# Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1861. VOL. 8.—NO. 11.


### TO-DAY!

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

### HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY ROSIE RATTLE.

They were having such a splendid time, I knew; everybody was enjoying themselves—everybody—everybody but me! I could bear it no longer—the feelings I had been struggling to repress all day must have their vent at last; and, springing up, I flew like a startled hare out through the front door, down the long avenue, past the flower garden, across the orchard, till I reached my own little arbor, which from my earliest childhood, had been my hiding place and refuge in every trouble and vexation, and there flinging myself upon the soft, green grass, I gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

"It was so hard—so hard," I sobbed while my slight frame shook like a leaf. "I did want mother to go. I didn't want to be selfish, and ugly, and hateful. But indeed, indeed, I could not help it! I had wanted to go so badly—had thought about it so much. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" And I cried till, worn out by the violence of my grief, I could only lie and sob, with now and then a long-drawn tremulous sigh.

Just then I heard, right at my side, the sound of an approaching step. Before I could spring up, before I could even raise my head I felt myself lifted by a pair of strong arms and seated—of all strange places in the world—on a gentleman's knee; the next moment, after a startled glance at my face, the stranger (for he was a stranger) suddenly loosened his hold, and springing to my feet, we stood facing each other.

"Pray, pardon me," he said, his handsome face flashing crimson. "You seemed in such distress, you looked so very, small and dainty, curled up among the leaves, I took you for a grieved child."

His confusion was so very evident, his dismay so apparently genuine, that, forgetting my own embarassment, I could only blush, and say with a smile:

"I am not much more."

"It was very foolish for me," he continued; "but I always feel a great dislike to letting people alone when they seem in trouble. Can you tell me whether I am trespassing or no? I am looking for Mr. Devine's house, and, having a natural propensity for short cuts. I was making, I imagined, a bee-line for the chimneys of the mansion pointed out to me. Have I lost my bearings?"

"No, you were right. You are upon Mr. Devine's grounds now. I am his daughter."

He bowed in acknowledgement of the introduction.

"My visit is more especially to Mrs. Devine. She was one of my mother's dearest friends, and I have heard so much of her that I love her already, without ever even having seen her."

"She is the dearest, best mother in the world. No one can help loving her," I said, warmly.

He smiled, a quiet little smile.

"I could not have it from better authority. Are you the only child!"

I laughed merrily at the idea.

"Indeed, no! There are seven of us, and I am third upon the list. They tell me, though that I am the only Weston among them. I have my mother's hair and eyes; you might almost know her by me. But," I said, abruptly, struck by a sudden thought, "if you have never seen her, and yet know her so well, by report, you must be—"

"Harry Liston," he interrupted, with a smile. "Harry Liston, of New York, at your service. At present on my way to the renowned Captain Cross, where, I am sadly afraid, I was expected this morning; but, being a shockingly lazy individual, I did not arrive at the village till this afternoon, and finding, upon inquiry, that your mother's lay between me and my destination, I could not resist the temptation to linger still longer by the way."

"Oh! then you have missed the picnic!" I cried in dismay.

In some strange way, I had entirely forgotten the awe that I expected to feel in the presence of that most terrible of "lions," a real, live author, and looked up into his face quite fearlessly as I announced this—in my eyes—extraordinary misfortune.

"And they counted upon you, too, so much! I'm very sorry."

"The picnic—what picnic? Oh! yes, to be sure—I did hear something of a grand Fourth of July celebration; but I don't particularly care for that sort of a thing, as a general rule, and, to tell the truth, I am just a little pleased at escaping it. Have I missed any great pleasure?"

"Indeed you have! They have been planning it here for weeks, and the arrangements were all admirable. Every one has gone in the neighborhood—every one from our house except grandma and I. So you see you have made your visit at an unfortunate time."

"Not at all," he said gravely. "But as they are all gone away, there is no need of our adjourning to the house just yet, is there?" he queried, quietly seating himself upon the bench of the arbor. "It is so pleasant out here, especially to a way-worn traveller. You have no duties calling you, Miss Devine?" he added, hastily, seeing a shade of embarassment on my face.

"No, oh, no! not just now at all events. Grandma's nap will last for an hour longer; but you will think me very rude—hadn't you better go on to the grove? It is only two miles further, and you will be in time yet for the pleasantest part of the entertainment. They will like it so, too."

"Nay, excuse me. Two miles seems quite an interminable distance to one so worn out already as I am." And he threw back his head with a ludicrous attempt at an air of complete exhaustion. "I don't believe I could walk two steps without suffering from the exertion. And please, Miss Devine, be seated; it fatigues me just to see you looking so ready for motion."

And as I complied with his request, he went on:

"But, may I ask, as this picnic was to be so splendid an affair, and as everybody was going, why Miss Devine stayed away? It can't be possible that she takes no interest in such vanities; no, she spoke with too much enthusiasm just now. What then keeps her at home—might I know?"

I blushed and looked down in confusion. It seemed so foolish not to tell him the plain truth. But then to do so would look like praising one's self; so I faltered out—

"I could not—I had to stay with grandma."

"You wanted to go then?"

"Indeed I did, so much."

"And why couldn't some one else stay with grandma? There are eight other members of the family, I believe, are there not."

"Yes, but there was no one else that could, except Bessie or mother—and—and—I did not want either of them to miss the pleasure."

"Why not Bessie as well as—pardon me, what is the name?"

"Faith, if you please. Oh! it wouldn't have done at all to have Bessie stay. She is the belle of the country you know, so pretty and agreeable; the celebration would have been nothing without her. Father would not have allowed it either, he is so proud of her. I am too; we all are. And I think you will admire her when you see her; indeed you can't help it. Everybody does."

He seemed slightly amused at my enthusiasm.

"No doubt; but I must caution you that, as a general rule, I don't like beauties. And to return to the picnic. Why could not your mother stay?"

"She wanted to. Indeed, I had hard work persuading her to go; but I knew she needed the rest and refreshment. She works so hard for us all."

"Then it was at your own request that you were left at home? It was a voluntary sacrifice?"

"It is hardly worth calling a sacrifice," I said, hanging my head with a thrill of shame at the rememberance of the outbreak he had witnessed.

He must have remembered it too, for, bending over to look into my flushing face, he said, "Was that what you was crying about?"

"I was very silly and very wicked; but I had struggled against it all day. I could not help it, indeed."

And I glanced up timidly. What was it in his eyes that made my own fall abashed before them, and caused the blood to flush so rosily in my cheek? I could not tell; he only said, very softly, "Poor child!" Yet I felt that another moment would bring a repetition of the outburst, so springing up hastily, I said:

"I must go to the house now, and see if grandma has waked. Will you come? I can give you some cold ham, biscuit, and a cup of tea for your supper, and a little music afterwards, if you will stay and wait for the party."

"I don't know but that I ought to say 'No, thank you;' but I am not going to. The offer is too tempting. I am particulary fond of cold ham and biscuit, and fonder still of a little music afterwards," he added, rising to follow me.

"It will be a very ordinary performance, I warn you," I said doubtfully, as we went on. "I am not a bit talanted, you know. Lucy is the smart one."

"And Bessie the beauty? What department, then, do you claim?"

"Oh, I am nothing in particular. Charles calls me a Jack-of-allt-rades. I think pie-making is my peculiar accomplishment. You shall have a piece of my cherry pie for your supper, that is if you ever indulge in the article at that meal. I know it isn't just the thing."

He laughed.

"I think I will try a piece, at all hazzards. This is the house, is it not? And is that grandma at the window?"

"Yes."

And I hurried in to ask, anxiously, if she had been long awake, and if she had wanted me.

"No child, not at all. But what gentleman is that you have with you? Seems to me I know his face; anyhow, he's as handsome as a picture."

Before I could answer, he was at my side, hat in hand.

"Grandma, this is Mr. Liston—a son of mother's old friend, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. Mary Seymour's son. Well I might have known. He's her very image. Do set down and tell me how your mother's health is now. And where are you living?" she asked, with a face full of interest.

And knowing that grandma, once roused to conversation, would make a most admirable hostess, I slipped away to perform one or two highly important duties. First, I spread the supper table with a delicate damask cloth, and the dainty, "best china." Then cut the ham; set the tea to draw; bring from the springhouse a pot of fresh, delicious butter; select from the pantry a plate of mother's snow white biscuit, and my own nice looking cherry pie; and then, after having given an approving glance at the *toute ensemble* of the dining room, fly up stairs to brush my disordered curls, bathe my red eyes, and exchange my chintz mourning dress for the more appropriate blue lawn.

Descending again to the parlor, I found grandma descanting, after a fashion of her own, upon the virtues of each member of the family; I entered, in fact, just in time to hear her say, with emphasis:

"Well, I don't care what other folks say; for my part I think little Fay the 'flower of the flock!'"

And to catch the stranger's grave—"I do not doubt it."

That would not do at all, I thought; so I interrupted the conversation by the announcement of supper.

It was certainly the pleasantest of all pleasant meals. We lingered around the table till we could no longer distinguished each other's features in the growing twilight, and grandma declared that her bed-time had slipped past unnoticed. Then conducting our guest to the parlor, I left him till I had seen her comfortably settled for the night, and heard her say, with her good night kiss:

"This has been a very pleasant evening, hasn't it Faith? He's a real noble fellow, just like his mother. Bless him."

"Descending to the drawing-room again, I spent a happy hour with our guest. He conversed delightfully. He requested me to sing, with which request I complied, with such talent as I possessed, and received his earnest thanks. He, in return, sang three sweet songs, with a fullness and richness of expression that I had never heard before. When the last words had died upon his lips, he said decisively:

"No more music to-night. You are as sensitive as a little wind flower, Miss Faith."

Then, rising to go, he took my hand, and holding it with a soft, close pressure, he added:

"You need some one to care for and cherish you as they would a bird or gem—anything that was more rare and precious, do you know it, little Fay?"

I think it was his tone more than his words that made my heart thrill with a new, yet strangely sweet sensation of great joy and gladness; yet I only said, very quietly—

"But you are not going yet, Mr. Liston? I think I can hear the sound of carriages in the distance already. Surely you will stay and see mother?"

"Not to-night," he answered.

Then, with a certain seriousness of manner that made his words seem too deep for mere compliments, he added:

"This evening has been to me one of such rare enjoyment, that I cannot bear to mar it with the sight of another face, or the sound of another voice. Good night. I shall take the road back to the village, I think, sleep at the hotel, and not dawn upon the the gallant captain's till to-morrow; by which time I trust, the storm caused by my non-appearance will have had time to blow over. Is not that the 'better part of valor?' My respects to your mother, Miss Faith. I shall call upon her very soon. Once more, good night."

And, with a smile, a bow, one last pressure of the hand, he went down the steps and away.

The sound of his retreating footfalls was lost in the noise of the approaching carriages, and, as they drew up to the door, I descended in time to receive into my arms Carrie's little figure, heavy with sleep, and to feel the tightening clasp of her arms about my neck, as she awoke to the consciousness of my presence.

"O, darlin' Fay!" she murmured, drowsily, I'm so glad. I wanted you so all day."

But as I bore her in and laid her down upon the parlor sofa, she sank again into the heavy slumber of complete exhaustion. Then I ran back again to the door.

"Well, what kind of a time did you have? Who were all there? What did you do? Was the music good?—and the oration? Do tell me all about it."

"O, Faith!" exclaimed Charlie, a little impatiently, "for mercy's sake don't ask so many questions all in a breath, or, rather, don't ask any at all until to-morrow. We are a little the forlornest party you ever encountered. Wilhelm, Lucie and Carrie have slept in concert for the last mile, and Bess and Will have quarrelled the whole way."

"Quarrelled! O Bess!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "It seems so strange to me that a day of such pleasure should end in a quarrel.

"Well, Faith," said Bess, with a slight shade of self-reproach in her tone, "he's been too cross for anything in this world. Come into the parlor, that's a good girl, and help me off with my things. Bother this hat! the strings are in a knot, of course. Well I had a right pleasant time after all. But, O, Faith! just think, the young lawyer—Liston his name is—didn't come after all. Wasn't it too provoking?"

"Indeed, I should think it was!" I tried to say, sympathizing: "And he is so very pleasant, too."

"Pleasant!" she cried, turning suddenly, with a look of amazement. "Why, Fay Devine, how do you know? You have never laid eyes on him!"

"Yes, but I have though. He spent the afternoon and evening here."

"Well, I never, Mother, just hear this. While we've been fretting ourselves to death over the non-arrival of our distinguished guest Faith has been quietly entertaining him at home. I declare, it is enough to provoke a saint."

And by the way of her establishing her claim to that title, Bessie went off to bed in a decided fit of the sulks.

"You shall tell us all about it in the morning, my daughter," said our mother, coming into the parlor, and noticing the hurt expression on my face. "Just now we are all tired and cross and want to get to bed as soon as possible. Here, Will, carry the baby up for sister. Don't Fay, she's too heavy for you. Take charge of these wrappings—will you, my child? I have my hands full, you see."

And she followed the procession of weary children that were slowly dragging themselves up stairs.

"But, mother, dear," I said, pausing at my door to await her approach, "do tell me, have you had a pleasant time?"

"A delightful time, my daughter," she said softly, "made doubly so by the remembrance of her to whose filial love I owed it all. And you—you have not been unhappy."

"Oh, mother," I cried, throwing my arms around her neck, and hiding my blushing face on her shoulder, "it has been the happiest day of my life. And now I know you have enjoyed it, I am so much more than repaid for my sacrifice.

And so, indeed, I was. Not only because the petty self-denial of this morning had been my first step in that path of sacrifice which, sooner or later, all human feet must learn to tread—not only because it had knit my mother's heart and mine in bonds of firmer and closer affection—not only because it had taught me that our greatest trials may often prove blessings in disguise, and, therefore, always—always to hope and trust; but because (have you not guessed it already?) the friendship commenced that morning beneath the shadow of the old arbor ripened, in time, into the true, earnest and protecting love which makes me at this moment the very happiest little wife upon whom the sun shines.

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It has become quite a practice in the South to present commanding officers with race horses well known for their superior speed. A cotemporary thinks in looks suspicious, to say the least, to see a General mounted on a very fast horse on a battlefield. Perhaps a Bull Run affair is anticipated on the other side.

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The snake's poison is in his teeth; the slanderer's in his tongue.

### WHAT WE EAT AND DRINK.

The readers of "Herodotus" shudder when they come to his account of the Issedones—among whom, when a parent dies, the son collects his friends and relatives together, slays cattle proportionate to his means, cuts up his dead father along with the sheep and the oxen, and, mingling all the flesh together in one savory mass, invites his guests to partake of the banquet. The reader dwells upon the incident, which, although shocking for its barbarity, exhibits remarkable ingenuity in gastronomy, and very singular ideas of filial regard. Singular! Not so singular after all. Will it be believed that our own people, in like manner, show their reverance for the dead by feeding on their ancestors? Not that they now eat a man plain boiled or palpably roasted. We are fastidious in our cookery; our city magnates have some little reputation as *gourmets*; and the human flesh was not more carefully disguised by the Issedones in a kind of enormous Yorkshire pie, than the dead are transmuted, by the aid of a rare gastronomy, for our unhappy fellow-citizens. The kitchen where this art is practiced is the churchyard; the cook is the sexton; a mattock and a spade are his ladle and knife; and day and night the steam of the hidious olio spreads around; the citizens breathe it contentedly, and the Gog and Magog grin their delight as the odor reaches them. Let no one fancy that we are speaking metaphorically. There is no truth better ascertained, and which the physiologists of the day are more anxious to inculcate, than that the air we breathe is as much the food of man as the solids we eat and the liquids we drink. Many persons will, perhaps, sneer at the assertions of physiology, deny their truth, because not obvious to our senses, and continue to hug themselves in their indifference. These wise individuals forget the story of the Brahmin who thought it as henious an offence to touch animal food as we do to taste human flesh. It was shown to him, with a microscope, that he daily partook of myriads of animalculæ, and he dashed the instrument to pieces. It is easily demonstrated that we daily, hourly, feed on the bodies of our fellow-citizens—fathers, brothers, friends, and we laugh at the science, and keep up the good old custom.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.—The Philadelphia Fire Zouaves have attached to their corps a young lady named Virginia Hall as, *vivandiere* of the regiment. In person Miss Hall is above the medium hight. She is a bright blonde, having a clear blue eye, and her light hair cut short like a lad's and parted on the side. Her nose is slightly *retrousse*, her mouth well formed, and when she converses, even dentists might go mad at the display of so fine a set of teeth. Her uniform consists of a blue Zouave shirt, trimmed with same colored braid, a Zouave jacket of the same color, and similarly ornamented, a tunic shirt, dark pants, Zouave light leather gaiters, extending from the knee down, a liberty cap with a red band, a blue top, a green sash and hospital steward's chevron. She wears a short sword and small revolver attached to her belt. Decidedly her appearance is prepossessing. Miss Hall is a Bostonian by birth; she received a fine education at one of the academic institutions on the Western Reserve, Ohio, and by her intelligence, fine conversational powers, and pleasing manners, she impresses those who form her acquaintance very favorably. She makes herself generally useful about the hospital, and renders whatever service she can to make the camp more comfortable. The Fire Zouaves take great pride in her, and quickly resent any imputations made against their *vivandiere*.

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EXPERIENCES OF IMPRISONMENT.—The following is an extract from Count Goulfailconiers account of his imprisonment: "Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity, in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together: we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at an interval of a month or two, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where—to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened; whence proceeding I know not, the following words were uttered: "by order of his Imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it."

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LANE'S STYLE.—A startling specimen of the obnoxious doings of "Jim Lane" is furnished in the St. Louis Democrat's despatches from Tipton. After using the contents of two rebel stores to relieve some Union families, whom the Secessionists had robbed, General Jim called the citizens of Pleasant Hill together, beneath the glorious Union flag, and entertained them with a live American speech. Pointing to the ensign he had raised, he said to them: "That flag has been your protection, and shall be still. So long as it remains here you are safe; but if it is cut down, by the Eternal I will return and burn your town!" He then retired, with all his men. The affair occurred two weeks ago, and although the denizens of Pleasant Hill are said to be about all secessionists, that flag is still waving over the town!

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JEFF. THOMPSON'S FAMILY.—The Louisville *Journal* says that Colonel M. Jeff. Thompson, who is at the head of an army of rebels in Missouri, has for several years been a real estate and insurance agent at St. Joseph, and for one or two terms held the office of Mayor of that city. When he told his wife that he had decided to join the Confederate army, she entreated him not to do so, and enlisted the aid and influence of the neighbors and friends to persuade him from the rash act. He declared her "crazy," and, assisted by others of the same like as himself, had her placed in an asylum at St. Louis. A letter from St. Louis last week states that she is again at St. Joseph, begging her food and raiment from the Union citizens.

### A MULE STORY.

I heard a good story of two of our soldiers, at Paducah, yesterday, which will pay for its space in repeating. When our troops first received their teams they were troubled to procure forage; so the mules were turned loose or tethered in the out-skirts of the town. Occasionally a few would be missing, until Uncle Sam found himself minus some twenty five or thirty. Those which strayed away were caught up by the rebel speculators and taken to Blandville, back of Columbus, where they had accumulated some fifty stolen and purchased animals, which were under five or six keepers. The two privates mentioned (members of the Fortieth Illinois Volunteers), hearing of the whereabouts of the stock, asked General Smith's permission to attempt their recapture, which, with some misgivings, was granted. The boys, dressed in the garb of Kentucky farmers, went and surveyed the field and fold, and set to work. They had whisky with them—whisky such as the Kentucky rebels like to get drunk on—good old Bourbon, and the first object was to get them as comfortably tight as possible, which was not long in being accomplished. Then the boys went to the mule yard, let down the bars and mounted two of the best, without saddle or bridle, and started for Paducah, the whole lot followed at a breakneck pace, and braying in the most diabolical chorus. The keepers were not long in discovering the trick, and gave chase as far as they deemed it prudent to our lines, but to no purpose; and in good season Saturday afternoon the boys made their appearance at Gen. Smith's headquarters to report, their faces beaming with a glow of satisfaction hard to describe. Their report was a condensation of Laconism: so I will give the dialogue:—

Gen. Smith—"Well, boys, what luck?"

Soldier—"We got 'em, and more too."

Gen. Smith—"How many did you get?"

Soldier—"Forty, I reckon; haint counted 'em."

Gen. Smith—"But that is more than we have lost. You did not steal any, I hope."

Soldier—"Steal! Kristopher, steal! No, sirree, but we didn't have time to put the bars up after we had got Uncle Sam's out, and the God damned things would foller."

Then the General drew on an elongated countenance, and as sternly as though he had been a Judge and was sentencing a culprit to a lifetime of imprisonment, lectured the soldier roundly for using profane language in the quarters and presence of a general officer. The soldier took the lecture uneasily, twirling his hat nervously the while, and when the General had "subsided" apologized as follows:—

"You see, General, we had to cuss the God damned things all day to git 'em into camp, and it's mighty hard to quit off all of a suddenly."

Then the General's rigidity relaxed; a smile, or rather a laugh, came up from his heart, and tried to escape from the corners of his mouth; but discipline is discipline with an old army officer, and it would not do to allow such a breach of decorum to pass unnoticed; but in consideration of the recaptured twenty-five mules, "and more too," he did not inflict any severe castigation or put them under arrest, but, thanking them for the services rendered, dismissed them with a caution to leave their profanity behind when they came again to headquarters, and the boys left, declaring, as they closed the door, that "such a pious old cuss hadn't any business to be around amongst sojers."

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AN ACCOMMODATING SUPERSTITION.—A habit exists among the Esquimaux of placing on the graves of the dead the hunting implements used by them while living, which are held sacred and never molested. An American officer states that on a recent voyage to the Arctic regions they were anxious to obtain, as specimens, some implements laying on the grave of an Esquimaux who had been a celebrated hunter. They would not take them, of course, without consent of the friends of the deceased, and failed in their endeavor to purchase them. In this dilemma, however, they were informed that the Great Spirit would be propitiated by the substitution of some knifes on the grave. Knives amounting amply to a *quid pro quo* were accordingly placed on the grave, and the hunting implements removed; but, singular to state, the natives, who considered it sacrilege to take the hunter's relics, appropriated the knives one by one, till all had diappeared.

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THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The building which is now going up for the great exhibition at London will have a cubical extent of 73,000,000 of cubic feet. The foundations have already consumed 5,000 tons of concrete, and on that will be laid 18,00 ,000 of bricks, in 22,000 tons of mortar. 10,000 tons each of timber and iron will be used in the structure, and for the windows no less than 108 miles' length of sashing will be used. The glaziers will use 500 tons of sheet glass, and 50 tons of putty. Among the small items are between 200 and 300 tons of nails, 600 tons of paint, 300 tons of pipe, and so on.

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"HURRAH!"—A great many people have shouted "hurrah" "many a time and oft," but comparatively few, however, know its derivation and meaning. The same word, and for the same purpose, is used all the world over, and originated among the eastern nations, where it was used as a war cry, from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country, went to Heaven. It is derived from the Sclavonic word Hu raj, which means "To Paradise."

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A RUNAWAY TRAITOR.—The Portsmouth (Va.) correspondent of a Richmond paper sends the following:—This morning a live Yankee was brought up from Pig Point. He is a lieutenant in Lincoln's navy, and was attached to the Minnesota. His statement is that he deserted, having become disgusted with his associations. He gives a great deal of information, and seems to be well posted.

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It is supposed the number of copies of the Scriptures in existence in the world before the present century, did not exceed four millions. In the year 1860 the British and Foreign Bible Society alone published 1,917,897 copies, being an increase of 307 per cent in thirty years. The "Critic" says the aggregate issue of Bibles from Great Britain every year is now nearly four millions.

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The big gun "Union," is mounted so as to sweep the roads between Fortress Monroe and Sewell's Point.

## THE JOURNAL.

### INTERESTING WAR NEWS.

The Removal of Gen. Fremont—Dissatisfaction among the officers—Companies lay down their arms—Fremont's farewell address to his army—He urges the troops to fight on—etc.,

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 3.—Yesterday small bodies of the enemy came within twelve miles of us and news was received of the approach of their advance, 2,800 srrong. Preparations were making to go out and attack them, when General Fremont received the unconditional order from Washington relieving him at once from his command. Simultaneously came the newspapers announcing the fact that the intelligence spread like wild fire through the camps and created indescribable excitement and indignation. Great numbers of officers signified their intention to resign at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring they would fight under no one but Fremont. The General spent much of the afternoon expostulating with the officers, and urging them by their patriotism and by their personal regard for him not to abandon their post and also issued the following farewell to the troops.

HEAD-QUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
*Springfield, Mo.*, Nov. 2nd, 1861.

*Soldiers of the Mississippi Army*:—Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth we have grown up together and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army which I had thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you most sincerely. I thank you for the regard and confidence you had invaribly shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms. (Signed,) JOHN C. FREMONT,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Feeling ran intensely high during the whole of last evening and there were meetings almost everywhere. The various bands serenaded the General and whenever he appeared he was greeted with cheers. Though after notifing General Hunter, as his order directed, he had no longer command over the troops, he spent several hours in making a personal examination of the ground about the city to be prepared for a battle, and in accordance with a written request from *all* the Brigadier Generals here, he remained through the night to lead the army in case of attack. All the troops slept on their arms. Many officers remained up all night and an attack was hourly expected, nothing more occurred than the firing on our pickets in two different roads. The enemy are now encamped in the old Wilson creek battle-ground.

Gen. Fremont is prepared to leave St. Louis and will go as soon as Gen. Pope arrives, who has been sent forward and will take command till Gen. Hunter gets here.

Universal gloom prevails throug hout the camps. A battle will undoubtedly occur ere long. The troops will meet the enemy firmly, but they are disheartened, and have lost their enthusiasm. The body guard, who could not be induced to remain, and who will now disband, as the terms, of their enlistment permit, accompanying Gen. Fremont and his entire staff, including Gen. Asboth, commander of the First Division. Gen. Fremont will permit no demonstration from the troops on his departure.

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GREAT RISE IN THE POTOMAC.—The Potomac has not been known to be so high for many years as during last week. The Long Bridge was covered for several feet on the Virginia side, and all crossing had been suspended for several days. The Government ferries at Georgetown had also been stopped—the water being four feet above the landings. The only communication with Virginia for teams was by way of the Chain bridge, which created a perfect jam on that road, for a day or two.

THE DROWNED AT BALL'S BLUFF.—On account of the rise in the Potomac, a number of bodies of soldiers drowned at the battle of Ball's Bluff have floated down the stream and have been recovered. Five were drawn out at Chain bridge, 13 near Georgetown and Washington, and one near Fort Washington, twelve miles below the city. Many will, no doubt, float by without being discovered. The recovered bodies have all been burried.

THE FLEET.—The steamer Monticello passed the whole fleet within thirty miles of Bull Bay on Saturday a week. The storm had abated. The fleet was movng along finally and would reach the Bay on Sunday morning—landing within 25 miles of Charleston.

THE BELVIDERE.—The steamer Belvidere reached Old Point on Monday. She separated from the fleet in the storm on Friday, and having her upper works damaged returned for repairs. Twelve horses were killed on board.

MAYSVILLE, NOV. 4.—A messenger arrived and reports that Gen. Nelson took possession of Prestonburg on Saturday morning without resistance. Gen. Williams fell back six miles, where it was supposed he would make a stand.

PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS.—It is stated, that Pennsylvania has furnished the Government with 13,000 more troops than any other State. This is gratifying intelligence to the loyal citizens of the Old Keystone.

MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS.—The 1st Regiment of volunteers from Baltimore were permitted, on request, to go home to vote at the recent election. They left their arms in camp, however, until their return.

THE FLORIDA.—The steam gunboat Florida reached Philadelphia the 5th, with her machinery disabled. Her repairs will detain her about three days. She left the naval expedition off Cape Fear.

CONTRABRANDS.—These chattels continue to flock to Fortress Monroe in large numbers; sixty arrived in one day, last week.

BEAUREGARD.—It is rumored that Gen. Beauregard has resigned his command of the Rebel army on the Potomac.

Floyd commands about 7000 rebel troops.