



McBRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 3.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1858.

NO. 18.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
McBRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.
Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1.50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Select Poetry.

To My Mother.
The following lines, written by a poet in the Ohio penitentiary, are touching and beautiful.
I've wandered far from the mother,
Far from my happy home,

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, it is not only 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.

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 it is 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 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 MATTERS, 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 up 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 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 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 above 20 at the same rate—\$1 per copy.
This 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.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscribers to the Tribune. A liberal percentage will be allowed.

Select Miscellany.

AN IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.
A FIRST-RATE STORY.
"For Heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then?" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl, to whom Chas. Westley spoke. "There, is that grave enough? See the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, my eyes are rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing with a smile, at the pretty face piqued in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, and he resumed, gravely, after a pause, "The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."
"I cannot, Susy, and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.
"That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so; it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently frothing and fuming internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window, and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.
"Ob, what a beautiful bird is on the lilac tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Do come and see it!"
Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

A Tall Jump.

"Hello, Charley!" shouted Ned, as he burst into my room, in the attic of a \$2.50 boarding house in the Bowery, on the first day of April, about an hour before the bell was expected to ring for dinner.
"Well Ned, what's the row?"
"Nothing. How much money have you got?"
"Only about fifty. Why?"
"Thunder! I lent you thirty last night. I'll tell you what it is, Ned, I've only got this fifty, and if you get on one of your benders, and spend it, I shall be hard up here till—"

I gave Ned my wallet, and followed him down into the street. "Which way, Ned? Where are you bound?" But he went off down towards Chatham Square, like a locomotive on trial. I followed in his wake about two rods astern. On he went through Chatham street, along Park Row, down Bowery till he came opposite Trinity church, when he stopped, and after gazing up at the tall steeple for about five minutes, he deliberately pulled off his coat, and handed it to me to hold for him. Next off came his hat and vest. I thought he was crazy. He pulled off his boots and a crowd began to gather about us. Ned took out his watch and handed it to me.

The rush to the spot was such that in three minutes Broadway was blocked up. "What's all this? What's going on?" inquired a dozen eager voices.
"Gentlemen," said Ned, "you see that open place up there in that steeple—right where the bell hangs?"
"Ye's! ye's!" screamed fifty of the crowd in answer to the question.
"Well, gentlemen, I'm going to jump up there!"
"You can't do it, instantly came from twenty of the by-standers.
"I'll bet he can," said an old gentleman behind Ned, whom half of the crowd knew as one of the richest merchants in Pearl street.

Ned looked over his shoulder in astonishment. The old merchant smiled and nodded his head.
"Good!" shouted Ned, "I've got one backer. I thought I'd have to bet my small pile alone, and he pulled out his wallet.
"I'll bet two to one that you can't jump up there," said a man coming close up to Ned with his fist full of bills.
"Three to one!" chirped another.
"Four to one!" shouted a third person.
"Five!" "Six!" "Seven!"—and fifty sporting men crowded around Ned.
"I'll tell you what it is gentlemen," said Ned quietly, "I haven't got much money, but I'll go it as long as it lasts; so just choose your stake holders, and let's be at it."

That matter was soon arranged, and the betting went on from seven till one, till Ned's wallet and mine were drained.
"Thunder!" yelled Ned, "I wish I had a thousand dollars. Here, Charley, give me my hat, coat, vest, boots, I'll bet—"

Origin of the Odd Fellows.

Many persons who are under the impression that the society of Odd Fellows is an organization of modern times, will be somewhat surprised to learn that its origin dates as far back as the times of Nero, and was established by the Roman soldiers in the year 55. At that time they were called 'Fellow-Citizens,' the present name being given to them by Titus Caesar, twenty-four years afterwards, and they were so called from the singular character of their meetings, and from their knowing each other by night or day, by means of mystical signs and language. At the same time he presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems of mortality. In the fifth century the Order was established in the Spanish dominions, and in Portugal in the sixth century. It did not reach France and England until the eleventh century. It was then established in the latter country by John De Neville, who, assisted by five knights from France, formed a Grand Lodge in London. This ancient fraternity has now its lodges in every quarter of the globe, and by its usefulness and benevolent character, commands the respect and countenance of all who are acquainted with its nature and purposes.

Some time ago, on a Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with baskets for contributions. Parson L., who was one of the basket bearers, taking the side on which we sat. Immediately in front, and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H., a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L.—extended the basket and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the Parson.
"Can't do it," replied Bill.
"Why not?" Is not the cause a good one?"
"Ye's; but I am not able to give any thing."
"Pooh! pooh! I know better, you must give a better reason than that."
"Well, I owe too much money—must be just before I am generous, you know."
"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."
"That's true, Parson, but then he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"
The Parson's face got into a rather curious confusion as he passed on.

BRAVE TROUBLE.—Sayeth Beecher: "We should brave trouble as the New England boy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the snowy hill, yet he lingers not by the fire, but with his books slung over his shoulder, and his cap tied closely under his chin he sets forth to face the storm. And when he reaches the top ridge where the powdered snow lies in drifts and the north wind comes keen and biting, does he shrink and cower down beneath the fences, or run into the house to warm himself? No! he dashes fearlessly on, and at last reaches his destined goal—just as every other traveller in life's career, will do who does not permit himself to be discouraged by a little trouble."

CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP.—At an oyster supper the other day, in Albany, there were present—one father, three daughters, one son, one mother, three grand-daughters, three sisters-in-law, one uncle, one brother-in-law, three aunts, four cousins, one wife, one nephew, one grandson, three nieces, one husband, one brother, and three sisters. And yet strange to say, there were only four persons present.

Not parties, but principles.

Let us be of no party but God's party, and use all other agencies as we use railroad cars—traveling upon one train as far as it will take us in the right direction, and then leaving it for another.

When we think of the labor required to rear the few that are in our household—the weariness, the anxiety, the burden of life—how wonderful seems God's work! for he carries heaven, and earth, and all realms in his bosom.

Cockney epitaph for a Cook.—To his ashes.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fast secret acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various notices and advertisements.

Vertical text on the right margin containing various notices and advertisements.