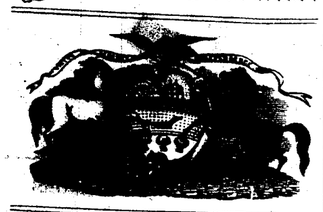
Altoona Tribune.



ALTOONA, PA.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1862.

Public Opinion.

The man who controls that shabby and seedy concern, the *Blair County Whig*, is truly versatile and has a fine talent for borrowing, or appropriating without leave or credit, the shallow, trite phrases of others, patching them up with his peculiarly barbarous gauds and calling them his own. Some say that he even goes farther, and, when occasion requires, invades the domain of fiction, which is vulgarly styled lying. His whole past life is a refutation of this base calumny, showing, as it does, that he has always told the truth, when nothing was to be gained by the opposite, and that he never prevaricated when the *truth would win*. How the entire community should be so misled as to entertain the opinion (as it certainly does) that he *evades the truth* from the love of its opposite, or from instinct, as the beast evades those herbs not congenial to its nature, we are at a loss to conceive. Similar to this is another prevailing belief, viz: that he would rather deal in fiction on six months credit, than tell the truth for the cash.—This is monstrous! Why, the idea that this failing is innate, would make him out H. S. M.'s right-hand man, whereas his whole life shows that he would have nothing to do with that old fellow unless he would *put money in his pocket*. But if the public will insist, as we regret to say it does, that he has *always* prevaricated when the truth *wouldn't suit*, and that the sum total of his truthful sayings is more than neutralized by his fictitious tales, we can only account for it in this way, that his objects, pursuits and purposes have always been such that they could not be attained without deception.

In his article in the last number of the *Whig*, his object is to say some hard things of Senator Hall, and not finding anything to his hand in the realm of fact, he resorts to invention. Hence the entire article in question is a tissue of falsehoods so bald as not to need refutation. His object being to calumniate, of course he could not do it without falsifying. It is a wise philosophy never to be surprised at anything. The public has approved this philosophy in the *Whig* Editor's case, and resolved never to be surprised at anything, however monstrous, which he may do. His very name is a synonyme for everything doubtful, and it has passed into a proverb (so says the general voice) that there is nothing he will not stoop to—that he graduates downward as naturally as water, and yet so bold is he in his hypocrisy that shame is put to the blush. The people say there is no virtue that he does not affect, and no deception that he will not practice *for pay*. Isn't he a beauty? See what a fair exterior falsehood hath.

In one of his articles in the last *Whig*, he has the effrontery to laud justice and honor, denounce fraud and robbery, and declaim against unparalleled corruption and bribery, and people being "bought up like beef in the shambles." (There is only one piece of bull-beef that we wot of which is always "in the shambles," but which is a little too tough and coarse-grained to be bought up.) Certainly he does not hatch up these falsehoods for selfish purposes. Not he! *His* idol is "the people." The god he worships is not the "almighty dollar," although everybody believes it is. To hear this fellow prate of *honor*, you would not think that he and honor were entire strangers. To hear him talk of *justice*, you would think that the days of Aristides were revived in him and that he should be dubbed "J. B. the Just." To hear the hinges of his mind creak and groan about *robbery*, you would think he never turned a dishonest penny or swindled the honest poor. To hear him discourse on *morality*, you would think him "too pure for earth." To hear him denounce *bribery* and *corruption*, you would think he could not be bought. In reference to the latter we have only to say that, *if* he has never been bought it is because he is not worth buying, and his opposition is more to be desired than his support. The people would naturally conclude that there must be something wrong or rotten in the cause, or man, that required *such* support. The very fact that he opposes a man raises a presumption that such man is right, and predisposes the public in his favor, while there is no surer road to political oblivion than to have his influence and support. Then, again, he is like an eel—wriggling, squirming and slimy. You are not sure when you have him. One day you may have him—to-morrow he is for somebody else.—To hear his piteous bleatings you would take him for a lamb. Poor dear pet lamb! *What* a pity it would be if the wolves would eat him! Then, farewell, *spotless innocence!* Farewell, *unsullied purity!*

Try, and see if you can't bring the "hard cash," Mr. *Whig*. We are bound to keep you up to the work.

Rather Fishy.

A motion was made by Hopkins, of Washington, in the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, before that body adjourned, to print ten thousand copies of his Report on the Tonnage Tax Investigating Committee. At the *same time* he moved *not* to print the *testimony* on which his report was based. A most novel proceeding, truly. This old politician, who has barely escaped from the corruptions of a Canal Board, the venality of which was a stench in every honest man's notrils, no doubt saw that the testimony and report would *slightly* differ, and that the former must be suppressed in order to further his chances for Governer. Hence his motion. The world moves, Mr. Hopkins, and this is not the age in which cards of this kind will win. We would like to see an investigation of the workings and actions of the Canal Board during the time Hopkins was a member of it, and about the time this gentleman makes his gubernatorial run, we will call on "J. B.," or any one else, for an expose. The *Sheriff* knows. Indeed does he.

One Year of War.

Do we realize that we have passed through one year of war? Have we really comprehended the magnitude of the rebellion—the widest spread and most formidable the world ever saw? Have we a just conception of the number of lives already sacrificed, and to be sacrificed, and the amount of treasure which the effectual crushing out of the rebellion will cost? We believe we have not. We, who live up here in the heart of the loyal old Keystone, know nothing of the devastation which has marked the course of the traitorous armies of the South. We have not been molested in any manner, have enjoyed unbounded prosperity, and are therefore unable to properly sympathise with those who live South of Mason and Dixon's line. We hear of their sufferings, but not seeing them, we sooner forget them; and we believe the half has not been told us.

One year ago on Saturday last, on Friday, April 12th, 1861, at four o'clock in the morning, the fiends (we can call them nothing less, because they are the authors of this war and its attendant miseries) who composed the rebel army of South Carolina, opened their batteries on the brave little garrison of Fort Sumter. On the next day Major Anderson surrendered. In an incredibly short space of time the electric wire had flashed the news all over the continent, and as quickly fired the great heart of the people of the North. What an excitement it created. Business seemed paralized, and while thousands threw themselves forward to defend the capitol, which was suddenly menaced, others stood waiting as if to see what another day might bring forth. All will remember what a week of excitement we passed through just one year ago. How our blood boiled when we received the news of the massacre of loyal troops by the traitors of Baltimore, and how we feared for the safety of the National Capitol. We scarcely knew who were our friends and who our foes, as there were traitors all over the country.—The rush of troops from the West kept up the excitement for several weeks, but it eventually calmed, and business was transacted as usual.—The terrible reverse to our arms at Bull Run threw a damper on our hopes, and on business, for a time, but from under this cloud we passed more quickly, and each reverse, of which we suffered quite a number during the first six or eight months, produced less effect, until we are now scarcely more effected by the result of a battle than if it had taken place in some other continent.

The *Evening Bulletin* in commenting upon the first year of the war, says that the first six or eight months were spent in preparation, and our arms suffered, during that period, several severe reverses. But the tide has turned. We have had victory after victory, each one surpassing its predecessor in magnitude. The flag of the Union, rudely and insultingly torn down in every one of the slave States, now floats everywhere in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, and has been raised in triumph in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas and Tennessee. Texas is the only State that has not yet been reached by the arms of the Union; but we hope she will not be much longer neglected. Before many months we hope to be able to say that no flag, except the star-spangled banner, floats in any part of any of the Southern States. The Government has done a mighty work during its first year of war; but it is only at the beginning, and its preparations are so immense, that we venture to predict that before another year goes round, we shall have peace and union restored once more and forever.

The Reasons Why.

The "phat" editor of the *Whig* has not answered our questions yet. 'Tis said, in Hollidaysburg, that two things have prevented so far. His *religious* exercises during the past week have been unusually laborious and attended with great physical and mental suffering. This was increased by his failure to sleep at night. We learn from persons who sat up with him, that in his flighty spells, when in a sort of delirium, *he* imagined that he saw before him—all strung out in one long row—the ghosts of hundreds of horses, and stranger still to tell, that these spirits of *departed ones* presented a more horrible appearance from the fact that each one gave evidence of the disease of which the poor brute died. We could not, therefore expect an answer by night while these phantoms last. In the day time, the excuse is, that his whole time is taken up in *trying* to find out who took his carpet bag and who wrote the *Standard* articles. Better chase away the ghosts first, "J. B." then your vision will be clearer. No wonder you lost your carpet bag, man, but hurry up, sir, hurry up. In the meantime we recommend an over dose of Swain's Vermifuge—a good thing to have given your horses, by the way.

"J. B." Wrong as Usual.

"J. B.," in his last, tells us what *he knows* of how the Tonnage Tax Bill, passed by the House, was referred by the Speaker of the Senate to a particular committee for the purpose of never having it reported, and thus "smothering" it. A *sharp* fellow, this same "J. B." is, and a *truthful* man, too. It is scarcely necessary to say (for the best evidence in the world of a thing's being false is to have this man swear to it,) that the bill referred to was reported to the Senate by the committee, acted on by the body, and amended so as to make it general in its terms, and finally defeated by the House, in which it originated. As to all this we will have more to say again.

The *Whig* editor must have been drawing largely on his *imagination*, or else going it on the principle on which he practised as a member of the *third* House—a *pious* disciple of the Lobby—when he was at Harrisburg, last winter, boring for the Tonnage Tax Repeal. He supposes everybody would engage in trickery, because he has spent his life so. *Cunning, cute* and *sharp* "J. B."

☞Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen died at his residence in New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday evening last. He began his public career in 1818, as Attorney General of New Jersey, and continued in various useful positions until near his death.—He was United States Senator for six years. In 1844 he was the Whig candidate for Vice President with Henry Clay. Throughout his life he was an eminently religious man, and took an active part in various religious and benevolent enterprises.

☞The nature of Gen. Wise's late illness has not been stated. Prentice suggests that it was the *mizzles*.

BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

The Complete Details of the Terrible Victory.

From the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, we obtain the most complete account yet furnished of the late terrific battle in Tennessee. It possesses a fearful interest, independent of its being a confirmation of the completeness of our victory, and of the valor which deserved and achieved it.

POSITION OF THE FORCES.

The battle ground chosen for the struggle of to-day occupied a semi-circle of about three and a-half miles from the town of Pittsburg, our forces being stationed in the form of a semi-circle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, our centre being directly in front of the main road to Cornith, and our left entending to the river, in the direction of Hamburg, a small place four miles north of Pittsburgh Landing.

It has been known, for some days past, that proper attention has not been paid to the placing of pickets a sufficient distance from our front lines to insure against surprise, and in some cases it had even been neglected altogether. No pickets, it is said, have ever been placed in front of General Prentiss' division, although it was known that the Secesh spies and scouting parties were continually hovering even near to the outside row of the tents of his regiments. They were to be met by every scouting party which left our camps, and the rencontres of the last few days have proven so disastrous to them that they determined to repay them with interest.

THE FIRST ATTACK.

At two o'clock this morning, Colonel Peabody, of Prentiss' division, fearing that everything was not right, despatched a body of four hundred men beyond the camp, for the purpose of looking after any force which might be lurking in that direction. The step was wisely taken, for a half a mile's advance showed a heavy force approaching, who fired upon them with great slaughter. Those who escaped, fell back to the Twenty-fifth Missouri Regiment, swiftly pursued by the enemy. The contest had been of but short duration, and the advance of the Secessionists reached the brigade of Colonel Peabody just as the long roll was sounded and the men were falling into line. There resistance, taken so unawares, was of but short duration, and they retreated in as good order as was possible under a galling fire, until they reached the lines of the Second division.

At six o'clock the attack had become general along the entire front of our line. The enemy, in large force had driven in the pickets of General Sherman's division, and fallen with vengeance on the Forty-eighth Regiment O. V. M., Col Sullivan, the Seventieth, Col. Cockerell, and the Seventy-second, Col. Buckland. The troops here had never before been in action, and being so unexpectedly attacked, ere they could fully understand their position, or get into file they made as able a resistance as was possible, but were, in common with the force of General Prentiss, forced to seek support on the troops immediately in their rear. The Fifth Ohio Cavalry, formerly belonging to this division, had been removed to General Hubert's command the day before yesterday, and their place supplied and camp occupied by the Second Illinois Cavalry. These latter knew nothing of the approach of the enemy until they were in their midst, firing into their tents and applying the torch as they came.

The slaughter on this first onslaught of the enemy was very severe, scores falling at every discharge of the enemy's guns, and all making their best effort to escape or repel the foe. It, however, soon became evident that the Secession force was overpowering, and nothing was left for the advance line but retreat. This was done in considerable disorder, both officers and men losing every particle of their baggage, it, of course, falling into the enemy's hands.

THE PROSPECT OF THAT HOUR.

At half past eight o'clock the fight had become quite general, the second line of divisions having received the advance in good order, and made every preparation for a suitable reception of the foe.

As your correspondent reached the third line of our forces, he met several thousands of stragglers, many of them from the hospitals, but many more who had never before witnessed the service in the battle-field, and who so far had not found it much to their liking. There faces were turned to the river, and neither persuasion nor threats could induce them to change their course. I must say, that at this juncture, your correspondent was strongly reminded of the great panic at Bull Run, for appearance indicated that the same scenes were likely to be re-enacted upon this occasion. Men and women came promiscuously, singly and by dozens, filling the road; limping, staggering along, in some cases supported on the arms of comrades or others, but all having the same destination and bent on the accomplishment of the same purpose—viz: To escape from the sound of the whizzing balls which were flying in every direction.

The timely arrival of General Grant who had hastened up from Savanah, led to the adoption of such measures as put a termination to this uncalled for flight from the battle-field. A strong guard was posted across the thoroughfares, with orders to halt every soldier whose face was turned riverward. Some few of the wounded were allowed to proceed, but the self-constituted guard, who had chosen that as means of escape, were made to keep within the lines under penalty of a stronger admonition at the hands of the established line of sehtries.

All the wagons and other vehicles of transportation, on their way to the camps, were turned back, and the road given, as far as was practicable, to the use of the ambulances, which were now getting to be very plenty. They were not, however, sufficient for the demands of the occasion, there being in many cases, but two to each regiment, and heavy army wagons were used to make up the dificiency. These rattled along over the jagged road, through the mud, over roots and stones, filled to the top with the wounded and such of the sick as were unable to leave the regimental hospitals without assistance.

TEN O'CLOCK.

At ten o'clock the entire line on both sides was engaged in one of the most terrible battles ever known in this country. The roar of the cannon and musketry was without intermission from the main centre to a point extending half way down the left wing. The great struggle was more upon the gathered forces which had fallen back upon Sherman's position into the next line of troops. A desperate charge had just been made upon the Fourteenth Ohio battery, and it not being sufficiently sustained by a force of infantry, it was at last relinquished, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Another severe fight occurred for the possession of the Fifth Ohio battery, which resulted in three of its guns being taken by the Secession forces.

By eleven o'clock quite a number of the commanders of regiments had fallen, and in some cases not a single field officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which plainly showed that the contest on both sides was for death or victory. The almost deafening sound of artillery, and the rattle of the musketry, were all that could be heard as the men stood and silently delivered their fire, evidently bent on the work of destruction with a fervor which knew no bounds. Foot by foot the ground was contested, a single narrow strip of open land dividing the opponents. Not having had time, in their hasty departure from the camps, to bring forward the hand-strechers so necessary for the easy transportation of the wounded, such available means as were at hand were adopted, and the soldier's outstretched blanket received his crippled comrade, as the only available method by which he could be carried to the rear. Many who were maimed fell back without help, while others still fought in the ranks until they were actually forced back by their company officers.

A STRUGGLE ON THE LEFT WING.

Finding it impossible to drive back the centre of our column, at twelve o'clock the enemy slackened his fire upon it, and made a most vigorous effort on our left wing, endeavoring to outflank it by driving it into the river bank at a point about one and a half miles above Pittsburg Landing. This wing was under command of Gen. Hurlbut, and was composed of the Fourteenth, Thirty-second, Forty-fourth, and Fifty-seventh Indiana, the Eighth, Twenty-first, and Eighteenth Illinois. Fronting its entire line, however, was a brigade under Gen. Sherman, composed of the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-seventh, and Seventy-seventh Ohio. Taylor's Fifth Ohio Cavalry were also in Gen. Hurlbut's division, but from the improper nature of the arms with which they were provided, they were not able to do one-half the execution the men desired.

With the first demonstration of the enemy upon the left wing it was to be seen that all the fury was being poured out upon it with the determination that it should give way. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, and I could liken the explosion of the small arms to nothing save a cane brake in a state of conflagration. The Mississippi riflemen, a large and well-organized body of good marksmen and desperate men, fought with a valor that was only equalled by those who received their unerring fire, and returned it with an energy which assured them that many of those who had endured the fire of Donelson were in the ranks before them.

In this quarter it seemed, for a period of nearly an hour, that the enemy would succeed in driving in our forces. Three different times they drove our men slowly before them, until they came in sight of the river, and were plainly visible even to those on the main landing below.

THE GUNBOAT TAKES A HAND.

While the conflict raged the hottest in the quarter we are writing of, the gunboat Tyler passed slowly up the river to a point directly opposite the force of the enemy, and poured in a broadside from her immense guns. The shell went tearing and crushing through the woods, felling trees in their course, and spreading havoc wherever they fell.—The explosions were tremendous, and the shell falling far inland, most probably from their direction in the very heart of the Secession force, must have told with a startling effect. At any rate, I attribute the failure of the foe to carry the left wing, in a great measure, to the well directed shots of the Tyler.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE OF THE DAY.

At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the firing of the enemy, there lines falling back on the centre for the distance, perhaps, of nearly half a mile; then suddenly wheeled and again threw their entire force upon the left wing, determined to make the final struggle of the day in that quarter. The gunboat Lexington, in the meantime, had arrived from Savannah, and after sending a messenger to General Grant to ascertain the direction in which the enemy lay from the river, the two boats took position about half a mile above the landing, and poured their shell up a deep ravine reaching to the river on their right. The shots were thick and fast, and told with a thrilling effect.

In the meantime, Gen. Wallace had taken a circuitous route from Crumps's Landing and appeared suddenly on the right wing of the enemy. In face of this combination of circumstances, the rebels felt that their enterprise was for the day a failure, and as night was about at hand they slowly fell back, fighting as they went, until they reached an advantageous position, somewhat in the rear, and yet occupying the main road to Cornith. The gunboats continued to send their shells after them until they had entirely got beyond their reach.—Thus ends an outline of the battle on the first day.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. BUELL'S FORCES.

After a wearied watching of several hours of the most intense anxiety, the advance regiments of General Buell's division appeared on the opposite bank of the river, at five o'clock this afternoon.—Steamers were immediately sent over, and the work of ferriage began, the Thirty-sixth Indiana, and the Sixth Ohio being the first to cross, followed by the main portion of General Nelson's division.—They were succeeded by General Bruce's command, embracing, among others, the First and Second Kentucky. Cheer after cheer greeted the arrival of the reinforcements, a knowledge of their importance in the crisis being firmly impressed upon all who had winessed the events of this dreadful day. Without a moment's delay, they disembarked and marched to the advance, where they rested on their arms for the night.

THE SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

As I sit, to-night, writing this epistle, the dead and wounded are all around me. The knife of the surgeon is busy at work, and amputated legs and arms lie scattered in every direction. The cries of the suffering victims, and the groans of those who patiently await for medical attendance, are most distressing to any one who has any sympathy with his fellow-men. All day long they have been coming in, and they are placed upon the decks and within the cabins of the steamers, and wherever else they can find a resting place. I hope my eyes may never again look upon such sights. Men with their entrails protruding, others with broken arms and legs, others with bullets in their breasts or shoulders; and one poor wretch I found whose eyes had been shot entirely away. All kinds of conceivable wounds are to be seen, in all parts of the body, and from all varieties of weapons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is known that Gen. Prentiss was taken prisoner in the early part of the day; Col. Peabody, acting brigadier in the Sixth division, was killed soon after the fight began, Major Powell, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, falling mortally wounded near to him. I merely refer to these at this place because they occur to me as I write.

Many of the regiments who have sustained the brunt of the entire day's fight have not tasted one mouthful of food since last night, nor can I see how they are to be supplied with any to-night. They are beyond their camps, and cannot, in the darkness, be reached by wagons laden with stores, of which there is an almost endless quantity here.—Even if such stores were in their possession they have no means to cook with, their kettles having been left behind, and the beating rain being sufficient to extinguish any fire which they might kindle. No order had been given to keep cooked rations on hand previous to the fight, because it was but little expected that any would be needed in so short a period.

THE SECOND DAY.

PITTSBURGH, April 7th, 1862.—During all the horrors of last night the steamers lying at this point, which were not too heavily laden with stores or too much filled with the wounded, were engaged in ferrying the troops belonging to Nelson's division from the opposite shore. Every load was greeted with cheers from those on shore, and returned lustily by those who had so opportunely arrived to take part in the battle to-day. As the boats reached the shore the troops immediately left, and, without music, took their way to the advance on the left wing of our forces. They had received marching orders at a late hour in the afternoon, and had come on a "double quick" from Savannah.

With the first hours of daylight it was evident, however, that the enemy had also been strongly reinforced, for, notwithstanding they must have known of the arrival of the new Union troops, they were the first to open the battle, which they did about 7 o'clock, and with considerable alacrity.—The attack then began from the main Corinth road, a point to which they seemed strongly attached, and which at no time did they leave unprotected.

ALL THE LINE AGAIN ENGAGED.

Within half an hour from the first firing of the morning, the contest had again spread in either direction, and both the main centre and left wing were actively engaged. The rebels were, however, not so anxious to fight their way to the river's bank as on the previous day, having had a slight experience of what they might again expect if brought again under the powerful guns of the *Tyler* and *Lexington*, whose black hulls steamed slowly along the stream, keeping a careful watchfulness for any signs they might be able to gather as to the exact location of the enemy in the dense forest which stretched away to their right. The foe was not, however, lacking in activity, and they were met by the reinforcements, together with the still unwearied soldiers of yesterday, with an energy that they could not have expected. At nine o'clock, the sound of the artillery and musketry fully equalled that of the day previous, though it could not be said to continue so, long in one quarter.—It now became evident that the rebels were avoiding the extreme of the left wing, and endeavoring to find some weak point in the lines by which to turn our force, and thus create an irrecoverable confusion. It is wonderful with what perseverance and determination they adhered to this purpose.—They left one point but to return to it immediately, and then as suddenly would, by some masterly stroke of generalship, direct a most vigorous assault upon some division where they fancied they would not be expected.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

Notwithstanding the continued rebuff of the rebels wherever they had made their assaults, up to eleven o'clock they had given no evidence of retiring from the field. Their firing had been as rapid and vigorous at times as during the most terrible hours of the previous day, yet not so well directed, nor so long confined to one point of attack.

Still further reinforcements now began to arrive. The steamers *Crescent City, Hiawatha, Louisville, John Warner*, and others, having left Savannah loaded to the guards with troops belonging to General Buell's command. These immediately mounted the hill, and took possession upon the right of the main centre, under Gen. Wallace.

So far the fight of the morning had been waged some one and a half miles within our former lines, and but a short distance from the river's bank, in a due westerly direction.

Generals Grant, Buell, Nelson, Sherman and Crittenden (I learn, though I have not seen him) were present everywhere, directing the movements for a new stroke on our part against the foe. Gen. Wallace's division, on the right, had been strongly reinforced, and suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy with the intention of driving the immense body into an extensive ravine. At the same time a powerful battery had been stationed near an open field known as the "battalion drill ground," for Sherman's division, and this, loaded with canister, poured volley after volley upon the somewhat disgusted rebels. The cannonading of the day previous had been mostly confined to shell and heavy ball, but it was evident that the change now made was having a telling effect.

At half past eleven o'clock the roar of the battle almost shook the earth in this vicinity, for the Union guns were being fired with all the energy that the prospect of the enemy's defeat could inspire. The fire from the rebels was not, however, so vigorous, and they began to evince a desire to withdraw. They fought as they slowly moved back, keeping up their fire from their artillery and muskets along their whole column, and apparently disdaining any motion which could be considered as approximating to a retreat. As they retreated they went in excellent order, battling at every advantageous point, and delivering their fire with considerable effect. Moving somewhat in the direction of the river, closely followed by our men, General Grant feared that some mistake might occur on the part of the gunboats, whereby our men might be injured by their fire. Accordingly a messenger was sent, ordering the *Tyler* and *Lexington* to "steam up to Hamburg, four miles above, and on no occasion to fire inland before reaching that point, as our men had driven the enemy so far that the shells might injure the wrong party."

AT NOONDAY.

It was now a matter, settled beyond dispute, that the enemy were retreating. They were making but little fire, and heading their entire column for Corinth, by both roads leading in that direction. From all divisions of our lines they were closely pursued, a galling fire being kept upon their rear, which they still returned at intervals, but with little or no effect.

THE CHARGE OF THE CAVALRY.

I have neglected heretofore to mention that from Sunday noon until night, and from Monday morning up to the time I have now reached, in this outline description of the battle, not less than three thousand cavalry had remained seated in their saddles on the hill top overlooking the river, patiently and earnestly awaiting the arrival of the time when an order should come for them to pursue the flying enemy. That time had now arrived, and a courier from Gen. Grant had scarcely delivered his message, before the entire body was in motion.

Those who have never witnessed a charge of so large a force of horsemen should have been there to have seen the wild tumult of the eager riders, and apparently equally excited steeds. The enemy have been driven beyond our former lines, and are in full retreat in the direction of Corinth.

An old surgeon who has been long in the service, and who has just returned from the field for the first time since the battle began, said to me as he sat down to-night on the river bank: "I have been present at both Bull Run and Fort Donelson, but they were skirmishes to what I have seen since yesterday morning." Such it seems, is the testimony of all with whom I have conversed in relation to this great contest.

THE FORCE ENGAGED, AND THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

As near as I can estimate the entire force engaged in this conflict, I have set it down at the opening of the battle as being about sixty thousand on the rebel side, with a somewhat smaller number, say over *fifty* thousand, on ours. This morning witnessed an addition to our troops of about twelve thousand men, while from the testimony of the rebel prisoners taken to-day, the reinforcements to the enemy were about eight thousand men, more than half of whom had been left at Corinth when the troops moved from that point on Saturday evening last.

The intimate knowledge possessed by the enemy of every foot of the contested soil on which the battle was fought, gave them a greater advantage than was awarded us by the trifling increase in numbers, but on either side the battle was fought with a desperation which I could not have believed to exist in the minds of men, unless in cases of strong personal grievance. The determination appeared, even under the most galling fire, to be victory or death. The Mississippians, on the side of the enemy, were the ruling spirits.

The rebel loss in killed must have been nearly double the estimate I have made as to our own.—Their wounded are also very great in numbers, although perhaps not so great in proportion, as Minie balls are more fatal than those usually fired from Mississippi rifles, the old Harper's Ferry, or even the Algiers rifle, of which they seemed to have a large number.

In regard to our killed and wounded, I shall refrain from mentioning anything further than I have in former parts of this epistle. The various rumors afloat, without a shadow of foundation justify me in this determination. As a total, I would set down our killed, during the two days' fight, at near one thousand, and our wounded at about thirty-five hundred. I find but few, who have an equal opportunity of judging, but set my estimate at too low a figure. Many of the wounded ar trivially injured, and will soon be able to again perform the duties of the soldier's life. No correct estimate can be made within the next five days, as it will require some time to gather the wounded together, and inter the dead. The confusion of the hour at which I write, so early after the close of the battle, prevents any more accuracy than I have given in this particular.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

One strange feature in the battle was, that neither yesterday nor to-day have I seen many prisoners. On our side it did not seem to be a contest for captives. It was a life-and-death struggle to us, and the rebels seemed to entertain the same idea as to themselves. I do not believe that more than one hundred prisoners were taken to the rear, during the battle of both days. All I know is, that, if any prisoners were taken, I do not see how they disposed of them.

I found, even at the end of the first day's fighting, that many of our surgeons were missing.—They were known to have been at the hospital tents at the period in which the battle opened, but after that time they were not to be found. After the retreat of the enemy had began, and those of the sick who had been left in the hospitals were stated that the rebels had forced the surgeons away with them, in order that they might attend to their wounded. I have no doubt they greatly needed their services.

One single feature was remarkable after the battle, which, as it may have some connexion with this department, I may mention here. Numbers of our men were found with the hair on the top of their heads, their whiskers, and sometimes a portion of their upper clothing, burned away. They presented a strange and ghastly appearance.—Whether these were mere wanton acts on the part of the enemy, or whether the victims were those who had been inmates of some of the burned hospital tents, I cannot say. If the latter, they had made an attempt to escape, and had so far succeeded that they had reached the woods, and there, from sheer exhaustion, had laid them down to die.

Yorktown in Our Two Great Wars for the Union---The Siege of 1781 and the Siege of 1862.

The New York *Herald* of the 12th inst., contains a map of the seat of war at and about Yorktown accompanied with the following historical account of the memorable siege of 1781, as compared with the present;—

In the first instance, the object of the war was the establishment of the independent nationality of the Union against a powerful European enemy; in the second instance, our object is the maintainance of the "integrity of the Union" against the most causeless, foolish and hopeless, and yet the most formidable, domestic rebellion in the records of any nation on the face of the earth. In the first of these two great wars, after five years of a glorious and doubtful struggle against superior numbers, resources and facilities for war, by land and sea, the final issue was decided in favor of the Union in the successful siege of Yorktown; in the present war, with all the advantages of superior numbers and warlike means and resources, and after a numerous train of brilliant victories, by land and water, who can doubt the issue of the second siege of Yorktown? Surely it will virtually end the war, as did the first siege, in favor of the Union.

But in view of the grand results depending upon the siege of Yorktown of 1781, how insignificant appear the contending forces of that day, compared with those now gathered around that famous locality. The army surrendered by lord Cornwallis amounted to 7,000 men; the combined forces besieging him consisted of 7,000 French troops, 5,500 American continentals, and 3,500 militia amounting in all to 16,000 men. The killed wounded and missing of the British, during the hot work of a close siege of nineteen days, from the 1st to the 19th October inclusive, were some 552 men; of the allies, about 300. The artillery employed in the defences of Lord Cornwallis hardly amounted to fifty pieces, and these were chiefly six-pounders, and the artillery investing him was largely composed of six-pounders.

Now, with General McClellan's approach to the work of besieging Yorktown, instead of a resisting force of seven thousand, he finds himself in front of an enemy numbering perhaps one hundred thousand men; and, instead of a little circle of defensive works embracing forty or fifty guns of the smallest calibre, he finds himself confronted by a yawning labyrinth of earthworks, extending across five or six miles, from river to river, and armed with perhaps not less than five hundred heavy cannon, including numerous 100-pounders and long range rifled pieces. And yet we are satisfied that Washington, in moving upon Yorktown from the north and west, in conjunction with a French fleet and army from the east, commanding both rivers and the peninsula, confident, as he had every reason to be, of a complete success, was not more confident than General McClellan may justly feel of repeating the decisive victory of Washington. That he will do it we feel entirely assured; and if he should do it within Washington's limit of nineteen days, or within a period twice as long, the country will appreciate the crowning glory of this achievement.

The siege of Yorktown, 1781, resulted in the independence and organization of the American Union, with its three millions of population: the siege of 1862 will re-establish and perpetuate this Union, starting afresh with thirty millions of people, and going on in its reinvigorated prosperity until it shall culminate in a population of two or three hundred millions, the central and ruling nation of the globe. But, dropping our parallel between Yorktown of the last and Yorktown of the present century, under siege, the question still recurs, What will be the immediate results, in a military view, of General McClellan's success in that quarter? We answer, that the rebels have chosen that narrow neck of the peninsula at Yorktown as the protecting gateway of Richmond, their "Confederate" capital, and that, in forcing this gateway, General McClellan will secure Richmond without further opposition.

Upon the siege of Yorktown, then, depends the immediate collapse, from Virginia to Texas, of this rebellion, or its prolongation yet a little while. After their late disastrous reverses in the East and the West, the leaders and rulers of this rebellion if driven ignominiously from Richmond, and if still at large, will find no resting place this side of Mexico. They understand the desperate necessity of a final struggle for Richmond. They cannot abandon it with any degree of safety against a popular Southern reaction, and they have therefore resolved to make a stand at Yorktown. We think that this is a matter for public congratulation, because we believe that in making this stand the issues of the war are reduced to this single siege, and that McClellan will thus be saved the trouble of following up his enemy into the Carolinas and Georgia.

Meantime, it is probable that the monster rebel ram, the Merrimac, and her three or four iron-coated satellites, at Norfolk, are preparing to cooperate with the rebel land forces of the peninsula, in some dashing enterprise in the James or York river. Supposing, however, that against this contingency the government has provided the necessary securities, we calmly await the denouncement of the second momentous siege of Yorktown.

From New Mexico.

DENVER CITY, April 7, *via* JULESBURG, April 9.—Information received from New Mexico states that on the 26th ult. Col. Hough, with thirteen hundred men, reached the Apache pass. His advance, consisting of three companies of cavalry, had an engagement some distance beyond this place with two hundred and fifty rebel cavalry, and took fifty-seven prisoners. The Union loss was four killed and eleven wounded.

At Pigeon ranche, fifteen miles from Santa Fe, on the 28th, Col. Hough met a force of 1,000 Texans, strongly posted at the mouth of a cannon. The fight began about noon. Col. Hough engaged them in front with seven companies, while Major Cherrington, with four companies, engaged them in the rear. The latter force succeeded in driving the rebel guard away from the supply train, which was captured and burned.

They also captured one cannon and spiked it.

The fight continued desperately till 4 o'clock, when it ceased by mutual consent. Col. Hough withdrew his forces to a creek four miles distant. The loss on the United States side was three officers and twenty privates killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. The rebel loss is not known.—Communication between Col. Hough and General Canby is continually kept up.

WHAT GENERAL SCOTT SAYS.—We are enabled to say, says the New York *Times*, that, even before the surrender of Island No. 10, General Scott expressed the opinion that the rebels were so disorganized and demoralized that they would offer little further armed resistance to the authority of the Government, and only make such stands and take such shifts as their desperate leaders could intimidate or cajole them into. This opinion from one who has judged and dealt so wisely upon all public affairs, in peace or war, heretofore and who appreciated in the very beginning the magnitude of the task of the government in putting down the rebellion, and saw that it was not to be accomplished by a direct march into a hostile country, is, we need hardly say, of great importance, and will add much to the feeling of confidence which is now universal.

Altoona Tribu

LOCAL ITEMS

A COLORED DIFFICULTY.—Considera citement has been created in this place and daysburg, arising out of an attempt to arre three or four fugitive slaves and an alleged thief, from the vicinity of Cumberland, Ma The truth of the matter is hard to get at to the different stories in circulation. As we can learn, it stands about thus:—On morning last a man named Spriggs came place and requested Constable Ely to assis arresting some horse-thieves. He stated party of colored men had stolen a horse ne berland, Md., came to Bedford and sold h hired a conveyance to bring them from Be Hollidaysburg. While the Constable and were talking, the party came suddenly a corner, whereupon Ely proceeded to arres He succeeded in securing one of them woman who was with the party, but three made their escape. They were pursuec town by a party of some ten or twelve were not overtaken. It turned out at that the man arrested was a freeman, and three that escaped were slaves. The woman arrested were taken to Hollidays placed in jail. The excitement created arrest ran pretty high in this place for som a number alleging that Spriggs did not warrant, and had no authority to arrest a party, while others contended that he had to his slaves, and applied the term "Abo pretty freely to those who argued against ceedings. At the instance of some of the men of this place, the man and wom brought before Judge Moses, on Tuesday l writ of *habeus corpus*—E. Hammond, E pearing for Spriggs, and Messrs. Calvin a for the defendants. In the opinion of the the evidence was not sufficient to hold th they were accordingly dismissed. We ha informed that there was a large crowd and colored people around the jail when t oners were liberated, and that for a tim were strong symptoms of a riot—pistols a being freely shown, and a demand made and stones. The prisoners finally got ou crowd and left for other parts.

Not knowing all the circumstances c with the case, we shall venture no opinio ference to the proceedings of the officers law, or the crowds, either here or at Hollid but will simply give the different versions have been given us. Those who wished the men arrested allege that Spriggs is t of the slaves and a loyal Union man, and horse left at Bedford was stolen and s making them horse-thieves as well as slave opposite party allege that Spriggs is only ger-catcher" from Bedford; that he had thority to arrest the party either as slaves thieves; that they did not sell the horse ford, but paid for his keeping and ordered back to Cumberland the first opportunit the matter rests for the present, but it has less, broken friendships which it will requi years to renew, and done injuries to men require time to overcome.

IN TOWN.—We were somewhat surprise or two since, to meet upon the street, ou townsman, Pat. Traves, who has just from Secessia, having lately been engage structing foundations for magazines and for the rebels, at Island No. 10. Now d gine, reader, that he is a Secesher. If his description of the folks down South think so. Like many other good Uni who were in the South when the rebelli menced, he was compelled to go into the army and to work at whatever was assig When the rebels evacuated the Island he self until they had all left, and thus esca the Confederate authorities. He purposes ing in the North for the present.

TROPHY FROM SECESSIA.—Dr. Wm. S. has now in his possession a set of fals picked up in Fort Walker, S. C., by Lie Findley, after our troops took possession of tifications about Port Royal. They do from other plates of teeth that we have as everything belonging to the enemy, p on a battle field, is invested with its shar terest as a trophy, of course the teeth will for theirs. They are worthless to the fin cept for the gold contained in the plate opine that the loser has had a sorry ti gumming his sea biscuit since he lost the deed, he did not lose his life with his teet

BOGUS MARRIAGE NOTICE.—The not lished by us, last week, announcing the of H. Albert McGraw and Miss Kate A we regret to say, was bogus. It was s through the Post-Office—the rascal wh having coupled it with a genuine not making the deception more complete. endeavor to ferret out the perpetrator. discover him he