



THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McGURU & DEHN, Publishers and Proprietors.

For ADVERTISING, (payable in advance.) \$1.00 per annum, (payable in advance.) \$1.00 per annum, (payable in advance.) \$1.00 per annum.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: 1 insertion 5 cts. 2 insertions 10 cts. 3 insertions 15 cts. 4 insertions 20 cts. 5 insertions 25 cts. 6 insertions 30 cts. 7 insertions 35 cts. 8 insertions 40 cts. 9 insertions 45 cts. 10 insertions 50 cts. 11 insertions 55 cts. 12 insertions 60 cts. 13 insertions 65 cts. 14 insertions 70 cts. 15 insertions 75 cts. 16 insertions 80 cts. 17 insertions 85 cts. 18 insertions 90 cts. 19 insertions 95 cts. 20 insertions 1.00 per line.

CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

Altoona Tribune has returned to its old home. The former, we trust, will be a permanent one. And, we trust, the air, of our former home, will be a fragrant one. A welcome, fragrant food. Altoona Tribune, too, has cheered the heart. Mid garden, orchard, field. When beauty pleases, hope of gain, their past. Of Earth's enjoyment, yield. Altoona Tribune has stored the golden grain. And sowed the flower and leaf. Strewed Nature's bounty rustling on the plain. While winds sigh'd Nature's grief. Altoona Tribune, with his funeral tread, Like martial conqueror, to enter the dead. The late departed year. And as in snow again he toombs the dead, He chants its requiem with his howling blast. And now the Carrier—agent of the Press. Again presents you with his New Year's Address; And standing on the grave of '58, Prays '59 may bring us no worse fate; But in the sternity of by-gone years, May meet with blooming honors his compeer. Kind Patrons of the Tribune, then, we bid you hail! A happy New Year! and could wishes but avail To banish past regrets, or bring the power main To furnish, in their stead, bright hopes for '59, '59 leave you entertain them, you, and furthermore To realize more joys than 'er you did before. In one short, fitting year; with goods of various kinds Your garners shall be filled; with happiness you mind; But stay! another year is past, and what's a year? A snake on the water which doth disappear. The scorpion you've marked it, or a motor in the night. Which burns an instant, and then vanishes from sight. But yet, short, fleeting as it is, it leaves behind Plain traces of its path, to teach the observant mind. And what of '58? Ah! Patrons, happy ye Who in our favored land God's stately steps see. The learned, veteran Doctor, and the young Digges. Fans in their contrast, and potentia, they're right. His various meanings and Supter's notes. Drop from their memories and excite no more dispute. But, Luther's followers, and Mr. Wesley's school, They who obey their Rulers—tho' they Bishop's rule, They with cool-temper'd right, and they with gown sleeves wide. With neck-cloths white, and black in various manners tied. Meet on a common platform, and with one accord, Unite in prayer and praise to God, their common Lord. The salesman leaves his counter, Artisans their shops. And from a business call the thrice-worn merchant steps. The lawyer leaves his parlor, the professional man. Evades a client's patient's call as best he can. The student leaves his books, the laborer his bed, All daily to devote an hour in prayer to God. The workman in his work attire, the millionaire, Knelt by each other's side and offer up their prayer. For all the world, in hands of every name. The American Revival speaks about the same. Aye! in the Holy Land, where once our Savior trod. The traveler hears the tidings of this work of God. And 'e'en within the enclosure of the Chinese wall He hears of prayer-meetings held in Jaynes' Hall. Great God with mighty arm speed on thy work of grace From cities to the tower, from towers through every place Till all this wide spread land from Ocean's shore to shore. Shall own thy power and love, and serve thee evermore. Then till the globe itself shall roll up as a scroll, Our country shall be prosperous, our Union whole. Kansas bleeds no more! the rifle and the sword, The sword and scabbard and the lawless hoard. Of slavery agitator, who with base intent Moved from Missouri homes and o'er the boundary went To plot and execute their own unhallowed plans Of carrying ballot-boxes with their marauded chains, Have ceased from bloody riot and from civil strife, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. With peace within her borders, and with equal care. To invite the emigrants who fond her name's cause, Soon shall the growing harvest, and the city great Supply the population to become a State; And many an enterprising honest son of toil Shall reap a happy home on her fertile soil. The honest man, too, the honest man of plain Young— That most notorious villain ever left uncaught and free. Utah, the promised land for fool and vicious knave, Where woman is degraded to a helpless slave, Where vice and crime and murder boldly stalk abroad, And gentiles often are butchered in the name of God, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. That war with Uncle Sam, for which her prophets warned That war, like Moses, might, by stretching out their hand O'erwhelm the Gentile army that would touch their land. When John's fought and conquered and—'as we're before— The war and moon stood still by Israel's sword. Till Israel's enemies should fall by Israel's sword. The spell is broken and the deep delusion fled, And Mormons now are ruled by one in Brigham's stead, Whom Uncle Sam has sent invested with the might To punish evil doers and protect the right. And now we long, we hope, the fifty, millions sore Upon the body politic shall fall no more. But Utah be redeemed from evil of every name, And add a lustre to the escutcheon of our fame. But, sire, of all the deeds which '58 can boast, The Atlantic Telegraph excited most the most. The news of its success like ancient Pharaoh's dream Became a world-wide wail, a universal theme. And Mr. Field, like Joseph, rose from low estate To be a nation's favorite—a world's magnate. Grave Reverends, too, were found, in Bible learning skilled To trace out prophecies by this event fulfilled. And sailing scripture passages, full many a score, Acquired a meaning now, that never was known before. 'E'en poetry and eloquence new impulses took. And thoughts then penned and said would read well in the But like the beautiful things which hovered in the air, When yet our stars were light, our brows unstamped with

CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

Altoona Tribune has returned to its old home. The former, we trust, will be a permanent one. And, we trust, the air, of our former home, will be a fragrant one. A welcome, fragrant food. Altoona Tribune, too, has cheered the heart. Mid garden, orchard, field. When beauty pleases, hope of gain, their past. Of Earth's enjoyment, yield. Altoona Tribune has stored the golden grain. And sowed the flower and leaf. Strewed Nature's bounty rustling on the plain. While winds sigh'd Nature's grief. Altoona Tribune, with his funeral tread, Like martial conqueror, to enter the dead. The late departed year. And as in snow again he toombs the dead, He chants its requiem with his howling blast. And now the Carrier—agent of the Press. Again presents you with his New Year's Address; And standing on the grave of '58, Prays '59 may bring us no worse fate; But in the sternity of by-gone years, May meet with blooming honors his compeer. Kind Patrons of the Tribune, then, we bid you hail! A happy New Year! and could wishes but avail To banish past regrets, or bring the power main To furnish, in their stead, bright hopes for '59, '59 leave you entertain them, you, and furthermore To realize more joys than 'er you did before. In one short, fitting year; with goods of various kinds Your garners shall be filled; with happiness you mind; But stay! another year is past, and what's a year? A snake on the water which doth disappear. The scorpion you've marked it, or a motor in the night. Which burns an instant, and then vanishes from sight. But yet, short, fleeting as it is, it leaves behind Plain traces of its path, to teach the observant mind. And what of '58? Ah! Patrons, happy ye Who in our favored land God's stately steps see. The learned, veteran Doctor, and the young Digges. Fans in their contrast, and potentia, they're right. His various meanings and Supter's notes. Drop from their memories and excite no more dispute. But, Luther's followers, and Mr. Wesley's school, They who obey their Rulers—tho' they Bishop's rule, They with cool-temper'd right, and they with gown sleeves wide. With neck-cloths white, and black in various manners tied. Meet on a common platform, and with one accord, Unite in prayer and praise to God, their common Lord. The salesman leaves his counter, Artisans their shops. And from a business call the thrice-worn merchant steps. The lawyer leaves his parlor, the professional man. Evades a client's patient's call as best he can. The student leaves his books, the laborer his bed, All daily to devote an hour in prayer to God. The workman in his work attire, the millionaire, Knelt by each other's side and offer up their prayer. For all the world, in hands of every name. The American Revival speaks about the same. Aye! in the Holy Land, where once our Savior trod. The traveler hears the tidings of this work of God. And 'e'en within the enclosure of the Chinese wall He hears of prayer-meetings held in Jaynes' Hall. Great God with mighty arm speed on thy work of grace From cities to the tower, from towers through every place Till all this wide spread land from Ocean's shore to shore. Shall own thy power and love, and serve thee evermore. Then till the globe itself shall roll up as a scroll, Our country shall be prosperous, our Union whole. Kansas bleeds no more! the rifle and the sword, The sword and scabbard and the lawless hoard. Of slavery agitator, who with base intent Moved from Missouri homes and o'er the boundary went To plot and execute their own unhallowed plans Of carrying ballot-boxes with their marauded chains, Have ceased from bloody riot and from civil strife, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. With peace within her borders, and with equal care. To invite the emigrants who fond her name's cause, Soon shall the growing harvest, and the city great Supply the population to become a State; And many an enterprising honest son of toil Shall reap a happy home on her fertile soil. The honest man, too, the honest man of plain Young— That most notorious villain ever left uncaught and free. Utah, the promised land for fool and vicious knave, Where woman is degraded to a helpless slave, Where vice and crime and murder boldly stalk abroad, And gentiles often are butchered in the name of God, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. That war with Uncle Sam, for which her prophets warned That war, like Moses, might, by stretching out their hand O'erwhelm the Gentile army that would touch their land. When John's fought and conquered and—'as we're before— The war and moon stood still by Israel's sword. Till Israel's enemies should fall by Israel's sword. The spell is broken and the deep delusion fled, And Mormons now are ruled by one in Brigham's stead, Whom Uncle Sam has sent invested with the might To punish evil doers and protect the right. And now we long, we hope, the fifty, millions sore Upon the body politic shall fall no more. But Utah be redeemed from evil of every name, And add a lustre to the escutcheon of our fame. But, sire, of all the deeds which '58 can boast, The Atlantic Telegraph excited most the most. The news of its success like ancient Pharaoh's dream Became a world-wide wail, a universal theme. And Mr. Field, like Joseph, rose from low estate To be a nation's favorite—a world's magnate. Grave Reverends, too, were found, in Bible learning skilled To trace out prophecies by this event fulfilled. And sailing scripture passages, full many a score, Acquired a meaning now, that never was known before. 'E'en poetry and eloquence new impulses took. And thoughts then penned and said would read well in the But like the beautiful things which hovered in the air, When yet our stars were light, our brows unstamped with

CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

Altoona Tribune has returned to its old home. The former, we trust, will be a permanent one. And, we trust, the air, of our former home, will be a fragrant one. A welcome, fragrant food. Altoona Tribune, too, has cheered the heart. Mid garden, orchard, field. When beauty pleases, hope of gain, their past. Of Earth's enjoyment, yield. Altoona Tribune has stored the golden grain. And sowed the flower and leaf. Strewed Nature's bounty rustling on the plain. While winds sigh'd Nature's grief. Altoona Tribune, with his funeral tread, Like martial conqueror, to enter the dead. The late departed year. And as in snow again he toombs the dead, He chants its requiem with his howling blast. And now the Carrier—agent of the Press. Again presents you with his New Year's Address; And standing on the grave of '58, Prays '59 may bring us no worse fate; But in the sternity of by-gone years, May meet with blooming honors his compeer. Kind Patrons of the Tribune, then, we bid you hail! A happy New Year! and could wishes but avail To banish past regrets, or bring the power main To furnish, in their stead, bright hopes for '59, '59 leave you entertain them, you, and furthermore To realize more joys than 'er you did before. In one short, fitting year; with goods of various kinds Your garners shall be filled; with happiness you mind; But stay! another year is past, and what's a year? A snake on the water which doth disappear. The scorpion you've marked it, or a motor in the night. Which burns an instant, and then vanishes from sight. But yet, short, fleeting as it is, it leaves behind Plain traces of its path, to teach the observant mind. And what of '58? Ah! Patrons, happy ye Who in our favored land God's stately steps see. The learned, veteran Doctor, and the young Digges. Fans in their contrast, and potentia, they're right. His various meanings and Supter's notes. Drop from their memories and excite no more dispute. But, Luther's followers, and Mr. Wesley's school, They who obey their Rulers—tho' they Bishop's rule, They with cool-temper'd right, and they with gown sleeves wide. With neck-cloths white, and black in various manners tied. Meet on a common platform, and with one accord, Unite in prayer and praise to God, their common Lord. The salesman leaves his counter, Artisans their shops. And from a business call the thrice-worn merchant steps. The lawyer leaves his parlor, the professional man. Evades a client's patient's call as best he can. The student leaves his books, the laborer his bed, All daily to devote an hour in prayer to God. The workman in his work attire, the millionaire, Knelt by each other's side and offer up their prayer. For all the world, in hands of every name. The American Revival speaks about the same. Aye! in the Holy Land, where once our Savior trod. The traveler hears the tidings of this work of God. And 'e'en within the enclosure of the Chinese wall He hears of prayer-meetings held in Jaynes' Hall. Great God with mighty arm speed on thy work of grace From cities to the tower, from towers through every place Till all this wide spread land from Ocean's shore to shore. Shall own thy power and love, and serve thee evermore. Then till the globe itself shall roll up as a scroll, Our country shall be prosperous, our Union whole. Kansas bleeds no more! the rifle and the sword, The sword and scabbard and the lawless hoard. Of slavery agitator, who with base intent Moved from Missouri homes and o'er the boundary went To plot and execute their own unhallowed plans Of carrying ballot-boxes with their marauded chains, Have ceased from bloody riot and from civil strife, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. With peace within her borders, and with equal care. To invite the emigrants who fond her name's cause, Soon shall the growing harvest, and the city great Supply the population to become a State; And many an enterprising honest son of toil Shall reap a happy home on her fertile soil. The honest man, too, the honest man of plain Young— That most notorious villain ever left uncaught and free. Utah, the promised land for fool and vicious knave, Where woman is degraded to a helpless slave, Where vice and crime and murder boldly stalk abroad, And gentiles often are butchered in the name of God, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. That war with Uncle Sam, for which her prophets warned That war, like Moses, might, by stretching out their hand O'erwhelm the Gentile army that would touch their land. When John's fought and conquered and—'as we're before— The war and moon stood still by Israel's sword. Till Israel's enemies should fall by Israel's sword. The spell is broken and the deep delusion fled, And Mormons now are ruled by one in Brigham's stead, Whom Uncle Sam has sent invested with the might To punish evil doers and protect the right. And now we long, we hope, the fifty, millions sore Upon the body politic shall fall no more. But Utah be redeemed from evil of every name, And add a lustre to the escutcheon of our fame. But, sire, of all the deeds which '58 can boast, The Atlantic Telegraph excited most the most. The news of its success like ancient Pharaoh's dream Became a world-wide wail, a universal theme. And Mr. Field, like Joseph, rose from low estate To be a nation's favorite—a world's magnate. Grave Reverends, too, were found, in Bible learning skilled To trace out prophecies by this event fulfilled. And sailing scripture passages, full many a score, Acquired a meaning now, that never was known before. 'E'en poetry and eloquence new impulses took. And thoughts then penned and said would read well in the But like the beautiful things which hovered in the air, When yet our stars were light, our brows unstamped with

CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

Altoona Tribune has returned to its old home. The former, we trust, will be a permanent one. And, we trust, the air, of our former home, will be a fragrant one. A welcome, fragrant food. Altoona Tribune, too, has cheered the heart. Mid garden, orchard, field. When beauty pleases, hope of gain, their past. Of Earth's enjoyment, yield. Altoona Tribune has stored the golden grain. And sowed the flower and leaf. Strewed Nature's bounty rustling on the plain. While winds sigh'd Nature's grief. Altoona Tribune, with his funeral tread, Like martial conqueror, to enter the dead. The late departed year. And as in snow again he toombs the dead, He chants its requiem with his howling blast. And now the Carrier—agent of the Press. Again presents you with his New Year's Address; And standing on the grave of '58, Prays '59 may bring us no worse fate; But in the sternity of by-gone years, May meet with blooming honors his compeer. Kind Patrons of the Tribune, then, we bid you hail! A happy New Year! and could wishes but avail To banish past regrets, or bring the power main To furnish, in their stead, bright hopes for '59, '59 leave you entertain them, you, and furthermore To realize more joys than 'er you did before. In one short, fitting year; with goods of various kinds Your garners shall be filled; with happiness you mind; But stay! another year is past, and what's a year? A snake on the water which doth disappear. The scorpion you've marked it, or a motor in the night. Which burns an instant, and then vanishes from sight. But yet, short, fleeting as it is, it leaves behind Plain traces of its path, to teach the observant mind. And what of '58? Ah! Patrons, happy ye Who in our favored land God's stately steps see. The learned, veteran Doctor, and the young Digges. Fans in their contrast, and potentia, they're right. His various meanings and Supter's notes. Drop from their memories and excite no more dispute. But, Luther's followers, and Mr. Wesley's school, They who obey their Rulers—tho' they Bishop's rule, They with cool-temper'd right, and they with gown sleeves wide. With neck-cloths white, and black in various manners tied. Meet on a common platform, and with one accord, Unite in prayer and praise to God, their common Lord. The salesman leaves his counter, Artisans their shops. And from a business call the thrice-worn merchant steps. The lawyer leaves his parlor, the professional man. Evades a client's patient's call as best he can. The student leaves his books, the laborer his bed, All daily to devote an hour in prayer to God. The workman in his work attire, the millionaire, Knelt by each other's side and offer up their prayer. For all the world, in hands of every name. The American Revival speaks about the same. Aye! in the Holy Land, where once our Savior trod. The traveler hears the tidings of this work of God. And 'e'en within the enclosure of the Chinese wall He hears of prayer-meetings held in Jaynes' Hall. Great God with mighty arm speed on thy work of grace From cities to the tower, from towers through every place Till all this wide spread land from Ocean's shore to shore. Shall own thy power and love, and serve thee evermore. Then till the globe itself shall roll up as a scroll, Our country shall be prosperous, our Union whole. Kansas bleeds no more! the rifle and the sword, The sword and scabbard and the lawless hoard. Of slavery agitator, who with base intent Moved from Missouri homes and o'er the boundary went To plot and execute their own unhallowed plans Of carrying ballot-boxes with their marauded chains, Have ceased from bloody riot and from civil strife, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. With peace within her borders, and with equal care. To invite the emigrants who fond her name's cause, Soon shall the growing harvest, and the city great Supply the population to become a State; And many an enterprising honest son of toil Shall reap a happy home on her fertile soil. The honest man, too, the honest man of plain Young— That most notorious villain ever left uncaught and free. Utah, the promised land for fool and vicious knave, Where woman is degraded to a helpless slave, Where vice and crime and murder boldly stalk abroad, And gentiles often are butchered in the name of God, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. That war with Uncle Sam, for which her prophets warned That war, like Moses, might, by stretching out their hand O'erwhelm the Gentile army that would touch their land. When John's fought and conquered and—'as we're before— The war and moon stood still by Israel's sword. Till Israel's enemies should fall by Israel's sword. The spell is broken and the deep delusion fled, And Mormons now are ruled by one in Brigham's stead, Whom Uncle Sam has sent invested with the might To punish evil doers and protect the right. And now we long, we hope, the fifty, millions sore Upon the body politic shall fall no more. But Utah be redeemed from evil of every name, And add a lustre to the escutcheon of our fame. But, sire, of all the deeds which '58 can boast, The Atlantic Telegraph excited most the most. The news of its success like ancient Pharaoh's dream Became a world-wide wail, a universal theme. And Mr. Field, like Joseph, rose from low estate To be a nation's favorite—a world's magnate. Grave Reverends, too, were found, in Bible learning skilled To trace out prophecies by this event fulfilled. And sailing scripture passages, full many a score, Acquired a meaning now, that never was known before. 'E'en poetry and eloquence new impulses took. And thoughts then penned and said would read well in the But like the beautiful things which hovered in the air, When yet our stars were light, our brows unstamped with

CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

Altoona Tribune has returned to its old home. The former, we trust, will be a permanent one. And, we trust, the air, of our former home, will be a fragrant one. A welcome, fragrant food. Altoona Tribune, too, has cheered the heart. Mid garden, orchard, field. When beauty pleases, hope of gain, their past. Of Earth's enjoyment, yield. Altoona Tribune has stored the golden grain. And sowed the flower and leaf. Strewed Nature's bounty rustling on the plain. While winds sigh'd Nature's grief. Altoona Tribune, with his funeral tread, Like martial conqueror, to enter the dead. The late departed year. And as in snow again he toombs the dead, He chants its requiem with his howling blast. And now the Carrier—agent of the Press. Again presents you with his New Year's Address; And standing on the grave of '58, Prays '59 may bring us no worse fate; But in the sternity of by-gone years, May meet with blooming honors his compeer. Kind Patrons of the Tribune, then, we bid you hail! A happy New Year! and could wishes but avail To banish past regrets, or bring the power main To furnish, in their stead, bright hopes for '59, '59 leave you entertain them, you, and furthermore To realize more joys than 'er you did before. In one short, fitting year; with goods of various kinds Your garners shall be filled; with happiness you mind; But stay! another year is past, and what's a year? A snake on the water which doth disappear. The scorpion you've marked it, or a motor in the night. Which burns an instant, and then vanishes from sight. But yet, short, fleeting as it is, it leaves behind Plain traces of its path, to teach the observant mind. And what of '58? Ah! Patrons, happy ye Who in our favored land God's stately steps see. The learned, veteran Doctor, and the young Digges. Fans in their contrast, and potentia, they're right. His various meanings and Supter's notes. Drop from their memories and excite no more dispute. But, Luther's followers, and Mr. Wesley's school, They who obey their Rulers—tho' they Bishop's rule, They with cool-temper'd right, and they with gown sleeves wide. With neck-cloths white, and black in various manners tied. Meet on a common platform, and with one accord, Unite in prayer and praise to God, their common Lord. The salesman leaves his counter, Artisans their shops. And from a business call the thrice-worn merchant steps. The lawyer leaves his parlor, the professional man. Evades a client's patient's call as best he can. The student leaves his books, the laborer his bed, All daily to devote an hour in prayer to God. The workman in his work attire, the millionaire, Knelt by each other's side and offer up their prayer. For all the world, in hands of every name. The American Revival speaks about the same. Aye! in the Holy Land, where once our Savior trod. The traveler hears the tidings of this work of God. And 'e'en within the enclosure of the Chinese wall He hears of prayer-meetings held in Jaynes' Hall. Great God with mighty arm speed on thy work of grace From cities to the tower, from towers through every place Till all this wide spread land from Ocean's shore to shore. Shall own thy power and love, and serve thee evermore. Then till the globe itself shall roll up as a scroll, Our country shall be prosperous, our Union whole. Kansas bleeds no more! the rifle and the sword, The sword and scabbard and the lawless hoard. Of slavery agitator, who with base intent Moved from Missouri homes and o'er the boundary went To plot and execute their own unhallowed plans Of carrying ballot-boxes with their marauded chains, Have ceased from bloody riot and from civil strife, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. With peace within her borders, and with equal care. To invite the emigrants who fond her name's cause, Soon shall the growing harvest, and the city great Supply the population to become a State; And many an enterprising honest son of toil Shall reap a happy home on her fertile soil. The honest man, too, the honest man of plain Young— That most notorious villain ever left uncaught and free. Utah, the promised land for fool and vicious knave, Where woman is degraded to a helpless slave, Where vice and crime and murder boldly stalk abroad, And gentiles often are butchered in the name of God, The lady leaves her bed, and with equal care. That war with Uncle Sam, for which her prophets warned That war, like Moses, might, by stretching out their hand O'erwhelm the Gentile army that would touch their land. When John's fought and conquered and—'as we're before— The war and moon stood still by Israel's sword. Till Israel's enemies should fall by Israel's sword. The spell is broken and the deep delusion fled, And Mormons now are ruled by one in Brigham's stead, Whom Uncle Sam has sent invested with the might To punish evil doers and protect the right. And now we long, we hope, the fifty, millions sore Upon the body politic shall fall no more. But Utah be redeemed from evil of every name, And add a lustre to the escutcheon of our fame. But, sire, of all the deeds which '58 can boast, The Atlantic Telegraph excited most the most. The news of its success like ancient Pharaoh's dream Became a world-wide wail, a universal theme. And Mr. Field, like Joseph, rose from low estate To be a nation's favorite—a world's magnate. Grave Reverends, too, were found, in Bible learning skilled To trace out prophecies by this event fulfilled. And sailing scripture passages, full many a score, Acquired a meaning now, that never was known before. 'E'en poetry and eloquence new impulses took. And thoughts then penned and said would read well in the But like the beautiful things which hovered in the air, When yet our stars were light, our brows unstamped with

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 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 same room.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. S. A. Wilson, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Episcopal, Rev. J. C. Smith, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock in the evening. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Protestant Episcopal, Rev. R. W. Oliver, Pastor—Divine service at 10 o'clock every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock. A. M. and 4 P. M. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. A. M. and 4 P. M. in the Lecture Room at 10 1/2 o'clock in the morning, and at 3 1/2 in the afternoon.

Episcopal, Rev. H. H. Felt, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

African Methodist, Rev. S. W. Clark, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock in the Lecture Room.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

MAILS CLOSE. 8 30 A. M. Western 9 00 A. M. Eastern 9 00 A. M. Western Through Mail 9 00 A. M.

MAILS ARRIVE. 8 35 A. M. Western 11 30 A. M. Eastern 11 30 A. M. Western Through Mail 11 30 A. M.

JOHN SHOEMAKER, P. M.

SELECT STORY.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Ellen Maclure, for some years, had held the situation of upper nurse at one of the private lunatic asylums in the suburbs of the metropolis. She was tall, graceful, and wherewithal good to look upon: a number of suitors had at different times made overtures of matrimony to her, but were rejected; and it was not till after long intimacy that George Farrace, a porter in the establishment, ventured to sue for her hand, and was accepted.

For some time, George had noticed that when Ellen returned after her walks, either of pleasure or business, that her countenance wore an expression of anxiety, and at length resolved to question her upon the subject.

"My dear Ellen," said he, addressing her one day, as she entered from the road, "what can be the cause of that anxiety which I see depicted on your features every time you return to the house after a walk?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Ellen shortly; "what's the use of making a bother about nothing?"

"But I am sure it's more than nothing," replied George, "or it would not make you so unhappy."

"Well, if I have a secret annoyance, it would be no use of telling you," returned Ellen; "you men only make more disturbance than is necessary."

"But it may be in my power to remove your trouble for aught you know."

"Well, never mind, I dare say it will soon end," answered Ellen.

"But I think it a great want of confidence on your part," returned George, "not to tell me for what brings you pain must necessarily make me unhappy."

"I am sure, my dear George, it is far from my thoughts to cause you the slightest inquietude, but really the circumstance is so trivial a nature that it is scarcely worth mentioning, yet, at the same time, brings grief to me. Many girls would laugh, and think it capital sport."

"Then tell me," said George, earnestly.

"No."

"Come—come."

"Oh, don't tease me."

"But I will, until I know what ails you."

"Then you will wait some time."

"I don't care," said George, "I am resolved to know."

After a good deal of persuading, alternately mixed up with vows and sighs, Ellen informed him that for some time past an individual had been in the habit of annoying her with dishonorable proposals, whenever he met her in the streets, and that lately he had carried his impertinence so far, that she could not step outside the door without being subject to insult, as he was always on the watch for her.

"Oh, that's it," said George, when she had finished.

"I really dread to go outside the door," continued Ellen.

"Only let me catch him," said George, "and I'll tell him my mind upon the matter."

"There," cried Ellen, "I thought you would go and make some dreadful disturbance."

"Well," said George, calmly.

"Who knows but that he may stab you, or do something worse?"

"Pooh! nonsense!" returned her lover.

"You know," continued Ellen, "there are a set of horrid fellows about that don't mind what they do, and are ready to perpetrate any villainy, even murder itself."

"Stuff! Burke and Haro are not come back to life. Somebody has been frightening you."

"Well, George, did you not read the horrid murder that was committed last week at— I forget where, where a jealous lover poisoned his fortunate rival, and after murdering fifteen of his relations, put a period to his own unhappy exist-

ence by marrying a very rich heiress and dying in her arms."

"Surely, Ellen you don't give credence to such trash!" said George; "if you do, I am sure you will become a candidate for one of our straight waistcoats."

"Well, all that I know is, it is in print, and you can see it yourself."

"That may be; but what has all this to do with preventing the individual you mention from annoying you?"

"If you must speak to him, for Heaven's sake do so mildly. Who knows what may happen if you are rash?" cried Ellen, fearful of a rupture between the two men.

"Oh, yes," replied George, "I'll use him tenderly enough. I have just thought of a plan."

"What is it?"

"Why, it requires your concurrence to carry it into execution, and afterwards I'll lay any money that he does not trouble you again."

"Let me hear it," said Ellen.

"Well, then, the next time he annoys you, pretend to listen to his proposals, and bring him in here."

"But as you will open the gate," continued Ellen, "he will see you."

"Never mind that," said George. "You must let him suppose that I believe him to be a patient; there is one coming to-night or to-morrow morning, and we can easily mistake your tormentor for him, and take ample revenge for his behavior."

"What would you do to him?"

"Hand him over to one of the keepers by mistake; get him shaved and put into a waistcoat if he's troublesome."

"But what will be the consequence?" cried Ellen.

"You must say to me when you bring him in, 'This is the gentleman Mr. Lucas spoke about.' He will not then suspect that I know anything about the matter, and when the trick is over, he will not take revenge upon a woman."

"But he will complain to Dr. Millman, the proprietor of this establishment, and we shall lose our situations," said Ellen in reply.

"Never mind that," said George; "I will run the risk of that. We must apologize for the mistake in the best way we are able. Nobody will suspect it otherwise. As for your tormentor, he will be too much ashamed to show his bald pate and acknowledge that he has been duped by a woman, while you will have ample satisfaction."

"That will do," said Ellen; "but I am half afraid."

"Courage—courage," replied her lover. "I am going to town this evening, and I have no doubt I shall see the fellow waiting at the corner of the street."

"All right," said George, rubbing his hands with delight at the thoughts of serving out his sweetheart's plauge.

"I'll see you before I go," said Ellen, and retired to perform her daily duty in tending upon the numerous patients confined within the house.

When the occupation of the day was done, some business required the attendance of Ellen in town, and having prepared herself for walking, she set out. Scarcely had she proceeded beyond the precincts of the house before her tormentor, who was a major in the army, dressed in a military braided frock coat, made up to her.

"Good evening," said he. "By all that's lovely, I have been waiting here these three hours in the anxious expectation of seeing your beautiful self."

"You need not have waited so long; I am sure you give yourself a vast deal too much trouble. Besides, I have no time to spare; I am in a hurry," replied Ellen. "Celestial being!" cried the major, attempting to take her hand, "the trouble in seeking your enchanting society is the greatest happiness of my existence."

"I beg you will desist, sir," said Ellen, withdrawing her hand; "those freedoms I dislike very much."

"I swear never to cease to follow you until you promise to give me the pleasure of your company."

"I cannot promise you any such thing," said Ellen.

"Are you engaged to another?" asked the major.

"Yes."

"I do not believe it," said he impassionedly.

"I cannot help that," said Ellen.

"And I will see you home."

"You cannot."

"But I will!" cried the major.

"Now I must beg you to leave me," said Ellen, as she reached the house where she was going.

"Do you return to-night?"

"I do not think I shall," replied Ellen, hoping he would leave her to return alone, and willing, if possible, to avoid the practical joke that George had determined to play him.

"I shall wait," said the major, as Ellen left him.

Ellen delayed her visit as long as possible, and upon again coming into the street, saw the major waiting for her.

"Now, sir," said she, "I intend returning home, and wish to know once for all, if you are determined to continue to persecute me."

"Lovely girl!"

"I do not want your company," said Ellen.

"I will not live without you," returned the major.

"Are you determined to follow me home?"

"I am, my angel. Cannot you admit me into the asylum, where I can have the pleasure of your sweet company to myself?"

"What do you think the people would say of me?" asked Ellen.

"I neither know nor care," replied the major, "so that I possess yourself."

"Really, I think you are a fit candidate for the asylum," responded Ellen, as she drew near home; "will you leave me?"

"No; you must admit me. I know you could if you liked."

"Well, then, if you will promise—"

"What? I will promise anything for your sake."

"That you will do just as I tell you, to avoid suspicion."

"I will."

"Well, then," replied Ellen, "you are not totally indifferent to me, and I will grant you my company for the remainder of the evening."

"Sweet girl!" cried the enraptured major, "I know the god of love at last would move your heart to compassion."

"But there will be some difficulty in getting you past the gate," said Ellen.

"Why?"

"Because of the porter George?"

"Can't you frame some plan to get him from his post for a minute?"

"Let me think," said Ellen, appearing to be wrapt in thought; "let me see—yes, now I have it—there is a gentleman coming to the asylum to-night or to-morrow, and you must represent him, if it were necessary, for an hour's pleasure in your company," said the major.

"And when the porter opens the gate, you must throw yourself about as if insane. I will say 'this is the gentleman Mr. Lucas spoke about'; so he will let us pass without suspicion."

"That's well planned, my charmer," said the major, "a woman is never at a loss for a scheme; but who is Mr. Lucas?"

"Only one of the medical attendants."

"Very well."

By this time they reached the asylum, and Ellen knocked at the gate.

"Who have you with you?" asked Geo., apparently unconscious of the affair, as he opened the gate.

"The gentleman Mr. Lucas spoke about," replied Ellen; "his malady is such that he is outrageous with everybody but a female."

"Oh, indeed," replied George, shutting the gate.

"You are a fine fellow—don't you think you are?" said the major to George, as he entered, and at the same time spang the antics of a maniac.

"Very!" responded George, feigning to humor him.

"I'm King Nebuchadnezzar," said the major.

"Indeed!"

"And was at the battle of Seringapatam."

"Very happy to hear it."

"Killed eleven thousand and a half with my own hand, and will fight you for a ha'p'orth of marbles. Can you knuckle down well? Now, my man, come on, continued the major, pretending to throw off his coat as if about to fight.

"Come, come," whispered Ellen; follow me!"

"On the wings of love!" returned the major, gallantly, wishing George to think that his quiet compliance to a female voice was a feature of his malady. "None but the brave!—none but the brave!—none but the brave deserve the fair!"

"Now, come along, and don't make so much noise, King Nebuchadnezzar," said Ellen, aloud.

"You don't think I want to waste my time talking to that poltroon, do you, my miracle of beauty?" whispered the major in her ear as he followed her.

"This way, if you please," said Ellen, entering a small door; there, step in there, and don't stir for your life till I come," she added, pushing him into a dark room.

"Are you going away?" demanded the major.

"For a minute."

"For Heaven's sake be quick," returned the major, or I will die of love before you return."

"Hush—hush! for mercy's sake or some one will hear you," replied Ellen, as she shut the door and fastened it outside, while she went to consult with George, as to the next step they were to take.

"What shall we do with him now?" asked she.

"Call the shaver, to be sure," said George.

"He has a fine head of hair." "I'll be a pity to cut it off," replied Ellen.

"Oh, never mind that. There's many a fine head of hair been cut off here, replied her lover. "It will soon grow again."

"Very well," said Ellen; and she immediately went to inform the shaver of the establishment that there was a patient just come, who imagined himself Nebuchadnezzar, and was to have his head shaved.

"Very well," replied the person addressed; and calling one of the keepers, they went with Ellen, who carried a light to the room where the major was sitting in the dark.

"Good evening, Nebuchadnezzar," said the shaver, as he entered.

"Good evening," said the major, willing to keep up the character he had assumed. I am always glad to see my subjects in good health."

"I've come to shave your majesty's head," returned the shaver, as pleasantly as he could.

"Oh!—what?" demanded the major, stretching his eyes to their utmost limit, and at the same time forgetting his assumed character.

"Shave your majesty's head," said the man.

"I'll be d—d if you do, then," responded the captain, making for the door, and looking rather alarmed.

"It will be a practical lesson in humility for your subjects," said the keeper, who was standing by.

"A practical lesson in d—n!" roared the major; "and I will knock the first down that lays a finger on me!"

"Oh, very well, your majesty," replied the keeper. "If you will not talk, the last lesson quietly, we must adopt our usual plan, and make you up."

"Let me out!" roared the captain.

"You were not brought here for that!" "Let me out, I say; or, I will call for assistance," said the major.

"It's no use calling here—no one listens to a madman's voice."

"But I tell you I am not mad!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" replied the keeper. "They all say so that came here, and believe themselves the most sensible people on earth."

"But I tell you I am in my sound senses."

"What were you brought here for?"

"As the major could not well answer this question, he looked rather stupid.

"It is no use standing talking to him," said George, who now entered. "Why don't you shave him at once, according to orders? He's as mad as a March hare, and wanted to fight me at the gate just now for a ha'p'orth of marbles."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed all three, at the same time approaching the major, who, being desperate, and seeing himself in a predicament that he could scarcely account for, began to show fight in real earnest, as he was attempted to be seized by three powerful men.

"Hold him by the legs," said the keeper.

"That's it," replied the shaver.

"Get the waistcoat!" called George, "while I hold his arms."

"Cursed villains!" roared the major, with a tremendous oath, while he plunged and kicked violently to do you want to murder me? I'll make you pay for it."

"Hold him tight," said the keeper.

"Get him into the chair and strap him down," said George.

"Put that arm into the waistcoat," cried the keeper.

"That's it," said one.

"All right," said a second.

"And now you may kick as long as you like," remarked the third, as they got the major on the floor, his legs strapped together, and his arms made fast and confined behind him by the strap-wa