The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. NO. 25.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE,

E. B. McCRUM, *H. C. DERN,*
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.

WAR-TIME.

BY PHEBE CARY.

Oh! my bird, my beautiful bird!
Sing no more to-day;
The saddest maiden under the sun
I must be, till this weary war is done:
For my lover has gone away.

Ah! your voice could never drop as it does
Down through those slender bars:
If you ever had loved a soldier lad,
And he was all the friend you had,
And was gone away to the wars.

You are quiet now! too quiet, my bird,
To suit my restless mood;
"Tis fearful to feel the house so still,
Sing out again, till you sing your fill:
I shall die with solitude!

Yet low! sing low, while he is gone
To fight for the stripes and stars;
I would not hear your voice ring out,
Till it blends itself with the nation's shout,
When my lover comes from the wars.

You must sing for us both in that blessed day
When I welcome my soldier boy;
For my eyes will be dim with the happy tear,
And my heart will come to my lip so near,
That I cannot speak for joy!

INCONNU.

What is fancy? 'tis a dream,
Around which hope still lingers.
A thought or bliss a sunny beam,
Guilded by fairy fingers.

What is life? a transient breath,
The ceaseless anguish of decay,
A quickstep for the march of death,
Greatness of yesterday.

What's a spirit? hath it form?
Who marks the pathway it has trod?
The whirlwind's voice, the howling storm,
Shadow of the unseen God.

And what is hope? a twinkling star,
A promise in the bow of heaven,
A radiant light that shines afar,
A pledge of sins forgiven.

What is death? go ask the tomb;
The silence of our woes,
The mourning wanderer's peaceful home,
The weary world's repose.

Eternity! and what art thou?
The dew drop in ten thousand years,
The spirit's home, the good man's vow,
The balm of sorrow's tears.

Select Miscellany.

FINDING A HUSBAND.

"Uncle may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as we sat at the breakfast table!

"Ride Milo!"

"Yes! it's such a beautiful day."

"But he'll throw you!"

"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, uncle dear," I continued, coaxingly, "there's nothing to fear; and I am dying for a canter."

"You'll die of a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by myself and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew, by experience, that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern, but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin!" I cried. "Old snail paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this. One might as well ride a rocking horse at once."

"Well, well," said he, "if I must I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your own way. I wish you'd get a husband, you minx, you'r growing beyond my control."

"Humph! A husband. "Well since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as cross as pie-crust if you can't have your way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go get ready while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door, a gay mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted, and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care" said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No. I'll ride down to the poor house and ask old Toby, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilks to cook your dinner." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischieviously for uncle was an old bachelor, who tested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because years ago she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast; but I went faster. At first I tried to check his speed; but he got the bit in his teeth; and all I could do was to hold on and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by like wild pigions on the wing. As long as the road was clear, we did well enough, but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre like, from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half around and planted stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling till I felt myself in a mud hole which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented, soon got the upper hand of my vexation.

"A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with uncle. "If I see some mud dryad now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up and saw a young man, the expression of whose blach eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me, for an instant, ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud, at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell, in order to save myself.

The young man, as he spoke turned to the neighboring fence, and taking off the top rail, placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous old oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud off my stockings and riding skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick as ever when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they where quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray, let me see you home," he said, "if you will mount again, I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance for his repeating his tricks."

I could not answer for shame. But when in the saddle muttered something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing hat in hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle, "and I really can't let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be to-day. Look at his ears and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he had'nt wheeled and stopped like a trick horse in a circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids, at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting provokingly at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he had come out, his eyes prim full of mischief. I dared not to stop, but turning to my escort, I said. "My uncle, sir; won't you walk in?" and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I was dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock. I could not but open. He was laughing a low silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said in a malicious whisper. "You've my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mudpuddle?"

I slipt passed my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort, than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would make a long story, what was in jest turned out to be earnest: for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know. But I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloudwreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide and seek about my face, that, not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds, for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, yet intelligent talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the buisness.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him, but uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying until I came down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained, "the luckiest thing," said he, "I ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me, and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinners." To which he answered, looking at Harry, you see what a little spitfire she is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to find a husband."

WITTY.—Said the second wife of the witty Judge S——, in a reproachful way, as the horse was drawing them up the hill, "My father always walks up all the hills." "So did my first wife," was the reply. "There," said Mrs.——, giving him some trifle, "that is in return for your abuse." "Yes," said he, you are like the scandal tree, that sheds its sweetness on the axe that cuts it down." "Then you intend to kill me, do you? When do you mean to do it?" "Not till you are good; I think you can't have a better security for your life."

☞ The assistant whom Blondin was wont to carry on his back across the Niagara was a Milanese, who breaking down in his affairs, resolved to commit suicide. Blondin got him to be his assistant in his perilous feat by the following logic: "If we go down, very good; you are drowned according to your intention; if you arrive on the other side, the fortune of both is made." The terrible feat was accomplished, and the two friends have since been inseparable companions.

The Great American Showman Returns from California.

HIS OPINION ON MATTERS AND THINGS GENERALLY.

The stoodent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yaller handbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attrachuns of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin' wild animiles, every one of which has got a Bootiful Moral.

Them handbills is scuipt in New York.

& I annoolly repair here to git some more on 'um;

&, bein' here, I tho't I'd issue a Address to the Public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpaired, but then I've to git some new clothes.

Many changes have taken place even durin' my short absence, and sum on 'em is Sollum to contemplate. The house in Varveck street, where I used to board, is bein torn down. That house, which was rendered memorable by me livin' into it, is 'parsin' away, parsin' away!' But sum of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin on continerally. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin' & Dysentaries is crumblin'. Thes canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my handbills as fast as they're seulpt. You have to watch these printers purty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a word rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum, and how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, and what State do I find the country in?—Why, I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find some things that is cheerful, partick'ly the resolve on the part of the wimmen of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountains, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands if she wants to; but I am glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her her furrin cloths and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manifactur.

But, says sum folks, ef you stop importin' things you stop the Revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy, and to make their livers as dry as a corn cob with Cuby cigars, because 4-sooth if they don't it will hurt the Revenoo. This talk 'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh boshy. One thing is tolerably certain—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolashun of knowing that it is in the country.—So I say great credit is doo the wimmin for this patriotic move—and to tell the truth, the wimmin generally know what they're 'bout. Of all blessens they air soothinest. If there'd never bin any wimmin where would my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air jest as much needed; one of which is a general and thorrer curtainment of expenses all round. The fact is, we air gettin' ter'bly extravagant, and onless we paws in our mad career, in less than two years the Goldess of Liberty will be seen dodgin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our fourfothers, who know'd moren we do, if they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

There air other cheerin signs. We don't, for intuns, lack great Gen'rals, and we certainly don't lack brave soljers—but then there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is so many pisin Copperheads.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who are goin' to abandon furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres. I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasan family gossip.

My reported capture by the North American saxijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think I had bid adoo to earthly things, and was an angel playin' on a golden harp. Hents my 'rival home was onexpected.

It was 11 P. M. when I reached my homestid and knoct a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrusted itself out of the front chamber window. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) and a voice said:

"Who is it?"

"It's a man," I ansured in a gruf vois.

"I don't beleeve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resumin' my not'ral voice, I sed "It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

"Oh," she said, "It's you, is it? I tho't I smelt something,"

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin' some startlin' water falls and mountains, and I moren suspected he had a hankerin' for my oldest dauter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, father," sed my dauter.

"Glad to see you sir," I replied, in a hospittle vois; "glad to see you."

"He is an artist, father," sed my child.

"A which ist?"

"A artist—a painter."

"And glazier?" I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, eh?"

My dauter and wife was mad, but I could'nt held it; I felt in a comikil mood.

"It's a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," sed my wife, that somebody don't secure him with a chain.

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of The Bugle greeted me cordyully and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes, thro' which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell hounds of The Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the Editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote a article redicoolin' his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days arter my retern, I was shown a young man, who says he'll be dam if he goes to war. He was settin' on a Barrel, & was indeed a loathsum objek.

Last Sunday I heard the Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preaches well, too, tho' his prayer was ruther lenghthy. The editor of the Bugle, who was with me, sed that prayer would made fifteen sqares, solid nonparil.

I don't think of nothin' more to write about. So "B'leeve me if all those endearing young charms," &c.

A. WARD.

STRIKING RHYME.—An Editor not feeling very well the other day, he turned his attention to poetry and Petersburg, and here is the result:

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—
"Surrender Petersburg to me."
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—
"Have Petersburg? Oh, no you shan't."
"I shan't?" said Grant, "Oh, very well—
You say I shan't, I say I SHELL."

☞ A brow-beating council asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet and six inches, was the reply." "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected *some fool* or other would ask me, so I measured it."

PRISON AND BIRDS.—It is very pleasant to have singing birds in our house, and few people think that the little songsters might prefer the open air and the woods to the confinement of a cage. But one who has been shut up in prison himself understands it, like the sailor in the following anecdote: "Soon after the close of the long Freneh war in Europe, a boy stood on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping anxiously through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood some time looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length addressing the boy, he said: "How much do you ask for your birds, my boy?" "Sixpence, apiece sir." I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor; how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands." The boy made his calculations—they came to six shillings. "There is your money," said the sailor; giving the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction. No sooner was the bargain closed than the sailor opened the cage door and let all the birds fly away. The boy astonished, exclaimed: "Why did you do that, sir? You have lost all yous birds.' I'll tell you why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison, a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison that I can make free."

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—We never thought Napoleon a bad man, but the incident related below shows that he was a good one. He at once announces a just decision and a noble sentiment with the condensed brevity of command on the field of battle.

The Minister of Marine recommended to the Emperior to cancel the appointment of a young man in his department, on the ground that his father was a man of bad character, and that one of his relations had been convicted of crime. Napoleon wrote (20th February, 1805) in the margiin, "Rejected. The young man must be kept in his employment. Faults are personal."

"Faults are personal." How just a distinction, and prompt an intuition.

☞ A Pennsylvania editor says, "somebodody brought a bottle of sour water into our office, with a request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four-shilling lie for five cents."

☞ The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the protection of animals is to the following effect. A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society and claims the great prize.

He is asked to decribe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might have easily killed him with this bludgeon;" and he swung the weapon in the air to the intense discomfort of the President.

"But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter "what has he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was, the reply.

The President reflected a moment, and then said:

"My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

☞ Love. Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all else had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; but love—that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles with the giant—there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.

☞ Fame is but an inscription on a grave glory; the melancholy blazen on a coffinlid.