

THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1862.

NO. III.

Select Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

BY CHARITT.

Farewell, Mother! I must leave you,
Must my country's call obey,
Though I know 'twill deeply grieve you,
Sure you would not have me stay?
Stay, when from each hill and valley
Rings the cry "To arms! To arms!"
Stay, when round the standard rally
Manly hearts and sturdy forms.

Oh! 'tis not the cannon's roaring,
Nor the bullet's deadly rain,
All their fiercest wrath outpouring,
That give my heart its keenest pain;
But 'tis leaving you, dear mother,
You, of all the world beside,
Trying all your grief to smother,
All your pain from me to hide.

Mother, now your hand in blessing,
On my sinful forehead lay,
Thrilling with its mute caressing,
As of yore, in boyhood's day;
Years have sped, so fast, dear Mother,
And the boys to manhood grown;
But from first to last, my Mother,
Yours, the only love I've known.

If, some quiet summer even,
Reading down the list of slain,
Should your heart by it be riven,
Wrung by agonizing pain,
Think, for Freedom's cause so glorious,
Fell I on that Summer day,
While around rang shouts victorious,
Driving all death's pains away.

Mother! once again your blessing;
Kiss your boy on lip and brow—
Closer, and still closer pressing,
Oh! I wring your bosom now!
What is this? Ah! tears, my Mother?
Such as I ne'er shed before;
Oh! I love you, darling Mother,
But, I love my country more.
TRENTON, New Jersey.

FUGITIVE LIEUTENANT.

It was during the war of Independence, while the American army was freezing and starving at Valley Forge, and the British army was luxuriating in Philadelphia, that a lame, dirty, beggarly-looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outpost of the royal forces, and with a simple, idiotic laugh and leer, announced his intention of entering the city and taking the British General prisoner.

"Indeed? Then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you," said a young subaltern, winking at some of his companions, and assuming a serious air.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the idiot; "just you try it, that's all."

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?"

"Do!" exclaimed the other, drawing himself up with an air of defiance, "why, I'd tell the great General Washington."

"Then I'm afraid to venture on your arrest. So, pass on; you will probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot suddenly looked troubled, glancing about him warily and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the General he was so boldly going to capture, but finally hobbled off towards the city. With some such silly dialogue he got past the different sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly within the town, and kept on his way, sometimes humming snatches of old songs, and in general not noticed by any. Through one street after another he continued to hobble forward, till he came to one of no great length, containing a row of three-story, respectable looking houses, which might be occupied by persons in middling circumstances. This street was not lighted,

and appeared deserted; so that when he stopped before one of the dwellings he was not perceived. He knocked at the door, and a woman's head appeared at the second-story window.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'am? I'm nearly starved!" said the idiot.

"Yes, poor fellow!" replied the woman, in a kindly tone; "in a minute I will hand you something."

Soon after, a lower shutter was pushed a little back, and a hand, containing some bread and meat, was thrust out.

"Mother!" said a low voice.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed she within, in an agitated tone.

"Hush!" returned the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

A moment after, the door was thrown open.

"Yes, ma'am—thank you—I don't care if I do," said the beggar, as if in reply to an invitation to come in, at the same time crossing the threshold with an appearance of deep humility.

The moment the door closed behind him, the man dropped his crutches and threw his arms around the other, flying sobbing—

"Mother! dear, dear, mother!"

"William!" exclaimed the other, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; oh! my dear, dear William; that is the meaning of this?—and hows it I find you here in this sad plight?"

"I have passed the British lines in this disguise, playing the fool to the sentries. But tell me how you and dear mother, and how you fare in these troublous times?"

"Indifferently well, my son. The British are our masters here, but far I have little to complain of in the way of personal treatment. Provisions are high and scarce, and only by the strictest economy shall I be able to live tough, if they continue to retain possession of the city any length of time. Your sister Mary is at your uncle's, in Deware, and will deeply regret that she has missed this opportunity of seeing you."

"And are you alone, mother?"

"No; two English gentlemen are boarding with me."

"Do they belong to the army?" inquired the young man quickly and uneasily; "and are they now in the house?"

"No; they appear to be private gentlemen of some means, and are within at present. But you're troubled; have you anything to do, my son?"

"If detected, I may be held as a spy?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm; "you terrify! Are you here without permission—without a pass?"

"Yes; did I not say I played the fool to the sentries, and so got past them?"

"But I thought that was for your own amusement. Oh, William, if you should be discovered. Why did you venture in this desperate manner?"

"I could not get a pass, and was so anxious to see you and Mary, that I resolved to risk all."

"Quick, then, come up-stairs, and let us fix upon a hiding place once, before anything happens! Oh, William, I am so alarmed!"

Both hastened up-stairs the third story, and after considering several places, decided that the loft under the roof might be the best for concealment, as the trap-door leading to it could be fastened underneath, which would tend to blind a search; while the man, if pressed, could escape to roof, and by means of a long rope fastened to the chimney, could lower himself into the yard or the street.

It would not ensure his escape, but it was the best plan the two could think of and served to render both less fearful detection, and the serious consequence.

Having provided the rope, the man hastened to bring up a large quantity of food, which her son began to eat with a ravenousness that showed he had told no untruth, when, in the character of a beggar, he had declared himself in a state bordering on starvation.

While he was eating, his mother plied him with questions concerning the army at Valley Forge, in which he held a lieutenant's commission, and which he had left on a furlough; and the answers of the young soldier depicted a state of destitution and suffering that caused his hearer to weep for very sympathy. Three thousand soldiers had been down on the sick list at one time, and without the common necessaries of life, had perished by hundreds; while of those capable of doing duty, scarcely one had a blanket to cover him at night, or food enough to keep soul and body together. Pale, emaciated, ragged, and dirty, many with bare feet upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the camp by day, and crowded themselves together at night, to get what little warmth they could from each other's bodies, the most forlorn and wretched set of beings that ever a nation called to arms.

"God help us all!" ejaculated the mother, in a dejected tone. "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our tyrannical foes."

"Never?" cried the young officer, "while there is a thousand men left in our country to make a last desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant shall rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and degradation. Ere that time, dear mother, I for one shall be beyond the reach of earthly monarchs."

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically, grasping his hand. "Your father's spirit speaks in you! He died on the battle-field with those sentiments in his heart; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood and that of thousands of others has hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained concealed beneath his mother's roof, his presence supposed to be known only to themselves. But one evening, near the end of his furlough, when he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, an officer with six men appeared at the door, and said he had orders to arrest one William Ruggles, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"Why, that is my son!" said the widow, in great trepidation.

"So much the more likely that he should be here, then," was the unfeeling reply.

"And for what would you arrest him? and what will be done with him if found?"

"We shall take him for a spy, and, if found guilty, he will be hung, of course, as every rebel should be. Here, Badger and Wilcot, guard the back door; you, Bent and Walters, begin the search; and you, Jones and Johnson, remain where you are. Sharp, now, all of you! Let the fellow be taken alive, if possible—but alive or dead, let him be taken. Now, good woman, if he is in the house, of which we are very strongly assured, let him appear, and save yourself much trouble, otherwise the consequences be on your own head."

"If you think my son is in the house search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search began.

Meantime the young lieutenant, who had heard enough to comprehend his danger, had set about affecting his escape, but not altogether in the manner first intended. He went out on the roof, it is true, and tied the long rope to the chimney, casting one end down toward the street, but this only for a blind.

He had seen that the bricks of the dividing wall between the house occupied by his mother and the two adjoining buildings had been loosely put up, and his present design was to remove a few of these, crowd through into the loft of the other house, and then replace them.

This purpose he effected before the soldiers searching for him came up near

enough to hear the little noise he was compelled to make. The open trap-door of the roof, and the rope around the chimney, served to mislead them, as he had hoped; and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that he heard them announce the manner of his escape. Immediately after, the whole party left in haste, first threatening Mrs. Ruggles with subsequent vengeance, for harboring, concealing, and conniving at the escape of a rebel spy, even though the man was her son.

When fully satisfied that all the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into his mother's dwelling by the way he had left, but in again displacing the bricks for this purpose, one of them slipped and went down through an open trap-door upon the floor below, making a loud noise. Immediately after a light flashed up through the opening, and a timid female voice demanded who was there.

Here was a dilemma. Should the young soldier reply, he would be exposed; and should he keep silence, a search would probably be made, which might prove even more serious in its consequences. What was to be done? A sudden inspiration seized him. It was a woman's voice, and women are seldom steeled to pity. He would make himself known; appeal to her sympathies, and throw himself upon her mercy.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, calculated to reassure his fair hearer, "be not alarmed; I am a friend in distress, the son of your next-door neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, and if found, my life will be forfeited. If you cannot pity me, for God's sake, pity my poor mother, and assist me for her sake!"

He presented himself at the opening to the loft, and boldly descended the steps leading down from it, directly before the lady, a sweet beautiful girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless with a commingling of fear, surprise, and curiosity. The young man continued to speak as he descended, and hurriedly went on to narrate all that had occurred, concluding with the search of the soldiers, and his escape into the loft above.

"Thank God, it is in my power to aid you, sir!" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a look and feeling of sympathy that made the heart of the soldier bound with strange emotions.

She then went on to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his size and build, and looking not unlike him, was then on a visit to the family, having a pass from General Howe. This pass she had that evening been looking at, and by accident it was now in her possession, the cousin having gone out with the rest of the family and forgotten it.

"Take it, and fly, and may God preserve you!" she said, "I can arrange it with my kinsman," she continued; "I can have lost it, and he can easily procure another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a cloak over his shoulders on the way, which she insisted on his wearing, saying it had belonged to a deceased brother, and he could return it at any future time. She then hastened to get the pass, which she placed in his hand, and urged him to go at once.

"If I could but see my mother for a moment!" he said.

"No, no—leave all to me; I will explain all to her—go while you can, before it is too late."

"God in heaven bless you, sweet lady!" he said, impulsively seizing her hand, and touching it with his lips, "I will never forget you."

The next minute he was gone. He escaped. And true to his declaration, he never did forget the sweet girl who had befriended him in his hour of peril. Years after the honored wife of General Ruggles was many a time heard to tell of her first romantic meeting with him she loved, then a hunted fugitive from the Continental army.

PEGGY'S DEBUT.

On the first night that Cooper performed on the Cincinnati boards, the following amusing variation was unwittingly introduced into the play, which was "Othello." Among a large audience composed of every description of people, was a country lass. Now the innocent Peggy had never before set foot within the play-house. She entered just as Othello makes his defence before the Duke and Senate of Venice. The audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box, when some one handed her in without withdrawing his eyes from the play; while her beau, a country boy, was compelled to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about her for a moment, as if wondering if she was in the proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs which were unoccupied. Perhaps this circumstance alone would hardly have determined her to take the step she did, but she observed that the people on the stage appeared more at ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal more sociable; and as fate would have it, just at that moment Othello, looking nearly toward the place where she was situated, exclaimed, "Here comes the lady!"—The senators half rose in expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona appear, and Othello advances two steps to meet her, when, lo! the maiden from the country steps from the box plump on the stage and advanced toward the expectant Moor! It is beyond human power to give any idea of the confusion that followed. The audience clapped and cheered, the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity, while poor Peggy was ready to sink with consternation. Even Cooper himself could not refrain from joining in the general merriment. The uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who handed her into the box helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was however, conceded on all hands that a lady never made her debut on the stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

ANCIENT OLD FOGYISM.

It was the married woman only among the ancient Romans, who were allowed the favor of eating at the same table with their haughty lords. The use of wines was strictly forbid them, it being considered a species of poison for the fair sex; and lest the prohibition might have rendered the temptation invincible, they were never entrusted with the key of the wine-cellar. Is it not probable that master-keys were the invention of that age? The admission of married women to their banquets was even an innovation, for amongst the Greeks, the most polished people of antiquity, females were never permitted to appear at table. The hoary-headed members of the feast might have solaced themselves for the absence of the women, by discussing the interests of the common weal, or talking wisdom; though not unfrequently these resources seem to have failed them, as we find they were often driven to the more frivolous occupation of proposing and divining riddles, enigmas, rebuses, and even humble charades. During all which time the younger part of the company were forced to be mere listeners, as silence in the presence of their elders was considered an indispensable quality in the youth of those days. The only consolation was the distant prospect of being gifted, by old age, with the privilege of being as garrulous as their fathers—a privilege of which they seemed to take full advantage, as nothing could exceed the fluency of a Greek of certain age.

"JEEES, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleaning the door-step on t'other side of the street, fooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in California hunting dimes my son."



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The Grand Army.

A mystery, that has made silence the only way to avoid error, has been hanging over the movements of the Grand Army, during the last two weeks. This mystery is now revealed, and stern facts have taken the place of rumor. That Jackson, with a large force from Beauregard had joined the army at Richmond, making the Rebel force more than double that of McClellan's, is one of these facts. That constant and almost imperative calls had been made upon the authorities at Washington, for reinforcements to our army, but without effect, is also a fact. And now for the result. McClellan, with this accumulation of misfortune staring him in the face, is forced to act in accordance. Knowing that it would be fool-hardy to attempt to oppose such overwhelming forces on so extended a base of operations, he determined to change his front, and thus save his army from annihilation. How splendidly he succeeded, and how secure a position he now occupies, is known to all. But so glorious an achievement could not be attained without terrible fighting and the most determined bravery. On Thursday, the 26th ult., commenced a series of battles, victories and retreats, of which the history of war has no counterpart. But who shall be able to bear the guilt of those that caused this terrible necessity. For a picture of the scene, we quote from a letter of an eye-witness:—

"Our dead beyond the Chickahominy lie unburied. Though it broke our hearts to leave our wounded on the star-lit battle ground, we abandoned them, crossed the river, burned the bridges and interposed a natural barrier to a renewal of the attack of yesterday. But the dead and wounded do not lie there unavenged. Wherever the fire of our artillery fell yesterday, the Rebels lie in ridges. The word "carnage" alone retains enough of unhackneyed expressiveness to convey to those distant from the scene any impression of the literal paving of fields and woods with the red carcasses of the soldiers of slavery, mangled and torn with shell, cannister, grape and Minie musket balls. Our fighting at Seven Pines was awfully mortal, at various points. There were places yesterday on the Chickahominy, where it was fiercer and deadlier. Gen. McClellan came out at star-rising from the fight in which he had shared the perils of the common soldier, with a Napoleonic con-

ception of the only salvation for his army from annihilation by fire, or loss by capture. He ordered new roads to be instantly cut through the swamp that separates us from the Charles City highway, and communicated to his General his purpose to change his base by a rapid movement to the James river, and while saving his present proximity to Richmond, to take position where his connection with Baltimore, Washington and New-York could never be cut off—where he could never be surrounded; and where, peradventure, he could cover the removal of the obstructions in the James River to the ascent of our iron-clad fleet to the duty and the policy of reducing Richmond to ashes. Orders had been previously issued to ship every pound of public property away from White House Point, and to send every vessel under Government charter out of the Pamunky and York Rivers, around to the James River and to the vicinity of Fort Darling.

"We march now through the White Oak Swamp, to change, in twelve hours' time, the base of a great army—doomed where it was, and having now but little grace of delay accorded to it by an active and brave enemy, numerous enough to encircle us at any point and to outnumber us at all. The movement is bold, soldier-like and brilliant, but eminently hazardous. It is made by the burning of every one of the bridges which we have so painfully thrown over the Chickahominy, and within hearing of the destruction, by our own hands, of the railroad which gave us supplies and was to secure us retreat. The movement will probably be successful, though its trail will be bloody. The world will regard it as a masterly stroke of genius. The army will so regard it, and will feel for its commander the admiration and gratitude that saviors of men ever enkindle in loyal hearts. But the brilliancy of this movement will not for an instant dazzle the eyes of the wronged and wrathful men of the Army of the Potomac, nor will it dazzle the sight of the angry people so as for a moment to obscure their perception of the crime against the nation, which has made this change of base and front imperiously necessary. This crime is the refusal to reinforce McClellan.

"On Saturday, at the Seven Pines, and on Sunday, at Fair Oaks, the Rebels were so crushed by our fighting, that the purpose to drown us in the Chickahominy was abandoned, and the entrenchments before Richmond were speedily sought as a refuge. Jeff. Davis had no sooner reached the city than he telegraphed to Gen. Sibley, in Charleston, to bring up instantly every soldier in that State, who could be spared. At 5 o'clock, in the afternoon, that officer left in a train for Richmond, with two regiments. Telegraphic calls for troops went at the same time, from President Davis, to every Southern State. A prisoner taken by us yesterday, told me that "since a week ago Wednesday" new regiments came into Richmond rapidly—many from Georgia, some from Mississippi, and more from North Carolina, notwithstanding her much vouched for Unionism. We here knew that the Rebel army before Richmond was being reinforced with the most desperate energy. We knew that Jackson was to come. We knew that the whole power of the Confederate Rebellion was being put forth to accumulate a force here which, just by its weight, should crush the Union army. Why were not corresponding efforts put forth by the Administration at Washington to strengthen our army, at least to an equality with that of the enemy? We did not care whether it came to us under Halleck, or Burnside, or was committed to McClellan. Not a single man of us, who is not a fool, or a slave, is fighting here for the glorification of any commander. We fight for success; we fight to save the Republic, and to squelch forever, on this continent, organized rebellion against the Democratic principle."

A REBEL SPY CAUGHT.—During a scout made by Capt. Stetson and a number of men under his command, on Monday last, in the neighborhood of White-house, a personage by the military title of "spy," was picked up. Running across a field, he fell in with the "rear guard," where Capt. Stetson happened to be, and introduced himself by telling the Captain he could inform him where the "Yankee" pickets were. After giving over-much information that would have been valuable to his clan, he was, much to his alarm, and in the face of many entreaties, mounted on a horse, and sent to Yankeeedom for safe keeping. If dealt with according to rebel generosity, he would be shot in the morning.

Communicated.

[For "The Cavalier."]

GEN. McCLELLAN'S STRATEGY.

MR. EDITOR:—

As I have found a great many wrong impressions prevailing in regard to the late movement of Gen. McClellan's army, it has occurred to me a brief article in the columns of your valuable paper may correct them, and at the same time serve as a hint to those who do not take pains to carefully weigh rumors before they give credit to them.

I was present when Gen. McClellan's army was placed in the position it now occupies on the James river. I assisted several hundred of the wounded soldiers on board of the hospital boats. I conversed freely with nearly every one in regard to the retreat, if it may be called such. I also had the opinion of a number of officers in regard to it. I was on board of both the "Canonicus" and "John A. Warner," when Gen. McClellan and Staff, and other prominent generals were in consultation and afterward dined. I witnessed the attack of the enemy on Thursday afternoon, and saw the effect of the shelling on him from the gun boats, which formed the base of the right and left wings of the army. Taking all the facts and circumstances which I could gather from Tuesday morning to Thursday evening, I am confident the following conclusions are founded on just grounds, to wit: That it was General McClellan's intention to make his last and successful attack on the 27th ult., before Jackson's force could interfere with the position of his right wing. That when he found Jackson was let loose on his right wing, instead of being intercepted, or closely followed by the army of the Shenandoah, he at once made preparations for assuming his present position, which, I am assured, is the portion of the base which he originally selected for his operations against Richmond, but which, as most of your readers are aware, was abandoned by the menacing attitude of the "Merrimac," vulgarly called the "Virginia." That it was not a new plan, or a sudden or unexpected movement, but a well matured plan, is evident. Common sense teaches that a General always makes preparations for a reverse, defeat or retreat, if necessary, or a change of front for advantage; all this Gen. McClellan certainly did. As soon as the attack of the enemy was commenced the right wing was ordered by him across the Chickahominy. The men not understanding the policy of the movement expressed dissatisfaction, so anxious were they to make a stand. There was no driving by the enemy, no flight of our men, but a calm, dignified falling back, from position to position, previously selected; the enemy was either held in check or regularly repulsed before the positions selected were gained, and from these eminences or ravines from time to time occupied, either by the right, left or centre of the army, the slaughter of the enemy by our artillery was terrific. Thus each part of the army was moved in perfect order towards the James river, at the average rate of only five miles per day. Gen. McClellan remarked, when he came on board the "Warner,"—"I think it was on shaking hands with Gen. Shields,—“We have been fighting the enemy a whole week, and gaining a victory every day!” And his manner betokened all that he said. In mingling with the officers and men, I found little or no depression, except only a frightened Pay-master and a very sincere Chaplain.

They were ready on Thursday morning for an offensive movement upon the enemy, and when I left in the afternoon it was rumored that a forward movement had already commenced. The position of the army is one of the most desirable and advantageous, occupying the highest ground on the Peninsula, with a bank gradually sloping to the river. It was a magnificent sight to see that vast army stretching in the form of an arc, up and down from Harrison Landing, four or five miles in either way, while the wagons, stores, and transports lining the shores, formed a solid segment. The withdrawing of our forces from the malarious swamps into which our army previously extended, where many of our men were up to their waists in water, and from those recent battle fields where the stench could hardly be endured, and where we were losing from these causes at least seventy-five men per day, and giving them up to the enemy was a masterly trap sprung upon him. Not only so, but Gen. McClellan, now being between the James River and the White Oak Swamp, any one can see by consulting the map that his position is impregnable.

Again, his army is now directly supplied via James river, while heretofore all his supplies had to go by way of the White

House, thence twenty miles by wagons or railroad; beside this, he has already, or soon will have, Gen. Burnside on the opposite side of the James river, co-operating with him on the advance to the Rebel capital. I am sure, those acquainted with the preparations made for evacuating White-House Landing, are satisfied that they indicated a full knowledge by Gen. McClellan of his future position. Transports and store-vessels awaited him on his arrival opposite City Point and at Harrison's Landing; the arrival also of Gen. Shields' Brigade, on Monday and Tuesday, indicated previous knowledge. After careful study of the circumstances which have come to my knowledge, and with maps before me, which show his recent movements and present position, after interviews with officers and privates, and after personal inspection from the mast-heads of vessels, and from the building on the eminence at Harrison's Landing, now used as a hospital, I feel it my duty to correct all such rumors about being "cut up," "driven back," "worsted," &c. His loss, at the very most, in killed, wounded and missing, cannot exceed 10,000, while that of the enemy is certainly double, if not treble. Allowing an average of four thousand at each battle, what is this loss, in comparison with the army engaged on both sides? It seems to me out of place for those at this distance, necessarily cut off from much valuable information in regard to the late movements of the army, to pass hasty judgment on things of so great moment, and to make unfavorable impressions on the minds of those whom they must necessarily affect. If ever Gen. McClellan evinced coolness, courage and skill, as a commander, he certainly did so in his recent splendid manoeuvre—if he ever deserved the confidence of his soldiers and the country, he certainly does so now, in placing his army in its present position, so commanding and easy of access. But the confidence and enthusiasm of his officers and men speak louder and more for him than your humble correspondent possibly can do.

ELEVENTH PENN'A CAVALRY.
Camp at Williamsburg, Va., July 7, 1862.

[For "The Cavalier."]

Soldiers!

As the season approaches in which we may look for an increased amount of sickness if we remain in this locality, it becomes necessary for us to use all the precaution in our power, and leave nothing undone by which it can be prevented. It is a well known fact in all wars, at a great many more die from disease than from wounds actually received in battle. Statistics of the British army in the Crimea, show the proportion to be twenty by disease to three by wounds. This proves that the bullet is not, by any means, the most deadly enemy we have to fear. Now, a vast proportion of this sickness which seems to be common to camp life, may be obviated by the observance of a few simple rules of hygiene.

And first, the most important is cleanliness; secondly, it is absolutely essential to the preservation of health, that the men should bathe or wash the whole body at least once a week, and the feet should be bathed much oftener.

The next most important thing to be observed, is the thorough cleanliness of every part of the camp, not only inside the tent or quarters, but also every part of the grounds in the vicinity.

The next is ventilation. Tents should be raised and bedding thoroughly aired every day and where a number of men are sleeping in a bed, there should be sufficient opening left to secure free ventilation at all times.

Men should be very careful during warm weather, not to overload the stomach with their food or water, if they want to avoid bowel-complaints. And while we remain in a malarious district, or in other words, where ague and fevers are prevalent, on the feeling of the least indisposition they should immediately report to the

SURGEON.

GEN. HUBER's answer to the question as to whether he had armed fugitive slaves as soldiers, &c., in his Department, was laid before the House last week. It is a special document, taking the ground that the only fugitives he had thus far seen were the masters, and the only quiet a loyal people the slaves. The General has the laugh against Mr. Wickliffe (the inquiring Congressman), most decidedly.

News Items.

THE FIGHT OF SATURDAY.—The correspondent of a New York paper gives the following description of this memorable battle:

The affair of Saturday last partook more of the nature of a battle than the engagements of Thursday or Friday. Gen. Fitz-John Porter has covered himself with glory. He selected a very strong position, and having posted his forces in an admirable manner, was prepared to hold it against any force of the enemy. The brave men of his command all fought with heroic courage, and the volunteers vied with Gen. Syke's regulars in making steady movements and carefully executing the commands of their officers.

Time and again, vast hordes of rebels moved up in solid columns upon our troops, but our regular batteries as often moved them down in a most destructive manner. Steady discharges of grape, shell, and cannister, in regular salvos, seemed to sweep down whole companies.

As soon as confusion in the rebel ranks was apparent, Gen. Porter ordered Gen. Meagher's Irish Brigade to charge bayonet, which they did in the most gallant and heroic style, bare-headed, in their shirt sleeves, occasionally with these rolled up.

This charge had an excellent effect. The rebels were driven back with great slaughter, and Gen. Porter was preparing to march upon them over the Rebel dead and dying, when the enemy again advanced steadily, strongly reinforced.

Now the Pennsylvanians gave them the benefit of all their splendid rifles, while the batteries played upon them as before, creating sad havoc. Indeed, the slaughter upon other fields during this war has never been anything to compare to this. The Rebels staggered under their losses, and our forces were advancing steadily upon them, driving them back at every point, when a staff officer rode up with an order from the Commander-in-Chief to Gen. Porter, directing him to fall back with his command, and cross the Chickahominy.

The order was executed in fine style, and our troops did not miss a man, the enemy being too severely punished to follow us closely. The only difficulty was with the Pennsylvania Reserves and Meagher's Irishmen, their commanders exerting all their powers to induce these brave men to cease firing. They saw the advantages gained by hard fighting, and they were anxious to follow up the success.

THE CALL FOR MORE TROOPS.—In response to the call of the President for additional troops, we clip the following from the Governors of New York and Massachusetts:

This appeal is to the State of New York; it is to each citizen. Let it come to every fire-side. Let the glorious example of the Revolutionary period be our emulation. Let each feel that the Commonwealth now counts upon his individual strength and influence to meet the demands of the Government. The period has come when all must aid. New-York has not thus far stood back. Ready and more than willing, she has met every summons to duty. Let not her history be falsified, nor her position be lowered. We cannot doubt that the insurrection is in its death throes; that a mighty blow will end its monstrous existence. A languishing war entails vast losses of life, of property, the ruin of business pursuits, and invites the interference of foreign Powers. Present happiness and future greatness will be secured by responding to the present call. Let the answer go back to the President, and to our brave soldiers in the field, that in New York the patriotic lists of the country's defenders is being augmented. It will strengthen the hands of the one, and give hope and encouragement to the other.

"Massachusetts, which has never slumbered nor slept, must now arise to still greater efforts, and to all the duties of patriotism, with renewed devotion, the individual efforts, the united hearts, heads, and hands of all her people.

THE President has signed the Pacific Railroad bill, the Internal Tax bill, and the Anti-Polygamy act for Utah.

SECRETARY CHASE compliments the State of Maryland for the prompt manner in which the Direct Tax of Aug. 5, 1861, has been paid.

THE Indians are again troublesome along the Overland Telegraph route, cutting the wires and attacking the repairing parties.

[Continued from last week.]

WILLIAMSBURG.

Previous to the Revolution.

The Indians who are upon Mr. Boyle's foundation have now a handsome apartment for themselves and their master, built near the college. The young Indians procured from the tributary or foreign nations with much difficulty, were formerly boarded or lodged in the town, where abundance of them used to die, either through sickness, change of provision, and way of life; or, as some will have it, often for want of proper necessities, and due care taken with them. Those of them that have escaped well, and been taught to read and write, have, for the most part, returned to their home, some with, and some without baptism, where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites. A few of them have lived as servants among the English, or loitered and idled away their time in laziness and mischief. But it is a great pity that more care is not taken of them after they are dismissed from school. They have admirable capacities when their humors and tempers are perfectly understood.

Fronting the college, at near its whole breadth, is extended a street, mathematically straight,—for the first design of the town's form is changed to a much better—just three-quarters of a mile in length, at the other end of which stands the *Capitol*, a noble, beautiful, and commodious pile, as any of its kind, built at the cost of the late queen, and by direction of the governor. In this is the secretary's office, with all the courts of law and justice, held in the same form, and near the same manner, as in England, except the ecclesiastical courts. Here the governor and twelve counsellors sit as judges in the general courts, in April and October, whither trials and causes are removed from courts held at the court-houses, monthly, in every county, by a bench of justices and a county clerk. Here are also held the Oyer and Terminer courts, one in summer and the other in winter, added by the charity of the late queen, for the prevention of prisoners lying in jail above a quarter of a year before their trial. Here are also held court-martials, by judges appointed on purpose for the trial of pirates; also courts of admiralty, for the trial of ships for illegal trade. The building is in the form of an H nearly; the secretary's office and the general court taking up one side below stairs; the middle being a handsome portico, leading to the clerk of the assembly's office, and the House of Burgesses on the other side; which last is not unlike the House of Commons. In each wing is a good staircase, one leading to the council chamber, where the governor and council sit in very great state, in imitation of the king and council, or the lord chancellor and the House of Lords. Over the portico is a large room where conferences are held, and prayers are read by the chaplain to the general assembly; which office I have had the honor, for some years, to perform. At one end of this is the lobby, and near it is the clerk of the council's office; and at the other end are several chambers for the committees of claims, privileges, and elections; and over all these are several good offices for the receiver-general, for the auditor, and treasurer, &c.; and upon the middle is raised a lofty cupola with a large clock. The whole is surrounded with a neat area, encompassed with a neat wall, and near it is a strong sweet prison for criminals; and on the other side of the open court another for debtors, when any are removed from the other prisons in each county; but such prisoners are very rare, the creditors being there very merciful, and the laws so favorable for debtors that some esteem them too indulgent.

The cause of my being so particular in describing the *capitol*, is because it is the best and most commodious pile of its kind that I have ever seen or heard of.

Because the state-house, James Town, and the college, have been burnt down, therefore is prohibited in the *capitol*, the use of fire, candles, and tobacco.

Parallel to the main street is a street on each side of it, but neither quite so long nor so broad; and at proper distances are small cross-streets, for the convenience of communication. Near the middle stands the *church*, which is a large strong piece of brick-work in the form of a cross, nicely regulated and convenient, and adorned as the best churches in London. This from the parish is called *Bruton church*, where I had the favor of being lecturer. Near this is

the large octagon tower, which is the magazine, or repository of arms and ammunition, standing far from any house except James Town court-house; for the town is half in James Town county, and half in York county. Not far from hence is a large area for a market place; near which is a play-house and a good bowling-green.

From the church runs a street northward, called *Palace street*; at the other end of which stands the palace, or governor's house, a magnificent structure, built at the public expense, finished and beautified with gates, fine gardens, offices, walks, a fine canal, orchards, &c., with a great number of the best arms, nicely posited, by the ingenious contrivance of the most accomplished Colonel Spotswood. This likewise has the ornamental addition of a good cupola or lantern, illuminating most of the town upon birth-nights, and other nights of occasional rejoicings. At the *capitol*, at public times, may be seen a great number of handsome, well dressed, complete, gentlemen; and at the governor's house, upon birth-nights, and at balls and assemblies, I have seen as fine an appearance, as good diversion, and as splendid entertainments in Governor Spotswood's time, as I have seen anywhere else.

These buildings here described are justly reputed the best in all English America, and are exceeded by few of their kind in England.

Williamsburg is now incorporated and made a market-town, and governed by a mayor and alderman; and is well stocked with rich stores of all sorts of goods, and well furnished with the best provisions and liquors. Here dwell several very good families, and more reside here at their own houses in public times. They live in the same neat manner, dress after the same modes, and behave themselves exactly as the gentry, in London; most families of any note having a coach, chariot, berlin, or chaise. The number of artificers here is daily augmented, as are the convenient ordinaries or inns, for the accommodation of strangers. The servants here, as in other parts of the county, are English, Scotch, Irish, or negroes. The town is regularly laid out in lots or square portions, sufficient each for a house and garden, so that they don't build contiguous, whereby may be prevented the spreading danger of fire; and this also affords a free passage for the air, which is very grateful in violent hot weather.

Here, as in other parts, they build with brick, but most comonly with timber lined with ceiling, and cased with feather-edge plank, painted with white-lead and oil, covered with shingles of cedar, &c., tarred over at first; with a passage generally through the middle of the house, for an air-draught in summer. Thus their houses are lasting; dry and warm in winter, and cool in summer; especially if there be windows enough to draw the air. Thus they dwell comfortably, genteelly, pleasantly, and plentifully, in this delightful, healthful, and, I hope, thriving city of Williamsburg.

[To be continued.]

TAKING A WHALE.

While several foreign vessels were lying at Callao (the port of Lima), one pleasant day in 1831, a whale appeared outside, and several boats went in pursuit, which, after a lively chase, killed and took it. The story was told in the newspapers of the season, and it was said that the capture was made by the crew of an American vessel. There was much excitement about it at the time among the sailors in that port. I happened, several years afterwards, to meet with two men who were spectators of the scene, and they gave me their separate accounts of it. They were on board several vessels, and entirely unacquainted with each other, one belonging at the time to the United States schooner *Dolphin*.

The former informed me that boats put off from a French and two American whaling vessels, which happened to be in the port, and that, after a long chase, the whale was killed, and the prize awarded to one of the Americans. He said, however, that one of the French boats appeared to be up with the foremost, and, indeed, during the greater part of the chase, on the lead. He was too far off to see distinctly, and never understood the particulars, but was agreeably disappointed, when the report came that his countrymen were the successful party.

My second informant, whom I met with in 1847, gave me substantially the following story. It agreed with all the notices I had formerly seen published on the subject, but was much longer than any of them, and contained some interesting details, which rendered the result very plain, and accounted for what my first informant was unable to understand. He began thus:

"I was then a midshipman on board the U. S. schooner *Dolphin*, and, being the youngest, accompanied our captain in his gig, on board an American whaler which had just arrived. About 9 o'clock in the morning a whale appeared off the harbor, and the cry was heard of,—'There she blows!' Boats were immediately launched from the vessel in which I was, and from another American whaler, and also a French one. I asked my captain's permission to get into the boat alongside, which was granted. We had five men beside the captain of the vessel, who steered. The harpooner was an old Nantucket Indian. He took his place, as usual, at the bow. Two other boats beside ours were sent out from our whaler, four from the other whaler, and four or five from the French whaler. A great strife immediately began. Each crew labored to the utmost to get first to the whale. The oars bent as I had never seen them before. Our boat got on well, and we soon found only one of the others was able to keep near us. That was one of the French ones, which kept along exactly in a line, and proved to be fully equal to us, though we pulled for a long time with our utmost strength. Not a word was spoken as we came near the whale. Our two boats were as near each other as could be without interfering with our oars—that is, about forty feet apart. We came up abreast of the whale, which was about forty feet from us. The harpooners in both taken in their oars, and stood up in the bows with their harpoons ready. The French boat was inside, nearest the whale, and of course had the best chance at him. Whoever strikes a whale first has a right to claim him. This is the law everywhere, allowed by all nations. The Frenchmen felt sure of the prize, and we all supposed we had lost him. But just then, to the astonishment of us all, our old Indian threw his harpoon with great force into the air, over the heads of the Frenchmen, and then, instantly taking the coil of rope which he had held in his left hand, tossed it forward, so that it struck the water ahead of their bows, and sank just in time for their boat to go over without touching it. While the keel was passing over the coil, the harpoon was falling upon the whale, and it struck him close up to his back-fin, sinking nearly up to the handle, no danger of coming out.

"A general shout rose from our boat, and all the others near us, except the Frenchman. Their harpooner stood still, with his harpoon raised, and such a look in his face as I shall never forget. Surprise, disappointment and shame seemed to have stupefied him so that for some time he did not move. The whale sunk as soon as he felt the blow; and while the French oarsmen were beginning to turn for the shore, we began to feel the whale pulling us outside. He drew us very fast; being unable to "sound," that is, to go very deep, the water there being only about thirty-five fathoms. He pulled us along at a brisk rate; and, the force being partly downwards, the bow of our boat was buried deep in the water, like a plow set rank in the ground. The waves were cut through by us, and thrown up violently in foam on both sides, rising as high as our heads. The sound as we rushed on was very loud and roaring; and this my first "Nantucket sleigh-ride," as the whalemen call it, lasted about three quarters of an hour. We then approached some small islands, about two miles from Callao; and the whale, which had been spouting blood almost from the first, now rose, and appeared much enfeebled, and remained above water long enough for us to come up and throw another harpoon into him, after which he received several stabs from spears; and, after being lanced, he rolled over, flapped his tail two or three times with violent and frightful convulsions, and soon ceased to move.

"We had now another serious task before us, in towing the dead whale to Callao. It is customary for the ship to come and take charge of a whale, when one has been captured by the boats burnt or not—but if there is any truth the whaler was at anchor, and could not come, so that there was no alternative left us but to tow the immense animal by main force of rowing, to the land. We were soon joined by the other three boats belonging to the whaler; and I having fastened two ropes to the jaw-bone, through a hole cut in the mouth, we went to our oars. That was the hardest day's work, on the whole, that I ever performed. We did not reach the frigate *Potomac* till late in the afternoon, and she was anchored outside the other shipping. We passed the other vessels, and they gave us very hearty cheers. It was a right whale we had taken, of uncommon size, yielding forty barrels of oil.

"The Americans regarded the victory as a kind of national triumph, and we were all highly complimented on our

success. I have never, however, seen the credit given to the poor humble Indian, to whose unexampled skill, great coolness and strength of arm, it was due." T. D.

FEELING HIS BUMPS.

Our neighbor, Col. S——, tells a capital story of a certain wag in Erie, Penna., a jolly publican, who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant, but sometimes obstinate borough.

One morning, a traveling phrenologist arrived at his inn and took lodgings. The next day in the village newspaper appeared an advertisement, stating that P. B—— had arrived in Erie, and would make, for a "compensation," examination of the heads of citizens, and accompany the same with accurate and reliable charts of characters. For two or three days, the calls were scarce, but on the fifth, there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor. One morning a countryman entered the inn, where the phrenologist had his rooms, and said to the landlord aforesaid—

"Is this the place where the phrenologist holds out, who can tell a man's character by the bumps on his skull?"

"Yes," replied Boniface, with a reserved and dignified air.

"Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where's the man?"

"I am the man," said the landlord.

"Oh, you be, eh? Wal, put in, feel o' my bumps, and gin us a map. What's the swindle?"

"There is no swindle, sir; phrenology is a science, sir."

"Oh, yes—expect so; but what's the price for feelin' a feller's head?"

"One dollar, with a chart."

"Wal, go it; what do I du?—lie down or sit up? Does it hurt?"

"Not in the least, my dear sir. Take your seat in this chair."

There were four or five morning loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh, as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest and neck-cloth. The wag of the landlord run his hands through the air of the patient a moment, and then turning to the bar-keeper, said—

"Mr. Flipkins, take a sheet of paper and draw four lines down its whole length, and put my figures under the head I mention to you."

It was done.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes, all right."

"Very well."

And the landlord went on with his examination, which was rougher, perhaps, than there was any necessity for.

"Put down Philoprogenitiveness 60."

"Down, sir."

"Very well; reverence two."

"Booked, sir."

"Combativeness, two hundred."

"What's that?" said the victim.

"No matter, sir, you'll see it on the chart."

"Caution, one."

"Creduity, four hundred."

"What's the last bump," asked the patient.

"Never mind now, you'll understand by and by. And now, (to the bar-keeper,) Mr. Flipkins, you have put these in separate columns, as usual?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well—add 'em up."

"Add em u-u-p-p!" exclaimed the phrenological subject. "Is this the way you do?"

"Of c-o-u-r-s-e! how else could we tell your balance of mind—of intellect?"

"Wal, go ahead."

"How does it *doboll*, Mr. Flipkins?"

"The three columns are equal—they front up precisely the same!"

The landlord looked solemnly and sympathizingly towards his subject.

"It is strange," said he, "but it is so. Phrenology never lies. You have no dominant character, sir, you have no intellectual status; you don't know any-

ing, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I must come and take charge of a whale, when one has been captured by the boats burnt or not—but if there is any truth the whaler was at anchor, and could not come, so that there was no alternative left us but to tow the immense animal by main force of rowing, to the land. We were soon joined by the other three boats belonging to the whaler; and I having fastened two ropes to the jaw-bone, through a hole cut in the mouth, we went to our oars. That was the hardest day's work, on the whole, that I ever performed. We did not reach the frigate *Potomac* till late in the afternoon, and she was anchored outside the other shipping. We passed the other vessels, and they gave us very hearty cheers. It was a right whale we had taken, of uncommon size, yielding forty barrels of oil.

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success. I have never, however, seen the credit given to the poor humble Indian, to whose unexampled skill, great coolness and strength of arm, it was due." T. D.

Oh never mind; give us the map," the subject; here's the swindle, for rather pay it than have you going and the country making a fool of every where else as you have here you blasted philogenitive humbug

with this explosion, the subject

WHY DIGGEST THOU?

Old man! old man! for whom digg'st thou this grave?

I asked as I walked along; For I saw in heart of London streets A dark and busy throng.

'Twas a strange, wild deed! but a wilder wish, Of the parted soul to lie, 'Midst the troubled numbers of living men. Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "old man, for whom digg'st thou this grave,

In the heart of London town?" And the deep toned voice of the digger replied—

"We're laying a gas pipe down."

Kennesianna.

SOME years ago Ben Brown opened a store in Swopstown, and in order to book every body into trade, he offered to treat every one that bought anything at his store. Money being pretty scarce, there was a good deal of barter going on in those days. So Sam Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store of Mr Brown, and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said:

"Come, ain't you going to treat?"

"What! on that trade?"

"Certainly; a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when Jones said:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg in the wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the store keeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine glass, discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle? This, you see has a double yolk."

BESSER AS DE MEASLES.—Maj. Brod-back, of the Twelfth Kentucky regiment, is a great favorite with his men. He is a German, and although a strict disciplinarian and a regular soldier, he is not always severe. An instance of his humor is thus related:—

Several of his men were reported drunk. Upon visiting them, the Major exclaimed:

"Here! here! here!" said he, "what's all this?"

"Major, dear," one of them replied, "you know we've been, (hic,) been cooped up a long time, and when a feller gets a chance (hic) he's apt to go it."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Tight; that's all."

"What you been drinkin'?"

"Lager."

"Well dat is besser as de measles."

So he lets them off.

A WIFE WHO KNEW HOW TO "LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."—A few weeks after a late marriage, the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of "a washing."—He therefore rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She peeped over the blankets, exclaimed: "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded: "I've put on my last clean shirt and am going to wash one for myself!" "very well," said Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too!"

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blank—and of course no sensible man can refuse signing them.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "O, berry well, Massa."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"—"Why, you see missis biled tree eggs for herself and gave me de broff."

At the recent town meeting in Pownal, the voting of a young man was objected to because he was not of age, to which he rejoined that he "had a wife and child at home." The objector "caved."

EXPERIMENTAL Philosophy. Asking a young lady to marry you. Nature Philosophy. Looking indifferently, and saying you were only in fun when she refuses you.

Select Poetry.

"SKEDADDLE."

VANITY FAIR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Southern village passed,
A youth who bore not over nice,
A banner with the gay device—
"Skedaddle!"

His hair was red, his toes beneath
Peeped like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue—
"Skedaddle!"

He saw no household-fire where he
Might warm his tod and homminy,
Beyond the white Cordilleras shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
"Skedaddle!"

"Oh! stay," a cullud pusson said,
"And on this bosom res' your hed;"
The Octoroon, she winked her eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—
"Skedaddle!"

"Beware McClellan, Buel, Banks,
Beware of Halleck's deadly ranks!"
This was the planters last good night;
The chap replied, far out of sight—
"Skedaddle!"

At break of day, as several boys,
From Maine, New York and Illinois,
Were moving South'ard through the air,
They heard these accents of despair—
"Skedaddle!"

A chap was found, and at his side
A bottle showing how he died;
Still grasping in his hand of ice
The banner with the strange device—
"Skedaddle!"

There, in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay;
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell like a rocket stick—
"Skedaddle!"

Local Items.

FIELD, STAFF AND LINE OFFICERS OF THE ELEVENTH PENN'A CAVALRY.—The following is a list of the officers and Companies of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry now stationed at Williamsburg, Va.:

Colonel.—JOSHUA HARLAN.
Major.—GEORGE STRITZEL.
Adj't.—NATHAN H. ROBBINS.
Quartermaster.—CHAS. A. SHERMAN.
Surgeon.—GEORGE L. HARLAN.
Chaplain.—J. ADDISON WHITTAKER.

Co. "B," Capt. George I. Cornog,
do. 1st Lieut. R. Dewees Roberts.
Co. "D," Capt. Robert B. Ward,
do. 1st Lieut. John F. Nimmons,
do. 2d Lieut. Jas. H. Aughinbaugh.
Co. "F," Capt. Benj. B. Mitchell,
do. 1st Lieut. David O. Tears,
do. 2d Lieut. Phillip A. Palmer.
Co. "I," Capt. Daniel Herr,
do. 1st Lieut. William J. Reisinger,
do. 2d Lieut. Charles W. Buttz.
Co. "K," Capt. Albert J. Akerley,
do. 1st Lieut. George B. Knight,
do. 2d Lieut. John C. Baker.

A DARING ADVENTURE.—During the accustomed out-post duty belonging to this department, Lieut. D. O. Tears, of the Eleventh Penn'a Cavalry, with seventeen men, crossed the Rebel lines, beyond New Kent Court-House, and taking the direct road, proceeded to Buffalo Cross Roads. On his way he was met by a party of Rebel Cavalry, and fired upon, but immediately after was deserted, on the part of the foe, by a vigorous "skedaddle." Seeing a stray traitor, who had wandered to a farm-house within their lines, no doubt for the purpose of wooing some unprenching country girl into confidence, the Lieutenant determined to make him a victim, and proceeded alone to the work, leaving his men close at hand, in case of need. The unsuspecting "Secesh," drawing his pistol, confidently ordered the Federal cavalier to "halt," as he approached. But our friend told him to put up his instrument of warfare, as he was caught. Seeing the trap, he darted for a clump of underbrush, in the field adjoining the house—but in a moment, the Lieutenant's party had surrounded the spot, and after being warned that he must be forthcoming before the word "three," or be shot. After counting "one," like Davy Crockett's Coon, he "came down," and is now a guest in our guard-house. He is a member of the Third Virginia Cavalry.

REBEL WOUNDED.—The conduct of many of the citizens of this place, concerning the unfortunate wounded who were left to our care, has been highly reprehensible. The poor victims, in the first place, were neglected by their own surgeons, until the propitious period for medical assistance had passed. Receiving them thus, the acknowledged skill and uniring care of Federal surgeons placed a few of them in a fair way for recovery. But so soon was this little task accomplished that a clamor, loud and long, was heard from citizens of the place, to have them again turned over to their friends and fate. What is the sanitary condition of the hospital in which those pitiable objects are forced to live? Altho beyond description. The stench arising from unavoidable causes, which is so fatal to the sufferers, (it is almost insupportable to a healthy man,) must soon empty it entirely. If some of the ladies who go there with an air of bombast and insult rather to Union soldiers than for the care of the sufferers, would see that the room is kept as clean and pure as their parlors ought to be; and instead of carrying to them the most ostentatious things for the street, and the appetites of vigorous health, would supply them with proper food for the sick-room, much good would be accomplished and much suffering saved. Some of the patients, alarmed at their actual neglect, though a solicitude for them is ostentatiously attempted to be shown, have sought assistance, stating that their wounds had remained undressed for four successive days; and sly hints are thrown out that medical assistance would not now be refused for those, to whom, now, it would be useless though they were once in a fair way of recovery. That's right! Let your wounded lay five days after a battle without care, then call upon the Yankees to save them and curse them because they do not. Hide them away in your private houses to die. Your murdered victims! And then, as the last gasp is fluttering on their dying lips, call for the aid they needed weeks before. But, after a few were almost safe, that you should grasp away their last hope of covering, and by neglect and want of medical skill, suffer them proudly but helplessly to die, is most shamefully inhuman.

"A TRUE STORY."—This is the title of a communication written for the "CAVALIER," by —, and is the most striking specimen of literature that we have met with. Were it not for the feelings of its author, we would give it *verbatim et punctuatum*. The first sentence reads:—"This very strange story I heard from my Uncle William C., of whom an eye witness to this strange but true story of which I will give you a description near as I can, so I will commence!" The last reads thus:—"Mr. Editor, please find room in your next issue for a few improper lines & you will oblige."

"I have never had," he says in an appended line, "any practice in writing P out of my head but will try and do be the next time."

It seems strange to us, that such a story as this should ever have passed through the Free-School System of the North, arising to "position" in the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. You, indeed, my friend, I not had much practice in "writing P out of your head," and you should not presume to do so now, at public expense. publish many articles that are deficient in style and matter, but this is beyond correction.

BRUTALITY TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—We are reliably informed, during the loading of sick and wounded on the steamer "Kingston," at Yorktown, last week, the Captain of the vessel was cursing the poor helpless victims the most uncivilized and brutal manner for not moving more rapidly. No compassion can be too severe for a wretch devoid of all humanity. It is strange indeed, that so abandoned a villain should have allowed anything to do with his suffering fellow men.

MUSIC.—Our military post has been livened, for the last few days, by the stirring music of the brass band below to the Eleventh Penna. Cavalry Regiment. In consideration of the absence of some of their important instruments, they exceedingly well. Nothing adds more interest to the dull routine of life, than appropriate music, discoursed by skillful artists. Let it be hoped that the Fifth may yet be the possessors of a valuable acquisition.

THE "HEATED TERM."—The heated past few days has been almost insupportable. It surpasses the recollection of the most inhospitable.

For the gratification of our friends, home it gives us pleasure to state that the Regiment is in the enjoyment of fine

[Communicated.]

THE AMERICAN FLAG!—"I'll not walk under that flag!" was the remark made by a female, whom, I have no doubt, would wish to be classed as a lady. Though pained at the scornful remark, I could not help, in charity, pitying her for her thoughtlessness, for I felt certain that she could not have given proper weight to her words. She could not, I feel convinced, have reflected that it was the emblem of the great and powerful United States of America, she was insulting. I cannot believe that any woman could be so ungrateful. What does she not owe to that proud flag? What would have been her condition at this day, but for it? My lady readers, answer me that one question. Why are women not exposed for sale in this country, as they are in Turkey? Or, as liable to be disposed of as in England? Why is her condition better than the women of China; or, in fact, better than those of every other nation upon the face of God's earth? What would have freed her from slavery, and elevated her to her inferior condition, and placed her side by side with man, as man's equal? Have you not noticed with what distinguished consideration the American lady is received; and with what marked respect she is treated in all climes, and by all classes? There is something magical in the name, which insures to the possessor the kindest attention. That word, "American," conveys to the mind of the oppressed foreigner all that is noble and brave in man; of being as free as the air he breathes; free to go where and when he pleases; to live as God ordained, in the perfect enjoyment of happiness and personal liberty. To enjoy this, is to be an American—and to share it is the privilege of the ladies of America. It was that flag which was so scorned and scoffed at—'twas the emblem of America, the land of liberty, the home of the free! the rustling of whose folds causes the crowned heads of Europe to bow with respect, and tyrants to quake with fear, lest the shadow of its anger should blot them from existence. Remember, that in attempting to give insult to you, you are but heaping coals upon your own head, which will speedily consume you in its avenging flame. ROVER.

[Correspondence of "The Cavalier."]

OUR PENNA. LETTER.

WEST HAVERTOWN, PA.
July 2nd, 1862.

LIEUT. S. H. YOCUM,
Editor of "THE CAVALIER."

I, the writer of this, am unknown to you, and until this morning was ignorant of your existence; it was happily made known to me by the reception of some numbers of the neat little paper published under your superintendance, from my friend Capt. LEWIS, of Co. "D."

That I am a good Union girl, lively, fond of fun and writing letters, and above all, a most devoted admirer of shoulder-straps and bright buttons, is a sufficient introduction; and should the initials attached to this be recognized by my friends in the regiment, they will satisfy you on one and all of the above points.

On referring to the terms, I see nothing about "returning rejected manuscripts," so you can put this in your waste basket if it falls under your *federal* (royal is not patriotic) displeasure.

One evening last week there came a shouk! "A train of cars filled with soldiers!" Away I ran towards the railroad, out came my handkerchief, and was soon swinging around my head in the most enthusiastic manner; scarce three cars had passed, when a suspicion, induced by the appearance of the occupants, made me slip the handkerchief out of sight, and regard the other cars with more curiosity than pleasure. Imagine my chagrin when it turned out they were the rebel rascals captured by Gen. Fremont in the Shenandoah valley, and en route for Fort Delaware, via Pennsylvania R. R. (I have been since tried on a charge of sympathizing with treason, unjustly convicted, and am now awaiting sentence, so you will pardon the dullness of this communication in view of the sad circumstances.) There was not a pleasant looking countenance among the whole four hundred and ninety, and a more forlorn, filthy, ragged looking set was never before seen in this part of the Union—in fact, they were uniformed in sullen, dogged silence,

and in nothing else resembling either a federal or rebel dress. The guard was a detail from the 115th Pennsylvania, Col. Patterson.

The unsatisfactory nature of the government's dispatches in regard to "Little Mac's" operations in front of Richmond, causes a most anxious feeling in our community. The fact that Gen. McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves did most of the fighting, accounts for this, many of them being either from here or well known in the vicinity. The gentlemen read the news papers, grumble and speculate, and the ladies, while they use their privilege of *talking*, do not forget to keep their fingers busy fashioning garments, and making comforts for the thousands of brave men who crowd our hospitals. Many a woman who has fled from the sight of suffering, now spends days in ministering to the soldiers. There is magic in the very name. And one instance I know of, which occurred at the Broad and Cherry Hospital: A lady, hearing of the arrival of some hundreds of new cases, went asking to be allowed to assist. "Madam," said a surgeon, "can you hold these poor fellows' hands while I extract bullets?" The reply came slowly,—"I can." And all night this noble woman passed by bedsides, holding the hands of poor sufferers, while *copper bullets* were extracted from wounds, where they had, in some cases, festered for five days. These are the scenes that try the souls and test the nerves, and yet there is not one in six who would refuse. "The Ladies' Aid," under the direction of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Esrey & Co., send off boxes and barrels constantly filled with all that can be useful to the sick; and even boys who would otherwise be idle or in mischief, gladly cut canes for the convalescent. A universal desire to be of use pervades the entire community, and though we cannot fight we can work for those who do. While every thing moves on with the usual regularity, harvests being gathered, &c., we scarcely realize the desolating whirlwind which is sweeping over so fair a portion of our land, leaving wasted and barren fields, burned villages and tenantless mansions, to mark its course. The utter madness of the Southern people will never be realized by themselves till every inch of ground now held by traitors is again brought under the firm rule of the Federal Government, and the vile instigators hang high as Haman. That this may soon be the end, is the wish of every loyal heart, beating quicker to every note of victory. While the soldiers of every State claim our admiration and regard, each one must feel a deeper interest in their own State's regiments, so that while feeling anxious for all, I must bestow a large share of my good wishes on the Fifth Cavalry. And with the most earnest wishes for your success, both in the field and in the editorial sanctum,

Am most truly yours,
L. S. H.

Telegraph News.

IMPORTANT FROM VICKSBURG.

The Last of the Rebel Gun Boats Destroyed.—The Vicksburg Batteries Run by Com. Farragut.—Union of the Upper and Lower Mississippi Fleets.—Brilliant Exploit of the Union Ram Fleet.—Its Communication with Farragut.

STRAIT LAM SWITZERLAND,
ABOVE VICKSBURG, June 28,
VIA MEMPHIS, July 3, '62.

To the Hon. E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War. Since my dispatch informing you that I had communicated with Flag-Officer Farragut, I have been able to maintain constant intercourse with his fleet, through the active energy of Gen. Williams.

On the 26th inst. I went up the Yazoo River, with two rams, the Monarch and Lancaster, the latter under command of Medical Cadet Charles R. Ellet. I proceeded about 65 miles, to a point where the river is obstructed by a raft built by the enemy, and protected by four guns in battery.

My object was to capture or destroy three of the enemy's gunboats that I was informed were lying below the raft, the Van Dorn, Polk and Livingston. I hauled up, closed under the batteries, and was mystified to see the enemy set fire to the boats and start them adrift down upon us. I was obliged to leave the river to escape a conflagration. The three boats were totally destroyed. The enemy did not fire upon us.

It is with great pleasure I announce the arrival of Flag-Officer Farragut, with nine vessels of his fleet above Vicksburg. They passed up this morning at about 5 o'clock, through a severe fire from some thirty or forty of the enemy's guns. Their loss was, as far as reported, four men killed and thirteen wounded. Respectfully,

ALFRED W. ELLETT, Lieut. Col.

A New Rebel Programme.

MEMPHIS, Monday, June 30, 1862.

The "Avalanche" of this morning has an editorial based upon information that a new programme has been determined upon by the Rebel leaders, who, nothing abashed by previous discomfiture, are preparing themselves for a tremendous effort.

They consider that the territory recently given up has weakened the North, and correspondingly strengthened the South. They expect to hold Richmond and Virginia; but if they are forced to yield them, they have no idea of giving up, but will fight to the last, and when they can fight no longer, instead of surrendering, and having their property confiscated and themselves disfranchised, they will make a direct proposition to France and England to become a colony or appendage.

If this alternative is forced upon them, they will strive to become the subjects of Napoleon rather than of England. The "Avalanche" gives the above as the almost certain policy of the Rebel leaders, and as Dr. Foulkes is known to be one of the best informed men in the South, considerable credit may be attached to the plan.

Dispatches from Col. Fitch, dated St. Charles, Ark., which works he stormed, set forth that Gen. Curtis' Division is at Batesville.

From Newbern, N. C.

NEWBERN, N. C., June 30, 1862.

This morning, two of the outlying pickets of Mix's Cavalry, stationed on the Neuse road, about seven miles from Newbern, were surprised by a dozen or more Rebels suddenly dashing out of the woods in advance, and firing at them with rifles. One of them, private Oscar H. Smith, of Company B, from Syracuse, N. Y., had his left arm elbow joint completely crushed by a Minie ball. He escaped on his horse and rode into Newbern. Amputation will, it is thought, be necessary. The other picket had his horse shot under him, but escaped unhurt. One of the pickets, on the Trent road, was also shot at to-day. The ball took effect in the knee of his horse, ruining him. Col. Mix is getting on well. The wound in his head is cured, and his arm is doing finely.

The Orleans Princes.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1862.

The three Orleans Princes—Prince de Joinville, Count de Paris, and Duc de Chartres—arrived here to-day, en route for Boston and Europe. They return to Europe, after a campaign of a number of months, in which they have had no opportunity to earn personal distinction. Speculators in diplomatic matters try to see special significance in their sudden departure. Some think that it was occasioned by a friendly hint from Queen Victoria, who is a staunch friend of the Orleans family, that they ought to come home before they become involved in a false position, in which threatening events might possibly place them.

Parson Brownlow.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 2, 1862.

Parson Brownlow delivered a lecture this evening to one of the largest audiences ever assembled here. He attributed the attendance to the notoriety which had been given him by the Secessionists tearing down posters and expressing a desire to hang him. This stirred the spirit within him, and, to show that they could not intimidate him, he intended to canvass the whole State of Delaware, and give them a chance to carry out their nefarious purpose of hanging men who stood up for the Union and the Constitution.

Stonewall Jackson.

After the late battle, in front of Richmond, reliable word reached Yorktown that the Rebel General, Stonewall Jackson was among the killed. We have since had information, which goes, in a great measure, to substantiate this report.