Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & ALLISON, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors

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Four lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$
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Wit & Humor.

A Parody.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holler" in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
Where cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered "Nary place!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary men may find
A place to smoke in peace—
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The wild waves sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopt for a while, and spluttered, "Yeou scout!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the girls
Who with their beaux embrace,
Tell me in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where muslin is not found,
And "kalliker" is not?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "Poh

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From women, girls and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where bachelors are blest—
Where females never go,
And man in peace may rest?
Faith, Hope and Truth—best boons to mortal given—
Waved their bright wings, and answered "Yes IN HEAVEN!"

MATRIMONIAL DISASTER.—"I'm getting ag grawated," said one of the hen-pecked to a friend whom he met in the street. "My wife is a sa ring critter—a sword of sharpness; she cuts th throats of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops of my comforts, freezes my prospects, ruins my reputation, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to meeting to make jackets for the boys. She gives all the wittles to the children, to make me spry and jump like a lampliter. I cant stand it—my troubles are overpowering, when I come to add them all up!"

"Pooh! nonsense—behave nice; don't make a noise in the streets—be a man, counselled his friend."

"How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours ain't my own; I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and three children. I'm a partnership concern; and so many has got their fingers in the pile that I must bust. I'll break, and sign over all the stock in trade to you."

MARRIED.—At Athens, Pa., on the 30th ult., Mr. James Bee and Miss Martha Ann Flower

Well hath this little *Bee*
Improved life's shining hour;
He gathers honey now all day
From one sweet chosen *Flower*
And from this hive, if heaven please,
He'll raise a swarm of little *Bees*.

☞ One of the best puns we have heard was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *anne*-mated and *benne*-fitted," was the ready reply.

☞ A correspondent from Northampton, Mass., is responsible for the following: "A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at our post office, the other day, and inquired if the 'Friend of Virtue,' had come. 'No,' replied the postmaster, 'there has been no such person here for a long time.'"

☞ A horse's motto:—Down hill, spare me; up hill, indulge me; on the level, push me; in the stable, plenty of oats. It is about time we understood something about horse-flesh.

Select Story.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

How I Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it.—I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock tails, cigar boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, band-boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea-custard bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'Twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot-hole, I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door-post. No sooner said than done—and I soon found myself snug in bed.—"Now!" says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling under quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, rap!" Then Lib sings out, "Jack, are you in there?" "Yes," says I. Then came a roar of laughter. "Let us in," says she. "I won't," says I, "can't you let a fellow alone!" "Are you abed?" says she. "I am," says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. "Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried; "can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!" And, throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said: "Jack you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!" Oh, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet-wire and ribbons in a hurry. "Smash!" went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls *will* peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women. "Oh, my Leghorn!" cries one. "My dear, dear, darling winter velvet!" cries another; and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal———her name was—put her arms right around my neck and kissed me smack on the lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I give her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to Fourth of July. "Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes," said I, "I will." I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hog-pen—the chickens were going to roost—the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs—the pollywogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in the hog pen full in Sal's face, dying her hair with an orange-peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn curls of jet-black hue—she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?" She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said, "Yes!" She gave clear out, then, and squatted in my lap—she corkscrewed and I curflumuxed and rolled in it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders and her breath smelt of onions which she ate the week before. Woll, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovie ducks. The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kerslap on the oil cloth, pulling Sal with me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and got spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh horror! a little six year-old-imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt thro' the hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude, a trifle more muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed and there all my troubles ended. Good night.

Yours, J. W. B.

Field-Marshal Radetzky.

The commander of the army in Italy, died at his palace in Milan, on the morning of the 5th of January, 1858, in his ninety-second year. Count Joseph Radetzky was born at Trebnitz, in Bohemia, in 1766.—His predilection for military adventures was early developed, and he commenced his military career on the 1st of August, 1781, as a cadet in a cavalry regiment.—He was called to take part in the long struggle with Napoleon, and in 1786 became an ensign, and twelve months afterward lieutenant. In 1793 he was made captain, and in 1796 major. In 1800 he obtained the colonelcy of the Albert cuirassiers; and in 1801 the rank of major-general. In the battles of 1813, 1814 and 1815, he gained honorable laurels, inasmuch as he defended the independence of his country; and at Kulm, Leipsic and Briene exhibited great bravery. He has since been nothing more than the able executioner of a soul-crushing tyrrany. He encountered on various fields Napoleon, Lanues, Oudinot, Davoust, Molifor and Massena. The most important events of his life, however, transpired in Italy throughout the revolution of 1847 and 1848.

Toward the close of 1847, the inhabitants of Milan, disaffected to the last degree to the Austrian government, which they regarded as the sign of foreign domination, resolved to injure the revenue of their oppressors by abstaining from the use of tobacco, and the use of cigars by an Italian thus became the sign of an anti-patriotic feeling. To bring this cigar question to some kind of issue, on the 3d of January, 1848, a supply of cigars was furnished to the soldiers of the Milan barracks, that they might smoke them in the streets. As was doubtless expected, the people resented this affront, and frequent collisions between them and the military took place during the day. The soldiers used their arms; many were wounded and some killed. In February the Emperor announced, in a letter to Archduke Rainer, that he would make no further concessions to the Lombard provinces.—The French revolution was heard of at Milan, and the people, excited as they were, remained unmoved. But, when the tidings of the revolution at Vienna came, the guard at the government house was attacked and overpowered. Two days afterwards, on the 26th of March, the Austrian cannon swept the streets of Milan; but the people got the advantage in many points. Radetzky determined on a bombardment. The people had taken possession of the palace of the Victory, and planted an immense Italian tri-color flag on the top of the cathedral. By means of balloons, the surrounding population were summoned to come to the help of the Milanse, and to destroy all the roads and bridges by which artillery could be brought to Radetzky. On the 23d, armed peasants from Lecco took the Como and Tosa gates, the citadel was evacuated, and the Austrians retired in two columns on Verona and Mantua.

On the 17th of March (1848) the news of the events at Vienna reached Milan.—On the next morning barricades were erected in every street of Milan: the revolution had commenced. After three days' fighting Radetzky retired in good order to Verona. The number of Austrian troops at Radetzky's command at this period was about 75,000 men. This includes the garrisons of the fortresses. Austria was too much occupied at home to send reinforcements. Charles Albert declared himself, and on the 25th of March a Sardinian army crossed the Ticino in two columns.—On the 8th of April he advanced against Radetzky. Skirmishing commenced on the 9th with the Austrian out-posts at Goito, about six miles from Mantua. After some severe fighting Charles Albert forced the passage, and Radetzky fell back, first on Mantua, then on Verona. The Italians were elated with success; reinforcements poured in from Tuscany, Rome and Naples. Radetzky concentrated his main force at Verona, leaving a strong division at Pastrengo to keep open his communications with the Tyrol. Charles Albert resolved to attack this division. On the 23d he carried the heights, and the Austrians fell back beyond the Etsch.—The Piedmontese monarch then gave battle. His army was about 45,000 strong; that of Radetzky 30,000, with Verona to fall back upon. On the 6th of May, Charles Albert gave orders to advance, and a general battle ensued. The Austrians were driven from St. Lucia. The resistance was, however, so firm that the Sardinians had to fall back to the position they held in the morning. The present Emperor of Austria and his brother, the Archduke Albrecht, were present at this engagement. The Lombards became alarmed.—They had fancied that they could drive everything before them. A panic seized upon them. In vain did Charles Albert exhort them to be firm. A retreat was resolved upon. The retreat became a flight. Cremona fell on the 31st. A miserable attempt was made to defend the Adda. On the 3d of August Radetzky was at Lodi, close on their heels. On the 8th he was before Milan. Charles Albert endeavored to defend the city. He met with no support. The town surrendered, and Radetzky entered in triumph on the 6th.

The campaign ended with the defeat of Charles Albert at Novara, on the 23d March, who abdicated the same night in favor of Victor Emanuel, the present king. Honors pressed in from all quarters on Radetzky. The young Emperor, Francis Joseph, sent the Archduke William of Austria expressly to Milan to thank Radetzky and present him with the order of the Golden Fleece. All the sovereigns of Europe showered orders upon him. Venice still held out, but the news of Gorgey's submission in Hungary, and the treaty of peace with Sardinia concluded on the 14th of August, made the proud Queen of the Adriatic submit. On the 30th of August Radetzky made his solemn entry into the city of the Dogs. An attempt at insurrection was made at Milan in February, 1853. Radetzky put it down with a hand of iron, and confiscated the property of those Lombards who had become Sardinian subjects. This nearly led to a new outbreak with Sardinian subjects. All diplomatic relations between the two countries were interrupted. This obnoxious decree has at length been revoked by the young Emperor in his recent visit to Lombardy.

Murders in New York in 1857.

The Police Gazette publishes a list of 26 murders which have been committed in New York city since January 1st, 1857. But one execution has taken place, that of the colored man, Dorsey. Three persons convicted of capital crimes are now under sentence of death—Michael Cancemi, for the murder of Policeman Anderson; Jas. Rogers, for the number of John Swansey; and James Shepherd, for arson in the first degree.

A remarkable feature in this appalling list of crime is the fact that in a large majority of cases no circumstances have pointed with certainty to the criminal. Suspicions have, indeed, rested upon parties in most cases; but these have been in some instances unfounded, and in others too vague to warrant the finding of an indictment; and up to the present moment there is a long catalogue shrouded in mystery.

The Bond street tragedy created more excitement than any other in the list.—The horrible details of the assassination; the arrest and trial of Mrs. Cunningham; the various phases the case assumed, are fresh in the public memory.

The murder of Policeman Anderson, while in the discharge of his duties, next to the Burdell number, attracted most attention. A great funeral procession, in which marched the entire police force of the city and an immense retinue of citizens, attested the interest which the event excited. The Italin, Cancemi, has been twice tried for the murder. The jury disagreed on the first trial; he was convicted on the second, and sentenced by Judge Davies; but his counsel have carried the case to the Court of Appeals on a writ of error.

The most alarming feature in these cases is apparent absence of any motive for assassination. Many murders have seemingly been committed for the mere love of killing. Thus, a colored man, named Francis Salters, was deliberately shot in Thomas street, without the slightest provocation or any motive of cupidity. The assassins, upon committing the deed, jumped into their carriage and drove off, probably without even knowing the name of their victim.

Bancroft on Calvinism.

CALVINISM was revolutionary; wherever it came, it created division, its symbol, as set upon the "Institutes" of its teacher, was a flaming sword. By the side of the eternal mountains, and the perennial snows, and the arrowy rivers of Switzerland, it established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. Fortified by its faith in fixed decrees, it kept possession of its homes among the Alps. It grew powerful in France, and invigorated between the feudal nobility and the crown, the long contest, which did not end till the subjection of the nobility, through the central despotism, by promoting the equality of the commons. It entered Holland, inspiring an industrious nation with heroic enthusiasm; enfranchising and uniting provinces, and making burghers, and weavers, and artizans, victors over the highest orders of Spanish chivalry, over the power of the Inquisition, and the pretended majesty of kings. It penetrated Scotland, and while it whirled along bore persuasion among the glens and mountains; it shrunk from no danger, and hesitated at no ambition; it nerved its rugged but hearty envoy to resist the flatteries of the beautiful Queen Mary; it assumed the education of her only son; it divided nobility; it penetrated the masses; overturned the ancient eclesiastical establishment; planted the free parochial school, and gave a living energy to the principle of liberty in a people.

It infused itself into England, and placed its plebean sympathies in daring resistance to courtly hierarchy; dissenting from dissent; longing to introduce the reign of righteousness, it invited every man to read the Bible, and made itself dear to the common mind by teaching, as a divine revelation, the unity of the race and the natural equality of man; it claimed for itself freedom of utterance, and, through the pulpit, in eloquence imbued with authority—words of prophets and apostles, spoke to the new congregation; it sought new truth, denying the sanctity of the community; it stood up against the Middle Age, and its forms in Church and State, hating them with a fierce and unquenchable hatred.

Imprisoned, maimed, oppressed at home, its independent converts in Great Britain looked beyond the Atlantic for a better world. Their energetic passions were nurtured by trust in the Divine protection, their power of will was safely entrenched in their own vigorous creed; and under the banner of the Gospel, with the fervent and enduring love of the myraids who in Europe adopted the stern simplicity of the discipline of Calvin, they sailed for the wilderness, far away from "Popery and Prelacy," from the traditions of the church, from hereditary power, from the sovereignty of an earthly king—from all dominion but the Bible, and "what arose from natural reason and the principles of equity."

JAMES A. VS. JOHN C. HAMILTON.—The *Albany Evening Journal* says in reference to Mr. John C. Hamilton's "History of the Republic:"

"Washington—the friend, [illegible] panion, the brother (in arms a[illegible] cil) of Hamilton. The career o[illegible] distinct, and stands out in their co[illegible] history, marking the glorious individuality of both. The measure of fame, for both, was full and overflowing. And yet, after both have rested for more than half a century in their graves—a son of Hamilton rises up a defamer of Washington. General Hamilton, if departed spirits were permitted to return to earth, would be the first and sternest to rebuke this sacrilege. But as the father cannot interpose, in vindication of himself or his friend (for the memory of both are greatly outragd,) an older and more loyal son can and does speak.—The Hon. James A. Hamilton, a son worthy of such a sire, in writing to an old and intimate friend, says that he is *very much grieved by that part of his brother's book, the History of the Republic, &c., in which he attributes all or most of Washington's letters to his father;* and requests that friend to *take every proper occasion to say that he disapproves of the not well-founded assumption.*"

THE PARADISE OF ROGUES.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Minnesota, intended to stimulate the immigration into the State, much on the principle that the founders of old Rome are said to have adopted in filling up their colony. This bill exempts actual settlers from all process of law for the recovery of debts that were contracted before coming into the State.

A WISE DECISION.—Judge Closser, of the Probate Court, of Windsor, Vt., has decided that a good family newspaper is one of the necessary articles for the support of a family, during the settlement of an estate, and as such, the administrator, in insolvent estates, is justifiable in paying for one—the widow to make her own selection of what paper she will have.

☞ "Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, anything is a means of grace that leads us to repentance." Exit Jones, working in the lead of a broom handle.

A Dutch Somnambulist.

The Dutchman whose advertisement of a lost horse has been the rounds of the papers, has a brother who is addicted to somnambulism. He writes as follows in relation thereto, to Porter's *Spirit of the Times*:—

Vot I shall do mit mine proder Fretty, I no can dell. He stants up ven he lays toun; unt coes valkin arount vast avake ven he ish vide asleep. He sleep in de same ped in anoder room as me; I mean he sleeps in anoder room in der same ped as I. Vell nex veek, Saturday nite, der dailor sents home my new suit mit brod clot close. I dinks next tay I vares dem mit meding, unt Parpary vill dinks I looks nicer as mine rifal, Henrich Bottshmire. So nex morning I gets up early, like everybody toes ven tay has new close, unt looks apount, ven lo! and behof! I find mine close hadn't staid put! Te key vas locked dight mit der door on te insite unt ter vindows vas bulled to on te outside of te plints, unt notings vas proke loose no vares. I looks en te ped, unt unter te ped unt arount te ped, unt liko der old shentlemen Byron dells apout, every vare but in de ped, unt I no vints dem. Den I pegins to sware in low Bensylvany dietch, vitch sounts much like der steam music unt cat squalls mixt, unt ter noise vakes up pruder Fretty. Sourkrout und grab apples! vot you dink? Te scamp has got up in der nite, tressed himself in dem, unt come pack to ped mit dem on. Te smardest chew in Chatham street wouldn't hafe sold der whole suit for vife thalers. If I hadn't a know Fretty tone it in his sleep, unt dat he vas more as a goot teal stronger as me, I'd peged him dill he vas placker as plew.

NO SOUL.—A well known modern judge, who was so [illegible] as to stutter somewhat, in effecting the settlement of an account with a parsimonious neighbor, found it impossible to make change within *three cents*. Some days after, while the Judge was on the Bench, in the midst of a very important case, the avaricious man whose brains could not rest while three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court room and unceremoniously desired the Judge to grant him an interview. The Judge arrested the progress of the case, and addressing the counsel, said apologetically, "St-stop a f-f-few moments, p-p-please, till I speak to my neighbor p-p-P." He therefore descended from the bench, and accompanied P. to a private room, where, as he expected, he received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, demanded a receipt, and returned to the court room, convulsing every one present by the remark: "Th-they s-sis-say that at th-the m-moment any one d-dies another is b-b-born, and th-the soul of th-the one th-that d-dies go-go-goes into th-the b-b-body of th-the one that's b-b-born. Now, when n-neighbor p-p-p-P, was b-born, no-no-no-nobody d-died."

BE CAREFUL TO WHOM YOU TALK.—[illegible] and whose reputation, standing & influence [illegible] Franklin, being the only [illegible] in America.

Portrait of Dr. Kane, by S. Austin Gilbone, Esq. $3.00.

The work is totally distinct from the second Arctic expedition, and embraces much valuable and interesting matter never before published. It should be owned by all who [illegible] make Dr. Kane's [illegible]

"Does not the lady l[illegible] edly?"

"Excuse me, sir," repl[illegible] "I hardly feel at liberty to ex[illegible] sentiments, being not impartial [illegible] case—she is my sister."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the stranger in much confusion, "I meant the lady in blue."

"Your are perfectly right there," replied the neighbor. "I have often told her so myself; she is my wife."

QUEER DIALECT.—A Scotch lady entered a store in Boston and inquired for a table cloth of a *dambroad* pattern. "We have some pretty broad," was the reply of the astonished salesman; "but none quite so broad as that." The lady explained that "dambroad was the Scotch term for a chequred pattern."

☞ A quaint old gentleman of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

☞ A Detroit paper mentions the arrest of a woman in that city, "with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype," Rather a "poetical" and "picturesque" costume.

☞ Some one says that dog's such zeal when one enters their yard, that "one would suppose the [illegible] the premises, and that their master was only a boarder."

☞ The amount of letter-writing in the United States may be inferred from the number of stamps sold, which during the last year was one hundred and fifty millions.

☞ Honesty—Obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.