

and plates will be suggestive to the intelligent and intelligent.

NOTES FROM HURALDON.

Correspondence of the St. Paul Press.

Lake Cottage, July 29, '61.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir:—In my last, I think I promised to your readers some account of our home and its pleasant surroundings, yet dwellers and tourists in this famous land have become so familiar with scenes of wild grandeur and of almost Oriental magnificence, that I cannot hope to draw for each, in "thin air," a picture embodying new combinations of the beautiful. Longfellow, in the legendary windings of "Hiawatha," has thrown a strange charm around the "land of the Dakotas," the home of the sunset—and rendered it almost immortal. Beauties worthy of a place on the master's canvas, or in the poet's creations, deck its surface. I have looked over the island, dotted blue of Pepin, and have seen the rising sun flash across its waters and flood the precipitous front of Maiden Rock with showers of golden glory; have paddled the Indian's canoe over the great vein of the broad Northwest; have listened to the roar of St. Anthony, thinking of the thunders of the world renowned cataract in my native State; and have stood beneath the spray of matchless Minnehaha which seemed to murmur,—“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

I have traversed its thick forests, and, resting by some tranquil lake which, in the stillness of sultry noon, mirrored the listening trees, have felt, "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood—there is a rapture on the lonely shore." Years ago, before the hand of agricultural industry had wrought so many changes in its primeval loveliness, its broad prairies, which were as if an ocean of meadow had overflowed the landscape, leaving only an occasional grove island, had a peculiar beauty, which once seen, was never forgotten. Travelers of no mean pretensions have said that the sunsets of Minnesota rival those of Italy.

Fortunate land to be thus nobly linked with memories of that classic soil, sacred as the cradle of literature and art! But to our home. There is a limpid lake which lies among the low hills, its waters here and there stretching far up into some opening ravine, forming miniature bays. The shores are pebbly and enriched with shells and corals. Wooded slopes rise gently from the margin, or farther up, rocky bluffs jut boldly out into the water, their sides often draped with tangled vines of grape, and which

Mr. W. A. Croft, communicates to the *National Republican* of the 26th the following graphic description of scenes at the hospital:

I was on the field of battle at Ball Run on Sunday, and am sufficiently recovered from the complete prostration which followed my march of sixty miles—from Vienna to battle and back to Washington—to be able to give a brief account of what I saw. I was but a civilian; my chief occupation was to help carry off the wounded, and minister, as far as possible, to their comfort.

I assisted to bear several to the hospital at the corner of the woods—near the battle field—perhaps 150 rods from the enemy's batteries. Such a scene of death and desolation! Men, dying and dead, covered the floor and filled the yard with frightful misery. Civilians and soldiers turned surgeons, and amputated and bound up the wounds of the injured and dying. A shell from the enemy struck harmlessly near the front yard, and cannon balls flew over and around, with their prolonged "whish!" as if the sacred white flag above our heads, honored by all the people besides, was a special target for the hateful and insolent "Confederacy." I learn that this hospital was burned soon after, with all its suffering inmates by the heartless and diabolical foe.

Soon after, a man was brought along on his way to the other hospital, and I assisted in carrying him thither. It was somewhat further off, on the road of approach, and was extemporized from a church which we had passed just before reaching the battlefield. It was a scene too frightful and sickening to witness, much more describe. There were in it, scattered thickly on the floor and in the galleries, sixty or seventy, wounded in every possible way—arms and legs shot off, some dead, and scores gasping for water and aid. The pulpit was appropriated for a surgeon's room, and the communion table of pious anarchy became an amputation table, baptized in willing blood, and consecrated to the holy uses of Liberty and Law! The road and woods, on either side and all around, are strewn with maimed and mutilated heroes, and the balls from rifled cannon go over us like winged devils. There sits a colonel, with his arm bound up, asking to be put on his horse and led back to his regiment; here lies a captain with a grape shot through his head, and blood and brains oozing out as we touch him tenderly to see if he is dead; and yonder comes in a pale chaplain, cut by a canister, while, sword in hand, he led his brave little party, in the name of Almighty God, to the fight. And again we enter the hospital with him. Oh, God! What a hideous sight! Step into this gory tabernacle. You may grow pallid and faint, as some even of the strong-hearted do, or you may find yourself cool and self commanding, as I do, against my own anticipations, amid such sights and scenes. I have known men who could walk up to a flashing wall of bayonets unblanched, who would faint at the sight of suffering. Look around you here. The grim chambers, where the deity of a strange despotism was worshipped, is turned into an altar of Freedom, and sanctified anew by the warm

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Manhattan Insurance Company

NEW YORK OFFICE

Assets.....\$1,000,000 00
N. D. MORGAN, Pres't

O. Y. WENTWORTH, Sec'y

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Through an opening in the trees on one side, we can see, reaching far away over the great plain, rich fields of ripening grain waving in the summer sunlight, like seas of melted gold. Soon all will be ready for the sickle, and then every breeze will be vocal with the noise of machinery, and the hum of busy toil. The cutting of barley is almost commenced, but this is only a minor fraction of the great harvest. In all the fields which I have seen there is a small proportion of oats, and a lesser of corn. The extensive and rich farms of the valleys of the Vermillion, Cannon, Straight and Zumbro rivers, together with the scarcely less cultivated districts of the intervening tablelands, are mostly covered with the best varieties of spring wheat. Notwithstanding the fears entertained of an almost total failure of the crop, the rust has, as yet, done but little damage; and though there is no expectation of last year's abundance, good judges estimate the average yield at not less than 15 bushels per acre. The Southern fields generally present a better appearance than the Northern.

I notice that the Press is making earnest calls for the raising of a 3d and 4th Regiments, for the national service. This is well; yet the enlistment rolls cannot be

the sacred white flag above our heads, was a special target for the hateful and insolent “Confederacy.” I learn that this hospital was burned soon after, with all its suffering inmates by the heartless and diabolical foe.

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That ghastly picture of carnage will be ever present before my eyes, and those death appeals, and those half-smothered sobs and groans, will always ring their dreadful chorus in my ears.

And now on, and on past us fly the panic-stricken troops. We are not beaten, but these think we are, which is just as bad for our cause to night. Good generalship and guarded baggage wagons would have saved us, we late of the military corps think, but it is too late now. And so the whole nation is to suffer then, for the dark crimes of years—the South for its terrible guilt of commission, and the North for its moral debauchery which has betrayed it into such fearful complicity. Had we remembered the Divine decree “though hand joined in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.”

May God purify the religion, and warm the heart, and quicken the conscience, and open the eyes of the nation! May we learn now the lesson which a few brave souls of the North have striven long to teach, and speedily wash our bloody hands and begin to do the righteous thing!

W. A. CROFFUT.

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Passengers holding through Tickets are subject to no transfer charges at Milwaukee or Chicago.

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BOBUP & CHAMPLAIN, Freight Agents, St. Paul. **WILLIAM JERVIS,**

Superintendent, Milwaukee. **WILLIAM L. DANA,**

Gen. Freight Agent, Milwaukee. **J. J. NOAH,**

Western Agent, St. Paul.

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