

The Journal

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BY S. J. ROW.

IF MOTHER WERE HERE.

My life is so weary,
Each day brings its shadows,
Its mist, and its rain,
There's a ray of sunshine
My path way to cheer;
But sorrow would vanish
If mother were here.

Each hope for me blooming
But blooms to decay;
Each joy that I treasure
Soon withers away
My dreams, full of beauty,
In gloom disappear;
But soon all would brighten
If mother were here.

O lay my poor head
In her dear lap once more,
And feel her soft fingers
Stray lovingly o'er,
And catch her fond whispers
And glad words of cheer;
How soon grief would vanish
If mother were here.

How tender her tones were,
How loving and sweet,
As she told me of life,
And the trials I'd meet,
Yet I little could then
But little did fear,
For she was beside me,
My mother was here.

Now flowers bloom above her,
And winds in the grass
Breathe low, solemn dirges,
As gently they pass,
And in her lovely place,
Where many a tear
O earth were bright
If mother were here.

But O, when this life's
Restless moments are passed,
And I go to abide
Among the rich joys,
Which in heaven I'll share,
Is mother, sweet mother,
Who waiteth me there.

THE POISONED ARROW.

We would carry our readers back some thirty years to the times when civilization was slowly approaching the western wilds, and when the spirit of adventure led the hardy pioneers out from their native villages to the domain of the red man. One lovely morning, in June, two travelers, both well mounted, drew their reins upon the banks of the Mississippi, where now stands the flourishing town of Red King. As their vision took in the wide range of water, prairie and bluffs that lay spread out before them, a light of satisfaction seemed to light up the features of each, for surely their gaze never rested on a lovelier spot. After a moment's silence the older of the two dismounted from his steed, and motioned to his companion to do the same.

"Nay, Barton, I prefer the landscape as seen from this position," answered his companion, "I shall keep my saddle until you are ready to remount."

"We shall go no further!" Barton replied, "If we are to pitch our tents in the wilderness, brother mine, let it be here, for we may not find a greener spot, or one that we should like better. See this grove of pines! a little labor will transform it into a rustic palace, where Barton and Harry Newton may find the rest they are in pursuit of."

"So be it then, Harry answered, he threw himself from his horse, and unslinging the rifle from his back, "When we started I agreed to abide your selection, and I shall not question it now. This is indeed a lovely place! Surely no white man has ever before set his foot upon this solitude, never pressed the rich soil beneath his steed, nor was the first to wake the slumbering echoes."

"Ere his brother could stop him, Harry raised his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. From crag to crag, from valley to valley, the sound of the report flew, disturbing the stillness that had hitherto been almost felt, and driving many a feathered resident screaming into the air.

So rapid had been the action of the irritant agent, wherewith the weapon had been charged, that his voice seemed to have become affected, and he could do little more than whisper. Meanwhile, Barton had become somewhat annoyed at his brother's absence. He had half a mind to commence an attack upon the venison which was fast growing cold, but he bethought him that he had better look down upon the river, to what detained the youngster. He stood upon the edge of the bluff, but as far as he could see there were no signs of the missing brother. Barton now grew anxious, he could form no satisfactory reason for his disappearance. There could be but one solution of the mystery; the Decotahs must have been watching them, and succeeded in capturing Harry. This conclusion arrived at, he turned to look far up the river, where rose upon the still air a tall column of smoke that told him he was near some Indian encampment.

"What be it?" he muttered, as an agony of feeling stole across his soul, "My brother has been made, thus early in his frontier experience, a prisoner by these cursed savages. But he shall be rescued, or if too late for that, avenged!"

Without further delay he unhitched his horse from the limb to which it had been fastened while quietly grazing, replaced his saddle, examined the prying of his rifle, and vaulted upon his animal.

"Nay, Barton," he almost shouted, "you must bear your part nobly in this enterprise. We must bring back my brother, or return not at all."

As the sounds of footsteps died in the distance, and an unbroken silence brooded once more over the spot, there shot from the opposite bank a light canoe propelled by the practical hands of a young and beautiful forest maiden. With the rapidity of lightning it crossed the water, and touched at the very spot where Harry had received his wound. As it grazed the beach the girl sprang lightly from it, and ran swiftly up the bank to where the young man had fallen. She arrived just in time to see him stretch himself out with an agony of pain, throw his arms wildly above his head and sink almost insensible again. She bent over him and in a sweet whisper said:

"Come with me; the warrior's arrow has wounded the white bird, who flew to our forests for a home, but Atawahita will save the life of the pale face. Quick to my canoe, or the chiefs of my tribe will discover us. I saw you from yonder grove, watched the movements of the Decotahs, and am here to save you. Atawahita is not very strong, but she can at least guide you to her hut among the bushes there. You will die if you do not come."

With such gentle words the maiden strove to console him to the effort and finally succeeded. He had sense enough remaining to know that if he did not accompany her his hours of life were numbered. He had heard of the medicinal knowledge that the Indians possessed, and he doubted not that she could aid him.

"My brother!" he said faintly.

"Will return to this spot, and wait your coming; he has gone to seek you. He will never leave you till he meets you again. When the sickness is passed, Atawahita will bring you home. Come, are the warriors of my race still discover you and me?"

By a series of painful efforts Harry at last reached the canoe, into which he was assisted by his fair guide.

Harry imprinted innumerable kisses upon her yielding lips.

As they stood thus, the sound of horses' hoofs, falling rapidly upon the soft turf roused them from their absorption—at the same moment one of the squaws that had been in attendance upon the youthful pair, rushed in, and spoke a few words to Atawahita, and left the hut again.

"What she tells me that our warriors are in pursuit of a white man, who is urging his horse towards the crossing here. Let us go forth, for we may save him."

"It may be my brother!" exclaimed Harry, with a glad smile, as they hand in hand went into the forest. Soon the pursuers and pursued appeared in the distance. Harry at once recognized in the white man his brother.

"It is he! it is Barton. Heavens! he will be killed!"

"Not so! He is my brother now!" answered the maiden proudly, "and not one of our tribe shall dare to molest him."

As the horseman drew near, Harry cried: "Stop brother! Barton, do you not know me? It is your brother Harry that calls."

Although the rider heard the voice and recognized it, he could not check his steed until he had fairly reached the edge of the river. Atawahita placed herself directly in the way of the pursuers, and with a motion bade them pause. A short pause ensued, at the end of which the Decotahs turned their horses' heads and rode back from whence they came.

Barton soon made known to his brother the various events he had passed through as he followed for months the trails of different tribes of Indians, in search of the lost one, until his hopes died out, and he turned to retrace his steps; he had been met by those who were following him, and had to run for his life. Harry Newton and his Indian bride lived to see a flourishing town grow upon the spot where they first met, for he never left her in life.

WHAT MASSACHUSETTS HAS DONE.—The following testimony to the glowing zeal and patriotic fervor of Massachusetts, is from the New York Herald, a paper almost devilish in its hatred of Puritanism, and of New England people and users. It is the constrained testimony of an enemy:

MORE OF THE FREMONT CASE.

The publication of the Report of the "Congressional Investigating Committee" has brought forth, through the columns of the St. Louis Democrat, a number of direct answers to some of the charges of "Fraud in the Western Department." Mr. John M. Krum quotes from the Report the following paragraph:

"The first act of fraud was the presentation to Mrs. Brig. Gen. McKinstry, on the 20th of September, of a complete set of silver service of the Jenny Lind pattern, which service cost \$8,000 and upward, and being the finest ever made in the West, took the premium at the State Agricultural Fair held in St. Louis. This service was presented by parties exclusively interested in Government contracts, among whom were Major Selover, Leonidas Haskell, John M. Crum, E. L. Beard, of California, and others. General McKinstry was Quartermaster General of the Western Department by appointment of Major General John C. Fremont, and as such Quartermaster General, controlled the horse and mule contracts, building of barracks, and all supplies and purchases pertaining to that Department."

To which Mr. Krum replies:

"The paragraph in which my name is mentioned above, so far as it relates to me, is an unmitigated falsehood. I never applied for any government contract, and have never been interested in one, either directly or indirectly. As to the presentation of a service of silver plate to Mrs. McKinstry, I never had anything to do with it, and in fact never heard that such an occurrence took place until I read it this morning. In the publication mentioned above, I have no acquaintance with Messrs. Maskell and Beard, and never, to my knowledge, saw either of them. I have a slight acquaintance with Major Selover, but never exchanged a dozen words with him in my life."

Mr. Thomas Kennedy, "Agent and Attorney for Mrs. S. B. Brant," quotes the following portion of the same report:

"The fourth act of fraud is the house rent first in the palatial mansion of Mrs. Brant cousin of Mrs. Jessie Fremont, rented to Gen. Fremont for headquarters of Major General, his Private Secretary, and Chief of Staff, at the rate of \$6,000 per annum."

To which Mr. Kennedy replies:

"The Committee have omitted some names and some facts belonging to the Headquarters on Chouteau Avenue, which I will supply to them now, and should most willingly have done so before had I been applied to. The house was offered and used at first as a family residence. When Gen. Fremont found the unceasing demands on his time required work to be carried on by night as well as day, it was necessary, in order to economize time, to have some of the officers under the same roof. The two lower stories are fire-proof, and are occupied as follows—Basement—room to left, four desks and tables, used by Col. Fiala, Lieut. S. W. Savage, Mr. Gillin, Camp, Mullenhardt. Room to right, five desks and tables, used by E. M. Davis, A. Q. M.; M. A. Buchanan, clerk; Mr. Dudley, clerk; Mr. Bray, B. R. Plumley. Second to left, one long table for maps and charts, one long table for arranging papers, two tables for secretaries. This room is occupied by General Fremont and his office. On the two upper floors are the quarters of General Fremont, General Asboth, Col. Woods, Capt. Davis, Capt. Howard. One room is used for Quartermaster's stores, and kept guarded. There is also a stable for the necessary persons having care of these and of the house."

"I have confined myself to giving only the names of persons officially occupying the house. Of their duties I will only say, that the daily average of persons coming to headquarters was certainly one hundred and fifty, many times from two to five hundred, Sundays excepted. There are other points and other details in connection with these headquarters, which are not necessary to introduce on the part of either the owner or the occupants. What is told is enough to disprove the statements of the committee, that it was rented for the use of three persons. The lease was made between the quartermaster and myself, and based on the army regulations governing such lease."

In regard to Benton Barracks, Mr. A. B. Ogden, "Architect and Superintendent of Benton Barracks," says:

completed, and Gen. Fremont did not know the cost, which he does not know even at present and could not know it, as no accounts had been sent in, or have yet been delivered. I also beg leave to state, that it is impossible that this report could have emanated from the Congressional Committee, since I testified to the committee, during their stay here, in regard to all the facts connected with the building of the forts, and the above assertions are all in open contradiction to the statements made by myself before the committee."

Of the tent pins, camp kettles and cavalry saddles frauds, &c., E. W. Fox disposes at a sweep as follows:

"In your morning issue of this date I find the following charges, purporting to come from the 'Congressional Investigating Committee,' lately in session in this city as follows:

"Another fraud was in the contract with E. W. Fox for the manufacture of picket pins at 45 cents each, when Toomas Hood, a blacksmith, bid for the same at 25 cents per pin; the number to be made, 50,000 pins. Also to Fox and others, camp kettles at 35 cents, when there were bids at 20 cents; nails, axes, spikes, &c., at similar rates. Saddles that were rejected by the Quartermaster, were purchased by Fox at low figures, and sold to McKinstry at increased rates."

"To the first charge, in relation to 'picket pins,' it is false. I never had a contract with the Government for picket pins. Since July 1, 1861, the firm of Child, Pratt & Fox have furnished the Government with eight thousand picket pins, for which they never had a contract. They ordered them made on their own account, for which they paid cash, taking the chances for sale.

"Charge Second—In relation to camp-kettles. It is also false. I never had a contract for the supply of camp-kettles. Since the 2nd day of August last the firm of Child, Pratt & Fox have sold the Quartermaster's Department, having ordered the same made, and also taking the chances of sale.

"Charge Third—In relation to axes, spikes, nails, &c. I have to reply that all those articles which the firm of Child, Pratt & Fox have supplied the Government, have been sold on orders received from the Quartermaster's Department, from day to day, and have all been of the very best quality, and have been invoiced to the Government at our usual rates, without any contract whatsoever.

"Charge Fourth—In relation to saddles. It is an infamous and unqualified lie. I have never purchased any saddles rejected by McKinstry, or any other officer of the Government. Nor neither have I, or any of the firm of which I am a member, furnished any saddles to the government that have been rejected or condemned."

And last of all, a correspondent of the Democrat winds up the matter, so far as it was designed to injure General Fremont, by showing that, whether General McKinstry was implicated in the alleged frauds or not, General Fremont had nothing to do with his appointment, had no control over him, and was not responsible. The correspondent says:

"I will now merely call your notice to one egregious blunder among many in the same article, viz: 'Gen. McKinstry was Quartermaster of the Western Department by appointment of Gen. J. C. Fremont, and as such Quartermaster General, controlled the horse and mule contracts, &c.' This is all a base fabrication. Gen. Fremont had nothing to do about the appointment of Gen. McKinstry, Quartermaster, and had no control over his actions at this place. For McKinstry had been quartermaster here for a long time before Gen. Fremont was sent here, and any person, with the least spark of knowledge in relation to the different departments under our National Government, would have known better than to have communicated what he did. The Enquirer, in justice to Gen. Fremont, ought to publish this."

THE JOURNAL.

INTERESTING WAR NEWS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—The town of Guyandotte, Va., on the Ohio river, was attacked on the night of the 10th by a rebel cavalry force, headed by the notorious Jenkins and defeated the Union men. The defeat of the Union force was accomplished by trickery on the part of the inhabitants. It seems that a force of rebel cavalry, variously stated from five hundred to one thousand, had concentrated in the country back of the town. These proposed, with the assistance of the rebel inhabitants of Guyandotte, to annihilate the Federal forces in the town. This force consisted of two hundred and fifty of the Virginia regiment and a few of Ziegler's Virginia Cavalry. It was arranged between the rebel citizens to massacre our troops in cold blood. Accordingly the rebel citizens were very kind to our troops on last Sunday evening and invited them to their houses on various pretexts, and all who were off duty accepted the invitation. While they were being entertained, at about half past eight at night, the rebel cavalry dashed into the town. Signals were displayed from every house where federals were, and in to these rebels rushed murdering the unarmed soldiers in cold blood. Rebel citizens, men and women rushed to arms and aided the cavalry in the slaughter. The Federals in camp prepared as soon as possible for defence, but were overpowered and had to break. Very few men were killed in the engagement with the cavalry—nearly all the killed being murdered in the houses. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing is about 100. When Col. Ziegler arrived, on learning the particulars of the affair, he ordered the destruction of the town. Buildings were immediately fired and the whole town reduced to ashes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—From officers who have arrived here it is ascertained that a reconnaissance in force of 16,000 troops was made at an early hour this morning, in a south-westerly direction from Alexandria. 2,000 rebels arrived near Occochee creek yesterday, from the main body of their army. The bearer De Lion has returned to the Navy Yard from the Potomac flotilla, and reports affairs unchanged down the river. The rebel steamer George Page still harbors in Quantico creek, and may be seen from Budd's Ferry. Three schooners ran the blockade in open day yesterday. They came abreast of the rebel batteries about 11 o'clock in the morning. When a fire was opened upon them they sailed slowly up the Swash channel by the Maryland shore, and although forty-three shots were fired at them all escaped untouched. Most of the shell fired were from rifled guns and struck on the Maryland shore.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—The Union men of East Tennessee have burned numbers of Railroad bridges and telegraph wires to prevent the transportation of troops. One bridge of two hundred feet span was destroyed on Saturday morning last. It was on the East Tennessee Railroad. Four structures on the line of Knoxville were destroyed. A very heavy wooden bridge at Charleston, Bradley county, Tennessee, was destroyed on the evening of Friday last. Charleston is seventy-five miles southwest of Knoxville and contains two hundred inhabitants. This action of the Union men will convince the Government that East Tennessee will redeem herself if an opportunity offers.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 12.—Passengers by the Old Point boat report that the flag of truce which arrived yesterday from Norfolk brought a number of reports, one was that after the capture of the batteries by the United States troops, the rebels fell back to Beaufort where a terrible struggle took place. They also represent that the people of Norfolk were in a terrible state of excitement. A report was received by the Old Point boat that the Custom House at Norfolk was burned on Sunday night with a large amount of stores. The bark Scraphian, of Baltimore, from Rio with a cargo of coffee is wrecked on Cape Henry. All hands were saved. Her cargo fell into the hands of the rebels.

PARIS, Ky., Nov. 12.—Gen. Nelson met the rebels under Gen. Williams at Pikeville, Pike county, Kentucky, on Friday the 8th, and after fighting two days gained a glorious victory. Col. Labe Moore attacked the rebels in the rear with 3,800 men, Col. Harris, of the Ohio 2d regiment, in front with 600 men. Col. Harris falling back and Col. Moore pressing forward till the enemy were brought into the midst of Nelson's brigade when our forces pressed them upon all sides, killing 400 and taking 1,000 prisoners the balance scattering in all directions. Federal loss is small. The victory was complete. Generals Williams and Howes are among the prisoners.

CAIRO, Ill., Nov. 12.—The southern papers received here, speak of an immense fleet of Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi. Washington, Nov. 12.—A family letter received here, dated on the 25th of October on board the U. S. frigate Santee, of Galveston confirms the report of the capture of the pirate Sumter. The writer says she was caught in her own trap. It seems that she mistook one of the U. S. gun-boats for a merchant vessel and started in pursuit. When the gunboat had drawn her out far enough she turned and chased her ashore. Her officers and crew are prisoners on board the United States steamer Niagara.

FOURTEEN MONROE, Nov. 12.—A flag of truce from Norfolk brought down the case of the French corvette Proude, wrecked last Tuesday night near Occochee Inlet, North Carolina. She had no pilot and went ashore during heavy weather. The crew, 100 in number, were all saved, and reached Norfolk by Charleston. They also bring the report that two rebel batteries at Port Royal have been taken by our troops, but nothing more. The steamer Dawn arrived to-day from Washington, having successfully run the rebel blockade of the Potomac. Thirty-two shots were fired at her.

PORTLAND, Nov. 12.—The bar C. B. Hamilton reports that off Charleston she passed eight war transport steamers and eight sailing vessels, including the Great Republic. The steamers were heading westward and the sailing vessels were lying to, heading southward. The same day she passed a disabled steamer with a frigate lying by firing at her. It is supposed for the purpose of sinking the wreck, it being in the track of homeward bound vessels. This wreck was probably the steamer Governor or before reported disabled. The captain thinks that the fleet had fine weather for landing.