

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

Whatever be our earthly lot,
Wherever we may roam,
Still to our hearts the brightest spot
Is round the hearth at home.
The home where we received our birth,
The hearth by which we sat,
The other spot on all the earth,
Will ever be like that.

When winter, coming in his wrath,
Flees high the drifting snow,
Safe clustered round the cheerful hearth
We watch the fire glow.
Nor brighter seemed the ruddy flames
Than did our hearts, the while
A loving mother breathed our names,
With sweet approving smile.

When weared with our eager chase
Through many a tangled path,
How sweet the dear accustomed place,
To talk around the hearth.
And still, when by our toil and care
We feel ourselves oppressed,
Our thoughts forever cluster there,
And there alone find rest.

Bright promise of the rest above,
Sweet shelter from the storm,
Home hallowed by a mother's love,
Hearth by that love made warm,
We feel the crystal current flow,
What rapt we are of the cold,
What place for any fear or doubt
Within the loving fold.

And when some little trouble weighed
Upon the childish breast,
Till from our beaming eyes it made
The rushing tear-drops start:
How quick before the genial glow,
We feel the crystal current flow,
And back the crystal current flow,
To flood our hearts with peace.

And brighter with the passing years
Some childhood's joy employ,
And even sweeter still appears
Each well remembered joy.
Around the cheerful hearth at home,
Where we in childhood sat,
No other spot where we roam,
Will ever be like that.

MY PRIVATE SCHOOL.

"Look at that!" cried my grandmother, striking an attitude worthy of Lady Macbeth, when she addressed the fatal spot on her hand; this time, however, it was only the scissors which, in falling, stood upright in the floor.

"See, it's nothing uncommon, is it?" "Did you ever know it to happen that a stranger didn't come before the day was out?"

"I never noticed; somebody was always coming for the matter of that." "I tell you that sign don't fail,"—my grandmother always used double negatives, who she meant to be emphatic—"most others will, but that's true as a look, and another thing, that was a stranger in my tea to night, a long one—that shows 'tis a man that's comin'. Some folks set a great deal by that sign; but it ain't to be mentioned the same day with the scissors standing up in the floor."

"I hope he will come soon, or the storm will be here before him," and with the words the wind went waiting around the house, and the first big drops beat against the window panes.

Three score years and ten had not taken the first bloom from the ruddiness of my grandmother's character; it was fresh and given as in her girlhood. Beggars heard of her softness, and ran to fall on the neck of her charity.

She followed the advice of Lamb without ever having heard of it. When the poor creature came before her she stayed not to inquire whether "the seven small children" in whose name he implored her assistance, had a veritable existence, but cast her bread upon the waters and lived in faith.

In fact, she had cast so much bread upon the water in the course of her long life, and so small a proportion had come back to her, that she had nothing left for herself except the old farm and the gambled rooked house.

Within its walls my father had first seen the light and lived till he went out to fight the world. He fell early in the strife, and my mother soon followed him; but not until she had marked out my way in life, and wished me in the groove of her ideas that I had to choose left. I went to a village academy till I was old enough to enter the "Normal School," for my destiny was to be a teacher. My life income had to be eked out in some way; and of all work to which a woman may turn her hand, a school, perhaps, divides the burden most equally between boy and maid.

When I graduated my grandmother left the old gambled roof to see me do it, and carried me home with her for a "breathing spell" (as she said), before getting a place to teach.

As to my future I was neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. At twenty, life runs on with very little friction; and is so contented even in mere youth to make things a pleasure.

The evening drew on with ever increasing gusts of wind, and the old house shook to its foundation, but it clung gallantly to the great central chimney, which, being nearly as broad as it was high, could afford to be indifferent when wind and weather came together and made a night of it.

"I hope you don't mean to sit up for that somebody who is coming. All signs fail in wet weather."

The words were scarcely spoken when we heard the tread of a horse running at full speed down the steep hill above the house, then a crash of the fence and all was still. We held our breath and listened. Soon a man's step sounded low and heavy on the walk and my grandmother rushed to open the door.

"Don't be scart," said the familiar voice of one of our neighbors, and he stumbled

in, carrying a man, pale and lifeless in his arms.

"Lay him right on the lounge—get the camphor bottle—here's somebody sure enough—don't tell me again that signs ever fail. Who is it, Bob?"

"I dunno his name; city fellow, I reckon. Said he'd pay me most any price to get him to Meriden to-night. The mare did well enough till we got to that 'ere hill, then a flash tilled her, and she never stopped till she brought up agin' your fence. If he hadn't been a fool and jumped out he might a-been as spry as I am; but some folks don't know nothin'."

"That's so, that the rest can get a livin' out of 'em," said my grandmother. Meantime she was vigorously chafing his hands and feet, while dashed I camphor in his face, and bathed the broad white forehead, which certainly promised well for the brain he hid it.

"He must be dead," said I; "he don't come to at all."

"No he ain't. Folks can't be killed so easy. He'll give you trouble enough before you're done with him. Now I'll go after the doctor; ain't no way likely he'll know any more worth the matter than we do; but pretend to, and if the man dies it's his fault and not ours."

The doctor found no bones broken, but the head was injured, and he must be put to bed and kept as quiet as possible. Now was my grandmother in her element.

"You couldn't work any harder," said I, "if he were your own son."

"He's somebody's own son, we musn't never forget that, you know."

Our patient fell from his first fainting fit into a fever; and from morning till night, till morning again, he tossed and turned with one continuous cry to drive faster, for he must be in Meriden that night. My grandmother was nurse-in-chief, but she often made me her deputy when the labor began to wear upon her.

The doctor had found some cards in the note book of our patient, with the name "John Jacob Deane" engraved on them; but we had no other clue to his identity. It is impossible to watch over a patient, day and night, striving to be both brain and hands to him, without growing into a very strong feeling toward him of attachment or dislike. It was so with me, though I scarcely dared whisper to myself to which order of feeling my own should belong. I thought of him all the time, and if he had died it would have been a blow to me, albeit I had never heard him speak a conscious word.

It was the tenth day of the fever, and he had been motionless for a lone time; a sudden movement made me look up. His eyes were fastened upon me with a new expression. I knew that he saw me for the first time.

"Don't leave me," he said faintly, as I was about to call my grandmother. I gave him the cordial which had been kept for this crisis, and he received it at once.

"Tell me all about it," he said; "I was bound for Meriden; what then?"

"You jumped from the wagon when the horse was running near our house, and were brought in insensible."

"Last night, I suppose; I must go on to Meriden to-day."

"I suppose it was ten days ago, and you could go to the moon as easily as to Meriden to-day."

"Nipter Tomms! ten days! whose house is this?"

"It belongs to my grandmother, Mrs. Temperance Hale. I will call her to see you."

"Thank you; I can wait. Perhaps the sight of another stranger might fatigue me too much."

"He will talk all the time," said I to my grandmother when she went up stairs.

"I don't see but he is quiet enough," she said, coming down again in a few minutes.

"He wants you to write a letter for him."

"I wrote one this morn'g for his daughter."

"DEAR MARY—I came to grief within five miles of Meriden, and they tell me I have been light-headed for a matter of ten days. The business that I came on will have to be done all over again. Nevertheless, I will not abandon hope, till I enter at the door which, according to Dante, bears that inscription. Ever yours,

J. J. DEANE."

"You must not speak another word," I said imperatively.

"I promise, if you will sing again what you were singing when I found myself in the body this afternoon."

So I sang "Allan Perry" and "Auld Robin Gray" and two or three other old ballads, of which I had a store, and my patient soon fell into a healthy sleep. The next day he found his appetite, and from that time came back to health with wonderful rapidity. He was doleful as a lamb to my grandmother, but with me he became the most exacting and troublesome convalescent that ever tried a woman's patience.

He openly preferred my grandmother's dainty dishes, and if I left him for an hour his bell would ring, and I went back to find his pillows on the floor and his head so hot that nothing but stroking it with cologne and singing all the while would cool it. To keep him still I read aloud for hours, thinking far more of him than my book.

We grew well acquainted with these long summer days, till I went to Meriden on a shopping expedition. I found a thick letter at the postoffice for Mr. Deane, which had been lying there nearly three weeks. It was directed in a lady's hand, and I thought the sight of it brought a shadow to his face.

He looked so glad to see me after my two hours' absence that I went up stairs in quite

a flutter of spirits. Could it be possible that I was to taste at last the joy of which I had heard and read with unsatisfied longing? But I would not stop to think about it.

"Here's a letter for you that Job brought in while you were gone," said my grandmother.

I took it and glanced at Mr. Deane. He sat by the open window reading one sheet of his letter with knit brows, while the other lay beside him. Suddenly a light breeze whirled it out into the flower plat, and I ran out to get it. It had not occurred to me to be curious about the letter, and nothing was farther from my thoughts than to read over the date of it; but the writing was large and plain, and, as I stooped to pick it up, the first four words were turned into my mind like letters of fire.

"My own dear husband," Surely it should have been nothing to me that Mr. Deane's wife had written to him; but, woe it me! the fact of his having a wife at all glances the whole map of one's life.

I gave him the letter without looking at him, and went up to my room.

Doubtless this was the "Dear Mary" to whom I had written that first letter from his dictation, and I had foolishly taken it for granted that she was his sister. He had never spoken of her, but married people are always mysterious, and her price might be far above rubies nevertheless. He had done nothing to make her jealous. Once he had taken my hand and touched it with his lips, and all the rest of the fondations of my castle in the air lay in towers more or less exposed.

But the love, it appears, was all on my side. He was idle and grateful, that was all.

I would go away at once, no matter where. Mr. Deane was so far recovered that my grandmother could easily attend to all his wants, and he could soon return to his own place. It would be something to remember, if nothing more.

Then I read my own letter, and in it was my way of escape.

Aunt Rachel wrote to say that "she was at death's door with neuralgia, and would I come to help her with the children?" She saw that door so often in her own account of her sufferings that familiarity with it had rather hardened my heart toward Aunt Rachel, but now I was ready to lay all the stress on her letter which it would bear.

"What will Mr. Deane say to your going away?" said my grandmother, when I had impressed on her mind my duty to Aunt Rachel.

"I don't care what he says."

"Lor!" said my grandmother, with a look which implied a two hours' speech at least.

"That letter was from his wife," I said, looking anywhere but at her.

She never answered a word, but just kissed me on both eyes, and stroked my hair tenderly for a minute or two. Then we parted for the night, and I went away in the morning before Mr. Deane was up.

Aunt Rachel was out of sight of "death's door" long before I reached her, as I had confidently supposed she would be; but she welcomed me heartily, and the kisses of the children soothed somewhat the sore spot in my heart.

"For the next three days the activity of my 'busy bee' long ago impaled on a poetical pin, was not to be compared with mine. If there was any gift of healing in mere work, I was determined to have them out of it; but the image of Mr. Deane was ever in my mind's eye, and as people say who have not been to the 'Normal,' I got no better fast.

Last of all I went huckleberrying with the children, and picked as fine a life as I could. There's a strange man coming across the field," said one of them.

I looked up after a minute, and took Mr. Deane's offered hand.

"If you teach school as you pick berries your fortune will soon be made," he said, with a glad look in his eyes which seemed to flash that dreadful wife of his to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"How did you find me?"

"By my wits chiefly. Your grandmother was as mysterious over your departure as if you had gone into a convent; but when I told her I had good news for you she relaxed, and gave me the clue to your hiding place."

"Aunt Rachel directed you here?"

"Precisely."

"What is your good news?"

"I have the asking of a school that you can have for the asking."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you."

"It is a private school, and very small; but it has the reputation of being difficult to manage; and from all that I know of you, I have concluded that you will be the right person. Will you undertake it?"

"Yes, if you are sure of my fitness."

"Haven't a doubt of it. I said the school is small—it has, in fact, one scholar, aged thirty-two, and his name is John Jacob Deane."

"If I said anything or committed myself in any way for some minutes after this astonishing speech, I have entirely forgotten it."

"And that letter"—I found myself saying after awhile.

"Was from my sister to her husband, who had deserted her. It was to look after him and bring him to reason that I was riding post haste to Meriden that wild night. She enclosed it in a letter to me. I forgot to mention it," he said, after a pause, which was not without eloquence of his own, "that

my school begins about the first of September."

"Not if I am to teach it," said I. "I shall spend that month and others after it in turning all my fortunes into the pretty things that I have always longed for."

When Miss Rebecca Verjue, my former room mate at the "Normal," heard the story or my engagement, in which she intimated darkly that mine would be one of the many matches founded on gratitude.

"John Jacob," said I, solemnly, when I saw him again, "if you are to marry me out of gratitude tell me at once, that I may be off to my Aunt Rachel, while there is yet time."

"My dear little schoolmistress," he replied, "if I had been moved only by gratitude, I should have proposed to your grandmother."

LOVE AND A FARM.—Quite a number of old and amusing scenes frequently occur with parties who visit the Potlato Court for the purpose of securing the necessary document to legalize their marriage. But the other day a young man, about twenty-one, accompanied by one of the opposite sex equally as young, ascended the main steps of the Court House, and then, on being directed to the Probate Court took up the line of march for his betrothed precincts. Reaching the door, he refused to enter.

The rustic maiden, who was extremely anxious to see the marriage programme carried to a successful issue, looked upon him with pleading eyes, and then, taking him by the hand in the most tender manner, beseeched him to enter court and obtain the license.

"Oh! come along, Jake; what's the use of faking out?" fell in dulcet tones upon Jacob's ear.

"Mindly, I can't. The old man will give me fits if I marry you."

"Haven't you told me a thousand times over that you would marry me in spite of the old man?"

"Yes! yes! but there is—"

"By the farm."

"Plague take the farm."

"Yes, but Mindly," reasoned her lover, "Hain't we better wait till the old man dies, and then I'll have the farm sure?"

"Dod rot his old soul, he'll live fifteen years yet; there's no die in him. Come along now and get that ere license; I ain't arguing to be put off any more."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mindly," "Well, spit her out."

"If the old man holds out agin my having you till Christmas, I'll marry you then farm or no farm."

"Sure?"

"As sure as my name's Jacob."

"Well, let her go then till Christmas, but if you back out then, Jake, look sharp."

"I'll go the scratch then by jingo, if the old man runs me off from the farm with a double-barreled shotgun certain." And Jake looked as if he would.

Thus reassured on being married by Christmas, Mindly drew off with her Jake fully satisfied, doubtless, with the postponement. But if Jake does prove recalcitrant to his promise he will wage any amount of nicker that Mindly will go for him, to use the vernacular of the uncultivated, "like a thousand of brick."

The "Fat Contributor" stepped off at Xenia, Ohio, on the Miami road, for dinner one day. But this is the way he relates it: "Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakeman, as we approached Xenia. Arriving there I entered the dining room and inquired of a waiter, "What have you got for dinner?" "Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply. I told him I would try half a dozen minutes now just to see how they went. He looked confused, scratched his head and walked off. I approached the man who took the money. "What do you have for dinner?" said I. "Half a dollar," said he. I told him I would take a half dollar well done. Asked him if he could send me in addition a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and well garnished with United States bonds. Postal currency was a tad as a side dish, and stamps will do for dessert. I would like to wash my dinner down with national bank notes, on draft. He said they were out of everything but bank notes, and he ordered the waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.

OUR HANDS.—The human hand is so beautifully formed, and has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of the will; its actions are so free, so powerful and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollections of the feeble and ill directed efforts of its first exercises, by which it has been perfected. In the hand there are twenty-nine bones from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility and elasticity. On length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.

There is an old lady living in Lynchburg, Va., who, says she made a pair of stockings last fifteen years by merely knitting feet to them every winter and legs every other winter.

A Child Going Home. It is seldom that faith in a present Saviour is more clearly exhibited than in the life and death of Emily A. Drake, the eldest daughter of Rev. L. I. Drake, of West Liberty, Ohio, who died July 1, 1870, within about a month of her sixteenth birthday.

Modest in disposition, and naturally amiable, she attracted the good and greatly endeared herself to those who best knew her. It is believed that from a child she had been born of the Spirit; but it was not until the last few months of her life that the glory and strength of the religion of Jesus were so clearly shown. In the triumphant death of one in the very bloom of life, with all its fair hopes spread before her, there is surely abundant encouragement for the weary and oppressed to trust in the Saviour.

While yet the prospect of length of days and the realization of the pleasures of life were fair, and seemed, humanly speaking, to be sure, she said to her father,

"I think, pa, if all the joys and pleasures of the world were offered me for Christ, I would put them all away and cling to Christ."

From being apparently the most healthy of her family, she began to decline about five months previous to her death; but so obscure was her disease, that not until within ten days of her death did she or her family think she might not recover. She spoke of death with the greatest calmness.

"I do not think I am going to die soon; at least not now; but in God's time I want to go home to Jesus."

For her death had lost its terrors, and faith in a risen Saviour had taken away its sting. As she became conscious that the hour of her dissolution was not far distant, she repeatedly spoke of her death as "going home."

"I do want to go home to Jesus. I want to die now. I do not wish to live longer. I do not mean that death seems pleasant, but then I shall be with Jesus."

At another time she said to her parents, "I am going home. I wish you could go with me; but then Jesus will go with me."

When asked what portion of the Bible was the most precious to her, she replied, "O, it is all precious; but now the Twenty-third Psalm seems most precious. The Lord is my Shepherd; and when I shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

The Bible was to her a treasure. Her mother said to her one day,

"Daughter, shall I read to you from some other good book, or from the Bible?" She replied, "O, read from the Bible all the time."

Her mind was remarkably clear. She spoke of many things that had actual realities of death and eternity would seem to shut out from one's thoughts; but she seemed to feel that what she did must be done quickly, and that she declined. Forgetting nothing, she reminded every one of his or her kindness with thanks.

"I would like to be buried," said she, by the side of sister Lillie. But it does not seem like I am going to be buried, when I die. I just seem that I am going home. I am going to Jesus in heaven. It is, I know, a long way; it is a dark way; but Jesus will be with me." To one of her young companions she said,

"I think I have found the Saviour. Won't you love Jesus, and be a Christian, too?" "To her brother she said, "You have been good to follow Jesus. You must not draw back. Be a faithful Christian man."

To one aged and infirm elder in the church she sent word, "Tell him I am going to die soon, and it will not be long until we meet in heaven."

In the Sabbath school she sent this message to the Superintendent: "Tell them I want them all to love Jesus; to seek Him early, for He says, 'I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me.' I would like to meet them in Sabbath school once more, but I am too weak to go; but tell them I shall soon be carried by bright angels to heaven, where Jesus is the great Superintendent."

During her last days, there were times when she seemed entirely gone—when exhausted nature sank under its load. When she would recover a little strength, she would say: "O, I have come back, I thought I was going home."

Once she said: "O, pa, I saw Jesus! I was almost over; He put His hand to me, but I turned and came back. I am so sorry I came back!"

A few minutes before she breathed her last, she took an affectionate leave of her parents, brothers, sisters, and of all around her, with all the calmness of one going on a visit from home. Looking up at her father, with a smile of triumph on her face and the light of heaven in her eye, she exclaimed, "I am going home this time. Good bye, ma! Good bye, dear pa! Kiss me for me!" (Her mother was lying sick in an adjoining room, and could not go to her dying child.)

When the darkness of death came over her, she said, "It is getting dark and cold. O, so dark! I know you are all here in the room, but I cannot see you."

After this she called out again, loud enough for her mother to hear, "Good bye, ma!" And as though she would draw all after her the dying girl exclaimed, "Good bye, everybody!" And with broken sobs from those around came the response, "Good bye, darling!" When the darkness of death had forever shut out the natural vision, she exclaimed, as she lifted her hand, "I see a little light away off;" and then in a little while she said, "It is brighter now. O, so bright! Don't you see it, pa?" and with this light of the eternal day bursting upon her, she expired, and was at Home with Jesus.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provision, etc., Market St. Clearfield, Pa.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 27, 1869.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and Jeweller, in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 18.

H. BUCHER SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 18.

T. P. J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, Wines, Groceries, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 70.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

F. R. REED, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kylesboro, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. (Apr. 20-30)

Q. N. NORTON, Attorney at Law, Lock Hill, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Apr. 29, 70.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1869.

J. B. MURNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d Street, one door south of Lantz's Hotel.

TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield, and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., etc., Graham's Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 18.

H. HANSTWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Pills, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Second Street. Dec. 27, 1865.

F. H. QUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends to all kinds of house work. April 29, 70.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Groceries and Provision, in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. Apr. 27.

W. WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Jan. 7, 70.

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street, nearly opposite the Court House. June 20, 70.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Also, wholesale and retail. Clearfield county, Pa. Jan. 1869.

MANSION HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa. This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table is supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DAUGHTERY, Proprietor. Wounded Pa. Aug. 19th, 1862.