



McGURUM & DEBN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 5.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1860.

NO. 22.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McGURUM & DEBN, Publishers and Proprietors.

For annual, (payable invariably in advance) \$1.50

All orders discontinued at the expiration of the time

and for.

TRADE OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less, 1 insertion 2 do. 3 do.

One square, (lines), 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.

Two " (24 ") 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.

Three " (36 ") 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.

Over three weeks or less than three months, 25 cents per

square for each insertion.

Six months, 1 year.

One square, \$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50

Two " 2.00 3.00 4.00

Three " 2.50 3.50 4.50

Four " 3.00 4.00 5.00

Five " 3.50 4.50 5.50

Half a column, 10 10 10

One column, 20 20 20

Advertisements exceeding ten lines, fifty cents per square.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents per square.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8

lines with paper, per year, 10 00

Communications of a political character or individual in-

terest will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not exceeding the number of insertions

desired, will be continued till paid for and charged according

to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents per square.

Advertisements exceeding ten lines, fifty cents per square.

Select Poetry.

From the Mobile Sunday Register.

"DRESSING FOR CHURCH."

Has anybody heard the bell?

You have? dear me, I know full well

I'll never dress in time.

For mercy's sake, some help me, Jane;

I'll make my toilet quite plain.

(This is for the sake of rhyme.)

Here, lace this garter for me—

"A hole!" you say! please take the shoe!

Please, Jane, try and hide it.

I know it's Sunday—but, my soul,

I cannot wear it with a hole!

The men will spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,

(Tho' to be sure they needn't peep

The way we hold our dresses.)

It's happened them 'till to-day,

And cross myself I may do you say?

Don't laugh at my distress.

How beautifully this silk will rustle!

(Please hand me my "self-justifying bustle,"

My corset and my bodice.)

There now, I'll take five skirts, or six;

Do hurry, Jane, and help me fix—

You know I cannot stoop!

How shall I say my prayers to-day?

As if girls went to church to pray!

How can you be so foolish!

Here, pass this ribbon in clogs;

"What for?" to say, you silly one—

Now, Jane, don't be foolish!

It's no more harm than "lilly white"

(Please see if this check's polished right,

And hand my box of chalk.)

Now, damp the towel, Jane, dear,

And wipe this eye-brow—much I fear

I shall be late to walk.

Now, my bonnet, if you please—

That's as big as all our doors,

The awful sugar-scoop!

How my mantle's handsome, tho'

It cost enough to buy a man,

(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find

Just in that drawer—your're very kind

(Does my dress trail?)

It's all the fashion now, you know,

(Pray does the paint and powder show

Thro' this lace veil?)

Thank you, my dear! I believe I'm dressed,

The salute be praised! the day of rest

Comes only one in seven:

For if on all the other six

This trouble I should have to fix,

I'd never get to Heaven.

THE DAYS WE WORE NO CRIM-

OLINE.

ALL—"THE DAYS WE WORE NO CRIM-

OLINE."

Oh! the days we wore no crim-

oline,

A long time ago;

When we along the streets could walk

In comfort with each bead,

And hoops and springs, and such like things,

Our ladies forms were seen:

And ladies' raved and husbands stormed

About the crimes.

And wicked wags, with cruel jokes,

Could cause us cars and woe;

In the days we wore no crim-

oline,

A long time ago.

Our hearts were light, we felt no fright!

Through crowds to wend our way;

But now we're jammed and knocked about

Where'er we chance to stray.

With friends we then could stroll in boats,

On streams bright and fair;

But now our dresses are so large

There's no time to spare.

And then we hear the rascal say,

"It was not always so,

In the days we wore no crim-

oline,

A long time ago."

We then could pass each country lane

Without a single stir;

But now by fashions we're compelled

These horrid hoops to wear.

Then lovers came with joyous cries,

Our cavaliers to be;

To lead us up and down the town,

The things and lights to see;

But now they laugh and run away—

It was not always so,

In the days we wore no crim-

oline,

A long time ago.

If ever common sense should reign

O'er fashion's changing reign,

When we may dress as once we did,

Nor imitate a queen.

The men, also, must adopt

A more becoming men:

And they will give us lead the way,

Forward to the good old days.

Then we no more shall weep and say

"It was not always so,

In the days we wore no crim-

oline,

A long time ago."

THE GIRLS AND THE WIVES.

Somebody has written the following about the girls and

set it all off.

God bless the girls,

Whose golden curls

Blend with evening dreams;

They tempt our lives

Like spirits.

Oh—their smiles tempt the stream.

They fill our hearts,

They fill our hearts;

With dreams of summer hours;

God bless the girls,

Whose golden curls

Blend with evening dreams;

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