

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Grieve Not for the Dead.

Grieve not for the dead: when ye ardently cherished,
Though silent his voice in the circle at home;
Through with him earth's hopes and fond longings have perished,
He's gone with the blood-washed in Heaven to roam.
Grieve not for the dead: He is sleeping serenely,
Where friendship has wove an evergreen wreath;
Where flowers and herbage are springing so freely,
O'er the noble young form who is slumbering beneath.
Grieve not for the dead: Though he died not in battle,
Where the proud Stars and Stripes so triumphantly wave;
Mid the cannon's dread roar and the musketry's rattle,
To mingle his blood with the blood of the brave.
Grieve not for the dead: Though he died among strangers,
But strangers whose love his ingenuousness won;
His eyes escaped from life's woes—from his sorrows and dangers;
His course, he has finished; his race, he has run.
Grieve not for the dead: For with zeal unflinching,
He was pressing to slake the bright gulf he had reached;
But Death poised his shaft while a lip was translating,
"In the reign of Tiberius," the Lord Jesus died."
Grieve not for the dead: Heaven's court's he's now treading;
His mind is unclouded by his shackles of clay;
His soul looks where Victory's banner is streaming,
Where the presence of God makes perpetual day.
Grieve not for the dead: For ye, too, soon shall meet him,
When sorrow and sighing shall be at an end;
Mid choirs of angels and saints may ye greet him—
Farwell for awhile, my dear comrades and friend.
March 20th 1862.

Exodus.

Hear ye not how, from his high points of Time,
From peak to peak above the mighty chain
That link the eyes,—echoing solitude
A Voice Almighty,—leaps one grand refrain,
Wakening the generations with a shout,
And trumpet-call of thunder,—Ours ye out:
From old form and dead idealities;
From fading myths and superstitious dream;
From Pharaoh's thralldom and lies
And all the bondage of the life that seems;
Out,—on the pilgrim path, of heroes' trod,
O'er earth's wastes, to reach forth after God!
The Lord hath bowed his Heaven, and come down,
Now, in this latter century of Time,
Once more His tent is pitched on Sinai's crown;
Once more in clouds He leads His chosen train,
Once more His thunder crashes on our deaf
And ear and eye,—My people come ye out:
From false ambitions and base luxuries;
From puny aims and indigent self-ends;
From want of faith, and shame of liberties,
And mist of ill that Truth's pure day-beam sends:
Out, from all darkness of the Egyptian land,
Into my sun-bathed on the desert sand!
"Leave ye your flesh-pots; turn from filthy greed
Of gain that doth the thieving spirit mock;
And heaven shall drop sweet manna for your need,
And rain clear rivers from the unseen rock;
Thus saith the Lord!" And Moses—meek, unshook—
Within the cloud stands hearkening to his God!
Show us our Aaron, with his rod in flower;
Our Miriam, with her timbrel-voiced tune;
And call some Joshua, in the Spirit's power,
God of our fathers, over sand and sea.
Still keep our straggling footsteps close to Thee!
[Atlantic Monthly.]

THE BATTLE AT PEA RIDGE

HOW THE VICTORY WAS GAINED.

BRILLIANT EXPLOITS OF GENERAL SIGEL.

BAYONETS VERSUS CAVALRY.

HAND-TO-HAND CONTESTS.

Heroic Action of an Artilleryman.

ATROCITIES OF THE INDIANS.

[Special Correspondence of the New York World.]
BATTLE FIELD OF SUGAR CREEK,
BENTON COUNTY, ARK., MARCH 9.
Since the date of my last letter we have experienced one of the most desperate conflicts ever witnessed on American soil. I cannot attempt to do justice to the great victory which our little band of heroes has so gallantly won over the combined legions of the enemy. Even now while I attempt to collect my blurred and disconnected thoughts the sound of booming cannon and crack of the rifle rings in my ears, while plinths of carnage and the flames of battle hover before my sight. Three days of constant watching, without food or sleep, and the excitements of the struggle leave quite unstrung my nerves.

The Battle Field.

To enable you to understand better the situation of the battle-ground I append a brief description of its location and vicinity. Fayetteville, the most southerly point reached by our advance, is twenty-five miles distant

from Trott's store, or, as I have uniformly called it, Sugar creek. At a point one mile below Sugar creek the Rebels had a large camp during the spring, two regiments of Arkansas occupying it. At Cross Hollows, twelve miles further down, the Rebels had constructed about five hundred barracks of rough plank, furnished by a mill not far distant, and brick chimneys had been built from a brick-kiln about two miles below the creek. When our cavalry, under Col. Carr, approached Cross Hollows they discovered the huts in flames and much of their supplies deserted. Had it not been for this capture of forage and provisions from the enemy we should have suffered greatly.—At Bentonville, ten miles west of our main camp, there had been a camp of three thousand Louisiana troops for several weeks. Gen. Sigel, who commanded the right, had penetrated as far as Bentonville, and thence to Osage Springs. On the order of Gen. Curtis he returned to Bentonville, and it was there on Sunday last that he heard of the advance of McCulloch in his direction. Gen. Curtis sent to Col. Carr to fall back to the main body from Cross Hollows, and also to Gen. Sigel to fall back from Bentonville. On Wednesday, the scouts of Gen. Sigel brought in the reports that large forces of the enemy's cavalry were on the Pineville road at Osage Springs, and on Thursday he commenced moving back, his pickets being driven in before he could get his wagon train in motion. His route lay a few miles to the north when he struck the bed of Sugar creek, along which he traveled for six miles. It was here that the attack was commenced, and on the hills skirting this road the enemy incessantly harassed him until within three miles of the Fayetteville road.

The Enemy Commences the Attack—His It Repulsed by Sigel.
There can be no doubt that the retiring movement of our troops on both roads, was construed by the Rebel officers into an intention to retreat, and in order to take advantage of our disposition they resolutely pushed on to attack. In plain fact it should be said that there were some of our officers who could not but look upon our shattered little army and the swelling columns of the enemy with some misgivings that we were about to renew an unequal struggle, not unlike Springfield. The enemy's force as is nearly always the case, was vastly magnified and it was accented on all hands that we should accept battle at the first offer.

The cutting off of a detachment from the main body presented a favorable opportunity for them to inaugurate the victory they confidently expected to gain. To their grief they discovered they had the very worst man to deal with they could have selected. Gen. Sigel with two battalions of Missouri infantry and a squadron of cavalry, formed the rear guard of his division, and were delayed by the train, which moved slowly along the rough roads. He was determined not to desert a single wagon to the enemy, although by so doing he could have easily reached the main body. The enemy made his appearance with about four thousand cavalry, at about ten in the morning, a few miles out of Bentonville, and immediately commenced the attack by a desperate charge.

Sigel had with him near a thousand men. Two hundred infantry he sent forward to prevent being cut off, and with the remainder he received the whole of the vast army.—Sigel's experience at Carlisle had taught him how to bear himself under such desperate circumstances, and he ordered his men to stand firm and take good aim. The teams were put upon good pace, and the enemy came bounding along in several lines. The horsemen on the flanks, and the infantry in the rear, awaited their approach until within about two hundred yards, when they delivered a terrible volley of Minnie balls into their ranks, which had the effect of throwing them into temporary confusion.

In a few minutes the leaders, by dint of much shouting and gesticulation, succeeded in getting them into something like order.—This time they came up to close quarters.—The same volley, succeeded by a second and a third, greeted them. The enemy came on in crowds, shouting and cheering, as if in glee at what they accounted an easy capture. The enemy's cavalry closed all round the little band, notwithstanding that horses and riders were falling thick and fast before our steady fire. General Sigel rode undimmed, and along the whole line, inspiring his men.—Some of the cavalry on the flank had succeeded in getting across the road so as to cut the train in two, and it was here that the enemy set up a shout of triumph.

It was short-lived. In a minute more the bayonets of our men had done their work, leaving the enemy hundreds of dead and wounded. The enemy was driven off, broken and dismayed. It is lamentable that at this point one of our teams, containing three of the wounded men who had been placed in it, was left behind. The mules had been shot, and nothing could be done in the emergency to regain it.
Galled and maddened at the repulse, the enemy could be seen re-forming to renew the attack. The column was yet seven miles from the encampment. A despatch had been sent forward to Gen. Curtis explaining the position and asking for assistance. It was hardly possible that the messenger could have been captured. The enemy was advancing along the road and along the ridges enclosing the stream; at about 2 o'clock the second attack was made and desperately carried forward. The Rebel horsemen spurred their horses right on to the irresistible

bayonets, delivering their load of buckshot from the miscellaneous guns, and then brandishing their huge knives which every one of them carried in place of sabres. They surrounded the rear guard a second time, and for a few minutes friend could hardly be distinguished from foe. The dense smoke enveloped the whole of the combatants so that for some time it was doubtful whether any of our little band survived.—The Rebels made the air ring with lusty cheers and oaths. The faithful Germans, like a league of brethren, never faltered for a moment. Their gallant leader struck down a dozen of the savages who clamored for his life, and heaved his way through a line of them to rejoin his command. The bayonets proved the invincibility of our troops against horsemen. The foe retired a second time, and for an hour they could not be induced to return by the most frantic efforts of their leaders. By this time the advance, which had been constantly skirmishing with the Rebel cavalry, announced that reinforcements were in sight, and the little cheer went up, which was re-echoed by the troops from the camp. A third and last attempt was made to capture the train. It also failed, and the enemy withdrew about half-past three.

General Sigel reached camp at half-past four to receive the congratulations of the entire camp. His loss, in the entire march, it was estimated, would reach sixty killed and two hundred wounded. Many of the wounded fell into the hands of the enemy, it being impossible to bring them off. We lost three wagons. Numerous stories of heroism on the part of both men and officers were related by the eye-witnesses of the fight, and almost every survivor had a scar or mark of a bullet through his clothing. Some of them had the narrowest escapes. One man had the bridge of his nose carried off, another was shot through the ear, a third with a ball still lodged in his breast pocket. Most of the wounds were slight, and our force of surgeons immediately proceeded to dress the heroic sufferers. All speak in the highest terms of the bearing of Gen. Sigel, Col. Hassendel, and the other officers in command who were perfectly self-possessed in the midst of the greatest danger. No one was more hearty in his admiration than Gen. Curtis himself.

Pea Ridge.
Thursday night passed in a state of suspense. The houses in the valley had been appropriated as hospitals, and a strong force posted on the hill on the south bank of the creek under Colonel Carr, with General Sigel occupying the ridge on the north side, while Colonel Davis occupied the centre near the crossing. The enemy, it was supposed, would naturally make the attack from the Fayetteville road, and the baggage trains and hospitals had been placed to the rear of the lines. During the night the manifestations showed conclusively that he was approaching in great strength by the road leading from Bentonville to Keetsville, thus getting to our flank and rear. This road lies after crossing Sugar creek, over a high table land called Pea Ridge by the inhabitants, from an early tradition, now exploded, that nothing but peas could be grown on it. It extends from the stage road westwardly some eight miles along the right bank of Sugar creek.

The ridge is covered with a growth of stunted oaks, with a sprinkling of larger growth, called here post oaks. Three or four farms are located upon the ridge, two miles west of the road, to which the name of Leestown, has been given. It was near these farms that the principal part of the fighting took place.
The enemy having had a heavy experience of the disadvantage of a hostile force in his rear at Wilson's creek, it would seem determined to move nearly his entire force to the northward of our camp. Thursday night was clear and cold; the reflection of the enemy's camp fires could be seen stretching along for miles to the right. On the Fayetteville road our pickets reported nothing unusual. Several of our field pieces had been placed in position sweeping that road. Our men slept on their arms, that is, each man laid on the ground in line of battle with his musket by him, ready for action at a moment's warning. A strong picket guard was extended for a quarter of a mile beyond the lines, and our soldiers awaited the breaking of day with premonitions that tomorrow's sun would be the last which should rise to many of them.

An Adventurous Scout.
A very interesting story is told of a well-known Missouri scout who was employed to discover the whereabouts of the enemy during the night. He was furnished with a horse, citizen's saddle, a complete suit of buckram clothing, taken from some of their prisoners, and a despatch purporting to be written by Gen. Van Dorn to Gen. McCulloch, and was started out on the Fayetteville road and made a circuit round to the Bentonville road. He relates that when near Bentonville he descried a courier dashing along on horseback, when he reined up on the side of the road and cried out, "Hallo! who comes there?" The usual reply of "a friend" was given when the courier advanced and whispered the counterintelligence, "Lexington." "All right," said the scout, and was soon on his way with the magical word which was to pass him through the camp of McCulloch. He rode along the entire line, being asked several questions, all of which he answered as he best could, and in the gray of the morning he returned to our

camp with accurate information of the position and strength of the enemy. McCulloch, McIntosh and Pike, it appears, were along the Keetsville road, with Price on the left resting on Sugar creek. Van Dorn was at Price's headquarters.
Friday—Change of Position.
The evidences were very clear in the morning that a strong force had been posted on the Fayetteville road, thus standing directly between us and our next line at Cassville, completely cutting off our communication with the outer world. The line of battle was changed. Col. Carr was sent back along the Fayetteville road two miles, with his right resting on Cross Hollows, at the head of Beaver creek, a tributary of big Sugar creek, immediately facing the rebel batteries situated on this side of Elk-horn tavern. Gen. Davis with the central division was posted on the top of Pea Ridge, leaving Sigel to cover the camp with his left wing resting on Sugar creek. In this position things stood when the rebels opened the fight with artillery on the extreme right from a very advantageous position at the distance of a mile.
Our batteries soon replied; the rebels fired a few solid shot, then a shell, and then solid shot again. The fight raged quite lively in front of Colonel Carr's position from ten until eleven o'clock, when another battery was ordered up to the support of Colonel Carr, who seemed to be hotly pressed, from the amount of firing which took place in his direction. The left as yet had not been menaced. General Sigel felt confident that the enemy might be expected to make a descent upon us from the south side, and it was deemed indispensable to keep the reserve ready for action in that direction.

Sortie on the Left.
Colonel Osterhaus was sent with his brigade in the morning along the high land, in the direction of Leestown, for the purpose of intercepting the reinforcements of the enemy, and to discover his strength along the line of Sugar creek. This was one of the most spirited and successful attacks of the battle, and resulted in a complete diversion of the enemy from the over-powered forces of Colonel Carr, on the Fayetteville road.
Our cavalry penetrated along the main ridge beyond the road by which the enemy had come, and were on the point of seizing some of the enemy's wagons when a brigade of rebel cavalry and infantry attacked them. Then followed one of the most sanguinary contests that has ever been seen between cavalry. Most of the fighting was done at close quarters. Pistols and carbines having been exhausted, our sabres were brought into requisition. The rattle of steel against steel, our sabres against their muskets and cutlasses was terrific. Nothing like it has been heard before. The rebels were Texan Rangers and fought like demons. The slaughter was awful, our Missouri cavalry cloving right and left, leaving in front of their horses winnows of dead and wounded. The enemy fell back in dismay, and our forces pursued them along the road for about a mile, when they opened a battery upon the mass of friend and foe, plowing through them with solid shot and shell.—Colonel Osterhaus had succeeded in his attempt, and retired, bringing off his dead and wounded in safety.
Two Batteries Captured and Retaken.
Meantime the fight was raging furiously in the extreme right on both sides of the Fayetteville road. The First and Second Iowa Batteries, planted on an eminence overlooking the declivity in the road, were kept busy plying shrapnel and canister into the ranks of the enemy, who appeared in immense numbers on all sides, as if to surround the right of our line, and thus completely environ us. In order to defeat this object a severe struggle took place for the occupancy of a rising knoll on the east side of the road. The enemy gained upon us, and it was not until our men were half-stricken down that they yielded the point. Word had been passed back to Gen. Curtis that the enemy was pressing hard on the right flank, and that our forces were sent back. A section of one of our batteries had been torn up on the hill, and the enemy were now turning it upon us. Colonel Carr, fearing that no reinforcements would arrive, collected his strength and mustered his entire force for a last desperate charge, resolved to retake the position or perish in the attempt. A heavy firing on our centre and a cheer from the advancing division of General Davis favored the effort, and our troops marched up to the battery amid a storm of shot from their own guns, and, after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, finally drove the enemy down the ravine, in hopeless confusion. Colonel Carr received a wound in the arm, but remained on the field.
The great leader of the rebels—the ubiquitous Ben McCulloch—was among the slain. He who had contemptuously spoken of the Southerners as the "natural masters" of Northern men, lay a victim to his presumption, his life fast ebbing by the hands of those whom he styled "a nation of craven-hearted cowards." The loss on both sides of this conflict was severe. Our loss in killed and wounded could not have been less than three hundred; that of the enemy must have been double. Lieut. David, who commanded the battery, was the last to leave his pieces and among the first to resign them. He bears a wound in the arm, and several marks of the hostile bullets. Many of our officers were wounded, but, fortunately, none seriously. Lieut. Col. Herron,

of the Ninth Iowa, was wounded in the foot, and while in the hands of the surgeon was taken prisoner by the advancing enemy.—Col. Herron fought with great spirit, and was the most conspicuous figure in the repulse. The command then devolved on Major Coyle, who gallantly led the regiment on the advance, receiving a severe wound in the shoulder.

Deceit of an Artilleryman.
One of the most signal instances of superhuman bravery is connected with the loss of these guns. One of the cannoners, who has been long noted for his wonderful pluck, remained at his post to the last. Placing himself in front of the piece, he disdained to save himself, but with navy revolver, stood calmly awaiting the howling crowds of rebels. He emptied every barrel of his pistol, and then, with his short sword, defended his place until he was struck down by the rebels. His body was afterwards found near the piece, pierced with seventeen balls and his head cloven open with a tomahawk.

Friday Night—No Ground Lost or Gained.
A sharp fire of artillery from Kauffman's battery had been kept up on the left, and from two Missouri batteries on the centre, under Col. Patterson and Fials. The enemy had made frequent attempts to gain a position nearer our lines, and frequently succeeded in getting up so near that the balls from their guns would strike in the vicinity of our tents and baggage wagons. Toward night the enemy made an effort to break our centre, but the timely support of a brigade of General Sigel and a section of artillery promptly repulsed it.

The night closed with skirmishing and sharp-shooting. Our men, weary and famished, were glad when the fire of the enemy ceased. The fire had been heavy, and the loss great on both sides. Search was made with lamps, as far out as was safe, for the wounded, and all that could be found brought in, whether friend or foe. Our surgeons met in the night parties sent out by the rebels, and on being informed that we had several of their wounded which they would be at liberty to attend, two of them remained with us. From them we learned that the enemy's losses had been very severe, both on that and the previous day. Not less than five hundred had been killed and wounded in the encounter with Sigel on Thursday, and their loss on Friday would probably reach fifteen hundred. There was a temporary lack of surgical implements and medicines. Our men suffered greatly for want of necessary stimulants.

The night passed off without attack.—Occasionally the report of a musket could be heard, then a second, and an interval of silence. No one seemed to apprehend any fear, generally attributing it to the shooting of pickets, or accidental discharges. Men looked into each other's eyes wistfully, but with the stamp of determination settled on each brow. The feelings with which we looked forward to the coming morning may be better imagined than described. We had suffered desperately. We had gained no advantage over him, but had simply succeeded in repelling his attacks. Our communication with Springfield was cut off and our messengers falling into his hands. The country to the right of us was wild and broken; that on the south was even worse. The left and front were held by the enemy. We could not retreat. We could only fight, and nothing but hard fighting would relieve us.

The enemy was confident, rash, and impetuous, and every opposition was to be expected in the morning. Our hope there was—the enemy had been firing excessively; his ammunition must be getting low. Many of our men had fired away their last cartridge, but we had a reserve which was distributed through the regiments which had been most engaged, and we awaited the dawn of day, conscious that our fate was to be sealed ere its close. The enemy must be crushed or we must perish. Hasty salutations were exchanged, and not a few jokes were moisture at last solemn injunctions given by some of the men and officers to their comrades. Several times I heard such remarks as these: "Wilson, if I should fall take care of my wife," or "George, if you should ever return to—tell my loved one that with my latest gasp I thought of her."

Saturday—Fighting Resumed.
Before 6 o'clock yesterday morning the fight commenced by a salute from our batteries on the extreme right. Gen. Asboth, with a regiment of infantry and battalion of cavalry, had been sent to the support of Col. Carr, while Gen. Sigel was moving up to a fresh position on the ridge near Leestown. The enemy was unprepared for so sudden and vigorous an assault, and fled after a short and spiritless resistance.—Price, it appears, commanded, and was unable to make his troops stand the fire of the valorous Sigel. They ran, leaving four pieces of artillery behind them. The enemy was therefore being turned by the left flank, Gen. Sigel pushing boldly after him. An hour or more was spent in contesting the possession of a spot on Mr. Cox's farm, when the enemy fell back to the hollow. A pause ensued, when the right, under Gen. Davis, moved along, and after a sharp fight of half an hour, in which the Rebel General McIntosh was killed, the enemy, bent a retreat to the field, were foully and sanely scalped, murdered, and robbed by these red-skinned wretches. So far as the fighting was con-

cerned the Indians were not to be taken into account. Notwithstanding the frantic excitement of Pike and others they could not be made to stand the fire of our men for more than a single round. Our artillery sent them howling back as quickly as they made their appearance in a body.
It is related, and with some grounds, that these savages seized upon a quantity of whiskey belonging to the Confederates on Friday, and becoming furiously drunk began to fight among themselves. The Arkansians were called upon to quell the riot, when a promiscuous and bloody battle ensued among the Indians and Arkansians, in which several hundred must have been killed and wounded. The Indians, who have thus been so wickedly pressed in the service of insurrection, became a scourge to their masters and a punishment to themselves.
Nature of the Conflict.
It only remains for me to notice the character of the struggle out of which we have just come with victory. Probably there never was such a motley assemblage of warriors collected together under one head as met under this traitor Van Dorn. They represented the scum of the whole South—west, from the filibusters of New Orleans to the rude savages of the Indian nation.—Texan Rangers, whose boast it has been that they would rather fight than eat, and whose life has been one long predatory warfare of plunder and cruelty. Uncouth and brutal Arkansians, who have grown up amid murders and homicides. Ignorant and infuriated Missourians, led on by designing and intriguing politicians. These were the men which formed the staple of the Southern army, and these are the men who prate of high-toned chivalry, who talk contemptuously of the Northern musketeers.—Men who are crying like blind mummies for "their rights." Take the whole Rebel army as we saw it, and it was one vast congregation of reckless, vicious, ignorant and uneducated dregs.
Opposed to them are the gallant sons of Iowa, descended mainly from the Puritan fathers. Immortal Iowa! what a page in the volume of American history is reserved for thee! Long, long will a nation remember how her champions of freedom, like their sires of the Revolution, ragged and barefooted, remained after the expiration of their term of service to lay their lives a sacrifice upon the altar of their country at Wilson's creek; and how they left their mark upon the foe at Belmont, how they sealed the heights of Donelson, and last, but not least, how they crushed, with the might of Spartans, the advancing hordes at Sugar creek in the wilds of Arkansas.
There, too, stood the patient, courageous sons of Germany, face to face with an insolent and unprincipled foe, contending for those principles of liberty and justice for which they have until now striven in vain. Honor to these men and their great leader for the part they have sustained in this momentous day. Illinois, Indiana and Ohio were represented there, and nobly will they bear the wreaths of triumph. For the first time the loyal Missourians have given an unequivocal and decided test of their ability to cope with the braggy traitors under the banner of General Price. They have deserved well of their country.
The Rebels Slaughtered by their Savage Allies.
It is said that the Indians in the engagement on Friday became so excited by the alcohol they had drunk and the scenes that they had witnessed, that they turned their weapons upon their own allies, and butchered and scalped the Rebels and Federals with the most charming indifference. An instance of this is given by one of the prisoners, a member of one of the companies that suffered from what the Southerners believed to be the treachery of the savages.
Four companies of the Arkansas troops belonging to Ben McCulloch's division were marching up one of the ridges north of Sugar creek on Saturday morning to strengthen the enemy, who were hardly pressed by Gen. Sigel. They soon came in sight of about three hundred Creeks and Choctaws who stood on the brow of an adjacent hill. When within about a 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 they said, and again discharged their pieces.
"The d—n rascals have turned traitors," cried the Major. "Upon them, Arkansians, and give them no quarters."
The Southerners needed no second order. They attacked them with great energy, and for nearly an hour a desperate battle was waged on the ridge; the Indians fighting with blood fury, and scalping all who fell into their hands, whether living, wounded or dead. This is described as one of the severest actions of the entire battle, and the Indians, who were finally routed, are said to have lost a hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded.
Miss Betsy Pearl is "fair, fat and forty," and unmarried. She manages to obtain an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of "notions" in the lower part of the city. She is a spruce old dame, and among other articles vends spruce beer. One evening a customer called for a glass of the beverage, inquiring at the same time if it was new-made beer. "No," exclaimed a waggish bystander just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative. "I can assure you it is old maid beer!" The wag was seen suddenly to leave the lady's premises, with a glass flying after him.