

ROTTEN TOMATOES.

BY S. J. ROW.

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THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

A contraband came into our lines near Falls Church, and was taken to the headquarters of Gen. McDowell, at Upton's Hill. He stated that he was the servant of the surgeon of the 15th Georgia regiment, which was encamped, together with two other regiments, four miles from Falls Church, on the road leading to Fairfax Court House. He also said that there are no rebel troops there excepting those just mentioned, neither were there any fortifications on this side of Fairfax Court House. He gave as a reason for the recent precipitate retreat of the rebel army, as mentioned by officers in his hearing, that they were fearful of a flank movement by the federal army from the direction of Lewinsville; that he had heard his master, the surgeon, say that the fortifications on the river below Washington were very extensive, and that Gen. Beauregard had given orders to close the navigation of the Potomac to our vessels.

All reports received from Lexington corroborate the opinion already expressed that the rebels intend to keep their main force there, but it is stated that several bodies, from two hundred to two thousand have left there within a few days past for the north and west, but for what purpose is unknown. The opinion is becoming generally prevalent that the secessionists at Lexington are by no means despicable, but that with their vast numbers and ample ammunition, their confidence and courage will make a powerful and determined resistance.

The cold weather of the last few nights has turned the attention of the men towards the construction of temporary fire places in their tents. The plan adopted by one of the New York Regiments is—first to dig a trench a foot wide and deep, running from the interior to the exterior of the tent; then to cover it over with the exception of a foot at each end, the inside serving as a fire place and the outside end covered with a headless barrel, serve as a chimney. The invention is said to be of California origin.

Renewed evidence has been received here to-day, that the enemy is falling back on Manassas Junction, making that place the centre of operations, as it was before the battle of Bull Run. There is a pretty general impression, that part of Beauregard's and Johnson's army has been sent to Kentucky. The absence of any large force of the rebels from the Upper Potomac seems to confirm this view.

Capt. Coppinger, an English officer, late in the Papal military service, has been commissioned a Captain in volunteer service, on the recommendation of his holiness, the Pope. This makes the fifth European monarch who has recommended officers for service in the United States.

Gen. Fremont preserves a strict silence, but he is said to be actively engaged in obtaining the exact number of troops he can command, and organizing plans for the approaching engagement, for the success or failure of which is to rest his reputation upon, and win or lose his all.

Commissary General Gibson died on Monday in Washington, aged 85. He entered the army in 1808 as a captain of infantry, from Pennsylvania. He was a native of this State, and a brother of the late Chief Justice Gibson, of our Supreme Court.

Lieutenants Loyal, Buitts and Stevens of the navy have been sent to Fort Lafayette, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

A gentleman tells this story of a little drummer boy. He went on the ship to Fortress Monroe, with his regiment, and just at evening, overcome with the fatigues of the day, he had laid down upon the deck, and had fallen asleep. The drums were falling. The Colonel came along and shook him by the shoulder, and told him he would take care if he continued to lie there, and advised him to go below and get to his rest for the night. As he was getting up, his Bible fell from his pocket upon the deck. He picked it up and replaced it. Some kind hand—perhaps a mother or a Sunday school teacher—had given him that Bible. He went below and prepared himself for his bed. When ready, he knelt down—put his hands together in the attitude of prayer, and poured out his heart silently to God. He heeded not the noise around him. In a moment all was hushed; the company being overawed by the conduct of the boy, reverently stood silent until he had finished his prayer.

"HOLD THE TENTH'S COLORS."—Nothing could better illustrate the pluck and determination of our Ohio boys than the manner in which they bore their suffering, service, and through the hospitals late at night, and among all that mass of shattered and agonized humanity, scarcely a single groan could be heard! The lads made no complaints, uttered no regrets, save that they could not have remained longer on the field "to help wind them up." "Are you suffering much?" said I to a poor fellow, with a severe flesh wound. "Oh! not a great deal, sir, but I hold the Tenth's colors all safe!" On inquiry, I found that he had stood by the side of the color bearer during the opening of the terrific fire, which, for a time, the Tenth bore alone. The color-bearer was struck by a cannon shot (or by canister perhaps), and torn literally to pieces. This brave fellow had instantly grasped the standard, and held on to it under the very heaviest fire, till he had himself been wounded and carried off the field.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Mr. John King, of Parma, Michigan, well known as a trapper and hunter, and also a wood farmer, called at the Governor's office a day or two since, with a three-barrel gun in his hand, and inquired for a recruiting officer. He said: "Governor Blair, I am told that the State of Michigan will be compelled to draft men to whip out the Southern traitors. Sir, I will not have it thrown in the teeth of my children that when the liberties of my country were in danger, I waited to be drafted into the army to defend them. Where can I enlist?" Mr. King's example is worthy of praise.

Gov. Pierpont, of Western Virginia, made a speech in Wheeling the other day in which he said: "There is work for all, and he who hangs back and does nothing, is no better than a traitor." He also told the people of Wheeling: "Stay at home, count your money, and you'll all be gone to the devil in six months. [Applause.] If a fund can be raised, the First Virginia Regiment will be full in three days. If that is not done, the city does not deserve to be defended."

LUTHER'S RESIDENCE AT WITTENBERG.

Ascending a rough, neglected stairway, I entered the room in which Luther resided after his marriage. His old furniture is still there. There is the table on which he wrote—the chair on which he sat—a kind of double seat, where he used to read and converse with his Catharina—all chipped and siced by Vandal travelers. There, too, is the old large stove, whose plates are covered with figures of the four evangelists, cast after devices by Luther himself. That, fortunately, cannot be cut into chips. A little case, protected by glass doors, contains a number of relics, such as specimens of his handwriting, some old documents and embroidery wrought by his wife. There are fragments of a drinking glass said to have been broken by Peter the Great. When a young man he visited Wittenberg, and desired to carry away the glass, but being refused permission, he dashed it in pieces on the floor—an act worthy of this haughty and passionate czar? There, too, is a beer mug of large size, which shows that three centuries have not changed the German's devotion to his favorite beverage. Over the door is a scrawl in chalk, protected by glass, which may be guessed to be "Peter," and tradition says was written by the czar. If so, the scribbling propensity is not confined to Americans. In an adjoining room is the desk from which the great Reformer lectured. On its front are four circular paintings, representing the four faculties of the university, law, medicine, theology and philosophy. The latter contains a female figure which my guide said was a likeness of Catharina, showing alike Luther's taste and affection. On the walls are portraits by Cranach. There is also a cast taken after Luther's death.

I was looking at these monuments, and asked where is Luther's, when my guide pointed to a plain stone at my feet, which was part of the floor, whereon was the name of Luther. Removing this there is a neat bronze tablet, with his name, and date of birth and death. Such is the simple monument—a similar one marks where Melancthon sleeps.

ELVEN ATTEMPTS TO RESIST GOVERNMENT.

There have been, since the organization of the Federal Government, eleven attempts made to resist its authority. The first was made in 1782, and was a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme command upon Washington. The second was in 1787, called Shay's Insurrection in Massachusetts. The third was in 1793, popularly called the "Whisky Insurrection" of Pennsylvania. The fourth instance was in 1814, by the Hartford Convention Federalists. The fifth, on which occasion the different sections of the Union came in collision, was in 1820, under the administration of President Monroe, and occurred on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to certain lands given by the latter to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokee in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullification ordinance of South Carolina, in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, and occurred in Rhode Island, between the "Suffrage Association" and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the federal authorities. The eleventh is the present attempt at Secession.

GREAT RIFLE GUNS.—In the Elswick Ordnance Works of Sir William Armstrong & Co., near Newcastle, England, no less than three thousand men and boys are continually employed. A great three hundred pounder battery gun is about to be constructed there for the British Government. Its bore will be ten and a half inches; length, fourteen feet; weight twelve tons, and is to be a muzzle loader. A two hundred pounder breech loader is now being manufactured at these works, and from six to eight rifled guns, of various calibres, are turned out weekly. On the recent occasion of a large invited party visiting these works, Mr. R. Lambert, one of the proprietors, stated that he had fired bolts of seven hundred pounds weight from one of their one hundred pounder guns without the least appearance of straining it. He also said: "A question of great interest had to be solved, viz: whether artillery could be made to break the strongest and heaviest iron plates with which ships could be protected. If he might venture on a prediction as to the solution of this question, it would be that they would manufacture Armstrong guns which no plates that any vessel could carry and float, could have any chance of resisting."

GENERAL SCOTT IN 1812.—In a speech delivered at Newark, New Jersey, Judge Conrad, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against Gen. Scott, produced a document which was sworn to a few years since, as a part of the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affidavit that General Scott, after he was wounded, rode to where the soldier was stationed, this neck, breast and arms in a gore of blood, which ran down his legs and trickled from his boots upon the ground; and said to the commander of the line: "I am wounded and very weak; I want one of your young men to get up behind me and hold me on my horse." A young man threw down his musket, and at one spring leaped upon his horse, and they swiftly galloped away to the main body of the army. The excitement produced by reading the document was tremendous. Hundreds rose to their feet and gave most vehement cheers, so that it was some minutes before the speaker could proceed.

THE HARVEST OF DEATH.—Dr. Lyon, brigade surgeon under Gen. Lyon at the battle of Wilson Creek, was witness to the following extraordinary incident:—"A tall rebel soldier waved a large and costly secession flag defiantly, when a cannon ball struck him to the earth, dead. A second soldier picked up the prostrate flag, and waved it again—a second cannon ball shattered his body. A third soldier raised and waved the flag, and a third cannon ball crashed into his breast and he fell dead. Yet the fourth time was the flag raised, the soldier waved it, and turned to climb over the fence with it into the woods. As he stood astride the fence a moment, balancing to keep the heavy flag upright, a fourth cannon ball struck him in the side, cutting him completely in two, so that one-half of his body fell on one side, while the flag itself lodged on the fence, and was captured a few minutes afterwards by our troops. Our troops captured three rebel flags."

SOMETHING FOR DEMOCRATS TO READ.

A friend of Senator Douglas has handed to the *National Intelligencer* for publication a copy of the following letter from him on the state of the country:

CHICAGO, Friday, May 10, 1861.
MY DEAR SIR:—Being deprived of the use of my arms for the present by a severe attack of rheumatism, I am compelled to avail myself of the services of an amanuensis in reply to your two letters.

It seems that some of my friends are unable to comprehend the difference between arguments used in favor of an equitable compromise, with a hope of averting the horrors of war, and those urged in support of the Government and the Union, when war is being waged against the United States with the avowed purpose of producing a permanent disruption of the Union and a total destruction of its Government.

All hope of compromise with the Cotton States was abandoned when they assumed the position that the separation of the Union was complete and final, and that they would never consent to a reconstruction in any emergency—not even if we would furnish them with a blank sheet of paper and permit them to inscribe their own terms.

Still the hope was cherished that reasonable and satisfactory terms of adjustment could be agreed upon with Tennessee, North Carolina and the Border States, and that whatever terms would prove satisfactory to these loyal States would create a Union party in the Cotton States, which would be powerful enough at the ballot-box to destroy the Revolutionary Government, and bring those States back into the fold of the Union by their own people. This hope was cherished by their men North and South, and was never abandoned until war was levied at Charleston and the authoritative announcement made by the Revolutionary Government at Montgomery, that the secession flag should be planted upon the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and a proclamation issued inviting the pirates of the world to prey upon the commerce of the United States.

These startling facts, in connection with the boastful announcement that the ravages of war and carnage should be quickly transferred from the cotton fields of the South to the wheat fields of the North, furnish conclusive evidence that it was the fixed purpose of the Secessionists to destroy the Government of our Fathers and obliterate the United States from the map of the world.

In view of this state of facts there was but one path of duty left to patriotic men. It was not a party question, nor a question involving partisan policy; it was a question of Government or no Government; country or no country; and hence it is the imperative duty of every Union man, every friend of constitutional liberty, to rally to the support of our common country, its Government and flag, as the only means of checking the progress of revolution and of preserving the Union of the States.

I am unable to answer your questions in respect to the policy of Mr. Lincoln and Cabinet. I am not in their confidence, as you and the whole country ought to be aware. I am neither the supporter of the partisan policy nor the apologist of the Administration. My previous relations to them remain unchanged; but I trust the time will never come when I shall not be willing to make any needful sacrifice of personal feeling and party policy for the honor and integrity of my country.

I know no mode in which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution, and the Union, under all circumstances and under every Administration, regardless of party politics, against all assailants, at home or abroad. The course of Clay and Webster towards the Administration of Jackson, in the days of Nullification, presents a noble and worthy example for all true patriots. At the very moment when that fatal crisis was precipitated upon the country, partisan strife between Whigs and Democrats was quite as bitter and relentless as now between Democrats and Republicans.

The gulf which separated party leaders in those days was quite as broad and deep as that which now separates the Democracy from the Republicans. But the moment an enemy rose in our midst, plotting the dismemberment of the Union and the destruction of the Government, the voice of partisan strife was hushed in patriotic silence. One of the brightest chapters in the history of our country will record the fact that during this eventful period the great leaders of the Opposition, sinking the partisan in the patriot, rushed to the support of the Government, and became its ablest and bravest defenders against all assailants until the conspiracy was crushed and abandoned, when they resumed their former positions as party leaders upon political issues.

With the sincere hope that these my conscientious convictions may coincide with those of my friends, I am, very truly, yours,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.
To Virgil Hickox, Esq., Chairman State Democratic Committee.

A NEW WAY TO COST AN ENEMY.—At a point within gunshot of our pickets at Bailey's Cross Roads, stood the famous Munson barn and hay ricks, heavily planked and sodded within, loopholed, &c., and well guarded by the hay ricks. The enemy would advance from the rear and pick off our pickets whenever one was so unlucky as to expose his mug from behind the friendly tree or log which served as a covert. Many plans had been suggested around the camp fire to abate the nuisance, but none feasible. Storming it would stand calm and passive, while the long coveted possession is snatched forcibly from its grasp? He who can imagine this, for a single moment, must have a marvelous degree of credulity, and attribute to the West a blindness to its own rights and interest which that shrewd young giant has never yet manifested. The Rebels may make themselves perfectly sure that the voice of the West will be clear and emphatic, and that the voice of the country will respond to it fully. The Mississippi, with all of its banks, in all of its course, must be the possession of these United States, now and forever, to have and to hold against any and every claimant whatsoever.

Gen. Scott has pronounced Gen. McClellan to be the only man in the Federal army capable of maneuvering 100,000 soldiers in the field.

FREE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

It has been said, and often repeated with emphasis, within the last eighty years, that the free use of the Mississippi must be secured for these States at any hazard and at any cost. Soon after the Revolutionary war broke out, the attention of the country was drawn to this subject. The Louisiana territory, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, belonged to Spain; it included the eastern shore of the Mississippi for some distance above New Orleans, and the western bank as far as the forty-ninth degree of latitude, with an indefinite extent of territory toward the West.

As early as 1770, Mr. Jay, then Minister to Spain, was directed by Congress to negotiate a pending treaty, on the express condition that "the United States should enjoy the free navigation of the river Mississippi into and from the sea." In 1780 Congress reiterated those instructions, and Mr. Madison, of Virginia, Mr. Sullivan, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Duane, of New York, were directed to prepare a letter to our Ministers in France and Spain, setting forth its views. A year later, at the invitation of South Carolina and Georgia, who had been alarmed by the progress of the English forces after the capture of Charleston and the defeat of Gates at Camden, Congress resolved to recede from its demand, and to secure the treaty without this guarantee. Fortunately, Spain was not swift in her movements, and the negotiations led to no definite results. From this time, however, for twenty years, the subject caused great commotion, especially in the West, and the first danger of secession came from the enterprising efforts of the purpose of the Government to allow them to be cut off from the free use of that great highway to the seas.

In 1800, Napoleon, by the secret treaty of St. Idefonso, secured the retrocession of Louisiana to France; so that, after a lapse of forty years, she came in possession of it once more, with all of its original boundaries. This treaty, when made known, by no means quieted the apprehensions of the West. Mr. Jefferson, then in the Presidential chair, wrote to Mr. Livingston, our Minister to France, "The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas, by Spain, to France, works most sorely for the United States." One year later, in 1803, James Monroe was sent as an envoy extraordinary to co-operate with Mr. Livingston for the purchase of Eastern Louisiana and the Floridas, with the island and city of New Orleans. After various negotiations, Napoleon, who was fearful that the whole territory might fall into the hands of England, directed M. Marbois, his confidential agent, to offer to the American Commissioners the whole province. They were utterly unprepared for this; the widest views of the authorities at home had never embraced such a purchase or such a possession. They were in much perplexity.

A decision must be made at once. An English fleet was already preparing to cross the ocean and assail New Orleans, which, of course, would give to that power the possession of the whole vast domain. No communication could be sent to America, no new authority could be received. The responsibility rested upon themselves alone. Like men of strong patriotic feeling and practical common sense, they concluded that to exceed the letter of their instructions was the best, the only way, to trumpet their spirit. They consented to treat upon the broad view of the subject; and, finally, the treaty was completed on the 30th of April, 1803.

When the treaties were signed, Livingston said: "From this day the United States take their place among the nations of the first rank; the English lose all exclusive interests in the affairs of America." Napoleon said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States; and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

Such were the steps by which the way was prepared for a final and formal transfer of the territory to the United States. At New Orleans, on the 20th of December, 1803, the flag of France and that of the United States met midway on the flagstaff, and their meeting was greeted by the booming of artillery and the music of trumpets; then the former descended forever, while the Stars and Stripes rose upward, amid the shouts of the Americans who witnessed the scene. A similar scene was presented in St. Louis on the 10th of March, 1804, when the formal transfer of Upper Louisiana was consummated.

Such were the steps by which the heritage, sought earnestly for thirty years, was finally won. And now, after the lapse of sixty years of quiet possession, the people of these United States are asked to allow that long-sought possession—which has cost them so many millions of dollars; which has grown in importance each year, as the tide of emigration has rolled fuller and stronger into the fertile valley which the Mississippi drains—to be snatched from them by the hands of Rebels against the Government that has shielded and fostered them. They are asked to submit to the occupation of the mouths of that magnificent high road of commerce by a hostile power; and to pass and repass—if that boon be ever allowed—for more than five hundred miles through a foreign land. The audacity of the demand is equalled only by the blindness and folly of those who make it.

The great West, in the days of its earliest infancy, looked the great question full in the face, and was ready to pay or to dare anything, in order to secure to itself forever the free navigation of the Mississippi. And now, in the days of its vigorous manhood, will it stand calm and passive, while the long coveted possession is snatched forcibly from its grasp? He who can imagine this, for a single moment, must have a marvelous degree of credulity, and attribute to the West a blindness to its own rights and interest which that shrewd young giant has never yet manifested. The Rebels may make themselves perfectly sure that the voice of the West will be clear and emphatic, and that the voice of the country will respond to it fully. The Mississippi, with all of its banks, in all of its course, must be the possession of these United States, now and forever, to have and to hold against any and every claimant whatsoever.

"LOVE MR. LITTLE, LOVE MR. LONG."—The Chicago Journal says, Captain Lamber, attached to the Minnie Rifles, came from the country this morning with a lot of recruits. Among the number is a farmer who rejoices in being six feet ten inches tall in his stockings. There's a light infantry man for you. He is indisputably the high private of the Union army. "Hit one of your size," applied to him, would make him an eternal member of the Peace Society. Fortunately he's a "Sucker," and consequently cares little for adages, proverbs or admonitions. He means fight.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Lacbute, Lower Canada, on the 18th ult. It lasted over half a minute.

the stove, and having got the dinner on the way, went into the room for something, and there the children were, building a house of stove wood which they had carried in from the shed; but it was rather more than I could bear when I saw that Charley had my cloak wrapped around him and over his head, as he sat on the floor playing "peep" with the baby—it pulling for life at the tassel. I forgot everything there, and I know I took it from him much quicker than he put it on. I was not aware at the time that I gripped his arm so tight as to warrant a yell, but he indulged in one at any rate. I put the cloak away and retreated to the kitchen, leaving my mother to entertain them as best she could.

As soon as Mrs. Wood heard the rattle of dishes she brought her work out into the kitchen to watch us. I did not do a thing but what she saw it, and I only hope she will know all about the way I work by the next time she comes. While I went to the cellar the children amused themselves by tasting what was on the table, so their mother informed me when I came back, as though it was something very smart indeed.

At last dinner was ready, and amid all the noise and confusion we soon became seated—scarcely so, however, until three of the "little dears" were helping themselves to whatever they could reach. Then it was, "Mother, I want some peas," and "Mother, give me a piece of meat," as though they had not eaten anything for a week. Mrs. Wood looked worried and excited, for my part I felt perfectly disgusted, and no one took the same. I could scarcely refrain from uttering a few words of heartfelt thankfulness when they all left the table.

When I again joined our company Mrs. Wood had her cloak basted together, and requested me to act as a "form," while she fitted it. I was all obedience, but could scarcely suppress a smile, for it had no more fit to it than I had been made with a single seam. She insinuated that she wished I would take the scissors and sit down and alter it for her; but I had no such idea. I told her the best I knew what to do, and went to my own work. Just then one of the children came in with some blocks, with which the baby commenced pounding a chair, leaving a scar at every blow. Another one imitated a drummer boy by beating on a new tin pan which he had taken down from the kitchen, and Charley amused himself by scattering the pins over the floor, out of the cushion. Mrs. Wood looked at them and laughed too when they enjoyed themselves so much.

My head ached badly, and every thump and scream from the children went through and through it. I gathered up my work and went up stairs, thinking I'd have a quiet time, for a little while, at least. Here I found the other child occupied with his toys generally. After having satisfied himself to the contents of drawers and closets, he had riddled a couple of "Waverleys." This was about as much as human nature could bear, and I could have spanked him with a right good will, but contented myself by sending him down stairs much quicker than I supposed he came up.

I laid down to rest my throbbing head a few minutes, and the next I knew I awoke from a long sleep. My head was better, and I went down stairs. The children were all out playing, and their mother reading. The cloak was folded up and put away. Then supper had to be gone through with—attended with even worse noise than at dinner. The children all drank tea from the oldest to the youngest; and one had too much sugar in his, another not enough, third said the tea was not good, and wanted coffee, (which he did not get.) If Mrs. Wood corrected any of them, they generally answered, "I won't do it," or "do it yourself." Then she turned to the contents of all others, and entertained us by telling about her cooking. I thought if all she said was true she must cook very differently for her family and for company, for I had it from reliable sources that she could never set a decent looking table; and I thought, too, no wonder her children acted so starved abroad.

I never saw a much worse looking house than when we left the table—everything was scattered everywhere. I may as well allow I am a little bit "old maidish," and it really hurts my feelings to see things so out of order. I scarcely knew where to begin; but, finally, in the course of an hour, succeeded in cleaning out most of the rubbish—getting the tin pans hung up, &c.

Just at sunset Mrs. Wood gathered up her work and babies and started home, mid many pressing invitations for us all to come and see her.

I was with feelings of the greatest relief that I closed the door after her, and turned again into the now quiet room. So great was the reaction that I felt as though I had just awakened from some terrible dream, or had been rescued from a living death, and I do hope and pray that I may ever be spared the pleasure of being at home when Mrs. Wood and her children come to spend the day.

A GOOD ONE.—The following incident illustrates how desirous the volunteers are to obey orders, and the good results of their efforts:—"I suppose you will see that I have written mother's letter with a lead pencil and yours with pen and ink. It is because we have had a lot of pen holders and pens given to us by the government. We have also had a box of shoe blacking given to each man. You will remember that in my last letter I stated that G. F., one of the privates, had no shoes. When the Colonel gave us the blacking, he said he wanted us to look as much alike as possible. So G. F. went to work and blacked his feet, and polished them, and when the Colonel came along on dress parade, he asked F. why he did that. He replied, 'To look as much alike as possible.' The Colonel burst out laughing, and went after parade, to the store, and bought him a pair of shoes with his own money."

Carbon county has furnished our 700 men for the war.

AUTUMN.

When Nature wears her russet gown—
And swallows to the south have flown—
When grapes turn purple on the wall,
And from the bough the ripe pears fall—
When larks and sheep grow thick with wool,
Then Autumn's lap with fruit is full.

When corn is gathered in the barn,
And rears are rattling in the tann—
When partridges in coverts fly,
And dogs and men are company—
When squirrels fill their nutty store,
Then Autumn's morn with fruit is o'er.

When sleep-mice hiee their sleek, fat forms,
And deep in earth bore raged worms—
When leaves come rustling down from trees,
And flies the cattle cease to tease,
Then oak hisstrally arms do bare
To battle with the Autumn air.

When stent robins beg for crumbs,
And old men fumble with their thumbs—
When fires about again in halls,
And bats look on to dark warm walls,
Then cold wind whistles o'er the moor,
And Autumn shuts the summer door.

MRS. WOOD'S VISIT.

"It is a real shame, Maggie, that I've not paid you a visit yet; but you must not think hard of me, for, I declare, I've set a day of every week since you have been in the neighborhood to go and pass a day with you. You know my family is large, and I have a great deal of sewing to do; but next Friday I have determined I will go, and take my work along. We are not half as sociable as people ought to be; but I can't get time to visit as much as I'd like to, and, I declare, I believe this is the first time you were ever in our house."

I walked slowly home from Mrs. Wood's, for I was busily thinking. The fact is, I thought her rather fast. We had not been in the village but a few weeks, and she had already called on us twice. That morning I had gone up street on an errand, and it being very warm, had stopped in at Mrs. Wood's to rest a few minutes. I had not asked her to our house, and was entirely unconscious that we had received any slight by her and her children not having, as yet, spent the day with us, until she informed me of the fact, and amid regrets and apologies. We were really in trouble about the unexpected visit, not that Mrs. Wood was at all unpleasant, but the children—I grew sick as I thought of them, for they were so noisy and unruly set.

Early Friday morning there came a knock at the front door that echoed over the whole house. Trying to feel resigned, I opened the door, but it was with utter despair that I closed the door after Mrs. Wood's and five small children. I took them to the sitting-room, but heartily wished afterwards that by some means we could have stambled into the kitchen.

"Well, I've got here at last," broke in Mrs. Wood, as she deliberately laid aside her bonnet.

"It is really too bad that I have left it so long; but as I told Maggie the other day, I have been so very busy."

We were scarcely seated when the children seemed to think some attention due them.

"Mother, I want a piece," yelled Charley, the second largest. "So do I," said Charley. "And me, too," chimed in a third child.

"Oh! be still; you certainly are not hungry yet," said Mrs. Wood, in a whining, coaxing way.

"Yes, I am, and I want a piece," replied Charley, with a defiant, impudent look.

"Well, then, ask Maggie right pretty to get you a piece," said the mother, as she picked up the crying baby from the floor. I did not say anything, but in very good humor laid down my work and went to the pantry.

"And I'm in it at the beginning of the day," I thought, with a sigh, as I took up my work again. The children grew quiet while eating their bread and butter, and the baby went to sleep. Then Mrs. Wood took up her bag and drew forth her work.

"Maggie, I want to make myself a light cloak from the pattern of your spring cloak; do you think it will make a pretty one?" and she gathered the goods up in folds to display it to the best advantage.

"Of course I thought it would make up well."

"But I have no pattern of my cloak, Mrs. Wood."

"Well, now, I'm real sorry for it; but perhaps you and I could cut it out from the cloak. I have heard several times how handy you were about cutting any thing you wanted to, and I just brought this goods along to-day on purpose to get you to help me about it."

"I never cut one without a pattern," I replied; "and would not like to undertake it."

"I paid for my learning, too," I added, mentally.

"Well, let me see your cloak, any how. I guess I can do it myself."

So I went up stairs and took the cloak from a trunk where I had intended it to stay all summer. Then Mrs. Wood wanted to know how this was done, and how that was cut, and wished she had a pattern, or had the cloak cut.

I was very busy with my work and did not take the hint, for I did not wish to have anything to do with it. Finally she asked me for paper and scissors, so that she might cut a pattern. Just then the four eldest children, who had slipped out some time before, came bounding in with,

"Oh! mother, we got such good berries out in the garden; don't you want some?"

"Why, how do you know that the folks allow you to gather them?" studying intently on my pattern. "Don't pull any more dears." So away they all ran, like so many wild horses, and into the garden, I suppose to help themselves.

Mrs. Wood now had the fronts cut, and said she guessed she could cut the backs without any pattern. I thought differently, but did not say so. Just then the baby wakened up, yelling so that I could not hear a word the mother was saying, and I heaved a heart-felt sigh as I saw my work box set down on the floor for its amusement. I took occasion to need something in it, and took it from the basket. In a few minutes the mother asked where it was, but I pretended not to hear her. She then went to the door and called to the children to come and play with the baby. Two were in the cherry trees, and the others deep among the blackberry bushes, and from the looks of their hands and faces I judged they had found plenty of fruit. I sighed again as I thought of the jam we had intended to make of the berries, and savagely wished the "dears" were under my control for about 15 minutes.

I went into the kitchen to light the fire in