

Altoona Tribune.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1859.

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Long advertisements, by special arrangement.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.
Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. A. Clark, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. and P. M. Prayers every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. C. Stewart, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. and P. M. Prayers every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
Altoona Station.
Trains leave Altoona for Philadelphia, New York, and other points.
Trains arrive at Altoona from Philadelphia, New York, and other points.
For full schedule, see the Railroad Guide.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.
The following are the dates of the meetings of the various associations in the county:
The Farmers' Association, June 1st.
The Teachers' Association, June 15th.
The Mechanics' Association, June 20th.
The Ladies' Association, June 25th.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.
Mayor: J. C. Stewart.
Council: J. C. Stewart, J. C. Stewart, J. C. Stewart, J. C. Stewart, J. C. Stewart.
Clerk: J. C. Stewart.
Treasurer: J. C. Stewart.

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THE LIVER INVIGORATOR!
COMPOUND ENTIRELY FROM GUMS!
This is the best Purgative and Liver Medicament known. It is a powerful and safe medicine, and is adapted to all cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all the various ailments of the Liver. It is a powerful and safe medicine, and is adapted to all cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all the various ailments of the Liver.

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Select Poetry.
A Western Railroad Dream.
"Corrupting the air with noxious smoke is an atrocious offense." See Blackstone's Commentaries, page 237, vol. 3, chapter 12.
Sitting in a railroad, flying on by steam,
Head against the cushion, dreamed a curious dream:
Yes, a glorious country, sure, as it was very real,
For though very monstrous it was very real.

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of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain. Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot. Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, concealed Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, one day, he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him, with a sigh: "Oh, Frank, I am sorry we ever met." "Sorry?" "Yes; for we must part now." "Part?" exclaimed Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this. "Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh. "Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—prudent Kate—slept, bitterly.

"Kate," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me, but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go." "Go—go," murmured Kate, feebly. "Have you decided?" whispered Frank. "I have." "Then, love, farewell!" He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom. She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arm around his neck; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated. "A feeble yell fell from her lips, and an instant later, she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone. To tear the tenuous root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made. She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarcely repress a sigh. There was a magnificent wedding—Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy land, Kate gave her heart to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen. But, certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast. Her friends were numerous, her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a feilful touch—she had known the heavenly charm of the deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent, motionless, muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords were still and soundless; her heart was dead, none the less so because killed by a golden shroud, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Kate in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

ting her thus, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily. "You do not care for me," he said, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?" "But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated. "Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed the seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer in my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to the life of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate. "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue." "Yes, I know it," said Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly, his eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn. "I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling. "The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough—Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife; but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation—Nay, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now—I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud: "Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?" She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself, her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until, with a start, she cried: "Frank! oh, Frank—come back!" "Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her. "You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly. "Asleep!" "And dreaming, too, I should say, not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and it is all a dream?" "I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you, asleep." "Oh, what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder to think of it. I thought I was married!" "And would that be so horrible!" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me?" "No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then, if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart?" "No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is." And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid, but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment, and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Envy.
Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject. Like the cormorant, it eats out the substance of everything outside of itself, and then turns and preys upon its own vitality; and strange to say, that its feeding upon itself, it grows and strengthens and becomes more capable of performing its destructive work. The envious person can never be happy. The thing is impossible. As well expect the cormorant to be out of pain and experienced pleasure with its sharp beak on its own heart, and drawing forth the fluid by which its life is sustained. If the silly bird that drinks its own blood can be at rest and satisfied, then may an envious man pronounce himself contented. But while the wound is open and bleeding, the process of destruction must be going on; and the result is inevitable. When the last drop is drawn forth, the work is finished. Envy destroys itself with the destruction of its possessor. But the worst of all is that while envy is doing its work of destruction in the heart that entertains it, none of the parties are at all hurt or disquieted. The vile passion can only prey upon itself. It can do no harm outside of the poor mistaken bosom that affords it a harbor.

THIS QUEER WORLD.—The following eloquent passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College, at Columbia, to the recent graduating class: "You are embarking upon a strange world my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony and Caiaphas is still in the world, greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times to be depressed by your rivals, condemned for your patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters—from those from whom you had a right to expect better things.—These are hard things to bear, say you. They are so, my young friends, and you never will bear them as you should, unless you take the good book for your guide, and look daily to its Author for supplies of strength sufficient for your trial. Do this, and all will be well at last. With that chart in your hand, now launch your barque upon the troubled ocean of life; and when the squalls strike you, be at least as prudent as the common sailor, and be found hard, at the helm, with your chart before you and your eye fixed on Bethlehem's star."

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be; for he sits for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his oldest brother—the last address of good night of earth—"Kiss me—kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in heaven; and his angel throng, led on by the Son himself; and what are the griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

THE DROP GAME.—A young London swell, whilst waiting for the train at York, went into a tavern, and cast about for some amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest shall take the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said an old farmer. The cockney dropped in a shilling; the farmer followed with another. "Go on," said the cockney, dropping in another. "I won't," said the Yorkshireman, "take the whole, and treat the company."

RELIGION AT HOME.—Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in a church built with hands. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love which is to be carried through the universe is first unfolded in the family. "Let them learn first," says the apostle, "to show piety at home."

The Reason why a sailor is called a tar, is because he is constantly pitched about on the ocean. It is through inward health that we enjoy all outward things.