

The Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful;
 Free and easy, but not bold;
 Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
 Not too young and not too old.
 Half smiling, half repulsing;
 Half advancing, and half shy;
 There is mischief in her dimples,
 There is danger in her eye.
 She has studied human nature,
 She is schooled in all the arts;
 She has taken her diploma
 As the mistress of all hearts.
 She can tell the very moment
 When to sigh and when to smile;
 Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
 But the widow all the while!
 Are you sad? how very serious
 Will her handsome face become,
 Are you angry? she is wretched.
 Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb;
 Are you truthful? how her laughter,
 Silver sounding, will ring out;
 She can lure, and catch, and play you,
 As the angel does the trout.
 You old bachelors of forty,
 Who have grown so bold and wise,
 Young Americans of twenty
 With the love look in your eyes,
 You may practice all your lessons
 Taught by Cupid since the fall,
 But I know a little widow
 Who could win and fool you all.

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

In a small farm house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said:

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of our country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable—ah! me! I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should now be shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting, and gazed inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her breast. The son, however, after encountering his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly:

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before have I spoken to you on this subject, but you have no spirit! What will you see us trampled upon by the mercenaries of Britain, and still be here supinely? For shame! David—for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you should have been in the army."

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth, then do not speak so harshly. He cannot feel what you feel, who have fought so often against your country's enemy. Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war of Independence. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which I dare say is composed of boys of David's age?" The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever said to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at length said, here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why to meet a pretty girl and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again. What did he call me? was it not a coward? Now, by Heaven, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, and no longer dream. Ere a fortnight my father shall hear from me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him, struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up to the windows of a farm house half hid among the trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not yet retired, he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure. She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, "with an effort to smile. I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxiety I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you day and night."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss, and at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates who promised to follow as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house to which he proceeded in search of lodgings. At first the occupant received him cordially, but a chance expression convinced David that his host was a Tory; he affected the same polite and was immediately warmly welcomed. The loyalist procured his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potatoes; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely; while the farmer overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by a

Major Wilson, celebrated for his torism, was to start early the ensuing day, on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalists' leaders. David knew enough of this partisan warfare to be assured that no Tory would be slow to his friends; he knew enough of the character of the Major, to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself at work to discover from his inebriated companion the truth. It was not long before success crowned his crafty examination.

"Why you see?" said the host, "I believe there's a little reward for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty they say, and the Major when he was down there awhile on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend upon it, he will have her on his own terms now—thank heaven! there is no longer any law to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to these rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major, now?" suddenly said his host, starting up, "I'll introduce you to him at once—a most worthy fellow you'll find him—Lord love you! he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling, in order to learn further of the Tory's plan and find means if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a brimner; and soon contrived to make the loyalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied, and desirous of joining the loyalists, and his object he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took. The Major promised him a command in his troops in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been before him during the management of his negotiation for his person was well known to many of the Major's troops, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night as he had proposed, but to this neither the host nor the Major would consent, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear on rising, that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house, he turned back and sought the spot, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It's my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to Bunker's. There is no other hope now left." A night had fallen, as they had expected before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the Tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the house and enter it." At this instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire," he cried.
 Twenty guns broke the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the house was shivered, and they yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished, the violin quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The Tories immediately made a rush for it; but it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle crack from one of the upper windows and one of the Tories fell desperately wounded, another report succeeded and another Tory fell, and Major Wilson was fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake.

A shed turned the rain from the front of the house and underneath this the Tories shielded themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, and went to work at the door. Expecting such resistance—perhaps from a knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced heaving at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were strong; and now, with cladded rifles, they displayed the passage of the whole force. The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcome them and they were flung upon the ground and bound. The Tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance that had been made, and at their own loss, seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already around the necks of the victims, when the Major addressed the men.

"Now I friends, let's soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there," he said with a scornful laugh, "may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Halt!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The Major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "When I say fire, give it to them!" A man with blanched cheeks now rushed among them, exclaiming, "The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard; a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed at the door, that several

of the Tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the Tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes which bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers. The two men sprang up and seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The Tories fought for life; the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost entirely exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotion of David as he pressed his betrothed to his bosom and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but hers was silent and tearful, yet oh! how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a ship out of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks more than a score of followers, who fought with him till the close of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM STARVATION.—The Memphis Argus gives the following account of a providential escape from starvation, of a gentleman residing in Lauderdale county, Tennessee, near Hale's Point: Last week he was out hunting in a large bottom in his neighborhood, and he observed a wild goose fly out of a cypress stump, which was some twenty feet high. His knowledge of the habits of these geese led him to believe that the goose had a nest in the stump. On the outside of the stump were a number of vines, which he pulled up to peep in and get possession of the eggs. After he had succeeded in gaining the top of the stump, he discovered a large number of eggs some six or eight feet down inside. The nest he supposed was on firm foundation, and he accordingly let himself down inside, but when he struck the substance on which he built, he discovered that it had no foundation, and soon found himself sinking to the bottom of the tree. The inside of the tree was rotten and would not bear his weight. Now he was in a dilemma; five miles from any habitation, inside of a stump twenty feet high, with no prospect of any assistance, with nothing to subsist on but the goose eggs, he screamed and yelled until he was nearly exhausted, no one coming within hearing distance.

On the third day after his incarceration in the stump, the gentlemen were out hunting and came within hearing distance of the stump, and very much frightened at hearing a man groaning inside of the stump, and for some time they could not reconcile themselves to what it meant, but having learned that the gentleman had been missed from home several days, they soon were satisfied that it was "ghost" inside the tree. They procured axes, and soon the prisoner was liberated. He swears he will never attempt to rob a goose nest situated as that one was again.

A BIT OF SOLDIER BOY FRY.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier who is one of the Webster (Massachusetts) regiment says: There is a little comedy often mingled with the history of this war drama. A small party of boys from the regiment went up to Leesburg, crossed over the Potomac, and found themselves in Virginia. After a few miles of quiet walking, they saw over the field a large house brilliantly lighted. Of course they climbed the fences and crept up toward it until they heard the merry voices of the invited guests. Here they took counsel, and decided to advance. "Glad to see you," said the host; "no apologies;" what did you do with your horses? Been waiting for you. Come in and let me introduce you." The lady of the house presents them with many a smile, as the cavalry for whom they are waiting. "Where did you get so nice a guise?" "Oh, we found a party of Yankees and stripped them; we are after more, you know, and could get them better by leaving the bags." "Clay, why reckon?" "Yes, your friend." And in the face of cavalry that could not be far off, they ate the supper and politely retired amid a shower of compliments, and something more, if the chivalrous fellows told no stories about the "little dears," of that American night's entertainment, whose history is yet to be told in the bazzars of the Southern Bagdad.

RESTORED TO LIFE.—A singular case of restoration after apparent death occurred at Albany. A little daughter of Mrs. Wilson, residing on First street, after a sudden relapse succumbed to a severe illness, apparently died. The body did not stiffen, but every other symptom of death was present. The remains were prepared for the grave, when, in the night, the supposed dead child screamed, and immediately the junctions of life were resumed. Heavy perspiration poured off the body in great quantities, and the pale, marble-like form assumed a healthy red appearance. When the "dead" child screamed, those present, except the mother, became greatly alarmed and ran out of the room. The mother rushed to the body, enclosed it in her arms, and removed it to a bed in the side room. The family physician was immediately sent for, who applied proper restoratives, and the child is now in a fair way of recovering.

PICKED MEN.—A volunteer applied to be enrolled in a Southern village, when he asked to see what kind of looking men had already enlisted. The lieutenant paraded his "army," and a tough-looking set they were. "Why," said the countryman, "I thought you only enlisted 'picked men.'" "So they are, said the lieutenant, "picked out of the gutter, every man!"

It is said that a thunderstorm passing over a house will sometimes turn all the milk sour. We think it likely, for this financial storm certainly seems to sour all the milk of human kindness among us.

THERE'S ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.

When my Willie was sixteen, he accidentally dropped a valuable watch into the well. His father was absent from home; and without consulting me, he resolved to recover the treasure. Providing himself with a long handled rake, he gave it in charge of his sister Jennie, two years younger, and bidding her to lower it to him when he called, he stepped into the bucket, and holding fast by the rope he commenced his descent. The bucket descended more rapidly than Willie expected, and struck heavily against the side of the well; the rope broke, and he was thrown into the water.

"Mother, I shall be drowned," was his despairing cry; which Jennie recoiled with a wail of anguish. But I knew the depth of the water; and shouted to him as calmly as I could. "Stand upon your feet, Willie; the water isn't over four feet deep." "But I shall sink in the mud," said the boy, still striving to keep himself afloat by clinging desperately to the slippery stones.

"No, Willie, there's rock at the bottom. Let go the stones and stand up." The assurance of hard foundation, and the impossibility of holding much longer to the slimy surface of the stone wall, gave him confidence. He felt for the rocky bottom, placed his feet firmly upon it, and to his great joy found that the water scarcely reached his shoulders. I sent Jennie to the house for a new strong rope, and fastening one end securely, I lowered the other to him to be tied to the bucket, and I drew him safely up. "Oh, mother," said the dear boy when he was rescued, "those were precious words to me, 'There's rock at the bottom; I shall never forget them.'"

Two years after, in a commercial panic, my husband's property was swept away and we were reduced to poverty. At first I bore bravely up. I did not prize wealth and luxury for my own sake, neither did I covet for my children. I chiefly mourned for my husband's disappointment and crushed hopes, and strove by unflagging cheerfulness to chase away the gloom which settled so heavily upon him. I endeavored to assist him, not only by the utmost economy in household expenses, but by devising plans for the future. Willie and Jennie were old enough to earn their own support, and even to assist in the education of the younger children. I succeeded in putting them in a way to do this. I felt strong and brave and almost wondered at my husband's despondency.

But new reverses came. The bank in which Jennie had deposited her quarter's salary, which might possibly meet our necessities, suddenly failed, and her money was lost. I could bear this too; she would soon be able to replace it. Next, the school in which she taught was disbanded, and Jennie had to take much lower wages; but she still earned a little, and I said cheerfully, "We will not murmur; half a loaf is better than no bread." Next, Willie's hand was disabled by an accident, and he lost his situation. My courage began to give way; but rallying myself for one more effort, I resolved to brave the reproaches of friends and the world's dread laugh, and seek remunerative employment for myself. At such a time I was not a womanly delicacy, yet it brought the needed aid, and I battled with my womanly sensitiveness, and again screwed up my failing courage. But the last blow came—sickness suddenly laid me prostrate. "I shall give up now; we must all sink together," was the language of my despairing soul.

"Dear mother," said Willie, when he heard my lamentation, "do you remember what you said to me when I was at the bottom of the well? I have thought often of that of late. I know we were in danger, but God had promised that they shall not overflow us. And is his word without foundation? Let us plant our feet upon his promises, and stand firmly. We cannot sink, for 'there's rock at the bottom.'"

I heard, and took the lesson to my heart. I saw that I had been clinging to the slippery stones of human strength and self-dependence; and so, when the providence of God bade me let go my hold, I was in despair. But the bank of heaven had not failed; God was able to redeem my promises, and though my stomach deep water, it should not overwhelm me, neither should I sink for 'there's rock at the bottom.'"

So from the chamber where pain and illness still holds me prisoner, I send to each burdened and weary child of God, who is tempted to feel that all is lost, the key-note of my new and grateful psalm; whatever your sorrow or strait may be, plant your feet on the Rock of Ages, and with me, "thank God and take courage."

THE COW-BELL DODGE.—The rebels have resorted to an ingenious way of luring our men in to their snares. It is known as the "cow-bell dodge;" and it was very successful for a time, especially with newly arrived regiments and companies which were placed on picket for the first time. Approaching within three or forty rods of our outpost and concealing themselves in the woods, they commence their irregular rattle of a cow-bell. The unitarian aid picket, not suspecting the ruse, and not reconciled to drinking his coffee without milk, goes out to obtain a supply from the supposed cow of some Virginia rebel, flattering himself that he had got a "big thing on Secesh." Not until he finds himself surrounded by a half-dozen or so armed rebels does he learn his mistake. In Richmond are nearly a dozen of our soldiers who are probably now regretting their ready credulity and appetite for milk.

THE PEACE PARTY.—The peaceable designs of the Peace Party are well evinced in the following item from the Richmond Examiner of the 2d of September. Glloating over the item as one of exceeding relish, it says of the Union men of North-western Virginia: "The most of them have packed up, ready to leave for Yankeeedom at the shortest notice. In Braxton county every Tory has been shot by a night-riding party of Federal soldiers, the citizens devoted to the Confederate cause, are doing good service in the same manner."

SECESSION NOISY.—The Louisville Journal says: "One Secessionist makes more noise than a dozen Union men. He is criminal. His powers and energies are perverted to mischief and wickedness. He curses Lincoln, he curses the Stars and Stripes," he curses Lincoln's gun, Lincoln's army, Lincoln's Government; but if he has a lot of mules or other army supplies for sale, and can sell them to one of Lincoln's contractors, he jumps with avidity at Lincoln's money."

GEN. McCLELLAN'S WAR HORSE.

We find in the *Porter's (New York) Spirit of the Times* the following description of this celebrated horse, "Handsome Dan," formerly owned by H. C. Creveling, of St. Louis, and presented to Gen. McClellan by several gentlemen of Cincinnati—reported to be worth over one thousand dollars. He is a gelding, of beautifully dappled mahogany-bay color, with three white feet and a star, very heavy flowing black mane and tail—the latter a regular "spout." He is sixteen hands high, and weighs, in ordinary flesh, 1,260 lbs. He was sired by Gen. Jackson, dam of Sir Archy and Messenger. He has a fine, bony, intelligent head, delicately-tapered ear, and a proud, beautifully-arched neck, capital shoulders, very long and muscular hams, whose symmetry could not be improved were they carved out to order; his chest is broad and deep, his legs fine, flat; and bony, with his hoofs and knees well down to his heels, and his fetlocks almost to the ground, with a round, well ribbed "barrel" of tremendous length, and loins and hips remarkable for strength and beauty. Indeed, his fine points and evenly-balanced proportions make him, in the fullest sense of the term, a model horse, not only symmetrical, but for speed and sturdiness. As a field horse he has no superior, being very "topey" when in action, with a proud and nervous step, his head as high as his rider's when mounted, and his throat-latch and tips of his fore feet almost on a perpendicular line when in repose.

He possesses many singular characteristics common to no other one of his species. For instance, he will not stamp his feet to shake off a fly if there were a thousand on him—seeing to entertain a feeling of contempt for all lesser animals; and his confidence in, and affection for, the human species is such that he will not under any circumstances, suffer his attention to be distracted from his master by any minor object. To his own species he pays no attention, passing among them without deigning them the slightest notice, not even when turned loose in the same yard or field. He will follow his master up any flight of stairs, or along any precipice where he can get a foothold, relying on his master's judgment for his safety; he will stand anywhere where he is left without constraint, and as brave as a lion, and as discreet as a judge.

In speaking of this horse, Willis says, "he is afraid of nothing." The proof of it was in the fact that beside all the cannoning and trumpeting he stood for a half hour, during the latter part of the review, with the large and showy flag, which indicated the commanding officer's position on the field, flaring directly across his eyes and touching his muzzle at every puff of the wind without flinching an inch. Every other horse, cavalry and artillery, shied in passing this showy object. The immovableness of McClellan's horse, standing nearest to it, remarked by all around me. I ventured to promise (after considerable study of him,) that the honest and brave chestnut sorrel, as long as he has life in him, on the battle field, will do well by his rider.

REMOVAL OF THE COLORED POPULATION.—The annual report of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society considers the practicality of the removal of the colored race from America to Africa. We make the following extract: The census of 1860 gives the number of free colored persons at 499,706, and slaves at 3,630,343, making a total of 4,130,052. By the official returns obtained from the State Department at Washington, it appears that, from Sept. 30, 1843, to December 30, 1860, there arrived at the port of the United States, by sea, from foreign lands, 1,488,441 passengers. The greatest number that arrived in a single year was 460,474. From this it is evident that the free colored population of this country might migrate to Africa or elsewhere, within a single year, and that the entire body of colored people with their increase, might remove in less than twenty years. Two-fifths, or \$2,000,000 of the amount recently voted by Congress for war purposes, would be sufficient to cover the expenses of the passage of the emigrants to Liberia, also to pay for six months of their support after arriving in that country.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A very touching little incident occurred during the late session of the American Board of Missions, at Cleveland, Ohio. A beautiful piece of quilt was brought in and unfolded. It was accompanied with a note donating it to the treasury of the Board. The quilt was made by a little girl, five years old, who died from hip disease, a short time after she had finished the work. In her dying hours she had bequeathed it to the cause of missions for whatever it might bring. The quilt was put up at auction in the convention. A bid of fifty dollars was immediately made for it; then a hundred dollars were offered, and, finally, Mr. W. E. Dodge, of New York, carried off the prize for one hundred and fifty dollars, regarding himself as the fortunate purchaser. Thus a child's scarce beyond an age to conceive the idea of God and her relations to Him, gave, with the work of her little hands, more money to christinize the poor heathen, than some adults give in their whole lives.

PADUCAH, KY.—To give our friends at home an idea of our whereabouts, we will briefly state that Paducah is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States, regularly built, having broad and well paved streets, numerous elegant private residences, handsomely ornamented lawns, flower gardens, &c., in which the proprietors have shown good taste and refinement. Indeed, with the exception of the business portion of the city near the river, the town is a forest of shade trees and shrubbery, presenting to the eye a most picturesque and lovely appearance. There is, apparently, much wealth here, and those who possess it have not been niggardly in devoting it to the laudable purpose of rendering their homes delightful and pleasant.

PICKING HIS MEN.—During the late fight near Martinsburg, one of McMullen's Rangers, in his eagerness to have, as he said, a shot at the *secesh*, climbed a tree, from which he had good aim, and used it to advantage. When the captain discovered him overhead, from the crack of his rifle, and demanded what he was doing there, he replied, in his peculiar style, "Only picking my men, captain."

The Louisville Democrat in a brilliant leader, pathetically inquires: "Can any good come out of Louisiana? If there is any good in that State, it will come out of it forever at the first opportunity."

THE JOURNAL.

THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

EDWARD'S FERRY, Oct. 21.—Mrs. Mary Young, a lady and a resident for some years of Bolivar Heights, arrived here this evening, having left her home on Saturday. She represents the condition of matters at the Heights as truly distressing. It was a village of some note, but now there are not more than ten families there, composed of negroes and Irish. She has not had any meat to eat for two weeks past, and butter or molasses was not to be obtained for miles around. All the men were enlisted in the rebel army, and the women are obliged to do servile work. One young man, who died there last Monday, could not be buried until Friday, and then the interment was made by the women, in a garden attached to one of the houses. After the battle at the Heights, the other day, four or five of our wounded, who were left on the ground, were put to death by a slow and cruel process, such as stabbing them in various parts of the body with a small penknife. In these acts the rebels were aided by a Presbyterian clergyman of Harper's Ferry, now residing at Sheppards-town. The rebel force, she thinks, was three thousand men. She also says that she saw six wagon loads of dead rebel soldiers, about 150 in number.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Midnight.—General Stone crossed the Potomac, this morning, with a portion of his command, at Edward's Ferry and another at Harrison's Island. Skirmishing began between the enemy in uncertain numbers and a part of General Stone's command, as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and continued, without much effect, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when large reinforcements of the enemy appeared upon our right, which was commanded by General Baker (Senator from Oregon). The Union force engaged numbered about one thousand eight hundred, and were attacked by a force supposed to be from five to ten thousand. At this juncture, Col. Baker fell at the head of his brigade, gallantly cheering on his men to the conflict. Immediately before he fell, he dispatched Major Young to General Stone to apprise him of the condition of affairs, and General Stone immediately proceeded in person toward the enemy in uncertain numbers, and the confusion created by the fall of Colonel Baker, the right wing sustained a repulse with considerable loss.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The Harriet Lane arrived up from Indian Head last night. She reports that new batteries have been erected at Matthis Point. The Freeborn and Island Belle while making a reconnaissance at the Point yesterday threw some shot into the woods and the fire was returned by some new batteries of eighteen heavy guns. Immediately thereupon the woods and underbrush were cleared away, exposing the batteries to view. Vessels in passing this point are obliged to hug the Virginia shore, and are exposed to fire for a distance of some four or five miles in doubling it. No vessel passed down the river last night, and it is not known that any came up. The river men report that the rebels have a number of Seine boats and long boats concealed in the creeks and inlets between Acquia creek and Occoman bay, and that they are busy in building launches apparently with a view of either to effect a crossing into Maryland or to seize vessels coming up.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—One of our scouts, who has come in from Fairfax, reports that the roads in the vicinity were so bad a week since that the rebels were forced to leave six cannon near the village, which they have just succeeded in removing. The following deaths of Pennsylvania volunteers occurred yesterday in the hospitals here: Thomas Graham, Company F, Fifth Pennsylvania Infantry; David Brink, Company F, New Jersey Cavalry; and Charles Ryan, Company F, Seventh New Jersey Infantry. This morning Commodore Craven, Flag Officer of the Potomac flotilla, reported to the Navy Department that the Potomac is closed by the rebels. Yesterday he discovered a battery of eighteen guns at Matthis Point, which effectually blocks the navigation. General Sherman reports that the side view of no effect. I am enabled to state on good authority, that the case of General Fremont remains in statu quo.

PILOT KNOS, MO., Oct. 22.—The following dispatch was received this morning and forwarded to head quarters, at St. Louis: **FIELD OR BATTLE, Frederickton, Oct. 22.** In company with Col. Plummer's command we have routed the rebels of Thompson and Lowe, estimated at 5,000. Their loss was heavy while ours was small and confined principally to the 1st Missouri cavalry. We captured four heavy guns. Lowe the rebel leader was killed. Major Gavitt and Capt. Hymen of the Indiana cavalry were killed in a charge on a battery. The command of Col. Plummer referred to above, were on Friday morning last ordered from Cape Girardeau with instructions to move toward Fredericktown and cut off the retreat of Thompson and Lowe's army.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 22.—A courier arrived at Camp Dick Robinson reports a fight yesterday between the rebel Gen. Zollicoffer, with from six to seven thousand men, and Col. Garrard, with one thousand two hundred men, at Camp Wildcat. Zollicoffer made three different attacks, and was each time repulsed with considerable loss. The Federal loss was four killed and twenty wounded. The courier met reinforcements, consisting of one regiment with artillery, on the road to Col. Garrard's camp.

ASHBROOK, Oct. 22.—A dispatch was received to-day from General Beauregard, dated Camp Thompson, near Ganley Bridge, where he has been encamped for some time. He reports everything quiet. The rebels, it appears, are falling back from their position, and from the best information which can be obtained of their movements, they are concentrating in pretty large force below, to co-operate with General Johnson, who has separated from General Beauregard.

FORTRESS MONROE, Oct. 22.—The severe gale which had prevailed here is now moderating, but some what retarded the preparations for the departure of vessels at this point. A detachment of 250 men of the Massachusetts battalion who were sent out from Newport News this morning for fuel, were attacked by the rebels but stood their ground. The 1st and 7th New York regiments had been sent out to support them when the steamer left for Old Point.

The Western rebels want free trade, free speech, free whiskey, free everything, except Fremont