## Altunna

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McCRUM & DERN.

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BDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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### Choice Poetry.

#### BEHIND THE MASK.

it was an old distorted face An uncouth visage rough and wild:
Yet from behind, with laughing grace. Peoped the fresh beauty of a child

And so contrasting, plain and bright. It made me of my faucy ask If half earth's wrinkled grimuess might Be but the baby in the mask. Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow

And withcred look that life puts on. Each, as he wears it, comes to know How the child hides and is not gone

To saddened features fit their mould Reneath the work of time and tears Waits something that will not grow old And pain and petulance and care.

And wasted hope and sinful stain: Shape the strange guise the soul doth wear Till her young life look forth again. Yet, overlaid and hidden, still

It lingers—of his life apart:
As the scathed pine upon the hill Holds the young fibers at its heart. And haply, round the Eternal Throne Heaven's nitving angels shall not ask For that last look the world hath known

#### But for the face behind he mask. WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again! how sweet the word-How soothing is its sound! Like strains of far-off pusic heard in some enchanted ground.

When those most dear depart. And in the pleasing prospects seek Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again? the lover cries. And oh! what thought but this Can e'er assuage the agonies Of the last parting kiss!

We'll meet again! are accents heard Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirred. And bitter tears are shed. We'll meet again ! are words that cheer

While bending o'er the tomb; For oh! that hope, so bright and dear Can pierce its deepest gloom. For, in the mansion of the bleet.

Secure from care and pain. In Heaven's serene and endless rest We'll surely meet again.

#### Miscellany. Select

#### THE NOBLE FISHERMAN

LL, 70. 7.

On the 15th of April, 1523, a shallop was drifting in the North Sea at the mercy of the winds and waves, which threatened to overwhelm it. A woman, two children and a sailor were alone on this frail vessel. The woman, wrapped in a large ble shore: cloak, under the shelter of which she held time struggled against the tempest, and endeavored in vain to urge forward the port of joy. She unclasps a rich necklace shallop under his charge, had closed his arms on his breast, and waited in sullen silence the death which seemed inevitable. at length saw hope.

"Land! land!" he shouted; and retaking his oars he plied them with new vigor. mount no rebuff, even with apparent safety me. To you this gold and these jewels in his reach. His struggle to gain the will be much more useful than to me .shore seemed but to lengthen the distance Retain them." between himself and the strand. At length he again abandoned the hopeless labor. The quick eye of the mother de-

son of his heavier garments. "You will not abandon my children to

perish?" she cried, in agony. over the boat's side to waters which, here of you." partially sheltered, seemed to boil and yeast as if in a cauldron, the receding tide combating the furious gale. To save one of these helpless ones was impossible.-He ventured on no word of consolation, lest his mercy should master his judgment, same sentiment. but while the mother yet hoped-while eyes pressing from their sockets to catch misfortune thrown us?" a word, a sigh or a breath in answerhe cut all short by suddenly diving into

momentum given to it by the sailor's vived the perils of the ocean!" plunge; but He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand watched over the ones vet closer to her breast, and raised her eyes to heaven in an agony of prayer too earnest to wait for words. Her face spoke an appeal from which Abaddon's self could not have turned compassionless. The wave just about to overwhelm her was broken on its crest by the strange weight it bore, and as the water neared her, a sullen and unearthly sound broke on her quick ear, and the spray which flew across her face became blood-stained. The dead body of the sailor who deserted her bumped an instant against the boat's side, and then drifted away from the sight of mortal man forever. He had struck the sharp points of rocks beneath the sur-

ions, by a sudden plunge into the presence In another instant the deserted woman felt a strange sound beneath her feet -The boat was grating on the sand. Another bound, and it was fast! She soundinexpressible joy, found solid earth. In with her children. an instant she stepped from the shallop, caught her infant in her arms, and aimed deepened to her waist—to her throat.— She staggered, and the stifling, bubbling and she was safe again, and anon she recoiled as the earth seemed to sink under her feet, and another step would have plunged her into an abyss in the very sight of safety. The agony of fear, the length, in a delirum of joy, she left the

ered her and her little ones. She rose; struggling with cold, now that the struggle was over. Her children, shuddering with terror and sobbing with discontent, clung to her knees. The wind, as if heaven had held it back until in torrents, and the waves covered the visited the cabinshore far above the point at which she had first felt safety. A reaction of feeling was taking place, and her heart was sink-

A voice! Again, and nearer. A man upon the rocks, earnestly beckening as if some new and imminent danger beset the fugitive from death. She saw no more, but sank insensible upon the sand, and her children raised a piercing wail beside her. Unerring instinct! They did not shriek so when she sat down to pray.

Another moment and the man who shouted the warning is beside the ship-wrecked mother. His hardy wife attends him. She has caught the children, each by a shoulder, with more strength than gentleness, though with gentle purpose, and is scrambling up the rocks. He bears the still insensible form of the mother: and, as he ascends, his hat has fallen behind him and is dancing in an eddy of water over the very spot from which, an instant before, he had caught his unconscious burden! The tide, now at flood, has sweept like an avalanche over the nook among the rocks, and the fragments of the deserted boat are fretting among the craggy points of that inhospita-

In the cabin of the fisherman, the her children to her heart, alternately wept mother is soon restored to life. Her and prayed. The sailor, having for a long first thought is for her children, whom she embraces again and again in perfect trans-

from the bosom of her little daughter. "Take this gage of my gratitude," she exclaims: "accept it as an earnest, you Through the thick mist his practised eye to whom I owe the life of my chil-

dren." The fisherman shook his head.

"I have no use for such riches," said Vain! his exhausted strength could sur- he. "The products of my labor suffice

The mother took the hand of her preserver. Young and beautiful even in the humble vastments which the fisherman's tected his purpose as he relieved his per- wife had substituted for her rich and drabbled clothing, her air was full of majesty.

"Thank you!" she cried, "thank you! You are right. The service you have The sailor looked wistfully at the un- rendered cannot be repaid with gold. and happy sufferers. He measured the dis- God, I trust, will put it in my power to ance to the shore with his eye, and looked testify my gratitude in a manner worthy

> "Your safety will be our ample recompense, and we desire no other." said the fisherman.

And the honest face of his wife, lighted with placid joy, bore testiment to the

"Tell me, my friends," the lady asked. she leaned forward with lips apart, and after a pause, "on what coast has this "On that of Denmark."

The mother wrung her hands in despair.

The boat reeled and shivered under the children still lost, though they have sur-

"While Finn and his wife live." children."

price is now upon my head and on those hands, shoutedof my children. We were flying from the soil of Denmark when the storm forced us back upon it. I am-"

"Keep your secret do not tell it to me," storm will soon abate. The coast of the for you to fire upon me for that." Low Countries is not far distant. Tomorrow, perhaps this evening. I will conface, and escaped the lingering death to duct you from this kingdom to a place tremulously which he thought he had left his companwhere the persecution of you enemies. fide in my hospitality."

ed the water with her arm, and, to her did not hesitate an instant to place herself the fisherman's skiff, urged by his nervous apparent harshness to be sure of thy iden-

With an arm around each, she was in for the beach, which seemed at a little man Finn stood breathless attentive, while has struck their bows, and the awkward at the peril of thy life, the well beloved distance. As she proceeded the water his guest clasped her children convulsively soldiers fall over the gunwale all around sister and nephews of the Emperor Charles cry of her children nerved her with new over the spirit of her dream, an eloquent Their boat dipped water first over one thee; Fortune and honor attend thee; exstrength. An almost superhuman spring expression of joy passed over her pale fea- side and then over the other, as the sol- press but a wish, and I swear its gratificatures, her lips moved in earnest thanksgiving, and her countenance settled into placid and smiling repose, betokening cor their drowning comrades. the conciousness of safety. The fisherman and his wife conversed, with quick strength of despair and the lightning of and intelligent glances, over their sleeping hope each seized her by turns, until at guest. They both knew that she had again passed through her perils in that sea behind her—having escaped its last engulfing wave—and, falling on her face vision, and they both felt happy for her calm slumber, which spoke so well the in the damp sand, she poured out her sense of safety.

soul in gratitude to God, who had deliv-In this calm rest she passed many hours. At length, her slumber was disturbed by coarse voices outside the hut, who were roughly interrogating the fisherman.-The questions she needed not to hear to distinctly understand: the answer of Finn she did catch, for it was spoken for her her escape, increased in fury. Rain fell ears as well as for the soldiers who had

"A hundred pieces of gold!" cried the captain," added Finn, with the characteryou enter my humble cottage a moment gotten the adventure. for rest and refreshment?"

The mother shuddered lest the invitation given in bravo might be excepted in earnest, and then—she was a mother, and the lives of her children were at stakefor an instant she trembled at the posibility that her host might intend to betray her. The voice of the captain, as he leclined the proffered civility and renewed is promises to the fisherman, reassured her, as its tones died away in the distance. In a moment more, Finn hastily entered "Lose not a moment, madam," he said

The storm has abated; the waves are must embark on the instant !"

he had been guided by his familiar pilots, ir all the gorgeousness which in that age the stars; and labor was so much his habitual custom in his hard calling the had so often endured it as a matter of course and of habit) that, with such a stake in success, he did not once think of

Suddenly a new and startling danger were crowded with soldiers, and awkward affoat as a cow on stilts, they rapidly of all that brilliant throng, was seated. gained upon him. It was evident that they had been lying in wait near the coast tremblingly replied to intercept the very precious burden which he carried. He uttered not a word near the village of Logan?" of surprise.

"Down madam," he said, without any appearance of being disconcerted, and two proscribed children?" down in the bottom of the boat, for it very much needs ballast."

The mother unsconcious of the threat- set a price on their heads, you not only ening danger, obeyed mechanically, and frustrated the vengeance of the Danish the next instant musket balls whistled past people, but audaciously and alone discomthe ears of the intrepid fisherman. Had fited and overturned two boat loads of solthey sped an instant before, the mother diers sent in pursuit of the fugitive?" would have escaped the perils of the sea A smile of grotesque triumph at the the clerks with a woe-be-gone expression her humband is not a Yankee beening "Denmark." she cried, "then are my but to have been murdered by the hirelings. great success of an encounter against such that it caused another outburst from John a Dutchman.

vet between his boat and the shore, and moment, and then a shade of said he saw that it was the sible to reach it pussed over his rough features. the fisherman, in an effort to console their before his pursuers would overtake him. forsaken. The mother clasped the little unfortunate guest, "you have nothing to He formed a sudden and desperate reso-true." fear, madam, for yourself or for your lution, and he ceased to fly. He even turned his boat's head towards his pur- questioner, with increased sternness in his "But you know not, my friends, that a suers, and, making a trumpet with his manner, "what penalty you have incur-

"Boats, ahov! What do you wish?"

pursuers, positively. "True," replied the fisherman, as the cried the fisherman, abruptly checking the boats were now so near each other that revelation she was about to make. "All they could converse with less effort. True: that I have need to know is that you I have a good cargo of fish for compancame here in distress, and that you are in ions. You can provision yourself with worse distress while you remain. The them if you wish; but there was no need ments had not betrayed them, the edict

> "Advance. !" "Aye, ave!" cried Finn, gaily, yet hands."

it was proper and natural that a poor whoever they are, shall not reach you. fisherman should be awkward and alarmed Snatch some repose, meanwhile, and con- before two boats loaded with soldiers. The coarse brutes enjoyed what they The good but humble couple hastened thought was the trepidation and energy of to prepare, near the hearth, a pallet of fear, and, as they stood up, their boats straw upon which the beautiful unknown reeled under their shouts of language as kind voice. "We have but practised this arms, shot towards them.

A scream from the lubbers! A splash! a moment wrapped in sleep. The good The awkward fisherman's clumsy boat a moment, and straggled almost from the into the sea. Nor is thier less confusion bed to the door. Then a change came among the other skiff load of soldiers. Finn, and kiss the hand which he present diers swung their arms swayed and fell tion." upon each other, in vain attempts to suc-

What! another accident! The awkand frightened fisherman has taken a sudden sweep, and run into them, too. And now he is pulling away for dear life, without a thought for the safety of the soldiers of Demnark! What! a head peeping over the side of the fisherman's boat—a woman's head! "Never mind the men overboard! Pur-

sue, pursue!" "But the oars have all been thrown to

the drowning men." "Fire upon them!"

But the muskets have fallen overboard with their owners, or from their arms, or they are in the bottom of the boat in

That night, the fisherman and his that would be worth striving for. Be have been listeners. The good man Finn assured, I will take good care of the run-never made any inquiries about the solaways if they fall into my hands. A diers who had taken a cold bath; and, as hundred pieces of gold! Not a soul shall all were saved, and they did not care to escape shipwreck, from this day forth for bruit their own discomfiture by a single a laugh. He was once employed in a twelvemonth, but I will bring to your stupid fisherman, and as he was too modest quarters. A hundred pieces of gold! But, to boast of his victory to anybody but his wife, the honest couple lived on in quiet istic coolness of a Danish peasant, "will and content until they had almost for-

One April morning, six years from that of the shipreck, a party of soldiers entered the fisherman's cabin. Without the waste thing." of a word, Finn and his wife were seized and bound, hurried to a carriage, conveved to a seaport, embarked on board a vessel, and confined in a small cabin. where their bands were taken off. They were treated with kindness, but allowed not a word of communication with any person. The sailor who brought them food did not understand a word of the Danish language, and never opened his

mouth to speak to them. Thus they sailed. To them it seemed more worthy of trust than man; and we many tedious days; but they could not rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, quinine, strychhelp connecting the adventure with succor All the strength of the mother returned to the beautiful outlaw and her children. at this new exigency, and, hushing her The rattle of the cordage, and the tramp tween the sheets in warm weather, and children into silence by a sign, she fol- of the men on the deck, told the practised lowed Finn as he took a cricuitous path ear of Finn that the voyage was ended. among the rocks, known only to himself; But to what purpose? They were hurried and in a few moments, without the ex- from their floating prison to a close carchange of a word, they were embarked at riage; the horses dashed away for an hour, the fisherman's skiff, the fasts were cast when the carriage stopped. They were off, the honest fisherman worked at his led from one surprise to another. In a oars with a will, and, in ten hours, the magnificent apartment, amid a glare of dawning light showed him the coast of light, the poor fisherman and his wife conthe Low Countries. Through the night fronted an array of nobles and ladies, clad marked the difference between prince and neasant.

"You are the fisherman Finn?" -For the first time, the fisherman and his wife, in their confusion, saw that there were grades of rank even among the nobles who blazed before them in what seemed caught his eye. Two armed boats were to the poor peasants almost the majesty of pursuing him; and, notwithstanding they heaven. The personage who, in a stern voice, uttered the above question, alone

"I am that man," the poor fisherman "You live on the coast of Denmark.

Finn bowed assent. "You extended hospitality to a woman

"I did.

"Without regarding the edict which

Finn examined with his eye the distance fearful odds lighted the Dane's eye for a and his friends. The man becoming under "The tale, though mavellous, is exactly

"And do you know," continued the

"Death!" answered the hero, his form "You are not alone," answered his erect, and his first confusion and fear entirely thrown off.

"And do you know who were the prescribed who you dared to save?" "I knew her Majesty Isabella, the wife of Christian, my sovereign. I knew equally well the two children; for, if their ornaagainst them told me who they were. If I have merited death, my life is in your

And the wife of the fearless fisherman dragged him, almost resisting, to his knees beside her. A murmur ran through the assembly, for they thought it was their death warrant. "Thou hast a noble and worthy heart,

Finn," said the interrogator, in a more ity. An inposter might have claimed thy good deeds; no imposter could have braved death as thou hast done. Thou hast saved, the Fifth. Charles is no ingrate. Rise,

'Sire," replied the fisherman, "I am old. I have need only of a cabin by the seashore. If I have done well in performing the duties of a faithful subject-in saving the lives of my fellow creatures-in exposing my own life for my sovereignare not the word of approbation which I have heard from your majesty a sufficient and glorious recompense ?"

'For thee it may be; but certainly not for us. We name thee Warden of our Fisheries at Ostend, and ennoble thee.

Rise, Chevalier Finn!" The emperor took from his own neck an order suspended with a string of gold, and

vestments of the fisherman. At the commencement of the nineteenth century there still lived at Ostend the descendants of Finn. Their arms consisted

Isabella clasped the chain over the rude

#### THE MEDICINE TASTER.

John Hews was ready for fun, and never willfully missed an opportunity for drug-store in Market street, and one day a youth, fresh from the country, entered and asked for a job.
"What kind of a job?" asked John.

"Oh, a most anything, I want to get a kind o' genteel job. I'm tired of cuttin' wood, and can turn my hand to most any-

Well, we want a man—a good strong fellow, a sample-clerk. Wages are good; We pay a man in the situation a thousand dollars.

"What has a feller got ter do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that is all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it he don't mind it. Before we dare sell our medicines we always try them. You will be required to take six or eight ounces of castor oil some days, with a few drops of nine, and similar preparations-try the strength of cowhage by spreading it betry the quality of sandpaper by rubbing your self with it. You can count on from twelve to fifteen doses per day. As to the work, that don't amount to much; the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and as I said before, it requires a strong healthy man to endure it. We would like to have you take right hold: if you say so, we'll begin to-day.' "Well," replied our child of nature, '

don't care much." John stepped back into the store, followed by his brother clerks and the victim. He reached from a shelf a box of Seidlitz powders, and taking therefrom a blue and a white paper, mixed them separately with water in two glasses.

"Now drink this, and that immediately afterward, and inform me as to their respective tastes."

Unsuspecting innocence complied with John's request, when horror of horrors!what a sight was there! Nothing could equal the grotesque figure cut by the vic-tim. He swelled up like a toad until one would have thought he was about to burst.

From the widely opened mouth ran rivers of foam. He gasped for breath threw his arms into the air, twirled around on his heels, flew in behind the corner among the put I don't know how it would be if a would have thought he was about to burst. glass jars, etc, and amidst the crash of broken ware, and the uproarious laughter of the lookers on, he fell to the floor and

nant was about to leave the store John accosted him with-

"Here's a barrel of castor oil-Pll just draw an ounce, and,-" "No, no; I guess not to-day, anyhow

I'll go down to the tavern and see my.
Aunt Tabitha; and if I conclude to come. I'll come to-morrow and let you know." As he did not return, it is supposed he considered the work too hard.

#### PLANTING APPLE ORGHARDS.

We have long been under the impression, brought to us merely by observation. that as a rule the trees in our apple orchards are planted too distantly apart. Many farmers look upon the space usually occupied by orchards as almost so much waste. They say they get so little fruit from the ground taken up by the trees. and they cannot cultivate the orchards as they should like, from injury to the roots, etc., so that they are forced, on the score of economy, to abandon apple raising. Now, practically, an orchard should be an orchard only. Except for grass, it should be left uncultivated after the trees have reached about four inches in diameter. We can see no reason why a good grou of grasses should not be continuously produced. for a quarter or third of a century without disturbance. A top dressing of manure. once in two or three years, we know have produced fine fields of grass annually, and two crops in some seasons. The trees have little or no influence upon the crops of grass; indeed, if they possess any, it is in affording a heavier swath under the trees.

Hence, instead of setting out young orchards thirty and thirty-five feet apart. reduce the distance to about twenty feet. in the quincunx form, and if at any time the trees should become a little crowded, prevent it by additional pruning. This is our theory.

The leading purpose of an orchand should be to obtain fruit; next the crop that will do the least damage to the trees. This is grass. Grass, however, will not only do no damage to the apple trees, but the contrary. It keeps the soil moist and of a uniform temperature-protecting the roots in summer against heat and drought. and in winter against the severe effects of alternate thawing and freezing.

It should also be remembered, in set ting out young orchards, to get the trees as low branched as possible. They will generally not grow so high, while the low boughs will protect the trunk against the intense rays of the sun in the summer months, which are frequently very injurious to the health and productiveness of the trees. - Germantown Telegraph.

#### CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

A correspondent sends the following to the Rural American on a subject which interests all farmers; but only a portion of them, we are pleased to say, require the information. He says:

"Thousands of dollars are lost by the neglect of farmers to take proper care of farming tools, which a little outlay and care would save. All the tools and implements of wood used by the farmer should be kept well painted and housed. They not only look much nicer, and last years longer; but they show evident signs of thrift and taste. One of the most durable and neadest paints is a light blue. This color may be made by any farmer. Take white lead and oil, and mix to about the thickness of cream, and then add Prussian blue to suit the taste. Green paint may be made by putting in green in place of the blue. A paint composed of equal parts of white lead and yellow othre mixed with oil is very durable, but does not look so neat as blue or green. To one pint any paint there should be added one gill of Japan drier or liquid lacquer. It is equally eesential to preserve tools of iron and steel from rusting; and this can be effectually done by applying a coat of three parts of lard to one of rosin. Apply a good coat with a cloth or brush whene a tool is set away for a while. The preparation can be made in any quantity. and kept tor a long time."

A NEW MEASURE FOR LAGER-Not long since the keeper of a lager beer saloon was arrested upon the charge of selling intoxicating liquor without license, when he attempted to prove that Teutonic bewerage was not intoxicating drink.

A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities, were called one after another, until finaely an old German named W- took the stand and the question was pronounced to him.

"Do you consider lagar intoxicating man vash make a hog of himself."

A young widow in Western T roared like a lion. John then gave him a nessee, reciprocating the Union sentiments mixture which brought instant relief, and of one of our batt crymen, shuts the mouth the poor fellow once more stood among of secesh grumblers by the assurance.