

The Altoona Tribune.

MACRUM & DERN.

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1862.

NO. 26.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

H. C. DERN, EDITOR.

MACRUM & DERN, PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;

Leave in its track the tilling plow;

For arms like yours were after now;

And let the hands that ply the pen

Quit the light task, and learn to wield

The horseman's crooked brand, and rein

The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!

To where the blood-stained blots the green.

Strike to defend the gentler way.

That time in all his course has seen.

See, from a thousand covert-woods,

Spring the armed foes that hunt her track;

They rush to smite her down, and we

Must beat the branded traitors back.

No start as the oak ye cleave,

And moved as soon to fear and fight—

Men of the glade and forest! leave

Your woodcraft for the field of fight.

The arms that wield the axe must pour

An iron tempest on the foe;

His scented ranks shall rest before

The arm that lays the mountain low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm

By grassy steep or highland lake,

Come, for the land ye love, to form

A bulwark that no foe can break.

Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock

The whirlwind, stand to her defence:

The blast as soon shall move the rock,

And rushing squadrons beat you hence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand

Swiss rivers, rising far away,

Come from the depths of her green land

As night in your march as they:

As terrible as when the rains

Have swelled them over bank and bourne.

With sudden floods to sweep the plains.

And see, along the woods around,

As night in your march as they:

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BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN.

The little child was dying. His weary

limbs were racked with pain no more—

The flush was fading from his thin cheek,

and the fever that had been drying up

his blood for many days was now cooling

rapidly under the touch of the icy hand

that was upon him.

There were sounds of bitter but sup-

pressed grief in that dim chamber, for

the dying little one was very dear to many

hearts. They knew that he was departing,

and the thought was hard to bear; but

they tried to command their feeling, that

they might not disturb the last moments of

their darling.

The father and mother and the kind

physician stood beside dear little Aurthur's

bed, and watched his heavy breathing—

He had been silent for some time, and

appeared to sleep. They thought it might

be thus he would pass away; but suddenly

his mild blue eyes opened wide and clear,

and a beautiful smile broke over his fea-

tures. He looked upward and forward at

first, and then turning his eyes upon his

mother's face, said in a clear, sweet voice:

"Mother, what is the name of that

beautiful country that I see away beyond

the mountain—the high mountain?"

"I can see nothing, my child," said the

mother; "there are no mountains in sight

of our home."

"Look there, dear mother," said the

child, pointing upward, "yonder are the

mountains. Can you not see them now?"

He asked in tones of great astonishment,

as his mother shook her head. "They are

near me now—so large and high, and the

people are so happy—there are no sick

children there. Papa can you not see be-

hind the mountains? Tell me the name

of that land?"

The parents glanced at each other, and

with united voice replied:

"The land you see is Heaven, is it not,

my child?"

"Yes, it is Heaven, I thought that must

be its name. Oh, let me go—but how

shall I cross those mountains? Father, will

you not carry me, for they call me from

the other side, and I must go?"

There was a dry eye in that cham-

ber, and upon every heart fell a solemn

awe, as if the curtain which concealed

his mysteries were about to be withdrawn.

"My son," said the father; "will you

stay with us a little while longer? You

shall cross the mountain soon, but in

stronger arms than mine. Wait—stay

with your mother a little longer; see how

she weeps at the thought of losing you!"

"Oh, mother! oh, father! do not cry,

but come with me and cross the mountain

—oh, come!" and thus he entreated, with

a strength and earnestness which aston-

ished all.

The chamber was filled with wondering

and awe-stricken friends. At length he

turned to his mother with a face beaming

with rapturous delight, and, stretching out

his little arms to her for her last embrace,

he cried:

"Good-bye, mother, I am going; but

don't you be afraid—the strong arm has

come to carry me over the mountains!"

These were his parting words; upon his

mother's breast he breathed his last; and

they laid the little fair boy down again

upon the pillow, and closed the lids over

the beautiful blue eyes, over which the

mists of