Hoops as she laid down the volume; "in fact I think there is nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he isn't conscientious."

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the conscript act, got married to evade the draft. He now says if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as, if he must fight, he would rather do so for his country. This fellow has evidently made a mistake matrimonially.

Why is the letter t the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

Many men espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife—not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

Advertisement for various goods and services, including clothing, shoes, and household items. Mentions 'HOMIADY'S MARBLE WORK' and 'COB WEBS, AND CONFECTIONER'.