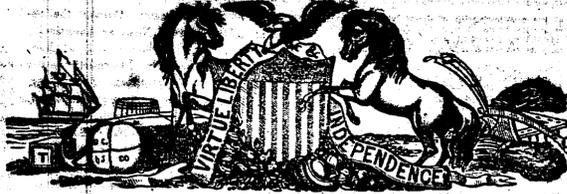


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ALTOONA



Tribune.

McGURUM & DERN, VOL. 5.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NO. 2.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE. For annum, payable in advance, \$1.50. All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time...

SAVING FUND. National SAFETY TRUST Company.

SAVING FUND.—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY.—CHARTERED BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Select Poetry.

The following exquisite lines were found in the Louisville Journal, and are anonymous. The editor says:—We do not care for the authors of poetry to read them without exclaiming—How beautiful!

A lady correspondent, who professes to be horrified at the indelicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot on every copy she sees.

The common opinion is that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide.

A writer in a Virginia paper devotes three columns to describing the great Blue Ridge Tunnel. We hardly know which is the greatest bore, the tunnel, or the description of it.

W. H. Hooe, a postmaster in Vermont, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks "who has got the money?"

An impudent anonymous correspondent signing himself "Ned Bucket," expresses the wish that we were dead. Very well—let him show himself in person, and we pledge ourselves to "kick the Bucket."

A Southern lady has abandoned the Shaker establishment near Hopkinton, to marry Mr. James Bean, aged seventy-five. She must be fond of dried beans.

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for the want of money, and she for want of a husband; and "misery makes strange bedfellows."

A father and son, Anthony and Thomas Srew, escaped on the 25th ult., from the Wetumpka jail. There are two screws loose.

A lady in Montreal on the 1st, recovered \$2,900 of a Maj. Breckford for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. She ought to set a high value on the money, she got it by a tight squeeze.

The above are from the new work by the editor of the "Louisville Journal," entitled "PUNISHMENTS," just published, and which will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of One Dollar, by DERRY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

Mr. Henry A. Rhule says, in a Mississippi paper, that he has "worked seasonally for the administration." Now let him turn and work faithfully against it.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne County, have twenty-two children. Theirs is, perhaps, the most extensive brewery in the West.

Mr. J. S. Fall, a Mississippi editor, asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly before Fall, if ever.

A man named J. S. Bill has set up a shaving shop in one of our western cities. We know him of old. Whenever he takes off his beard, he shaves a bad Bill.

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Belles call young gentlemen to church more frequently than Bells do.

It is from inability to discover what they ought to do, that men err in practice.

Why is a partner in a firm like a ploughman? Because he is a share-holder.

"You're a queer chicken," as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

The following is an instance of beginning life with a small capital—T. J. P. B.

"I am losing flesh," as the butcher remarked when his cart was robbed.

"Keep your jaw to yourself," as the Philistines said to Sampson.

As big as you are, I always keep about of you, as the forewheels said to the hind ones.

"I must punish you, child, because I love you." "Oh, dear! pa—I'd rather you would hate me and let me alone."

Hops is like a rook in a hot climate—the shadow is worth more than the substance.

Fame is like an all—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Why are globes used in schools like a man who supposes every one to be honest? They are a superficial view of the world.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is unquestionably.

"This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broom.

An Irishman writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he was only his uncle!

"God," said Fuller in his quaint way, "might have made a better fruit than a strawberry—but certainly he never did."

The clergy live by our sins, the doctor by our diseases, and the lawyer by our follies. What do printers live on—epigrams—what?

It has been demonstrated that each fibre in the eye, or expanded optic nerve, cannot exceed the size of the 828,000th part of a hair.

"What makes all these apothecary shops have stone floors?" said Billy to Sam, as they stood at the counter.

"Don't you know, Billy? It's so that if a fellow drops his bottle, he'll be sure to break it."

"Why," said a lover to his mistress, are you like that hinge?" "Ours' great guess." "Because you are something to a door." (adore). She cut his acquaintance immediately, which, we surmise, considerably unhinged him.

Mrs. Partington addressed Isaac, while eating a dish of strawberries, thus: "How grand you are growing; by and you will want to board at the Brevier House, live on umbrella ice-cream. You mustn't be so glutinous, my dear; I don't like to see a little boy with such a velocity of appetite."

The Bashful Man. Washington Irving at a party in England, one day, playfully asserted that the love of annexation of the Anglo-Saxons on every occasion proceeded probably from its masculine haste rather than its greediness.

As a proof, he cited the story of a bashful friend of his, who, being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next the hostess in a great excitement, owing his release life. A few glasses of wine mounting to his brain, completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of his presence of mind. Casting his eyes down, he saw on his lap some white linen.

"Good heavens," thought he, "that's my shirt protruding at my waistband!" He immediately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress; but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain.

At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash around him and a scream from the company, brought him to his senses.

He had been all the time stuffing the table-cloth into his breeches, and the last move had swept everything clean off the table!

Thus our bashful friend annexed a table-cloth, thinking it was the tail of his own shirt.

W. M. LLOYD & CO., JOHNSTON, JACK & CO., BANKERS.

Commonwealth Insurance Co., HARRISBURG, PA.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD.

"Stand out of my way," said a little star to a cloud that was bound on its way; "I cannot be seen by the planet afar, if you see obscure my pure ray."

J. D. LEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

W. R. BOYERS, AGENT, ALTOONA, PA.

LANDS! LANDS! LANDS!!!

CITY INSURANCE COMPANY, W. R. BOYERS, AGENT.

W. R. BOYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST Co., Capital Stock, \$500,000.

NOW FOR FITS!—THE SUB-

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BLAIR COUNTY INSURANCE Co., Capital Stock, \$500,000.

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LYCOMING COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

B. F. ROYER, M. D.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE Co., Capital Stock, \$500,000.

MORE LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE Co., Capital Stock, \$500,000.

O YES! O YES!—GENTLEMEN

Bakery and Grocery Store.

J. G. ADLUM, Notary Public.

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LYN'S PREPARATION FOR EX-

Boots and Shoes.—THE UN-

SELLING OFF—A LARGE AS-

Medicated Fur Shies Pro-

CLASS 8x10 to 20x24, AND OUT

BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

SPECTACLES AND EYE PRESER-

Select Miscellany.

A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for marrying three wives.

The editor of a western paper recently fanned himself "a live ox"; but since our rough handling of him, he is beginning to conclude that he is only jerked beef.

The "Southern Mercury" says that Mr. P. O. Thomas "has received the commission as Postmaster." So there's a post-office gone to P. O. T.

A Pittsburg paper says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that "she bore her husband twenty children and never gave him a cross word." She must have obeyed the good old precept—"bear and forbear."

A Newbern paper says that Mrs. Alice Day of that city was lately delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a Day may bring forth.

A Buffalo paper announces that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a bill into the Legislature. Is the editor sure he minded his 'p's' in his announcement?

The editor of the Boston "Liberator" calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expect so old a friend from their bosoms.

Messrs. Bell & Topp, of the "N. C. Gazette," says that "Pantions are made to serve masters." Well, Bells were made to be hung and Topp's to be whipped.

The editor of an Indiana paper says, "more willows are on foot." We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men on the ground and six misses.

A Mr. J. Black, declares for dissolution of the Union. Let him have a traitor's reward: "Hung be the heavens with Black."

The Ohio River is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but a great deal of bottom.

A young widow has established a pistol gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of duelling are of course undoubted; she has killed her man.

A New England writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better treated than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose that this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

Mrs. Lucy Hill complains, in an Arkansas paper, that her nephew has trampled upon her rights and feelings. The graceless young rascal should be allowed to trample upon his aunt's Hill.

A Canadian paper mentions the marriage of Mr. Joseph Starting to Miss Anne Stirling. Love strokes are not usually severe, but this one, it is plain, has knocked out a tooth.

A woman in Florida, named Cross, lately gave birth to an infant son which weighed only one pound. That Cross wasn't hard to bear.

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assaulted in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters. Flint was knocked down, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint Sparks flew.

Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th inst. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin' Hood.

A Mr. Bentley has been indicted in Alabama for striking a stranger with an axe. He says that he didn't know but that the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he axed him.

A quizzical editor in Arkansas, who rejoices in the rather quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is generally slow in its progress." Probably it is never in such a hurry as he.

A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A Smack would have been more appropriate.

A man in our State, who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

The "Beaver Argus" records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get spliced.

How evident that men make all the proverbs! See how hard upon woman are a few of the most common—

"A rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a girl."

"A beautiful woman smiling bespeaks a purse weeping."

"Every woman would rather be handsome than good."

"A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer."

"Three daughters and a mother, four devils for the father."

"A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

"Alas, father! another daughter is born unto you!" (is a Spanish exclamation of condolence.)

"A rich wife is a source of quarrel." "It is an ill house where the hon is the talking bird."

"He who marries ill is very long in becoming widowed."

"A rich widow weeps with one eye and laughs with the other."

"A happy couple is a husband deaf and a wife blind."

"Woman's tears are a fountain of craft."

AN EXTINGUISHER.—Dr. X. attended a masquerade ball. In the motley and happy throng he falls in with a fair pilgrim in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitchingly coquettish airs awaken in his soul the most rapturous love.

She casts upon him looks of the most languishing tenderness, he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest. He musters up his courage, and ventures to address her—

"Who art thou, lovely ma'am?" asks the doctor almost melted in the glow of love.

"Is it possible you don't know me, doctor?"

"Upon my honor I do not know thee." "Bethink yourself, dear doctor."

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"Ah! thou art surely the gracious fairy who has appeared to me to-day for the fourth time, to open to me the gates of bliss."

"You mistake, doctor; I am no fairy." "Ah! who art thou, then?"

"I am the well-known lady to whom you have now these nine weeks been indebted in the sum of two dollars and seven shillings for washing and ironing."

The doctor stood like a petrified herring.

Washington, visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

Very touching and beautiful were the words of the old schoolmaster, as life passed away. "It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed." Down to the very gate of an unsexed world he carried his love and regard for the children whom he had trained.

The lash that a man does not object to having laid on his shoulders, is the eyelash of a pretty girl.

Strong Men.—The Metropolitan Company have two of the strongest men in Boston in their employ. One of them is engaged in the car-house on the line, and by practice is enabled to lift 1000 pounds, without straps. The second man is a driver on one of the Norfolk horse-cars, and though not in good condition and practice can lift the above amount quite easily. Neither of the men weigh above two hundred pounds.