

# THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1862.

NO. II.

## Select Poetry.

### OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;  
Leave in its track the toiling plow;  
The rifle and the bayonet blade  
For arms like yours were fitter now;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand; and rein  
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away, away,  
To where the blood-stream blots the  
green—  
Strike to defend the gentlest sway  
That Time in all his course has seen.  
See, from a thousand coverts, see,  
Spring the armed foes that haunt her  
track;  
They rush to smite her down, and we  
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks we cleave,  
And moved as soon to fear and flight;  
Men of the glade and forest, leave  
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.  
The arms that wield the axe must pour  
An iron tempest on the foe;  
His serried ranks shall reel before  
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm  
By grassy steep or highland lake,  
Come, for the land ye love, to form  
A bulwark that no foe can break.  
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock  
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;  
The blast as soon shall move the rock  
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by the grand,  
Swift rivers, rising far away,  
Come from the depth of her green land,  
As mighty in your march as they—  
As terrible as when the rains  
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,  
With sudden floods to drown the plains,  
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,  
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,  
In numbers like the waves that leap  
On his long murmuring marge of sand,  
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,  
He rises, all his floods to pour,  
And flings the proudest barks that swim,  
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old  
Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
But we are many, we who hold  
The grim resolve to guard it well.  
Strike for that broad and goodly land,  
Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That Might and Right move hand in hand,  
And glorious must their triumph be.

## Select Stories.

### ANDREW WAITLAND'S LIFE.

#### AN EPISODE OF WAR.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

In a long day's ride one might scarcely hope to find so happy a family as that of Andrew Waitland. Their happiness was not dependent upon wealth, nor luxury, nor high station, nor any of the external appointments of splendid living. They were poor, and their home was a white-washed log cabin, situated in the midst of a clearing made by Andrew's axe wielded by his strong arms.

The family consisted of Andrew, his wife Helen, and two little chubby, cherry-cheeked children, who played all day in the sun, and grew ruddy, and strong, and beautiful their parents believed.

The lonest pair were well content with their lot, not because they did not hope to better it in future, but because they had prophecy of that future in their fertile, well-watered acres, and in their own untiring industry and economy.

Like most parents, they had already commenced laying plans for their children, and were living more for them than for themselves. Each night they went, before they betook themselves to rest, to look upon their sleeping little ones, and to ask the blessing of God upon them. In the morning their first thoughts went toward the little bed where their children lay. All day at work—Andrew wielding the ax or following the plow, Helen busied with household cares or plying the needle—

they thought for, toiled for, these precious ones. Loving each other very truly, their love only seemed perfected in this mutual devotion to a common charge.

Harsh upon the calm of his happy life fell the alarm of war. A new contest between America and Great Britain had commenced. The war of 1812 had been declared. His country called, and Andrew Waitland, good husband, loving father, earnest patriot, could not resist the call. His home was to be defended, his rights, menaced in the wrongs inflicted on his native land, to be asserted.

A swift rider flashing along the forest road stopped at the clearing just long enough to summon Andrew to join a detachment of militia at a frontier town, a half day's journey distant. Like Putnam, our Cincinnatus left his plow in the furrow, shouldered his musket and knapsack, spoke his hasty but fervent and not tearless farewell to his wife and little ones, and then sturdily wended his way to the camp.

Helen watched him as he moved steadily along the embowered road, the sun gleaming through interstices of the foliage upon the bright barrel of his musket, and lighting his waving brown hair as he turned, before he disappeared beyond the slight eminence that bounded her view, and waved his cap in a last farewell.

Helen was a courageous woman, a true patriot, and ready to make her share of sacrifices for the common weal. She had not allowed herself to doubt the probability of Andrew's return. But nevertheless, as she thus looked upon his mute salutation, and waved her snowy apron in return, it was with a sinking of the heart, a sudden stagnation of the life-blood, as the danger of the battle-field rose vividly before her. She turned away and wept.

But her tears were soon dried. She had little leisure for the indulgence of demonstrative grief. In an hour she was going cheerfully about her daily toil, and already picturing to herself the return of her beloved husband. Vivid as was her imagination it did not serve to delineate the scene of the meeting that was to come.

Days, weeks passed, and Andrew did not return. The expected battle, which caused the sudden summons of the militia, had been fought. Adam had escaped its perils uninjured, but his term of services had not ended with the emergency which called him from home. The militia had moved onward to the defence of another point, and he had been forced to accompany them without visiting his home.

In vain Helen watched and waited for his coming. In vain at morning and evening she scanned the forest road. In vain the children asked for their father, and sobbed themselves to sleep with his name upon their lips. Still he came not. Amidst the varied dangers of war, Helen seldom heard from him even, and her heart was often heavy with fearful apprehensions.

At length, after many months, a letter in the well known hand-writing reached her. It was dated at a distant seaport whither the chances of war had carried him, and informed her that her husband was about going to sea. Vessels were fitting out for naval service, and he had been induced to enlist. There were directions for the management of his little farm, a sum of money, and many loving messages. His farewell words commended his wife and children to the care of Providence, and were written in the hope of a not distant return.

Helen's heart grew heavier at these tidings, but with cheerful alacrity she addressed herself to the performance of the double duties that now fell upon her. And so months passed away in toil scarcely lightened by a hope. Then came the news of a great battle at sea. Andrew's ship had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the crew were either killed or prisoners. Which fate had befallen him she could not learn.

Widowed in heart, she still kept on her hard and rugged path. Her children were growing in strength and beauty. With them she could not be wholly desolate, for them no toil or exertion seemed too great.

The months rolled into years. Once came a rumor that Andrew had been long a prisoner in a British prison ship, but had been discharged or exchanged. But it was only a rumor, and the faint hope it excited died out when he neither returned nor sent any tidings of his welfare.

Years had now passed since his departure. Helen had long mourned him as dead, and looked upon her children as orphans. Women, who amidst prosperity, and no especial draft upon their energies, would pass through life without the development of any but common place characteristics, often in all emergencies. This was the case with Mrs. Waitland.

Her husband left her in a tiny log cabin, situated in a clearing of partially tilled land. Ten years after his departure, a fine farm, a comfortable, though plain framed house, surrounded with all the appurtenances of agricultural life, occupied the place of the clearing and the cabin. A woman, dressed always in widow's weeds, still young and fair, though wearing the sedateness of middle life, a boy and a girl standing on the verge of manhood and womanhood, dwelt in the farmhouse. The little cabin, still standing half concealed in the grove that sheltered the larger house, was the home of the stout countryman who tilled the farm under Mrs. Waitland's direction, and of his buxom wife who assisted in the care of the dairy. The widow Waitland, as she was now called, was looked upon as a prosperous woman.

And prosperity continued to attend her. According to the rural estimates of wealth she was rich. Her acres were fertile, and her crops always of the best. Her children were well educated, dutiful and affectionate, and save for the dark shadow of her misfortune, she would have been a happy woman.

After a time the calm life of the little household was disturbed. The son brought home a wife; the daughter left her childhood's home for that of a husband. Peace still prevailed, but there was an infusion of new interests into the home life, a breaking of some of its delicate links. The widow was not altogether so happy as of old. She had given up the management of the home-farm to her son, and his wife was now mistress, where she had so long reigned. She was restless without her accustomed employments, and though she had abdicated her authority with a good grace, the habit was too strong to be readily laid aside, and it came to pass that there was some covert jealousy of power between the old and new mistress of the household.

Nobody was surprised, then, when Mrs. Waitland and Squire Graham were married. The Squire was a widower scarcely past middle age. His children had all left him for other homes, or had sought pursuits beyond the home-circle. He was rich and well-esteemed, and took his middle-aged, but still handsome bride, to a fine stately home near the county town, where there was good society, and many privileges, from which her remote residence had hitherto debarred her. Few doubted that Andrew Waitland was dead, and all knew that his long absence had legally dissolved the marriage bond, even if he were living.

The life of Mrs. Graham was very calm and pleasant in her new home. She and her husband were well suited to each other, and felt a mutual attachment that might have been stronger, though less demonstrative, than the passion of youth. Her years rolled away scarcely marked by change to the inmates of the mansion. Imperceptibly age encroached upon them, making his progress with snowy tints among their hair, with wrinkles, and slight, but

warning decrepitude. They were growing old together, and hand-in-hand were nearing the foot of life's descent.

One summer evening they sat together, in pleasant converse, upon the broad verandah that encircled their home, when a man, aged, worn, crippled, and coarsely dressed, appeared upon the scene. Time had left no traces of youthful comeliness upon his scarred and weather-worn features, but his voice was scarcely changed. At its first sound a crowd of memories and associations rushed upon Mrs. Graham's soul. Its tones assured her that, after two score years of wandering, Andrew Waitland had returned.

Over such a meeting one must needs draw the veil of silence. Time and absence had builded a great wall between these long divided beings. A wall so high that only intangible memories could pass it. But their meeting was solemn and sacred.

The first agitated greetings over, Andrew Waitland sat down between the woman who had been his wife, and the man who now claimed her as his own, and told the story of the eight strange lustres that had passed away since the war-summons called him from his home.

He told how, in the excitement of battles, and marches, and busy camp life, it had gradually grown easier for him to endure absence and separation from wife and children. How at last, being discharged in a distant seaport, he had been induced by the glittering prospect of easy victories and much prize money to enlist in the sea service of his country. How, for long, his ship had been victorious in every engagement. How, when sailing homeward, with high hopes, had they encountered the enemy's fleet, and defeat and capture had followed. And, in trembling tones he recounted the sufferings of the prison-hulk, protracted through months and years, during which no opportunity of communicating with his family ever occurred; and told how he had pined for home, for the familiar voices, and the loves and pleasures of his once humble but happy lot.

At length he was discharged. At length the thought of return shaped itself into action. His passage was engaged in a ship bound for New York. With the morning tide they were to sail, and at twilight he walked upon the pier, and looked off, hopefully, to the vessel, riding at anchor, that was to convey him to his native land. Suddenly, in the growing darkness, he felt himself seized from behind. In an instant he was surrounded by armed men, and hurried away. His expostulations were answered by blows, his cries silenced by a gag.

He was the victim of a press-gang. In the morning he found himself on board a British frigate, and saw the ship on which he was to have sailed going down in the distance, a fair wind wafting her towards his distant home.

The hope of escape alone made his fate endurable. Again and again he attempted it in vain, sailing over the world and at every port renewing his efforts. So years wore on. With the hope of escape ever vivid, he had never written, because he intended always to carry the tidings of his life and safety to his family.

At length, in a British port, he concerted his last plan. To aid in his escape he had engaged some desperate fellows, whom he believed he had won by lavish use of his prize money. Just as his hopes seemed on the eve of realization his confederates made him their victim. They had been engaged in a robbery, and finding discovery imminent, contrived, to throw suspicion on him. He was arrested, on seeming proof convicted, and sentenced to transportation to the penal settlements of Australia. He went out a stalwart man, of middle age. When, in the course of time, he made his escape from his bitter, enforced servitude, he was an old and decrepid man, maimed, scarred, broken in health and hope.

One only wish, followed his freedom.

To look again upon those he had deserted, and then to die and be buried in his native soil. At least one portion of his wish had been gratified, he had seen Helen, and on the morrow he would visit his children. But the lapse of years and the current of events had made him a stranger to those once dearest and most familiar. His wife was his no longer, but the honored, beloved companion of another. The children he had left in infancy were now past the meridian of life, and surrounded by another generation. His dearest wish was now to die, since life had so few charms, and change had robbed him of all his long-cherished hopes.

And very soon his wish was granted. He died beneath the roof of his son, in sight of the scene of that long-past parting. He died tended by his children, and with the hand of Helen clasped in his. Since all earthly fruitions were denied him, since she who had been the wife of his bosom was his no longer, since his children were strangers, and his familiar friends had forgotten him, it was well so. It was the happiest ending of a hopeless life of struggle and suffering. And though there were many tears shed over his grave, they were more for the unfulfilled hopes and promises of his life than for its close—they were less for him than for all the wasted boon of years, and for his purposeless sufferings.

### A HEAVY CUSTOMER.

Some days since a farmer visited Boston and sauntered into a store, told the proprietor that a neighbor had entrusted him with some money to spend to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be best treated. He had been used very well in Boston by the traders, and he would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity the trader said: "I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?" "Well," says the farmer, with a leer in his eye, "in the first place I want a glass of ale," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman. "Now what do you want to purchase," said the storekeeper.

"Well," answered the farmer, "my neighbor handed me ten cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco; have you got the article?"

The farmer was referred to the next door for the staple, and requested to play the same trick through the street, which he said he would do, but some one smelt the joke and gave the fellow an emetic with his beer, and that stopped his career for the day.

### A LOVE-LETTER.

A rebel soldier, in one of our hospitals, recently received the following epistle from his "lady love," which we pronounce decidedly cool and practical:

"Kind Sir:—I received your letter—glad to hear from you. We have been corresponding for some time to each other. Now we will have to quit our corresponding to each other, as I have placed my affections on one I wasn't dreaming of, and soon will be joined in wedlock. I shall have to say farewell to you, Henneri. As there was not any promise between you and I, I feel at perfect liberty. I would just say to you that I was afraid you would never come back; you are way up North, exposed to death, disease, and a smashing of your teeth on them hard crackers. I leave the subject with you, Henneri. Write and tell me what you thought when you received this letter."

"NANCY."

THE editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "Twas horrible to look upon."



# The Cavalier.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1862.



EDITOR:

Lieut. S. H. YOCUM, of Co. "A."

CONDUCTOR:

Lieut. S. WILLIAMSON, Co. "H."

COMPOSERS:

James M. Johnsen, of Co. "H."

Silas C. Hough, do. do.

Johnston Sterrett, do. do.

R. Sloane, Jr., Co. "C," Pressman.

Cha's S. Kunsman, Co. "H," "Devil."

The "Cavalier"

Will be published every WEDNESDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—On Main St., just below the College.

TERMS.—Five cents per single copy.

Advertising inserted at the following rates:

One square, (10 lines,) first insertion, \$1 00

Each subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25

Advertisements of more than three squares, as per agreement.

## JOB PRINTING.

The "CAVALIER" office is supplied with an extra lot of JOBBING material, and any orders in that line will be neatly and promptly executed.

## A Scout.

On Wednesday of last week, as we sat leisurely in our *sanctum-sanctorum*, contemplating the result of our week's labor, and surmising how our youthful "CAVALIER" would be received at home and abroad, among friends and foes, and just as we were gathering our distracted thoughts for the production of another "local," the well-known Orderly, dragging his sabre up the front steps, announced to us that we were the victim of a decree from Head-quarters. "Report yourself, with a Sergeant and twelve men, at half-past twelve, to the Adjutant." Dropping the pen and buckling on the sword—though still convinced that the former was mightier than the latter—we did accordingly, and were soon on our way toward the setting-sun, with the prospect of a pleasant "scout." This is the true sphere of cavalry, and nothing will bring out the gay cavalier, mounted on his prancing charger, so quickly as to tell him he is detailed for a scout. Here at once opens a field for personal daring and enterprize that the more confined military operations do not admit of. Here each man may become a hero, and upon individual bravery depends the result of an action.

Just as you pass beyond the limits of our renowned city, on your way to Richmond, may be seen a huge cannon, still sticking in the road, where it was left by the retreating and panic-stricken Rebels, in their flight after the fight below this place. Its mates are standing around the Governor's Head-quarters, at the College. Nothing of interest is noticeable on the way beyond this, except swamps, woods and occasional fields, until you arrive at the "Six Mile Ordinary," the distance indicated in its name, above this place. Now what an "Ordinary" is, we are willing to leave as doubtful. But supposing it to be a kind of stopping place, or inn for passers-by, we must say, that it could only have accommodated the most ordinary folks in the most ordinary manner. Here the country becomes more thickly settled and under a better state of cultivation. At twelve miles distance, you arrive at "Burnt Ordinary," a kind of centre, around which the settlement seemed to radiate. Here our little party encamped

for the night, after carefully looking around to see that all was right. No time is more interesting, on this kind of an expedition, than that of night, when darkness seems to be a cloak for the assassin to hide his guilt under. Indeed, a feeling of adventure, as the heat of the day passes away, seems naturally to steal over the mind of the man accustomed to our style of life. But, beside the midnight visit to our out-posts, and a thousand mosquitos, nothing disturbed us on our grassy beds.

Early in the morning we were joined by Major Boteler, the senior Major of our regiment, and than whom there is no more gentlemanly or gallant soldier to be found among the patriot army. His presence denoted that we were in for a jaunt, and immediately we started away at a lively pace, for a trip far up the Chickahominy. Crossing the partly destroyed bridge over Diaskin Creek, we came to the river at its great bend, and from there, keeping as close as possible to its banks, and occasionally reaching them by lanes or by-ways; we halted at length for our midday repast, under the shade of Mr. Jackson's huge cherry-tree, where there was ample room for men and horses, and on which was delicious fruit enough for a regiment. Through the hospitality of Mr. Jackson, who is a decided Union man, we fared sumptuously, and were soon again on our journey. We passed by the "Indian Shades," a beautiful spot on the river, and late in the afternoon arrived near the "Forge," at which place Stewart and his party made their exit, after the raid of a fortnight ago. A camp, the posting of pickets, and we spread our blankets for the night. But wo, for the pickets—for in the small hours of night, when ghosts roam and are troubled, Jacob, while his comrades lay sleeping, saw a Rebel, and raising his double-barrelled shot-gun to his shoulder, with a bold heart, stepped out to meet him—but, lo! there were two—three, yes, four, five—"halt," says Jacob, "who comes there?" but echo answered, "who comes there?" as with levelled carbines the foe advanced, commanding him to lay down his piece. Jacob reluctantly lets it slide, and is seized, disarmed and made a captive, while his comrades are dreaming of the next relief. But they, too, are suddenly awakened to their captivity. Pleading ignorance to everything but the name of their regiment, they were closely examined, and then *not* shamefully murdered, but as if by the charm of their title, released—yes, released, by the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, who had happened that way. Lucky for Jacob.

In the morning we passed by the "Long Bridge," which has been destroyed by fire, and then north-westward across the peninsula, to the road leading from "White-House" to our army and Richmond. Taking the road to "White-House, we soon heard of the intensely interesting proximity of a strong Rebel force, supposed to be Jackson's, who, like an arrow, had shot down from the Shenandoah Valley. And here followed a scene that beggars all description. Sutlers, with the horror and anguish of dissolution depicted in their faces, wildly rushing hither and thither, to procure conveyance for their stock; teamsters forcing on their heavily loaded teams, as if the fate of a world depended on the accomplishment of a mile, and all on account of a precautionary movement on the part of Gen. McClellan to prevent any disaster to our right wing. These things, with the heavy report of cannon in front of Richmond, passed the hours quickly away, and we lay us down to sleep on the deserted plain near "White House," preferring rather to see the monster that was so terrifying to others, than to run at the sound of his name. In the morning, seeing nothing to alarm, we started for camp, and arrived without anything of interest occurring worthy of note, after a hard day's march.

## The Fourth.

Day after to-morrow is the 86th anniversary of American Independence. What thrilling thoughts the occasion awakens in every loyal breast. Here, where the spirits of patriotic heroes still linger, where the voice of Patrick Henry might once have been heard, and where now the treasonable dagger is drawn to stab that same principle to the heart, that was once so nobly here defended—that this foul blot should mar the spot where the patriotic defenders of the Union fought and died, gives rise to sad reflections. Has human nature so rapidly degenerated, that all her nobility has gone, or is it but the result of blind infatuation? Should the patriot Father of his Country again resume mortality, and stand before the Rebel host, what bitter words of reproach and condemnation would then greet their perjured souls. But not all the sweet memories of the past, nor the bright hopes of the future could now reach the poisoned heart of this foul treason. Its guilt must be washed out with blood. And it is a pleasing thought, that a million of true hearts are ready to cease beating, that our country may still live. Man is fated to die, and what more noble sacrifice of his life can he make than this.

"Die we may, and die we must, But, oh! where can dust to dust be consigned so well, As where Heaven's dew shall shed On the martyr patriot's bed, And the rocks shall raise their heads Of his deeds to tell."

But there is also a bright side to this page our history. Success has crowned our arms, and on this day which we love to commemorate, the struggle of our nation against its internal foes has ceased to be doubtful. The rebellion has been deprived of more than half its territory. Victories have been won at Donaldson, Pea Ridge, Island No. 10, Corinth, Fort Pillow, Fort Henry, Memphis, New Orleans, Winchester, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Beaufort, and all around their borders, while reliable information says that their capitol is in our possession.

Then hurrah for the glorious old Fourth of July! Let "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" peal forth in new tones their impress of freedom, and every junior son of '76 sling high in air his cap as he shouts three cheers for the Union. Let insolent England and meddlesome France hear the sound, and if they choose to show their impious hands, purge them with lead and steel. And when history shall record the story of our nation's struggles, it will be proudly said that we handed down the heritage of our forefathers untarnished to the hands of the following generation.

## Historical Sketch of Williamsburg.

The peculiar importance that has been given to this town and vicinity by the operations of the present war against rebellion, we think justifies us in giving its history to our readers as a matter of information and interest. By the aid of the historical collections of Mr. Henry Howe, with those of Hugh James, A. M., we hope to be able to present an impartial and correct account of the points of most interest.

Williamsburg, the seat of justice of James City County, is 53 miles from Richmond, 12 from Yorktown, 68 from Norfolk, and 7 from Jamestown. It is situated on the Peninsula between the James and York rivers, and in consideration of the natural advantages with which it is surrounded; as also the fact of its being the first incorporated town in Virginia, ought now to be the commercial emporium of the United States. Besides being bounded on either side by two of the first navigable rivers in the world, only 4 miles distant, the location as well as the climate are the most favorable for commercial enterprise. Yet, "in its most palmy days the town never

contained more than 2,000 inhabitants." It is regularly laid out, about a mile in length, and occupies a level plain, which extends for miles around without interruption. At the western extremity of the town is located William and Mary College, while opposite to, and at the eastern end is the Seminary buildings. It has, at present, four churches, (one for colored people,) and about 1000 inhabitants. The Southern Asylum, which is quite an extensive edifice, containing nearly 200 patients, is also located here, with other public buildings, not worthy of note.

There is an air of repose about this village city, so interesting from its historic associations. This immediate vicinity was first known as the Middle Plantations, and the town was first settled in 1632, from the adjoining settlements, principally from Jamestown. In 1698 the seat of government for the Province was removed here from the above named place.

We make the following extracts from a work published about that time by Hugh Jones, entitled "The present State of Virginia:—

"The first metropolis in the State, Jamestown, was built in the most convenient place for trade and security against the Indians, but often received much damage, being twice burnt down, after which it never recovered its perfection, consisting at present of nothing but an abundance of brick-rubbish and three or four good inhabited houses, though the parish is of pretty large extent, but less than others. When the State-house and prison were burnt down, Governor Nicholson removed the residence of the Governor, with the meetings of the general courts and general assemblies, to Middle Plantation, seven miles from Jamestown, in a healthier and more convenient place, and freer from the annoyance of mosquitos. Here he laid out the city of Williamsburg—in the form of a cifer, made of W and M—on a ridge at the head springs of two great creeks, one running into James, and the other into York river, which are each navigable for sloops within a mile of the town, at the head of which creek are good landings, and lots laid out, and dwelling-houses and ware-houses built; so that this town is most conveniently situated in the middle of the lower part of Virginia, commanding two noble rivers, not above four miles from either, and is more commodious and healthful than if built upon a river.

"Public buildings here of note are the College, the Capitol, the Governor's house and Church.

"The College front, which looks due east, and is 136 feet long; it is a lofty pile of brick buildings, adorned with a cupola. At the north end runs back a large wing, which is a handsome hall, answerable to which the chapel is to be built; and there is a spacious piazza on the west side, from one wing to the other. It is approached by a good walk, and a grand entrance by steps, with good courts and gardens about it, with a good house and apartments for the *Indian* master and his scholars, and out-houses; and a large pasture enclosed like a park, with about 150 acres adjoining, for occasional uses.

"The building is beautiful and commodious, being first modelled by Sir Christopher Wren, adapted to the nature of the country by the gentlemen there; and since it was burnt down it has been rebuilt, nicely contrived, altered, and adorned by the ingenious direction of Governor Spotswood, and is not altogether unlike Chelsea Hospital.

"This royal foundation was granted and established by charter, by King William and Mary, and endowed by them with some thousand acres of land, with duties upon furs and skins, and a penny a pound for all tobacco transported from Virginia and Maryland to the other plantations; to which have been made several additional benefactions: as that handsome establishment of Mr. Boyle, for the education of Indians, with the many contributions of the country, especially a late one of £1000 to buy negroes for the college use and service.

"The society is a corporation, established for a president, six masters, or professors, with a hundred scholars, more or less.

"The salary of the President, Mr. James Blair, has been lately ordered to be reduced from £150 to £100 per annum."

PARSON BROWNLOW was among the visitors to Congress on Friday, and the object of marked attentions.

## News Items.

THE NAVAL FIGHTS ON WHITE RIVER AND NEAR GRAND GULF.—Flag Officer Davis, in his official report of the 26th June concerning the expedition up the White River, after mentioning the accident to the Mound City, and the fact that the wounded men were shot by the enemy while in the water, adds: "The Navy Department and the country will contrast these barbarities of a savage enemy with the humane efforts made by our own people to rescue the wounded and disabled under similar circumstances in the engagement on the 6th inst. Several poor fellows, who expired shortly after the engagement, expressed their willingness to die when they were told the victory was ours."

Flag Officer Farragut communicates to the Navy Department the report of an encounter between our gun boats on the Mississippi and the rebel artillery, in the vicinity of Grand Gulf, between Natchez and Vicksburg. A boat, which was sent down to bring up the coal vessels from near that point, discovered earthworks in the process of erection. The Wissahickon and Itasca were sent down to attack them. They found a battery of rifled guns actually there erected, and a force of some five hundred artillerists ready to receive them. A vigorous fight ensued.

The Itasca was struck twenty-five times, and the Wissahickon seventeen times. They, however, lost but one man killed and wounded. The fort being too serious an obstacle to have in the rear of the boats, Commander Palmer, serving at that point, decided to bring the remainder of the squadron, and break up the business before it became too formidable. On the afternoon of the 18th inst., he dropped down abreast with the squadron, and shelled the town for an hour; but the enemy deserted their batteries, and, with the exception of a few rifle shots, manifested no resistance.

Commander Palmer says that the heights are filled with riflemen, and, if they give him any more annoyance, he will burn the town.

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY, DEAD OR ALIVE.—The Charleston Mercury is in great panic; and as the Union Hunter is about to bag his game in Charleston, that paper, loyal, for once, in speech, at least, cries desperately, "Hail, Columbia!" and flies to the city thus named, one hundred and thirty miles away into the interior. Thus "rats" leave a falling house, or essay to desert a sinking ship.

The Mercury is not ill-named. Light-fingered and light-footed was its mythologic type in legendary days; but now, instead of being the messenger of gods, it condescends to become the *ferret* of devils. A fast journal, truly, and very discreet, withal, if not valorous.

EXECUTION OF FOUR MEX.—Stanislaus Roy, alias Murphy, Patrick Clary, George W. Crago, and Frank Newton, condemned by Gen. Butler to suffer death for being concerned in the robbery of Mr. Weissbar's house in Toulouse street, (already mentioned), and as being of a gang that, under pretence of authority from Gen. Butler to search for arms, had committed numerous other robberies, were hanged on the morning of the 17th ult., inside the Parish Prison. Roy and Clary were hanged together, and afterwards, Crago and Newton.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

BRIGADIER-GENERALS.—It is understood that the President has expressed his determination not to make any appointments of Brigadier-Generals, except officers who are in actual service, and come in the line of promotion. The Senate will not confirm any nominations for Brigadiers who are not now in the service as Colonels.

NEW BRIGADIER GENERALS.—There are several applicants for appointments as Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers' some of whom are from Pennsylvania. Among the number, Colonel Max Friedman, late of the Cameron Dragoons, is spoken of, and it is proposed to attach him to the Department of General Halleck.

NEWS FROM BEAUREGARD'S ARMY.—We have late advices from Beauregard's camp. He is short of provisions, his hospitals are crowded, his effective troops are weary of the war, and anxious for a solution of our troubles. At no time since the beginning of the war has a general been in so "tight a place."

THE "SAN ANTONIO" AFFAIR.—A movement is on foot to have an investigation into the freighting of the brig San Antonio, with articles contraband of war for a Southern port.



## Original Poetry.

### HURRAH FOR THE UNION!

TUNE—"Wait for the Wagon."  
Come brothers now unite with us  
And join us one and all,  
United we shall conquer,  
Divided we shall fall.  
Our flag is for the Union,  
We have a gallant crew,  
Who have raised it, and who love it:  
'Tis the Red, White and Blue.

#### CHORUS:

Then hurrah for the Union!  
Hurrah for the Union!  
Hurrah for the Union!  
And the Red, White and Blue.

Our ship's the Constitution,  
Good patriots at the helm  
Shall bring us into action,  
And our foes we will overwhelm.  
They'll find that we are wide awake  
Enough to put them through.  
Our watch-word is the Union,  
And the Red, White and Blue.

#### CHORUS:

Then hurrah for the Union! &c.

Our flag shall be respected,  
Not trampled in the dust;  
The Stars and Stripes shall not come down  
Though traitors say they must.  
Thank God we have a Captain  
To his country ever true,  
Who will stand by McCLELLAN,  
And the Red, White and Blue.

#### CHORUS:

Then hurrah for the Union! &c.

Come then all good and true men,  
And let us all unite;  
With such a gallant leader  
We're sure to win the fight.  
Political distinctions,  
Late to the winds we throw;  
We fight for the Union,  
And the Red, White and Blue.

#### CHORUS:

Then hurrah for the Union! &c.

We fight to save the Union,  
And God is on our side;  
We fight to put down traitors,  
Who the Union would divide.  
And millions rally 'round our flag,  
Which no power can subdue;  
We can die, but we will not pull down  
The Red, White and Blue.

#### CHORUS:

Then hurrah for the Union! &c.

## Local Items.

SCENE AT THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.—Provost Marshal seated at his desk, with books and papers before him. Enter \$3000 worth of female contraband:

F. C.—I want a pass to go to James-town. Me an dese oder wimmen hyar. I want a tradin' pass, I does, but dese oder wimmen don't, but one of dem wants a pass for her husband to come into town every Saturday, from Col. Blow's farm, an stay wid her until Monday, an de oder, she wants a pass to—

Provost Marshal.—One moment! Do you intend that I shall put all these various requisitions into one pass?

F. C.—Sah!

Provost Marshal.—How do you expect, I say, that I can arrange the matter so as to give a trading pass to one, a pass for her husband to another, and some other privilege to a third, and include them all in—

Irrepressible Irishman, named Rafferty, outside.—Let me in, I want to see the Kurnil.

Sentry.—The Colonel is not here, this is the Provost Marshal's office.

Rafferty.—It's the Provost I mane, Kurnil Hinnessy. I heard tell he's from Dublin, an I want to see him; let me in.

Sentry.—No, you can't pass; he is engaged just now.

Rafferty.—Engaged? Sure there's nothin' in with him but Nagurs. Let me in, I say.  
Provost Marshal to Sentry.—Allow that man to pass.

Enter Rafferty.—Good mornin' to yer Honor. (Bows low several times.) It's only a day or two ago that I hard tell you were here, and they towld me you were from Dublin, too.

Provost Marshal.—(Who is busily engaged filling up passes for the three female contrabands.) I'll attend to you in one moment, sir. What is your name?

Rafferty.—My name, is it? Oh! bedad! your Honor's welcome to me name, any day. I niver done anything that would make me ashamed of it, an I'm too ould to begin.

Provost Marshal to the F. C.'s.—Here are your passes. One to you, to trade; another

to you, to take both of you out of town; and as to this lady, who wants her husband from Saturday till Monday, why she can tell him that he can come in, and I will pass him out. That's all. You can go.

Rafferty.—Well, thin Nagurs have the impudence of the Devil, to be troublin' yer Honor in the way they do. I heard you're run down with them entirely?

Provost Marshal.—Well, they're sometimes more numerous than I care to see; but what can I do for you?

Rafferty.—Do for me, yer Honor? Begor, yer Honor can do everything for me. You see, I'm in a kind of a quandary in regard to the farm. Ould Cuftis sed to me whin he was lavin—

Provost Marshal.—By the way, you have not told me your name yet?

Rafferty.—My name, is it? Oh! faith! I'm not ashamed of me name. There's not one of the breed in the country but me myself, an' de you think I'd do anything that would bring disgrace on a decent—

Provost Marshal. (Testily).—Oh, no! I don't presume you would do anything of the sort. But what is your name?

Rafferty.—Oh! faith! yer Honor's welcome to me name, an' I'm not ashamed of it. Me name's Rafferty.

Provost Marshal.—Rafferty is a very good Irish name. Proceed with your story, Mr. Rafferty.

Rafferty.—Well, as I was telling you, Mr. Provo', ould Cuftis tuk me out in the field an' sez to me, sez he,—Rafferty, are you skeered, sez he, at thim cannons, sez he? The devil a skeer, sez I. Is the ould woman skeered, sez he? No more than if they were pop-guns, sez I? Well, sez he, if nayther on ye is afearred, sez he, yez may stay on the farrem as long as you plase. You've been a careful, decent man, Rafferty, sez he; an' I make you a present, sez he, of every thing an the farrem, sez he craps an' all, an' av the Yankees cum here, they won't inthefere wud you, sez he, becase you're an Irishman, sez he, an'—

Provost Marshal.—Well, Mr. Rafferty, come to the point, if you please. There are a great many people waiting to see me, and you must be brief.

Rafferty.—Oh, sure, it's to the point I'm coming. Well, as I was sayin', ould Cuftis sez to me, Rafferty, sez he, you're a decent—

Provost Marshal.—Really, Mr. Rafferty, with all the disposition in the world to help you, I can't sit here all day, and listen to what "ould Cuftis," as you call him, said to you. What is your present trouble?

Rafferty.—Well, you see, yer Honor, the mather stans this way: There's an execution, or a lawshuit, or something agin the place be the United States, an' I'm afearred that if I should an to the place, may be I'd be turned out, an' I want to know if yer Honor couldnt give me a bit of writin that would keep me in the place, for ould Cuftis sed to me, sez he—

Provost Marshal.—Never mind "ould Cuftis" for the present, Mr. Rafferty. If the United States have any claims against your farm, any paper I could give you would be powerless to protect you, but in the present position of affairs I don't think it likely you will be interfered with. What crops are on the place?

Rafferty.—The whate is trimindious, but the oats an' corn is poor. Ould Curtis sed to me, Rafferty, sez he—

Provost Marshal.—Never mind old Curtis, for the present, Mr. Rafferty, but attend to me. You can remain on the farm, and with tears in our eyes, and loud and long protestations of loyalty, we will secure fresh supplies from the bountiful storehouse of "Uncle Sam." Is not that noble and chivalrous, and "F. F. V." like.

Rafferty.—Bad, Misher Provo, bad. The Nagurs all cleared out, an' did'nt lave a man an the place but me wife an' myself. There was a French Cornaylian down at Bigler's, and if I could only get him—

Provost Marshal.—A French Canadian, I presume you mean, Mr. Rafferty?

Rafferty.—Cornaylian or Canadian, it's all the same, you know what I mane; but if I only could get him, an'—

Provost Marshal.—Well, Mr. Rafferty, I would suggest your seeing Col. Campbell, the Governor of this place. He will admire you very much, I feel certain, and perhaps he will do what you require. You will come back and let me know what he said to you?

Rafferty.—Sartainly, yer Honor, I'll do that. I wish yer Honor good morning. (Exit Rafferty.)

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT!—It is all important that silence prevail on our out-posts. The following circumstance occurred a few nights since. A person was heard distinctly to sneeze, in a wood, within a few yards of our sentry. Sentries are as liable to sneeze as an enemy. We suggest the following preventive:—Press the thumb or finger in the angle formed by the upper-lip and nose, and the desire to sneeze will subside. Try it.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO.—We have been struck during our short visit in Williamsburg by the apparent beauty which must have clothed the city in time of peace. A well laid out plan seems to have been carried out, allowing no streets or grounds to interfere with the general regularity intended. The streets, though in a sorrowful condition upon our arrival here, seem to have been made with full arrangements for draining and keeping in good order. The grand old College at one end, with its once beautiful yard, and walking down the main street, the Palace Green, the old Court-House and surroundings, the many private dwellings, with their pretty yards, and last, though not least, the Seminary greets our view. To think of the beauty, the real and natural splendor which would have met our eye eighteen months ago, and contrast with our mental picture the condition in which we found the city but a month since, strengthens in our mind the short lived pleasures of this life.

We, however, can imagine the cause of the change. During the last year, instead of being the home only of its usual peaceable inhabitants, the city has been occupied by armed men, and the paraphernalia of war has succeeded the quiet commerce to which it had so long been accustomed—that under these circumstances, the streets should be cut up by army trains, the Green be used as a camping-ground, the College and Seminary be closed and forsaken, and the usual care to the private grounds be forgotten, we do not wonder. The late battle and the sudden evacuation of the city by so many of its citizens, as well as the troops, has also had its effect upon the appearance of the place—none, or but few of the young and healthy male population remaining with their families.

The last month has, however, wrought a change for the better. Nature herself, as well as the regaining confidence of some of the inhabitants in the government of the "Stars and Stripes," seem to have had her powers busied in the reformation. That we should feel glad, even at this slight change, is of course natural. Our hopes, however, nay, our expectations go farther: they are, that soon this war will have an end, and that peace and prosperity shall visit not only this, but all other troubled cities in this, our American Union.

AMERISING.—The transfer of a small body of cavalry and artillery through our town, on Saturday and Sunday last, led an unexpected portion of the citizens of the place to suppose that their rebel friends were close at hand. Consequently great preparations were made in hot haste to receive them. The house-hold machinery was put to work at cooking meats, baking bread, cakes, pies, &c., and in a short time large quantities of eatables were spread on extended tables, ready for hungry traitors. But sad to relate, after long and patient waiting, and the burning of much midnight oil, no host appeared. The wide-spread countenances that might have been seen, grew slowly but perceptibly longer, until at length, the adage hand-saw was quite too short for their measurement. Oh! pitiable sight! Warm weather and detestable flies are fast at work, and it is to be feared that the feast will spoil. Wonder if some of the material was not marked "U. S." But there is a remedy. The Yankees don't know anything about this pretty work! In a few days we will go to the Governor, and with tears in our eyes, and loud and long protestations of loyalty, we will secure fresh supplies from the bountiful storehouse of "Uncle Sam." Is not that noble and chivalrous, and "F. F. V." like.

IS IT GOING TO RAIN?—How often do we ask and hear asked this simple question. This spring and summer seem to have brought with them so much of the precious liquid, that a positive "yes," or a doubtful "no," is our only answer. Knowing that without the blessed shower many of our pleasures and happy days would be denied us, and knowing that "God doeth all things well," we cannot complain, though at times a wet skin and soaking couch make us feel anything but comfortable.

REINFORCEMENTS.—We have been reinforced at this post, by five companies of Col. Harlan's 11th, with two companies of the 4th Penna. Cavalry. The excessive duties that we have been required to perform heretofore, makes this increase of our forces quite welcome. The gentlemanly and soldier-like demeanor of both officers and men, is worthy of note, and we hope our connection may be long and pleasant. Next week we will give our readers a list of the officers attached to these companies.

PACK UP, AND BE READY.—Our army is on the move, and orders soon may arrive wishing our presence in a more active and more exciting field. Let our men be alert, and when we are wanted, be not behind the time.

## Telegraph News.

### IMPORTANT MILITARY MOVEMENT.

**Fremont, Banks and McDowell's Armies Consolidated.**

**GENERAL POPE IN CHIEF COMMAND.**

*The Reinforcement of Gen. McClellan.*

**General Fremont Relieved from his Command.**

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The forces under Major Generals FREMONT, BANKS and McDOWELL have been consolidated into one army, to be called the army of Virginia, and Major-General POPE has been especially assigned by the President to the chief command.

The forces under General FLEMONT will constitute the First Army Corps, to be commanded by General Fremont.

The forces under General Banks will constitute the Second Army Corps, to be commanded by that officer.

The forces under General McDowell will constitute the Third Army Corps, to be commanded by McDowell.

General McClellan's Division, ten thousand strong, which formed a part of General McDowell's Corps, has reached General McClellan, by water, and another is to follow immediately in the same way; while General Pope will also operate against the enemy at Richmond, &c.

Besides McClellan's Division, Gen. McClellan has received other reinforcements, to the amount of several thousand, since the battle of Fair Oaks.

The consolidation of the forces under Major Generals Fremont, Banks and McDowell, to be called "The Army of Virginia," with Major General Pope as the chief commander, is hailed with delight as an earnest of the determination of the President to act with reference to the public welfare, while it is not doubted that all of those officers will cheer fully co-operate in the performance of this patriotic duty.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The following order was issued to-day:

**ORDER RELIEVING GEN. FREMONT FROM HIS COMMAND.**

WAR DEPARTMENT.—Major-General John C. Fremont, having requested to be relieved from his command from the first Army Corps of the Army of Virginia, because, as he says, the position assigned him by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Virginia, is subordinate and inferior to those heretofore held by him; and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would, as he says, largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service.

It is ordered by the President that Major-General John C. Fremont be relieved from the command.

Second—That Brigadier-General Rufus King be and he is hereby assigned to the command of the First Army Corps of the Army of Virginia, in place of Gen. Fremont, relieved.

By order of the President,  
EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

### FROM MEMPHIS.

*Railroad Operations—The Oath of Allegiance—Bragg and Pillow, with 30,000 Rebels, at Vicksburg.*

MEMPHIS, June 25.—Gen. Grant has assumed the command of the district of West Tennessee, and appointed Colonel Webster commander of the post, Col. Hillyer, Provost Marshal of the district, and Lieutenant Colonel Armstrong, Provost Marshal of Memphis.

The Union meeting yesterday was attended by about 200 citizens. A full ticket of Union men was nominated for city officers.

Five hundred bales of cotton were shipped North yesterday.

Special despatches in the Granada "Appeal," of the 19th, says ten mortar boats passed Rodney, coming up.

The railroad from Columbus, Kentucky, to this city, is now in operation, and in a day or two there will be a railroad communication to Corinth, and from thence to Huntsville, Alabama. Enough rolling stock has been secured to commence operations.

Over 1500 persons have taken the oath of allegiance since the occupation of the city. Mayor Payk and Aldermen Robinson, Tilgeree and Hulbut, have taken the oath, but the remainder of the Board hang back. All is quiet at Corinth. That point will be garrisoned by two divisions, and it is reported that Gen. Halleck will return to St. Louis very soon.

General Bragg was to take command at Vicksburg, on the 18th ult. It is reported that there are now 30,000 Rebel troops at Vicksburg, under Generals Bragg and Pillow.

### ADVANCE TOWARDS RICHMOND.

*The Action of Wednesday—Our Loss 200, Mostly Wounded—The Rebel Camp Occupied—An Important Advance Beyond the Swamp.*

GEN. McCLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS, June 25, Evening.—Gen. Hooker, at 9 o'clock, this morning, advanced his division with the view of occupying a new position. The result was that his troops met with a most determined resistance from the enemy, which lasted until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, during which the Rebels were forced to give way before the invincible courage of our men. During the day, everything indicated a general engagement, but the enemy showed no disposition to accept.

The troops all fought as gallantly as ever. The loss on our side will be about 200 killed and wounded.

The following are among the wounded:—Colonel Morrison, volunteer aid to General Palmer, wounded in the hand; Captain Rafferty, Second Excelsior, in the leg.

The Rebel camp in front of General Hooker's division, was captured, and is now occupied by our troops.

The ground fought for was a swamp, with thick underbrush, beyond which was an open country. The woods intervening between our troops and the enemy, prevented the result of the artillery firing being known.

### THE LATEST.

The heavy firing of the last 36 hours, coming from the direction of Richmond and the James river, we were certain could not be for nothing.

Rumor has given us the news that the right wing and centre of McClellan's army are in Richmond, and that Fort Darling, the stronghold of the James river, has been successfully bombarded.

Though we do not rest entire confidence in the above, still, circumstances render it so probable, that a doubt can hardly be entertained.

### FROM JAMES ISLAND.

*Federal Forces Repulsed, with a Loss of 668 Killed, Wounded and Missing—General Benham's Attack said to have been Without Authority.*

The United States transport Ericsson, Capt. Lowber, from Tortugas, 16th ult., Key West 18th, Port Royal 23d, arrived at New York on Friday morning.

She brings a large mail from all the above places, and has 181 passengers, among whom is Gen. Benham and staff.

She has also on board fifty seven wounded soldiers, who were wounded in the late engagement on James Island, S. C. They are in charge of Surgeons Craven and Scholl.

The United States troops, under Gen. Benham, made an attack on the morning of June 16th, at four o'clock, and were repulsed; after four hours hard fighting, with the loss of 668 men, killed, wounded and missing.

It is said, however, that the attack was undertaken without authority. General Hunter having given instructions not to make an attack on the Rebel position.

This statement derives an appearance of truthfulness from the fact that Gen. Benham's return under arrest, with instructions to report himself at Washington.

General Brannon, from Key West, was expected to arrive at Port Royal daily.

The United States, ship San Jacinto was at Key West. All well.

JOHN PYOTT, of Co. "K," of our regiment, was killed on the 20th ult., at his camp near Richmond, by being struck by a ball from the rebel batteries. He was from Delaware county, Penn'a, and leaves many friends at home, as well as in his regiment, to mourn his sudden decease. A pleasant companion, a true friend and an active and willing soldier; those who knew him will miss him.



## BILLY SMITH'S LOVE.

Now Billy Smith one day made love  
To Jane without reflection,  
And though he had no thievish ways,  
He stole her heart's affection.

In circumstances he was free,  
At least, so said Repute;  
Yet, though his clothes were fashioned well,  
He ridiculed his suit.

On bended knee he pleaded hard—  
Nay almost to distraction;  
But when he swore she called it a  
Nefarious transaction.

To fall in love, and then fall out,  
He knew was nothing new,  
So wrote his plans—what Billy would  
In a sweet billet-doux.

He sent the missive by a boy,  
And drew therein a cipher,  
Explaining in a P. S. short,  
It is for you I sigh for.

She read the note and soon commenced  
To give it all her thought,  
Then said, "how can I wed a man  
Who puts me down for naught?"

Said Bill, "I meant the wedding ring  
To quiet all your fears."  
Said she, "the only ring I meant  
Was just to ring your ears."

"O, Janey, dear! Oh, Janey dear!  
Your conduct makes me fret,  
How can I be your pet-lamb if  
You hate me in this pet?"

Then Bill in temper grew quite sour  
To see her mind so fickle,  
And Jane, who once had called him sweet,  
Now saw him in this pickle.

Her heart, like wax, did melt at this;  
Her love waxed warm and more.  
"Come back," she wrote in a sweet note,  
"Come back! I now implore."

"And shall we part?" now Janey said;  
Quoth Bill, "I'd rather not,"  
And so the string of Janey's bow  
Thus tightened in a knot.

JACOB G. ASCHER.

## Wit and Humor.

**I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE.**—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family, who had taken an orphan to raise, who, by the way, was rather under witted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the 'land of dreams,' he hauled off and took the astonished sleeper, with an apple, square in the top of his bald pate. The minister and congregation at once turned around and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober honest expression of countenance:

"You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

**A SPUNKY** secesh girl thus writes to her cousin, who is a prisoner at Camp Morton, Indianapolis. The young lady is gritty, if she is not well posted in Kirkham or Webster's Unabridged:

"I will be for Jeff Davis till the tenisee river freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch on the ice."

"Jeff Davis rides a white horse,  
Lincoln rides a mule;  
Jeff Davis is a gentleman,  
And Lincoln is a fule."

**CAMPING OUT.**—The young ones catch the spirit of the times. Col. B— writes home daily, and his letters are read by his wife to the children. Little six-year-old Sam was missing one night at supper-time. The house was searched in vain. The yard was examined, and in one corner he had put up some boards for a shelter; on the ground he was lying, fast asleep, wrapped up in some bed-clothes he had smuggled out. When waked up, he called out:

"Leave me alone, will you; I'm Col. B—, camped out!"

"JAKE," said an old farmer to one of his mowers, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?"

"No," replied Jake, "but I know how many horns there are in a quart of whiskey."

**EVERY** man likes to be taken for a gentleman, and yet no man likes to be charged as one in a hotel bill.

An Illinois paper says there is a man out here so dirty that the assessor set him down as "real estate."

Individual concessions are like political; when you once begin there is no saying when you will stop.

To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under the animal's foot.

To secure room in a crowd, carry a paint pot in each hand.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

BY JOHN GEO. WATTS.

When first the glorious God of Day  
Flings wide his orient gates of gold,  
And striding on his kingly way,  
Bids Earth her varied charms unfold;  
When flower-cups brim with fairy wine,  
And dew-pearls catch a ruddy glow,  
When song-birds wake their notes divine,  
And balm breezes softly blow—  
Mead, wood and dell, I love to pace,  
And greet dear Nature face to face.

When western skies are royal red,  
And Even spreads her dusky veil,  
And love-lorn Luna overhead  
Draws forth the tuneful nightingale:  
When shepherds fold their fleecy care,  
And gaily chirp the green-grass choirs,  
When bat and moth whirl through the air,  
And glow worms light their elfin fires—  
I love to roam o'er mead, o'er hill,  
And let my fancy sport at will.

## Miscellaneous.

### A HUNTING SKETCH.

I shot a very beautiful leopard, in the act of seizing a goral. It was one of the prettiest sights that I have seen for a long time. I had stalked a goral, and was just taking my shot, when I caught sight of a leopard stalking quietly down the side of the hill, upon the very goral that I had made up my mind to bag. The goral was about sixty yards from me, and between the leopard and myself. He was quietly feeding in a kind of hollow, and had no chance of seeing danger from either side. I concealed myself more carefully now, for I determined to witness the sport. I could watch every movement of either the leopard or his quarry from where I had stationed myself, and with breathless excitement I awaited the upshot. On crawled the leopard, making his body crouch so low that you might almost think he had no legs at all. With the greatest care he picks his ground, taking advantage of every large stone, and moving rapidly where there was no chance of being seen. He is now within fifty yards of the poor innocent animal, who feeds away, never dreaming that she has two enemies so close at hand. Now is the time when the full craft of my spotted friend is brought into play. Fifty yards from the goral is a large stone. This is the point from which the leopard has determined to make his spring; but before he can reach it he has to cross a small grassy ridge which is exposed on all sides. I feel sure that if he crosses this without alarming the goral, he is certain of his prey. The leopard knows that here lies the rub, and examines well the ground before he attempts it. On one part of this ridge the grass is dried up and yellow-looking. This spot the crafty beast selects for his difficult stalk. It is very evident why he hits upon this spot—his natural instinct tells him that by assimilating himself with the surrounding objects he is not so likely to be detected. I now seize my rifle, for a false movement on the part of the leopard may deprive me of a shot at either. Crouching lower than ever, he glides slowly through the grass, with one continued motion, so slow that he seems scarcely to move—but move he does. Another minute or two and he has gained the stone. Here he seems to take breath, as also do I; for mine has been held, with excitement, for a long time. The goral is now lying down within easy range for the leopard to make his strike. As the leopard raises himself on the stone I cock my rifle. There lies the leopard, now preparing for the spring, waving his stern and tail, like a cat with a mouse. The goral sees him and springs to its feet; but it is too late, and transfixed with terror it does not attempt to fly. There lay the leopard still, gloating over its intended victim; but in the corner of my heart there was yet left a little pity, which I called forth in behalf of the goral. Poor thing! there it stood, without the power to wink—so great is the power of fear over the nervous system. Once again my right barrel shot forth its leaden missile, and my feline friend had unmistakably felt its effect as it passed through his skull. It was not until I showed myself that the goral moved, and then he went away with a whole skin.—*Adventures in India.*

**HOW MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.**—Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler (or at least his hand is), as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average one foot per letter going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning make two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet or more than nine miles, and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles.

## A RICH AFFAIR.

A young gentleman had courted a fair damsel belonging in New York, and it was supposed that the two in time would "become one." Some little quarrel of a trivial nature, as lovers' quarrels generally are, occurred. Neither would confess the wrong to be on their side—presents and correspondents were mutually sent back and the match was broken off. The young gentleman immediately started off to New Orleans, to enter into commercial business, thinking that distance would lessen the attachment he really felt for the young lady.

When the woman is injured, or thinks she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex "to bite off her own nose," as the saying is, to inflict pain, and be revenged on the offending object. A gentleman that the young lady had once rejected, renewed his proposals and was accepted within a week after her old lover had embarked for the South. On reaching New Orleans he found that distance, instead of weakening his attachment, only made the lady dearer, and he became melancholy and low spirited. The first letter he received from New York, from a friend of his, announced that his old flame was to be shortly married to another. His course was quickly taken—the next morning saw him on board a packet-ship bound for Gotham.

The passage unfortunately was long, and the poor fellow chafed and fretted much. The instant the vessel touched the wharf he darted for the office of his friend, the lawyer. The latter was much surprised to see his friend, imagining him a couple of thousand miles away. After the usual salutations, he exclaimed:

"My dear fellow, you are in time to see the wedding. Miss —, your old sweetheart, is to be married this morning, at eleven o'clock. To tell you the truth, I don't believe there is much love about it, and the girl really thinks more of one hair of your head than the fortunate bridegroom's whole body."

"Where is she to be married—in church?"

"No, at her father's house."

"My dear fellow—yes—no—yes, I will have her. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at eleven o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then fill up a subpoena with the bridegroom's name. Don't stop to ask any questions. It matters not whether he knows anything about the parties in the suit. I will yet marry Julia."

His friend saw the object at once, and promised to carry on the matter. The subpoena was made out and placed in the hands of a clerk to serve on the unsuspecting bridegroom the instant he should leave his residence, and was despatched in a cab to watch the house. About ten minutes before eleven, as the soon-to-be happy man was about entering a coach before the door of his residence, he was served with a subpoena. He refused at first to go.

"Can't help it," said the clerk, in reply to his gesticulating about "not knowing the parties; going to be married," &c. "We shan't reach the Hall now before eleven—imprisonment for contempt," &c.

The bridegroom, who was rather of a timid nature, finally consented, particularly as the clerk promised to send a friend of his who sat in the cab, wrapped up in a large cloak, explaining the reasons of his absence. The reader can imagine who this person was.

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom. The guests were staring at each other—the priest began to grow impatient—and the bride that was to be, looked pale and agitated, when a carriage drove up and the bell rung. "He is here! He is here!" murmured many voices.

A gentleman did enter, whose appearance created much astonishment. The lady fainted; private explanations ensued between the parents and the lover, and the result was that, in ten minutes after, two real lovers were joined in the sacred bond of matrimony, much to the satisfaction of all.

The bridegroom that was to have been, afterwards made his appearance, puffing and blowing. What he said and what he did, on beholding his rival, and being made acquainted with the condition of affairs, was really laughable.

The story of the subpoena shortly afterwards leaked out, and has created so much amusement, that the poor fellow declares he will sue the lawyer for ten thousand dollars damages in subpoenaing him as a witness in a case of which he knew nothing, and by which he lost a wife. It will be a novel suit indeed, if he should do so.

**CLEANING SPONGES.**—Buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponges in the milk for some hours; squeeze it out, and wash in cold water.

## THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them:

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him.

Francesca alone, a poor, but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it quite a number of bright silver pieces.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always be contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

"Better a poor but peaceful life, Than wealth and fortune bought with strife."

## DIGGING TRENCHES.

It may be a puzzle to many to conceive how our men can throw up fortifications right in the face and in plain sight of the enemy, without being seriously disturbed by them. A brief description may be interesting, inasmuch as it cannot be contraband, because the work is done right under the noses of the rebels.

A working party is detailed for night duty; with muskets slung on their backs, and shovels and picks on their shoulders, they proceed to the selected ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation, the dark lanterns are "faced to the rear," the muskets are carefully laid aside; the shovels are in hand, and each man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken; not one spade clicks against another; each man digs a hole large enough to cover himself; he then turns and digs to his right-hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens, and the parapet rises. Yet all is silent; the relief comes and the weary ones retire; the words and jests of the enemy are often plainly heard, while no noise from our men disturbs the stillness save the dull rattle of the earth as each spadeful is thrown to the top; at daylight a long line of earthworks, affording complete protection to our men, greets the astonished eyes of the enemy while the sharp-shooters' bullets greet their ears. Frequently this work is done in open daylight, the sharp-shooters and pickets keeping the enemy from annoying our men.

## A GOOD HORSE.

The New York Spirit of the Times gives the following characteristics of a good horse:

1. His eyes, even when in the stable, are perfectly clear and transparent, and the pupils, or apples of the eyes are alike in color and size.

2. On being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows. If, on the contrary, he should give vent to a dry, husky, short cough, beware of him. His wind is unsound.

3. His legs are smooth and "clean." If you find bunches or puffs, or a difference in size, though he may not be lame, disease lurks there.

4. If broad and full between the eyes, he is susceptible of being trained to almost anything.

5. If some white or parti-colored, he is docile and gentle.

OUR FRIEND OF THE SPECTACLES is to be counted out, for he is clearly outwitted by a case in Philadelphia. A gentleman of that city, after noting the state of the weather, previous to going to bed, hung his thermometer—as he supposed—outside his dormitory window. About four o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by a policeman, who informed him that a gold watch was hanging out of his window, and advising him to take it in. He had placed the thermometer under his pillow, and hung his watch out of doors. He doubtless had spent the evening with a grass widow.

MISS BROWN, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a gentleman to a brisk brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are. Well, go ask Pa."

## The Farmer.

### HAYING TIMES.

In the present month begins the great hay harvest. This is, in many respects, the most important in the whole year. Although the crop does not fill the space in the public eye, as an article of foreign commerce, which cotton does, it is yet of greater money value. Think of its fundamental use, the support of all kinds of farm stock for six or seven months of the whole year. As one says: "It is, in fact, the basis of all our farm operations, the keystone which sustains them and gives them all their success. The test of a farm is the number of cattle it feeds, and the cattle in turn feed the soil." Let us, then, see to it that our crop this year is well and seasonably made and properly stored.

In preparing for this annual campaign, be sure that all other pressing labor is out of the way. This work is enough of itself to occupy one's time and thoughts while it lasts; to have other cares superadded, harrasses and perplexes one so much as to make his true and proper work very disagreeable. Get all other matters well ahead, so as to feel at ease about them. Then see that the tools and implements are in complete order—scythes, grindstones, mowing machines, hand-rakes, horseshoes, pitch-forks, wagons, racks, and haycaps. The extra hired help—is that engaged? enough of it?—and of such a sort as to be reliable?

The best time to cut hay is an important matter to determine. The end sought in gathering hay is, obviously, to cut it when it contains its most nutritive properties, viz., mucilage, starch, gluten and sugar, in the best state for their preservation. Experience shows that the period is when the grass is just in full flower. After this time, the fibre becomes woody and indigestible. The Cyclopaedia of Agriculture says: "It has been proved that plants of nearly all sorts, if cut when in full vigor, afterwards carefully dried, without any waste of their nutritive juices, contain nearly double the quantity of nourishing matter which they do when allowed to attain their full growth, and make some progress towards decay." Yet some good farmers hold that Timothy should not be cut until it passes this stage, and has nearly ripened its seed; and this chiefly for the reason that, if cut earlier, the roots are weakened and the meadows gradually destroyed. Still as a general rule the prevalent method of cutting grass "when in the milk," is the right one.

When hay is to be cut with scythes, the work should begin early in the day; the morning dew is a great help to the mower. There should be a liberal resting time at midday, and then the work resumed and carried on briskly until evening. A lunch of plain food, moistened with cold coffee or homebrewed beer, may be brought into the meadow in the middle of each forenoon and afternoon, if the hands will be discontented without it, but it is poor policy to keep the hands and stomach both at work all the time, and three good meals are best for any man, however hard his work. There is enough heat in haying time without the addition of "fire-water." As to the expediency of using mowing machines, we declare decidedly in their favor, especially on farms of considerable extent. They save time, labor, a great deal of anxiety, and in the long run, money. When the mowing machine is used, do not cut a rod before the dew is entirely off, for when the hay is cut by the machine, unless very heavy, it will need no stirring.

"Make hay while the sun shines," is a good rule, but it may be carried too far in haying time. We want the bright sunshine to wilt the hay thoroughly, then let the drying process stop. Rake up the grass in high cocks while still hot. If rain threatens, put on the hay caps; put them on by four o'clock to keep off heavy dews. The grass may lie in cocks two days or less, as convenient for the farmer. On a clear day, open the cocks, about the middle of the forenoon, after the ground is warm, for an airing, spreading the hay and turning once or twice for two or three hours; then haul to the barn. The practice of salting hay, at the time of storing it, is quite common, and it is applied the more abundantly when the hay is perfectly cured. A little salt, say two or three quarts to ton, can wisely be applied. More than this does little good, and on the whole may be injurious.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Down-East girl, being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, she replied to them very smartly: "Pooh! I wouldn't have a man with two legs; they're too common."