

# The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DEHN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. 9.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1864.

NO. 17.

## SAVE THE PER CENTAGE BY BUYING YOUR CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

**CLAYTON & TUCK, Manufacturers**  
Clothing and Retail dealers in Easton, Pa. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price.

## EQUAL TO THE BEST.

Our goods are equal to the best. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price.

## ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN.

where goods may be had at the same price as at the same place. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price.

## NEW GOODS.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has just returned from the East, where he has been selecting his stock.

## FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in the West. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price.

## THE BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

It would say that he can and will sell as low as any other store in the West. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price. We have a large stock of clothing, and are prepared to sell at a low price.

## LADIES DRESS GOODS of every description.

MAN AND BOYS' WARE. LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES. MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES. MEN'S HALF HOSE. WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.

## MATS AND CARPETS.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS. GINGHAM AND HEAVY DRILLINGS. It will sell Ladies Sewed, Heated Boots at \$1.50 per pair. Men's Boots, \$2.00 per pair. BALMORAL SKIRTS, very low.

## GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Tea, Coffee, and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE, Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

## CITY DRUG STORE.

D. E. H. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Berlin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite First and Second Streets.

## His Drugs are Fresh and Pure.

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Call and examine. He has constantly on hand, DRUGS, MEDICINES and CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GUMS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CARBON OIL AND LAMPS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, and every article usually kept in a First class Drug Store.

## PURE WINES AND LIQUORS for medicinal use.

DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED. PHOSPHATE FERRUGINOUS accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

## MORE COMPETITION!

A NEW DRY GOODS STORE ON VIRGINIA STREET. THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public that she has added to her stock of

## MILLINERY GOODS.

ALL DRY GOODS, consisting of PRINTED, DRESSING, ALPACA, REPS, GINGHAM, MUSLINS, ETC. BLEACHED MUSLINS from 25 to 40 cents per yard. YELLOW, 21 to 35. CALICO, 21 to 35. DELAINE, 30 to 35. And all other articles in proportion.

## HATS AND CAPS.

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot be surpassed in this city. I have also bought an immense stock of

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

the majority of which are city made and will be guaranteed. My assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on wholesale price.

## MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every style and color, of good quality, at

LAUGHMAN'S. NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags, at LAUGHMAN'S.

## PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC.

Paint, also Chrome Green, Yellow, Paris Green, Dry and mixed oil at [1-12]. KEHLER'S.

## ITCHING IS REALLY SELLING.

Sheet B in Sugar in Altoona at 12 1/2 cents. ALLEN'S STYLES CARPETING AND OILCLOTHS can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

## THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. H. C. DEHN, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Per annum, payable in advance, \$3.00. All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: 1 insertion 2 do. 3 do. 4 do. 5 do. 6 do. 7 do. 8 do. 9 do. 10 do. 11 do. 12 do. 13 do. 14 do. 15 do. 16 do. 17 do. 18 do. 19 do. 20 do. 21 do. 22 do. 23 do. 24 do. 25 do. 26 do. 27 do. 28 do. 29 do. 30 do. 31 do. 32 do. 33 do. 34 do. 35 do. 36 do. 37 do. 38 do. 39 do. 40 do. 41 do. 42 do. 43 do. 44 do. 45 do. 46 do. 47 do. 48 do. 49 do. 50 do. 51 do. 52 do. 53 do. 54 do. 55 do. 56 do. 57 do. 58 do. 59 do. 60 do. 61 do. 62 do. 63 do. 64 do. 65 do. 66 do. 67 do. 68 do. 69 do. 70 do. 71 do. 72 do. 73 do. 74 do. 75 do. 76 do. 77 do. 78 do. 79 do. 80 do. 81 do. 82 do. 83 do. 84 do. 85 do. 86 do. 87 do. 88 do. 89 do. 90 do. 91 do. 92 do. 93 do. 94 do. 95 do. 96 do. 97 do. 98 do. 99 do. 100 do.

Advertisements by the year, three square, with liberal allowance for a public character or unusual interest, will be charged according to the above rates. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till notified and charged according to the above rates. Business notices less than ten lines, fifty cents a square. Ordinary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

## Choice Poetry.

OUR HEROES. BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANTIER.

This Poem given below has never before been published. It has been recited by Mr. Murdoch, before large audiences in Philadelphia, where it was received with acclamations, and applauded verse by verse.

Chorus: Cheers, for our heroes: Not those who wear stars; Not those who wear eagles; And leaflets and banners; We know they are gallant; And honor them, too; For bravely maintaining The Red, White and Blue.

But cheer for our soldiers: Rough, weathered and brown; The men who make heroes: And ask no reward; Unselfish, untrusting; Intrepid and true; The bulwark surrounding The Red, White and Blue!

Our patriotic soldiers! When Freedom arose, And Freedom's own children Assailed her as foes: Then Anarchy threatened And Order withdrew; They rallied to rescue The Red, White and Blue!

Upholding our banner: On many a field, The doom of slavery: They valiantly sealed And, worn with the conflict, Found victory snow; Where victory greeted The Red, White and Blue!

Yet loved ones have fallen: And still, where they sleep, A loving Nation Shall silently weep; And Spring's fairest flowers, In gratitude, strew, O'er those who have cherished The Red, White and Blue!

But, glory, immortal! Is waiting them now; And chapels exulting, Shall bleed every hour; When called by the trumpet, At Time's great review; They stand, who defend The Red, White and Blue!

the artillery of the clouds 'was flashing its fires around his brow, reared the rod of his dominion and commanded the lightning wherewith to fling their bolts and pour the fury of their power, so that a way is made for the lightning, and the awful element brought beneath the dominion of man.

The force and power of steam and its application to land and ocean machinery, was discovered by Fulton, and brought to perfection in America. "As when the melting fire burneth, the fire catcheth the water to boil, to make thy name known to their adversaries that the nations may tremble at thy presence." Isa. 64: 2. The melting fires were to be kindled and the waters made to boil, to make known the name of the Creator to his adversaries the heathen, that nations might understand and tremble at his presence. That is, the power of the boiling waters or steam, attached to boats and ships, shall bear not only commerce, men and science on every sea and ocean, but shall take the gospel to every nation, and make known His name in every land, until the kingdoms shall believe and tremble at His presence and the gospel pour its light and glory round the globe.

The prophecy of God has also declared that "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning." Nah. 2: 4. The chariots or railroad cars shall rage or thunder through the streets of our towns and cities, and they shall jar or jostle each other on their broad ways, and their lamps shall seem like torches in the night, and they shall run with such swiftness that they shall be termed lightning trains, carrying freight and passengers to and fro through every province of our land. This scripture is a truthful history of our railroad trains.

Again the Creator has said, "I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold these shall come from the north and the south and west, and these from the land of Sinium." Isa. 49: 11-12. The mountains shall become highways, and the highways shall be exalted or raised above the valleys over which the sweeping trains shall roll their ponderous burdens from city to city, and from land to land. "Behold these shall come from the north," bearing men and treasure from every clime. "And lo, these from the north and west," from the Penobscot to the San Joaquin there shall be a network of highways, over which the wealth and genius of our great republican empire shall pass and repass, until the whole land will glow with homes of beauty and ease with the treasures of abundance. "And these from the land of Sinium" These highways are not to be confined to adjacent or surrounding nations, but even to the land of Sinium or distant China, the antipodes of America. Thus has the great elementary power that turns the crank of machinery, drives the wheels of the locomotive, and propels the ocean steamer, been discovered and harnessed into subjection by the mind and arm of American genius.

"Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee here we are," Job 38: 35. This mighty problem of four thousand years has been solved in America. The noble Morse has answered the prophetic question in the affirmative through the great electric iron nerve by which he grasped the lightning's fires and sent them on their blazing flight to say in tongues of flame "here we are," thus conquering the most terrible element in nature, and rendering it a tame and gentle medium of speech and intercourse among the nations of our race.

"Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of the waters, or a way for the lightning," Job 38: 25. The electromagnetic telegraph is now being extended among the nations, an iron highway for the lightning's leaping flight, is not only studiously the horizon of almost every land with the shafts of its pathway, but the watercourses have been divided, and the great deep made a way for the lightning directing the voice of the Creator "under the whole heaven, and his lightning to the ends of the earth," girdling the globe with zones of steel and flame, it is bringing the nation to the compass of a province, not only revealing to the population of the world the progress of knowledge and civilization among all the nations of mankind, but is forever flashing throughout all the civilized regions of the earth the history of her events as they transpire.

But the scholars of America have not only caught and geared the lightning, and made it a willing servant of man, but they have entered the sky girt deserts and by artesian agencies are changing the arid wastes to flowery meadows and fruitful fields, filling the sublime prophecy of God, that "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Isa. 35: 1. It has generally been believed that the vast deserts of sun and sand, without a fountain or an herb to mark their almost boundless waste, were useless blanks without a point or purpose in the works of God, but American ge-

nus has solved the problem and shown to the world that nothing exists without a purpose. The deserts are now made to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and by the application of art and science are becoming the most lovely landscapes of earth.

"For in the wilderness shall water break out, and streams in the desert." Isa. 35: 6. Thus from the far down reservoirs of the globe have our people opened artesian fountains, and streams of living waters, in the hitherto dry and barren wastes of the American continent, which are making the solitary places glad for them.

Again it is declared "I will even make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert." Isa. 43: 19. This is doubtless an allusion to our great canals or railroads now being established through the vast plains and deserts of the mighty west, whose waters are supplied by artesian wells that flow like ribbons of silver through those arid wastes and burning sands, until the almost herbageless deserts are now beginning to bloom, and team with fruits and grains of every taste and hue.

American genius has not only entered the realms of the great deep of earth, and opened fountains to the waters of the valleys, but it has gone down into the caverns of oil, and in fulfilling the language of Inspiration, "The rock poured out rivers of oil," Job 29: 6. "And oil out of the flinty rock." Deut. 32: 13. It has verified the prophecy of God, that "The nations of the earth shall be gathered together for the history of human discovery for the benefit of the nations and the comfort of our race. Oil wells have already been established, the fountains are pouring their rivers of oil from the rocks and vales of the earth, and the abundance has become a great staple of commerce, enriching our people and bringing trade and wealth to all the civilized nations of the earth.

This I have noticed a few of the many discoveries that to the prophetic story, and which I deem sufficient to show that our great country is the ordained nationality of civil and religious liberty, and the model nation of the world. By the march of our moral, mental and manual industry, we have subdued monarchy, established a republic, commanded the electricity of the clouds, geared the fiery steam, unlocked the rock-barred fountain, tapped the oily oceans, harnessed the lightning's blazing steel, and raising still to higher eminences the standard of moral, mental and physical grandeur, far in the van of nations, the model government of the world.

Through the freedom of her illustrious Constitution, the patron of her jurisprudence, and the revivification of her people are emerging from the gloom of ages and coming up out of the night of monarchial superstition, into the golden gushings of the morning of civil and religious freedom, they behold the object of their creation, and begin to march in the glory and their triumph.

And O, may we, the sons and daughters of the great American Israel, put on the splendors of virtue, compared with which the garlands of dust, and the laurels of empire, are but rags and straw, and may we, clothed in all the regalia of righteousness and holy lives, as individuals composing the greatest nationality in the history of man, begin the march of our conquest and show to the world that the land of America is the long lost Eden, the restored Israel, and the mountain of the Lord, that like an eternal Lebanon shall stand the beacon of the world in the harbor of redemption, while, as her base, monarchy, rebellion and crime shall finally expire, and her brow be the drapery of liberty and peace forever waving.

Then let us descend the side of generations, as the blessed and favored people of the all-wise Creator, and while the earth is sweeping around us, and the stars are shining in the firmament, let us, with the night, whirling its continents, rolling its oceans, rustling its clouds and arching its skies, let us hear and obey the declarations of the illustrious apostle, "Ye are a chosen generation, a peculiar people, a nation of hope, a people that should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light, which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God." 1st Peter 2: 9, 10. And let us, in knowledge and virtue, until America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave, be the model of the world, and the fountain of light, and the center of the universe, and the glory of our race when the voice from heaven shall declare, "The Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." Rev. 11: 15.

## AN HONEST DEACON.

Deacon N—was an honest old clogger, a kind neighbor, and a good Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but he had written the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly mellow, and when Sunday came, he would dine in his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister and the village squire. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them—and he hoped they would listen attentively, and not think if he happened, to be too severe, and the parson came, and the house was full, every body turned out to see their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question, "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N—, his face red from the frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up and replied in a trembling and piping voice, "Here am I!"

Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; and the parson went on with his remarks, as he had written, touching severely upon the drunkard, and closed by warning him to forsake at once his evil habits if he would hope for salvation and flee from the wrath to come.

"And now," asked the preacher, in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?"

"A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the glances seemed to be directed to the squire's pew, and, indeed, the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him—

"Come, squre, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me!"

## Freedman's Association.

[The following is the letter referred to in our last issue.]—

St. HELENSVILLE, April 28d, 1864.

J. M. McKim: Dear Sir—I do not know how I can better answer your request for facts, than by describing a house on the Indian Hill Plantation, where we paid a visit to a sick child, some time since. Outside it looked like the other cabins, only stood higher, having steps in front.

Inside all was as clean as it could be made, the board walls were white-washed, the floor clean as scrubbing could make it. A rug of calfskin before the fire, wooden table and chairs, shelves on which tin and china plates and cups were neatly arranged, made up the furniture, while leaves of Sunday School papers and school cards were pasted on the wall, by way of ornament.

The hominy pot, instead of being left on the hearth for every hungry dog to clean, was turned upside down under a shelf, on which stood the water bucket with its shining tin dipper.

The mother led us into the inner room where the sick baby, a loving babe, by the way, with its great dark eyes, lay on the bed, comfortably settled among blankets and coverlets, and protected from flies by a mosquito netting. A looking-glass stood on the painted bureau, a white cloth covered the pine table, everything was clean and nice.

On the back door-step sat a little girl of eight, my best scholar, reading busily. In the yard were the two older girls, one of fifteen, washing, while her sister of eleven was hanging the clothes on a line stretched across the garden, whose rows of peas, beans, ochra and bene were planted and tended by the girls only.

This is the nicest house that I have seen here, but I should state that the father is a government carpenter, having regular wages, and who is skillful enough to make many things for home comfort himself.

The children were steadily at school, gather figs in the woods to carry home as they return, work in the cotton task and corn patch, help in house work, and yet manage to find time to learn their spelling and arithmetic lessons very thoroughly. I think they are remarkably industrious.

In arithmetic, one of the great tests of mental power, my Division of the school, is, I think, doing well since I have adopted the plan of taking place in the class, the children have been very eager to get up to the head and try hard to recite well.

I heard the ninth line of the multiplication table repeated to-day and questions upon it answered without a blunder and with scarcely any hesitation.

To-day, I told my first class, ten in number, to take the 824 and 83d sums on the 70th page. They are sums like this: "A man had 180 sheep in one pasture, 60 in another, 651 in another, 9 in the fourth. How many in all?" The whole class did the sum on their slates without a mistake.

One girl, Olivia, has quite a genius for arithmetic, not only doing her own sums easily, but helping all the younger ones near her.

She is nineteen years old. Eighteen months ago she was so far below her younger sister of nine, Dolly, that Olivia always studi'd her lessons, with Dolly by her side to help her in difficulties. There have been pretty steady in attendance, but Olivia's application has advanced her so that she stands head of my second class, and is continually helping and teaching Dolly. It is delightful to see how carefully she helps her little sister and how she watches to see if Dolly goes up or down in her class, while, at the same time, abstaining conscientiously from doing her sums or writing for her. They are both gentle and pleasant girls, great helps to their crippled mother, whose feet have been amputated in consequence of some cruelty of her master.

The eyes of our children were entirely untrained, till they began to read, which, I think, one reason why their writing improves more slowly than we expected. They like writing very much, often writing sentences of their own to fill up their slates. One of my boys wrote to-day: "The English language and me language are different, me language has a special station. Owner not understand me, when me talk, me not understand you. We say 'sh'um' (see him) you say 'What?'"

I have corrected the spelling, but the words are unchanged. One social improvement that I have noticed is in the way the children eat. When we began school, they used to bring their potatoes in dirty bags and snatch a bite now and then between their lessons or take a handful of hominy out of a tin cup and eat. We did not like to forbid it entirely at first, as the children came out of the field, often having had no breakfast at all.

Now we have a half hour's recess at one o'clock, and it is very pleasant to see the little groups sitting together around

their bright tin kettles, taking turns with their spoons.

Only a few incorrigible ones, will very quietly and secretly, eat peanuts in school still, and I suppose some children in every school will do that.

In their dress we do not see the universal raggidness that prevailed at first—Some children of shifless parents are still but half clothed, but the older boys and girls are generally tidy, often neat and even particular in dress, patches of different colors may be put on but the dress is whole.

Some little girls come in white pinafores and look clean and pretty. Their love of learning has suffered no diminution; it is true, that very many are idle and playful in their study time, but to miss their reading lessons is one of our severest punishments, and notice of a holiday is always received with gloomy faces and visible dissatisfaction.

Our greatest trouble is the noise that three classes in our apartment cannot help making, and we hope some day to have separate rooms and in consequence much more order and quietness.

Hoping the facts which I have given you are of the kind you desire.

I remain, yours sincerely, ELLEN MURRAY.

## A PERSISTENT YANKEE.

The following incident is related by an army correspondent:

An incident which may be characterized as very important occurred yesterday morning, in front of Gen. Turner's lines. A sergeant stepped out from our rifle-pits, and moved toward the enemy, waving a late paper, regardless of the probability that he might at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked, "Won't you exchange newspapers?" No said the rebel, "I have no paper and want you to go back." With singular persistence the sergeant continued to advance saying, "Well, if you haven't a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, tell you." My men have not got anything of the kind, and you must go back, said the officer in a louder tone and with greater emphasis. Nothing daunted the Yankee sergeant still advanced until he stood plumply before the indignant officer and said: "I tell you now, ye needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. 'Ere's ye ain't got no newspaper, ye might give me suthin else. May be you men would like some coffee for some tobacco. I'm deadfraid anxious for a trade." The astonished officer could only repeat his command, "Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you a prisoner." I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want anything to do with you Yankees." The sergeant said rudely: "Well, then, if you ain't got nothin', why, here's the paper anyway, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name there on that." The man's impudence or the officer's eagerness for news made him accept. He took the paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg. "Oh our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are waiting to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply. "Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the Lieutenant, ruffling in his heel and re-entering his rifle-pits; meanwhile, my man, you had better go back." This time the sergeant, who had the oft-repeated order, and on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

What odd names some mortals are blessed with! A family in Michigan actually named their last child, Fines, according to what was their last, but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement. A man in Pennsylvania called his son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

A little daughter of a proprietor of a coal-mine in Pennsylvania was inquisitive as to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire, of the most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?"

GOAL OIL FOR WOUNDS.—An assistant surgeon, writing from Gettysburg says that what water is to a wound in an inflamed, coal oil is in a suppurating state—it dispels flies, expels vermin, sweetens the wound, and promotes a healthy granulation. He states that he has seen two patients whose wounds had been dressed with it asleep, before he was through with the third. This is a remedy easily applied in our hospitals. If it serves to keep away flies, it will add materially to the comfort of the wounded as well as their cure.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—On the 5th of May, in the first battle of the Wilderness, private Harper, a member of the 102d Pennsylvania regiment, was wounded by a minnie ball, which entered his head a short distance above the right eye, grazing the base of the brain, lodged in the back of the neck. Some of the tendons of the eye were severed, and the eye dropped out. Several times he was expected to die, but he is now so much recovered as to be able to walk about the hospital.