

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 7.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1862.

NO. 27

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Published weekly, except on Sundays, at \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first week.

For a full description of the terms of advertising, see the advertisement on the opposite page.

Advertisements for real estate, and for the sale of land, are inserted at the rate of 25 cents per line for the first week.

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Choice Poetry.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY OLIVER WINDRELL HOLMES.

Listen, young heroes! Your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping;
Never let Honor lie wrapped in his pall!
Brief the life's morning be, with the hands clasping—
'Tis for the wars' is worth for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly careen you:
Hark! 'tis the battle-shout wheresoever drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Pointed on the turf where the red rose should bloom!
Now is the day and the hour of salvation:
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon,
Through the black canopy blotting the skies:
Never or now! flaps the shell-blistered pennon
Over the deep ocean where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth!

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Tarrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
From the lone summits, too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

Select Miscellany.

A BLINDFOLD MARRIAGE.

The elite of the court of Louis XIV, the great monarch of France, were assembled in the chapel of the great transept, to witness the nuptials of Louis, Count of Franche Comte—a natural son of the King—with Lydionne, Duchess de Baliverne, a worthy heiress.

The singular feature of the ceremony was that the bridegroom's eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief. This circumstance excited the wonder of all. Had the bride been old and ugly, they would not have been surprised. On the contrary she was young and quite pretty.

The king alone understood this strange freak of the bridegroom, and, though much enraged, he prudently held his peace and suffered the ceremony to proceed. A few words will explain the motives of the bridegroom.

When Louis XIV came back from his great campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to unite his son, whose valor and daring in the war had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the crown.

He proposed the union to the young Duchess of Baliverne, and found her favorably inclined. She had just come to court, having but recently emerged from the convent where she had completed her education. She had seen the young Count often, though he had never deigned to cast a glance upon her. She knew he was brave and noble, and she thought him handsome.

The baronist in his scutcheon was no objection. Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Comte, who, like his father, was something of a reprobate, would not accept her. "My son," said the great King, "I have resolved that you shall marry."

"My worthy sire and most excellent father," returned the Count, "I have resolved to do no such thing!" The King frowned. He was not in the habit of being contradicted.

"I have made a formal proposition, in your name, for the hand of the Duchess of Baliverne, and she has accepted you," said he, gravely.

"Doubtless," sneered the young scapegrace, "her taste is excellent, and how could she refuse me? Perhaps it would have been as well to have consulted my inclinations in this matter. I do not wish to marry."

"Are you in love with any one?" "No."

"Then love my Duchess. She is noble and wealthy."

"I am your son—that is nobility enough," he bowed low as he spoke, and the King smiled at the compliment; "and the Jews trust me—what could I do with more gold?"

"She is the prettiest woman in my court."

"I'm tired of pretty women; they are always fools."

will create you a Duke on your wedding-day. Dare to disobey me, and I will strip you of your title and the lands you hold from me, and cast you into the bastille."

This was what had brought the Count of Franche Comte blindfolded to be married. The King smiled grimly, but said nothing.

The Count placed the ring upon the finger of his bride, but he did not salute her; and when the ceremony was over he turned his back upon her, took the handkerchief from his eyes, and walked out of the chapel.

Lydionne pouted her pretty lips, and was almost ready to cry for vexation.—The King took her in charge, escorted her to her carriage, and they were conveyed to the hotel her husband occupied.

"Here you are, my dear," said the King, conducting her through the apartments he had expressly furnished for her reception; "here you are, at home."

"But where's my husband?" said Lydionne.

"Silly boy!" muttered the King, looking very much annoyed. "Never mind, my dear, he is your husband; the rest will come in time."

"What is the use of having a husband if he will not look at you?" pouted Lydionne.

"He shall look at you, or I'll send him to the Bastille."

"Oh, no," cried Lydionne, "do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity enough to see what kind of a wife he has got, I'm sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is," she continued, a sad expression stealing over her countenance. "Sire, you have forced the Count into this union!"

The King coughed and looked guilty. "Oh!" cried Lydionne, with anguish, "he never loved me, then—he never will love me!"

"Why should you care?" "Because I love him," answered Lydionne, innocently.

"Love him?" "Oh! so dearly: that is why I married him. I had loved him from the moment I first beheld him. And now I am his wife, he will not look at me."

Lydionne burst into a flood of tears, and sank upon a sofa.

The King pitied her sincerely; but what could he do? He had forced his son to marry her, but he could not force him to love her.

He thought of the Bastille. It would not make him love his wife to send him there.

"Well, well," he said, "you are his wife. I will make him a duke, and I dare say you'll find him home before morning."

With these words the King withdrew. Lydionne was left alone with her sorrow. She soon dried her tears, and looked all the better, like a rose after a shower.

Her old nurse came in, and together they inspected her new home, which Lydionne found entirely to her satisfaction.

The Count did not come home that night. A week passed by, and he did not make his appearance. Lydionne came to the conclusion he would never come. She knew it was useless to appeal to the King. He had made Franche Comte a duke, but he could do nothing for her. She determined to ascertain what her husband was about.

that rested upon his arm tremble. But she did not seem displeased.

"Do you reside in Paris?" "Yes; but we have only been here a short time. We came from Belleville—mother and I."

"From the country, eh? Where do you live, my pretty blossom?" "In the rue St. Helene."

"Why, that is some distance from here. Will you not permit me to escort you home? These streets are dangerous, as you have found, to one as beautiful as you are."

"I would very much like to have you see me home—if—"

She paused and appeared confused.

"If what?" asked the Duke, eagerly.

"If you would only go so good—as to promise not to—to—to—to—kiss me again, if you please, sir," replied the girl, innocently.

The Duke was charmed. There was a simplicity, a freshness about this young girl which pleased him.

"I give you my word as a gentleman," he said frankly, "that no action of mine shall displease you, if you accept my escort."

She came to his side and took his arm with confidence.

"I am not afraid of you," she said with sweet simplicity; "I know you are too good to injure me."

The Duke blushed for the first time in his life—he could not remember how many years; he knew he was receiving a better character than he deserved.

"What is your name?" he asked, as they proceeded on their way.

"Bergeronette," she replied.

"That a pretty name! And so you live here in Paris, all alone with your mother?"

"I dare say you have plenty of sweethearts?" "No; I haven't one."

"None," replied Bergeronette quite sadly.

"Would you not like a sweetheart?" "Perhaps."

"You must be particular in your choice, or you would have had a sweetheart before now. What kind of a one would you like, now?"

The Duke thought she was a very sensible old woman.

The Duke departed at the end of the three hours, more in love than ever. He came every day for a fortnight, and every day he pressed his suit. But there was only one way in which Bergeronette could be won—an honorable marriage.

The Duke was in despair and at his wit's end. He had a stormy scene with the King, who threatened to send him to the Bastille if he did not return to the Duchess. So he came to Bergeronette, on the fourteenth day, to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone together.

"Hear me, Bergeronette, he cried, when he had exhausted every argument and found her still firm, "I swear to you I will be free, this instant I wed you. I will confess all to you. I have told you that I am a Duke, but not my title—Now you shall know all. I am the Duke de Franche Comte, and—I am already married!"

"Married!" echoed Bergeronette with a smothered scream.

"I was forced into this union by the King's command. I do not love my wife. I have never even seen her face. I left her at the altar's foot, and we have never met since. She possesses my title, but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society. Time may remove the obstacles to our union, death may befriend us, a divorce may be obtained, and then I swear to you, by every saint in Heaven, you shall become my Duchess!"

"Were you free, would you really make me your wife?" "I have pledged you my word."

"I believe you."

"You will fly with me?" "I will."

"Dear Louis," she murmured, for so had he taught her to call him, "I also have something to impart to you. My name is not Bergeronette, and I am not what you take me to be."

"What do you mean?" "I have a title equal to your own."

"Then this old woman?" "Is not my mother, but my nurse."

"And the man who assaulted you?" "Was my lackey instructed for the purpose."

The Duke looked bewildered.

"And like you," she continued, "I am—MARRIED."

"I'll cut your husband's throat," exclaimed the Duke wildly.

"I don't think you will when you know him."

"Who is he then, and who are you?" "I am Lydionne, Duchess de Franche Comte, and you are her."

The Duke was thunderstruck.

Lydionne knelt at his feet.

A GOOD GENERAL.

The fortitude required of him is very different from the unthinking alacrity of the common soldier or common sailor in the face of danger or death; it is not a passion—it is not an impulse; it is not a sentiment—it is a cool, steady, deliberate principle always present, always equal; having no connection with anger; tempering honor with prudence; incited, invigorated, and sustained by a generous love of fame; informed, moderated, and directed by an enlarged knowledge of its own great public ends; flowing in one blended stream from the opposite sources of the heart and head, carrying in itself its own commission, and proving its title to every other command, by the first and most difficult command, that of the bosom in which it resides—it is a fortitude which unites with the courage of the field, the more exalted and refined courage of the council; which knows as well to retreat as to advance; which can conquer as well by delay as by the rapidity of a march, or the impetuosity of an attack; which can be, with Fabius, the black cloud that lowers on the top of the mountains, or with Scipid, the thunder-bolt of war; which, undismayed by false shame, can patiently endure the severest trials that a gallant spirit can undergo, in the taunts and provocations of the enemy, the suspicious, the cold respect and the "mouth honor" of those from whom he should meet a cheerful obedience which, undisturbed by false humanity, can calmly assume that most awful moral responsibility of deciding when victory may be too dearly purchased by the loss of a single life, and when the safety and glory of their country may demand the certain sacrifice of thousands.—Burke.

THE FIRST RAILROAD.

To-day (July 8th) we received our first yearly pass on a Minnesota Railroad.—Nine years ago we got our first pass on the Pennsylvania Central and do not sleep well at nights without having that pass renewed yearly, even when we do not expect to see the road during the year. The sight of it brings up all the old familiar places and pleasant faces—the station was adorned with shrubbery and shade trees—the comfortable cars, with the sense of security in them—the gentlemanly conductors, and the regular passengers. We watched that road from the first locomotive that came staggering and whizzing along, dragging its loads of rocks and ties and rails, until it was an institution of which the United States has reason to be proud; and now we cannot help looking forward nine years to what the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad may be at the end of that time. It is ten miles long now; but, bless me how that child does grow! In six months it will most likely be thirty miles long; and six more will bring the iron horse to St. Cloud, if the water is not too low to get the rails up to St. Paul. In six years he will run to Superior, bearing his teeming burdens of civilization, through the woodland haunts of Hiawatha. Cities and towns will send up their spires where the red man now pursues his game. The trees will send up their arms around some prairie station will give rest and shelter to dusty, tired travelers, and our roses will bloom under them as millions upon millions of dollars worth of commerce shall roll past when we get our tenth yearly ticket.—St. Cloud (Minn.) Democrat.

THAT'S MY WIFE.—Two of our citizens, who we