[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

SONNETS OF SEASONS.

I am weary of everything, listless,
Almost grieving my faith away,
When, suddenly, something restless
Around me flutted and fluttered by:
Around me to listen, and listen
Intently, the sounds in the air:
From the trees, through which sky-patches glisten,
From the meadows, from everywhere,
Came sounds, all declaring the wonder
And infinite goodness of God.
From the hills in the rolling of thunder,
From the whispering grass of the sod,
Oh! better than title or station,
Far better than one million word,
In that time of untold desolation,
Were the joyful sounds that I heard.

Some may first have been uttered in Eden,
And, unbroken by sin, are still clear;
Seven dissonances sketch the lead in
The chorus that's sung over here:
The chirp of the little field-cricket
That struggles and jumps in the grass,
The hedge-sparrow's song in the thicket,
Ringing clear as a mountain glass;
The locust's untiring chirrup,
Buzzing flies in the sunshine, like motes;
The grasshopper, needing no stirrup,
As he leaps to catch a fly on the throat;
The whirr of the clumsy brown beetles,
The tick of the horny black clocks,
And the honey-bee's hum in the petals
Of dahlia, and salvia, and phlox;

The monotonous call of the "phebe,"
The wearisome coo of the dove,
And the laughter of some rural Hebe
Thinking more of flirtation than love;
The murmuring, summer-shrunk river,
The lowing of cows in the brook,
And the fishing-crane's wings gentle quiver
As it angles without bait or hook;

The cackle and chuck of the chickens,
The garden-gate creaking with rust,
And the sound of wheat-threshing, that thick,
Like

The air of the barn with its dust.
The robins, all merry together,
Over the pumpkin-vine's yellow low sigh,
And the guinea-hen boding bad weather,
The crows, on the newly-stacked rye;

The little green tree-frog's shrill pinging,
The red-throated half-frog's harsh croak,
And the hawk's hissing screech as its gripping
The bird from its nest in the oak
The proud, strutting turkey-cock's gobble,
The rustle of corn in the field,
And the turkey-pout's "peep" in the stubble,
The scythe that the harvesters wield;

The twitter of swallows, that dapple
The air, as they dart o'er the trees,
The "think" of the early-ripe apple,
Shaken off by a sudden gust breeze;
The neigh of the horse in the stable,
The crow of the arrogant cock,
And the chattering wren in the gable,
The bleat of the panting sheep-flock;

Oh! thousands of literant voices
Seemed to speak to me here to-day,
Thou art sad, when all nature rejoices,
Depressed, when thy nature can pray!
Be patient, not listless and lonely!
They save not, who, idle and dull,
Are busy with vain regrets only,
And of self-contented thought ever full.

Thus, everything truthfully telling
Of the duties man has to do,
And the cadences rising and swelling
In the music of Nature's bass flute,
Just lifted me out of my sadness,
And my heart has been soothed since that
above Flitwater,
And I hear even with something like gladness
The voices of children at play.

LIZZIE STEWART.

Brandt-lee, August 1st, 1870.

An insect so called in this district from the regular twing sound it makes in flying again a ceiling or the tree.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM POTTSVILLE.

[Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]

Explosion of Powder Mills.

POTTSVILLE, Oct. 3, 1870.—M half-past twelve, noon, on Saturday last, there came a sudden double explosion, with a roar which swelled to a rapid thud, which boxes and rattled windows almost to bursting them from their frames. Not until an hour later was the cause known; and then numbers of people, on foot and in buggies, hurried to a little hamlet known as Smithville, on the Mineral Railroad, about a mile from Cressona and three miles from this place, where the powder works of Laflin & Rand had exploded.

There were no people in these buildings, situated in a line parallel with the railroad, and about fifty yards apart. At the time of the explosion Robert Neff-adin, the foreman, and a man named Jacob Lehr, were engaged in packing powder in the drying-house and magazine, which were under one roof. Neff-ader, who was assisting them, had just left the building and alone, was passing about a hundred yards distant, for a fresh supply of kegs, when, to some inquiry of organizing a meeting, the powder in the drying-house became ignited and set the building into the air, as only powder can, so quickly as a flash of powder can travel fifty yards. The corning and glazing mills, which stood next, followed the magazine. Then all was over, and the frightened neighbors who came running to the scene found nothing but a dark stream with blackened splinters, and the ruins of the corning mill. Of the dry-house and magazine not even the ruins were left. Fifteen thousand pounds of powder had simply blown it away. The fragments scattered over the field were those of the corning mill, in which was a comparatively small amount of powder, five hundred pounds, or thereabouts, which merely blew the building into fragments, leaving the foundation intact, and most of the machinery in place; though a ledge of rocks, across the middle of the hundred feet away, bears testimony on its battered face that the stones were thrown thus distance with force sufficient to pulverize them when they struck.

Blown to Atoms.

The first inquiry was for the two men who were known to have been in the magazine, and who had disappeared as completely as had the building. After patient search their mutilated remains began to be picked up—a few in the field, a few on the banks of the stream which skirted it, a few more in the bed of the stream—the largest fragment, a naked foot, torn off above the ankle, was picked up two hundred yards away. A very small foot and all that could be found of the blackened, bits of flesh which, a few minutes before, were parts of living men, but which must be interred in a common grave, so utterly unrecognizable were they.

The company's loss is said to be about $6,000. The works are to be rebuilt at once, and will be running again in a few weeks.

This is the second explosion of the kind which has happened recently, the last of which been the Indian Mills of Wren & Co., which exploded at night, and, it is supposed, by the act of an incendiary, fortunately without injuring any one, as the mill was already at work again.

Military Matters.

Pottsville made an addition to the militia of the Commonwealth on Saturday evening, when sixty-five men were mustered in as the Pottsville Light Infantry Company. Other companies are formed or being formed in different parts of the county, and there will soon be a fair representation from Schuylkill in the ranks of the nation's—no, the Commonwealth's defenders.

Criminal Affairs.

The present week is to be signalized by the opening of the Criminal Court, if a place can be found for it to sit in—currently with the Court of Common Pleas, which sat all last week on an ejectment suit, and is likely to continue through the greater part of this before the case is given to a jury, who will be so undecided by that time that their verdict will not worth much, one way or the other.

The week will be further signalized by the displays of two rival circuses, concerning which the juvenile mind has been greatly excited for for the last three weeks. I am afraid the schools will suffer during their stay.

WICO.

CITY BULLETIN.

—Joseph A. Hyatt, charged with being concerned in the attempt to swindle the banking-house of Glendinning, Davis & Co., on Third street, near Chestnut, during last week, was called up for a further hearing, at the Central Station, yesterday afternoon. The senior member of the firm of Glendinning, Davis & Co., recognized the prisoner as the person who called at their banking-house on Wednesday of last week and represented himself as James Field, of the firm of Young, Field, Smythe & Co., doing business on Market street, saying that he wished to transfer a heavy deposit from New York to his credit in this city. John M. Amyon, one of the partners of the branch house on Wall street, New York, identified the defendant as the person who deposited a check for $20,016 60 at their office on Friday last, purporting to be drawn by Wilmerding, Hoguet & Co., payable at the Tenth National Bank, of New York. He said it had since been ascertained that the signature was genuine, but the amount had been altered. He gave the defendant a receipt for the check. Robert J. Hoguet, of the firm of Wilmerding, Hoguet & Co., on Duane street, New York, testified the defendant had a box of linen handkerchiefs sold through their institution house, for which he filled out a check for $24 (0 and signed it. (The check exhibited.) "I never signed that check." It has