

CORRESPONDENCE.

TEN MONTHS AMONG THE PAPER RAGS.

TO THE SISTERS OF UTAH:—

Permit me to give you a synopsis of my experience in traveling from house to house to collect rags for the manufacture of "Deseret News" paper, wrapping paper, etc.

I have traveled over Salt Lake city three times, calling at every house, (with very few exceptions) and visited nearly every family in Springville, Provo, American Fork, Lehi, Willow creek, Big Cottonwood, Ogden city, Kay's Ward, Farmington, Centerville and Session's settlement.

The entire amount collected from those places is nearly TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, and this sum has been made up by those who have responded to the call of President Young and others, *Save your Paper Rags*.

Is it not encouraging to such, to know that their 1, 2, 4, 6 or 10 lbs of rags have contributed towards making up so large a sum, besides the satisfaction and peace of mind, realized by having done their duty.

My usual practice in collecting, is by commencing at one corner of the city and taking the blocks consecutively from east to west, or north to south, and so on till every house is visited.

I generally obtain some rags at one house out of every five I call upon, so that four-fifths of my calls are unsuccessful visits, but to find out the one, I have to go to the whole five, this of course makes it somewhat tedious, especially when the burning sun causes copious perspiration, which it has done many times during the summer.

The question usually asked at every house is:—"Have you any Paper Rags to-day, Ma'am?" To which the following are some of the answers:—

1. No.
2. I did not expect you, or I might have had some.
3. When I've assorted my carpet rags, I may have a few.
4. I'm too economical to have any, I make all my rags into carpets.
5. You give so little for them, it don't pay for the soap and trouble of washing them.
6. Call to-morrow, I can perhaps raise two or three pounds.
7. Can't stop awhile to attend to them, I'm washing.
8. Not unless you have either tea, denims or soap to pay for them.
9. Call next week, I've got a big sack full, but I'm too busy whitewashing to look after rags now.
10. We never have any, there's only me and my man.
11. I shall never part with my rags till I get a carpet.
12. The lady of the house is not at home.
13. Empty house.
14. Yes.

This last reply comes about one in five, the others and many more of like character comes very often, and although variety is generally considered to be the "spice of life," the less I meet with in the collection of rags, the better I like it.

To the four-fifth portion I wish to say a few words:

By reading over the above answers, you will doubtless see your own words in print, but as your name is not attached, no one except myself knows who gave them, and depend upon it, I'm no "tell tale," except on "general principles."

Better late than never, by having a bag hanging up behind the bed room door, and putting into it every bit of rag you make, of any color and quality, besides those pieces of old carpet and gunny sacks lying around the yard, when once washed in soap suds, dried, and put into the rag bag, they will be *always* ready either for me when I call, or to send them to my house in the Thirteenth Ward, one block south, and one and a half east of the Theatre, which would be more preferable; a little effort will yet enable you to redeem yourselves, by October conference, from a seeming indifference, on your part in responding to the least, though in reality one of the greatest calls that ever have been, or will be, made upon you.

"He it is that loveth me, that keepeth my commandments." With as much propriety, equal force, and truthfulness the above ancient Test is applicable to us as Latter Day Saints.

To those living in the settlements adjacent to, or afar off from Salt Lake city, who have rags on hand, (and there are many such) will you have the kindness to bring them when you come, or send them by a friend when coming to the city; don't wait any longer for me to fetch them; we need the rags to make paper for school books, arithmetics, writing paper, etc.; and, by now disposing of your first batch, your rag will then be at liberty to receive a second, so that, whenever I chance to come along, it will always be ready with more or less in it.

The articles I have on hand to pay for rags with are:—black ink, of excellent quality, paste boards, Godfrey's cordial, agate buttons, pant buttons, ess. peppermint, hatchet handles, bar lead, saleratus, bees' wax, matches, girths, neck straps, sulphur, salts, composition, senna, camomile flowers, buck-skin needles, small-tooth combs, thimbles, extract of peach, extract of celery, Bateman's drops, British oil, ammonia, buck-skin mitts,

drawers, besides other useful things which I occasionally have as opportunity enables me to procure.

And by way of closing this rambling address, I would strongly recommend, counsel, or advise every sister living in Dixie or the cotton country, San Pete, Cache valley, Salt Lake city, and every intermediate settlement, to send or bring in their rags, whenever the bag is full. This will not prevent my personal visits as far as practicable, but it will be doing a great public service, which every good citizen should, cheerfully render, and if spared to labor another "Ten months among the rags" instead of recording the collection of "Twenty thousand pounds," let us, one and all, put our shoulders to the wheel and make it One Hundred Thousand, if so, we shall have undisputed evidence that our labors have been crowned with great success, and my second address shall be as complimentary as your attention to this call can call forth, and if these few remarks should arrest the consideration of some (who have, as yet, done nothing in the matter) and arouse them to their duty, and stimulate others to a more rigid economy in saving their rags, the object I had in view in penning these few lines will be gained, and remain.

Your humble servant,

GEORGE GODDARD.

One block east of the Assembly Rooms, Thirteenth Ward.

N.B.—We buy Woollen Rags also, and make them into flocks, used for beds, stuffing chairs, sofas, etc.

SPRING LAKE VILLA, Utah Co., }
August 10, 1862. }

DEAR NEWS:

Quite a s ranger, and perhaps you may say in ruder; but it can't be helped now—the long silence I mean; but I have been at work—real solid usefulness—"no time" through the week, and Sunday for worship, rest, and a walk abroad to study the huge volume of nature, so interesting in these vales through the blooming springtime.

Fact is, my friend, in looking about among my neighbors, I notice a few, unlettered, out of business, and generally out of means, and I could only trace the cause of all to idleness; so I at once determined not to subject myself to the possibility of such a condition, and went straightway to work and have incessantly labored ever since; and I fear I have taken an overdose of that healthful life and vigor-giving exercise. So, in holding up a little gives an occasional 'few moments' for the spread of ink.

Well, for a new-comer, you will say I have done something, when I tell you I have made the lumber in the canyon, fenced 20 acres, made a crop of 15 acres, a large garden of vegetables and flowers, set and nursed nearly 1000 stocks of fruit and shrubbery, started a small nursery, and, with a little help, have a 40 foot building fairly under way, besides the thousand and one little jobs the head of a 'large' family of 'small' children, might be expected to be called upon to perform daily; now I candidly ask if my pen is not altogether excusable for its quiet repose, under such a state of facts. But you may now lookout, as the inkhorn is uncorked and the dust wiped from the pen, you may now have little reason to ask "what has become of J—'s pen."

In news, we are quite barren, for not even a dogfight disturbs our diurnal or nocturnal repose; but in grain crops, vegetation, peace and hard work, we are not wanting; a bountiful Providence is filling our stack yards and granaries, with an open hand, leaving none unprovided but the indolent; and "were I king," I'd soon adopt some law that should bring that class of beings to honest labor or clear the land of such nuisances, for they are a pest and a burden upon community, and an industrious people like ours have no use for them; but with thankfulness I own there are but few public leeches of that caste within the range of my knowledge.

This pure mountain air is bracing and wholesome, little or no sickness in this region, reminding me of a remark made by a physician, a few days since, when interrogated as to his practice—"It is distressingly healthy," said he; "and were it not that I am something of a farmer, I might starve for all my saddle-bags."

That's good: potatoes and pork are better than pills and powders.

As to peace and good order, we venture to say that there is not a more quiet, law-abiding community this side of the rising sun, tho' as I am a new-comer, and 'not to the manner born.' I may possibly overrate the good qualities of my neighbors.

I have spent a few days in the mountains, in quest of fruit and flowers, and have been amply repaid. In the matter of fruit, I have regaled upon service berries of great size and sweetness, feasted upon the luscious raspberry, and fairly luxuriated with epicurian satisfaction upon the rich and most delicately flavored thimble berry; currants, large and sweet, have been no "strangers in our gates," and now very soon the juicy melon will be ripened and ready for the mouths watering to taste them.

In the matter of flowers, we have room to say but little; we have a fine flower garden of some hundreds of varieties, of fine cultivated flowers of the East, yet we can scarce say we have any lovelier than some found amid the barren mountain rocks, where they bloomed.

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air."

I have, to-day, marked seeds to fill demands of Eastern floral correspondents.

Well, I have got down to the bottom and accomplished but little, so I feel it is time to say—adios. J.

DOWN ON MCCLELLAN.

In the House of Representatives, on the 16th of July last, Mr. Chandler, the republican Senator from Michigan made a lengthy speech on the Conduct of the War, in which he handled matters very freely, and tackled Gen. McClellan.

He (Mr. Chandler) then read from the testimony of John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, who testified that prior to the 5th of April 120,000 men were sent down to McClellan; then Franklin's division was sent, 12,000 more; the 1st of June McClellan's division, 10,000 more, and about that time 11,000 from Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and last June Shields's division, 5,000, were sent, making a total of 158,000 men sent to Gen. McClellan prior to the engagements before Richmond. Mr. Tucker further testified that he did not know of any other force which could have been sent to Gen. McClellan. Thus, Mr. Chandler said, it is shown that 158,000 of the best troops that ever stood on God's footstool have been sent to Gen. McClellan, and yet the treasonable press of the country was howling against the Secretary of War because he had not sent reinforcements to Gen. McClellan. He read further from the testimony of Gen. Meigs, corroborating Mr. Tucker, and saying that everything that McClellan asked for had been promptly sent to him by the Government. Mr. Chandler continued, saying that McClellan lost more men in the trenches, five to one, than ever fell from the enemy since the army went to Yorktown. At last, when a small fraction of the army whipped the enemy at Williamsburg, McClellan, at a long distance from the field of battle, wrote a dispatch to the Secretary of War that he should try to hold the enemy in check; but they were too fast. The road to Richmond was open, and all he had to do was to march out of the swamps and into Richmond; but he found the most dismal swamp he could, and sat right down in the middle of it and went to work digging trenches, and tens of thousands of brave men were lost there by sickness.

Then, at last, after waiting till the enemy chose, for it would not be strategy to attack them till they were ready, we kept on digging trenches, till at last the battle of Fair Oaks was fought, when the whole rebel force was hurled on a small portion of our army, who whipped them and drove them pell mell into Richmond, and across James river. But of course we did not follow them—that would not be fair to follow a whipped enemy, and so the battle of Fair Oaks was lost, that is to say, we won a brilliant victory, but it did us no good. It would have been unfair to take advantages of a routed army, so we magnanimously stopped and commenced digging. There was no army in our front, and no intrenchments in front, but we did not know what else to do, and so we began to dig a ditch, and we kept digging ditches until they had impressed and drilled an army of soldiers from their entire population, and they sent Jackson on a raid to Winchester, and we waited for him to come back with his 20,000 or 30,000 men, and we heard that Corinth was evacuated. But it would have been unfair to commence an attack until they brought their troops from Corinth, and so we waited for the army from Corinth; and when they got in all the troops they ever hoped to raise, then we did not attack them at all. They attacked us, as we had reason to suppose they would. They attacked our right wing, and they hurled their whole force on our right wing of 30,000 men, and during the whole of that Thursday our little army of 30,000 held their ground and repulsed that vast horde over and over again, and held their ground at night. Well, sir, of course reinforcements were sent to those brave men, to enable them to send that dastardly army back into Richmond the second time. No, sir, they didn't do anything of the kind. At night, instead of reinforcements, they were ordered to retreat. Well, sir, that was strategy. The moment we commenced our retreat, it is said in the dispatches, the enemy followed us like demons. Of course they would. Who ever heard of an army retreating that was not followed, unless they were rebels? Our left and center remained in tact. A faint was made on our left wing and center, as I have heard from one of the bravest men in that whole army of the Potomac. He said when his regiment was ordered under arms he had no doubt that he was going to march on Richmond with his regiment. He believed the whole force of the enemy had attacked our right wing. He believed there was nothing in front. He believed that our hour of triumph had come. His men sprang into line with avidity, prepared to rush at the point of the bayonet into and over Richmond. And he never discovered his error until he saw a million and a half of dollars' worth of property burnt before his regiment. Then he began to think it did not wear the aspect of an advance on Richmond. They had been working there and lost ten thousand men digging trenches, and spent months bringing up siege guns. Then they left their trenches without firing a gun. Our army was ordered to advance on the gunboats instead of on Richmond. This Colonel told me that he fought the enemy for three days, and whipped them each day, and then run every night like —, using a wicked word. No portion of that vast army was in the fight except the

men under Porter, and they whipped the enemy the first day. Well, sir, this is called strategy. Now, sir, again I say why was this great army of the Potomac, of two hundred and thirty thousand men divided? Human ingenuity and scarcely divine wisdom, could have devised any other way to have that army defeated, than the way that was adopted. I simply charge that grave errors have been committed; but, as I said before, no other way could have been devised to defeat that army. I have thought it necessary that these facts should go forth to the people. I know that I shall be denounced, but only by two classes of people—one traitors and the other fools. Nobody else will denounce me.

THE BATTLES OF 1812.

The war of the revolution was relatively a mere succession of skirmishes. The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operations, shrink into contemptible insignificance besides the gigantic operations that are going on at the present hour. If we look back at the history, more especially of the last war with England, and compare its leading incidents with those of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly raises to the dignity of a modern reconnaissance.

The 'battles' dwindle down into the veriest martial *emeutes*; the casualties are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorious engagements counted rather by hundreds than thousands. We cite a few incidents from the war of 1812 to show what petty affairs, relatively, were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms. The first battle of any importance was that of Brownstown, near Detroit, fought August 9, 1812. Our force was only six hundred; that of the British and Indians combined seven hundred and fifty. Our loss was eighteen killed and sixty-three wounded; that of the enemy one hundred and sixty.

General Hull's 'army,' which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, numbered but twenty-five hundred men, while that of the enemy consisted of only seven hundred English and six hundred Indians. No wonder General Brock who commanded the latter wrote to Sir George Prevost—"when I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised."

At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of three hundred men each did about all the fighting on our side. Gen. Van Rensselaer in his report says:—"One third of the men who remained idle might have saved all. As it was, some looking on, while many fled into the woods, leaving their brethren to their fate."

At the siege of Fort Erie the English threw two thousand red-hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss was only four killed and seven wounded. Brigadier General Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West because, although he had been preparing the greater part of the summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only fifteen hundred men, and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless he had fifteen hundred more.

At the battle of York our force was seven hundred; that of the enemy seven hundred English and one hundred Indians. Our loss was three hundred killed and wounded; that of the enemy one hundred killed, three hundred wounded, and two hundred prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared to the battle of Belmont or that of Ball's Bluff, either as regards the numbers engaged or the losses sustained.

At the battle of Sacketts Harbor the enemy's force was seven hundred; ours five hundred. His loss in killed and wounded was one hundred and fifty; ours one hundred and fifty four. Among the trophies taken by our troops was the British standard and mace. Over the latter hung a human scalp! Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie was esteemed a 'big thing' in its day; yet his whole fleet consisted of only fifty-four guns and two swivels; that of the enemy sixty-three guns and two swivels! Our loss in killed and wounded was one hundred and twenty-three; that of the enemy has never been definitely known.

At the battle of Chippewa our loss was three hundred and twenty-eight; that of the enemy five hundred and fourteen.

At the battle of Fort Erie our loss was eighty-four; that of the enemy five hundred and eighty-four.

At the battle of Baltimore the enemy's force numbered from seven to eight thousand; ours was probably less than half that number. Our loss was one hundred and seventy; that of the enemy some seven hundred killed, wounded and missing. Even the battle of New Orleans looks insignificant to eyes that have witnessed a reconnaissance on the Potomac sixteen thousand strong, and a review of seventy thousand. The British force, including sailors and marines, was about fourteen thousand; that of General Jackson three thousand two hundred on the left bank of the river and about eight hundred distributed in positions hard by. Our loss was seven killed and six wounded; that of the enemy seven hundred killed and fourteen hundred wounded. It is safe to say that, notwithstanding the torpor of a large portion of our army, and the taunts that we have thus far been only 'playing at war,' a greater number of lives have been lost within the last five months than during the entire war of 1812.

—The oldest house in Boston was built in 1656, and is now 206 years old. The timber of which it is composed is still sound and in a good state of preservation.