



McCRUM & ALLISON,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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### THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance) \$1.50

All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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### PROSPECTUS

## 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 MATTER, FUN AND HUMOR, and the chronicling 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 promptly, and the recalcitrancy 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 spongers and 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 discontinue, 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 money paid 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 each of them can readily obtain a club in their neighborhood.

CANTONERS WANTED.—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscribers to the *Tribune*. A liberal salary will be afforded.

## Select Miscellany.

### A Bundling Scrape.

'Gossip,' in the New York *Dispatch* gives the following description of "A Bundling Scrape":

I haven't a word to say against Jones, not I; nor against Brown, either; but if you wish to see a real character just get acquainted with our Smith. Oh, I promise you he is an "old." He is one of the direct descendants of the immortal John, who 'fit, bled and died' more for his country, perhaps, than any other boy or man of his size. The fact is, while a boy, he was always fighting and bleeding in view of which fact you will be surprised to learn that he always was and still is the veriest coward in the presence of a woman.

Smith's roosting dormitory is just two rooms from ours, and it is curious to hear him lock the door at night, then put a table before it, then a chair on top of that again, for fear, I suppose, that some female sonnambulist might take it in her head to give him a call.

Bless me, how red he gets in the face, when we speak to him. Why, the young woman who helps the family with the housework, (they don't keep a servant,) is almost afraid to ask him for buttons, when she needs them, to put on the bosom of his shirt, and when she takes up to him his clean clothes, she has to wrap the shirts up in a paper.

Poor Smith, it makes one melancholy to think of it. I don't suppose he ever dreams of such a thing as marrying—in fact, I don't believe he could entertain such a thought and keep his balance. I asked him one day if he had always been so, and his reply was that he got awfully frightened once by a nice young woman, after which experience he fought shy of the whole tribe. After trying in vain to reason him out of his foolish prejudice, I insisted upon his relating to me the incident which had so steeled him against the softer sex.

'Well,' said he at length, with a sigh, 'if I must, but you are the only one to whom I would relate the story, for you don't belong to the "Prunes and Prisms" school.' 'Thank-ee, sir,' I replied—"proceed, if you please—I am all attention!"

'Well,' he continued, 'it is about three years since a chum of mine asked me to accompany him just back of B—, in the State of New Jersey, to a quilting frolic. Now, I had always entertained a particular aversion to Jersey mud, Jersey lightning and Jersey dogs, but as I had never been present at an assemblage of Jersey belles, and as a quilting frolic was something which I had often heard my mother—heaven bless her!—tell about, I determined to know what it was by personal experience. We reached the scene of action in good time, assisted in tearing the quilt from the frame and throwing it over a grist of plump girls, thereby disarranging their hair and other fixings awfully. This fun lasted some time, and I shouldn't wonder if in the course of it, they all got kissed. After a while the fiddler came, and we went into dancing with a will, and an understanding also. Plew! the sweat streamed down our faces, and we had nearly shook ourselves out of our trousers—hooks and eyes were lying around loose, and nearly every girl was backing herself up to some other girl to get pinned up. That was what they called a "square eight."

We got along amazingly, and in the course of the evening I managed to get pretty thick with a certain fair, red cheeked, roguish-eyed damsel, who didn't need any wadding to bring her into proper shape—her hand was fat and warm as a young rabbit—and I felt all over as though briars were sticking in me when I took hold of it to chase her around and dos-a-dos her back.

After the performance was concluded, I got into a corner with the beauty, and began sparking her like fun. I likened her to a goddess, and told her that to gain her love I would go in my shirt-tail to the ends of the earth. Well, she kinder puckered up her mouth, and looking at me, said:

'Look-a-here, Yorker, have you a mind to go home with me to-night?'

'Oh, my charming, divine Hebe, returned I, that would be too much bliss!'

'Pah!' replied she, 'no bliss at all about it. Kin you bundle, say?'

'Bundle!' said I somewhat puzzled, 'I don't know as I ever tried it. Is it hard to do?'

'Hard!' returned she with a merry grin, 'well, no—not as I know—most young fellows find it easy enough.'

'Well said I, 'youse you can learn me, can't you?'

Well, to make a long story short, just before daylight, my charmer and I went dashing home in great style. On arriving there, I went off, of course, and she took me in a square room, where was a fire and a bed. Holy Moses! thought I, into whose hands have I fallen? It was her bed room! Oh, Eve, Eve, you horrible first apple eater! how the sex goes to it naturally! Well, she got off her hat and sat down to warm her feet. After a while she fixed her eyes on me, and said in a tone of mingled wonder and dissatisfaction?

'What in the name of all that's natral, are you about Yorker? Are you goin' to sit gawkin' there all night—say? Off with them ere muddy boots, to woust, and git ready to puddle!'

'Why,' said I, totally unable to understand her, 'must I take off my boots before I can puddle?'

'Why, thundering, yes, yer greatskert calf,' she exclaimed, 'you can't get in bed with your boots on can you?'

'Bed,' queried I, beginning to grow alarmed, 'excuse me, I don't understand you. I'd rather not bundle, if it's all the same to you. I ain't well. I—I want to go to York to-night the worst kind!'

'You do, hey?' said she snappishly, 'well if you stir one peg out of this creaseline t'll you've bundled, I'll set the dogs on you. Come, get ready to bundle! Off with them boots or it will be wuss for you!'

'Oh, heavens, spare me my dear young lady!' I exclaimed.

'I won't, said she, 'do you 'spose I'm a goin' to be fooled that way? Everybody does it in Jersey, and I know they do it in York, too. You can't cheat me, you mean cuss! mobby they call it some other name, though!'

Well, I had to take off my boots, and then she insisted on my getting in bed with her. She was already there.

'Oh Lord!' exclaimed I, 'I must get out! I am dreadful sick at the stomach! I don't want to bundle! I told you I didn't know how!'

She got mad as a turkey cock, and jumping out of bed she opened the door and called for 'Bouncer' and 'Wolf,' and I made a break for the door. I was in my socks, but I flew over the sill like the wind. The dogs were so close that I could feel their teeth in imagination. Presently one seized a skirt of my coat, and off it came, of course. I never slackened my speed, but shortly afterwards a mouthful of pantaloons was seized, and oh! horror! that went the way of my coat tail. By this time the demon was aroused within me and I yelled like an Indian, and turning like a hunted stag, I stood at bay, grappled with the nearest brute, and we came to the mud together. Over and over we went, growling, swearing, tearing and ripping. Bunches of doghair and shreds of miscellaneous clothing were all mixed up together, and just as I had given up to die, a friendly knife was put into the brute's throat by my chum, who had opportunely come along from some house where he had been bundling. We quickly dispatched the other dog, and then in an awful plight I had to walk three miles, 'weak and wounded, sick and sore,' before we got to place of shelter. I never went back. I was determined not to encounter the Jersey Venus again, and never did. Since that time I have been more fearful of a woman than of a she bear robbed of her cubs. It doesn't make a bit of difference where they hail from, they are all alike. I am afraid of them all. Sometimes when I think of a married life, and wonder if ever I will come to that, an awful sound smites my ear, and bundle drives it out of my mind altogether.

'Well, Smith,' said I, 'I thank you for your narrative, but you might have better luck the next time.' 'Never!' exclaimed he emphatically, and he left the room.

A SHARP HOOSIER.—Oliver H. Smith gives this incident in the early history of Indiana: At the Rush Circuit Court my friend Judge Perry bargained for a pony for \$25 to be delivered the next day, on a credit of six months. The man came with the pony, but required security of the judge for \$25. The judge drew the note at the top of a sheet of foolscap, and signed it. I signed it; James Raridan signed it and handed it on, and on it went from lawyer to lawyer around the bar, till it landed it up to the Court, and the three judges put their names to it. Judge Perry presented it to the man he had bought the pony of, but he promptly refused it, saying: 'Don't you think I am a fool to let you get the Court and all the lawyers on your side? I see you intend to cheat me out of my pony.' Up he jumped, mounted the pony, and started for home at full gallop.

'Julius, what part of de sermons do de ladies most admire when dey go to de church?'

'Well Pompey, I can't tell what dat is can you tell?'

'Why, yes, nigger—don't you see dey observe de hours?'

### Frightening Children.

We know of nothing more reprehensible, nothing more dangerous and injurious, than the practice of frightening children in the nursery, at the family fireside, and in the social circle, by relating to them ghost stories, goblin tales, and witchcraft fictions. They receive painful impressions from which their nervous system does not recover for years, perhaps not during their whole lives.

Children and young folks have generally great curiosity in relation to these tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head, being empty of good sense, has been filled brim full of ghost legends and black letter recollections. We happen to know something about this matter by a most unhappy and painful experience. We know what melancholy effects attend these revelations of goblins and ghosts in the nursery. We have even now, while we write, a dim, shuddering recollection of these appalling horrors, which makes the blood chill, creep and curdle about the heart—even after the finger of time has planted furrows on the brow, and worn silver threads in the hair. It was the practice of a full grown boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, (we are certain he never became a man) to take the writer upon his knee (then three or four years old), when the twilight was gradually fading into darkness, veil his face with a black handkerchief, and then, for our especial edification, affirm that he was the unmentionable personage who is supposed to be no letter than he should be. Then would follow a long dissertation upon witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, a whole family of horrible monstrosities, by way of giving tone to the infantile imagination. The lessons operated upon the young mind like a potent spell. Soon it became as much as the life was worth to attempt to cross a dark entry after nightfall. If left alone in a sleeping apartment, the avenue to the eyes was carefully barricaded by the pillow and bed-clothes; there, panting, trembling, shivering, huge drops of cold perspiration oozing out at every pore, the writer lay a full believer in all monstrous shapes and terrible forms, the shuddering victim of a most cruel delusion, at times but a single removal from a maniac.

These terrible night time solitudes, the darkness peopled by the imagination with specters the most terrific, how vividly do they come back, even now in the days of maturer judgment and riper reason, never to be erased from the recollection by the hand of time! If there is a worse condition upon earth than that into which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow, from the time it is two or three years of age, until, seven, eight or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in its own mind of realizing its own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning! This is the purgatory of early, innocent and otherwise happy childhood.

These midnight horrors haunt the imagination even to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, their appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do or the reason can urge. For a moment, at certain times, even to old age, the heart will throbb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times to his dying day. These are some of the painfully deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth.

How important is it, that parents should guard them against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.

NON CONDUCTORS.—Colonel Jones is a gentleman and a wit. The other day he was showing the town to some ladies from the steeple of the Court-House. One of these asking him why the lightning-rod, where it was attached to the building for support, was incased in a piece of horn, the Colonel replied that horn was a non-conductor. 'Oh, indeed?' says the lady; 'I never knew that before.' To be sure, says the Colonel, 'I have you never observed that when the boys have had a horn or two they can't conduct themselves properly?' The great height from the ground prevented the lady from fainting.

I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me. The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, set down and added: "There is my son's motto, exactly, papa—all but the pains."

### Look out for the Bridge!—A Terrific Incident.

Some years ago, the manager of a 'well regulated theatre' somewhere along the line of the Erie Canal, engaged a good looking and brisk young lady as superintendant. It happened that the young lady in question had formerly officiated in some capacity as a 'hand' on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in a short time became a general favorite with both manager and public.

One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part, and a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the footlights, particularly anxious to see the new comedienne. The house was crowded, and after the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with an emphatic expletive, exclaimed loud enough to be heard over the house:

'Bill, I know that gal!'

'Pshaw!' said Bill, 'dry up.'

'But I'm d—d if I don't now, Bill. It's Sal Fluking, as sure as you're born. She's old Fluking's daughter that used to run the "Injured Polly," and she used to sail with him.'

'Tom,' said Bill, 'you're a fool, and if you don't stop your infernal clack, you'll get put out. Sal Fluking! You know a sight if you think that's her?'

'Tom was silenced but not convinced.—He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out again.

'I tell ye, Bill, that's her—I know 'tis. You can't fool me—I know too well!'

Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous nudge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint to keep quiet.

Tom, without minding the admonition, said, 'you just wait, I'll fix her—keep your eye on her.'

Sure enough he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part he sung out in a voice which rung through the galleries: 'Low Bridge!'

From force of habit the actress instantly and involuntarily ducked her head to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this palpable 'bit,' high above which Tom's voice could be heard as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest.

'Didn't I tell ye, old boy. I know 'twas her. You can't fool me!'

How TO SETTLE AN ACCOUNT.—To settle coffee with an egg is an easy matter; but it is not exactly so easy to settle an old account, as a racy writer in Otsego county, New York, shows in this letter:

'Seldom have I been more amused than when, some two years ago, upon the North Fork of the Salmon river, in California, I overheard a conversation between an honest miner, named Riley, and one Mike Donnelly, a trader whom it seemed Riley was indebted some \$50 to for provisions. Said Donnelly to Riley—

'You ought to pay this little bill, for you know I trusted you when no other trader on the river would. Come, now I'll throw of half, if you'll pay the rest. Well, Mike,' said Riley, 'I'll be hang-d if I'll allow you to be more liberal than I am. If you throw off one half I'll throw off the other!'

'But that don't settle my account.'

'Then break an egg into it!'

'Oh, yes, massa, but da's no use habin a talon 'less it pays well.'

The Marshall (Texas) *Republican* tells of an old negro, 'Hard,' who supplies that town with fuel:

'Hard' is really a good looking customer and understands the science of loading a wagon to the best advantage. Recently, we were struck with admiration at one of his conical piles, through the interstices of which a large, fat man might have crawled with ease and safety.

'Hard,' said we, 'you certainly possess the talent for loading a wagon.'

Old Hard's eyes twinkled with delight at the compliment, and surveying with pleasure his loaded wagon, he turned to us, exposing his ivory, and replied:

'Oh, yes, massa, but da's no use habin a talon 'less it pays well.'

'Got Him Foul.'—Aunt Jenny was a very exemplary colored woman, and always felt and showed much concern for the future welfare of her numerous children. But little Nicholas had so much of the 'Old Nick' in him, that, with all her persuasions and threats, she could not bring him into the good-way of saying his prayers. One afternoon Aunt Jenny was startled by hearing loud cries from the barn yard—'O Lord!' and, hastening out, she saw young Nick pinned to the fence with the horns of a cow, one on each side of him, and now and then she would let him out, but only to 'bunt' him back again. Nick kept up his cries—'O Lord!' and all the louder when he saw his mother coming. But she didn't interfere.—She stopped, took a good look, set her arms a kimbo, and sang out, 'Oh ye! you's mighty willin' to call on de Lord now, you's got into trubul; but you couldn't pray wid your mudder like a's peotable child!' And turning to the kitchen she left Nick to the tender mercies of the cow, being quite sure, however, that no serious harm would come to him.

PROFITS OF TOBACCO.—There are fifty-six manufacturers of the staple in Richmond, whose united capital amounts to four or five millions of dollars. More tobacco is raised in Virginia, and opened, inspected and sold in this city, than perhaps in any one place in the United States. It is here that the choicest specimens of the weed assumes the shape which commands it to the regard of devoted chewers everywhere. Tobacco is put up in as many different ways almost as there are chewers. There is as much difference between the ideas of the Yankee and Southerner on this question of taste, as there is on any other matter. The former likes the 'pig-tail' plentifully sweetened and liquorized to a degree; the latter, the less sweetening you put in, the better the tobacco. Buyers congregate here, who purchase for all parts of the globe. Foreign governments are supplied by agents who reside here for that purpose. With many citizens the road to wealth has been via tobacco.—*Richmond South.*

At a late ball in Baltimore a gentleman (probably one of the codfish aristocracy) having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

'Why, no, sir,' replied the fair one.—'I shall be engaged on to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me.'

'I shall be most happy,' exclaimed the stricken swain.

'Well, on Saturday,' resumed the lady, 'you can see me at the foot of Market market, selling cabbage.'

Two darkies, one a Baptist, the other a Universalist, got into a controversy about the origin of man. The Baptist said God made Adam out of clay, squeezed it into the right shape, set it agin de fence to dry, and afterwards blowed de breath into de body.

'Stop!' said the Universalist. 'You say dat de dust man eber made?'

'Sartin!' said the Baptist darkey.

'Well den, jest tell a feller whar dat are fence come from?'

'Hush!' said the other darkey, 'questions like dat must not be axed; dey would spile all de theology in de world!'

A VALUABLE CANDLESICK.—An Irish 'gentleman' had occasion to visit the South sometime since. When he returned, he remarked to a friend that the Southern people were very extravagant. Upon being asked why so, he remarked that where he staid, they had a candlesick worth eleven hundred dollars.

'Why, how in the world could it cost that much?' inquired the friend.

'Oh, be gorry! it was nothin' more'n a big wagger fellow, a holdin' a torch for us to eat by!'

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condanna no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God the Judge of all.

Toast at a surprise party, February 2, 1858: 'Here's to the man who swears, steals and lies—swears off from drinking, steals away from bad company, and lies in an honest bed!'

The strongest kind of a hint—a young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

An old bachelor's definition of love.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying.