ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1862.

NO. 8.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY. What flower is this that greets the morn, Its has from heaven so freely born? With burning star and flaming band It kindles all the sunset land;-0, tell us what its name may be! Is this the flower of Liberty? It is the banner of the free. The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode Its tender seed our fathers sowed; The storm winds rocked its swelling bud, Its opening leaves were streaked with blood, Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see The full blown Flower of Liberty! Then hall the banner of the free, The starry Plower of Liberty!

One mingling flood of braided light,-The red that fires the Southern rose. With spotless white from Northern snows The sister Stars of Liberty! Then hall the banner of the free.

The starry Flower of Liberty! The blades of heroes fence it round; Where'er it springs is holy ground;

From tower and dome its glories spread; It waves where lonely sentries tread, And plants an empire on the sea! Then hall the banner of the free, The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower. Shall ever float on dome and tower, To all their heavenly colors true. In blackening frost or crimson dew .-And God loves us as we love thee, Thrice hely flower of Liberty! The starry Flower of Liberty!

Select Miscellang.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

How Fought and How Won. THE FEDERAL ARMY.

Our effective force could not have been more than twelve thousand on the day of the first engagement, and was composed of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Missouri troops. The army was divided into three divisions, under the command of Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, a-brave and patriotic officer.

THE REBEL ARMY.

The rebel army was composed of nine or ten, perhaps twelve thousand Missouri State troops, under Gen. Sterling Price: some six or eight regiments of Arkansas. regiments of Texans, under Gen. Earl guns. Van Dorn; some three thousand Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole Indi-In addition to those mentioned, there were two or three regiments of Louisiana troops and companies of Mississippi and Alabama soldiers under their respective captains, majors and colonels, whose names are unknown alike to your correspondent and to fame. The entire rebel force could not have been less than thirty thousand, many estimating it still higher. THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

Gen. Curtis anticipated an attack from placed on the north under the protection of Gen. Sigel, with a body of eight hundred men; the principal Federal encampment and main lines being to the eastward, near the head and on both sides of Sugar creek. Meantime the rebel forces were moving in full strength from Bentonville, whence they had proceeded from Cross Hollows, and with rapid marches were endeavoring to cross the creek, and, by pla- progress, and many dead are abandoned. cing themselves on the north to cut off our retreat.

An advance of about two thousand cava fierce onslaught on Sigel, hoping to take possession of our large and valuable train. Sigel proved himself the right man in the camp. right place. He gallantly met the enemy, and, while he repelled their charge, prevented them from seizing upon our wagons. The brave and accomplished officer seemed ubiquitous. He rode rapidly here and there, giving orders and observing the Our cause was growing darker.

Point of attack and the situation of the Gen. Sigel observes new pos enemy, at the same time cheering and encouraging his troops.

Sigel's desire was to keep the communi-cation open between himself and the main the space with its roar. camp, and the enemy's design to cut off this avenue for reinforcements. They sheet of flame, out of which go death and closed round him with tumultous shouts, pain in a thousand forms. They have lost and believed they had accomplished their purpose, when Sigel rushed in upon them selves. They are panic stricken. with his brave followers and compelled

them to give way. For two hours the strife went on with great ardor on both sides: but it seemed as if the Federals would soon be compelled to yield. There seemed no hope for them. They must become exhausted, and doubtless they would have done so, had their destiny been in less powerful and

About the trains, the din of strife rose louder than before and the rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon awoke the surrounding echoes. The enemy were losing ground. They rallied and fell with infantry, while the officers were sometimes field. seen defending themselves against the ad-

experienced hands than Sigel's.

going to the wall. Only one was left:

under his haughty feet.

THE SECOND DAY.

in the morning poured in from the Bentonville road, and gathered in heavy-force to our rear, sweeping round to the right, and occupying both sides of the Keetsville road, a position from which it was absolutely necessary to dislodge them, or sur- hol they had drank and the scenes that they render all hope of success.

Truly, before the second day's engagement began, the prospect was very dark. Defeat seemed to stare us in the face,

The way to Missouri was defended by to be the treachery of the savages.

Gen. Carr's division was sent by Gen. sition. About ten o'clock in the morning the battle was renewed with increased ardor, and soon the batteries from both sides were replying to each other with death-dealing voices.

Gen. Carr made a spirited and heavy charge upon the enemy under McCulloch

The rebels reeled as we went against them, but their column did not break.-The charge was repeated. Still the foe stood firm, opening a galling fire from two batteries whose presence had not before been known. Our troops were then thrown into confusion, and three companies of infantry and Col. Ellis's cavalry under Gen. Ben. McColloch,; five or six were ordered to silence the destructive

Carr's column advanced and fell back, and advanced again, and beyond them, up ans. under Col. Albert Pike, all under the the hill, the cavalry and infantry were command of Major General McIntosh. struggling to capture the detested guns. The regiment which protected the batteries met them fairly and freely, and, for half an hour, the two combatants were so commingled that they almost failed to recognize one another.

"Our men have the batteries," was announced, and the Federalists rent the welkin with their huzzas.

Through the blue curling vapors our men could be seen dragging the guns after them. Ere they had gone a hundred the south, and accordingly had the trains yards, the rebels were behind them, struggling like Hercules for the repossession of the pieces.

Blood streamed anew, and shouts, and groans, and prayers, and curses, went up with the gigantic forms of smoke in the upper air.

Brief triump. The batteries are lost. Our men have been overpowered by numbers. They retire, and blood marks their

Midnight comes; and the scattered words of the sentinels are heard; and the Federalists and rebals are sleeping on their alry reached the desired position, and made a fierce onslaught on Sign hoping to take when they were friends and brothers, and America had not become one vast military

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

At six o'clock, our guns opened on the enemy, and our fire was returned from twenty pieces. The firing did little harm. The enemy's shot passed over our heads.

Gen. Sigel observes new positions for our operations. We plant six batteries at different points commanding their princi- upon the earth, and the women took nine." sitions of great danger will not be aston- out blemish."

The rebels can endure no longer the their faith in their bad cause and them-

They turn not back. Two of their generals have received their mortal wounds. and the word is: "Save himself who can.' The Yankees have beaten them, and their star has set over the verdureless ridge

of this hard-fought field. The birds twitter overhead. The sun shines warmer and clearer. The atmosphere of blood is purified by the feeling that it was shed in a sacred cause.

THE LOSS ON BOTH SIDES.

Our loss cannot be known at this time. but it must be in the vicinity of seventeen hundred-five hundred killed and some redoubled force on our heroic band, two thirteen hundred wounded, most of them hundred of whom had already proved slightly. Our officers, contrary to the their patriotism with their blood. The past experience of this war, suffered little, combat was hand to hand. Horsemen though they exposed themselves recklessly, were dismounted, and struggled with the as Americans always will do on the battle

The rebel loss will never, I presume, be vancing bayonets of the common soldiers. accurately ascertained, as they are lying A superhuman effort on the part of the all over the ridges, in the ravines, among enemy, and a third time the Federalists the brush and along the roads. The were surrounded. Firmer and firmer causalties among the enemy, however, were were the rebels closing around the five or far greater than with us, and three thoussix hundred braves, who were evidently and, of which nine or ten hundred were of razors. in killed. I am confident, would not be an "Follow me!" thundered Sigel, and his over-statement of their loss. Their offiproud steed trampled an approaching rebel | cers fell thick and fast in the engagement, and their dead and wounded majors, colo-A deep, strong earnest cry from the nels, captains and lieutenants, were at least Unionists, and they met the foe with the double ours. The Secession officers were rush of determination and energy of de- generally brave and dashing, and fought in so praise-worthy a manner as to leave us no regret, so far as courage goes, that The enemy during the night and early they were born upon our own beloved

THE REBELS SLAUGHTERED BY THEIR SAV-

AGE ALLIES. It is said the Indians in the engagement of Friday became so excited, by the alcowitnessed, that they turned their weapons upon their own allies, and butchered and scalped the rebels and Federalists with the most charming indifference. An instance and the sole thing possible appeared a if this is given by one of the prisoners, a struggle to prevent too disastrous a dis- member of one of the companies that suffered from what the Southerners believed Mr. -

thirty thousand of the enemy; and we | Four companies of the Arkansas troops had little more than one-third the number | belonging to Ben. McCulloch's division, to dispute the perilous passage. On the were marching up one of the ridges north south were the Boston mountains. To of Sugar Creek on Saturday morning, to the east or west we could not go. Were strengthen the enemy, who were hardly we not hemmed in by nature and the enemy?

Single Creek on Saladay including, strengthen the enemy, who were hardly pressed by Gen. Sigel. They soon came enemy? and Choctaws who stood on the brow of Curtis to force the enemy from their po- an adjacent hill. When within about one hundred and fifty yards of the savages, the latter opened fire on them. The rebel major who commanded the battalion cried out to them that they were killing their friends: but the Indians did not heed what he said, and again discharged their pieces. "The d-d rascals have turned traitors," cried the Major. "Upon them, Arkansas

and give them no quarter." The Southerners needed no second orler. They attacked them with great energy, and for nearly an hour a desperate battle was waged on the Ridge; the Indians fighting with blind fury, and scalping all who fell into their hands, whether living, wounded, or dead. This is described is one of the severest actions of the entire battle, and the Indians, who were finally routed, are said to have lost one hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded.

FATHERLY ADVICE TO A BOY IN LOVE. -Now, then Bill, what are ye at down ten years older. I didn't stick up to your mother till I was five-and-twenty, and at first she hit out so hard at me for my 'sarse," as she called it, that I was reglarly floored. Hows'mever, she come round in time, and we was married at thirty, afore which age my opinion is a man ain't fit. nor ain't intended, nor ain't got no call to cary double weight. So don't get a 'ankering arter Eliza my boy, for Eliza's a good twenty year older than you, if she's a hour. 'Sides, she's got her eye on Tom Summers, as takes out Dr. Carter's wials. If she once finds out you're soft on her, she'll flatten yer 'art out as smoothe as a pancake, and then dance on yer like a mountybank. I know what them tender gals is when they gets a spoony in love with 'em as is young enough to be their own offspring. They aint got no marcy, they ain't, nor no feelin', not more than a Hinjion savage, and why should they?—John Roby, a Novel.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of

A VERY CLOSE SHAVE.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

The prison at D. is, every way considered, under a better organized and surer system of administration than any other I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methhave often seen much to approve; but the tors, of whom few, very properly, are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and most singular of all, the air of security and exceeding quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one from the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned around, his eyes were glistening with tears. The warden said he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offence was that he had beaten almost to death a comrade for speaking slightingly of his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men about the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber anywhere; so he was elevated above his fellows, to the extent of

"He has shaved me many a time better than I could have done it myself. Would vou like a prison shave, gentlemen?" said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowedged myself to be touched favorably with the prop-"Johnson, you will shave this gentle-

man?" said the warden I threw off my coat, and settled myself

comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It was a vilthinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow drum-tight.

When my face was shining with the soap, the warden said: "We will leave you for five minutes, -, is that time enough, John-

"Quite time enough, sir," answered Johnson. The prisoner and I were left alone.rection from that we had been pursuing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed.

From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall until they came to a ficer in charge, and then they moved on, sir! I must have another." officer and all out of sight. Upon each corner of the prison wall guard is always stationed, well armed to

watch that no attempts at escape are made. The moment this one disappeared, I felt a sort of a faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after, my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the an instant at the window where we had found him when we had entered. Then he came back to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely afraid.

they were! "Do you hear me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't steady. I can do what I please with a thear at Dick Plimtons' so much? Miss to keep still, very still, just now. I'm tion. I sought to ascertain whether she Sally tells me ye've got a 'ankerin' arter close on to a large vein, you see, right in was able to sustain herself until he should Dick's darter 'Liza. You won't come to your neck. Keep very still, and don't rejoin her; and then she told that the warno good if you do that. It'll be time stir. I know what would happen, and so den of the prison had also come to her, enough to run after the gals when you're do you, if you stirred or spoke a word.

Good God! These were hideous words; but the glare of the man's eye as he came died otherwise.

"Now." said he. "listen but don't against my throat, as if by way of warning. "I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm going. And, so help me God, if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you: but-re-

He sprang away, and caught up my coat and hat, which lay near, still keeping of freedom drew near, appeared more rest-the razor in his hand. The moment its less under his confinement than any others. frightful contact was removed, my inert- On inquiry it was found that this prisoner ness vanished. I leaped up, seized the had a wife and child living directly within chair in which I had been sitting, and view of the walls, and that for nearly three shouted lustily. He turned upon me like years he had seen her daily, she being all

and rushed toward me.

insects will surround you in the sunshine.

down crashing upon him. He sank for a his own request, he continued within the second, but quickly rose again. He was walls until his liberation, which took place The Persians have a saying, that heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suplast week. Excepting on one occasion, "Ten measures of talk were sent down pose. Persons who have thus been in po-

cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen successfully employed. ods of management and discipline, and I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, prison at D. surpasses all the rest. Vis- pointing at the same time and in the same direction with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his hands over his head, gasped as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped swiftly across the floor he called out to me:

"Don't go, don't go!" he said. "Stand there at the door, if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and, perhaps if you hear me you won't wonder

that I was driven mad." "Look out at that window, sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a doorway. That's my wife and baby my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know I'm here—thank God for that. I came here under a wrong name, and she supposes I'm far away at sea. I am sure it would his dignified position, and the responsibility break her heart to know the truth. Well, sirs that's my home. I've seen it, and I've seen her every day, these three months.— It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance-was too much for me, And to think that I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tear? There was truth in every tone.-I looked through the window, and saw, as he had told me, a woman standing on the threshold opposite, with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly once or twice and disappeared.

"You won't trust me now I know," lainous necessity. I wonder if anybody said the prisoner; "but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use I know. Well, I swear that I'll scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary now, and who can live through that? No, no, you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe meyou may inded?"

Feet shuffling along the passage announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think My companions went away in another di- was very successful under the circum-

"Not shaved yet?" said the warden, astonished. If he had but known how close a shave I had been through. "I have broken my razor," said John-

corner, where they spoke a little to the of- son, looking appealingly at me. "See, "Very well," said the warden.

you wait?" he asked. "I think not," said I. "Another time will do me."

So I wiped my face, and went on our

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that door and looked out, and returning, paused great excitement which naturally followed so narrow an escape, I think that I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured Presently the prisone spoke. His voice me that he would act in such a manner was very low, quite a whisper indeed, and as he thought the occasion needed. He he cut his words short. But how distinct | condemned his own heeedlessness in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt, with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of it?" said he. "But my hand is always Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was razor—just what I please. Be good enough happy in her ignorance of his real condishown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most round in front of me, was appalling. I that might come to her. She was most could not have uttered a syllable if I had grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much move," and he pressed the flat blade copied and, I suppose, will be readily remembered: "It is the custom at the prison of D. to

permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration to work outside the wall under the supervision of an offiaccepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man, who, as his time "Ah, you will have it, then!" he cried, supposing that her husband. who was a

ished to hear that I forgot, after my first "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY

In the neighborhood of Vienna, there lived a young peasant woman who sup-ported herself by the cultivation of vegeables for the Vienna market. She was a widow, still young and handsome, having but one child—a little girl who was just old enough to run about and play with the other children in the neighborhood.

The handsome mother was desirous of a econd marriage; indeed she had already set her heart upon a young man who occasionally visited her, and whose proposition of marriage she was now beginning impatiently to wait. But it did not come.

A suspicion crossed her mind, that the obstacle in the way of his proposals was perhaps—her child. The struggle in her mind was a fierce one, but she finally resolved that this obstacle should be removed she would make away with the child!

Beneath her house was a deep cellar where she usually stored her vegetables.-Taking her little daughter by the hand one day, she led it down to the cellar, and thrusting it in, closed the door, locked it. and hurried up stairs.

The same evening her lover came as usual. They supped together-chatted together-but no mention was made of the

Twenty-four hours passed, and the mother crept softly down stairs, and listened at the door. The quick ear of the child caught her mother's step, and she implored her to take her out of that dark place—she was so cold and so hungry.

The mother made no answer and crept quietly up stairs again. Soon the lover came; they supped together, and passed a social evening.

Another twenty-four hours passed, and the mother made a second visit to the cellar. Again the little sufferer heard her. and with feeble voice begged for a crust of bread-iust one.

The mother's heart faltered for a moment—but she rallied again and left the little one to its fate. Another day passed. The mother creet

quietly down stairs and listened. All was silent. She opened softly the door—the child was dead! Taking swiftly the body up stairs, she

aid it upon a bed, and immediately making a great outcry, called the neighbors together-telling them that her child had sudenly died.

The second day after there was a funeral. flowers, brought by the little playmates in the neighborhood. The procession moved towards the quiet Gotlesacker (God's acre) where was to be planted this little seed of an immortal flower. The mother stood looking down upon the grave, over which the holy man began with solemn voice to

repeat—
"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. 'Give us this day our daily bread-'"

A piercing cry, and the mother stee gered and fell to the earth. The bystanders ran to her-raised her-when locking wildly around, she related in crass, and gibbering accents, to the shuddering threng around the grave, the very deed she had committed.

They bore her away. Crazed and smitten by the hand of God, she did not long survive, but miserably died-an instance of the swift retribution of the Great Avenger, and an appalling lesson upon the

"Give us this day our daily bread."

A STRANGE DREAM .- Old Squire W. an honest, jovial soul, with few religious scruples fond of a hearty laugh or a good joke at any time. He relates the following on himself as an actual occurrence:

"One night, boys, I had a very strange dream. I thought I was about to get to heaven A long ladder, like Jacob's, reached from the ground toward the good place, and it was on this ladder that I went up. When I reached the top I found a space of seven or eight feet intervening between the last round and the colestial gate. I could see within and catch glimpses of the fine things inside, Peterstood at the entrance he leaned over reached out his band and told me to make a the wall under the supervision of an oni-cer. This privilege is in most cases gladly big jump. I did jump, boys, and got one cer. This privilege is in most cases gladly big jump. I did jump, boys, and got one cer. I found myself sprawling on the floor, having jumped out of the bed, while I was trying to jump into Heaven."

The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of the time ignorant of his imprisonment, and powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their sailor, was at sea on a long voyage. He hands instinctively go half way out to was unwilling that, at the last moment, meet his grasp while they turn involunta-I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, was at socion a long voyage.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, was unwilling that, at the last moment, meet his grasp while they turn involuntating it high in the air, brought it the fact should be revealed to her; and at rily from the clamary touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

VOL. 7.

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