

Thurs. Aug. 22, 1861

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## Meeting at Concert Hall.

In obedience to a call numerously and respectfully signed, a meeting of citizens took place at Concert Hall on Monday evening. Like a similar one the same evening at Military Hall, for the enlistment of volunteers, the call for the meeting was headed "Rally to the Rescue." on the supposition, from the statement in the dailies, that the Capital was in danger.

The meeting was organized by calling Col. A. Chichester to the Chair. The principal speaker for the evening not having arrived, addresses were made by Messrs. Lewis S. Barnum, Wm. A. Judd, of Bethel, James Taylor, and F. J. Jackson. The speeches were pithy pointed and patriotic, leaving no doubt about the position occupied by the speakers. Roger Averill, Esq., arriving in the Hall, he was introduced by the Chair, and proceeded in the delivery of a well-timed and patriotic address, which was received with marked testimonials of satisfaction from the audience. As the speaker closed, the Chairman of the meeting, (Col. Chichester) was called out, when he said:

"GENTLEMEN: You all know that I am not given to speech making, but when the time comes, and circumstances require it, I will act." (at the same time rising his right arm to show how he would suit the gesture to the word.)—which brought down the house with a double round of applause.

Previous to the adjournment of the meeting, Mr. B. F. Skinner, of the "Wooster Guards," announced that a muster roll was open at Military Hall for signatures, and suggested that as the method of compromise that could be adopted.

**A GAY PARTY.** One of the pleasantest parties of Ladies and gentlemen visited us on Monday, (using us in a community sense,) that we have seen the present century. They came from over our western line, where they make more money and have less opportunities for spending it, than hereabouts. The costume of the Ladies represented the variety of styles that obtain the present season—but one, the best figure, of course, and otherwise the most noticeable, appearing in "gowns." The new and approved style of dress never found a fairer subject or a more regal form, and the most inveterate, crusty and unimpressible old bachelors would have done homage to the "ladies' last pet," if blessed with a sight of what it contained. Over the "gowns" and a luxuriant growth of semi-aven-tresses, sat jauntily and gracefully a light beaver with a continental curl, and half wreathed with a spotless white plume. Just enough to give the slightest touch of masculinity to her finely chiselled and purely feminine countenance, her eyes were veiled with an entirely unpretending pair of glasses, which in jet mountings, bridged her classic nose and were moored by an elastic, floating away to its fastenings in the delicate and exquisitely-adjusted belt which bound her zone. Her dress, in material and shade, was of the becoming grey, to which ladies have taken with as natural good taste as an infant to its mother. Severely unjewelled, except by nature's own setting, the contour of her person was unbroken by the least attempt at draped ornament, and nature unembarrassed by art, presented, as a blessing to the eye, a graceful specimen of her handiwork, undimmed by the shadow of vanity.

The gentlemen of the party, "smoked" badly, a weakness which was indulgently overlooked by their fair companions. As would be expected, they all visited "Ryton's" photograph gallery, and after short sittings took away duplicates of themselves. Before leaving town they reined their fine teams under the shade trees between our office and Mr. Weed's, with whom we are prepared to dispute the honor or favor of the call. When the spirit moves, may it send them to our shades again.

## Good Tidings!

**Bronson, Jennings and Holdbrook Alive!**  
De Witt C. Sprague, of the New Haven Greys, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, and since unconditionally released, furnishes the "Journal and Courier" some interesting intelligence. That part which is especially so to us, is the announcement of the safety of three of our missing citizens, named above. This is good news, and while we would much rather have our correspondent (Mr. Bronson) and his associates at Washington than in a Richmond prison, he is at least where we shall hear from him; whereas, if he had been bored with a rifle or cannon ball, we should not have done so—for the present, at least. Mr. Sprague gives the names of the prisoners of the three Connecticut regiments as follows:

Name	Rank	Location
F. P. Slack	Teamster	Clinton
I. N. Jennings	Private	Danbury
A. Holdbrook	"	"
Henry Judson	"	Bridgeport
C. W. Payn	"	New London
Martin Harvey	"	"
J. Jennings	Corporal	Norwich
C. A. Murry	Private	"
John McManus	"	Hartford
W. B. Rich	Corporal	New Haven
E. C. Lamb	Private	Hartford
S. A. Cooper	"	Winsted
George O. Bryan	"	Nova Scotia
David O'Conner	"	S. Norwalk
A. L. Benedict	"	Bethel
James Kennedy	"	Falls Village
Chas. E. Galpin	"	Washington
Mark Kilbitt	"	Hartford
Aug. E. Bronson	"	Danbury
George Weed	"	Stamford
Edwin B. Arnold	"	New Canaan
Jas. Paignt	"	Darien
E. S. Blue	"	Hartford
—Moulton	Corporal	Norwich
Rev. Mr. Eddy	"	Winsted
F. M. Welch	Cold Waiter	Meriden
Total	26	

**A BITE. ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.** A youth while engaged in fishing for eels, the other evening was favored with an extra bite! and in attempting to pull up, he pitched head first into the stream. He got out without assistance, but had nothing but "ribbles" the rest of the evening. There are so many "slips between the cup and lip," that fishermen always lose their best game.

**REAL ESTATE.** A fine farm located on the line of the Housatonic Railroad, in Brookfield, is advertised in our columns to-day.

## Three Days' With Haversack and Pencil.

THROUGH THE WOODS.

[Through the northern part of the connecting line between Fairfield and Litchfield Counties, there is an untamed naturalness in the scenery, (and sometimes inhabitants,) that would not be creditable to places much farther removed from the hum of busy life and business. Said a lady who recently visited the solitudes of the forest of Ohio, "What impressed me [most deeply with the fact of being in the midst of undisturbed nature, was seeing the huge forest trees lying and decaying] where the tempest or woodman's axe, had left them!" Back beyond the sight of habitations, or civilized life, in the mountains running into or out of our own county, may be found in abundance the same marks of forest repose. In the sketch below—to be followed by others, looking towards other scenes—appears the main incidents of a days' experience, in the woods. If the imagination of the writer should run away with his judgement, as it came near doing in the account of the "dinner" we shall be prepared to correct the impressions.]

Early on the morning of Thursday, Aug. 15th the Gen. Editor of the Times and your humble servant, along their well-filled haversacks and started out on a tour of observation, with good grit, trusty muscles and weapons, and a keen appetite for pleasure and adventure. Our course of travel extended over a circuit of fifty miles, embracing points of interest in Fairfield and Litchfield Counties.

A glorious morning dawned on our starting, and as we journeyed along, the sky, which a few days before had wept a flood of tears, now cloudless smiled to feel the advancing sun, and the fresh breeze from the surrounding hills filled us with elastic vigor.

A walk of three miles brought us to the residence of Mr. NORMAN HAMILTON, Esq., when the sorrowful mare was soon hitched up and we trotted on toward the regions where *incense* is wont to steal from numerous coal-pits, up through the branches of "Short Woods" and float away over rocky cliffs and hills where once the war-whoop of the Indian and the scream of the eagle echoed in the stillness of the defiles, and the wild-cat transfixed its smaller victims with a single bound, starting the rattlesnake from his lazy coil and sending the partridge whirling through the woods.

A mile or two through the well-tilled fields and cattle-stocked grazing land of some of our most substantial farmers found us in New Fairfield Centre with its small cluster of houses, its little church and grave yard, and its Post Office which boasts a semi-weekly mail. The "stars and stripes" floated proudly from the top of a towering staff and looking across to "Horton's Cove" we saw the same emblem floating out against the sky. Leaving the Centre behind us, the road began to grow more rough and the scenery grander, as we got in among the hills, while the scarcity of dwellings, the appearance of the few inhabitants, the jutting of rocks in the road, and the shabby forests told us that we were in the midst of the country, where live the men and boys whose scream of "charge-a-l" denotes the advent in our streets of a pair of scrawny steers and a patriarchal wagon loaded with the charred remains of trunks that once stood firmly in the mountain soil. Now and then we passed a dwelling whose inmates were just taking breakfast at one house we saw a pale-faced, golden haired boy who looked more beautiful from the roughness all around him; and in the doorway of a low-roofed mansion we beheld half-dressed, the features and form of the "beast" of that region; but amid the mercenary wildness and novelty of the scenery about us, we soon forgot the impression made by the uncombed locks, the shoulder-blades peering from the unhooked dress, the shape of the sun-tinted arm, the outline of the uncovered ankles, the presence of "nary a hoop," and the innocence of the rustic face.

The road now grew more difficult, leading up and down over ragged rocks and through gullies skirted by ledges and thickets with no seeming possibility of an outlet save into the sky that looked down among the tree-tops far above us. At long intervals a small clearing or strip of meadow land appeared. The note of the hawk, the squall of a baby that had fallen face downwards on a stone, the gabble of geese and the grunt of porkers was our music until the woods seemed to shut in still closer upon us, and we pursued our way with no signs of civilization, shut out from all the busy hum of town and city, alone with nature in her empire of grandeur and wildness old as the childhood of time. At last we began to descend gradually, a wide open space appeared before us, and we were deposited, about half-past 9 o'clock at a place where two roads meet, near SCANTZ (Squams) Pond. Mr. HAMILTON left us after having good luck to attend us in our wanderings. We thanked him and the honest young mare as they took another and less rough route for home.

Looking back for the road we had just traversed we could distinguish it for a few rods only, and then it was lost in the abrupt ascent of the thickly wooded mountains. After a refreshing lunch we shouldered baggage and followed the road along the pond, which is a nice sheet of water skirted on one side by mountains of timber and rock. Arrived at the head of the pond—concluded to climb one of the mountains—started across the fields for a house and saw-mill at the foot of a peak not far distant—reached the spot—one hundred yards from any road—found an old man engaged in working out chestnut shingle with a drawing knife—asked him how he got to the road—he pointed out a passage through the fields—a dashing mountain torrent furnishes his mill with power for three months in the year—made some inquiries of him, gave him a copy of the Times and started up the mountain. Kept in a path, that skirted the torrent, for about ten minutes when we

heard a rustling in the underbrush ahead of us—stopped—listened—presently saw two young humans, of six or seven summers, with dark faces and woolly heads, legging it briskly with heads thrown back over their shoulders the white eyes glistening half with wonderment and half in fear—we followed up lively—came upon some beds spread on the rocks—a little farther on a hut built of earth, stone and sod, without windows and with but one entrance—stopped at the door—looked in—two sprightly girls and the lads we had first seen stood just within and behind them sat an old negro gruff and stiff—narrow bunk in one corner filled with shavings, a chair or two—nothing more—questioned the old African about the vicinity—no intelligible answer—just then a good natured, stout, well built negro protruded her dark face and figure from a still darker recess and smilingly answered for her "Dad and master" who hobbled out of doors—distributed some cake and crackers among the children—the gift of a lead pencil gained us a quietly grin that showed the ivory of the eldest daughter—strange habitation—took a path behind the cabin and continued the ascent. Half way up came upon a collection of dilapidated furniture lying just out of the path with no signs of a human habitation visible—wondered what was the history connected with it—with curious eyes and hands fished among it for something that should tell the tale, half fearing at the same time that we should find something that would destroy at once the romance we had already associated with the pile of articles we had discovered—but we found nothing of the kind—took an inventory which resulted as follows: two tables, stand, cupboard, blue handle, wash board, saw blade and frame, broken bedstead, half a dozen bottomless chairs, griddle, stove pipe, tin pans, auditions, carpet, boots, closet full of bed clothes, school books on the floor of one of which was written the name of "SYLVESTER W. NICHOLS," horn, cedar, straps, broken tray, long boot jack, remnant of spinning wheel, little box containing sundry pamphlets, two clock weights, part of a hymn book, chest with padlock, supposed to contain the valuables, barrel containing coffee-mill, hamp, paint box, buck's horn, small cupboard full of deer skin stripped up, a pocket-book (no money), gimblets, shot pouch, box of percussion caps, wine, sleigh bell, neck-tie, &c. Turned to go away—sped a box covered with the head and foot-board of a bedstead—pushed off the covering and found a complete set of homemaker's tools and an excellent lap-stone—wondered still more at this and wended our way to an overhanging rock, near by, under which we found a bag of clothing, a good chair, some basket-work, shavings, pair of brogans and a pick axe—sat down in the chair with the ponderous rock which would shelter thirty persons over our head—tried to solve the mystery—thought of Indians, gypsies, hermits and robbers—couldn't come to any satisfactory conclusion—looked out a moment upon the mountains before us and the farm lands peering amid the gaps beyond and then resumed our upward course. Scaling several high ledges the summit was gained and a splendid view of the surrounding country rewarded our toil. The meridian sun shone down upon peaks that rose higher, hills and valleys that settled lower, woodland, and meadow land, farm houses, barns and hay-stacks, lake, winding river, and leaping cascade, mill and church spire, bright pans of the dairy maid on the fence, sailing hawk, browsing cattle, fields of corn, curling smoke, while the clang of some choppers' axe, the falling of a dead limb in the forest about us, or the note of some bird, made music of the general silence that seemed to reign.

Again we began to descend—flushed a plump partridge—Editor started in pursuit—partridge was contrary, skulked, and wouldn't come out and be shot—came upon several coal-pits but found none burning—about 1 o'clock half way down—found a spring of cool water stopped by it for drinker unsung and opened haversacks—built a fire—broiled a handsome piece of prime pork—table, a piece of white paper and a napkin, flanked on one side by an abrupt hill and on the other side by a stone fence, a shot gun and a "shooter" had a good dinner—tremendous appetite.

## BILL OF FARE.

Roast Chicken, Dutch Cheese,  
Broiled Pork, Crackers,  
Biscuit, Cake, &c.

## LIQUORS.

Pure spring water flavoured with genuine "old Bourbon," lemons and sugar.

Dinner finished we amused ourselves with shooting at a mark—started down again—got among the rocks—saw-mill and river below us—took another route—fetched out in a saw-mill—gained the open country once more and keeping the Squams road, for a short distance, turned to the right and passing through "Lover's Hollow," nestling down among the hills in quiet beauty, took the mountain road for New Milford. Passed by "Grezes Pond" quite a respectable body of water, on a high elevation, with mountains encircling it—well stocked with bass—law prohibiting fishing—has two years to run—then won't we fish—kept going up gradually—immense perpendicular ledge of rocks at our left—gathered some mint—happy thought—communicated it to the Editor—he laughed—soon discovered a sparkling spring and in ten minutes had some as superb and natural "mint julep" as e'er was sipped by man—got thro' the mountain—old deserted house—on the hill—mused on the generations whose feet had undoubtedly passed its threshold—births, marriages, deaths, joys, sorrows, music, groans sturdy men, fair faced women, trembling age, prattling children, love, hate, remorse, consolation, trust, wanderings, returnings, good byes and welcomes—the report of the Editor's gun broke our dream and the head of a squirrel at the same time—came in sight of a school house—bowed to the "marm"—crossed a bridge—after an hour's travel as we reached the brow of a hill, New Milford and its surroundings were below us in all the

varied beauty with which nature has touched that portion of the Housatonic valley.

Well cultivated fields and comfortable looking farm houses now began to be seen on either hand, and about 6 P. M., we passed through the covered "Town Bridge," 226 ft. in length, and were soon cozily situated in the neat and cool sitting room of the New Milford House, LEWIS ALLEN PROPRIETOR, having walked twenty-five miles since our lunch at SCANTZ Pond in the morning.

W. H. FRANCIS.

For the Times.

## A Visit to Lover's Leap.

A short time since, while on a visit to a neighboring town, your correspondent, together with a friend, paid a pedestrian visit to a romantic precipice, which bears the name of "Lover's Leap." There is said to be a legend connected with this picturesque spot, but could not vouch as to its truth. It is said that an Indian maiden being forsaken by her dusky lover, tired and weary of her solitary wigwam, precipitated herself from this ledge of rocks into the rapids below. (We attribute the tradition to the fruitful imagination of a boarding school Miss, who narrated the above. There is certainly a Lover's Leap on the banks of the Mississippi, and this precipice on the Housatonic may be one also.)—The leap is on the banks of our noble Housatonic, and nearly half a mile from the Falls in New Milford, and at the lower extremity of a narrow gorge through which the river roars, foams and froths in its angry windings. A look from the Leap on the calm, untroubled surface of the "Cove" presents a scene well worthy the attention of an artist. On the right is seen the graceful slope of a mountain with its variegated foliage, whose colors are reflected in the water and there are softly blended. On the left are seen pasture fields, with cattle grazing quietly, fields of grain with a strip of woodland at the horizon. Directly in front is seen a lovely island which divides the river into two distinct streams, while the background is filled with the distant blue hills. We stood enraptured almost at the loveliness portrayed before us. Being blessed with a due amount of the spirit of adventure, your correspondent, led the way, and commenced descending the precipice, which was accomplished with its many difficulties, at one time sliding on the smooth rocks, another holding on the roots of trees, to prevent being tumbled into the waters below. A canine friend undertook the journey, but was found to leave it unaccomplished by the barking and howling we heard overhead.

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MILAN, Ohio, Aug. 10th, 1861.

**Dear Times:**—'Tis hot—hot enough to roast an African. I am in an awful fix on account of the weather—dare not go out for fear of burning up—dare not stay in for fear of melting. What shall I do? I have applied for all the situations in town where there was the least chance of having ice-water and lemonade thrown in; having inquired of every ice-vender if he could not give me a berth in his ice-house, and nary ice wagon have I allowed to pass without inquiring whether a clerk were not wanted to attend to it,—but alas! in my efforts to "keep cool," I have been constantly growing hotter and hotter. I have been thinking of late what a splendid investment of time, money and genius, might be made by some Yankee inventor in some kind of an invention by which to cool the weather. I have tried myself for some time to imagine something of the kind. I have, I think, discovered the "possibility," of the scheme, and there remains now but the working out of this "possibility," to give to the world a blessing, unparalleled in the annals of the human race,—save perhaps, by "Bailey's Magical Pain Extractor," or "Dr. George Washington Lafayette Esculapius Squibb's Universal Disease Extirminator." I want to study on the thing a little while longer before I begin actual operations, so I have retired to *Rose Hall*, (the residence of a friend,) about four miles from the apogee for a city, whose unpretending name stands at the head of this article, and here amid the bawling of calves, the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of steeds,—for my friend deals pretty extensively in live stock,—I am meditating over the mighty and momentous invention, which I propose soon to give to the world,—actuated, of course, by motives of pure philanthropy and disinterested benevolence towards the suffering and sun-dried.

At some future time I shall give you a full and concise description of the machine, and in case you should like to purchase territorial rights, I will forward a model for your inspection.

This section is full of "bold soger boys," just returned from the wars, covered with glory—minus the scars. One I meet who participated in the fight at *Bulls Run*. I tell you he is a hero—the principal and almost only hero in this country. He confesses to having made good use of his limbs I mean, after the affair commenced. Very unfortunately, very. Good result on the whole—learn the "immortal grass-fed" to be more cautious in future.

Yours, truly, WILFRED WILLEYS.