

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 49

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Select Poetry.

Autumn.
These sweet delicious Autumn days,
When all the days are filled with rain,
And all day long a purple haze
Hangs o'er the meadow and the farm.
These quiet, dreamy afternoons,
And sunsets rich with crimson glow,
These soft refracted harvest moons,
Fill me with thoughts of long ago.
In happy reverie my thought
Goes back to those dear times again,
And scenes and faces never forgot
Come thronging to my aching brain.
However glad the present is
I'll never forget the moments gone—
I cherish still these memories,
Reminiscences of long ago.

THE SURPRISE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Lyman became quite a hero when the story of his adventure became known; but so great was the danger of capture that commerce was almost entirely interrupted, and the Indian Chief was not sent again to sea until after the war, when Captain Lyman accepted a letter of marque in the service of the then self-styled independent States of North America, taking with him his mate and the entire crew of his late vessel. Young Bartlett went from New York to his home in South Carolina, and Captain Lyman, on board the privateer schooner Manhattan sailed on a cruise to the southward, to intercept any British vessel he might find on the coast. When, however, the young South Carolina reached home he found his family in mourning for the loss of his brother, who had perished at sea, having been in command of a vessel which had been fired at by a merchant vessel which he was about to board. In fact, he discovered that the unfortunate lieutenant who had been killed by the shot fired from the Indian Chief was his own brother. From that moment he felt a bitter hatred against Captain Lyman, and united himself heart and soul to the Tory party, to which all his family belonged. There was but one obstacle in his way; he had long been engaged to a young lady of northern parentage, and it had been arranged that his marriage should take place immediately after his return to America. But the young lady and her friends all belonged to the revolutionary party, and the anticipated wedding was, in consequence of the bitter feelings of animosity which then existed between the revolutionists and the adherents of the government, indefinitely postponed.

George Bartlett had but one interview, after his return, with Mary Wilder—his betrothed bride—and then she had told him that though she loved him still she was resolved never to unite her fate with those whom she held to be the enemies of their native land; and so the lovers parted. A feeling of bitter disappointment as to the realization of his most dearly cherished hopes, united with an eager desire to revenge his brother's death, urged George Bartlett to take an active part against his countrymen; and to this end he accepted a commission in the British Army, and became noted in his regiment for his animosity towards those whom he termed the rebel colonists.

Meanwhile poor Mary Wilder suffered terrible in mind. Her only brother had joined the revolutionary army, while her lover was fighting for King George; and she daily expected to hear that the two beings dearest to her upon earth had met each other in battle. Although a native of New York, she had long resided in the South, and had at this period joined a society of ladies in Charleston, South Carolina, who had formed themselves into a club to furnish garments and such other necessities as women were best fitted to supply to the patriot soldiers.

Some months had elapsed since the destruction of the brig-of-war's boat by the gun of the Indian Chief, and Captain Lyman had been frequently heard of as the commander of the Manhattan privateer, which vessel had taken several valuable prizes and proved herself one of the greatest scourges to British commerce in the American seas. Every fresh report of Captain Lyman's success had served to increase the desire of vengeance in the breast of George Bartlett, who was now stationed, with the regiment to which he belonged, in the neighborhood of Charleston, anticipating every day an engagement with the revolutionary forces, which were assembling in great numbers in the vicinity of the camp.

One day a report arrived that a schooner, supposed to be the Manhattan, was at anchor with a prize in one of the numerous inlets on the southern coast of South Carolina, and it was proposed to take her by surprise, and either sink her as she lay or take possession of her. With this object in view a large body of the King's troops marched secretly to the spot, while a gunboat, heavily armed and manned with a full crew of sailors, proceeded with like secrecy to blockade the mouth of the inlet and prevent her escape to sea. George Bartlett, though not detailed to this duty, volunteered to join the party, and the troops commenced their march across the country to seaward at dusk in the evening, expecting to reach the inlet and accomplish their purpose before midnight.

Their intention, however, became known to the patriot troops at Charleston. Warning was sent to Captain Lyman, and a large body of patriots marched at the same time to check the King's troops, and by taking them by surprise, probably to succeed in routing them with great loss. Henry Wilder, the brother of Mary, was to command the band of patriots and Mary knew that the lover, whose image—though she had rejected the offer of his hand—she could not tear from her heart, was amongst the royalist soldiers. Well she knew that he would be foremost in the fray, for she was aware of the cause of his enmity to his patriot countrymen, and she also knew that her own brother—who was strongly opposed to her union into a Tory family—would, if he chanced to meet young Bartlett, take advantage of the fortune of war and put an end to any fears of his sister's future union with one whom he held to be a traitor to the liberties of his country. There is no other such deadly animosity as that which is called into existence by civil warfare. When nation is opposed to nation a spirit of chivalrous generosity often exists between the contending parties.

Devotedly attached to her brother, and at the same time willing to lay down her life for her lover, whom she yet refused to wed, poor Mary Wilder found herself placed in a terrible dilemma. She could not bear to think of their meeting, and of one probably perishing by the hands of the other; yet she dreaded to interfere lest such interference on her part should make matters worse. Could she only have had an interview with each for a moment she would have gone on her knees and begged them for her sake—for the love they each bore to her—to refrain from striking a blow at each other's lives. But to obtain such an interview was out of the question, and she knew that the royalists were ignorant of the anticipated advance of the overwhelming patriot force. Their utter destruction, therefore, seemed almost inevitable.

At length she resolved upon a course of action, fraught with peril to herself and well calculated to alarm the modesty of a delicate young woman; but she set fear aside when she thought that by an act of daring courage she might be enabled to prevent the collision she so much dreaded. She determined to go in disguise to the royalist camp and seek an interview with George Bartlett. She risked insult from the rude soldiery—perhaps worse, but such risks were constantly run at that period—must always be anticipated in time of war; and above all, in civil war, which, from its nature—frequently opposing brother to brother, friend to friend—especially calls forth the interference of woman as an intercessor and peace maker. Besides, she was strong in the consciousness of innocence.

"'Tis said that a lion will turn and flee
From a maiden in the pride of her purity."
The brutal, hireling soldiers of the King might justly taunt, but they would desist if she passed by without noticing them; and, at the worst, George Bartlett would not see her harmed. So she agreed within her own mind and attiring herself in the garb of a menial servant, with a basket on her arm, as if she was carrying some trifling articles for sale to the troops, she set forth alone, having resolved to take no one into her confidence, lest they might attempt to dissuade her, or perhaps take measures to prevent her errand. She had heard that the soldiers were to march at eight o'clock. The patriots had already

marched by another route in order to reach the spot beforehand, where it had been decided that they were to surprise the vanguard of the Tories and then throw the entire party into confusion. I was late in December, and the winter was unusually severe. Snow had fallen abundantly, even in that southern latitude, and lay deep on the rude, ill-constructed roads, filling up ditches, concealing landmarks, and rendering travel perilous even in daylight. But, nothing daunted, or, at least, maintaining an outward aspect of composure, and commending herself to the protection of Heaven, Mary Wilder went forth alone.

The night was pitchy dark, the wind blew keenly from the north, and mingled snow and rain was falling fast, and freezing as it touched the ground. She had not, however, more than two miles to walk to reach the Tory camp; and as she had set out as soon as it grew dark she felt sure of being in season for her purpose.

At length she reached the outer picket of the camp. A sentry challenged her gruffly. She heard the ring of his musket as he brought the butt end to his shoulder, and a sudden thrill of terror darted through her. What if the man should fire and kill her on the spot? It is strange but she frequently said afterwards, when referring to this desperate night journey, that even at that moment she felt more alarm at the thought of what would be said of her; of what construction would be put upon her motives when her corpse came to be recognized than of anything else. Mustering up courage she assumed the tones of a negress and answered the challenge as loud as she was able—

"A friend, I b'long to the camp; let me pass I am half frozen to death."
"What! is that you, Aunt Sally?" said the soldier, fancying that he recognized the voice.
"Yes," she answered, though she dreaded lest the man should approach near enough to discern her features.

"What the d—! are you doing out on such a night, eh?" continued the sentry; "up to some mischief, I warrant. Pray, Aunt Sally, have you got any whiskey in your bottle, eh?"
"No," replied Mary, pressing on as quickly as she could.
"Yes—no," said the soldier, mimicking her voice; "seems your're mighty short in your answers to-night. Has the cold froze up your voice? 'Pn a good mind to give you the taste of a bullet, you old witch, for not bringing any whiskey with ye, only I'd alarm the camp. There, hurry on, old lady, lest the old musket goes off of itself!"

He made a short run towards her as he spoke, and the terrified girl took to her heels, gasping for breath, and almost ready to sink down in the snow and resign herself to her fate. The sentry laughed at her alarm and returned to his post, leaving her to pursue her way.

A few minutes' walk brought her to the camp. The soldiers were already in motion, and for that reason she probably passed amongst them without attracting the notice she might otherwise have done. She was regarded as a camp follower, and hopes began to arise in her bosom that she would be enabled to accomplish her purpose without being questioned or asking questions. For that reason she sought the officers' quarters; but, passing by a tent, the torchlight threw its lurid glare full upon her features, which forthwith attracted the notice of a young sergeant.

"Halloa!" cried the young fellow, "here's a deuced pretty lass. Come here. What have you got in your basket?"
"Nothing, sir," answered Mary, moving from the spot; but the sergeant grasped her arm.
"Come, come," he said, "let me look. You've got something for your sweetest, I warrant. Who is he? What?" he cried, finding that the basket was really empty. "He's got the best of us poor fellows who have no pretty lasses to care for us. However, you must pay toll for the disappointment. Give me a kiss? You won't eh? Well, then, I must take one by force."

He suited the action to the word. In vain the poor girl struggled and sought to disengage herself. Her fears only served to amuse the sergeant's comrades who had begun to gather round him. Perceps Mary might have been still more rudely treated, but, by good fortune, at this moment the drum beat to quarters, and an officer came forward to learn what was the cause of the disturbance.

"Halloa! who have we here?" he said. "Some camp follower? To your duty, sergeant. Is this a time for such idle nonsense? And you, young woman, you had better go to the women's quarters. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wandering about the camp. Ha! what!" he exclaimed, looking the frightened, blushing girl full in the face. "You don't belong here? What do you want? How come you here?"
"I—I wish to see Lieutenant Bartlett," said Mary, in a trembling voice. "I wish to see him but for a moment. I have come here alone, on purpose. Oh, sir, do not send me away till I have seen him!"

The officer was an elderly man, of benignant visage. He looked pityingly upon the blushing girl, and a faint sigh escaped him as he replied—
"I am sorry to see a young lady such as you appear to be in the camp. It is a sad pity. You should be at home with your parents, my poor girl. We are on the eve of marching, but since you have ventured here you shall see the lieutenant. But you must say what you have to say quickly, and then you had better go to the women's quarters till morning."

to the lieutenant, telling him that a young lady desired to see him.

George Bartlett, who was conversing with a group of young officers, gave a start of surprise and immediately left the party, amidst the jests of his comrades.

"A young lady?" he said to the major, catching a glimpse of Mary's course attire.
"Yes, sir—so she appears to be. I hope," added the major, somewhat sternly, "that she has no cause of complaint against you, poor young thing. However, such things will be, I suppose. Be quick, sir. We march in a few minutes."

George Bartlett approached Mary with astonishment depicted upon his countenance, for he could not conceive what had brought a young woman to the camp at that hour to see him; but when he saw her face and recognized her, his astonishment was changed into utter amazement.

"Miss Wilder, you here!" he exclaimed, "and in this guise!"

"George," said Mary, "I have but a few words to say, and but a short time to say them in. You wonder to see me here. You have reason; but we may never meet again, and I have dared what may be considered an unmaidenly action to prevent a deed that, if it should occur, would cause me lifelong misery—"

"Mary—Miss Wilder," interrupted the young man, "you know that you have but to command and I will obey—you know—"

"Listen, George—I may call you George, now, for this will in all probability be our last interview. Do not interrupt me. You are going to march to-night on a secret expedition. It is enough for me to say that I know its object. How I acquired the knowledge is no matter. You think your purpose is unknown to the patriot troops. You are in error. You will be intercepted on the march, and I fear that a terrible scene of bloodshed will be the result. You know that my brother has sworn that if he meets you in fair and open combat, one or the other must fall. He will be with the patriot troops to-night. Yes, say you will do anything I ask of you. George, I beg of you, for the sake of the love you once bore me, for the sake of my brother, for my own peace of mind's sake, do not march with the regiment to-night."

"Mary," replied the young man, "you ask the only thing it is impossible for me to grant."
"Then promise that you will avoid my brother?"
"And affix the stigma of cowardice to my name? Mary, you cannot wish me to do that."
"Oh, my God, what shall I do?" exclaimed the terrified girl, clasping her hands in despair. "Cannot you tell your Colonel, she continued, "that your purpose is known? That your march to-night will prove a failure, and will result in the utter rout of the regiment? Tell him this, and do not rush upon destruction. Oh, tell him, George, for my sake!"

"Nay, Mary," said the young man, "you must do that. If you are acquainted with the intentions of the rebels, it is my duty to lead you to the Colonel. We may disappoint them, frustrate their purpose and turn the tables against them."
"George, can you ask me to do such a thing? Dare you ask me to betray my countrymen and the cause which I deem sacred? I have done wrong. I scarcely knew what I was doing when I came here alone through the storm and darkness, in hopes to save your life or that of my brother. I beg of you not to meet my brother; but nothing on earth—not the love I bear you and him—not the knowledge of the life-long misery that would be mine if either of you should fall by the hand of the other, shall induce me to say more. You refuse my prayer?"

"Mary, I cannot, dare not grant it. I will inform the Colonel that a surprise is meditated. He will ask me why I did not bring the person who gave me the information before him. It is my duty to do so, but I will not, cannot deal thus with you. I shall be blamed, but you must go hence immediately, and this I will promise; I will not avoid your brother, neither will I seek him; and you may rest assured that if we meet no harm shall befall him at my hands for his sister's sake."

The bugle sounded as he spoke, and it was imperative that he should instantly join his company.
"Now, dear Mary," he added, "farewell. You must go; but on such a night!"
"Fear not for me, George," said the young girl. "I can return as I came hither. I go, and we must not meet again. I will trust you, George. You will not harm my brother. Oh, do not meet him if you can avoid it."

She held out her hand. The young man pressed it tenderly and reluctantly turned away to join his comrades, leaving Mary alone in the tent.

The young lieutenant sought his Colonel and related the particulars of the interview with Mary, in so far as she had spoken of the purpose of the patriots to frustrate the object of the night march. He anticipated a reprimand, but to his relief the Colonel treated the intelligence lightly.

"It is but the whim of a love sick girl," he said, smiling at the young officer. "Scouts have been sent out and have just returned. I do not believe there is any fear of a surprise. The young lady you speak of has perhaps heard some thing which has led her to fear for your safety. I should like to have seen her, though. She must be a brave girl. How will she reach home on such a night? Still, my plans are so well laid that I have no fears of the result. Let them come. They will be caught in their own traps."

[To be continued.]
The miser lives poor to die rich, and is the jailer of his house and the turnkey of his wealth.

REPORT IN GEN. FREMONT'S CASE.

The Adjutant-General's Observations in Missouri.

Secretary Cameron's Visit to Missouri and Indiana.

HARRISBURG, Pa. Oct. 19.

General:—When I did myself the honor to ask you to accompany me on my Western tour, it was with a view of availing myself of your experience as Adjutant-General of the Army. Finding that the result of my investigations might (as I at first apprehended) have an important effect, not only upon the army of the West, but upon the interests of the whole country, I requested you to take full notice upon all points connected with the objects of my visit. As you inform me you have carefully complied with my wish, I now respectfully request you to submit your report as early as practicable, in order that the President may be correctly advised as to the administration of affairs connected with the Army of the West.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Brig. Gen. I. Thomas, Adjutant General,
U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21, 1861.

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the report requested by your letter of the 19th inst. We arrived at St. Louis as you are aware, at 2 1/2 o'clock A. M. Oct. 11th. After breakfast, rode to Benton Barracks, above the city. On the street leading to the camp passed a small work in course of construction. Found the camp of great extent, with extensive quarters, constructed of rough boards. Much has been said of the large sums expended in their erection; but some one mentioned that Gen. M. Kinistry, principal Quartermaster, who made the disbursements, gave the cost at \$15,000. If so, it was judicious. The total cost should be ascertained. Gen. Curtis was in command. Force present, 140 officers, 3,338 men, principally detachments, except the First Iowa Cavalry—34 officers, 904 men—having horses, but without equipments.

Gen. Curtis said of Gen. Fremont, that he found no difficulty in getting access to him, and when he presented business connected with his command, it was attended to. Gen. Fremont, however, never consulted him on military affairs, nor informed him of his plans. Gen. Curtis remarked that while he would go with freedom to Gen. Scott and express his opinions, he would not dare to do so to Gen. Fremont. He deemed Gen. Fremont unequal to the command of an army, and said that he was no more bound by law than by the winds. He considered him unequal to the command of the army in Missouri.

After dinner, rode to the Arsenal below the city; Capt. Callender in charge. Garrison, for its protection, under Major Graner, third cavalry. But very few arms on hand, a number of heavy guns designed for gunboats and mortar boats. The Captain is engaged in making ammunition. He said that he had heard that some persons had a contract for making the cartridges for these guns; that if so, that he knew nothing of it, and that it was entirely irregular, he being the proper officer to attend to such work. This, in my opinion requires investigation. He expected soon to receive funds, and desired them for current expenses; was fearful, however that they might be diverted to other payments.

Visited a large hospital not far distant from the Arsenal, in charge of assistant Surgeon Bailey, U. S. A. It was filled with patients, mostly doing well. Hospital in fine order and a credit to the service. The Doctor had an efficient corps of assistants from the volunteer service, and in addition a number of Sisters of Charity as nurses. God bless these pure and disinterested women.

Colonel Andrews, chief Paymaster, called on me and represented irregularities in the pay Department, and desired instructions from the Secretary for this Government, stating that he was required to make payment and transfers of money contrary to law and regulations. Once, objecting to what he considered an improper payment, he was threatened with confinement by a file of soldiers.—He exhibited an order for the transfer of \$100,000 to the Quartermaster's Department which was irregular. Exhibited abstract of payments by one Paymaster (Major Feltner) to 42 persons appointed by Gen. Fremont viz 1 Colonel, three Majors, 9 captains, 15 1st lieutenants, 11 2d lieutenants, 1 surgeon, 3 assistant surgeons; total 43. Nineteen of these have appointments of Engineers, and are entitled to cavalry pay. (See exhibit annexed, No 1.) A second abstract of payments was furnished, but not vouched for as reliable, as the paymaster was sick. It is only given to show the excess of officers of rank appointed to the Major-General's Body Guard of only 300 men, the commander being a Colonel, &c. (See exhibit No 2.) The whole number of irregular appointments made by Gen. Fremont, was said by Colonel Andrews to be nearly 200. The following is a copy of one of these appointments.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
St. Louis, Aug. 28, 1861.

"Sir:—You are hereby appointed Captain of cavalry, to be employed in the land Transportation Department, and will report for duty at these headquarters."
J. C. FREMONT, Major-General Commanding.

To Captain Felix Vogel, present.
(See exhibit No 3.)

I also saw a similar appointment given to an individual on Gen. Fremont's staff as director of music with the rank and commission of Captain of Engineers. This person was a musician in a theatre in St. Louis. Paymaster Andrews was verbally instructed by me not to pay him—the person having presented his two papers and demanded his pay. Col. Andrews stated that these appointments bore one date, but directed payments, in some cases a month or two anterior thereto. He was then without funds, excepting a very small amount. The principal Commissary, Capt. Haines, had no out standing debts. He expected funds soon. Major Allen, Principle Quartermaster, had recently taken charge at St. Louis, but reported great irregularities in his Department, and requested special instructions. This he deemed important, as orders were communicated by a variety of persons, in an irregular manner, all requiring disbursements of money. The orders were frequently given verbally. (See exhibit No 4.) He was sending under Gen. Fremont's orders, large amounts of forage from St. Louis, to the army at Tipton, where corn was abundant and cheap. The distance was 100 miles. He stated the indebtedness of the Quartermaster's Department at St. Louis to be \$4,500,000—\$3,310.

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In regard to the contracts Without an examination of the accounts it will be difficult to arrive at the facts. It is the expressed belief of many intelligent gentlemen in St. Louis that Gen. Fremont has around him, and in his staff, persons directly and indirectly concerned in furnishing supplies. The following is a copy of a letter signed by Leonard Haskell, Captain and A. D. C. He thought on Gen. Fremont's staff, is said to be a contract for hay, forage and mules. The person named in his note, C. J. Degraf, is his partner.

Headquarters Western Department,
Camp Lillis, Oct. 2, 1861.
"Sir:—I am requested by the Commanding General to authorize C. J. Degraf to take any hay that has been contracted for by the Government, his receipt for the same being all the voucher you require. Respectfully yours,
LEONARD HASKELL, Captain and A. D. C.

(See exhibit No 6.)
What does this mean? Contractors deliver forage direct to Quartermasters, who issue the same. But here another party steps in, and for the same purpose, if the contractor or the co-partner of one, of filling his own contract. It is difficult to suppose that this double transaction is done without a consideration. The account in this case should be examined, and the price paid to Degraf compared with that paid to the contractors, whose forage was seized. This same Captain Haskell, A. D. C., was a contractor for mules. He decided Captain Turnley to receive the mules, good, bad and indifferent. Captain Turnley said: This he would not do, but stated his prices for the different classes of mules, "wheel, lead," &c. Besides, he had more mules than he could possibly send to the army. Notwithstanding all this he received an order to inspect and receive Mr. Haskell's mules as rapidly as possible. Captain Turnley very soon after received an order from Gen. Fremont to leave St. Louis and go into the interior of Missouri. (See exhibit No 7, showing his great labor and responsibility.)

By directions of Gen. Neigs, advertisements were published for proposals to furnish grain and hay, and contracts were subsequently made for specific sums—28 cents a bushel for corn, 30 cents for oats, and \$17.95 cents per ton for hay. In fact of this another party in St. Louis, Baird, or Bird, and Palmer, (Palmer being of the old firm in California, Palmer Cook & Co., Gen. Fremont's agents in that State,) were directed to send to Jefferson City, where hay and corn abound, as fast as possible, 100,000 bushels of oats, with a corresponding amount of hay, at 35 cents per bushel for the grain, and \$10 per ton for hay. (See voucher No 7.)

Captain Edward M. Davis, a member of his staff, received a contract by the direct order of Gen. Fremont for blankets. They were examined by a board of army officers, consisting of Capt. Henderson, Fourth Artillery, Capt. Harris, Commissary of Subsistence, and Captain Turnley, Assistant Quartermaster. The blankets were found to be rotten and worthless. Notwithstanding this they were purchased and given to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital.

Among the supplies sent Gen. Fremont to the army now in the field may be enumerated 500 half barrels, to carry water in a country where water is plenty, and 500 tons of ice. We examined the barracks in course of construction at St. Louis, near and around the private houses occupied by him and his quarters—the Barracks house, which, by the way, is rented for \$8,000 per annum. These barracks have brick foundations and brick outer walls, weather-boarded, and are sufficient as quarters for 1,000 men. Like those of Camp Benton, these barracks were built by contract on published proposals. They are certainly more expensive and more permanent than the quarters a temporary army would require, and the precise cost of them, though difficult to get at, should be ascertained.

A pontoon bridge has been erected across the Ohio river by Gen. Fremont, at Paducah. A ferry boat, in a region where such boats are readily procured, would be as efficient and less expensive.

Contracts, it will be seen, were given to individuals without resorting to advertisements or bids, as is required by the law and army regulations.

Having received an intimation from another quarter of an irregularity, I called on Chief McKee, A. A. G., for the facts, which he gave me as follows: One week after the receipt of the President's order modifying Gen. Fremont's proclamation relative to the emancipation of slaves, Gen. Fremont, by using 200 Capt. McKee, required him to have 200 copies of the original Proclamation and add copies to the Army of the same date, printed and sent immediately in front of the men of Major Garrett, of the Indiana Cavalry, for