The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.

VICKSBURG IS OURS.

BY J. O. BLYTHE, M. D.

Hark! borne upon the Southern breeze,
As whispers breathed above the trees,
Or as the swell from off the seas,
In summer showers,
Fall softly on the ears of men
Strains sweetly indistinct, and then—
Hist! listen! catch the sound again—
"Vicksburg is ours!"

O'er sea-waves beating on the shore,
'Bove thunders o'en the storms are o'er,
O'er cataracts in headlong roar,
High, high it towers.
"O'er all the breastworks and the moats
The Starry flag in triumph floats,
And heroes thunder from their throats.
Vicksburg is ours!"

Spread all your banners in the sky,
The sword of victory gleams on high,
Our conquering eagles upward fly,
And kiss the stars;
For Liberty the Gods awake,
And hurl the shattered foes a wreck,
The Northern arms made strong to break
The Southern bars.

The daunting flag, the rebel's trust,
Lies trailing in the bloody dust,
With sword and halberd there to rust,
And rot to shreds;
No more from its disdained grave,
To flout defiance to the brave,
Who proudly our broad banners wave
High o'er their heads.

All honor to the brave and true,
Who fought the bloody battles through,
And from the ramparts victory drew
Who to Vicksburg cowers.
And o'er the trenches, o'er the slain,
Through iron hail and leaden rain,
Still plunging onward, in gait and main,
Made Vicksburg ours.

Wave, wave your banners in the sky,
The glory give to God on high,
In lofty praises far on vie
All other powers;
Who nerved the arms that struck the blow,
Which in defeat, overwhelmed the foe,
And laid his frowning bulwarks low,
Made Vicksburg ours!

Select Miscellany.

THE ARABIAN STEED.

Adah was the daughter of a powerful rajah, who, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superd palace on the banks of the Jumma.

The rajah was proud of his beautiful child and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion.—But the duties of his situation and his warlike pursuits called him frequently from her; and much of the dark eyed Hindo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were, and sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by every plant, still this perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendant branches of a date tree, she sighed and felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure garden of her father's palace.

She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon hand, when the rustling amid the branches of an orange tree attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man.

The branches hastily parted, and a young Mahomedan, rushing forward, knelt before her.

"Who art thou?" she exclaimed.—"Mercy, mercy, I am defenseless—spare me!"

"Mercy," replied the Moor; "'tis I must crave mercy of you; I am defenceless, fair lady. I am at your feet, and in your power."

"What brought you here?" she replied. "Know you not the danger?"

"A danger I have braved too often to heed it for an instant now."

"Often! What mean you?"

"Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary rambles have I entered these gardens—daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favorite bower—daily have I gazed on you unseen."

"For what purpose?"

"My purpose! madness—death!

"Death? to me who never wronged you—who never injured a human being?"

"To you, lady—no, no—not to you: I would not harm you for the world?

"Death to whom, then?"

"To myself."

"Why—what brought you here?"

"Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me here; and I looked on you for the first time: need I say why, daily, after I had once beheld you. I came again"

"Oh, if you are seen," cried Ada, "nothing can save you from my father's rage: you know the barrier—the awful impassible barrier—that divides your race from mine. Madman begone!"

The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of eastern beauty, spoke not, moved not; he continued kneeling before the agitated girl, while his dark, brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance, seemed eagerly to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger? Gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come.

"I await my doom," at length muttered the intruder. "I scorn to fly: my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end; you will call your father's guards, and I shall die."

"No, no—you shall not die—not if Ada can save you; I will not call them: so I dread their coming."

"Then you forgive my boldness?"

"Yes—only begone—save yourself."

"Shall we meet again?

"Never!"

"Then I will stay and die: better to die here, at your command, in your presence, than to go thence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again."

Poor Ada had never been before addressed in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless when compared with the ardor of the youthful lover who knelt befor her.

"For my sake, if not for your own, go," she cried.

"Then we may meet again?"

"Yes, only leave me now, you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honor of Vishnu; I shall be there and will contrive to speak to you—hark!"

She pointed to the orange trees. A footstep was heard in the distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the rajah entered the bower to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance around her, breathed more freely when she found her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendant returned to the palace. There was no festival in Hindostan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honor of Vishnu in the province over which the rajah governed. The gardens on the banks of the Jumma were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager to see or be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly reverenced.

Kettle drums sounded, golden armor glistened, dommy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle-axes rode proudly on their prancing milk-white steeds, and princely ladies were borne in glittering palankeens on the backs of elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose-colored cushions, fanned by her favorite slave, without taking trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter to look upon the festivities which surrounded her.

Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many colored lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing hastily over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide-spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover; he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed levity that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, alone to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs.

Selim was indeed there.

"Speak not," she earnestly whispered. "I must not stay for an instant—I dare not listen to you—but mark my words, and if you love me obey them. I don't doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request.

"Speak, lady, I will obey you," said the Moor.

"Go," whispered Ada, "buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across yon plain three times in every day—in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumma on his back."

"Is that all," said Selim: "it shall be done."

"It is all," replied Ada; "to prove your love you will I know readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather to ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day, for the space of a year."

"A year!"

"Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you."

Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand, hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim again, alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the retrospect of one year of happiness! How sad, how interminable, seems the same space of time, in anticipation, when we know that at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained—some cherished hope realized.

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love he received not a token from her, but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously; often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumma impetuous and dangerous. Then on her knees on the rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover, dreading at one moment lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both, rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest, he plunged fearlessly into the river; he buffeted with the waves; he gained the opposite shore, and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands; once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadows of the wide spreading tree.

He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of the cymbals and the measured beat of the kettle drums. The rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed by a troop of damsels, then came Ada the rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling, bashful girl he had seen at the last festival. Proudly and self-possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form glittering with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him.

"She is changed—she will think no more of me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced toward his hiding place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves.

"Are you faithful?" said she in a low tone; "nay, I wrong you by the question. I have seen that you are so; if you have courage, as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?"

Selim held its bridle rein.

"Then in your hands I place my happiness," she added; "these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust—away! away!"

Selim in an instant bore Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade, swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens.

The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches, the rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives.

"Follow! follow!" cried the foremost, "we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mahomedan. They approach the river's bank, and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink."

Still they gained upon them; the space between the pursuers and pursued became smaller and smaller, and the recapture of Ada seemed certain. When lo: to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burthen safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight.

The pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed it would have been madness to have plunged amid the edlying whirlpools of the swollen Jumma.

Every tale should have its moral.—What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret unauthorized attachment? A temporary triumph which so rarely leads to happiness! For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from the little history of Selim and Ada, this small grain of moral inference may be extracted. Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their lovers ere they marry; and lovers should endure the trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affections.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE MEMORABLE JULY.—Below will be found a chronological statement of the successes achieved by the Union forces during the month of July. This does not include minor skirmishes, in which our troops were succesful; neither does it include the captures by our blockading squadrons:

July 3d—Meade's victory over Lee at Gettysburg, with rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 35,000.

July 4th—Capture of Vicksburg by Grant with 31,000 prisoners, and over 200 heavy guns.

July 4th—Gen. Prentiss fights the rebels at Helena, Ark., and defeats them with a loss of 2,700 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

July 4th—Rosecrans compels Bragg to evacuate Tullahoma. Rebel loss in the series of engagements over 4,000.

July 6th—Gen. Buford whips Stuart, and captures 967 prisoners and two guns.

July 8th—Banks captures Port Hudson, with 6,000 prisoners.

July 8th—Gen Pleasanton defeats the rebel cavalry, near Funkstown, capturing 50 prisoners.

July 9th—Buford and Kilpatrick engage the enemy near Boonsboro, and defeat them taking a number of prisoners.

July 10th—Attack on the approaches to Charleston commenced, and the batteries on the lower end of Morris Island captured by our forces.

July 13th—Yazoo City captured by our gunboats, and several hundred prisoners, six heavy guns, and a gunboat taken.

July 14th—Battle of Falling Waters 1,500 rebels and several guns captured.

July 14th—Fort Powhatan, on James river captured by Admiral Lee.

July 16th—Our forces, under Sherman occupy Jackson, Miss., capturing a large amount of stores, railroad rolling stock, &c., and driving the rebel Johnson into Central Missisippi.

July 16th—Gen. Blunt obtains a victory over the rebels at Elk Creek, Ark., killing 60 rebels, capturing 100 prisoners and two guns.

July 17th [or about that time]—An expedition up the Red river captures two steamers, several transports, 15,000 Enfield rifles, and a large amount of ammunition.

July 17th—An expedition sent by Gen Grant to Natchez, captures 5,000 head of cattle, 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and several pieces of artillery.

July 18th—The guerilla Morgan "cornered" at Buffington, Ohio, and 1,000 of his men captured.

July 19th—300 of Morgan's guerillas bagged near Buffington.

July 19th—Col. Hatch attacks the rebels at Jackson, Tenn., and captures two companies and an artillery train.

July 20th—1,500 of Morgan's men, including Basil Duke, captured at George's Creek.

July 22d—Expedition from Newbern attack Tarboro, N. C., 100 prisoners captured and an iron-clad and two gunboat destroyed.

July 22d—Brashear City, La., surrendered to our forces, under Col Johnson.

July 24th—Col. Tolland captures Withesville, and captures 125 prisoners.

July 26th—Morgan bagged at Salinville; also 200 of his men.

July 28th—Our troops, under Colonel Hatch, encounter the rebels at Lexington, Tenn., routing them, and capturing a colonel, two lieutenants, twenty-five privates, and two pieces of artillery.

July 29th—Gen. Pegram is engaged by our forces at Paris, Ky., and repulsed with serious loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

July 30th—Col. Sanders attacks the rebels (2,000 strong) at Winchester, Ky., and routes them with considerable loss.

July 31st—Our forces attacks the enemy at Lancaster, Ky., kill and wound twenty, and take 100 prisoners.

Thus we have an aggregate of twenty-eighth successful engagements against the rebels within the campass of a single month. Over eighty thousand of the enemy were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and no less than three hundred pieces of heavy artillery, and a hundred thousand stand of small arms taken. A pretty good July's work!

ARMY COFFEE.—A correspondent of the New York *Post*, who accompanied the Army of the Potomac, on its march from Gettysburg, writes:

The quality of the cooking may be inferred from the remark of a soldier, to whom I said that it smelled good," Yes" he replied, "a blamed sight better than it tastes."

I soon had an opportunity to judge for my-self, having accepted an officer's invitation to take coffee in his tent. Captain H. was very proud of his table. His cook was said to be the best in camp, his only fault being a disposition to a careless mixture of ingredients. "There, sir" said the captain, handing me a brimming cup, "I'll warrant you'll find that equal to anything you ever drank in Paris." I tasted. The captain saw something was wrong. He tasted. His countenance assumed a stern and mortified expression. John was called out and ordered to investigate the cause of the villainous taste of the coffee. The next moment he reappeared holding the coffee pot in hand. "Och, be jabers, Captain," said he, "it's meself that's mortified to death; I cooked the bowl of me ould pipe in your coffee this morning, and that's the innocent cause of the bad taste intirely."

PRINTING WITHOUT INK.—A gentleman, a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing printing paper in such manner that, when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed and a perfect black impression is the result. the advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers, and by revolutionizing printing machinery and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing larg quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printoffice would then become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the roller sobviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld, at his own request, until letters patent shall be obtained.—*Phila, Inquirer.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.—Observe where water stands during the summer, and prepare for draining as soon as practicable. The low marshy portions of some farms contain its most valuable land, if property reclaimed. Dry weather is best for draining if there be time and help sufficient to attend to it. Surplus capital can at any time be profitable invested in this paying improvement.

Keep fences in order, especially on farm lines, by the roadside, and adjoining grain fields and meadows. A broken rail replaced may save great damage to a field of wheat, corn or oats

Three parts of wood ashes and one part of salt constitutes an excellent mixture for all domestic animal. Its alkalescent and saline qualities are both quite congenial to the animal system, and when used in proper quantities, and at proper times, are highly promotive of health.

☞ A gentlemen at a ladies' fair, being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the sum asked for it $10. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend.

"He rather had you," said the friend, to my certain knowledge she only paid $3 for the whole wig."

☞ A Chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the Conscription act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as, if, he must fight, he would rather do so for his country. This fellow has evidently made a mistake matrimonally.

☞ A downeaster sold another man a horse for a certain number of sheep, to be delivered on such a day. They came promptly, but to the purchaser's astonishment, all nicely sheared! It was a cool transaction, especially for the sheep.

☞ Persons who are always innocently good humored and cheertul, are very useful in the world. They not only maintain peace and happiness, but spread a glow of sunshine among those with whom they associate.

☞ The profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than that of a doctor; it is much easier for most people to preach than to practice.

☞ Philadelphia has got through with the draft. Out of a population of 567,000, there have been 18,000 men drawn

The last conundrum: Which is the quickest, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.