



McCRUM & ALLISON,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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## THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.  
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## 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 propose 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 county, 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 propose 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 rashness 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 not injure 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 benefits to both parties, and as money in large amounts, in advance, is of more value to us than when received in dribbles, 'tis an inducement to numbers who would otherwise desist, 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 " "	\$12.50
20 " " "	\$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 each of them can readily obtain a club in their neighborhood.  
 CAPTAIN'S WANTED.—Several energetic business men, wanted to manage the county for members of the *Tribune*. Addressed by the editor.

## Select Miscellany.

### Postponing a Goose.

I took a passage in one of the packet-ships that run between Mobile and New York. She was commanded by a sharp fellow, who was interested in making the trips as profitable as possible. As a general thing, a meager table was never provided in a cheap boarding-house. During the passage, we were becalmed one day on a part of the coast which was excellent fishing ground; and the captain, with the view of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to get out their fishing tackle and try their luck. This was done and a quantity of the funny tribe were soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship.

The captain enlarged upon the delicacy of the fish, and closing by asking, "What say you to a fish dinner to-day, ladies and gentlemen?" Every body said, by all means.

Attached to the ship was a negro cook called Centaur.  
 "Centaur?" cried the captain.  
 "Aye, aye, sa."  
 "Cook a mess of fish for the passengers' dinner; and d'ye hear, postpone that goose?"

"All right sa."  
 Centaur seemed troubled, and scratched his wool vigorously. "What de mean by cooking de fish an' postponin' de goose? I ben on several voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotels an' little hotels, man an' boy, for ever so long if no longer dan dat; and dis is de fust time I eber heard ob postponin' a goose! Dere's pickin' in a goose, an' drawin' a goose, and bukin' a goose, an' boilin' a goose, but *postponin' a goose* I didn't believe dat eben Mrs. Glass, de great cook dey talk 'bout hearin' ob it. It must be done dough. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks eber heard of it? He knows everything."

Just as Centaur concluded, Jimmy and two others of the crew passed the gallery door, and the bewildered cook anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew how to "postpone a goose?"

"De case is dis, ye see. Cap'n says to me jis now, say he, 'cook a large mess ob fish for de passengers' dinner to-day an' postpone de goose.' Now, dat is jis what dis here nigger can't git through his wool, no how, what postpone'n' a goose is?"  
 "Oh," said Jimmy, winking at his companions, "that is easy enough. I thought every fool knowed that."  
 "I thought so too, an' so I say to myself, 'Jimmy Ducks'll know.'"

"Well, you see," said Jimmy looking serious; "it isn't a common way of cooking a goose, but ven it is served up after fish, at de nobility's dinners, they postpone it. Now, this is de mode—After drawin' de bird, stuff it with a mixture of 'ard boiled eggs, chopped fine, onions, ditto, apples ditto; biscuit pounded into bits, and portions of a fish previously broiled on de fire. Then put de goose into de pot, boil it for 'alf an' our, place it in de oven, and bake it for 'alf an' our; then put it on your spit, roast it until done and serve it with gravy."

Centaur listened with attention, and nothing upon the tablet of his brain all Jimmy's directions, started for the gallery highly elated.  
 Dinner time arrived, and Centaur won honors by the style in which he served the fish. Dish after dish appeared; and when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who upon removing the cover, to his indignation, discovered the goose! His wrath was not to be suppressed, and in a passion, he shouted—"Send that infernal cook aft!"

Centaur entered the cabin very good humoredly, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was startled by the question—

"What do you mean, scoundrel, by disobedience of orders?"  
 "Obed orders, sa; done jest what you said sa."

"Obeyed orders, you rascal? Didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?"  
 "Course you did, sa; and I did it."  
 "Did what?" shouted the captain.  
 "Postponed de goose, sa, cordin' to directions."

The passengers saw the joke, and burst into a laugh. The captain was somewhat mortified and requested Centaur to explain himself.  
 "Well, sa," said he, "you ordered me to cook de fish and postpone de goose. Now, I eber postpone in all my life, an' on course didn't know nothin' 'bout it; but Jimmy Ducks 'lighten me ob de subject, an' I foller exactly his description. I had trouble enough; don't want to postpone another no how."

Everybody laughed at Centaur's explanation, and even the captain smiled.  
 "Be off, you blockhead!" he said, "and send Jimmy Ducks here!"  
 The darkey was off in a twinkling, and there being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose, but could not tell whether we were eating fish, duck or fowl. Jimmy soon appeared again, and was compelled to repeat the directions

he had given to the cook, forgiveness only being extended to him on the condition that he should eat the whole of the goose. The punishment was not very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that goose.

"My heyes!" was his exclamation when he had completed the task; "if that's a postponed goose, I wish de cap'n ud 'ave one postponed every week. De dressin' 'owsever, might be varied' so as to be a little more palatable."

### A Race with a Widower.

Mercurial Jehosaphat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder.—We chartered an omnibus for two, on Christmas, and started. Widder, said I, where shall he go to? She blushed, and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say.

"Well Jehuel, if you insist upon it, and I am to have my choice, I had rather go to church."

"What for, widder?" said I.  
 "Oh, Jehuel how can you ask me?"  
 "Cause I want to know," said I.  
 "Well—(blushing redder than beef)—it is such cold weather now, and the nights are so cold, and—oh, Jehuel, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, psshaw, widder, spit it out; what do you mean?"  
 The widder riled. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out with—  
 "If you can't understand me you're a heartless brute, so you are!"  
 "Hold your horses!" said I. "What's all this about? I'm not a brute, nor never was; and if a man called me that I'd boot him, sure!"

And then I biled right over, and unbottled my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my wind pipe, and she flung her arms round my neck, and put her lips to mine, and cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear!" said she, in an insinuating way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey I wanted to go to church to get married—I can't say it all, you finish the word, Jehuel, sweet."  
 "What word, marn?"  
 "Oh, you stupid Jehuel, dear. I mean the word married, love!"

"Indeed I did Jehuel, love!"  
 "Look here marn, my name isn't Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet, I'd have you to know, and I won't get married to nobody but one, and you are not de shie!"  
 Oh, pester pennies, but didn't she rave? She made one dash at me, I dodged, and she went butt up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crash went her comb, and smash went that bran new bonnet that I didn't buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she rose again, and made one more dash at me, I dropped—she went over me and blotted the door of the omnibus, and out she went—her gaiter boots higher than her head as she struck the pavement.

"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.  
 "Woman overboard!" cried a passing sailor.  
 "Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—Herald—publish," shrieked the widder in tone of mortal agony, while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.

"Drive on! drive on!" I shouted.  
 "Where to?" asked the driver.  
 "To the devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's Dam—anywhere, so we escape matrimony and the widder!"

He started, so did the widder, and then we had it up the avenue, the buss having the start of about a hundred yards. Foot to foot and widder gained. Thanks I, Jehuel, you are a goose, I thought it best to lighten ship. So first I have overboard the straw. Still she gained on me. Then overboard went the cushions. But still she gained.  
 "More steam driver, for mercy's sake!" I yelled.

"We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour."  
 Jehosaphat, how the widder run; she hove off her bonnet and came up hand over hand. A thought struck me, and so I off with my white coat and flung it right down in her path. She sprang on it like a she panther, and tore it to pieces. Oh, how they flew! I wept to see it go but life is sweeter than a coat, and my tailor is making me a new one. Here we gained full two hundred yards, but on she came again. Once more I could see the green in her eyes—Mercurial Moses how I felt.

"Driver," said I, "kill those horses or get another mill out of them."  
 "Will you pay for 'em?" he said.  
 "Yes, yes, said I, 'only save me from the widder.'"  
 By crackey, we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but she held her own beautifully. Thus we had it—out past the Red House—through Harlem—where Cape Graham, with three mounted police-

men, in vain attempted to catch us, he probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund.

My only hope was in reaching Degroot's ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver," said I, "Jump that bridge and I'll make your fortune for life, as sure as you're born."  
 "I'll do it or die," he cried. And he did it. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

### Revolutionary Anecdote.

The following revolutionary anecdote is related in the Virginia Illustrated. In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions in the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Harly, the father of the present squire. All those of the household who drew the sword were with the armies of their country, but they had by no means carried with them all their pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with so much spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers, who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befel many others. But the passage of such a troop was like the visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder stacks had disappeared, granaries were empty, meat houses filled, piggy and poultry yards silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the same sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The negroes had returned from their hiding places and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Moccovy drake crept out from beneath the corn house where he had taken refuge during that reign of terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back; the matron's patience gave way under it.

"Jack," she screamed, "catch that duck! With the instinct of obedience, Jack bounded upon the wheezing waddler. With countenance of ashy hue and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order."  
 "Now ride after the troopers, ride for your life. Give my compliments to Col. Tarleton—mind, to none else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments and tell him my mistress says he forgot to take that duck!"

Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts.  
 "Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?"  
 "Sartin, Missus!"  
 "To Col. Tarleton himself?"  
 "Sartin, Missus!"  
 "And what did he say?"  
 "He put duck in he wallet, and say he much obliged!"

### Hotel Affairs.

A gentleman away off in Arkansas, who had been stopping at a cross country tavern about two weeks, writes to a friend about the manner in which "hotel affairs" are conducted. He says:

- The regulations of the house are written in a bold, round hand, and tacked on to the door of each bed-room. The rules are rigidly enforced, and the slightest deviation is met with the penalty.—Here they are:
- 1.—Gentlemen will black their boots before leaving their rooms, or they will not be admitted to the table, with an extra charge of a bit a meal.
- 2.—Gentlemen going to bed with their boots on will be fined a quarter for first offence, four bits for the second, and turned out and sued for their board for the third—the landlord holding on to the plunder.
- 3.—No person allowed to call twice for the same dish, without paying an extra bit.
- 4.—Any gentleman found going to the lady's rooms, will be fined five dollars, and perhaps turned out if the case is aggravating.
- 5.—All travellers are expected to treat before leaving the house—the landlord holding on to the plunder until he comes out.
- 6.—Loud snoring not allowed, and a fine of a bit for every offence.
- 7.—Country soap for washing given free, a bit a week for town soap.
- 8.—A half-dime will be charged for the privilege of the back porch, on shady afternoons.
- 9.—The landlord trusts that his boarders will observe the above rules, and say nothing, or the proper means will be taken to see that they do.

### John White and Susan Black.

ANOTHER SENSATION STORY.

BY C. SCHUBERT, JR.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.

We know a good story. It is true. All the incidents happened very much as we shall relate. The moral is unexceptionable. It is about John White and Susan Black.

CHAPTER II.—READ IT.

John White was raised on a rough, rocky farm, in the State of Connecticut. Susan, ditto. John knew something about hard work. So did Susan. John had a mechanical genius. Susan had not. A neighbor of John's having emigrated to a smart manufacturing village in the State of New York, wrote to John that he would give him twenty dollars a month. John went.

CHAPTER III.—MARVELOUS.

John saved his wages. His employer engaged in merchandise, and put John into the store. In process of time Mr. Smith (for such was the name by which John's employer was known) went to the West. John bought him out. John White became a merchant on his own account. He was reported to be worth four or five thousand dollars.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GIRLS.

There were young ladies in those days. And beautiful, dashing damsels they were, too. Of some half-a-dozen, it was hard to tell which was the belle of the town. Certain it was that each strove to out-do and outshine all others in the matter of general accomplishment and particular blandishments. They all sang sweetly, danced gracefully, read novels tearfully, played the piano prettily, and traded at John's store. "Mr. White," for thus he was addressed by the ladies aforesaid, waited on them personally. His clerk could never explain the goods satisfactorily. John was all politeness. His very nature was to please his customers. Therein he found his advantage.

CHAPTER V.—THE VISIT.

John White has occasion to visit the land of his nativity. It was known all through the village that he was to be absent for a few days. On the evening preceding his departure he was tendered a complimentary party. He accepted! All the ladies who had distinguished themselves as his most faithful and persevering customers were present. They were dressed splendidly. They put on their sweet smiles. They were positively charming to behold. John felt as happy as a man can feel and live.

CHAPTER VI.—THE RETURN.

John was absent just three days. He returned accompanied with a young lady. Good help was scarce, and it was known that his boarding-house keeper was greatly in need of a trusty and industrious servant. John's companion evidently was not Irish. Perhaps she was a sister, or cousin, or some plain farmer's daughter who had come on a visit? John and his companion had not been very long in the store before he was congratulated on his new servant by nearly all the marriageable females of the place. He received them most graciously. Indeed, he looked so happy that each supposed, when he so cordially grasped her hand (as his manner was,) that he was surely in love now, if never before. John did mean something, no doubt.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CATASTROPHE.

So soon as order was restored, John presented his companion. "Shall I have the pleasure to introduce to these good ladies, my friend—she that was Miss Susan Black, now Mrs. White? Some folks looked thunder-struck. All soon retired, with as little noise and confusion as could have been expected under the circumstances.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE UPRAID.

Hard things were said of John for the space of three weeks. The whole village was scandalized. It was a living shame for John to throw himself away. It was a disgrace to all the people to bring such a "no better than she should be" into the place, when there were so many, twice as accomplished, and four times as well-dressed, and who could be had for the asking.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WINDING UP.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize. What can't be cured must be endured.—It is of no use to cry for spilled milk. Though John's wife was not handsome, she was, in the language of Solomon, the wise man, "a good thing." John and his wife lived happy together, and prospered in their business. And it was not many months after their marriage, when the very same ladies who were so indignant at John's choice, and who had even called John's wife "a white-washed black-bird," became very frequent visitors to her house. Certain it is that not one of them ever declined an invitation to tea.

"Why are there so few convicts in the Michigan penitentiary this year?" asked Sam's friend, a day or two since.  
 "Why," said Sam, "they send them by the Pontiac Railroad, and their fingers freeze before they get there."

### Speech of Logan, the Mingo Chief.

It is now the question with some, whether BANCREFT, in the forthcoming volume of his history, will retain or discard the celebrated speech of LOGAN, the Mingo Chief.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* states that the subject is an exact and literal copy of the speech which was presented to General EUSTACHE by Lord DUNMORE, the Governor of LOGAN, before whom it was delivered by LOGAN. It is now, we believe, considered a settled historical fact, that Col. CREASAP had nothing to do with the murder of LOGAN's family—who the guilty person was, has not yet been ascertained.

"My cabin, since I first had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man who wanted shelter; my spoils of hunting, since I first began to range these woods, have I ever freely imparted to appease his hunger and clothe his nakedness; but what have I seen? what but that at my return at night, and laden with spoil, my numerous family lie bleeding on the ground, by the hands of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the inclement storm; who had eaten my food and covered themselves with my skins. What have I seen? but that those dear little mouths, for which I had sweated the live long day, when I returned at eve to fill them, had not one word to thank me for my toil!"

"What could I resolve upon? My blood boiled within me, and my heart leaped up to my mouth, nevertheless I bid my tomahawk be quiet, and lie at rest for that war, because I thought that the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long afterwards, some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river and bring their venison with them; they, unsuspecting of design, came as they had been invited; the white men then made them drunk, killed them, and turned their knives even against the women. Was not my sister among them? Was she not scalped by the hands of that man whom she had taught how to escape his enemies, when they were scenting out his track? What could I resolve upon? My blood now boiled thrice hotter than before, and thrice again my heart leaped up to my mouth; no longer did I bid my tomahawk to be quiet, and lie at rest for that war, because I no longer thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, which I have fully done this war, by shedding yours from your coldest to your hottest sun; thus revenged I am now for peace, and have advised most of my countrymen to be so too—nay! what is more, I have offered and still offer myself as a victim, being ready to die if their good require it."

"Think not that I am afraid to die, for I have no relations left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these—I would not turn on my heel to escape death, for I have neither wife, nor child, nor sister to howl for me when I'm gone."  
 "Is FATHER HERE?"—A young man came into a city station house yesterday afternoon, and inquired: "Is father in here?" I do not know: what is his name? said the lieutenant on duty. The name was given, and the record exhibited it, with "drunk and disorderly" attached as the charge.

"Can I see him a moment—he is my father?" was the response, and the young man was conducted to the iron cage where the father had been confined since morning, now sobered and in his right mind. "Father," said the visitor, "Jane is dead!" And the young man choked at the sentence, while the strong nerved father vented his grief in tears and loud expressions of sorrow.

While the sister and daughter lay upon her dying bed the father had indulged in liquid potatoes that detroned reason, and had been arrested and confined in the station house. The son asked for his release, and the kind hearted officers opened his prison door, and with a word of comfort and warning set him free.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Partington, as she stood looking at the placards stuck all over the front of a store, advertising "damaged goods for sale." It was not a big-B like those which doctors begin their prescriptions with, but the simple ejaculation "ah!" and as she said it, people going along listened to hear what she had to say. "This," continued she, running along like a wheelbarrow, "is what's meant by Mr. Jaqueths where he says 'sweat are the uses of advertisements,' but—here she butted against the word 'damaged,' making two syllables of it, with a profane construction on the first, that made her hold up her hands in unqualified horror. "But though the goods are aged, I don't see the need of putting it quite so strong—so much stronger than the goods are, I dare say." Like here pulled at her sleeve, and at the same time kicking a big dog on the nose, who was smelling at her 'ridicule,' and the old lady walked on amid the crowd.—*Boston Post*.

"In what does the American Indian differ from a modern lady? The one whoops in time of battle, the other sneezes in time of peace."