The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864. NO. 24.

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

ETTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock:

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted

EQUAL TO THE BEST,

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

2nd. We buy our Cloths directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put on by middle men.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloths, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the percentage which must be added by those who buy from second hands to sell again. We retail our Clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs in the city, thereby saving said Clothiers' percentage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's Store, in Altoona, is "played out," let such person drop into his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia. Dec. 2, 1863.—tf

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 of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in this neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and as it is quite an object, in these exciting war times, for every one to purchase where they can get

The Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices,

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes all to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will defy competition. His stock consists of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description,
MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR,
LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF HOSE
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE,
HATS AND CAPS,
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Ladies Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
Kip Pegged ..... 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots ..... 2.75@3.50
BALMORAL SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c., and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store. Cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.
Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

CITY DRUG STORE.

DR. 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 Fries' Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure,

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand,

DRUGS,
MEDICINES and CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CARBON OIL AND LAMPS, NOTIONS, CIGARS,
and every article usually kept in a First-class Drug Store
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
for medicinal use.
DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

1864. SPRING 1864.

CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring advertisement, through which I would inform my friends and the public generally that I have just returned from the East where I have purchased a fresh Stock of

HATS AND CAPS

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot fail to please all classes.

I have also bought an immense stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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

The public will be greatly benefited by giving this their attention and call and examine my stock, as I feel confident I can please all.

JAMES S. MANN, Main street,
ap8-tf Altoona, Pa.

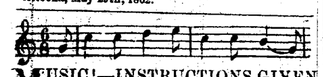
HARDWARE!

CHARLES J. MANN,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC HARDWARE,
WOODEN WARE, BROOMS,
WINDOW SHADES,
DOOR MATS,
UPHOLSTERING GOODS,
SHOE FINDINGS,
COFFIN TRIMMINGS,
MOULDERS' TOOLS,
BIRD CAGES AND WIRE GOODS,
WINDOW GLASS,
PUTTY, WHITE LEAD, &C., &C.

Every description of Goods in his line will be furnished at short notice, and at low rates for cash.

His remaining stock of DRY GOODS on hand will be closed out at remarkably low prices, in order to relinquish that branch of the business.

Agent for Willson's "Telegraph Fodder Cutter."
Altoona, May 29th, 1862.



MUSIC!—INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN on the Piano-Forte and Melodeon, by Miss M. SHOEMAKER. TERMS, $10 per quarter. No charge for the use of the Instrument. Residence on Catharine Street, West Altoona. [Jan. 16, 1862.-tf.

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime CIGARS—at
Jan. 13, '64.] REIGART'S Drug Store.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU and Drake's Plantation Bitters, at
Jan 13, '64] REIGART'S Drug Store.

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 ground oil at [1-tf] KESSLER'S.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,) $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months	6 months	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices 1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change 10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year 5 00
Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

OUR FLAG.

Down the long street the soldier passed
In solid columns through the town;
Their clothes were soiled with southern dust
Their faces with the sun were brown.

They marched the field of blood to reach,
Where the fierce cannon thundered loud,
And where 'twixt hostile armies rolled
The black and blinding thunder cloud.

They bore aloft with conscious pride
The flag our fathers loved of old—
That banner with the crimson stripes,
And with the shining stars of gold.

Close by the road side stood a child
With flaxen hair and radiant eyes,
'Neath whose white lids imprisoned seemed
The color of the azure sky.

And when she saw the sacred flag
For which our brave boys bear their scars,
"Papa" she cried, and clapped her hands.
"God made that flag—see, see the stars!"

The soldiers heard her little voice,
And pealing to the far off sky
A shout prolonged and loud went up
From those bronzed veterans passing by.

Some raised aloft their dust-stained hats,
And many a stern face kindly smiled,
And eyes unused to looks of love
Turned foondly on the fair-haired child.

God's banner! yes. With patriot blood
To-day its hallowed folds are wet:
But by each precious drop now spilled
It stars shall be forever set.

Select Miscellany.

THE UNION PRISONERS IN GEORGIA.

Arrival of Four Commissioners from the Prisoners—The Suffering of Its Inmates—Shocking Barbarity—Wholesale Mortality, &c., &c.

Among the Passengers who arrived at New York from Hilton Head, S. C., are four exchanged prisoners—Messrs. E. Bates, Forty-second New York; P. Tracy, Eighty-second New York; H. C. Higginson, Nineteenth Illinois, and S. Noirot, Fifth New Jersey—commissioners appointed at a monster meeting of the 35,000 Union prisoners confined in Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga., to wait upon the Executive at Washington, with a petition praying that immediate action be taken to terminate their sufferings, either by parole or exchange—sufferings described to be almost incredible. Two-thirds of them are without shelter of any kind to protect them from the fierce rays of a tropical sun, and the cold, heavy dews and thunder showers peculiar to that climate. The commissioners describe the food upon which the prisoners entirely and exclusively subsist as of a character to produce nausea even in the hungriest stomachs, consisting of bread made from unbolted corn meal, half ground, badly baked and without salt, with about two ounces of fat, rancid and rusty bacon (daily ration,) fit only for the soap factory.

The water used by those unhappy men is literally poisonous, being taken from a muddy, oozy stream that flows for half a mile through impurities of the filthiest and most noxious character, before it enters the stockade, or bull pen, in which our brave fellows are huddled as thick as herrings packed in a barrel. The clothes worn by a majority of the prisoners are miserable shreds and patches, insufficient even for the purposes of ordinary decency, filled with vermin, and altogether presenting scenes saddening and humiliating to our common humanity.—The results are an amount of disease and a mortality truly fearful. When the commission left the beastly pen, on the 7th instant, the deaths had reached one hundred and forty-three per day, and this without any epidemic among the prisoners; and from the rapid increase of deaths daily occurring at Camp Sumter, the mortality must have reached, by this date, at least one hundred and eighty daily—soon, doubtless, to ascend to two hundred a day.

The nature of the diseases which sweep away our brave fellows, as with a scythe of death, are diarrhœa, dysentery and scurvy, with, recently increasing, typhoid fever. As indicating the ravages of disease produced by the causes already stated, the deaths since the opening of the prison on the 24th of last February up to the 31st of July were 6,890. In the month of July alone the deaths were 2,180, including 550 from scurvy.

It is added—and it makes the picture heartrending—that upwards of four hundred of the prisoners are maniacs wandering through the camp, their minds having given way by the fearful prospect—despairing of ever being exchanged or paroled. Thousands of these prisoners have spent from eleven to fifteen months in Belle Island and Camp Sumter, and no words of hope ever reach them that they will be exchanged. Indeed, so terrible is the agony of mind endured by the prisoners that dozens of them are shot down weekly on the "dead line," where they rush and invite the guards to kill them, in order to terminate their sufferings—an invitation always carefully complied with, being in strict accordance with the instructions to the guards to shoot any prisoner who infringes on the "dead line." These are terrible facts to lay before our government and the public, and cry aloud for immediate and effective action on the part of those whose duty it is to protect those who have fought so nobly, so unselfishly, and so patriotically for our country.

THE PRISONERS' MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN.

CONFEDERATE STATES PRISON,
CHARLESTON, S. C., August 1864.

To the President of the United States:

The condition of the enlisted men belonging to the Union armies, now prisoners to the Confederate rebel forces, is such that it becomes our duty, and the duty of every commissioned officer, to make known the facts in the case to the Government of the United States, and to use every honorable effort to secure a general exchange of prisoners, thereby relieving thousands of our comrades from the horrors now surrounding them.

For some time past there has been a concentration of prisoners from all parts of the rebel territory to the State of Georgia—the commissioned officers being confined at Macon, and the enlisted men at Andersonville. Recent movements of the Union armies under General Sherman have compelled the removal of prisoners to other points, and it is now understood that they will be removed to Savannah, Georgia, and Columbus and Charleston, South Carolina. But no change of this kind holds out any prospect of relief to our poor men. Indeed, as the localities selected are far more unhealthy, there must be an increase rather than a diminution of suffering.

Colonel Hill, Provost Marshal General, Confederate States Army, at Alanta, stated to one of the undersigned that there were thirty-five thousand prisoners at Andersonville, and by all accounts from the United States soldiers who have been confined there the number is not overstated by him. These thirty-five thousand are confined in a field of some thirty acres, enclosed by a board fence, heavily guarded. About one third have various kinds of indifferent shelter; but upwards of thirty thousand are wholly without shelter, or even shade, of any kind, and are exposed to the storms and rains, which are of almost daily occurrence; the cold dews of the night, and the more terrible effects of the sun striking with almost tropical fierceness upon their unprotected heads. This mass of men jostle and crowd each other up and down the enclosure, in storm or sun, and others lie down upon the pitiless earth at night, with no other covering than the clothing upon their backs, few of them having even a blanket.

Upon entering the prison every man is deliberately stripped of money and other property, and as no clothing or blankets are ever supplied to their prisoners by the rebel authorities the condition of the apparel of the soldiers just from an active campaign, can be easily imagined. Thousands are without pants or coats, and hundreds without even a pair of drawers to cover their nakedness. To these men, as indeed to all prisoners, there is issued three quarters of a pound of bread or meal, and one-eighth of a pound of meat per day. This is the entire ration, and upon it the prisoner must live or die. The meal is ofter unsifted and sour, and the meat such as in the North is consigned to the soapmaker. Such are the rations upon which Union soldiers are fed by the rebel authorities, and by which they are barely holding on to life. But to starvation and exposure to sun and storm, add the sickness which prevails to a most alarming and terrible extent.

On an average one hundred die daily. It is impossible that any Union soldier should know all the facts pertaining to this terrible mortality, as they are not paraded by the rebel authorities. Such statements as the following, made by ——, speaks eloquent testimony. Said he: "Of twelve of us who were captured, six died, four are in the hospital, and I never expect to see them again.—There are but two of us left." In 1862, at Montgomery, Alabama, under far more favorable circumstances, the prisoners being protected by sheds, from one hundred and fifty to two huadred were sick from diarrhœa and chills, out of seven hundred. The same per centage would give seven thousand sick at Andersonville. It needs no comment, no efforts at word painting, to make such a picture stand out boldly in most horrible colors.

Nor is that all. Among the ill-fated of the many who have suffered amputation in consequence of injuries received before capture, sent from rebel hospitals before their wounds were healed, there are eloquent witnesses of the barbarities of which they are victims. If to these facts is added this, that nothing more demoralizes soldiers and developes the evil passions of man than starvation, the terrible condition of the Union prisoners at Andersonville can be readily imagined. They are fast losing hope, and becoming utterly reckless of life.—Numbers, crazed by their sufferings, wander about in a state of idiocy; others deliberately cross the "dead line," and are remorselessly shot down.

In behalf of these men we most ernestly appeal to the President of the United States. Few of them have been captured except in the front of battle, in the deadly encounter, and only when overpowered by numbers. They constitute as gallant a portion of our armies as carry our banners anywhere. If released they would soon return again to do vigorous battle for our cause. We are told that the only obstacle in the way of exchange is the status of enlisted negroes captured from our armies, the United States claiming that the cartel covers all who serve under its flag, and the Confederate States refusing to consider the colored soldiers, heretofore slaves, as prisoners of war.

We beg leave to suggest some facts bearing upon the question of exchange, which we would urge upon this consideration. Is it not consistent with the national honor, without waving the claim that the negro gro soldiers shall be treated as prisoners of war, to effect an exchange of the white soldiers? The two classes are treated differently by the enemy. The whites in such prisons as Libby and Andersonville, starved and threated with a barbarism unknown to civilized nations. The blacks, on the countrary, are seldom imprisoned. They are distributed among the citizens, or employed on government works. Under these circumstances they receive enough to eat, and are worked no harder than they have been accustomed to be. They are neither starved nor killed off by the pestilence in the dungeons of Richmond and Charleston. It is true they are again made slaves; but their slavery is freedom and happiness compared with the cruel existence imposed upon our gallant men. They are not bereft of hope, as are the white soldiers, dying by piecemeal. Their chances of escape are tenfold greater than those of the white soldiers, and their condition, in all its lights, is tolerable in comparison with that of the prisoners of war now languishing in the dens and pens of secession.

While, therefore, believing the claims of our government, in matters of exchange, to be just, we are profoundly impressed with the conviction that the circumstances of the two classes of soldiers are so widely different that the government can honorably consent to an exchange, waiving for a time the established principle justly claimed to be applicable in the case. Let thirty-five thousand suffering, starving and dying enlisted men aid this appeal. By prompt and decided action in their behalf thirty-five thousand heroes will be made happy. For the eighteen hundred commissioned officers, now prisoners, we urge nothing. Although desirous of returning to our duty, we can bear imprisonment with more fortitude if the enlisted men, whose sufferings we know to be intolerable, were restord to liberty and life.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican* was a passenger on the train from Chattanooga to Nashville, which on the 29th ult., met with what might have been a dreadful catastrophe. The road passes over the Cumberland Mountains. On the eastern slope the train is pushed up, but on the western slope the train slides down, its motion arrested by a close application of the brakes, and, if necessary, a reversal of the engine. About midnight of the day in question, the correspondent was asleep, but was startled suddenly into wakefulness by an unusual, extraordinary noise. On looking thro' the glass door at the end of the car its origin was manifest; he beheld a sight which no mortal man, having once looked upon, could ever forget.

Two trains had started at the same time as the one in which he rode. It was about half way down the mountain, (the grade being very steep,) about two miles from the foot of the grade. The two trains in the rear were at the usual distance, 'when suddenly,' exclaims the correspondent, as if the brakes were out of order, and would not work, the train behind us started forward with the rapidity of lightning, and came tearing furiously toward us. Our engineer put on all steam in the endeavor to escape; the engineer of the crazy train reversed his engine, but it was all in vain. The train was under too much headway! It was when it had reached to less than one hundred yards of us that I awoke and looked out. Like a destroying demon, bent on our annihilation, seemed the terrible engine. Its wheels were running in a reverse direction, but under the fearful force it had previously acquired, it would no longer obey the motion of the wheels.

It was sliding onward to destroy us, and at times the wheels, fixed upon the track, and balanced between the two forces, one urging the locomotive forward, the other endeavoring to pull it back, tore from the rails a stream of fire. Then the reversing force w'ld whirl them round for a moment with the most awful rapidity.

I rushed toward the hind end of the car with the design of leaping out. By this time the monster behind us had nearly reached the end of the car. The next instant our train was struck and bounded forward for a few feet, as if shot from a cannon, still, however, remaining upon the track. We struck again, and this time our car, and I know not how many others, was thrown entirely from the rails. The fearful spreed at which we had been going in our endeavor to escape the pursuing engine now insured our destruction. A mad rush onward of about twenty feet, a dreadful sound as we ripped up the rails and ties underneath us; then a lurch, hurling us with fearful violence from one side of the car to the other; and the huge box in which we were confined rolling and tumbling down into a gorge of the Cumberland Mountains.

During the few seconds of the descent before the stroke, the whole dread reality of the situation stood like an awful picture before my eyes. I felt palpably that the next instant I should probably be a mass of quivering, shapeless flesh; yet, strange to say, I did not, as many are said to do under such circumstances, recall my past life, nor did I bestow a thought upon the future; all the faculties of my soul were concentrated in the awful present. The crash came; a bump and a roll, and all was still. There was no light in the car, and the absolute darkness into which we were plunged, the wailing and moaning of those who were hurt, the sickening smell of flesh human blood, the fearful uncertainly as to the fate of those on board whom you love, the consciousness that the next instant you yourself might be crushed to atoms, all these things formed an awful combination of horrors.

There was another crash above us; again the car turned over, but that last turn of our car raised in my mind the idea that the whole of the following train, with its locomotive, might come down and grind us all to powder. Then came the burning, hoping almost despairing desire to get outside of the ruined car.

Dashing through a glass door, I finally emerged from the car. Let me tell you what I saw. The accident had taken place upon an embankment. The two passenger cars of our train had rolled down about 60 feet, finally resting against the trees. The locomotive which had run into us had passed on with several of its cars, not leaving the track. Four of them had tumbled off the other side of the embankment from us. One had rolled down on our side, just ahead of our two passenger cars. Another was resting with its fore end upon the top of the car in which I rode, its wheels thrust into our car, its hind end resting against the embankment, about half-way down to our car, and thus actually forming an immense bridge, under which a man could walk upright.

For the space of thirty or forty feet where the car had run after leaving the rails, and before tumbling down the embankment, their was not a single tie or rail remaining, nothing but the rough stones which had formed the ballasting of the road.

When lights were procured, there were found two score bruised, cut, lacerated and stunned; but, strange to say, not one person, so far as I could learn, was killed outright! So wonderful seemed our preservation that I think no one failed to attribute it to the gracious interposition of Almighty God, and to return to Him—some perhaps for the first time in their lives—hearty, earnest, fervent thanks.

FOR EVERY BODY.—Let the business of every body alone, and attend to your own.

Don't buy what you don't want.

Use every hour to advantage, and study to make leisure hours useful.

Think twice before you spend a shilling, and remember that you will have another to make for it.

Find recreation in looking after business, so that it will not be neglected in loooking after recreation.

Buy low, sell fair and take care of the profits.

Look over your books regularly and if you find an error trace it out.

Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade retrench, work hard, but never fly the track.

Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverence, and they will die at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored—but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

A country girl coming in from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well it wasn't any fellow of that name. Bill Jones kissed me, and confound his pictures, I told him that everybod would find it out."