



McCRUM & DEERN, PUBLISHERS
VOL. 3.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1858.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NO. 36.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE

McCRUM & DEERN, Publishers and Proprietors
No. 100 North Second Street, Altoona, Pa.

For annual subscription, in advance, \$1.50
For quarterly, in advance, 40 cents
For monthly, in advance, 15 cents

Advertisements, by the square, for the first week, 10 cents; for the second week, 8 cents; for the third week, 6 cents; for the fourth week, 5 cents; for the fifth week, 4 cents; for the sixth week, 3 cents; for the seventh week, 2 cents; for the eighth week, 1 cent; for the ninth week, 1 cent; for the tenth week, 1 cent.

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY

CHURCHES
Episcopal Church, Rev. J. H. ...
Methodist Episcopal, Rev. J. H. ...
Presbyterian, Rev. J. H. ...
Roman Catholic, Rev. J. H. ...
Unitarian, Rev. J. H. ...

ALTOONA RAIL SCHEDULE
Western Way and ...
Harrisburg and ...
Pittsburgh and ...

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Be Systematic.

It will add more to your convenience and comfort through life than you can imagine. It saves time, saves temper, saves patience, and saves money. For a while it may be a little troublesome, but you will soon find it is easier to do right than wrong; that it is easier to go by rule than without one.

Be Systematic.

It will add more to your convenience and comfort through life than you can imagine. It saves time, saves temper, saves patience, and saves money. For a while it may be a little troublesome, but you will soon find it is easier to do right than wrong; that it is easier to go by rule than without one.

A Story With a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co. was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for nearly seven years. Being of familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A Story With a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co. was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for nearly seven years. Being of familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A Fight in Church.

The Lowell Citizen states that on Sunday morning, Rev. T. Lamphear was entering his pulpit in the Orthodox church, at Exeter N. H., one of the 'ladies' of his choir made a furious attack on another female singer. The scuffle soon terminated, but just as the services were commencing the first belligerent 'went in' again, thus indulging in a 'repeat' as well as a 'shake.' This music was decidedly peculiar, as every 'best' was accepted. Bonnets were quickly resolved into their original bits of ribbon; mysteries of the toilet exposed in a way not often seen in the sanctuary. Worse than all, the faces of the sweet singers of the temple were scratched by each others nails in a manner that however unfeeling, was not at all un-feline. After the combatants had suffered considerable literary like the skeletons of their former selves, some of the other sex mustered courage enough to part them. The original assailant however had to be carried forcibly out of the 'seats,' to prevent her from making another crescendo attempt at repeating her mad-rigal. The cause of the trouble was that the assailant accused the assailed of flirting with the leader of the choir, a married man and son-in-law of the vicar. This sort of jealousy has led the amazon into previous troubles with various females.

A Fight in Church.

The Lowell Citizen states that on Sunday morning, Rev. T. Lamphear was entering his pulpit in the Orthodox church, at Exeter N. H., one of the 'ladies' of his choir made a furious attack on another female singer. The scuffle soon terminated, but just as the services were commencing the first belligerent 'went in' again, thus indulging in a 'repeat' as well as a 'shake.' This music was decidedly peculiar, as every 'best' was accepted. Bonnets were quickly resolved into their original bits of ribbon; mysteries of the toilet exposed in a way not often seen in the sanctuary. Worse than all, the faces of the sweet singers of the temple were scratched by each others nails in a manner that however unfeeling, was not at all un-feline. After the combatants had suffered considerable literary like the skeletons of their former selves, some of the other sex mustered courage enough to part them. The original assailant however had to be carried forcibly out of the 'seats,' to prevent her from making another crescendo attempt at repeating her mad-rigal. The cause of the trouble was that the assailant accused the assailed of flirting with the leader of the choir, a married man and son-in-law of the vicar. This sort of jealousy has led the amazon into previous troubles with various females.

AND ITS PREPARATION

Published, Care of the Editor, at the Tribune Office, No. 100 North Second Street, Altoona, Pa.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge of the County, ...
County Clerk, ...
County Treasurer, ...
County Surveyor, ...
County Assessor, ...
County Jailor, ...
County Coroner, ...
County Constable, ...

ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM

WM. N. SHUGART
101 North 2d Street, Philadelphia.

Jack & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Canned Goods, etc.
No. 100 North Second Street, Altoona, Pa.

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Select Poetry

When I am old—and, O how soon!
White hair upon my temples
And wrinkles on my forehead
And a dim gleam in my eyes
And a tremor in my voice
And a sigh on my lips
And a tear on my cheek
And a smile on my face
And a look in my eyes
And a glow in my cheeks
And a light in my heart
And a peace in my soul
And a love in my life
And a hope in my death

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs. An amusing incident occurred on the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and half asleep imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright she implored her Maker for mercy on her, remarking at the same time: 'The devil has got me at last.' Her mistress, sitting in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called out: 'Mellie don't make a noise; it is not afraid. The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you, just what I expected. I always thought if ever I got to the bad place, I would see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with much vehemence, but not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs. An amusing incident occurred on the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and half asleep imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright she implored her Maker for mercy on her, remarking at the same time: 'The devil has got me at last.' Her mistress, sitting in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called out: 'Mellie don't make a noise; it is not afraid. The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you, just what I expected. I always thought if ever I got to the bad place, I would see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with much vehemence, but not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs. An amusing incident occurred on the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and half asleep imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright she implored her Maker for mercy on her, remarking at the same time: 'The devil has got me at last.' Her mistress, sitting in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called out: 'Mellie don't make a noise; it is not afraid. The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you, just what I expected. I always thought if ever I got to the bad place, I would see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with much vehemence, but not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs. An amusing incident occurred on the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and half asleep imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright she implored her Maker for mercy on her, remarking at the same time: 'The devil has got me at last.' Her mistress, sitting in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called out: 'Mellie don't make a noise; it is not afraid. The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you, just what I expected. I always thought if ever I got to the bad place, I would see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with much vehemence, but not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

A Cure for Scrofula.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied in old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl or saucer, drop in two copper cents; it will effervesce; leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest elder vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe put in a little rain water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush of rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application know to be a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one-third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

A Cure for Scrofula.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied in old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl or saucer, drop in two copper cents; it will effervesce; leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest elder vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe put in a little rain water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush of rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application know to be a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one-third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

A Cure for Scrofula.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied in old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl or saucer, drop in two copper cents; it will effervesce; leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest elder vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe put in a little rain water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush of rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application know to be a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one-third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

A Cure for Scrofula.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had giving the cure for scrofula have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied in old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl or saucer, drop in two copper cents; it will effervesce; leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of the strongest elder vinegar. The fluid will be a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe put in a little rain water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush of rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application know to be a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot one-third of the flesh was gone and all the skin except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it.

CHERISH YOUR WIFE.

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often she is good in spite of example! God made her weaker than man, might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy in protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so entrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven's design; is to be a monster, a coward and a fool.—Exchange.

CHERISH YOUR WIFE.

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often she is good in spite of example! God made her weaker than man, might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy in protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so entrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven's design; is to be a monster, a coward and a fool.—Exchange.

CHERISH YOUR WIFE.

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often she is good in spite of example! God made her weaker than man, might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy in protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so entrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven's design; is to be a monster, a coward and a fool.—Exchange.

CHERISH YOUR WIFE.

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often she is good in spite of example! God made her weaker than man, might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy in protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so entrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven's design; is to be a monster, a coward and a fool.—Exchange.