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The Parting.

Not "farewell!" Oh, speak it never!
Time and distance in its flight
Limit never—flying ever—
Leaving darkened hope behind,
Soon you quiet vessel's motion,
Soon shall youer rolling ocean,
Throw my spirit o'er the past
Closing now between us fast.

Bid me, then, if it might be spoken,
Bid me cheerily, "Good-night!"
So that, waking, eye unbroken
Memory link it with the light.
Thus shall every morning cheer me,
Bring this image ever near me,
With that word that seems to say,
"Part we only for a day."

Yet I know not why I ask thee
Now to play a waltz part
No, I will not, not I ask thee
Thus to veil an aching heart
Truth and thou were never parted;
Part not now, though broken-hearted,
Truth thy faltering tongue compel
Bitterly to say, "Farewell!"

Speak it, then, nor stay the sadness
Brimming now within thine eyes
Weep, oh weep—nor think it madness
Thus thy burning tear to prize.
Man to we was ever plighted;
Then be mine with thine united,
Oh, 'twere bliss, to him unknown,
Mourning for himself alone.

—Washington Allston.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

After threescore years and ten spent in accumulating fame and fortune Colonel Vining had lived ten more years his fame a thing of the past and his fortune take to itself wings and fly away. Ten years too long, said the worldly-wise; but not so thought the great reaper, for he often leaped his fruit to be mellowed by the early frosts, and in those ten years the ambitious man became even as a little child. Of the vast landed estates once his, only enough was left to defray the expenses of his burial. The friends who had gathered around him in his day of power had all gone before him to the spirit land. The grass grew green over the graves of two noble sons and three lovely daughters, and the sole scion of his race was Edward Vining Coulae, the son of his best beloved daughter Margaret. With her wit and beauty she had been the pride of his heart; but in an evil hour she had met Henri Coulae, an unprincipled adventurer, and in spite of the warning of his friends and the prayers of her father she trusted her fate to his keeping. Ere the honeymoon had waned the man she had sworn to honor had earned her bitter contempt; and after squandering her property and humbling her pride, he deserted her when her situation would have excited the sympathy even of a stranger. A few months after her return to her old home a walling infant was placed in her arms; she scanned his features eagerly, then with a murmured "Thank God, he is all mine," placed him in her father's arms and found for herself the rest of the broken-hearted.

Deprived of father's and mother's love, in the midst of poverty and sorrow, the boy yet thrived like the magnolia of his own southern swamps, which hides with beauty and fragrance the deadly miasmas of its birthplace. His ambitious spirit and buoyant temper cheered the last days of his grandfather; when the trembling hand was laid upon his head in dying benediction he felt that he was indeed blessed, though he turned from the grave a wanderer; for the ancestral home was sold by eager creditors ere the days of mourning were at an end. Kith or kin there was none in the world to whom he could turn, and as he sat in the office brooding over his lonely condition, his soul face touched the heart of Major Legere.

"Vining," said he, "life in this sleepy town of ours is rather a dull thing for a young fellow like you. How would you like to get away and see something of the world?"
"Like it," said Vining, in a tone meant to be cheerful, "why don't you ask me how I would like to go to heaven?"
"I don't wish you so well away as that, but if you can content yourself with a shorter journey I will help you on the way. I have business in New York which requires personal attention for the coming year, and there is no one to whom I can so confidently intrust it as you. Will you go?"
"I should like to go—if"—and Vining's glance rested sadly upon his rusty clothes.
"Then the matter is settled, and I expect you to leave here the first of next week. Here is money to defray your present expenses, and I will give you a letter of credit to my banker. Take it," he continued, noticing the doubting curve of the sensitive lips, "it's a small part of what I shall owe you for transacting this business. Had your grandfather been a man to boast of his good deeds you would feel it was your due, for he made a man of me. So count on one friend as long as Bob Legere lives." The lawyer's rugged face softened at the recollection of the old days when he had cherished a hopeless passion for the beautiful Margaret Vining.

At the appointed time the young man, with a hearty "God bless you" from Bob Legere, was speeding northward. New York, with its babel of tongues, its rush and roar of human life, its squalid poverty and glittering splendor was a revelation to Vining, accustomed as he had been to the decaying gentility of a southern town, with its horror of modern ideas and its devotion to the traditions of a dead past.

webbed windows, the dying coals in the grate emitting a feeble glare, and the opened letters scattered around on dusty desks, formed a fitting frame for the central figure, a small, spare man with iron gray hair, erect as porcupine quills, a face like a withered crab apple, and keen blue eyes, in which twinkled a gleam of humor, as he caught the critical glance taking in the appointments of the room. A puzzled expression deepened the wrinkles in his forehead, as he looked from the card in his hand to the face of his visitor.

"Excuse my curiosity, sir, but your face is strangely familiar, though I am sure I have never heard your name before. What is it in full?"
"Edward Vining Coulae."
"Any relation to Colonel Vining of Bel Air?"
"He was my grandfather, sir," said the young man, drawing himself up proudly.

The banker grasped his hand eagerly, exclaiming, with a tremor in his voice: "Mr. Coulae, for his sake you are welcome. There is no human being that was near to him but what has a claim on John McEachin."
"Then in a brisker tone than usual, as if ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed, he resumed the conversation on business topics; yet his gaze lingered almost fondly upon the bright face turned to him, and as Vining rose to go he said: "Mr. Coulae, to-morrow is an anniversary with me, and if you will dine with my family and a few guests I will explain to you why the sound of your grandfather's name after a lapse of forty years sets my heart beating like a schoolboy's at the mention of his first sweetheart."

The invitation was courteously accepted, and the morrow saw Vining in the banker's parlors. Mr. McEachin received him cordially, and presenting him to his daughter Flora, said: "Mr. Coulae has special claims on our hospitality which you will gladly acknowledge after the story I tell you to-day." A soft hand was extended in friendly greeting, and a pair of merry blue eyes cast quizzical glances of welcome from under brown fringed lids. He was beguiled into such forgetfulness of time and place that when, at the close of dinner he was roused by Mr. McEachin's voice, he felt like one waked from a dream.

"Mr. Coulae, I have long promised my family a story of your land forty years ago, and to you will not think me rude if I will tell it in your presence."
"You can say nothing, sir, to make me love my country less, as I believe you would say nothing to wound the feelings of your guest."

The banker nodded with an amused smile as if to say, "We'll see about that," and proceeded:
"It is now some forty odd years since a peddler could be seen plodding his way through one of those prairies which the back belt has given the name of the 'back belt' to many counties in the southern part of Alabama. Not that the appearance of these travelers was an unusual occurrence, for it was in the good old days when the planter ruled his domains like a feudal lord, and extended the hospitality of his home to the passing stranger, and the peddler with his pack served to while away the leisure hours of the ladies of the mansion, and to vary the monotony of the plantation life for the dusky Dinahs of the quarters. This particular tourist carried all his worldly gear in his pack, but he was rich in youth, in health and in Yankee pluck. As he trudged along under the October sun he whistled as joyously as the mocking birds in the magnolia groves near the great house he was approaching. It was near the hour of noon, and as he was near the quarter he thought he would rest there, and perhaps secure some savory additions to his scanty lunch. As he opened the gate a tow-headed urchin called out: 'If you mas comes in hyar I'll sic yaller turp on you.' Just then a woman, whose shining black face and portly figure could belong to no other than the cook, sallied round the house carrying a roach, unpollished horn. Upon this she blew a blast so loud and long that the traveler fancied the walls of another Jericho were to tumble at its hoarse summons. Seeing the stranger at the gate, her native hospitality prompted her to accost him, whereupon the boy again called out: 'You ole Chloee, if you don't make that 'ar beggar go away from thar I'll tell my par'gar. Now the recollection of sundry diners, tied up in an old stocking leg in her 'chist,' made her very sensible of the duties the community owed to this class of pilgrims, so setting her arms akimbo and muttering, 'You shut up your gab, you poor sand-digger,' she proceeded to arrange with the peddler for his noonday repast. The overseer rode by and regarded them with a scowl, which in no wise interfered with Chloee's good humor, for she repaid him with supreme contempt. With a keen eye to her own interest she had not failed to consider the good of her fellows, and had arranged for an exhibition of the peddler's wares while the overseer enjoyed his evening siesta. So a merry group gathered in front of Aunt Chloee's cabin at the appointed hour, and a brisk barker was being carried on with much lively chatter when they were interrupted by the gruff voice of the overseer: 'Git out of here, you rascally peddler, with your worthless traps. These chaps heads are so full of your nonsense that they are no manner of account.' Then turning to Chloee: 'You black wench, you, when my family orders you to do anything you'd better do it.'

"She bounced into her cabin, her frame quivering with indignation as she replied: 'Mas' didn't send me here to be ordered round by the likes of that tow-headed Billy.' Meanwhile, the peddler was leisurely packing his wares, when the overseer, his wrath increased by Chloee's impudence, ordered him to 'trot up.'
"I walked on to your land and I'll walk off, and nothing you can say or do will make me trot," was the cool reply.
"I'll make two of these chaps take you down and beat the life out of you, you impudent rascal," said the overseer, in a voice choked with passion.
"You'll have one negro the less, then, for while they are doing it I shall certainly kill one of them," replied the peddler, straightening up and taking a calm survey of the brawny Samsons around him.
"Cyrus! Major! tis that Yankee sneak 'down and give him fifty,' came the order.
"The negroes slunk back, affecting more fear than they really felt, for they rejoiced in the opportunity of paying off old scores against their brutal tyrant. 'I das'ent to touch that white man,' said Cyrus, trembling, 'for he'll kill me shore.'
"I'll show you how to come here teaching these black apes sass," said the overseer, almost beside himself with rage and seizing the peddler; whereupon ensued a scuffle in which his brute strength was no match for the youthful agility of his rival, and he soon cried lustily for quarter. The peddler, seemingly well satisfied, released his hold, and with a friendly nod to the negroes went on his way. He had reached town in the afternoon and was exhibiting his wares when he was roughly seized and a sheriff's warrant thrust into his hands. He was arrested upon the grave charges of ill-treating the slaves to resist lawful authority, and a murderous assault upon the person of their overseer. In the midst of strangers, and almost penniless, he was thrust into jail to await his trial before the ensuing court. Rumors of his dangerous character and incendiary mission floated like thistle-down upon the wings of every wind; for it was at an era when the seeds of sectional distrust, destined like the teeth of the fabled dragon to spring up armed warriors, were being sown broadcast.
"A few days before the trial he sat in his cell thinking sadly of his far-off home and his widowed mother, when he was roused from his reverie by the grating of the rusty bolt of his door, which swung open and admitted the jailer. He was followed by a man in the prime of intellectual and physical vigor. Aristocrat was stamped upon every line of his finely chiseled face, and he carried himself proudly as one born to rule.
"Colonel Vining," said the jailer, "has come to see what he can do for you. A sudden hope sprang up in the heart of the prisoner as he looked into the calm dark eyes and noted the confident bearing of his visitor. They were left alone, and after a conference that lasted far into the night they parted with a fervent, 'God bless you, sir,' from the peddler. 'If my life is spared,' said he, 'I will repay your kindness.'
"Understand, young man, I don't espouse your cause for the sake of a fee. I have just heard that none of these pettyfoggers would defend you, and it shall never be said while Edward Vining lives that a helpless stranger could find no advocate in the courts of Alabama. It's not the first time by many that I have done what they don't dare to do."
"The day for the trial rolled round and public excitement was at fever heat. I reckon Vining would get a jury to his liking from this crowd," said a lawyer, looking over the sea of surging angry faces. "I don't know; I've never seen him fail to bend them yet," was the reply; "but if he succeeds here, I think there'll be an appeal to Judge Lynch before yonder sun goes down." The jury was impeached, and the witnesses examined. The whole weight of evidence bore heavily against the prisoner, for the overseer and his family were the only witnesses whose testimony could be received. The prosecuting attorney summed up the evidence, then pointed him as a midnight assassin sharing the hospitality of the simple planter and stealing from his fireside under cover of darkness to array his slaves against him. A hush like that of the grave, broken only by the labored breathing of angry men, fell upon the room as he took his seat. This ominous silence was broken by a low murmur like the sweep of the distant tornado as Colonel Vining rose and began to speak. Soon the low, flute-like voice died the rising tempest, and the audience with impassive faces settled themselves to listen.
"He's got 'em dead now," whispered the lawyer. "Nobody ever listens to him without going his way." He too summed up the evidence, and with such clearness did he present it as a tissue of falsehood that men hung their heads for having accepted it. With withering sarcasm he tore into shreds the character of the plaintiff, his petty dishonesties, his known intemperance and his unvarying cruelty. Then the silence became more intense, and sympathy leaned eagerly forward, as with a touch of pathos in the silvery voice he recounted the leading facts in the prisoner's life. How a mere boy, he had left his New England hills to earn a living for a widowed mother, who even then was watching for his return, little thinking that her boy was in jeopardy; attracted to Alabama by reports of her warm-hearted, open-handed children he had learned to love them for their kindness in glowing words, each one's a nail driven into a sure place, he appealed to them by the memory of their own struggling youth to show mercy to the boy. One face softened, then another, and another, till under the spell of his matchless eloquence many a heart-featured, grizzled man saw himself once more in the young prisoner. Then a hand would steal quietly up to brush

away a tear from a furrowed cheek, and even the keen gray eyes of the judge were dimmed by a suspicious moisture.
"When Colonel Vining sat down such a storm of applause shook the house as had rarely waked the echoes of that sleepy burgh. When the jury brought in the verdict, 'Not guilty,' he led his client through the crowded room, entered his carriage and drove home. There they sat down to a bountiful repast, after which Colonel Vining ordered his buggy, and pointing to it said: "There, my young friend, your chance for safety. Jerry will drive you to the next town and here is \$20 to help you out of the State. Your baggage is all in there. These people are brave and generous, but like a lot of dry wood, only needing a spark to set them in a blaze, and your enemy is an unscrupulous rascal ready to furnish all the tinder they may need. Let me hear from you as soon as you reach a place of safety, for I had a hand pull for your life to-day."
"God bless you, sir; if He spares me I shall surely repay you for this day's work," said the peddler.
"Ten thousand dollars wouldn't have tempted me to do what I have done for you to-day, so don't worry about the debt; but when Edward Vining lives it shall never be said that a stranger was wounded to death in Alabama and no voice raised in his defense. But go now, for time hastens and my work must not be done."
"May John McEachin's right hand forget its cunning, if he ever fails to remember this day," said the peddler, as looking his last upon the face of his preserver he rode away.

"You see, Mr. Coulae, you needed no letter of credit to my house; your name is a passport to my home and heart. Let us rise now and drink to the memory of Colonel Edward Vining, the bravest man I have ever known."
Reverently the guests rose and responded to the toast. This tribute to the nobility of his grandfather gave an added luster to Vining's dark eyes and a prouder grace to his little figure. Little wonder that Flora McEachin saw in him the hero of her girlish fancy; and as the days lapsed into years and the weeks into months, together they commingled the old story. With Mr. McEachin's assistance Vining established himself in his profession and rapidly won friends and position. When another Christmas tide rolled round the marriage bells of Vining Coulae and Flora McEachin bore their part of the burden of peace on earth and good will to men.—Springfield Republican.

A Sea Captain's Revenge.

It has often been said that there is no despotism in the world equal to that exercised by the captain of a vessel when at sea. This, of course, does not apply to yachts, for those are not registered vessels, but sail under a license, and the captain of such a craft could be discharged by the owner when in mid-ocean if for any reason the owner found fault with his management. But with merchant vessels when once out of the protection of these different interests, and this authority could be lodged nowhere but with the captain. His judgment may be at fault, but if at the end of a voyage he can make oath that he considered what he did to be necessary for the protection of the interests intrusted to his keeping, it is almost impossible to punish him for his mistakes. An example of this arbitrary power was given some years ago by the captain of a merchant vessel sailing from one of our European ports. The ship was bound on a voyage to the west coast of South America, and her owner invited one or two of his friends to go down the bay in her and return on the pilot boat. When outside the weather became somewhat threatening, and the pilot boat was not immediately on hand. The captain had long cherished a grudge against the owner and saw in the situation an opportunity of revenging himself. In spite of complaints and then appeals made for the owner his friends and the pilot, he put his vessel upon her course and sailed out to sea. His involuntary passengers were, of course, in a wretched state of mind, coming, as they did, wholly unprepared for a voyage around Cape Horn, and well aware that their relatives and friends would have doubts as to their existence. This led the owner to resort to methods which led the captain to construe to be malicious, and hence he had the former placed in confinement, while the entire party, with the exception of the pilot, were treated very much as if they had been common sailors, so far as their food supply was concerned. When the ship arrived at her port of destination the captain was instantly dismissed; but that was all the punishment that could be visited upon him.

When an orchard requires fertilizing it is best to do this all over the ground and not to apply manure only near the trees. This produces a large growth of roots close to the trees, for roots grow where soil is richest. Orchards need lime and ashes more than manure, and these soon produce healthy, smooth bark.

Penn Yan, N. Y., is said to have got its name in this way: Two colonies settled there, one of Pennsylvanians and one of Yankees. Each wanted to name the new settlement after their old homes. They finally compromised on

BULL RUN.

How Henry J. Raymond and Dr. Russell of the London "Times" rode like Mad for Washington—rumors of the Occasion.

Probably the best description of the wild stampede which followed the battle of Bull Run ever printed appeared in the *Pittsburg Dispatch* recently. The historian is Kennedy Marshall, of Butler, Pa., a prominent lawyer. Mr. Marshall at the date of the battle was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, and with hundreds of persons followed the army to see the rebels crushed by McDowell. Mr. Marshall was accompanied by Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, and Dr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the *London Times*.

"Raymond, Russell and I," began Mr. Marshall, "were seated on the roadside, taking lunch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. While we were talking together we heard locomotives whistling over the Manassas railroad. The trains stopped in a cut, out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at a double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last installment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had chased Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino, put the whole French army to rout for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning met at the sight of the gray charging columns. There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men did not wait to see. They took the road to Centerville pell-mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, the horses loose, jumped on their backs and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I did not let many paces me in the race myself. It was the further the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles, I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest.

"By-and-by Raymond came along. He had found his barouche and he took me in. We whirled along in the crush of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers and camp-followers in foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and 200 or 300 steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest and added to the confusion. There were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I had noticed L. L. McGuffin, of New Castle, since judge in this judicial district, now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

"He was a large man, and wore a long linen duster. When the rush in the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tail. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around that he might see his foe's face, he exclaimed: 'Great heaven, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'
"Before Raymond and I had driven far an orderly wagon crushed into our barouche and demolished it. Raymond was in despair.
"Get on the other horse," I cried.
"But I can't stick on."
"Then good-evening; I'm going to Washington."
"Hold on; I can ride behind the nigger," exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to climb up behind the colored driver when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom he knew and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement and got past with a few others. When I came to the little field telephone office, near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far and dispatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last messages sent had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"What news from the field?" cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.
"Our men are routed. They are running this way," I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a dispatch he found the battery dismounted, and that was how I came to be the first to carry the news to Washington.
"I overtook Bull Run Russell, and we rode together for a while; but his horse was legged and mine was fresh, so I soon left him. After that I rode foremost and alone. At Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an annual over the Pennsylvania railroad, signed

by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, told him it was General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, and he passed me through. I got over the Long bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for the night. I rode up to Willard's hotel through streets thronged with people, wild with excitement over the favorable dispatches that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in force, and somebody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon those cheers would be hushed to whispers of affright. Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, bareheaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been and what was the matter.

"I came from the front, McDowell is all backed out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me."
"Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scrawled face, and in a few moments came back and took me in with him.
"There sat General Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.
"Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?"
"No, sir."
"Then, how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military maneuver, sir?"
"Well, general, I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, 'I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillerymen cut their horses from the guns and caissons and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—'

"I don't believe a single word of it," broke in the general, who had listened to me with evident impatience.
"Good-evening," I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time from Chadwick, and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted: 'He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for trying to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. General Mansfield hurried off to the war department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the department. President Lincoln and his entire cabinet were there, with old General Scott, anxious waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then secretary of war, was the coolest head in the cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to the coolest heads in the cabinet were there, with old General Scott, anxious waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

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Harvest Homes.

Says the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch*: The old-time harvest home picnic which, like so many other excellent old customs, has dropped out of general observance, is just now receiving a great revival. A couple of years ago it suddenly sprang into usage again among some of the famous farmers of Middle New York, and has rapidly spread beyond the limits of that State, and beyond the rich farming country of Ohio and Eastern Pennsylvania, and in Ohio and Illinois to the west of us there have been notably large gatherings.

The farming folk have not been able, if they so desired, to make these picnics exclusively farmers' affairs. It has become quite the fashion among city and townspeople as well. The festivals being under the management of representative men from the country, have insured a respectability and decorum which does not always attend picnic parties which go from the city to the country. A picnic degenerates into a cruise, but retains its character as a decent, orderly gathering for a day's enjoyment in the woods. Parents with large families of children, of the inconceivable size that tumble out of boats, gather stray toads to their bosoms, get beetles down their neck and squal have seized upon this new enterprise as an opportunity for taking them for a day of merry-making and no naps. Besides, there is a fragrant suggestion of red apples and broad slices of bread and butter about a real farmers' picnic that is very taking to city-living people. Of course, the farmers and their families constitute the largest part of the attendance, for the obvious reason that they can see more of their neighbors there than at any other place.

Many a horse trade is consummated at the harvest home and new varieties of seed wheat exchanged. The wives and daughters go partly for the fun, and largely because it is the latest fashion. The railroad companies have not been slow to promote an enterprise which cultivates sociability, and hence conduces to visiting and consequently traveling. The rates of fare to and from the harvest home are usually lower than on any other occasion.

The custom of celebrating the gathering in of the harvest by a feast or merry-making is older in England than the introduction of Christianity, and as formerly practiced had many features of the old Druid dispensation. In England generally this harvest home under the name of the "Harvest Ponce." In the northern counties it was called the "Mell Supper." In Scotland it was called the designation of the "Kirk" or "Kirk Supper." And there were perhaps other local names.

In the old simple days of England, the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm, or as Theocritus described in his *Idyls*. In these days the working people of a few contiguous farms only united in the celebration, but subsequently whole counties came together. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon, called the hook cart, surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf with gay dressing, presumably representing the goddess Ceres. Sometimes the figure on the cart, instead of being a mere dressed-up bundle of grain, was a pretty girl of the reaping band, crowned with flowers and hailed as "the maiden," or in Scotland "the barst queen." Of this we have a description in a ballad of Bloomfield's:

"Home came the jovial hook cart,
Last of the year's crop,
And Grace among the green, a lough road,
Right plump and on the top.
"This way and that way the wagon rolled
And never ceased to rattle,
Her cheeks were colored in the field,
And here before the hook."
Herriek describes the harvest home of his day, the earlier half of the seventeenth century, and chronicles the cheering virtue of the "all-touting fragment," the "smirking wine" and the "stout beer" which flowed freely upon the occasion.

A custom obtained at the close of harvest of "Crying the Mare," as it was called in Hertfordshire, the "Naek," as it was termed in Devonshire, "Goobler," "Bhaigh" or "the Crippled Goat," as it was named in the Isle of Skye. The last handful of grain cut by a farmer who got through his harvest first was tied up in a bundle, tricked out with ribbons and sent with some rude preliminary ceremonies to a tardier neighbor who still had some grain still standing. He in turn when he completed his harvest work passed it on to the nearest tardy one and so on until all the grain being cut in a neighborhood it was time for harvest home. The last man holding the handful of grain, which constituted the Mare Naek or Goat, was esteemed a shaggard all the year through. In Scotland this last handful received more honorable treatment. It was cut by the bonniest lass in the district, tied up with ribbons and usually preserved in the farmer's parlor for the remainder of the year.

The modern celebration of the ingathering of the harvest is by no means the rude festival of former days. The progress of the farmer socially is very well illustrated by a comparison of the festivities mentioned above with the amusement resorts provided for at to be a band of music on the grounds, and fat men's races, sack races and a boat race on the Ohio river opposite the ground. Swings, flying horses, croquet, baseball and the like amusements will make glad and tired the young generation. Altogether, the farmer of to-day provides his family with a decidedly greater variety of enjoyments than his remote ancestor in the days when "the Mare" was cried from one end of a county to the other.

According to the *Rochester Union* a boy called at the side door of the residence of a gentleman of that city recently and begged for something to eat. The servant said they had nothing. "Give me only a piece of bread," said the boy. A white terrier dog that had stood beside the girl was momentarily missed, but quickly returned, bearing in her mouth a large piece of bread that had been previously given her to eat. The dog went directly up to the boy, extended her paws, with the bread in her mouth, and offered it to him.