BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1862.

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THE MOTHER'S CONSOLATION. My babe is dead, but memory brings That happy moment now, When first with fond parental pride, I gazed upou its brow

A grateful heart was in my breast ; A new-born feeling there ; And, from that welling fount of love, There flowed a mother's prayer.

That it, my babe, our God in love. To me had kindly given. Might be a star to light my path When all seemed false but heaven

But, oh ! alas! my hopes were crushed, And sunless grew life's sky-Disease had plucked the rose of health, And doomed my babe to die.

Again a prayer was on my lips : My heart was in the prayer : 'Thou, God, who little children blessed, O, spare my babe! O, spare !"

A "still small voice" in whispers said, "Let not your heart be riven He calls your babe, who said, 'Of such, The kingdom, is of heaven.'

"Thy will be done.' O God," I cried, In thee my trust shall be Make thou my babe a holy tie, To bind my soul to Thee

THE BLUE YARN STOCKINGS: OR KATE MAXWELL.

"What have you here, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate sequaintance, touching a small bundle on Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess," said Katie ; a smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her tips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met casually, and were standing on the street.

"Zephyr ?" and he pushed his fingers into the bundle. "No," answered Katle.

"I give it up," said the young man. "Blue yarn."

There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth. .. Blue yarn and knitting needles." "Yes." Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked

"No!" he exclaimed. "Yes," answered Katic, emphatically.

They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter. "Blue yarn and knitting needles! Ha! ha!

Soldiers stockings of course." "Of course."

in his tone and manner.

There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eye, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her triend was in such contrariety to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amusing her-hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles, Kate Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of true loyal stamp, loyal to his country, clear seeing in regard to the issues at stake, brave and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outlit of men for the war, and more than this, he had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the detense of his country. Kate was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in at every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the oftenest on her lips; and when the call came for women to supply stockings for the soldiers in time for the approaching winter campaign, she was among the first who responded. It was only on the morning of this day that the Quartermaster General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting

"I did not believe you were such a lit-

The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's, "of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse, and said, almost sternly :

"Take care, George !"

"Take care ! Of what ?" He affected still to be amused.

"Take care of how you trifle with things that should be held out of the reign of tri-"Soldiers blue yarn stockings for instance,

ba! ba too "Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one "What ?"

"That I am in no laughing mood." Her clear strong eyes rested on him with comething of rebuke in their expression.

"Tut, tut, Katie ! don't look at me so seriously. But indeed I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny."

"Good morning, George." She was turning away.

"Good morning, Katle," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before, her steps were light and her countenance glowing with her heart's enthusiasm. But she walked now, with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one whom her heart was deeply interested in, had ruffled the surface of her smoothly gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in its defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only juried them, but awakened doubts of the most

fixed in deep thought. She had tossed the other things, he said : small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid

of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for | the way of any patriotic end, however humbly ! her safety. And yet he criticized sharply exhibited, a leaven of selfishness so vital with official acts and army movements, sneering at its own mean life that it will pervade the Generals, and condemned as weak or venal, whole character, and give its quality to every patrictic men in high places, who were giving action. I hold such men-and they are all not only their noblest efforts but their very around us-at a distance. I mark them as lives to the cause. All this; yet were his hands held back from the work.

Occasionally these things had pressed themselves on the mind of Kate Maxwell, but she | country-outspoken and outacting, full of arhad put them aside as unwelcome. Now they were before her in bold relief.

were the answers that shaped themselves in her mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time of peril, does he sit with his hands folded ?" was her defense as hundreds of thousands of true hearted men are doing."

Katie arose and stood with her slight form drawn to its full erectness, her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough be holds off, like a cowbrave acts shame him! Loyal to his country! ing her actual state of mind. Is that loyalty? Do such things help or harm ! Do friends hurt and hinder ? Sound fruits ye shall know them. Where are his fruits ?"

Kate stood for a little while quivering under excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouchupon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at the heart. George | The clear, strong eyes were on his face. Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the idol of her heart. It had been gathering like a thin, alnow compacting itself almost in an instant, it manner that surprised her visitor. was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl-for serener atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as a representation will be perfect." weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that | played about her lips as she joined the family | with an air of severity that sobered him. circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the sober cast of her countenance as it died away. Her trifling with things that should be held out of skein of blue yarn was speedily wound into a the reign of trifling," she answered, steadily. ball, and the requisite number of stickes cast "If you are not sufficiently inspired with love on her needle, and then away went her busy of country to lift an arm in her defence, don't fingers-not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie ?" The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been, unnoticed by Katie, examining her face. The maiden started at the question, and

"You look sober," said her mother. "Do I ?" and Katie forced herself to smile.

"Yes," was the reply.
"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't belp thinking of Frank and Will. Poor boys! Are

they not soldiers?" "Dear brave boys!" said the mother with feeling. "Yes they are soldiers-true soldiers.

"But what a change for them mother! Home life and camp life-could anything be more different ?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind Katie. They are doing their duty, and that concionsness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing words of Willy's last letter: "For God and my country first; and next for thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion."

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers-boys still-and that of George Mason presented itself; now it sat working in silence-for she did not respond to her mother's last remark-her over well remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifferance, to the great issues at stake, telt beforenow perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely anything but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern it was with so little earnestness and comprehensive intelligence that she always experi-

enced a feeling of dissatisfaction. The light tone of ridicule with which he had treated Katie's declaration that she was going to knit stockings for the soldiers, hurt her at the time, for her mind was in a glow of earnest enthusiasm, and the pain that followed

quickened all her perceptions. The incident pushed young Mason back from the very near position in which he had for some time stood, and gave Katie an opportunity to look at him with less embarrassment and a more discriminating inspection. Betore, there had been a strong sphere of attraction when she thought of him; now, she was sensible of a counteracting repulsion. Language that seemed to mean little when spoken,

remembered now, had marked significance. It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent minded at tea time. Mr. Maxwell talked about nation-Kate Maxwell sat down alone in her room, al affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listenwith her hands crossed in her lap and her eyes | ed attentively, as was her wont. Among

"In love of country-which involves an un-Aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was selfish regard for the good of all in the counlooking certain new questions which had come try-every virtue is included. The man who up right in the face. Was there in the heart is not a true patriot cannot be a true citizen of George Mason true loyalty to his country ? | nor a true Christain; for love of country is That was one of the questions. It had never that vessel in the natural mind down into resented itself in a distinct form until now. which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he He was in good health, strong and of manly | who loves and seeks to establish that which is appearance. No imperative cause held him highest as God's universal kingdom to the the public disputations held at the Academy, report, the Minnesota was at anchor opposite e. During the summer he had taken a | earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In | was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," | Fortress Monroe. trip to Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Law- times like these, when our national existence replied the mechanic, "but I know who is Tence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and in a is threatened by a force of giant magnitude wrong in the argument." "How?" replied general way, managed to get a good share of and intense purpose—when all that we hold his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry pleasure to himself. The state of the times dear as a people is threatened with destruction first." hever seemed to trouble him. It would all -there must be, in any man who can look on come right in the end, he did not hesitate to quietly and take his ease; who can be lukethrm; but not a hand did he raise in defense warm, or put even straws as his hinderance in other, must take care not to fall out.

born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in the future. If I were a maiden, and at the Navy Department. He states : had a lover, and if that lover were not for his dor and among the first to spring to her de-fense-I would turn from him. The man who "He is not against the country." He is not is not true to his country—and the indifferent a traitor! He is sound in principles." Such are not true—will be false to all obligations in are not true-will be talse to all obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not

ready in this hour, to do his utmost." Katie listened and her soul was fired. She drank in fully of her fathers spirit. That evereplied. "Is he afraid to look danger in the ning as she sat knitting alone in the parlor, face? To endure suffering? If he loved his she heard the bell ring, and knew by the country he would, self-forgetting, spring to sound whose hand had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew unsteady, and she began to drop stiches. So she let the stocking upon which Moved by this strong thought atterance, she was at work fall into her lap. She sat very still now, her heart beating strongly. The heavy tread of George Mason was in the hall. Then the door opened, and the young man entered. She did not rise. In fact, so ard or an ease-loving imbecile, he must assail, strong was her inward disturbance that she with covert sneers, the acts of those who felt the necessity for remaining as externally would minister to the wants of men whose quiet as possible, in order to keep from betray-

"Good evening," said Mason, almost gayly, as he stepped into the room. Then pausing in principle! I am affraid not. By their suddenly, and lifting up both hands in mock surprise, he exclaimed: "Blue yarn and soldiers' stockings! Oh Katie Maxwell!"

Katic did not move nor reply. Her heart was fluttering when he came in, but in an ined as one whose thoughts were pressing back stant it regained an even beat-There was more in his tones than even in his words.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed gayly, now advancing until he had come within a few feet of the maiden. Then she rose and moved back most viewless vapor for some time past; and a pace or two, with a strange, cold dignity of

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not she was brave and true-hearted-rose into the | think her in earnest-"A Goddess of Liberty ! Here is my cane, raise your stockings, and the

"I am not acting George." She spoke

"You are not?" "No; I cautioned you this morning about I pray you, hinder, with light words even the teeble service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man, and cannot therefore fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing, from a state of mind hurt by levity. I am in earnest; and colored just a little as she glanced up at her | if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and make some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate, you are in good health, you are not trammeled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself an hundred times this question and can come to no satisfactory answer.

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set, but arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperilous.

"In the field !" he said in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country !"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something ful and bravely they write home to us! No of contempt, saying blindly-for he did not complainings-no looking back-no cowards give himself space to reflect-"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minnie bullets." "Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie.

you, my darling mother!" And the words borne away by her feelings; and she pointed

sternly toward the door. The young man went out. As he shut the door she sunk into a chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearied diligence through all the next day, and a solstood out before her in sharp relief. As she diers' sock, thick, and soft and warm, was laid beside her father's plate when he came to the evening meal. Very sweet to her were thoughts went back in review. She conned the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for the pain which had wrought at her heart for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason, that, as they came to her ears, impelled her

"Thank God that he is nothing to me!"

There are no such things as trifles in the biography of man. Drops make, up the sea. Acorns cover the earth with oaks, and the ocean with navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain which is in all and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit; but the staple to which all is fastened, and which is the Throne

Without the girdle of truth, you may fall into error. Without the breastplate of righteousness, you may fall into lethargy. Without the shoes of the gospel of peace, you may fall into despondency. Without the shield of faith, you may fall into apostacy. Without on board, at her appearance, rejoiced that they the helmet of salvation, you may fall into despair. Without the sword of the spirit, you and watching, you may fall into any thing were beat to quarters, but he ran past the Minhowever bad or dangerous.

Proverbs are the expressions of the moral ideas of a nation. In high antiquity, when there were not those means of communication which was, after ages introduced, these concise axioms, so easy to be impressed upon the memory, served to spread moral ideas among

Young folks, when falling in love with each

THE WAR-INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

Official Reports of the Naval Fight. WASHINGTON, March 12 .- The official report of Lieut Pendergrast, of the Congress, addressed to Commander Marston, has been received

That, owing to the death of the late com-

manding officer, James B. Smith, it becomes

my painful duty to make a report to you of the part which the U.S. frigate Congress took in the efforts of our vessels at Newport News to repel the attack of the rebel flotilla on the 8th March. When the Merrimac, with three small gunboats, were seen steering down from Norfolk and had approached near enough to discover her character, the ship was cleared for action. At 10 minutes after 2 o'clock the Merrimac opened with her bow gun with grape, passing us on the starboard side at a distance of about 300 yards, receiving our broadside and giving us one in return. After passing the Congress she ran into and sunk the sloop-ofwar Comberland. The smaller vessels then attacked us, killing and wounding many of our crew. Seeing the fall of the Cumberland, we set jib and top-sail, and with the assistance of the tug-boat Zonave ran the vessel ashore. At 1-past 2 the Merrimac took a position astern of us at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, and raked us fore and aft with shells, while one of the small steamers kept up a fire on our starboard quarter. In the meantime the Patrick Henry and the Thomas Jefferson, two rebel steamers, approached us from up the James river, firing with precision and doing ns great damage. Two stern guns were our only means of defence. These were soon disabled-one being dismounted and the other having its muzzle knocked away. The men were knocked away from them with great rapidity and slaughter by the terrible fire of the enemy. I first learned of the death of Lieut. Smith at 41 o'clock, the death happened ten minutes previous. Seeing that our men were being killed without the prospect of any relief from the Minnesota, which vessel was run ashore in attempting to get to us from Hampton Roads, and not being able to get a single gun to bear upon the enemy, and the ship being on fire in several places, upon consultation with Com. Wm. Smith, we deemed it proper to hanl down our colors without any further loss of life on our part. We were soon boarded by an officer of the Merrimac, who said be would take charge of the ship. He left shortly afterwards and a small tng came alongside, whose captain demanded we should surrender and get out of the ship, as he intended to burn her immediately. A sharp fire with muskets and artillery was maintained from our troops on shore upon the tug, having the effect of driving her off. The Merrimac again opened fire on us, although we had a peak to show that we were out of action. After having fired several shells into us, she left us and engaged the Minnesota and the shore batteries,

fired by the Merrimac. The following extracts from the report of Com. Purviance of the U.S. frigate St. Lawrence in regard to the action with the rebel flotilia at Hampton Roads, is also of interest :

At half past 8 we got under way in tow of the Cambridge, and when abreast of the rebel battery at Sewell's Point, the battery opened fire, one of the shells exploding under the fore foot of the St. Lawrence doing, however, no material injury. The fire was returned, and it is believed with some effect. The Cumberland had at this time gone down, having been run into by the Merrimac, and the Congress had surrendered after a terrible slaughter of her men, and when rendered perfectly powerless by the fire of the enemy. . . The Minnesoto was aground, and was engaging the enemy, whose fire consisted of the rebel steam ram and four or five side wheel gunboats. When near the Minnesota the St. Lawrence grounded, and at that time opened fire, but her shot done no execution. The armor of the Merrimac proved invulnerable to her comparatively feeble projectiles. Taking advantage of these portentuous circumstances the Merrimac directed her attention to firing several projectiles of formidable dimensions, one of which an eighty pound shell, penetrated the starboard quarter about four inches above the water line, passed through the pantry and the guard room into the state room of the assistant surgeon, on the port side, completely demolishing the bulkhead and then struck against a strong iron bar which secured the bulls eye of the port, then returned into the ward room where it expended. It fortunately did not explode and no one was injured. The damage done by this shot proved the power of the projectiles which she employed, and readily explained the quick destruction of our wooden and antiquated frigates. Our position at this time was one of anxiety, as we were aground. The tug Young America came alongside and got us off, after which a powerful broadside from the spar and gun deck of the St. Lawrence, then distant about half a mile, thrown into the Merrimac, induced that vessel to withdraw, but whether from necessity or discretion is not known.

The report of Captain T. J. Van Brent, in command of the Minnesota has been received at the Navy Department. He states :

The Monitor came alongside the Minnesota at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th of March, having arrived the night previous. All had found a friend that would stand by them in their hour of trial. At six o'clock on that may fall into cowardice. And without prayer | day, the enemy again appeared, when the crews nesota and the tugs. At this time the Minnesota being aground, I ordered some of the spar deck guns to be thrown overboard, and sent half the crew on board a tug to lighten the ship, after which superhuman efforts were made to get her off. After succeeding in getting her a half mile she struck again, for the tide had fallen so much that there was not water enough to float her in the channel. At length, however, she was towed out of the mud A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend into deep water, and at the time of writing the whole extent of his line.

Fleet Surgeon Wood, of the Minnesota reports 3 killed and 13 wounded.

The Killed and Wounded, etc.

Wm. Rhoads. Capt. Wm. Smith who, until recently transferred, commanded the Congress, was unburt. The most recent estimate of the number killed is fifty, twenty-seven were sent ashore wounded and forty were taken prisoners, not including any officers. So far as known Master's mate Peter Hargons is missing and may be among the prisoners. On board the Cumberland, the Rev. Mr. Lenhart the chaplain was drowned, and the Master's Mate John M. Harrington was killed; no other officers were lost and none are known to be seriously wounded. But few of the wounded on board escaped to the shore, and the remainder were drowned. The whole loss is probably not over one hundred and fifty. On the White Hall, Andrew Nesbit, third assistant engineer, Robert Waugh and Charles O'Conner, seamen, were killed, three men were wounded on the Oregon, but none killed. The Minnesota had six men killed and seventeen wounded. She received a large number of shots and was well riddled. The Roanoke received two shots, doing no damage. No casualties occured on board, except the falling of a man

from the rigging. The gunboat White Hall took fire at 2 o'clock on the 10th, and was totally destroyed. Three of her guns, which were all shotted, went off at intervals, and one shell burst in the air, sending several fragments in various directions, doing no damage. The other gun was saved by the harbor crew. The Minnesota was not affoat when so reported in my letter of Sunday. Her crew having been sent on shore, her guns were spiked preparatory to her destruction, when, by the exertions of Capt. Howe, of the Spaulding, she was finally got off during the night, and resumed her usual position at the entrance of the roads.

The Monitor came down early this morning, and was most enthusiastically cheered as she passed the various vessels in the harbor. A number of gentleman went on board during the day. She does not appear to have suffered at all, and is as ready as ever for another engagement. Her officers and men speak in the highest terms of her performances, and think they might have destroyed the Merrimac without much difficulty if they had been allowed an opportunity.

Assistant Secretary Fox, of the Navy, telegraphs, that satisfactory information has been received at Fortress Monroe, that the Merri- Culloch, and Mcintosh were present, with mac was very much disabled in the fight. He is of the opinion also that the Monitor is more than the equal of the Merrimsc, and that the ed. The attack from the rear was made by fact will be proved if the two iron-clad should

again come in conflict.

The Norfolk Day-Book gives a highly colored account of the naval fight. It pays a great compliment to the bravery of the crew of the Cumberland, and admits that some of the shot from that vessel entered the Merrimac, and one shell killed seventeen men, and wounded Captain Buchanan, who subsequently died. It admits the Monitor as formidable, and says she appeared like a big black Yankee cheese box on a raft. Some slight repairs are necesafter which the wounded were taken ashore in sary to the Merrimac, which vessel was comsmall boats, the ship having been on fire from the beginning of the action, from the hot shot manded by Thomas A. Catesly Jones, on Sunday. The reason why the Congress was not first attacked, was because Captain Buchanan had a brother on board as Paymaster.

Two Union men who arrived at St. Louis from New Orleans say that city is full of secret Union clubs, and at least twelve thousand citizens belong to these clubs; and that much distress prevails, that the city on the south is pretty well defended, and that on the north the fortifications run back to Carrolton.

The Memphis Appeal represents things as in sad state in that place, and advocates the burning of the city as a last resort; but the mayor has issued a proclamation declaring that any person detected in setting fire to the houses shall be immediately hung.

Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas. The following is the official report from Gen. Curtis of the battle of Pea Ridge, in the mountains of Arkansas :

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF SOUTHWEST, I Pea Ridge, Arkansas, Marck 9th. GENERAL :- On Thursday the 6th inst., the enemy commenced an attack on my right, assailing and following the rear guard of detachments under General Siegel to my main lines on Sugar Creek Hollows, but ceased firing when he met my reinforcements about four o'clock, P. M. During the night I become convinced that he had moved on so as to attack my right or rear. Therefore early on the 7th ordered a change of front, to the right, my right, which thus became my left, still resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. This brought my line across Pea Ridge, with my new right resting on Head Cross Timber Hollow, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek. I also ordered an immediate advance of the cavalry and light artillery under Col. Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break what I supposed would be the reinforced line of the enemy.

This movement was in progress, when the enemy, at 11 a. m., commenced an attack on my right. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained the paint held by the command of Colonel Carr, at Cross Timber Hollow, but was entirely repulsed with the fall of Commander McCulloch, in the centre, by the forces under Col. Davis.

The plan of attack on the centre was gal lantly carried forward by Col. Osterhans, who was immediately sustained and supported by Col. Davis's entire division, supported also by Gen. Sigel's command, which had remained till near the close of the day on the left. Col. Carr's division held the right, under a galling, continuous fire all day. In the evening, firing having entirely ceased in the centre, and the right being now on the left, I reinforced the right by a portion of the second division, under Gen. Asboth.

Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I commenced another change of front forward, so as to face the enemy, where he had deployed on my right flank in a strong position. The change had only been partially effected, but was in full progress, when at sunrise on the 8th my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy with renewed energy along the

the hills occupied by the enemy driving him is always in trouble, and does just nothing from the heights, and advancing steadily to- from one year's end to the other. ward the head of the hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the acting master Tho. Moore, and coast pilot enemy was in the arc of a circle.

A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, but rather safely, through the deep, impassable deflies of cross timber. Our loss is heavy. The enemy's can never be ascertained, for their dead are scattered over a large field. Their wounded, too, may many of them be lost and perish. The force is scattered in all directions, but I think his main force has returned to Boston Mountains.

Gen. Sigle follows him toward Keittsville, while my cavalry is pursuing him towards the mountains, scouring the country, bringing in pri soners, and trying to find the rebel Major-General Van Dorn, who had command of the entire force at this, the battle of Pea Ridge.

I have not as yet statements of the dead and wounded so as to justify a report, but I refer you to a dispatch which I will forward

very soon. Officers and soldiers have displayed such unusual gallantry that I hardly dare to make

distinctions. I must, however, name the commanders of

divisions; Gen. Sigel gallantly commanded the right, and drove back the left wing of the enemy. Gen. Asboth, was wounded in the arm in his gallant effort to reinforce the right. Col. and Acting Brig. Gen. Davis, who commanded the centre where McCulloch fell on the 7th, and pressed forward the centre on the 8th. Col. and Acting Brig. Gen. Carr, is also wounded in the arm, and was under the continuous fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle.

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missourl may proudly share the honor of victory, which the gallant heroes won over the combined force of Van Dorn, Price and McCulloch at Pea Ridge in the mountains of Arkansas. I have the honor to be. General, your obe-

dient servant, SAML. R. CURTIS, Brig.Gen. A messenger who arrived at Springfield, Mo., on Monday, March 10, reports that the battle lasted from Thursday morning till Saturday evening, and that our loss was about 450 killed and wounded. The rebel loss was about 1,000 killed and wounded, and 1,000 taken prisoners, among them Col. McRea of an Arkansas regiment. The attack was made from the north and west, our army being completely surrounded. Generals Van Dorn, Price, Mcabout 25,000 men. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh are reported to be mortally wound-Gen. McCulloch, and was met by Gen. Sigel, who routed him completely. His corps scattered in wild confusion. We have also captured a large amount of stores, cannon, teams

The Evacuation of Manageas. CENTREVILLE, March 12 .- Manassas has been

evacuated by the rebels, and our forces have

taken peaceful possession. Upon closer examination, it was discovered that the rebels, before evacuating their much boasted stronghold, had set fire to such of their commissary stores as they could not conveniently carry off. The place presented a scene of the utmost desolation-a mass of blackened ruins. The rebels also blew up the bridges along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad for some miles below Mannassas. Such of the locomotives which were out of repair were also destroyed, it is supposed, by blowing up, and the vicinity of the depot is covered with fragments of machinery belonging to the destroyed locomotives. It is said that the rebels left Centreville on Sunday morning. Large numbers of contrabands have reached our lines (which now extend beyond Manassas Junction) and are still coming in by droves. On our way from Centreville, yesterday morning, we passed at least one hundred who were making their way to Washington. Some of the refugees have come a distance of twenty miles. west of Manassas. They all agree in saying that the rebels left the latter place in great precipitation, and that the destruction of their commissary stores was commenced at an early hour on Sunday. The contrabands state that a portion of the force which left Mannassas passed northwardly. This is considered improbable, but if they did it was for the purpose of reinforcing Jackson at Winchester. They also state that all bridges along the route by which they came had been blown up by the rebels in their retreat, and that the greater portion of the track is also turned up. The earthworks at Centreville had been greatly misrepresented. They were not of the formidable character supposed. The enemy, before evacuating, had somewhat injured them by breaking the embrasures and casemates. The same is probably the case at Manassas, the fortifications of which, however, have not yet been fully examined. Our troops, on arriving at Fairfax Court House, found not more than a dozen families remaining there. The soldiers rushed into the Court House and brought away some of the records, but on this being discovered, the officers directed their return. When our troops learned that Manassas had been evacuated their spirits suddenly became depressed, as they had anticipated a spirited conflict with the enemy. About a mile and a half before reaching Centreville a number of graves were discovered, principally of the Alabama troops. The graves were marked with head and foot boards, on which the names of the deceased were inscribed. A guard was placed near them as if to shield them from mutilation, although it was not to be supposed such an act could be committed. Most of the contrabands above alluded to were cheerful and happy in their liberty, and remarkably communicative to the extent of their limited knowledge.

A Frenchman was recently seen bargaining for a dozen sheep, "What are you about?" said a friend. "I have heard say," replied monsieur, "that if you want to make money, you must buy sheep and sell deer. I shall buy de sheep and sell de venison!"

"Gentlemen and Ladies," said the showman there you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umberella under his arm.

The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow-who drives an idea pell-My left, under Gen. Sigle, moved close to mell this week, while it drives him the next

The stream of your life is not in all things Three officers on board the Congress were right turning the left of the enemy, and cross- like an ordinary stream; you can't infer that killed, Lieut. Jos. B. Smith, commanding, firing on his centre. This final position of the at the bottom of it.