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McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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NO. 10.

Choice Poetry.

WHAT FOR?
A nation's heart to its depths is stirred!
A ringing call through the land is heard!
On every lip is a farewell word!
What for?
To war! to war! the maddened cry!
To war! to war! the maddened cry!
On every wind that raves by!
What for?
The banners wave on the stirring air;
The cannon's boom tolls death on the ear;
Each least throbs fast with a dreadful fear!
What for?
The beat of the drum and the war steed's tramp
Lead echoes, and smites with "to camp."
To battle and strife with carnage rank.
What for?
The bridegroom turns from his weeping bride,
"Ah, woe! ah, woe! this hour beside!"
She sobs and wails as he leaves her side,
What for?
Onward she looks and she sees him lie
Bleeding and trampled, and torn to die—
A life-long wail is that widowed cry.
What for?
The mother blesses with blessing tears,
With choking sobs and untold fears,
Her hope and pride—she goes to the wars.
What for?
Go he to fight, to murder, kill,
The brother's blood to spill—
An untimely grave her child to fill!
What for?
The father "God speed" to the sun doth say,
"Thy country's cause, boy, never betray!"
His broad chest heaves—he marches away.
What for?
"The staff of my age, he goes, my all!"
The brave, brave heart must his young head fall
In the dust! (God help! "his country's call!")
What for?
He goes, the soldier, his blood to shed:
The region of his glory bed,
Are moans, and tears, and wail for the dead.
What for?
The conqueror's rage as his laurel crown,
The curse of his people's down,
With woe is his country's bowed-down.
What for?

Select Miscellany.

THE NEGRO DIFFICULTY;
"COLORED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAR."
BY W. O. LAYTON.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those peculiar American days when the versatile weather fancifully divides itself into sundry proportions of mud, snow, slush, mist, rain, hail, wind and sleet; and when business men down-town begin to pay the daily penalty of living up-town, by bundling themselves into the cars and getting nearly jammed and smothered to death on the ride home, where they are to enjoy the comforts of swearing a little, and shaking and wringing themselves out a great deal, sitting before a good fire.

Among the crowd who besieged a Sixth Avenue car at the Astor House, just ere it started, was a party of five, apparently strangers to each other—one of them wearing a white clerical cravat, with a weed round his hat; another, with a red vest; another, with plaid breeches; another, with top-boots; and the fifth, distinguishable by his dire raggedness, black skin, and extreme rotundity of body.

The first four happened to get seats together, on one side of the car; and the "colored parson," entering last, previously took particular pains to assure himself he was making no mistake, by asking the conductor—

"Am colored people allowed in this car?"

The conductor hesitated in replying; for though the words "Colored people allowed in this car" appeared in bold letters upon the outside, the inquirer was such a wretched bundle of rags and patches, and promised to occupy so much room with his corpulent form, and to appeal at once so urgently to the sides and noses of his neighbors—that the man of bells and fares felt reluctant to admit the applicant.

The question, however, was instantly answered by the white neckcloth, who called out;

"Yes, yes, my colored friend, come in; don't be afraid. Colored people are allowed in this car. It is painted so on the outside."

All eyes were now turned upon the negro, and the conductor nodded for him to enter; which he did, in time to secure the only remaining seat opposite the preceding four, and just by the side of a squabby Irish woman, with a baby in her arms; the baby looked frightened at the black apparition, and the mother unmistakably disgusted.

Brother Cole, as we will call him, though of goodly hue, and in a most extraordinary condition of rags, appeared to be the most cheerful creature in the car, as it moved along its course, receiving fresh accessions rapidly.

He began to chuckle over his good fortune in getting "Such a comfortable seat, right long side of such a nice member of our fair sex," as he assured Bridget he thought she was; hoped her little picninnity wouldn't catch cold; and chuckled it under the chin fondly, and heaped the mother had a parasol, to keep the wet off when she got out.

But this kindness was not at all agreeable to Bridget. Her baby began to cry with extreme terror, and Bridget repelled

his good feeling, with much enraged volubility, spite of his loud remonstrances, that "He didn't mean no harm, missy; de Lor' bress her!"

"Ouch! Git out, yer black bunch of rags, yer. How dare ye make free to spake to a dacent white woman, at all, at all! Shet up your gob, or I'll pull the wool of yees. And take yer devil's hoof off from threding me dress; and don't be squazin me wid yer big black sides, ye shamoky baboon, yer!"

This fierce onslaught created a sensation directly, and not a good humored one; the weather having a bad effect upon the nerves of the passengers.

"Cool off!" "Dry up, there!" "Turn 'em out!" "Nigger in the car!" cried several, who were obliged to stand up and be jostled.

"Spec I've got as good a right heak as anybody," grumbled Cole. "Cullud people am allowed in this car."

"That's right, my friend," said the white cravat, earnestly. "Stick to your rights. Don't be put down."

This encouraged Brother Cole, and he assumed the defiant, planting his broad figure sturdily in his seat, regardless of the hitches and twitches of Bridget.

"I don't wear sich good clothes as some folks does, but I kin jess pay my fare as well as a white man; and I ain't no secesh nudder."

This last observation was intended as an adroit appeal to Union feeling in his behalf, but it was unfortunate just then, for the dull business during the day had made many of the passengers very snappish and querulous about the hard times.

"It's for such troublesome fellows as you," exclaimed somebody, "that we are having all this war, and expense, and bad business."

"That's so," sulkily muttered another, who had broken a bottle of cologne in his coat-tail pocket, owing to the excessive jam. "And white folks must now stand up, to make room for niggers."

This ungenerous remark called out the white neckcloth again;

"For shame, gentlemen! You came last, and must take your chances with the rest. Perhaps you don't know that colored people are allowed in this car."

"Allowed!" sneered one of the restive standers up. "Yes, altogether too loud to suit me! Never heard such loud talking in a car in my life; and all owing to a ragged nigger and a confounded abolitionist."

"Dat ish goot!" here assisted a chubby Dutchman, who was interrupted in his peaceful doze in a corner. "Got for tam! What ish all dish for a bizniss?"

"Ze people is too much loud, by gar!" added a nervous Frenchman, irritated alike by the loud words and a very loud ache of one of his corns, which the crowd had repeatedly trodden upon.

"Pon my word!" coincided a cockney, looking stiffly over a choking shirt-collar, "this his the most hextrony wide h hever had! We don't hallow such habominable proceedings hin the hold country. This his 'ardly hendurable, hand really the hair is quite oppresive 'ere!"

"Pot luck! gentleman," here retorted the white cravat. "Nobody's to blame for the weather; and if you choose to crowd in and stand up and help make the atmosphere oppresive, and vent your spleen upon a poor colored man, why, it's your own look-out that's all."

Brother Cole here indulged in a long and very loud guffaw, shaking his fat sides with great unctious, much to the discomfort of Bridget and the indignation of his assailants.

"Yah, yah! Yah, yah! Yah! Dat gemman's a real gonnivine gemman, and no mistake. He's a trew friend of the cullud man, he is—Lor' bress his white choker! He don't keer a picayune fur de Mounsheer, de Jack Bull, de Dutch, or de debil, he don't. Yah, yah! What fun! I nebbor sec—"

"Look here, darkey," suddenly interrupted the gruff voice of the conductor, who had been listening to the complaints of various murmurers near the door, and had now edged his way toward Brother Cole, "you must either stop your noise or go out. We can't have such disturbances."

"Why, who's sturbin' anybody?" exclaimed the aggrieved and alarmed Cole. "Ise peaceable as a sheep, I is. I aint makin' any—"

"He's the cause of all the fuss," declared an arrogant-looking dandy with pigs eyes, which had been coveting Brother Cole's seat, as a refuge for his spindle-shanks, which were in danger of getting broken in the crowd.

"You lie, pipe-stems!" here suddenly broke in the man with the red vest, in a stern, loud voice. "Conductor, let the colored man alone. They're trying to impose upon him."

"That's my opinion, too, mister," agreed the individual in top boots. "The darkey is all right enough. He's allowed in this car, but the others do all the talking aloud; and there's all the truth and the difference."

"Good boy," added the plaid breeches. "I'm in for old Ethiopia, likewise; and I'm decidedly straight up and double twist-

edly down on all cross-grained gantry and outlandish snobs, who come over here to America to keep from starving, and then undertake to dictate to us in the cars.— Colored people are allowed in this car, rags or no rags; and if anybody troubles you, old blueskin, talk back and I'll back you."

This resolute speech had the effect of quieting the murmurers for the time; and the conductor, seeing that Brother Cole had strong partisans, forced his way back to his post again, much to the satisfaction and renewed amusement of Brother Cole, who said, in a subdued voice:

"Ole blueskin! Much your sarcent, mister gemman! Didn't know I was blue afore; but spec I did look a little blue owing to de excited state of ob de country an' de wedder."

"Wont you favor us with a song, brother?" suggested the white cravat. "Give us 'John Daffing'."

"What? De young man who knew dat his mudder was well?"

Here there were renewed expression of indignation among the passengers.

"This is infamous! Stop the car, I'm going to get out! Highbinders! Unbearable! Rather walk all the way home, in ten times as bad a storm! Pull the strap!"

And six or eight did get out, uttering anathemas upon the whole colored race, and on went the car again, after having received a new passenger in the person of a young colored woman, to whom Brother Cole now yielded his seat, with a profusion of bows, which made her feel like blushing.

But Brother Cole now received several scornful nudges from the standers, and he suddenly sat down plump in the Irish woman's lap.

"Ow!" she screamed. "Murder! Ye've broken tin good eggs in me pocket. Git off or me t'igh! I'm ruined and crushed wid yees, intirely. Polace! Wirristhr! Howly saints come out the Croat on this heavy black monkey!"

And Bridget's baby set up a renewed screaming—all of which excited a hurricane of mingled oaths, yells of laughter, and groans among the excited travelers, some of whom regarded Brother Cole with great ferocity, and vowed he ought to be taken out and sent to the Tombs.

"Well, where the debble can a poor nigger set? Ise give up my seat to the cullud lady."

"Git out, rags!"

"Go away, cologne!"

"Phew! Get down somewhere. You can't stand here, contraband."

"Sit down anywhere, corporosity," said the red vest. "But try somebody with stout legs."

Brother Cole, apparently bewildered with the jostling he was receiving, sat down by turns upon the Frenchman, the Dutchman, and the Cockney—receiving very inhospitable punches from the laps of the first two; but meeting with better luck at his last awkward session—the outraged Cockney starting up and resigning his seat, and making his way out of the car as speedily as possible, and speechless with rage; considering such an indignity to one of Her Majesty's subjects quite as worthy of ministerial attention as another Trent affair.

Continual in gettings and out goings prolonged the long passage to Fifty-ninth street, much to the annoyance of all who deplored that "colored persons were allowed" in that car.

Time for taking fares having come, the conductor wended his arduous way through the car on his errand. Brother Cole, seeing him coming, now began busily to search his pockets for the inevitable five cents.

"Come, come, you troublesome fat cuss, hurry up and don't keep me waiting."

"Jess as fast as I kin," replied Brother Cole, looking troubled and absorbed in his search, while the spectators tilted to see him fumbling through innumerable apertures in his tattered garments for the half-dime.

First he felt in two side-pockets and two breast-pockets in his torn apology for an overcoat, producing all sorts of odds and ends—everything except money. Then he unbuttoned the garment, and instituted a vigorous search in several pockets of a horrible undercoat, not forgetting the tails—but produced no money. Now he made a solemn and thorough investigation of three waistcoat pockets, but drawing forth no money. Then he instituted a hurried review of the pockets of his dilapidated overalls, with a like result. Following which, he unbuttoned them, and poked about in the receptacles of his trousers—with the same bad luck.

"I don't believe you've got a rap about you," exclaimed the impatient conductor, "Give me the fare, or out you go."

"I golly, Mister Conductor, don't be so haish! Ise got it sumwhus, shuar. Hole on, now! Don't hole my arm. How do you spec I kin feel fur it if you don't luff go my sleeb? Jess you wait a mite."

With this, in apparent trepidation, he thrust his fingers into his socks; then took off a rusty pair of monster bogs and felt in them; then pulled off his old felt-hat and peered within its dingy lining; and began throwing off his clothes, with the air of a man confident of final success, and indignant of suspicion.

"Go it, blueskin! You'll fetch the five cents yet."

"Are you going to bed?" asked the conductor, who could not refrain from joining in the general laugh at Brother Cole's perplexity.

"Not afore I pay for my lodging; yah, yah!" returned he now, in his shirt-sleeves. Thrusting his hand within the waistband of his indescribables, he carefully drew up one of the lowest angles of his nether garment, and undoing the hard knot into which it was tied, drew forth two dismal-looking brown bills, opened them—and stared aghast!

"I gorry, I thought it was dar, but it am no sich ting! Wh—wh—what'll I do fur a five-cent piece, my Lor'?"

"Why, one of the bills will do. I'll change it," said the conductor.

"No, no you wont sar. Dem's bad bills, I put 'em in dar so's to be shuar not to pass 'em in accident, and be taken up fur counterfeitin'. Don't touch 'em sar. O what'll I do for a five-cent piece? I must have lost it sumwhus!"

And he now hastily resumed his sections of confederated tatters, trembling violently at the threats of the mortified conductor, who considered himself the victim of a trick on the part of Brother Cole.

"Stop the car, and hand him over to the police!"

"Impostor!" "Rowdy!" "Pickpocket most likely!"

"No, you don't!" now interposed the white cravat, tendering the fare. "Here's five cents for him. No doubt he had the money, but gave it away to some poor person."

"It would be jess like me!" said Brother Cole, grinning. "Much your sarcent, sar. But I say, mister gemmen, as you's got an umbrella, and I git out about heak, could I trouble you fur to kumpany me cross de street to my do'—and you kin come right back, and the car will wait fur you? I don't want to spile my clo'es."

"Most certainly I will, my colored friend," replied the white cravat, rising and pulling the strap; upon which, the car stopping, the red vest, top-boots, and plaid breeches also arose, and followed them out, expressing deep solicitude to see "Old Blueskin" safe home.

"Look ahead, mister conductor, I'll jess tell you what it is. You'm treated me so hanam, dat I mean to patronize dis car every time I come dis way; and I'll tell all odder cullud pussions of my acquainces to do de same likewise; fur it's a grand idee ob yours to 'low cullud people to be allowed in dis car."

And out went the whole party of five, laughing heartily, the loud "Yah, yah!" of Brother Cole being heard above all.

"If ever you thrust your ugly body into this car agin," roared the conductor, shaking his fist, "I'll—"

But the party had reached the sidewalk, yelling with glee, and were now seen entering a drinking-saloon together, in the most familiar style.

The conductor stared, and so did the passengers; and as the car proceeded on its course, somebody was heard to whisper to his companion something about "Christy's Minstrels"—though what it meant we are unable to say.

BLASPHEMY OF REBEL CLERGY.

On Monday morning Parson Brownlow met some thirty Methodist preachers at the Methodist Book Concern, in Cincinnati, and made a brief speech. He knew only three Methodist preachers who were loyal. Bishop Coule condemned the rebellion; he did not dare do more, because he would be hung, old as he is. The Bishop had to swear to support the Confederacy. Mr. Brownlow said the Southern churches were ruined for good.—Union people would not hear Secession preachers, nor Secessionists those who were loyal. The speaker owed his escape to the protests of his friends in East Tennessee, which is Union five to one, and to the political civilian leaders of Tennessee, saying if he was kept, twelve of their leaders would be sacrificed. His wife and children were detained as hostages for his "good conduct." He told his wife to make up her mind to be executed, as he should certainly speak and write against the Confederacy.

The worst men, he remarked, in the Southern Confederacy are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal preachers. They drink and swear week days, and preach Sundays. When they became secesh they bid farewell to honesty, truth and decency. The Confederacy originated in lying, stealing and perjury. Floyd did the stealing, the common masses the lying, and fourteen Senators from the Cotton States the perjury—the latter class while still retaining their seats in the U. S. Senate, and making a pretence of observing their oath, but at night, till twelve o'clock, holding secret meetings, sending dispatches to their respective States to pass ordinances of secession, to seize forts, &c.

Among other instances illustrating the spirit prevailing among the Southern clergy, Mr. Brownlow said that the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Knoxville called a union prayer meeting to pray that Burnside's fleet might sink and the blockade be raised. The same minister had said that he would rather use a Bible printed and bound in hell than one from the North. Also, that Jesus Christ was born on Southern soil, and that all his apostles were Southern men, except Judas Iscariot, who was a Northern man. This was said openly, from his pulpit, on Sunday.

Mr. Brownlow is of opinion that there are better men in the place where the Presbyterian parson looked for his next edition of the Bible, than the Southern leaders. He had seen good men taken out of his prison in knots, and one by one, and hung—fathers and their sons. He was of opinion that it was time to hang our side. Mr. Brownlow intimated his intention of going back to Knoxville to re-establish his paper, which he had edited for twenty-five years, and which had more subscribers than all the papers in Eastern Tennessee combined.

BATTLE FIELD AT WINCHESTER.

The scene of the conflict is terrible.— Citizens are generally prevented from visiting it at present. It is impossible to describe the scene so as to give a realization of its ghastliness and terror, which any one ought to blush not to perceive while walking amid the remnants of humanity which are scattered about. Bodies in all the frightful attitudes which a violent and unnatural death could produce, stained with blood, mangled and lacerated perhaps, often begrimed and black, lay scattered here and there, sometimes almost in heaps. Some had crawled away when wounded to a comfortable place to die.— Two men lay almost covered with straw, into which they had scrambled and lay until death had released them. In the woods through which our troops had in the past to charge the rebels, lie the greatest number of our dead, and beyond, on the other side of the wall, from behind which they poured their volleys of balls at our men, large numbers of the rebels lie pierced in the forehead or face as they rose above their hiding places to shoot at the Federals. There is a peculiar ghastliness in the appearance of the enemy's dead. Did not their dress distinguish them, their faces would enable any one instantly to tell which were Federals and which not. One would think they were all Indians, so very dark had they become from their exposure, sleeping without tents, as they did for a long time at the beginning of the war.

THE DEAD AND DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

If there is anything more dreadful, it is a visit to the hospital after a battle. In the Court House are placed a large number of the wounded, our own and the enemy's, without discrimination, and in several places in town hospitals have been established since the battle. It is difficult to compel one's self to dwell long enough upon the scenes witnessed there, of the dying

and dead, to give them a faithful description. Surgeons and attendants have been constantly at labor, without rest, in attending to the unfortunate soldiers in the hospitals. Yet, after all their efforts, it was long before many of the wounded could be properly cared for and their wounds properly dressed. The court room was filled with the sufferers, lying upon the floor, so many that it was difficult to pass about among them. Among them was the Confederate Captain Jones, who had both eyes shot out, and whose face, covered thickly with clotted blood, presented the most repulsive and pitiable sight which one could well behold.

Some, from loss of blood, were wan and pale, and some, from the injuries to the face, were swollen, distorted and discolored. Some, indeed, were cheerful and rejoicing that, while their comrades were many of them so seriously injured, their slight wounds would soon heal and become honorable scars, testifying their patriotism and loyalty. But the majority of those which I saw here were dangerous wounds, and some were to suffer amputations, and their fellow-soldiers about them, suffering from their own wounds, were obliged to listen to their cries and groans, and to hear the grating of the surgeon's saw, a premonitor of their own hard fate.

I saw many in the agonies of death— one, who was raised and seated half upright, haunts me now with his pale, sorrowful countenance. He was almost dead, and every moment would raise his head, open his eyes, and stare vacantly around, as if he would assure himself that he had not yet lost all the sense of sight. Here also lay some who had just died, and as I passed through the hall, a gray-haired guard, resting upon his musket, with a solemn, grave countenance, was standing beside a number of dead, in the attitude of a death struggle, each with a paper pinned to his clothing, stating the name, regiment, &c., of the deceased.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AT PEA RIDGE.

In the battle near Elk Horn Tavern, Sergeant Major Wooster, of the Iowa Third, was hit by a cannon shot, taking away the side of his skull, while he was engaged in unloading the horses from the Dubuque battery, having bravely volunteered to go ahead on the dangerous errand, in the face of a plunging fire from the enemy's battery. Calling to his boy, after he was shot, he said: "Johnny, Oh Johnny, I must go!"

A cannon ball, in the battle near Lee Town, killed two cousins named Alley, and lodged in the breast of Lieut. Perry Watts, of Company K, Twenty-second Indiana. It was taken out, and proved to be a 6 pounder ball.

A man was shot through the body with a ball, and caught in the waistband of his pantaloons, where it had lodged.

In the battle of the 8th a ball struck a tree, shivering it to splinters. One of the splinters, six feet long, struck a Secesh, and impaled him to the earth.

Lieut. Henne, of Company F, Twelfth Missouri, who had lost his arm in the Hungarian war, was struck in the battle of the 8th by a cannon ball, which carried away his right leg. He was carried off the field, and when passing Gen. Curtis, the heroic sufferer waved his hand to the General, while his face was wreathed in smiles, as if forgetful of his sufferings in the exultation of approaching victory.

A singular incident is mentioned by Captain Stark, of Gen. Curtis' staff. In the heat of the action on the 8th, a woodcock, which was flying over the field toward us from the secesh side, suddenly darted straight to the ground, and was picked up near Gen. Curtis' position. It was ascertained that a stray bullet had passed through its body while on the wing. The incident was taken as a good omen.

On the rebel side the Indians were in command of Pike, Standwartz and Rosa. They proved of little account, except to plunder and rifle the dead, and scalp the wounded, of which fact Col. Busey, of the Third Illinois cavalry, has ample evidence. In the field these cowardly allies could not be brought within range of our cannon.— They would say, "Ugh! big gun!" and skedaddle for the bush.

A secesh doctor, who came afterward into our camp, relates that on the morning of the battle he observed about 300 Indians daubing their faces all over black, from the coal of the charred stumps. The doctor inquired of one of the chiefs the significance of painting thus, when he was answered that "the Indians, when going into a fight, painted their faces red; but when they are pinched with hunger, they color black." These fellows had had nothing to eat in two days.

A ball, after breaking the legs of two men, hit Capt. Hobb on the back of his leg and was stopped. The Captain was slightly injured, but his sword was battered.

Price's field-glass was taken and used during the remainder of the battle, by Gen. Davis, to make observations.

A cannon ball struck the ground, and ricocheting, passed under Col. White's horse, carrying away a leg of the horse rode by Lieutenant Landgrove. The Lieutenant fell with the horse, but extricated himself as soon as possible. The horse getting up, hobbled to the Secesh ranks, taking along the Lieutenant's pocket money, which was concealed in the holsters.

A Dutchman rode directly into the enemy's works with a caisson. The rebel Major asked him where he was going, and the man answered, "Diah for Sigal." The Major smiled and directed the man where to go, which was not probably to any point beyond the rebel lines.

A HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT.—A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Island Number 10, gives the following account of a gallant achievement by Lieut. Allen, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment:

In a former letter I wrote of a contemplated attempt on the part of Lieutenant Allen, of Company C, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, to spike the guns of the upper Rebel fort at this place, christened, we have been told, Fort Polk. This bold task was undertaken last Friday night, when the Lieutenant, in company with four other men, dropped down in a skiff and found a large body of Rebels at work constructing platforms for supporting their cannon.

The Lieutenant resolved not to be totally disappointed, and, landing, very coolly approached a sentinel, who was pacing a parapet at the lower extremity of the fort, and, representing himself as a brother Rebel, remarked: "I will relieve you from duty now, sir." The Rebel guard, wearied and thankful, moved off to his quarters, when the Lieutenant spiked the 64 pounder at the lower part of the fort, which was served with such accuracy against us on last Monday. The proximity of the laboring Rebels would not suffer him to prosecute any further a work which had already proven him a daring officer.

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BLASPHEMY OF REBEL CLERGY.

On Monday morning Parson Brownlow met some thirty Methodist preachers at the Methodist Book Concern, in Cincinnati, and made a brief speech. He knew only three Methodist preachers who were loyal. Bishop Coule condemned the rebellion; he did not dare do more, because he would be hung, old as he is. The Bishop had to swear to support the Confederacy. Mr. Brownlow said the Southern churches were ruined for good.—Union people would not hear Secession preachers, nor Secessionists those who were loyal. The speaker owed his escape to the protests of his friends in East Tennessee, which is Union five to one, and to the political civilian leaders of Tennessee, saying if he was kept, twelve of their leaders would be sacrificed. His wife and children were detained as hostages for his "good conduct." He told his wife to make up her mind to be executed, as he should certainly speak and write against the Confederacy.

The worst men, he remarked, in the Southern Confederacy are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal preachers. They drink and swear week days, and preach Sundays. When they became secesh they bid farewell to honesty, truth and decency. The Confederacy originated in lying, stealing and perjury. Floyd did the stealing, the common masses the lying, and fourteen Senators from the Cotton States the perjury—the latter class while still retaining their seats in the U. S. Senate, and making a pretence of observing their oath, but at night, till twelve o'clock, holding secret meetings, sending dispatches to their respective States to pass ordinances of secession, to seize forts, &c.

Among other instances illustrating the spirit prevailing among the Southern clergy, Mr. Brownlow said that the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Knoxville called a union prayer meeting to pray that Burnside's fleet might sink and the blockade be raised. The same minister had said that he would rather use a Bible printed and bound in hell than one from the North. Also, that Jesus Christ was born on Southern soil, and that all his apostles were Southern men, except Judas Iscariot, who was a Northern man. This was said openly, from his pulpit, on Sunday.

Mr. Brownlow is of opinion that there are better men in the place where the Presbyterian parson looked for his next edition of the Bible, than the Southern leaders. He had seen good men taken out of his prison in knots, and one by one, and hung—fathers and their sons. He was of opinion that it was time to hang our side. Mr. Brownlow intimated his intention of going back to Knoxville to re-establish his paper, which he had edited for twenty-five years, and which had more subscribers than all the papers in Eastern Tennessee combined.

BATTLE FIELD AT WINCHESTER.

The scene of the conflict is terrible.— Citizens are generally prevented from visiting it at present. It is impossible to describe the scene so as to give a realization of its ghastliness and terror, which any one ought to blush not to perceive while walking amid the remnants of humanity which are scattered about. Bodies in all the frightful attitudes which a violent and unnatural death could produce, stained with blood, mangled and lacerated perhaps, often begrimed and black, lay scattered here and there, sometimes almost in heaps. Some had crawled away when wounded to a comfortable place to die.— Two men lay almost covered with straw, into which they had scrambled and lay until death had released them. In the woods through which our troops had in the past to charge the rebels, lie the greatest number of our dead, and beyond, on the other side of the wall, from behind which they poured their volleys of balls at our men, large numbers of the rebels lie pierced in the forehead or face as they rose above their hiding places to shoot at the Federals. There is a peculiar ghastliness in the appearance of the enemy's dead. Did not their dress distinguish them, their faces would enable any one instantly to tell which were Federals and which not. One would think they were all Indians, so very dark had they become from their exposure, sleeping without tents, as they did for a long time at the beginning of the war.

THE DEAD AND DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

If there is anything more dreadful, it is a visit to the hospital after a battle. In the Court House are placed a large number of the wounded, our own and the enemy's, without discrimination, and in several places in town hospitals have been established since the battle. It is difficult to compel one's self to dwell long enough upon the scenes witnessed there, of the dying

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AT PEA RIDGE.

In the battle near Elk Horn Tavern, Sergeant Major Wooster, of the Iowa Third, was hit by a cannon shot, taking away the side of his skull, while he was engaged in unloading the horses from the Dubuque battery, having bravely volunteered to go ahead on the dangerous errand, in the face of a plunging fire from the enemy's battery. Calling to his boy, after he was shot, he said: "Johnny, Oh Johnny, I must go!"

A cannon ball, in the battle near Lee Town, killed two cousins named Alley, and lodged in the breast of Lieut. Perry Watts, of Company K, Twenty-second Indiana. It was taken out, and proved to be a 6 pounder ball.

A man was shot through the body with a ball, and caught in the waistband of his pantaloons, where it had lodged.

In the battle of the 8th a ball struck a tree, shivering it to splinters. One of the splinters, six feet long, struck a Secesh, and impaled him to the earth.

Lieut. Henne, of Company F, Twelfth Missouri, who had lost his arm in the Hungarian war, was struck in the battle of the 8th by a cannon ball, which carried away his right leg. He was carried off the field, and when passing Gen. Curtis, the heroic sufferer waved his hand to the General, while his face was wreathed in smiles, as if forgetful of his sufferings in the exultation of approaching victory.

A singular incident is mentioned by Captain Stark, of Gen. Curtis' staff. In the heat of the action on the 8th, a woodcock, which was flying over the field toward us from the secesh side, suddenly darted straight to the ground, and was picked up near Gen. Curtis' position. It was ascertained that a stray bullet had passed through its body while on the wing. The incident was taken as a good omen.

On the rebel side the Indians were in command of Pike, Standwartz and Rosa. They proved of little account, except to plunder and rifle the dead, and scalp the wounded, of which fact Col. Busey, of the Third Illinois cavalry, has ample evidence. In the field these cowardly allies could not be brought within range of our cannon.— They would say, "Ugh! big gun!" and skedaddle for the bush.

A secesh doctor, who came afterward into our camp, relates that on the morning of the battle he observed about 300 Indians daubing their faces all over black, from the coal of the charred stumps. The doctor inquired of one of the chiefs the significance of painting thus, when he was answered that "the Indians, when going into a fight, painted their faces red; but when they are pinched with hunger, they color black." These fellows had had nothing to eat in two days.

A ball, after breaking the legs of two men, hit Capt. Hobb on the back of his leg and was stopped. The Captain was slightly injured, but his sword was battered.

Price's field-glass was taken and used during the remainder of the battle, by Gen. Davis, to make observations.

A cannon ball struck the ground, and ricocheting, passed under Col. White's horse, carrying away a leg of the horse rode by Lieutenant Landgrove. The Lieutenant fell with the horse, but extricated himself as soon as possible. The horse getting up, hobbled to the Secesh ranks, taking along the Lieutenant's pocket money, which was concealed in the holsters.

A Dutchman rode directly into the enemy's works with a caisson. The rebel Major asked him where he was going, and the man answered, "Diah for Sigal." The Major smiled and directed the man where to go, which was not probably to any point beyond the rebel lines.

A HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT.—A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Island Number 10, gives the following account of a gallant achievement by Lieut. Allen, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment:

In a former letter I wrote of a contemplated attempt on the part of Lieutenant Allen, of Company C, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, to spike the guns of the upper Rebel fort at this place, christened, we have been told, Fort Polk. This bold task was undertaken last Friday night, when the Lieutenant, in company with four other men, dropped down in a skiff and found a large body of Rebels at work constructing platforms for supporting their cannon.

The Lieutenant resolved not to be totally disappointed, and, landing, very coolly approached a sentinel, who was pacing a parapet at the lower extremity of the fort, and, representing himself as a brother Rebel, remarked: "I will relieve you from duty now, sir." The Rebel guard, wearied and thankful, moved off to his quarters, when the Lieutenant spiked the 64 pounder at the lower part of the fort, which was served with such accuracy against us on last Monday. The proximity of the laboring Rebels would not suffer him to prosecute any further a work which had already proven him a daring officer.