



THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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Select Poetry.

What Makes Women?

Not too dress, nor too quietly sit;
Not too wild, nor too complacent;
Not too proud, nor too lofty tread;
Not too pale, nor too ruddy head;
Not too busy, nor too sparkling eye;
Not too bright, nor too dimly gleam;
Not too sweet, nor too tartly smile;
Not too soft, nor too firmly frame;
Not too gentle, nor too sternly heart;
Not too kind, nor too cruelly hand;
Not too true, nor too falsely hand;
Not too pure, nor too sullied hand;
Not too good, nor too badly hand;
Not too wise, nor too foolish hand;
Not too brave, nor too cowardly hand;
Not too strong, nor too weakly hand;
Not too high, nor too lowly hand;
Not too far, nor too near hand;
Not too long, nor too short hand;
Not too wide, nor too narrow hand;
Not too deep, nor too shallow hand;
Not too high, nor too lowly hand;
Not too far, nor too near hand;
Not too long, nor too short hand;
Not too wide, nor too narrow hand;
Not too deep, nor too shallow hand;

Specimen of Ancient Psalmody.

The race is not forever;
By him who fates man;
Nor the battle by those people;
Who shoot with the longest gun.
All hell the glorious sun;
Bright as a new tin pan;
Thou canst, sweetest parent,
Of bread and cheese to man.
Ye members of the building deep;
Your Maker's praise repeat;
Up from the same ye colling peep;
And sing your tale about.

Select Miscellany.

Bill Gull's Courtship.
'I got married when I was twenty;
said Bill Gull one day. 'I got married to
Phebe Chalk, and all those young Gulls
that you see running 'round here, came
from my lump of Chalk 'by gull.'
Bill Gull always swore 'by gull.' It was
his only oath. She was a lump of chalk
as large one way as she was the other.
Bill Gull was always a backward, bashful
youth, and some surprise was expressed
that he ever got married at all.
'By gull,' said he, 'my grandmother's
Ghost did the job.'
'Ghost—job—how's that?'
'I'll tell you about it. You see I was
about as green as a spring goose, and I
thought Phebe was too. By gull she wasn't
though—but she knew I was. We had a
'speakin' notion of each other for about two
years, but it would not have come to any-
thing if it had not been for the ghost. I
was too bashful in the way of making love.
I couldn't say as much as too to a goose.
And Phebe was just as bashful, that is, I
thought so, but she wasn't though, by a
long shot. One night, about a half an hour
after I had gone to bed, as I lay thinking
of Phebe—for I had been sitting up with
her till rather a late hour, as usual, with-
out bringing anything to pass—the door
of the room opened slowly and softly, and
in walked a ghostly spectre. The moon
was shining full in at my window, and I
could not be mistaken. It was all in white
I rose up in my bed; while my teeth chattered,
and the perspiration ran off in
streams. It came almost to my bedside,
and pointing a long, bony finger at me,
that went through me like a red hot iron.
I tried to speak, but 'twas no go. At last
a husky voice said:
'Bill Gull, I am the ghost of your grand-
mother. You must marry Phebe Chalk
right away. You have fooled your time
long enough. Pop the question before to-
morrow night, for I will appear again—do
it, Bill Gull!'
'The old lady disappeared so quick, that
I could not tell where she went to. I didn't
sleep a wink that night. The sensations
that kept crawling over me were awful.

Remember, I Die Game.

Such were the last words of a young mur-
derer, named Fife, who was executed at
Pittsburgh on Friday. He stood upon the
scaffold—the rope around his neck—and
with but a few moments between him and
eternity. Yet, instead of being over-whelmed
by thoughts and feelings natural to
that awful hour, he took pride in his iron
stolidity of nerve, and called upon the
crowd to mark that 'hedied game.' Brave
follow! He had the courage of a hero.
These exclamations, we doubt not, have
broken from very many who have perused
the narrative of the execution. No, he
was not a brave fellow, and it is strange
that men should mistake the mere brutal
insensibility of criminals like Fife, for that
virtue which is the central spring of a no-
ble character. It is not only in the case
of persons who have shown their capability
of committing the most horrible crimes
without a pang of remorse, but in regard to
certain kinds of soldiers upon the battle-
field, that we often fall into the grave er-
ror, of dignifying a mere quality of physi-
cal nature with the name of an exalted vir-
tue of the soul. A man may be perfectly
calm and impassive while a hundred can-
non are thundering death around him, and
yet want genuine bravery, while the noble
quality may often be most gloriously man-
ifested in frail and shrinking frames.
Charles James Napier, endowed by Na-
ture with such extreme sensitiveness of
nerve, that a harsh sound caused him to
shudder, and horrified by the bloody
scenes of war—yet maintaining a clear,
calm intellect in the heat of battle, and
giving explicit directions to surgeons, while
suffering the most acute agonies in his man-
gled body, was an example of true cour-
age. Nay, walking on foot at the head of
the Old Guard, up to the muzzle of two
hundred blazing cannon at Waterloo, was
simply an iron machine—insensible to fear.
Kane, racked with mortal disease, and with
nervous fibre almost destroyed—yet defy-
ing the rigors of an appalling cold, main-
taining an ascendancy over men stronger
in body than himself, and with amazing
prudence and sagacity conducting their re-
treat from the world of night and ice, to
the haunts of civilized beings—was
McGarry, laboring twenty-two hours at
the oar, yet giving way to despair under
the weight of less suffering than Kane en-
dured almost without a murmur, was sim-
ply what his commander called him—an
'iron man.' These I, worth Windham—cullu
and collected amid the horrors of the Reu-
dan—is called a brave man; but we doubt
whether he would have dared the dangers of
the hospitals like the gentle Florence
Nightingale. There were strong men at
Newfolk who would have faced the foe in
time of war, and 'died game' in defence
of their city. But they fled from the breath
of pestilence, and left relations and friends
untended and unburied, while a delicate
maiden from New York took the place they
should have occupied.
This distinction between true bravery
and mere physical hardness is important,
and it ought to be more strongly insisted
upon than we find it to be in general. It
is too much the custom to talk of the cour-
age of criminals, as if they were a redeeming
virtue, which they possessed in common
with the great characters of history, and
eulogies of the moralopathy of the mind-
less soldier are extremely extravagant.—
Physical firmness is an attribute which men
receive from nature. Moral resolution—
'the spirit to combat against every trial,
which alone is true bravery—is a quality
of the immortal part, which we may all cul-
tivate, even in the humble walks of life
and in this respect, the weakest may be
the most admirable in their strength.
There is not a day in the career of a man
or a woman that does not present some
temptation to be resisted—some difficulty
to be overcome—and each act of resistance,
and each victory over obstacles that ap-
peared insurmountable, adds new force to
the will, and strengthens the soul for still
greater struggle to maintain its ascendancy
in the hour of tremendous peril or ap-
palling calamity. The brutal indifference
of the Springs, the Langfeldts and the Fifes,
is mean and paltry in comparison with
that sublime determination which presses on
to achievement, in spite of the ills of the flesh,
and of dangers of which we have an ag-
onizing sense. This latter is the virtue that
we would teach our rising generation. We
would prefer that they should learn how
'to suffer and be strong,' rather than ac-
quire the faculty of 'dying game' upon a
scaffold.—Phila. Ev. Jour.

Letter from Col. Johnston.

The Louisville Courier has been per-
mitted to publish a private letter from Col.
A. S. Johnston, Commander of the Utah
Expedition, and on Monday last promoted
to be Brigadier General. It is the latest
authentic news from the Utah army, and
advised us that the troops are in comfort-
able quarters, and are amply provisioned,
although due economy is exercised in ser-
ving our rations. The letter is written in
a very cheerful spirit, and the views and
opinions it expresses will be read with
great interest. Col. Johnston seems to
think he will have to fight the Mormons
before there will be peace:
CAMP SCOTT, NEAR FORT BRIDGES,
December 12, 1857.
\* \* \* \* \*
We are still encamped at this
place, and will continue until we move in
the Spring. The army has abundance of
food and clothing, and is well sheltered
from cold in Sibley tents. With your
knowledge of camp-life, you would pro-
nounce our situation one of great comfort.
These Sibley tents are all conical tents,
twelve feet high and twenty feet in di-
ameter, open at the top, with a vane to
prevent its smoking, which it does not quite
do. With a stove, or fire built in the mid-
dle, it is a great improvement in the com-
fort of the soldier, but not as good as a
wall-tent, with a stove, for an officer.
\* \* \* \* \*
The day before the reduction
in our ranks, took place, we gave a dinner
to the Governor, Chief Justice, &c., on our
surplus in the largest. Since then I do
not think we could feed an extra rat at our
mess, such is our health and so nicely is
the quantity allowed adjusted to the mea-
sure of our wants. We, of course, find it
irksome here, but time will soon run out,
and we shall find ourselves in the midst of
those we love and admire. Until then we
must be patient. We fear our friends will
suffer from groundless apprehensions on
our account. We have no reason to com-
plain of anything but absence from our
families.
Some think the Mormons, when it is ne-
cessary to make the issue with them, will
submit to the Government. I do not a-
gree with them—I think their fanaticism
and villainy will lead them to try one en-
counter at least; and I think our Govern-
ment ought to desire it as affording a sim-
ple solution of a difficult political question.
If they resist, a final settlement would be
on the basis of a conquest. We could then
dictate to them the terms of adjustment.
Brigham Young wrote to me a few days
since, sending as a present some 500 lbs.
of salt, or if preferred, we might buy it
for the troops. Knowing they would starve
or freeze, neither of which we intend to
do, although we have no salt, I sent it back
to him with this message: 'That Brigham
Young and his associates are in rebellion
against the Government; that until they
return to their allegiance and obey the
laws, I will accept no favor or courtesy
from them, nor hold any correspondence
with them; that when I advance, the peo-
ple who remain at their homes or engage
in their private business, will be undisturb-
ed. If I find them arrayed in arms I will
attack them wherever I meet them; that
if they entertained the delusive hope that
the army would retire from the Territory,
they had better banish it; that the army
will never take one step back, &c., &c.'
Yours, &c., A. S. JOHNSTON.

Poisoning as a Science.

Our readers, says the Journal of Com-
merce, may have heard of the noted wo-
man Gottfried, who lived in Bremen a
quarter of a century ago. She was a wid-
ow of fascinating appearance, in her youth
beautiful, in more advanced life, still at-
tractive by those preparative and decora-
tive arts, of which woman knows so well
how to avail herself. All connected with
her sickened and died in strange ways.—
Two friends, her mother, her brother
and several children, disappeared in a short
period of time. It was her lot to order no
less than thirteen coffins from the under-
taker, who lived opposite to her, and all
for her near and dear friends. Gottfried faith-
fully nursed them during their painful ill-
ness. She was an object of pity and sym-
pathy, while she seemed wonderfully re-
sistant to the insupportable decree of Provi-
dence. A perfect Niobe in her childless
woe she appeared to be, and a Niobe she
was, for her heart was as hard as that ce-
lebrated statue. Received into good soci-
ety, her company was courted by persons of
rank and consideration.
Twice a widow, she still had suitors.
She had a well furnished house, and easy
fortune. But still she continued to drink
of the cup of affliction, was still pitted and
prayed for. A model of the tender affec-
tions, she loved intensely, but her love
killed every object on which it alighted.
The venerated parent, the manly husband,
the beautiful children, withered and died!
A Mr. Rumpf and his wife, though dis-
suaded by friends, took lodgings in the
same house with Madame Gottfried. She
was all kindness to them and theirs. But
Madame R. was seized with vomiting, and
died under the assiduous nursing of the
disgraced Alceste. The children and ser-
vants met the same fate and received the
same attentions. She gave them all their
death-portion, and smoothed their dying
pillow. Mr. Rumpf himself was seized;
he ransacked the house from garret to cell-
ar to find the cause; he believed there was
some deadly substance, some fatal exhal-
ation, like that of the National, which did
all the mischief; he had the boards lifted,
and the walls examined, all in vain, but
a length a white powder was observed on a
piece of meat, which had been left, and it
proved to be arsenic. Madame G. was first
arrested, imprisoned, and, though at first af-
fecting great horror at the idea of being
accused as a murderer, finally confessed to
all, and to much more than she said she
could remember! She was sentenced to
be beheaded, and that head preserved in
spirits, and her skeleton, in a case, may
now be seen at the museum at Bremen.

Was Keitt Knocked Down?

There is a chivalric attempt on the part
of Lecompton-Democratic letter writers to
prove that Mr. Keitt (Brooks's second in the
bloody attack on Senator Sumner) was not
fairly knocked down by Grow, when that
gentleman was assailed by the choleric
South Carolinian, last Friday night. His
friends say "he tripped and fell," at or
about the time Grow's hand was seen near
his (Keitt's) head. This attempt to re-
move from Keitt the just disgrace of being
fairly knocked over, reminds us of a
passage in the testimony in the case of the
Commonwealth agt. Borrowseale, for an
affray, tried at Boston, some years ago:
Counsel—Did you see William Borrow-
seale knock the man down?
Witness—William Borrowseale might
do such a thing.
Counsel—Answer me directly. Did you
see Borrowseale knock him down?
Witness—I can't exactly say that I did.
The Court—State, Mr. Witness, what
you did see?
Witness—Well, I saw William Borrow-
seale take his hand away from the man's
head quick, and then the man fell down
right away!
The St. Louis Democrat gives a western
view of the Congressional scuffle:
" We do not approve of these disagree-
ful personal assaults, which are becoming
so frequent in deliberative assemblies, and
think that gentlemen would find other
modes and other places for redressing
their grievances. When assaulted, how-
ever, self-defence is an impromptu of na-
ture, and all the fault we find with Mr.
Grow is, that he was not more emphatic
in his punishment. When Charley O'-
Malley had got into a muss, and was re-
fusing it to his veteran monitor, Considine,
the latter lectured him very severely for
throwing a wine glass at his antagonist,
saying that it was foolish and unwise, but
thoughtfully added, 'a cut glass decanter,
seized by the neck, well aimed, and forc-
ibly thrown, I have known to do good ex-
ecution at a short distance.' In like man-
ner we may suggest to Mr. Grow, that a
few bruisers about the head have been
known to follow up a knock-down very
advantageously.

A King for Canada.

The Sandwich (Canada West) Mercury
is advocating the erection of Canada into
an independent kingdom. It wishes a pe-
manent ruler—one not subject to the
whims or caprices of Downing street ig-
norance; one who shall be responsible to
the people he governs alone, and whose
fortunes and fame will rise and fall with
the prosperity and reverses of his subjects;
one whom the people may love as well as
respect, and who is willing to take the re-
sponsibility of the position as well as the
honor which it bestows." The most eligi-
ble person to found a Canadian dynasty,
the Mercury thinks, is a Prince of Eng-
land; for, while his elevation to the throne
of the new kingdom "would be a graceful
tribute of loyalty to our gracious Queen,
it would remove the disadvantages under
which we at present labor, and would bind
us more firmly, as an entirely independent
nation, to the first empire in the world.—
The sympathies of the British people would
follow him to his new home, and the warm
heart of a young and vigorous nation would
cling to him as a brother, in founding an
empire which may yet spread its banner
over a continent! Greater results have
sprung from infinitely less prospects; and,
though time may elapse ere even the im-
itative step is taken, we still hope to live
to hail a Canadian King!"

Boy Drowned.

On Saturday morning last, (Feb. 6,) a little boy about seven
years of age, son of Sarah Stull, an inmate
of the Poor House, was drowned in Kish-
acoquillas creek. He was returning from
school, and his dinner basket blowing from
his arm, he ran after it, and in going down
the steep bank, lost his footing, and fell
in the creek below. He cried to his com-
panions (a little boy and girl) to help him
out, but they were badly frightened, and
battered home and gave the alarm, too
late, however, to save the boy. The creek
was then dragged to find the body, but
without success on that day. On the fol-
lowing morning the search was renewed,
and at about 10 o'clock the body was found.
—Lewistown Democrat.

John Mitchell turned K. N.

Our readers recollect an anecdote of John
Mitchell, the Irish refugee, published a
short time since in the Gazette, in which
he is represented as having said to a dar-
key he owns or hires, "Sambo, we are go-
ing to open the African slave trade, and
bring a set of regular jet black, ivory-toothed,
Guinea niggers into this country.—
What do you think of it?" Sambo re-
plied, "Well, massa, tink it would be a
good ting, and keep all dese low Irish out."
John seems to have been thinking seri-
ously of the darkey's answer, and has fi-
nally resolved to be guided by his superior
wisdom, for he is now denouncing in the
Southern Citizen—the paper he publishes
in Tennessee—the naturalization laws, and
fears that, unless they are repealed, "the
United States is in danger of being made
the common almshouse refugium peccatorum
and penal colony of the world."
—Cincinnati Gazette.

John H. Shryock and Jas. Johnson, jr., of Indiana, and Major S. Jamison, of Salisbury, have been awarded a heavy contract by the General Government.—They are to build some two hundred and fifty wagons, and some five hundred wagon beds. They have also contracted to purchase a large number of mules for the Government, which, together with the wagons and wagon beds, are intended for the Utah expedition, and are to be delivered at Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory. The wagons are to be built by the mechanics of Indiana and Westmoreland counties; and the work has been already commenced.