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### THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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### Select Poetry.

#### "YOU KISSED ME."

The following beautiful and chaste morsel of poetry has been handed to us for publication, and the authenticity of the sentiments expressed, and the genuineness of the young man who is the author of the poem, we have no doubt to say to the fortunate youth, try again:

You kissed me! My head had dropped low on your breast,  
With a feeling of shiver, and infinite rest,  
While the holy emerald my tongue dared not speak,  
And your lips hung in mine till I prayed in my sleep,  
Your arms held me fast—oh! your arms were so bold!  
Heart beat against heart in their passionate hold.  
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,  
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies,  
And your lips hung in mine till I prayed in my sleep,  
They might never unclasp, from that rapturous sleep.

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath, and my will  
A delicious joy for the moment stood still:  
Life had for me then no temptations—no charms—  
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms.  
And were I this instant an angel, possessed  
Of the glory and peace that are given the best,  
I would fling my white robes ungrudgingly down,  
And lose from my forehead its beautiful crown,  
And bow from my forehead its beautiful crown,  
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul is a bliss so divine,  
Reeled and swayed like a foolish man drunken with wine,  
And I thought I were delirious to die, then, if death  
Would come while my mouth was yet moist with your breath,  
I were delirious to die if my heart might grow bold,  
While your arms wrap me round in that passionate hold.

And these are the questions I ask day and night:  
Must my life last but once such exquisite delight?  
Would you care if your breast were my pillow no more,  
And if you were here, would you kiss me no more?

### Select Miscellany.

#### COMMON EVENTS.

During two years of a delicious portion of my life, my leisure was devoted to her whose life is now devoted to mine. Three of four evenings each week, and every Sunday, were considered as sacred to each other; we walked, talked, laughed, and whispered in perfect unison; went to church regularly, and returned, commenting upon the services of the day. Reposing in one another mutual and entire confidence, and looking forward to a "common event" as the natural termination of our present attachment, we had no "lovers' quarrels," no fears, no jealousies, the course of our "true love" was as smooth as the surface of a placid lake on a summer's eve.

There was but one circumstance which threw a bitter into my genuine girl's cup of happiness, and disturbed the serenity of her temper. In going and coming, we had to pass a house which contained a large family of grown-up daughters, and these had the idle habit of perpetually staring out from their parlor window into a quiet little street, whose chief events were the passing of the baker, the butcher, the beggar, or the ballad-singer. We, of course, were conspicuous objects for the "broad stars" of what the Scotch call "tawpies," an expressive word for idle, hoyden girls; and as the window was scarcely ever without a sentinel, our approach was telegraphed, "along the line the signal ran," and some seven or eight heads were presently seen bobbing over one another; like fish leaping in the water. Nothing annoyed my companion more than to have regularly to run the gauntlet of observation from these "idle creatures," as she bitterly termed them. She could not change a ribbon on her bonnet, or alter a boot-lace, without its being carefully noted. I knew, also, that I was diligently scrutinized by these diligent observers, who "read off" as the astronomers say, my air, aspect, height, walk, dress, &c., not without an occasional sneering comparison, (what an abominable thing it is for a young lady to sneer!)—the almost unvarying indication of a selfish disposition, but I did not mind it—rather I liked the "joke." A coarse or a common mind would have enjoyed the triumph of having an attentive "bachelor" to parade regularly before half-dozed damsels, not one of whom could boast that a "bachelor" ever entered their door; but Eliza held the faith that all young women should be married, and comfortably married too; and therefore she shrunk from provoking envy, where no envy should exist. Passing this, however, I may repeat that these girls were almost the only troubles of our quiet and happy courtship; but so sensitive was Eliza, that as there was no other way of getting out of the street than by passing the window of the tawpies, we have frequently sat till it was dark, and thereby lost our evening's walk, rather than go out in daylight and pass under the ordeal of observation.

The wedding-day was fixed, and time flew on. We were a "sensible" couple, and resolved that our wedding should be sober and sedate—a quiet breakfast with a few choice friends after the important ceremony, and a still quieter excursion. In fact, being so very "sensible," our imaginations vaulted beyond the wedding-day, and sketched out our future domestic cottage. Eliza wanted a nice little cottage "out of town"; where, at the garden-gate, on summer evenings, she would watch for me, as I returned fatigued from business; and I, on my part, saw my own dear wife,

of houses, every door alike, every knocker alike, and every area alike. I began to doubt whether or not it were twenty or thirty I had to call at, and I paused to consider. The wind drove me onwards, and I began to get angry with myself; my anger only confused my recollection the more. I was now uncertain whether it might not be thirty-six, or forty-six, or fifty-six. "Drat babies, doctors, nurses and all!" I exclaimed; "what the plague brings me here?" I looked upwards to see if I could discern any symptoms of bustle, or any glimmering indications that human beings were watching the agonies of human beings. Every window and every house seemed dark and silent as the grave. I now looked round for the watchman, or for anybody who by instinct or observation might help to detect the presence of a doctor in some one of the "unfamiliarities" of Manchester Terrace. Not a living soul could I see. I knocked at thirty-six—the answer. I knocked at forty-six—the same result. In a passion I knocked at fifty-six, and presently high above my head I heard the whistling sound of a window thrown up, and a deep voice called out, "Well, sir, what do you want?" "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I am mistaken, but I thought Dr. Nugent was here."

"No!" thundered the voice, and the window thundered down after it.

Drenched with rain, and out of humor with myself, I blamed the flickering lamps for making me forget the number, and the hasty re-entry of my disturber. "Oh, sir, you must get up, you must indeed! I'll leave the candle, sir, but you must be smart."

The voice was the voice of one of a privileged class, who, like the fools of the ancient time, sometimes presume on their prerogative. There was no time, however, for ceremony on the present occasion.

"Yes, nurse," I replied, "I'll be up instantly" and as at that moment, a moan struck on my ear, proceeding from the adjoining bed-room, my heart spoke to my heels—I was on the floor dressed in a minute.

The wind blew in gusts, the windows danced in their frames, and the rains splashed against the glass. My poor wife tried to hide her agony, and apologized for raising me, though the apology was interrupted by a scream. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry—but nurse thinks the doctor should be sent for." The house shook, at that moment, to the very foundation.

"Really, William, I cannot think of letting you go out—you'll be killed by the falling of some chimney-top—send Mary."

Now, I had no particular fancy for going out, but to let the girl go rather jarring with my selfishness. "No, no, my dear, you'll require Mary yourself—I won't be many minutes."

"Well, William, wrap yourself up; take care of yourself. Nurse, go down and help him on with his great coat—William, take care—oh!"

"Poor dear soul!" said I to myself, as I went out; "thinking of me in the midst of her own sufferings. Well, after all, the women are a good set—I hope my poor wife will get well after all!"

In about ten minutes I was standing at the door of a corner house, with my hand on the brass handle of a bell-pull, which were engraved the words "Night Bell." I answered my rather vigorous pull with a loud and long-continued reverberation. Meantime I tried to shelter myself within the door-way, for the wind howled around me, and the rain battered and slashed at me, as if it were glad to get a solitary victim who could feel its violence. Nobody answered. The interval might be five minutes, but at that moment I could have sworn in a court of justice that I had stood there half the night. I pulled the third time, and the bell seemed destined to ring forever, while I made the knocker do the work of a sledge-hammer. At last a foot-step shuffled along the passage; the door-chain rattled; the bolts were withdrawn; and a head, the front of which must have weighed heavily from the profusion of its papers, projected, like the Irishman's gun, "round the corner."

"Rouse up Dr. Nugent—tell him I want him."

"Oh, sir, he's out—but he left word he should be sent for. Are you from Angel-place, sir?"

"Yes, yes, yes—where is the doctor?" I will go for him myself."

"At No. 20 Manchester Terrace—just turn round, and—"

The rest of the direction might or might not have been given. I knew whereabouts Manchester Terrace lay, so off I ran, at full gallop, facing wind and rain.

Arrived at the terrace, I saw a long row

of houses, every door alike, every knocker alike, and every area alike. I began to doubt whether or not it were twenty or thirty I had to call at, and I paused to consider. The wind drove me onwards, and I began to get angry with myself; my anger only confused my recollection the more. I was now uncertain whether it might not be thirty-six, or forty-six, or fifty-six. "Drat babies, doctors, nurses and all!" I exclaimed; "what the plague brings me here?" I looked upwards to see if I could discern any symptoms of bustle, or any glimmering indications that human beings were watching the agonies of human beings. Every window and every house seemed dark and silent as the grave. I now looked round for the watchman, or for anybody who by instinct or observation might help to detect the presence of a doctor in some one of the "unfamiliarities" of Manchester Terrace. Not a living soul could I see. I knocked at thirty-six—the answer. I knocked at forty-six—the same result. In a passion I knocked at fifty-six, and presently high above my head I heard the whistling sound of a window thrown up, and a deep voice called out, "Well, sir, what do you want?" "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I am mistaken, but I thought Dr. Nugent was here."

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#### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in the same room.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. A. W. Jones, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in the same room.

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