

The Altoona Tribune.

MCCORM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

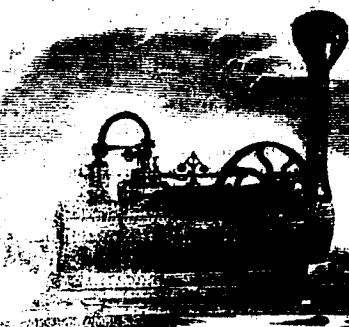
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1863.

NO. 24.

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 other parts of the State of Pennsylvania. These engines are of various sizes, and are adapted for all kinds of work. They are of the most improved construction, and are of the most reliable and durable nature. They are of the most improved construction, and are of the most reliable and durable nature. They are of the most improved construction, and are of the most reliable and durable nature.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. MCCORM, H. C. DERN, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable in advance) \$10.00
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Four lines or less..... 1 insertion 2 do. 3 do.
One Square, (6 lines)..... 10 20 30
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Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.
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Business notices five cents per line for every insertion. Ordinary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

Choice Poetry.

WHEN THIS ORDEL WAR IS OVER.

BY CHARLES C. SAWYER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Knowing at my feet,
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Never to be true.
Cheer—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain:
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again,
When the summer breeze is sighing
Mourningly full of pain,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathe the song,
Of in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, ever dying,
Calling, but in vain.
Cheer—Weeping, sad, and
If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies,
Ever in my brain,
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way:
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray,
Noble strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free,
Cheer—Weeping, sad, and

"Why can't they let me join at once while I feel like it?"

The proposition, as might have been expected, created a real sensation. There was hardly a member of the church, male or female, who had not, at some time or other, been victimized by Stevens' slanderous tongue, and they could hardly hear his name with patience. Some of them went so far as to say if he joined they would leave; and that settled the matter, for they were among the "forehanded members," who could afford to speak out because the church couldn't afford to lose them.

However, to avoid any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow like Steve, it was resolved to break the matter to him as gently as possible. Two of the most respectable men in the church were appointed to call upon him, and it was generally understood that such was their known mildness of disposition, that every possible excuse consistent with truth would be made for not receiving him.

The rest of the story must be told in Steve's own words:

"When old Deacon Peabody came along, I sat in the back door whittin' a hoe handle, and I hope to suffer if I wasn't mad enough to rare right up. A cousin of my wife's, whose sister was a member, had come over airy and told us all about it. "Good mornin', Mr. Stevens," says the old hypocrite, with a face as long as a yard of pump-water. "I said nothin', but kept on whittin'." "I came down to see you this mornin'," says he. "Well," says I, "how do you like my looks?" "Oh," says he, "what I mean is that I came down to labor with you." "Work away, then, why don't you?" was all he got out of me. "But, Mr. Stevens," said he very solemnly, "the church sent me down here to talk with you a minute." "Well," you've been talkin' for more'n five minutes, Deacon Peabody," says I, and you've said nothin' yet; now, when are you goin' to begin?"

The old Israelite looked almost mad enough to bite my head off, at a snap; but he tho't it best to keep cool, so he drew a long breath and went on: "Nobody wants to hurt your feelings or make any trouble, Mr. Stevens; but the church have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, on the whole, under the circumstances, and in view of everything, it might possibly be best all around, and taking all things into consideration, for you not to be hasty in applyin' just at present. They think on mature reflection that it might be as well if you'd conclude to postpone it a little while, say a year or eighteen months."

"Old Steve," or "Lying Steven," as he was familiarly called, by virtue of a strong original genius, and an indefatigable perseverance and application, had acquired the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever existed in the State of Ohio. Wherever he made his appearance, there, at muster or training, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of eager listeners. He greatly excelled the renowned Munchausen, who simply told extravagant stories, and sometimes blundered on the truth. Steve, on the other hand, never told a word of truth, even by mistake, in all his life, and lied circumstantially and in every particular. In short, it came to him as naturally as eating and drinking, or rather as breathing, for he not only lied to listeners, but when he had no other person to lie to, he would tell lies to himself, just to keep his hand in. This fact was ascertained beyond any doubt by his denying it in the most solemn manner when somebody accused him of the practice.

It was Mr. Stevens' misfortune, one time, to lose a good deal of money on a horse race. This made him feel uncommonly serious; so he went to a camp-meeting, which was held about five miles from his residence, to see if he couldn't make up a little by "shaking props" with the boys. They happened, however, to be too much for him that time, and he was completely cleaned out. This made him, if possible, feel more serious than ever, and as there happened to be a powerful preacher there, who could make himself heard at the distance of a mile, he thought he would turn over a new leaf at once. When he got home, therefore, the first thing he did was to send for a minister. The worthy man came, and to his extreme amazement, found that Stevens wanted to join the church.

"I have no hesitation in laying your proposition before the brethren," said the good old man trying to another a laugh. "Of course you haven't," responded Steve with great confidence. "And if you could give satisfactory evidence of amendment, Mr. Stevens," continued the minister, emphasizing the word, "they might take you on probation at any rate, we have a meeting to-night and I can let you know to-morrow."

"Probation be d—dogged!" ejaculated Steve, as the minister hastily retreated.

my father holler, and came up, and seein' how matters stood, ran for the doctor."

"When the doctor came, the first thing that he did was to catch a sheep and cut its insides out, and put them in the place of dad's, and I never said dat was killed by a bear." "No, sir!" I told the naked truth—I said he grew as well as ever he was, except that he lunkered after hay all the winter, and had wool enough grown to make him an overcoat in the spring—You don't call that a large story, I hope. If you won't let a feller jine the church because he tells the truth, you won't find many decent members, I guess!"

The old man riz rite straight and walked away without sayin' another word. What he thought I never could learn, for the old christian han't opened his head to me since."

HOW HE GOT A SUPPER.

A few months since, a man, who called himself a conjurer, entered a tavern in a country town, and asked the company who were assembled in the bar-room if they would like to witness one of his tricks. The fellow looked cold and hungry, so the landlord gave assent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen a great many wonderful ones. The conjurer then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he desired the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut out three pieces, (nearly half a pound each), and placed one upon each hat. He then stated that he could do the trick much more comfortably to himself if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought he cut three good sized pieces and placed one by each piece of bread. Now was the grand trick. The conjurer turned up the cuffs of his coat, took off his neck-handkerchief and unbuttoned his shirt-collar, and stated that he would now proceed to eat the three pieces of bread and afterward bring all under one hat. He commenced eating the bread and cheese, and after eating two pieces he could not proceed with the third and finish the trick, unless he had something to drink. The landlord, wishing that the wonderful trick should be proceeded with for the amusement of his customers, immediately proceeded to give the fellow a quart of ale; and the third piece of bread and cheese soon followed the first two pieces. Now the grand trick was to be disclosed, and the landlord and his companions anxiously waited to see it. The conjurer said, "now, gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?"

The landlord pointed out his own hat, wishing to take part in the trick as well as his bread and cheese. It being so arranged, the conjurer again said, "gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese, and now I will bring it under the landlord's hat," and he immediately placed the hat upon his head and continued, "now you will perceive that it is under the hat without any deception."

There were shouts of laughter from all the company except the landlord, who was minus three pieces of bread and a quart of ale. The fellow left the house without making a collection of the company, he being well satisfied with the landlord's generosity.

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.—Judge H—, of Missouri, was an accommodating man, but he would drink more than was beneficial for his head, or the bench upon which he sat. On one occasion, after his appointment, business called him to Liberty, and while there, meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, he got into a convivial mood, which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's Landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in great haste for fear that another boat would pass that just like his sight.

The clerk sang out: "I say, old man can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that furniture?" I will pay you well for doing so, and double filly in the bargain." "Oh, yes," said the judge always ready to help in time of need. "Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble-top bureau in going off the plank the judge slipped, and the clerk roared out: "There now, throw that into the river, will you?" "Certainly," said the judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went. "Hello! what is that for?" said the clerk. "I always obey orders when I work for a man," said the judge. "Leave," said the clerk. "Agreed," said the judge. "Who is that man?" said the clerk. "That is judge H—, of the fifth Judicial District of Missouri," said a bystander. "Let go that line!" cried the clerk, and the boat put into the stream at its highest rate of speed.

THE HARDEST MODE TO DIE.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt, by one of the frantic adherents of Spain, to assassinate William Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bone of the face and brought him to the ground. In the instant preceding stupefaction, he was able to frame a notion, that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The "annon-shot" which plunged into the brain of Charles XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity of defence, was pressed upon him by a blow which would have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval of thought. But it by no means follows the inflicting of fatal violence is followed by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is stunning rather than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab, the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound, till it finally comes to a sudden stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-bull in the hip, begged water of a trooper, who changed to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs, concluded his career. "But his voice," says the trooper, who him if he tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in early youth was at the battle of Coruna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed I feared so," he responded with impatient utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if his steel had been turned to glass," and almost immediately sunk dead on the turf.

HEBREW NAMES WITH ENGLISH ACCENTS.—Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The master of the house requested his son to accompany them, and made use of a scripture name. What was it? Jereboam—Jerry, what 'em. Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman desired another son to act as escort. What scripture name did he utter? Lemuel—Lem you will. Still there was a difficulty, and a like request was made in a similar manner to another son. What was it? Samuel—Sam you will. Samuel having consented, the party took their seats in a sleigh for the purpose of going home. It was found there was plenty of room for one more. What scripture name did the old gentleman use to induce another son to accompany the guests? Benjamin—Ben jam in. The driver was requested to start in another scripture name. What was it? Joshua—Jos away.

When the sleigh was fairly off it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of recalling her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to condescend the young lady for her disappointment. What was the last scripture name used? Ebenezer—Eben, ease her.

A good-looking fellow was charged with stealing a watch. It was the first offence, and he was ready to plead guilty. The magistrate asked him what had induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, "having been ill for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he accordingly did." The magistrate was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what led him to select a watch. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only took time, that Nature would work a cure!"

"Put your tongue out a little farther," said a physician to a female patient; "a little farther ma'am, if you please—a little farther still." "Why doctor do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" said the fair invalid.

EDITING A PAPER.

If the paper contains too much political matter, people won't have it. If it contains too little, they don't want it. If the type is large it don't contain enough reading matter. If the type is small, people can't read it. If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are nothing but lies. If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle-head. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they find fault with us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read before in one other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial. If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous. If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house. If we attend church, they say it is only for effect. If we do not they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we speak well of any act of the President, folk say we dare not do otherwise. If we ensure, they call us a traitor. If we remain in the office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to our business. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted. If we do pay promptly, they swear we stole the money. If we wear poor clothes, they say business is poor. If we wear good ones, they say we are a pindhrit.

Now what is a poor fellow to do? A PLEA FOR CERTAIN OFFENDERS.—In the book called "My Southern Friends," there is a defense by one Jack Larkin of a wretched negro driver called Mulock, the homely philosophy of which may be applied to the case of other offenders: "Now, fur bein' both mean an' a fool, I 'low he orter be punished. But don't ye kill him, gentlemen! Guv it tur him 'ordin' to his natur and merits. Just look at him. He've ever seed sich a face, an' sech an eye as at in any human bein'—an' its nat'ral, ye know, for snakes to crawl, the can't do nuthin' else, an' the' hain't to blame for it.

"No more ye karn't blame Mulock fur bein' what he ar'. So guv him a coat y' tar, a ride on a rail, a duckin' in the pond—anything the's 'ordin' ter his natur an' his merits; but don't ye take away his life! If ye does that, he's lost—lost forever; fur I swar ter yer, his soul ar' so small thet it is wince once ut yer his body th' Lord himself couldn't find it, an' the poor feller'd hev ter go wand'rin' round with nary what to stay, an' nary friends, either in heaven or 't'other place! So be easy with him, gentlemen. Guv him one more chance. Let him stay yer a spell longer, fur yer his soul may grow. An' it kin grow. Everything in natur grows—even skunks; an' who knows but, Mulock may spread out yet an' grow ter be a man."

A GOOD STOMACH.—A country youth, having an uncle living in town, resolved to pay him a visit. He accordingly started off one morning, and arrived at his uncle's house just as supper was ready.—Being very hungry from his long walk, he no sooner got seated at the table than he commenced a furious onslaught on the eatables, right and left. "Hold on, sir," said his uncle, who was a pious man, "We always say something here before we eat." "Say, what you've a mind to," answered the boy between two mouthfuls, "you can't turn my stomach."

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk and yaster creature, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dispirations of the ball-room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one subject, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns. Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the "devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he: "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gasp, I insert a semi-colon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph." Fifty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-seven emigrants have arrived in this country since the first of January.

Bindery, Book Manufacturing, etc.

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