



McGURUM & ALLISON,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Miscellany.

The New Rochelle Blackberry.

Dear Doctor—With your permission we wish to call the attention of your readers to a new fruit which by pomologists is justly regarded as the most valuable acquisition made to the list of fruits for many years. We think no one will be surprised at our good opinion of it when we inform them that the above fruit gives a fair representation of the actual size, as well as of the general appearance of a cluster of berries, no larger than many we have seen, handled and tasted.

It is a new and perfectly distinct variety, and not the common kind improved by cultivation. It originated near New Rochelle, New York, and was first brought into notice by Mr. Seacor, who is much better entitled to the name of it than the gentleman who for pecuniary advantages wishes it to be called the Lawton.

The shape of the fruit, it will be seen, is not that of the wild blackberry, but resembles the Hovey's Seedling strawberry. We are inclined to the opinion that it is an accidental cross of the common blackberry and the dewberry. We have been led to this conclusion from the following considerations. The first year the plants trail on the ground, very much like the dewberry, but afterwards they grow uprightly very stoutly, from ten to fifteen high. The shape of the fruit is not mallowy like, as the common blackberry is, but resembles the dewberry, though it is much larger, and when perfectly ripe the flavor is quite equal.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLANT AND FRUIT.

The plants are very hardy and vigorous, more so than the common varieties, and stand the cold well. The fruit is juicy and fine flavored, with very few seeds. The size can hardly be appreciated by those who have seen only the common kinds. Of about the average size, sixty to eighty berries will fill a quart measure; while of those a little above the medium from forty to fifty will do the same. An inch to an inch and a half may be set down as the average diameter, though larger berries are quite common.

SEASON.

They commence ripening about the middle of July, and continue from five to eight weeks. This is most opportune. Ripening as they do just at the season when there are no other fruits—when the strawberry and raspberry crops have been exhausted, and peaches and grapes have not yet appeared—blackberries could not well be dispensed with, especially when we take into consideration their medicinal and beneficial effects upon the system during the hot season.

PRODUCTIVENESS.

The yield is enormous. One of the editors of the New York Tribune says:—"We received a few days since an invitation from Mr. George Seymour to visit his nursery and view several acres in bearing. We arrived on the ground about 10 A. M., in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen, who immediately began to insinuate themselves among the bushes, which were standing very thickly, and all well laden with fruit. Astonishment seized the party, and while viewing the gorgeous display we for a time forgot to taste the tempting berries. The bushes had occupied this field for two years, and were well supplied with side shoots, all loaded with berries in every stage, from the smallest to the largest ripe blackberry, and they were blackberries! Those wonderful berries produced on the mountain, or by the old stone wall on the homestead farm, which produced so fine a flavor in our youthful days, lost all the deliciousness ascribed to them by a lingering memory when we had tasted a few of the fully ripe New Rochelles. Shall we say how many bushels of fine fruit are taken from an acre? We dare not. We had with us several horticulturists who are engaged in supplying New York with fine fruits. They counted the berries on several bushes, measured them in baskets, and they were so astonished at the amount which it might be possible to grow on an acre, that they dared not report it to the uninitiated in the wonders of fruit growing. We had learned from circulars that from four to eight quarts were produced by single canes, and that 500 to 1000 ripe berries were to be counted on a cane of average size; we found one cane having over 1600! Sent to the city in quart boxes, they bring 30 cents at wholesale! Raspberry baskets filled with these berries will sell for 15 cents, and the retailers get whatever they choose to ask. Judging from the present demand, we believe 500 acres may be planted to this blackberry, and the whole results sent to the New York market, they would fill of being plentiful enough to be within the reach of all. In fact we do not believe the market can well be overstocked."

SOIL.

They appear so fit, to grow well on almost any soil. Some cultivators recommend a little manure, or even peat.

them planted on very rich and poor soil. We gathered some of our best berries last season from the poor soil. The editor of the *Agriculturist* says: "The best growth and fruiting we have seen is upon a rocky side hill, though perhaps not better than others on dark muck and peaty soil."

Let it might be thought that we overrate this famous fruit, but that we overrate the opinions of a few gentlemen who are every way competent to form a correct judgment of its merits.

Mr. Charles Downing, in the *Horticulturist*, thus speaks of it:—"Having heard a good deal said about the New Rochelle Blackberry, for the past year or two, and knowing that many of the new fruits were overpraised, I made a special visit, a few days since, to see for myself, and I can assure you I was well paid for my trouble. There is no humbug about it, and the only wonder is that it has not been more generally introduced and propagated before. The fruit is large and sweet. It is an enormous bearer; indeed the quantity (considering the large size of the fruit) surprised me, and the berries were perfect."

"As to its size, it will surprise most persons who see it for the first time. At New York we saw several stalks bearing from five to eight quarts, each. We tried some that had been gathered over forty hours, and found the flavor quite good. A quart of them numbered seventy-one berries. We picked a quart from vines which had received no manure for two years past, and from which the largest had just been selected for the New Haven Horticultural Society, and found that seventy-two of them filled a quart measure."

"The vines grow quite large—many of them over an inch in diameter, and the fruit hangs in clusters, in size more like very large Green Gage Plums, than like the ordinary Blackberry. The flavor is not apparently diminished by its large size, and the few seeds is not its least recommendation. We think this berry a valuable acquisition to our domestic fruits, and worthy of a place in every garden.—*American Agriculturist*."

We alluded the other day to the cultivated berries, called the New Rochelle, raised by Mr. George Seymour, at South Norwalk. They are not the wild Blackberry, but a peculiar variety by themselves. They grow to four times the size of the common berry, have a delicious flavor, yield abundantly, are hardy, easily raised and remain in bearing some six weeks.—This fruit will be a great accession to our list of common berries, and deserves the attention of our citizens, who are conspicuous for their horticultural productions.—*New Haven Journal*, 1856.

Much more might be said in truth in favor of this fruit, but we trust enough has been said to induce all your readers, who have an opportunity, to try it for themselves.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE.—The following, from one of the Hong Kong papers, furnishes a brief, but truly graphic picture of the attack upon the city of Canton:—"During the brief pauses, everything was still as death in the city; no shouting, or sounds of confusion; not a human being was to be seen either on the city side or on Honan, but it seemed as if the stern form of the Destroying Angel was crouching over the fated and unhappy city, awaiting his victims into silence. The shells were whirling through the air, their track marked by the firing of their fuses, twinkling like stars during their revolutions, till at last, arriving at their destination, there was a flash and an explosion which told how accurately and fearfully these engines of destruction do their work. Some of these shells reached even to Gough's Fort, and fragments were found there the following day. The rockets, too, seemed to be hissing about in every direction, and the clippical shell from the French ships caused no little astonishment as they hurried through the air with a noise not unlike that of an immense humming top. The scene was one replete with awe, and dreadful must have been the sufferings of the poor people thus made to answer for the sins of their rulers."

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Ninewa was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 40 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 429 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres.—The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 800 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 22 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 18 miles round.

A Beautiful Story.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge; "come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidentially up into his face with a calm clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "no, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in Court before. He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say; and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you my child," said the judge, you have a good mother. This witness competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that child was sublime. Falshood and perjury had preceded her testimony.—The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence, but before her testimony, falshood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her, the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates,) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

Sentiments join man to man, opinions divide them.

Cheating the Devil.

Squire H., lived in the town of A., was a man in easy circumstances, with every thing enough, in doors and out. In his yard was a huge pile of wood, saved and split, and sufficient in bulk to feed a dozen families through the winter, with enough more where that came from.

Across the street from Squire H., lived Mrs. W., a poor widow woman in straightened circumstances, with four mouths to feed and four little bodies to warm besides her own.

Squire H., doted on his big wood pile, and was in the habit of taking a peep at it through the closed blinds of his window before retiring at night. One night he saw a female hanging around the pile, and opening the door partially, to get a better view, saw her stoop, pick up a large armful and start off. She had not proceeded far, however, when she stopped short, and he overheard the following: "I cannot steal—the eye of God is upon me," and down went the wood and she walked off a few steps and stopped again. "I have not a stick of wood in the house; the weather is bitter cold, and my poor children are freezing. The Squire has enough, and will never miss it." So saying, she filled her arms again with the coveted fuel.

Again she started and again hesitated—"What, steal? I never before did such a thing, and God forbid I should do it now!" and down went the wood upon the pile again. But the thought of her suffering brood brought her once more to the pile, and she filled her arms the third time with wood. Once more she started and again turned back—"I will not steal—I will trust in God, and if it is His will, I will perish together." So saying, she threw the wood upon the pile and the Squire saw her enter her dwelling and close the door. He retired to bed, but slumber was slow in visiting his eyelids. He thought of the poor widow and her suffering children, and perhaps when he slept he dreamed of them.

Early the next forenoon, widow W. was surprised to see the Squire's four ox team, loaded with wood, hauled up in front of her dwelling and the Squire commenced pitching it off.

"What's this, Squire H.?" said the astonished and half-frightened woman; "I didn't order that wood and God knows I can't pay for it."

"It's yours, and all paid for Ma'am" sung out the Squire, tugging away at a big log.

"You cheated the devil last night."

The poor woman insisted that there must be a mistake about it.

"I tell you it's yours, for cheating the devil last night," said the Squire, "and there comes a man to saw it up, split it and pack it away in your wood-house."

The widow began to "smell a rat," and stammering her thanks to this Squire, retreated into the house. She wanted for no more wood that winter.

BEARING WELL OF OTHERS.—The following article inculcates much good advice in a small space: If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and malignant spirits of evil, when they find vent by the lips go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a rule, however, when there is occasion for fault finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This will prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly. If the manner of doing is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

THIRST WORSETHAN HUNGER.—That disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of raging thirst, is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason:—During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but, during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is, perhaps, the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astly, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward of every act of obedience. The histories of shipwrecks paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

Dick Dally's Speech.

Feller Citizens and Hoses:—This ar day for the population of this Districk, like a bob-tailed chicken on a rickety hen roost, to be lookin' up. A crisis have ar-riven and something's bust! War are we? Here I is, and I'd stand here and expire from now till the day of synagogues, if you'd hoop for Daily.

Feller Citizens—Jerusalem's to pay an we hain't got any pith. Our hyperbolic and majestic canal of creation has unshipped her rudder, and the captain's broke his neck, and soot's dividin' to the depths of the vasty deep in search of dimuns.—Our wigwam's torn to pieces, like a shirt on a brush fence, and cities of these ery latitudes is vanishing in a blue flame. Are such things to be did! I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who was whipped by the shaggy headed lion, and now sits on the magnetic telegraph, if such doings is going to be conglomerated? I repeat to you, in the name of the peacock of Liberty, when he's down over the cloud capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, is we going to be extemporaneously in this fashion?

"Oh! answer me, as Shakespel says. Shall we be bamboozled with such unmitigated unconsciousness? Methinks I hear you yell—"No, sir, hossly!" Then, "let me to Congress, and there will be a revolution sartin."

Feller Citizens—If I was standing on the adamantine throne of Jupiter, and the lightning was flashin' around me, I'd continue to spout. I'm full of boiling hot lather of Mount Etny, and I won't be quenched! I've sprung a leak and must howl like a bear with a sore head. Flop together—jump into ranks and bear me through.

Feller Citizens—You know me, and rib me out with a mill garb if I won't stick to yer like brick dust to a bar of soap.—Whar is my opponent? He's a whorl! I was brought up among ye, feller citizens, and paped in a school house, but they can't get around me with their bifflutin big words. Hiotum, striotum; al-brance, catnip, Brazzel, Englooney and Baffin's Bay—b-o-o-o! What do you think of that.

"Go it, poker—root hog or die!" as Shakespel said when Caesar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.

Feller Citizens—Let me to Congress, and I'll abolish mad dogs, muskatoons, bad cents and bad whiskey, and go in for the annihilation of niggers, campaneens and jails. I'll repubicate crow and fustidin hawk—I'll have poker playin' every day, Sunday excepted, and liquor enough to swim in. Yes, fellow citizens, let me to Congress and I shall be led to exclaim in the sublime, the terrific language of Bony-parte, when preaching in the wilderness—

"On, then, onward to the poll—"gallop apace, fiery footed steed," and make the welkin tremble with anti-spasmodic yell for Daily.

"Hooey, ye brutes, broad-axe and glory."

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—On the 23d ultimo a passenger came to Portland by the steamer Anglo Saxon, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took the care for this city in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him, a great night, with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or not they had been old acquaintances. When they arrived at the depot, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired in the hearing of the other for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he supposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the street in question it appeared that they both designed to call on the same individual.

This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twenty-two years; the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies, while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.—*Boston Ledger*.

While a party of Boston ladies and gentlemen were skating one day last week at Jamaica Pond, a young lady promised any man who could beat her across the pond a kiss. As the young lady was rather pretty, all started off, and at the end of the journey it was found that a young "darkey" was the winner. The lad says the lady gave the "buss" as though she was used to the business.

A New York punster challenged a sick man's vote at a recent election, on the ground that he was an *ill legal voter*. Perhaps it was the same punster who challenged a squint-eyed voter because he was not *natural eyes* ed.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE FOR 1858.

THE CASH SYSTEM ADOPTED!

The Cheapest Paper in the County!

With the present number, the *Tribune* has entered upon its third volume. Commenced at a time when the confidence of the citizens of Altoona in newspapers and newspaper publishers was considerably shaken, if not totally annihilated, it has slowly but surely restored that confidence, and now stands upon a sure foundation, and is universally acknowledged to be one of the best institutions of our town. But this result has not been achieved without a hard struggle, and considerable expenditure of time and means on the part of its editors. The steady increase of patronage, however, has afforded indubitable evidence that their labors have been appreciated.

In entering upon the new volume it is almost unnecessary to say that the *Tribune* will continue to be "INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING," being biased neither by fear, favor nor affection, in favor of parties or sects. In this respect it is only necessary to say that the past affords a fair index as to our future course.

It has always been our aim to make the *Tribune*, a reliable first-class LOCAL PAPER, as we believe that in that character alone, country papers can successfully compete with their flashy city neighbors. To this end we have secured correspondents in various parts of the county, who furnish us with all the items of local interest in their vicinity. We purpose adding others to our list as soon as we can obtain them. During the next year we shall redouble our efforts to make the *Tribune* a perfect compendium of HOME NEWS—A RELIABLE, FIRST-CLASS LOCAL PAPER, second to none in the country, and as such a welcome weekly visitor to our patrons, whether at home or abroad.

But while the Local Department shall be our special care, we shall also devote a considerable space to LITERARY MATTERS, FEN AND HUMOR, and the chronicle of events of general interest to our readers. We purpose also publishing from time to time "Original Sketches of Men and Things" which will be furnished by our contributors. We have made arrangements also to have a weekly letter from Philadelphia, and judging from the reputation our correspondent sustains as a popular writer, these letters will be a rich treat to our readers.

As we are decidedly journalists of the progressive school, we have concluded to adopt the cash system in our business. The neglect of quite a number of our patrons to pay up promptly, and the necessity of others, has compelled us to adopt this course. Time and experience has fully proved to our satisfaction that the credit system will not work with newspaper publishers. From this date no paper will be sent from this office, unless paid for in advance, and at the expiration of the time paid for, if not renewed, will be promptly stopped. This arrangement does no injustice to our patrons, while it will protect us from the impositions of soulless scoundrels, and enable us to devote more attention to our paper.

Recognizing the principle that contracts to be satisfactory should be fraught with mutual benefit to both parties, and as money in large amounts, in advance, is of more value to us than when received in dribbles, as an inducement to numbers who would otherwise discountenance, as well as to those who have never yet taken the paper, we offer it at the following low rates for the coming year:

1 copy one year \$1.50
 10 copies " (\$1.25 per copy) 12.50
 20 " " (\$1.00 per copy) 20.00
 and all above 20 at the same rate—\$1 per copy.
 The money must, in all cases, accompany the order.

By the above it will be seen that our paper is emphatically the cheapest in the county.—As to its merits we leave it to the public to decide. We earnestly request our friends throughout the county to "give us a lift," as we have no doubt that each of them can readily obtain a slight in their neighborhood.

CANTABERS WANTED.—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscribers to the *Tribune*. A liberal percentage allowed.

FOR EXCHANGE.—We are desirous to exchange our paper for any other of the same class, and on equal terms.

W. KESSLER,
 Proprietor.