

Clearfield

Republican.

D. W. MOORE,
G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors.

VOL. XXXII.—WHOLE NO. 1667.

Select Poetry.

(FOR THE REPUBLICAN.)

Dedicated to the Junior Editor.

BY DICKSON.

We have many little chaps,
About our cottage home;
But our neighbors have them plenty,
And we love to see them come;

With their chubby dirty faces,
And their snapping little eyes;
With their fingers in their mouths,
While they ask for cakes and pies.

We love to hear their stories,
While the others are at play;
The beauties they have had
In their own childish way.

We love to hear their funny ways,
Their frolicking and glee;
And their merry ringing laughter,
So changeable and free.

We love them for their innocence—
Their happiness and mirth;
The very soul of pleasure;
As we wander o'er the earth.

They love us for our jelly-cakes,
Our pretty planks, and roses;
The farmer for their appetites;
The latter for their noses.

So, between our neighbors children;
And our little beds of flowers,
We are passing very pleasantly,
The swiftly waning hours.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

The Democrats of Beccaria township, while attending the Primary Election on Saturday the 9th inst., unanimously adopted the following proceedings:

Whereas, It has now become a settled fact that the Democracy only can govern a Republic.

And Whereas, The unfortunate discontents lately existing in the ranks of the Democratic party—dissensions in the main, we believe, instrumental in placing the powers of the government in the hands of an assumption clique of usurpers, demagogues, bigger-worshippers, and quite *sophistes*, whose object we believe to be to place the negro on the level with the white citizen; and not this alone, but as far as possible have the blood of the Anglo Saxon flow in the veins of the degenerate and half brute creature of Africa. Now, to prevent so great a sin in the sight of both God and man, it becomes an absolute necessity that the Democracy should become a unit. To effect which, we believe a change is necessary in our mode of nominating candidates for the various offices in the gift of the people. Thus County Conventions annually will bring all sections of the party together, and any differences or difficulties that may exist, may be settled or explained, and an expression of the views of the entire party given through their Delegates.

Therefore Resolved, That the Democracy of Beccaria township desire the adoption of the Delegate System, instead of the method now used, for the nomination of candidates in Clearfield county.

Resolved, That with unbroken front, we, the Democracy of Beccaria, now come forward to wipe out the black stain of negro worship in this township, to manfully maintain our rights as American citizens, and to stand with our fellow-democrats as one of the foremost democratic townships in the county;—and for the furtherance of which object, asking the co-operation of all who love the Union as our fathers made it, severally subscribe our names.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the *Clearfield Republican*. Wm. S. Dickson, Wm. R. Dickinson, S. H. Hindman, Joseph Bear, T. S. Washburn, Thomas J. Post, Frederick Shoff, J. W. Tull, Christian Groom, John Shoff, David Baer, C. C. Shoff, William Lightner, John Lightner, James Gilligan, Wm. J. McCoy, Franklin Ross, A. C. Courtney, G. W. Caldwell, A. J. Smith, George Groom.

For the Republican.

NEW MILFORT, Aug. 10, 1861.
Messrs. Editors:—It is now reported in our village that those same God forsaken ruffians that visited Brady township had also intended to visit our village and deal with us in the same manner that they intended to deal with the people of Brady. You will please, Messrs. Editors, inform the Blacklegs of Reynoldsville that their visit to New Milfort will at any time be welcomed by a proper reception for such three-square rebels, who are all the time "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom they might" find to crow over and satisfy their disunion feelings.

Should these Blacklegs of Reynoldsville find their way to New Milfort they will find a great many Union men, with but here and there an Abolitionist. Awaiting the appearance of the Reynoldsville ruffians, we close.

UNION FOREVER.

BODY OF COL. CAMERON.—The correspondence between Col. McMunn and Col. Steuart, of the Virginia cavalry, touching the body of Col. Cameron, has been laid before the War Department. The identity of the body, it is said, is established, and the time of its recovery substantially rests with the Secretary of War.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—Wm. H. Randall, for fourteen years identified with the history and growth of St. Paul, Minnesota, and at one time owning real estate in and near the city valued at \$1,000,000, died at St. Paul, on the 30th ult., a poor man. The financial difficulties of 1857 wrecked him beyond recovery.

WOMAN BY A SICK MAN'S COUCH.—It has often been truly remarked that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand; no heart like a woman's heart; no eye so unerring; no hope so fervent. Woman to a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Official Report of Colonel Heintzelman.

HEADQUARTERS 3d DIV. DEP'T N. E. VA.,

WASHINGTON, July 31, 1861.

To Capt. J. R. Fey, Asst' Adj'tant General:

Sir: In obedience to instructions received on the 20th inst., the division under my command was under arms, in light marching order, with two days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and commenced the march at half past two A. M. on the 21st, the brigade of Colonel Franklin leading, followed by those of Colonels Wilcox and Howard. At Centreville we found the road filled with troops, and were detained three hours to allow the divisions of Gen. Tyler and Col. Hunter to pass. I followed with my division immediately in the rear of the latter.

Between two and three miles beyond Centreville we left the Warrenton turnpike, turning into a country road on the right. Captain Wright accompanied the lead of Colonel Hunter's column, with directions to stop at a road which turned into the left to a ford across Bull Run, about half way between the point where we turned off from the turnpike and Sudley's Springs, at which latter point Colonel Hunter's division was to cross. No such road was found to exist, and about eleven A. M., we found ourselves at Sudley's Springs, about ten miles from Centreville, with the brigade of Col. Hunter's division still on our side of the run. Before reaching this point the battle had commenced. We could see the smoke rising on our left from two points, a mile or more apart. Two clouds of dust were seen, showing the advance of troops from the direction of Manassas.

At Dudley's Springs, while waiting the passage of the troops of the division in front, I ordered forward the first brigade to fill their canteens. Before this was accomplished the leading regiments of Col. Hunter's division became engaged. Gen. McDowell, who, accompanied by his staff, had passed us a short time before, sent back Capt. Wright, of the engineers, and Major McLowell, one of his aids, with orders to send forward two regiments to prevent the enemy from outflanking them. Capt. Wright led forward the Minnesota regiment to the left of the road, which crossed the run at this point. Maj. McDowell led the Eleventh Massachusetts up the road. I accompanied this regiment, leaving orders for the remainder to follow with the exception of Arnold's battery, which, supported by the First Michigan, was posted a little below the crossing of the run as a reserve.

At a little more than a mile from the ford we came upon the battle field. Rickett's battery was posted on a hill to the right of Hunter's division, and to the right of the road. After firing about twenty minutes at a battery of the enemy, placed just beyond the crest of a hill, on their entrance left, the distance being considered too great, it was moved forward to within about 1,000 feet of the enemy's battery. Here the battery was exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, which soon disabled it. Franklin's brigade was posted on the right of a wood, near the centre of our line and on ground rising towards the enemy's position.

In the meantime I sent orders for the Zouaves to move forward to support Rickett's battery on the right. As soon as they came up, I led them forward against an Alabama regiment, partly concealed in a clump of small pines in an old field. At the first fire, they broke, and the greater portion of them fled to rear, keeping a desultory fire over the heads of their comrades in front; at the same time they were charged by a company of Secession cavalry on their rear, who came by a road through two strips of woods on our extreme right. The fire of the Zouaves killed four and wounded one, dispersing them. The discomfiture of this cavalry was completed by a fire from Capt. Colburn's company of United States cavalry, which killed and wounded several men. Col. Farnham, with some of his officers and men, behaved gallantly; but the regiment of Zouaves, as a regiment, did not appear again on the field. Many of the men joined other regiments, and did good service as skirmishers.

I then led the Minnesota regiment, which was also repulsed, but retired in tolerably good order. It did good service in the woods on our left flank, and was among the last to retire, going of the field with the Third United States Infantry. Next was led forward the First Michigan, which was also repulsed, and retired in considerable confusion. They were rallied and helped to hold the woods on our right. The Brooklyn Fourteenth then appeared on the ground, coming forward in gallant style. I led them forward to the left, where the Alabama regiment had been posted at the early part of the action, but had now disappeared, but soon came in sight of the line of the enemy drawn up beyond the clump of trees. Soon after the firing commenced the regiment broke and ran. I considered it useless to attempt to rally them. The want of discipline in these regiments was so great that the most of the men would run from fifty to seven hundred yards to the rear and continue to fire—frequently for the brave ones—very high in the air, and compelling those in front to retreat.

During this time Rickett's battery had been taken and retaken three times by us, but was finally lost, most of the horses having been killed. Capt. Rickett being wounded, and First Lieutenant D. Ramsey killed, Lieut. Kirby behaved very gallantly, and succeeded in carrying off one caisson. Before this time heavy reinforcements of the enemy were distinctly seen approaching by two roads, extending and outflanking us on the right. Col. Steuart's brigade came on the field at this time, having been detached by the general as a reserve at the point where we left the turnpike. It took post on a hill on our

right and rear, and for some time gallantly held the enemy in check.

I had one regiment of cavalry attached to my division, which was joined during the engagement by the cavalry of Colonel Stanton's division. Major Palmer, who commanded them, was anxious to engage the enemy. The ground being unfavorable, I ordered them back out of range of fire. Finding it impossible to rally any of the regiments, we commenced our retreat about half past four P. M. There was a fine position a short distance in the rear, where I hoped to make a stand with a section of Arnold's battery and the United States cavalry, if I could rally a few regiments of infantry. In this I utterly failed, and we continued our retreat on the road we had advanced on in the morning.

I sent forward my staff officers to rally some troops beyond the Run, but not a company would form. I stepped back a few moments at the hospital to see what arrangements could be made to save the wounded. The few ambulances that were there were filled and started to the rear. The church, which was used as a hospital with the wounded and some of the surgeons, soon after fell into the hands of the cavalry, that followed us closely. A company of cavalry crossed the rear and seized an ambulance full of wounded. Captain Arnold gave them a couple of rounds of "canister" from his section of artillery, which sent them scampering away and kept them at a respectable distance during the remainder of our retreat.

At this point most of the stragglers were in advance of us. Having every reason to fear a vigorous pursuit from the enemy's fresh troops, I was desirous of forming a strong rear guard, but neither the efforts of the officers of the regular army, nor the coolness of the regular troops with me, could induce them to form a single company. We relied entirely for our protection on one section of artillery, and a few companies of cavalry. Most of the road was favorable for infantry, but unfavorable for cavalry and artillery.

About dusk, as we approached the Warrenton turnpike, we heard a firing of rifled cannon on our right, and learned that the enemy had established a battery enflaming the road. Captain Arnold, with his section of artillery, attempted to run the gauntlet and reached the bridge over Culpeper Run, about two miles from Centreville, but found it obstructed with broken vehicles, and was compelled to abandon the pieces, as they were under the fire of these rifled cannon. The cavalry turned to the left and after passing through a strip of woods and some fields, struck a road which led them to some camps occupied by our troops in the morning, through which we regained the turnpike. At about 8 P. M. we regained the camps we had occupied in the morning. Had a brigade from the reserve advanced a short distance beyond Centreville, near one-third of the artillery lost might have been saved, as it was abandoned at or near this crossing. Such a rout I never witnessed before. No efforts could induce a single regiment to form after the retreat had commenced.

Our artillery was served admirably and did much execution. Some of the volunteer regiments behaved very well, and much excuse can be made for those who fled, as few of the enemy could at any time be seen. Raw troops cannot be expected to stand long against an unseen enemy. I have been unable to obtain any report from the Zouaves, as Col. Farnham is still in the hospital. Since the retreat, more than three-fourths of the Zouaves have disappeared.

I beg leave to express my obligations to the officers of my staff, viz: Capt. H. S. Wright, Lieut. E. S. W. Snyder, Lieut. F. N. Farquhar, the Engineers; Captain Chauncey McKeever, assistant adjutant general; Lieut. J. J. Sweet, of the Second Cavalry, and Lieut. J. D. Fairbanks, of the First Michigan, for the able and fearless performance of their duties, and to recommend them to your favorable consideration.

Very respectfully,
S. P. HEINTZELMAN.
Col. 17th Infantry, commanding 1st Div.

PEACE MEETINGS.—The great number of peace meetings now being held all over the country are most significant. And the studied efforts of the ultra war journals to suppress all information concerning them, evinces a wholesome dread of their influence. The people are waking up. The reign of terror no longer awes them into silence. It is becoming very evident that the voice of the farmers, mechanics and merchants of the rural districts is not for a vindictive or *abolition war*.

They have no profits to make from contracts with government, and seek no share in the unceasing dippings of public plunder. These peace meetings are of course quite alarming to those who are accumulating magnificent fortunes as jobbers, contractors, settlers and camp followers. Peace will put an end to the selling of old vessels, shoddy clothing, wooden-soled shoes, tainted pork, beef, &c., to the gov't, at 3, 4 or 5 times their value. Then there will be no longer an inviting field for agents and middle men, who divide the spoils with contractors and jobbers—or slave the soldier of a percentage on their rations and wages. If we have peace, these worn-out party backs and soldiers of fortune, who continue to put themselves prominently forward on every committee which has the handling of large sums of money, will lose their golden opportunities for amassing fortunes.—Such may well threaten to hang those who favor peace. For, to them, when war comes, "Othello's occupation's gone."

COR. N. Y. JOURNAL.

By an adroit insertion of three lines in the bill making appropriations for fortifications, flogging as a punishment is abolished in the army.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1861.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO. 5.

Execution of Thos. J. Armstrong in Philadelphia.

Prediction in the Course of Fulfillment.

On Monday last Thomas J. Armstrong, a young man not twenty-one years of age, was executed in Philadelphia for the pre-meditated killing of Robert Crawford.—

The deceased was an old man, who kept a small shop and dealt in yarn. Armstrong was a lad of dishonest habits, but attached to a most respectable family, and connected with one of the leading Presbyterian churches in the North. He maintained his association with this church up to the time of the murder.

He had agreed to meet the old man on a certain Friday evening and drive him to a spot where a large quantity of stolen yarn had been concealed. Crawford was to bring one hundred dollars upon his person, and a mutual transfer of gold and merchandise would take place. Armstrong hired a wagon, took in the old man, drove him over a circuitous route, and finally struck him from his seat in the very heart of the city, and secured the money upon his person. He then continued on up town until he reached a lonesome place in the suburbs, called Norris square, where he toppled out the body. He then returned the wagon, with the cushions and floor soaked with blood and stained with fragments of hair. He accounted for this after his arrest by saying that a man and woman, carrying freshly killed chickens, had ridden in his team; but the blood was submitted to chemical analysis, and the size of the corpuscles at once determined its true character. Moreover the prisoner failed to account for him self on the fatal evening, and previous to trial his guilt was made manifest, and he was sentenced to be hung.

The hanging took place in the prison yard, where the gallows was overlooked by upwards of a hundred prisoners. The other spectators were limited in number to thirty, including the jury, the reporters and the deputy sheriff. Tickets were at a premium of fifty dollars, and a thousand people walked out of the city and surrounded the jail for three hours. Armstrong was dressed in a plain suit of black, with a frock coat. He wore no necktie, and his head was bare. He was very pale and he wore a serious countenance; but he was as firm as at any period of his trial, and his step betrayed no symptom of fear or faltering. On arriving at the scaffold he mounted the steps without any appearance of fear, and he took his place under the fatal noose with an unbroken form.

During the prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. McAuley, Armstrong listened calmly, and then advancing spoke in a firm voice as follows:

"My friends, let me say in passing, I die in peace with my Maker, and if at this moment a pardon were offered to me on condition of giving up my Maker, I would not take it. To the few people here, I would advise them to take warning by my fate. Sabbath breaking was the first cause. I bid you farewell. To the prison keepers, to Mr. Perkins, to Sheriff Keen, and to my spiritual adviser, Mr. McAuley, I bid farewell; gentlemen, I bid you all farewell; I now die in peace with everybody."

There was much disappointment that the dying man had made no allusion to the crime for which he was about to suffer; and at the last moment he showed some reticence in this respect as at the time of his sentence. At the conclusion of his remarks the fatal rope was placed about his neck, and all except the sheriff and the condemned left the scaffold. He shook hands with them all, and when Mr. McAuley was about to leave him he whispered something in his ear, and then kissed him.

The noose was fixed, the ghastly white cap was drawn down over the face of the condemned, the sheriff took his leave, and the murderer of Robert Crawford was left standing alone. As the cap was being drawn down Armstrong said "Good-bye, people." After these preliminaries he stood as firm as man ever stood while in the same position. There were no signs of tremor, even the hands, which were thrust forward of his breast, did not move, and there was no clutching of fingers during this terrible moment. There was a momentary delay before the prop was drawn. This over, the sheriff dropped a white handkerchief, the signal was seen by the Jack Ketch concealed in an adjacent stable, the cord was drawn, and the mortal part of Thomas J. Armstrong was dangling between heaven and earth. The condemned had a fall of about three and a half feet, and his death was almost instantaneous.

ARREST OF A CLERGYMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Express relates the following as an amusing incident:

The Rev. Mr. Lippitt, of the Episcopal Church, a native of N. I., and formerly a professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia, resides near Alexandria, and about three weeks ago officiated at Christ Church in that city. His sermon was regarded by the officers in command as a secession discourse, and he was accordingly incarcerated in the Washington jail. Being required by the Secretary of State to produce his sermon, he sent for it, when it appeared by a note on the margin that it was first preached twelve years ago! The Secretary read it carefully over and pronounced it good, sound, Christian doctrine, and forthwith ordered Mr. Lippitt to be discharged.—This incident, which has just transpired, caused not a little amusement among the reverend gentleman's friends, and proved that even the best and most loyal of men are not in these days exempt from suspicion, even when they preach their old sermons over, without alteration or addition.

This line fills up this column.

A PROCESSION OF STARVING WOMEN.—A large number of hungry women with babies in their arms, misled by erroneous announcements in several newspapers, gathered on Monday in front of the branch office of the Union Defense Committee. That office not having been re-opened, the half-furnished creatures marched two by two, to the City Hall in search of the Mayor, who was not there. Tired with their long walk and ravenous for food, they became wild with disappointment, on learning that the Mayor was not in. One of them threatened to drown herself and child.

Another said, she was willing to starve, but her baby should have food even if she stole it. A third stated, that she never would have allowed her son to enlist [in the Mozart Hall Regiment], if he had not promised that his mother would receive two dollars a week from the city. These frantic expressions of grief and rage were at last silenced by one of the Mayor's clerks, who directed the poor women to the rooms of the Union Defense Committee, on Pine Street. Thither they went, and rushed into the apartment, crying out "we are starving, we want money." Finally, finding that their implorations availed nothing, they one after another withdrew from the Committee's rooms, to seek for cold charity in the street, or go home and starve.—N. Y. Jour. Commerce.

CONGRESSMAN ELY.—Ely, the Republican congressman, who is in a durance vile, was visited a few days ago by Messrs. Keely, Biddle and Pryor, who informed him that they were on an errand of mercy, and was desirous of doing something to better his condition, provided it did not conflict with the military regulations. It is related that the earnestness of these gentlemen in their generous forgetfulness of old party bias, which always distinguishes the true Southern gentleman, affected the prisoner powerfully, and that shedding tears, he flung his arms around them and said that "he had often heard of Southern chivalry, but he was not able to appreciate it fully"—C. A. paper.

BRIEF IN NO SOON Reports.—