

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1864.

NO. 46.

NEW GOODS.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has just received from the East, where he has selected his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

For style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in this country. His stock is much larger than that of any other dealer in this city, and he is quite an expert in these matters. He will sell you the best goods and at the lowest prices.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of every description, MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SIDES, MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S HALF HOSE, WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE, HATS AND CAPS.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.

GREEN AND HEAVY DRESSINGS, all the latest styles. Hosiery, Boots, and Shoes, at the lowest prices.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffee, Syrup, Tea, &c. at the lowest prices.

AVOID THE NEXT DRAFT!

THERE IS A PREVAILING EXCITEMENT among the people of Altoona and vicinity about THE SECOND DRAFT of the 9th Army Corps. It is a matter of great importance to every citizen, and it is the duty of every man to be prepared.

SAVE THE THREE HUNDRED!

They have just received a large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, which they are selling at the lowest prices.

Victory Won!

The subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that they have just returned from the East with the best stock of

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

Their stock of HATS & CAPS is the largest and best in this city. They have also a large stock of BOOTS & SHOES, which they are selling at the lowest prices.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

FITTING & TUCK, Manufacturers

of all kinds of Clothing, and would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock. They are manufacturers of their own goods, and they are selling them at the lowest prices.

EQUAL TO THE BEST.

and superior to the largest quantity of Ready-made clothing in the market.

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN.

These goods may be had at the same figures as in either of these cities.

CITY DRUG STORE.

D. H. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has recently purchased the Store of B. H. COOK, at High Street, opposite the Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure,

and he has given special attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

DRUGS.

MEDICINALS AND CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMES, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, TARNISHES, CARBON OIL AND LAMPS, NOTIONS, CIGARS.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

EMMETT GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS, constantly compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS!—FRITCHIEY

is selling Teas superior to any ever offered in Altoona. They are free of adulteration, coloring, or mixture of any kind.

BOSTON CRACKERS—A LARGE

supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale by FRITCHIEY.

HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Just received and for sale by J. B. HILMAN, a victor at Murfreesboro' was won.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, FROM

the lowest by FRITCHIEY.

NEW STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES

for Men and Boys, Ladies and Misses, just received at LAUGMAN'S.

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF THE

CELEBRATED JERRY HAMS just received and for sale by FRITCHIEY.

MAKEREL—NOB. 1, 2, AND 3.

In all sizes packages, new, and each package warranted, just received and for sale by FRITCHIEY.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. H. McCRUM, PUBLISHER. H. C. DERN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above rates.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion. Ordinary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

New Year's Offering.

THE CARRIER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF "The Altoona Tribune."

JANUARY 1st, 1864.

'Tis very nice, truly, to be a poet, But nicer, surely, to have people know it; For many posies bligh, in the forest unseen, While many shrubs, by the wayside are green.

So the devil, a south, both handsome and clever, Desiring a name, that may live forever, Sits down to write a New Year's Salutation, Hoping it may gain a wide circulation;

So much, indeed, like the devils of other years; He, before the public, to-day appears; Handing over to his patrons, these beautiful (?) rhymes.

A holiday gift—(if you give him the dime.) And hope that you will be able to "see" it; 'Tis this thought has caused me to try my hand In recording the deeds of my native land;

For in this dark world I'm not willing to live, Unless my race, I can something new give, And yet in giving I do not believe, Unless a due credit from my race I receive.

But my penance I now will bring to a close, For fear I might run the whole song into prose. When you, my dear patrons, were last year addressed By my senior—may his memory be blessed; For alas! it is true, he has left the old craft, And started adrift to guide his own raft;

His business now is in the grocery line, And Oysters he has, which taste very fine— I say: as you read his poem *ad libitum* (?) A bright, new-born child of good Father Time, Wept o'er the dark shadows of old sixty-two, Yet smiled, as the future it brought into view; For hope painted skies for the opening year, That have been sadly clouded, I very much fear.

True, brightly has beamed full many a day, And swiftly have fled the glad hours away; Some homes have been joyous, some hearts have been glad, Some homes have been gloomy, some hearts have been sad;

About as the world has ever been known, Glad songs for to-day, for to-morrow a moan. Aye brightly, indeed, dawned last New Year's day, But like all things earthly, it soon passed away, And wintry storms gathered dark o'er the sky, Leaving snow shrouds for earth, as they swiftly passed by;

Then Spring-Time came on with its pattering rains; Then Summer threw sun-beams, far over the plains; Then Autumn came round with its harvests like gold, And sadly we saw '63 growing old.

But aside from these scenes of every year, A renewal of those of the past two appear; The war demon hovers still o'er our bright land, Holding out to our view, his bloody right hand, Now casting a cloud o'er our hearts fond dreams, Permitting us to catch, but hopes faintest beams; Now lulling the storm while contending hosts rest, And now entertaining grim death as his guest, Now sending the tidings of victory along, Shouted loudly abroad, and re-echoed by song; Then bringing the tidings of disastrous defeat— Our armies turned back in inglorious retreat; Now giving the mother fond hopes for her son, And now sadly telling, his warfare is o'er; One day she smiled at his brilliant career, And the next she dropp'd on his dark pall a tear.

One moment the war-demon folds his black wings, The next their dark shades, o'er wide fields he flings; Now far, far away his hoarse thunders roar, And now like an earthquake—and now it is o'er, No, no, list again—now hear the wild shout— Ah! what is all this mad content about? The Slavry, rebellion, 'tis madness and pride That moves this dread demon, like a storm on the tide.

And yet, while for much, our hearts must feel sad, There is very much more, for which we feel glad; Though, as yet, we are far from the calm and serene, We think, the beginning of the end may be seen; On the very first days of the year now just gone, A victory at Murfreesboro' was won.

Though at first the rebel drove Old Bossy back, They soon turned their toes to the head of their track; And Bossy's brave men their tactics admiring, Turned too, but not like the rebels, retiring.

They followed after with many a cheer, And harassed the rebels, by flank and by rear; But many brave brothers their ranks ceased to tell, For nobly they fought; and gloriously fell; They fell the first victims in the year '63, They fell that Columbia might ever be free.

At Springfield, Vandorn, with his rebel command, Met Coburn's true men, who made a brave stand; The goddess of Freedom, no doubt, hovered by, But the tear-drops, alas! started forth from her eye, As she saw the brave men forced back from the field.

Unwilling, but sadly, compelled there to yield, Then leaving the fields where Western men fight, The war-demon took to Virginia, his flight; And watched while horsemen thundered down over the plain;

And Averill, and Stewart, met in conflict again, While the genius of Right, the battle song sung, The glad shouts of victory, from freedom's throats rang.

Then far to the South the war-spirit sped, And gazed on the fields of wounded and dead; Gazed on victory, shedding light on our ranks, Vermillion is held by the brave General Banks, Then back to Virginia, and Stoneman 'tis said, Made up to the gates of Richmond a raid.

Vallandigham, who, with treason defied, Old Burnside, the warrior, so true and so tried, Was sent from Ohio's loyal confines, And journeyed, we're told, for over the lines; Permitted in rebellion a short time to spend, With Jefferson Davis, his traitorous friend, Or journey,—his heart with rebellion full,— To make his abode in the land of John Bull.

True, some who held with him the same views, Declared that the traitor, for Gov'or they'd choose; But Old Brough came along one bright autumn day, And told truer 'Val, he'd permission to stay In the land of John Bull, at least for awhile, And the people responded, "amen," in fine style.

But backward we're called to look once again On the red battle-field—the crimson-dyed plain, And Hooker, and Lee, like two thunder-clouds meet.

But Hooker again is compelled to retreat, Then westward again we cast longing eyes, While the red flame of battle paints wrath on the skies;

And behold the ranks of rebellion have fled, As comes General Grant with conquering tread; Jackson has fallen and Black River's gained, Though many green spots with red blood are stained; Now behind Vicksburg, the old hero sits down, While the iron-clad gunboats in front grimly frown.

Then eastward again we wander, once more, For Lee has crossed over to the Maryland shore, And freemen aroused as the rebel horse comes, Gird on their armor in defense of their homes;

Awakened from sleep they packed off their trash, And northward, by express, they sent all their cash; With harness made of white, yellow and green, And brass most un-austrious ever was seen; They took up their firelocks—with trembling per-

— Determined to hold if they could all the gain; They threw up entrenchments it mattered not where, They were made of log cribs crested with care; But these were not left to stand alone, The vacancies all, were filled in with stone.

Then the days work all done—night's curtain around, List! there's an order—how provoking the sound— Forward, march, the enemy's force must be sought And to-morrow the battle of Buckstone be fought, Good farmers their spring houses should have kept tight, And the feathered tribe should have kept out of sight.

We would not, 'tis true, have caused any alarm, There was no mist about would do any harm, But still it were better to keep out of sight, Best horse arm be done while engaged in the fight, And so it proved true—as we thought it would be, The boys thought the spring houses were gun-boats, you see;

And changed them—and took them, as you all are aware, And like sailor's, each one came in for a share; And missiles of death as they whistled along, Stopped forever, many a proud rooster's song. Buckstone was taken, by the van of the host, Who met a new foe—an army of Ghosts, Or spirits at night, which shoot in the neck, And which brought the proud army at once to a check.

And back to Ake's Mills they were ordered to go, To throw up entrenchments to baffle the foe; There they held their position a night and a day, Then were ordered to march for Bedford away; For Bloody Run, next their faces were set, And arriving there, Milroy's stragglers they met, They from thence to McConnellsburg rapidly passed, And on top of Cove Mountain were finally massed; There rude work o' stones they threw up to defend, On nothing but muskets and logs to depend; And how both were used, all very well know— They stood bravely there 'till they thought best to go, For the place you're aware was not hard to hold, By a vet-ran army so trusty and bold.

The rebel camp-fires, 'tis true, were in sight, And they easily seen through the curtains of night, But as they came up in their martial array, And the militia thought best to hasten away, Thus after a terrific ten-days' campaign, With but one of each five they returned home again;

Sure, the other four-fifths were not wounded nor dead, But got home before, having started ahead; And now being home they'll hear nothing said, That sounds like condemning "the chicken raid."

Then soon the glad day of our nation's glory, Added a page to its brilliant story; Then Gettysburg written on history's pages, Came forth to be known in all future ages, And Vicksburg beside it in victorious array, Re-baptized in glory, our glad national day.

No day more brightly has ever yet shone, On this nation of freemen, this land of our own.

But time is too short and our story too long, To rehearse all the deeds of the year in our song; To Morris Island, true, I might give a place, Of Chickamauga might speak, if I had the space, And gloriously write Chattanooga here too.

And turning again to political life, I might write of the doings of partisan strife; But one thing only Salt River's ignored, And the minority can only be bored, By telling they've gone Woodard, all, And de Carter has not been permitted to fall.

Thus, the year has passed by, Its moments are fled; For last night with a sigh, It lay on its bed, And at midnight so drear, The ruddy old bell; That rings out each year, Rang its funeral knell; In sadness I stood there, A briny drop fell.

I heard the good year— Faint whisper— "Farewell," Then "Time's child latest born, Stood close by the bier; 'Till the dawning of morn, Should name it "New Year."

Now I close up my rhymes, And hand them to you; If you hand me the dime, I'll bid you adieu.

Army Correspondence.

CO. C. 45TH REGT. PA. VOL. INF. 9TH ARMY CORPS. KNOXVILLE, TENN. DEC. 4th, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:—I take a few spare moments, this morning, to write you a few lines, that you may know how we are getting along. There has been no chance to send a letter for the last three weeks, and our mail way is not open yet, but we expect to have it clear of all obstructions ere long. We have rumors of large reinforcements on their way to relieve us, and have reason to believe them true, as our Rebel friends, in front, are getting very uneasy. They are moving large forces to the rear, in the direction of London, supposed to be going to meet our reinforcements. Heavy cannonading was heard this morning, in the direction of London, and I expect the siege will soon be raised.

It will be impossible for this army (unless we get supplies) to hold out more than another week, as our grub is getting very scarce. We have been living on quarter rations for the past ten days, and that only of bread and meat. Our coffee "played out" about ten days since. We have not come down to mule meat yet, but I believe there is not a soldier in this army that would not come down to mule meat or even no meat at all—rather than let Longstreet triumph over them and capture Parson Brownlow's town. The soldier's allowance of bread at present is a piece about as large as a teacup every twenty-four hours. But there is no complaining.

We have repulsed the Rebels on every attempt to storm the place. They made a desperate effort to take the town on last Saturday night and early on Sunday morning, but were defeated at all points with heavy loss. Fort Saunders, an earth work of great strength, built on the Western suburbs of the town, was the scene of the most desperate attack by the enemy and where they suffered the heaviest loss— Around that fort their dead and wounded lay in piles. Ten of the best regiments in Longstreet's corps, were marched quietly, during Saturday night, to within a short distance of the Fort, and at break of day, on Sunday morning, they made the charge. Three of the regiments succeeded in planting their flags on the parapet of the Fort and several of their men entered and demanded its surrender, but our boys "couldn't see it," and cold steel freely used soon put the Rebels to flight. In this fight we captured 300 prisoners, three stand colors, killed 250 and wounded 400. Our loss, in the Fort, was 4 killed and 16 wounded. The force in the Fort was one regiment from the brigade of the 1st division, viz: 79th N. Y., 29th Mass., 2d Michigan. The 45th Penn'a occupied the rifle pits on the left of the Fort.

The 9th Army Corps forms the skirmishing line around Knoxville. Most of the 23d Corps are on the South side of the Holston river. At seven o'clock on Sunday morning the Rebels sent a flag of truce asking for an armistice to get their dead and wounded. It was granted, and Sunday was spent in carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. The Rebels brought in the wounded of our army, taken at Campbell's Station, and an exchange was effected.

As I have not written to you since we left Knoxville, I will now give you an account of all that has transpired since the date of my last letter. On the 14th of Nov. we received marching orders.— Rumors were in circulation that a large Rebel force was crossing the river three miles below London. Burnside came down from Knoxville at 10 A. M., and we were immediately put in motion. The 1st division was soon en route for London.— We reached that point at 5 P. M. One division of the 23d corps had engaged the Rebels during the day and drove their advance column back to their pontoon bridges. Our division continued advancing, until withering supporting distance of 23d corps,

and there lay in line of battle until 4 A. M. on Sunday morning, Nov. 15th. We then received orders to move back to Lenoira Station, and arrived there at 10 A. M. of same day. Here we were drawn up in line of battle on the Kingston road. Pickets from the 45th Pa. were thrown out, and soon the Rebel advance came up. Our pickets opened on them and after a few volleys the Rebels fell back. They then came up in heavier force and made several attempts to charge through our lines, but were repulsed at all points.— Night coming on we lay in line of battle until 4 A. M. next morning, Nov. 16th.— We then received orders to fall back—the train of army wagons having been moved back during the night, with the exception of about fifteen loads of baggage which we destroyed. As soon as the Rebels found we had left they followed up, part of them taking the Kingston road which connects with the London road at Campbell's Station. We marched by the London road and reached Campbell's Station just as the Rebel advance came in on the Kingston road. Our brigade (the 1st) was halted and formed in line of battle to receive them. The 45th was sent out as skirmishers and soon became hotly engaged with the enemy. We held them in check for about an hour, when their rear force came up and they commenced flanking us right and left.— Soon their line formed a circle similar to a horse shoe around us, when we were ordered to fall back. The Rebels, thinking we were in full retreat, followed up rapidly, shouting and yelling. But our General had a trap for them. All our artillery was masked in our rear, back of the Station. We fell back to the rear of our artillery and on came the Rebels. When within about 300 yards of our artillery, twenty-five heavily loaded pieces opened on their solid ranks, moving them down by scores. This stopped their advance and they soon began to break, until at last their retreat became a complete rout. We held our position until dark and were then ordered back to Knoxville, where we arrived in good order on the morning of the 17th.

At Lenoira and Campbell's Station we lost upwards of thirty of our regiment in killed, wounded and missing. Co. C had but one killed and one wounded.

On the morning of the 18th we were formed in line of battle around the town. We had but little fighting, the Rebels spending the day in closing in around us. At night we commenced digging and fortifying and continued until we had Knoxville impregnable, and so we have held out to this time, the 20th day of the siege.

SATURDAY, Dec. 5th.

The siege is raised. The Rebel army has retreated. Yesterday evening Companies C and K of our regiments were started out to feel the position of the enemy. We found them in strong force in front. This morning a sufficient force was sent out to attack them, but no rebels were to be found. So the bird has flown and we are not sorry, for there are very few men in this corps that have had a full night's rest since the 14th of November. I, for one, have not had four hours sleep at one time from that date. The 45th has lost between 45 and 50 men during the 20 days fighting and siege.

J. M. CALDWELL.

Select Miscellany.

THE YEAR 1863 AND THE WAR.

The year at present drawing to an end is one which has produced us some of the most important victories of the war.— Everywhere our soldiers have nobly done their duty! History will point at 1863 for victories unexcelled in any war! Among the most important of this war we can point to—

Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Morris Island, Chattanooga, Knoxville.

All of which were so decided as to decide the fate of the Union.

At Murfreesboro', after several days' hard fighting, the army of Bragg was defeated by Rosecrans. At Gettysburg the battles were fought, which decided whether Philadelphia and New York should be brought under the hand of General Lee. This battle decided the fate of the Northern States.

At Vicksburg the splendid army under General Grant, after months of labor, caused that stronghold to surrender, together with twenty Generals of different grades, over 25,000 prisoners, and 125 guns, ammunition, &c.

On the 8th of July the last remaining post in the Mississippi surrendered to General Banks; this capture caused the opening of the entire Mississippi River. Our captures were over six thousand prisoners and over fifty cannon.

On the 7th of September, after hard labor, the troops of General Gillmore took possession of Forts Wagner and Gregg.

Continuous fighting battles took place between the armies of Generals Grant and Bragg during the last five or six days of November, at and about Chattanooga Georgia, the result of which was the utter rout

and demoralization of the enemy, the capture of important positions, over sixty cannon, thousands of prisoners, &c. This is considered the greatest victory of the war.

After many days of siege the Rebel army under Gen. Longstreet, was compelled to fall back from Knoxville. By retaining this point the fate of East Tennessee was decided.

Altogether the year has been productive of important and decided victories of the war. Everywhere on land and water we have been victorious. The blockade is efficient, the armies are invincible, and the next year will witness the restoration of the Union.

May the ensuing year cause us to be as thankful as the present.

LOSSES OF THE WAR.

The loss of life to the Union armies since the war began to the present time is variously estimated. A careful calculation of the aggregate number killed and wounded in all the battles and skirmishes during the past two years and a half give these figures:—

Killed, 25,272

Wounded, 110,111

It is asserted that of the wounded received into the hospitals not one-fifth die, and of all the wounded not more than one-fourth either die or are seriously disabled. This is proved by the statistics of hospitals. The highest estimates of losses by fighting then, is:—Killed outright, 25,272; died or disabled by wounds, 27,527; Thus we have 52,799 men killed or disabled.

The next thing is to ascertain the loss by disease. This is hard to get at until the war is over and the Surgeon's reports are all sent in and footed up. But from the best lights before us, it is safe to estimate the number at double those that are killed or die from the effects of wounds.— Recapitulating the losses of the army since April, 1861, we have this result:—

Killed in battle and died from effects of wounds, 52,799

Died of diseases of all kinds, 105,598

Aggregate of men lost by war, 158,395

This number is, in round numbers, one-sixth of all the soldiers who have enlisted, omitting the three months' men. On the other hand, it is admitted that the increase of able-bodied men, by alien immigration, and of youth arriving at sufficient maturity to bear arms, since the Rebellion broke out, exceeds 400,000 men. If this be true, the increase of fighting men is more than twice as great as the loss occasioned by the tremendous effort to put down the Rebellion.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

I know some houses, well built and pleasantly furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the disease is as contagious as the measles and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit.— Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while many a home where the low firm tone of a mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you even to try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. You will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would you remember a harsh word and angry voice.— Which legacy will you leave for your children?—N. Y. Chronicle.

"Isaiah" said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, "when you enter the state of alms-houses; choose a voracious and well-favored young woman. Then, my dear, your love will be infernal and your posterity certain." He looked exceedingly solemn, and proceeded to put molasses on the doorknobs.

A reward of one thousand pounds is offered by a philosopher for the discovery of one single man who ever asked for a "little good advice," and then followed it.