

# THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1862.

NO. IV.

## Select Poetry.

### OUR DEFENDERS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Our flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,  
An Angel of Peace whosoever it goes,  
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,  
The Angel of Death it shall be to our foes.  
True to our native sky,  
Still shall our eagle fly,  
Casting his sentinel glance afar—  
Though bearing the olive branch,  
Still in his talons staunch,  
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound, there's a foe on our border,  
A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;  
Freemen are rising, and marching in order,  
Leaving the plow, and anvil and loom!  
Rust dims the harvest sheen  
Of scythe and sickle keen,  
The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar,  
Veteran and youth are out,  
Swelling the battle shout,  
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their eyrie,  
Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain,  
Out of the west flash the flames of the prairie,  
Out of the East roll the waves of the main!  
Down from their Northern shores,  
Loud as Niagara pours,  
They march and their tread wakes the earth with its jar,  
Under the Stripes and Stars,  
Each with the soul of Mars,  
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,  
While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,  
The oak of the North or the Southern palmetto  
Shall shelter no foe except in his grave!  
While the Gulf billow breaks,  
Echoing the Northern lakes,  
And ocean replies unto ocean afar,  
Yield we no inch of land,  
While there's a patriot hand  
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

### THE SIEGE OF MANTUA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE fortress of Mantua was the pride and strength of Lombardy in Italy. It was situated upon an island in a series of lakes, formed by the expansion of the river Mincio. It could only be approached by five long and narrow causeways, which were protected by batteries. In July, 1796, the eyes of all Europe were directed to this fortress, as the young general, Napoleon Bonaparte, was just beginning to dawn upon Europe, was attempting its reduction with an army of but 30,000 men.

About sixty miles north of Mantua, nestled amid the mountains of the Tyrol, lies the fortified town of Trent. Here the Austrians, under Wurmser, collected an army of 60,000, to march down the valleys of the Adige and the Mincio, and co-operating with the 20,000 Austrians behind the ramparts of Mantua, to annihilate the audacious army of Napoleon. As Wurmser commenced his march, he rubbed his hands, and said, chuckling, "we shall soon have the boy now."

Fearful that Napoleon might escape, he sent one-half his force down the right banks of the lake of Garda, whose shores he must traverse—a sheet of water about thirty miles long, and from four to twelve wide, to cut off the French retreat. The eagle eye of Napoleon detected his advantage. Instantly abandoning the siege, at an enormous sacrifice, under the cover of a dark night he put every available man and horse in motion. The division of the Austrians marching down the right or western bank of the lake were not dreaming of danger, when suddenly the French army, like a whirlwind, burst upon them. They were scattered like deer by the hounds, and in bleeding, broken bands found refuge only among the wilds of the mountains. The division on the other side of the lake heard the thunder of the conflict, but could

do nothing for the relief of their friends.

Without an hour's delay Napoleon turned upon his track to attack the division on the other side, before they could obtain reinforcements, at the foot of the lake. His troops were urged to their utmost possible speed. "Soldiers," said he, "it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured. In three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely on me. You know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word." Wurmser, not imagining the possibility of assault, had imprudently separated his force into two divisions, marching with the Adige between them, to be re-united at the foot of the lake. Melas, with 25,000 men, composed one division, Wurmser, with 15,000, the other.

Napoleon met Melas at Lonato. A few hours of horrid carnage ensued, when the Austrians were utterly routed. Leaving the ground covered with their wounded and dead, and five thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, with twenty pieces of cannon, they fled, panic-stricken and demoralized, beyond hope of speedy ralliance. The French soldiers slept for a few hours on the bloody ground, but Napoleon slept not. The dawn of the morning was to usher in another battle with Wurmser. Napoleon spent the whole night galloping from post to post. Five horses had successively sunk beneath him. With the earliest break of day the troops were again in motion. They met the foe at Castiglione. The battle was decisive, and night alone rescued the fugitives from the swift and terrible blows of their pursuers.

In this campaign of six days the Austrians lost 40,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Sixty thousand men had marched from Trent, with gleaming banners and triumphal music, flushed with anticipated victory. But 20,000 exhausted, bleeding, war-scathed fugitives ran stragling back, to seek protection from the ramparts of the city. With but 30,000 men Napoleon had accomplished this amazing achievement. The soldiers proudly called it "The six days' campaign."

Again Napoleon returned to Mantua and resumed the siege. The Austrians, humiliated and enraged by the defeat, speedily raised another army of 65,000 men. Wurmser left 25,000 men about ten miles south of Trent, to prevent the Tyrol from being ravaged by the French, and with 30,000 passed over to the valley of the Brenta, to march down its narrow defile. With this force co-operating with the 20,000 Austrians in garrison at Mantua, he would have 50,000 to assail the French in front and rear.

Napoleon, who kept himself informed of the slightest movement of the enemy, instantly and secretly put his whole army again in motion. With hardly a moment's delay for food or rest, Napoleon urged his columns up the parallel valley of the Adige at double-quick. In the earliest dawn of the 4th of September, he burst like a tempest upon the astounded foe. The battle was short and decisive. The routed enemy, pursued by the cavalry, and hewed down by sabres, left the ground covered with their dead. Seven thousand prisoners, with twenty pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victors. Such was the battle of Roveredo. The next morning Napoleon entered Trent in triumph. In a few hours consolidating his victory, and securing a vast amount of the munitions of war, before the sun of that day went down, he was again, with his whole army, on the valley of the Brenta, in chase of Wurmser. He caught him at Bassano, and without allowing him an hour to prepare for battle, fell with the utmost impetuosity upon his rear.

The Austrians bewildered, and striking blows almost at random, fought desperately, but in vain. All but 16,000 were left prisoners or dead upon the field. This shattered band, disheartened and panic stricken, fled down the river, hoping to find a refuge behind the ram-

parts of Mantua. Napoleon pursued them vigorously, every step of the way, throwing balls and shells into their ranks. The garrison at Mantua rushed out to aid them. Another pitched battle was fought. The French were victorious, and the Austrians, routed at every point, were driven behind their walls. Thus, in a campaign of ten days, Napoleon marched over two hundred miles, fought three pitched battles, and annihilated an army twice as numerous as his own.

Again the siege was renewed, and again all the resources of the Austrian empire was called into requisition to gather a new army. All the pride and enthusiasm of the court were roused. Twenty-five thousand Austrians were now cooped up in Mantua. Seventy-five thousand were speedily rendezvoused in the georges of the Tyrol. Napoleon had now but 30,000 with which to oppose the 100,000 thus arrayed against him.

Early in November the Austrians commenced their march. Snow whitened the tops of the mountains, and the winds of approaching winter swept through those elevated gorges. A corps of observation, of 12,000 men, whom Napoleon had placed to guard a defile a few miles north of Trent, alarmed by the overpowering masses of the enemy, retreated. Napoleon, indignant that French soldiers should retreat, hastened to the camp, surrounded by his staff. Collecting his soldiers in a hollow square, he sat upon his horse in the midst of them, pale, wan and emaciated with fatigue. Every eye was fixed upon him.

"Soldiers," said he, sternly and sadly, "I am displeased with you, you have allowed yourselves to be driven from a position where a handful of men might arrest an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the army of Italy!'"

The terrible rebuke fell like a thunderbolt upon these heroic, impassioned men. They crowded around him with tears, imploring that he would reverse the decree. Napoleon spoke kindly to them, seemed to relent, and promised that they should soon have an opportunity to retrieve their character. Leaving 10,000 men to guard the works at Mantua, he assembled the remainder of his force, now consisting of but 15,000, at Verona. Forty thousand Austrians soon surrounded them. With consummate military skill, Napoleon lured the foe to the causeways which threaded the marshes of Arcola, where the heads of the columns only could meet, and where, consequently, superiority of numbers was of little avail. In a terrific conflict of three days the Austrians lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 30,000, and again leaving a trail of blood to mark their path, the remnant, a fugitive band, fled back to the Tyrol.

The siege was again renewed. Again in January another Austrian army in two divisions, were descending towards the beleaguered fortress. Could they effect a junction under the walls of Mantua, Napoleon's destruction would be sure. Should Napoleon march to assail one division, the other would enter the fortress with abundant reinforcements and supplies. But again the genius of Napoleon triumphed. He had received recruits, bringing his army up again to 30,000; he fell upon 50,000 Austrians at Rivoli, and cut them to pieces. Then turning, he rushed back to Mantua, and reached there just as the other Austrian forces of 20,000 had arrived within sight of the walls; they were soon annihilated. In this campaign of three days the Austrians lost 25,000 prisoners, 6000 killed, sixty pieces of cannon, and twenty-five standards.

Wurmser's situation in Mantua was now hopeless, and nothing was left for him but capitulation. "The Austrians manoeuvred admirably," he said, "but they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

### A MAN OVERBOARD.

It was one of those thunder and lightning gales at night, when for a moment all would be as light as day, and a moment after, so dark that you could not see an oars-length from the vessel. The Captain was forward, and all the hands except the cook and myself were aloft.

The ship was pitching madly, and the waves were toppling up sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl, under our keel, that made every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder was roaring like ten thousand cannons, and every now and then, as I said, half the sky would split up in a stream of fire, that glared over the tops of the waves, and glistened on the wet deck and the spars—lighting up everything so plain, that I could see the men's faces at the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm—clinging like death—then all would be horrible darkness.

You could hear the spray spitting against the canvass, and the great waves breaking on the weather bow, and the howl of the wind through the rigging, and now and then, when a gasket gave way, and the sail belied out to leeward, you could hear the canvass splitting like the crack of a musket. You could hear, too, the Captain forward, screaming out orders, and the mate, in the cross-trees, screaming 'em over, till the lightning came, and the thunder—both together—and deadened their voices, as if they'd been a pair of little chirping sparrows. It was in one of the flashes that I saw a hand on the yard-arm lose his foothold, as the ship gave a plunge, but his arms were clenched round the spar. Before I could see any more, the blackness came over, and the thunder broke with a crash that half deadened me. I thought I heard something like a tiny howl, as it died off; and sure enough, at the next flash of lightning which came in a moment, what should I see on the top of one of the waves along side, but Tom Meeks; the lightning glared on his face, so that I could see the look in the poor fellow's eye.

As good luck would have it, he had caught hold of one of the studding-sail sheets, as he fell, and as we pitched, I could see it slipping off the coil upon the deck.

I shouted like mad, "man overboard!" and just had time to catch the rope, when we could see nothing again. I was a boy then, and couldn't hold by the rope; the sea was too high and the man too heavy for me. I shouted and shouted, and shouted, and felt the sweat starting all over my forehead, as the rope slipped out through my hands.

Presently the Captain felt his way aft, and took hold with me, just as the coil was nearly spent, and we pulled upon him; and the cook came, and we three hauled together upon him. Poor fellow; it must have been desperate work for him, for the ship was drifting at a prodigious rate, and we pulling up at the same time; but he clung like a man.

By-and-by, at a flash, we saw him on a crest, three oars lengths away from the vessel.

"Hold on, my man!" shouted the Captain.

"For God's sake, be quick," said the man, and he went down in a trough of the sea. And we pulled the harder; and the Captain kept all the while calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush, we could hear Tom say, "I can't hold out much longer; I'm most gone."

We called out the more to him to hold on, and presently got him where we could most lay hold of him, and were only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groaned out, "It's no use—I can't—good-bye," and a wave tossed the end of the rope clear up upon the bulwarks. At the next flash we saw him going down under the water.

I never shall forget how he looked— for we saw him plain—when he said "good-bye," and let go his hold.

### A REBEL LOVE LETTER.

The following rich love letter was taken from the rebel camp, after the battle of Newbern, by Orderly Henry R. Jones, Co. C. 8th Reg. C. V. It is addressed to "Mr. M. T. Hill, Esq., 26th Regiment N. C. Volunteers, in care of Capt. Steel. Carliners City P. O.," and is signed Mar(e)y M. Helmer. The "gal" is evidently desperately in love; and to show her earnestness in the matter, as well as her powers of expression, we give her letter *verbatim*, punctuation, orthography, and all, just as it was written. It needs a careful perusal to be appreciated:

February the 7 Day 1862

State of North Carolina Union County  
My Dear friend it is with the greatest pleasure that I Can set my self Down this Drisley evening to adress you by way of letter to informe you that i am well and harty at this time for which I feel thankful and I hop when those lines Comes to your Deer hands that they may finde you well and Doing well My Deer friende han't much of importance to right to you at present well my Deer love I can informe you that I received your kind and loveley letter that you rote the 16th of January for which I was much revived in my feelings to her that you was well and harty and to hear that your love to me was so strong so my Deer love if we Cold meet hit wold be sweeter then your two big read apples that you talked uv and I hop that we feel much better then the two apples wold look your presance and them purty sparkling eyes and your blossom Cheakes wold attracte me so they wold Charme me o my Deer fif you were in rech of me I could Claspe you in my little armes and then no body Cold steel us as they cold them two big read apples no my love we wold be as safe or safer then if we was locked up in Dadeys Chist and the kecs lost o that woldnt Do but I wish that you was her and then I wold feel som easier in my minde well my Deer love when I go to meeting I Dont see my love and when I am at home he is not there o what shall I Do to find my love go wher I will I Cant find him but I hop the time is Coming when I will finde I know that jest the sight of you would be sweeter to me then honey in the honey Combe So my Deer love let me be wher I will at home or abroad you are on my mind when I ly Down and after I ly Down and when I get up hit is the saim new song o my love and love is the Cores for it sootes the tune so swety hit floes a long love is round as a ring that has no end and is Deep as the ocian and as boundless so is my love to you so when these lines Comes to your Deer hands that you will know them and the tune two and so I hop ere long we will meet and set and sing the love song so sweet so I want you to tell me if your love Continues true to me so I must come to a Close by asking you to right soon and often so I remain your trew love untell Deth so good by

MAREY M. HELMER.

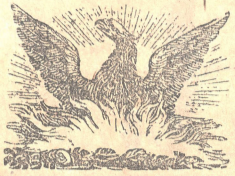
TO MARTIN T. HILL.

A JAPANESE MARVEL.—The Japanese had never seen or dreamed of milking a cow; and when my English servant first took this difficult task in hand, it required the presence of two Japanese officers, to keep off the curious mob. What could the foreigner be doing? He evidently was not killing the cow, but he was taking the milk from the calf only, to restore it, no doubt. But when the hard-earned pint was taken to the house, and the calf allowed to go to its mother, then was their wonder great. It required explanation; and I think some astonishment—generally difficult to detect in a Japanese, however much he may feel it—was manifested at their not having discovered this useful necessity. My ochat himself eventually took milk in his tea.—*Hodgson's Japan.*

THE citizens of New Orleans have lost millions upon millions of dollars by the rebellion.

# The Cavalier.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1862.



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## 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.

## CAPT. J. D. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1862.

Captain J. D. Brown, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, died last evening, at the Hygeia Hotel Hospital, after two weeks illness, of typhoid fever. Captain Brown was, for several years, the proprietor of the Arcade Hotel; subsequently he removed to southwestern Missouri, where he engaged in farming. He was driven from his land by the Rebels, came east, and raised his company of cavalry.

Since entering the service, he has been noted for his efficient and gallant services, and was engaged in several severe skirmishes. He was much beloved by his command, and the intelligence of his demise will be received with pain by his numerous friends in Philadelphia. He leaves a widow and several children.

The above was the first intimation we had of the loss of a much loved friend and fellow-officer. Though aware of his sickness, the knowledge of the strong constitution he had possessed, gave us hopes of his recovery. His company was detached from the regiment on our first arrival at this place, and sent to the front, as a body-guard to Gen. W. F. Smith. As soon as he became too sick for duty, the Captain was sent to the above Hospital, where he remained until the date of his death.—Ed.

## LIEUT. S. BAILEY.

We report, to our sorrow, the capture and supposed death of Lieut. S. BAILEY, of Co. "E" of this Regiment. Being on an extended scout from Gloucester Point along the shore of the York river and toward Richmond, the Lieutenant was ordered by Maj. Wilson, who was in command, to go to Frazer's Ford, having some duty assigned him at that place.

After receiving five men from Co. "B," and five from Co. "L," he started in execution of his orders.

He had hardly arrived at the Ford, when he was attacked by a large party of citizens. Being wounded at the first fire, and his communication with the main body cut off, he asked his men for two volunteers to carry the news of his

position to his commander. Though at the risk of almost certain death, two of Co. "B" made ready at once, and charged through the guerillas who were posted at the end of the bridge and on the road. One of the two was shot dead, the other being the only one of the eleven of whom we have now any certain knowledge.

## VALEDICTORY.

Circumstances make it necessary for us, at this early day, to hand over our yet almost uninitiated pen to a successor. The detachment of the first squadron from the body of the Regiment, carries us with it out of the sphere of newspaperdom. That it is with feelings of regret that our connection with the little visitor is thus so hastily severed none can doubt. Our programme but partly carried out with the NOVELTY that is always consequent on such an enterprise and its greatest embarrasser, but partly worn away, we have scarcely been able to move untrammelled to the work. Freaks and fancies must first be gratified before facts can be handled without gloves. We have thus far carefully avoided criticism, even where it was most openly challenged, and confined ourselves to commendation, though choice in our subjects. That it is the duty of the faithful journalist to become the censor of the public evils as well as to add plaudits to the worthy, will hardly be refuted. We leave this not over-pleasant but necessary duty to those that follow.

The limited sphere of our operations, as well as a want of extended resources, has necessarily made our paper of but local interest; but these may yet be indefinitely expanded, when it will become an object of general importance that a loyal press should be sustained on the peninsula. To those who have generously aided us in the prosecution of our work, we return our sincere thanks, hoping that even out of an object so seemingly small, some good may result. With a polite bow to our readers, then, we vacate the *sanctum*, hoping that in our successor you may find a more able exponent of your interests, and a more worthy subject to bear the title of "Cavalier." S. H. YOCUM.

## NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

EXAGGERATED ESTIMATES OF OUR LOSSES IN THE LATE BATTLES.—The best item of good news which the President brings back with him from the Peninsula is one to the effect that the rumors of losses in the late battles were greatly exaggerated; and the telegraph attributes to him a statement that the entire losses on our part, in the several engagements, do not exceed, in killed, wounded and missing, ten or eleven thousand. This is certainly much more like the truth than the preposterous Rebel statements of sixty thousand Union loss, thirty thousand of whom were captured; or than the sensation estimate published here last week, among the contradictory and absurd statements then hourly given, that our gross loss would amount to thirty thousand! All sorts of wild and extravagant rumors are sure to follow on the heels of a battle; and, though it is a fact that nearly all the first estimates of losses in previous battles in Eastern Virginia have been underrated, yet, considering all the circumstances, there is nothing more likely than that they should be greatly overrated by rumor in this instance, and there is nothing more certain than that such was the case. As the President undoubtedly had means of information on this subject not open to the general public, it would greatly reassure, and would do much to relieve depression of feeling, if he would cause some accurate and official statement to be made as to what our losses were in the seven days' engagement.

Letters from special correspondents with Gen. McClellan's army give interesting details of events up to the 9th. The Rebel exposition of the condition

of affairs on the Peninsula, following the great battles, ending with the signal defeat of the Rebel army at Malvern Hills. We find that the Rebels are anything but satisfied with the relative positions of the two armies.

Lieut. Jackson, of Battery L, First Connecticut Artillery, writes to the Chief of Police at Hartford, that in the "backward movement" he was sent with several men of Capt. Hazzard's Battery back to spike the gun—the only one lost—which they successfully accomplished. During the fight of Wednesday, the teamsters of two of the eight inch guns ran away with the horses, and when word came to fall back, Gen. Barry said they must spike the guns and leave them; but the boys said, "No, never, while we have hands to draw them!" and Company L, Capt. Perkin, got a rope and hitched it to one, while Company K, Capt. Ager, followed with the other, and thus they drew them for over three miles, until they found teams to take their places.

A letter from an officer of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment, dated July 8, says the command had arrived at Fortress Monroe. Gen. Burnside, with an indefinite number of men, had gone to reinforce Gen. McClellan's army, and would be placed on the right wing of the same. The Seventeenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiments remained at Newbern, where they would probably stay.

Advices from Vicksburgh are to the 7th inst., at which time there appears to have been very little change in the condition of affairs.

Advices from New Orleans to the 26th ult.—Five days later have been received. There is little news of importance. Gen. BUTLER had issued an order directing all the banks in the Department to make a return to headquarters of all sums due to them from the rebellious States, and all sums due to the State of Louisiana or State officers; and that no checks or drafts shall be paid without a permit from him. The price of flour had advanced to \$24 per bbl., and Gen. Shepley, the Provost Marshal, had in consequence issued an order fixing the price of bread. There was quite a stir in the cotton market, and advanced prices had brought forward samples which had been hidden away for a year or more. An order from Gen. Butler prohibits masters of vessels from taking colored persons away from the city, under penalty of imprisonment and confiscation. A Union meeting, which the "Delta" denominates large and enthusiastic, was held on the night of the 21st.

The St. Louis "Republican," of Tuesday, says:—"The army of Gen. Curtis is now encamped on the Des Arc, on the White River, awaiting supplies of provisions and forage. From gentlemen lately arrived from his camp, we learn that the condition of the commissariat has been somewhat exaggerated, food for the men not being so scarce as has been represented. Nevertheless, there is by no means an abundance of provisions, whilst much difficulty is met in obtaining provender for the horses, supplies of forage having given out. A train is to leave immediately, under a sufficient escort, to communicate with Gen. Curtis, and carry relief to his army. The troops are represented to be in good spirits, though they cannot move against the enemy on account of the want above noted. It is thought as soon as his trains arrive, Gen. Curtis will move down the river as far as St. Charles, or to a point where he can be reached by boats. No demonstrations of any importance or significance have been made recently by the Rebels, who have a small force at Searcy, and a larger one at Little Rock. The 'secesh' stories about the capture, surrender, capitulation, destruction, &c., of the Federals in Arkansas, have created considerable amusement in the Union camp."

Lieut. Col. Frost, of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, reports exciting times in Jackson and Roane Counties, in Western Virginia. The houses of Henry Shepherd, Abel V. Tyce, George Doane, Wm. Harris, Leith Rogers, all violent Rebels, who had been detected in giving aid to a band of rangers, had been burned to the ground by way of punishment.

Gov. Morgan has addressed a circular letter to every Supervisor in the State, urging the importance of immediate and energetic action in answering the call of the Government for more troops.

## NEWS FROM REBELDOM.

The Richmond *Examiner*, of the 7th, in discoursing on Gen. McClellan's present position, says:

"We believe all that was known in the city yesterday, outside of the several circles of Bureaucracy, was that the enemy had taken a strong position, with one of his flanks resting on the river about Berkeley, completely under cover of his gun-boats, and his extreme right reaching to Herring Creek, where his position is defended by an almost impassable morass. It was supposed that the enemy would have been attacked yesterday, but there has been no fighting up to the last accounts we have had from the lines.

"It is not to be supposed the enemy has selected these plantations as the scene of his last great stand without good reason. The first and most apparent of these is, that the Westover Landing is perhaps the very best on James river, and the stream for miles up and down being broad and deep, affords both excellent sea-room and anchorage for his gun-boats and transports. But this is by no means the only advantage of the position. On the west of Berkeley are innumerable impassable ravines, running from near the Charles City road on the north, to the James river, making a successful attack from that quarter next to impossible. Within a quarter of a mile from where these ravines begin, Herring Run Creek crosses the Charles City road, and running in a southeasterly direction, skirts on the north and east the plantations of Berkeley and Westover, and empties into James river at the extreme eastern boundary of the latter. The whole course of this creek is one impassable morass, while along its northern and eastern banks extend the Heights of Evelinton, a long range of hills that overlook the Westover and Berkeley estates, and which offer an eligible position for heavy guns.

"It will be seen that protected on the south by the river and his gunboats, on the west by impassable ravines, and on the north and east by Herring creek and the heights of Evelinton, the enemy's position presents but one pregnable point, the piece of level country northwest of Westover from a quarter to a half a mile in width, laying between the head of the ravines, and the front where Herring Creek crosses the Charles City Road. But it is certain that the enemy, with his immense resources of men and machinery, will in a very brief period, obstruct by art this only natural entrance to his stronghold. Already it is within range of his gunboats, and of his siege guns planted on the Evelinton Hills. Another day may see it strewn with fallen timber, and bristling with field batteries.

"In enumerating the advantages secured to the enemy by his present position, his superior facilities for transportation must not be omitted. Whilst our ammunition and stores must be wagoned a distance of nearly thirty miles, his steamers and transports are running up to the very doors of his tent.

"For the benefit of the distant reader, we may here properly say something of the character of the country to which suddenly and unexpectedly, the seat of war has been shifted. Ten days ago, when Gen. McClellan beleaguered Richmond, with the exception of about five miles of the Chickahominy low ground, he occupied the most barren, and at the same time the most watered and most unhealthy region of Eastern Virginia. Agues, hoop-holes and whortleberries, have been always the only sure crops of the country. With a radius of ten miles about the Seven Pines, taking that point as a centre, and but two living streams cross the Nine Mile or Williamsburgh roads, between Richmond and Bottom's Bridge. On these two roads, with the Seven Pines as their Head-quarters, the pick and flower of the Northern army were

concentrated, and here for weeks their vigor and numbers melted away under the influence of the miasma, bad water and a Southern sun; but by his hasty trip through White Oak Swamp, Gen. McClellan has emerged with thinned ranks into a more genial land. A broad, fresh river flows before him, while his tired and hungry hordes will find boundless supplies in as fair and rich a valley as the sun shines on. The country on the lower James River is the very garden-spot of Virginia. Nowhere does the soil better repay the skill of the husbandman."

The Richmond "Examiner" of the 4th, is very explicit and emphatic in its comments. It says:

"It will be recollected that it was stated, with great precision of detail, that on Saturday evening last we had brought the enemy to bay on the south side of the Chickahominy, and that it only remained to finish him in a single battle. Such in fact appears to have been the situation then. The next morning, however, it was perceived that our supposed resources of generalship had given us too much confidence; that the enemy had managed to extricate himself from the critical position, and having massed his forces, had succeeded, under cover of the night, in opening a way to the James River. Since this untoward event, the operations of our army on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, have been to follow a fugitive enemy through a country where he has had admirable opportunities of concealment, and through the swamps and forests of which he has retreated with judgment, a dexterity, and a spirit of fortitude, which, however unavailing that may be to save his entire command, must challenge our admiration for his generalship."

The Rebels had reason, on Saturday evening for the expectations thus expressed. They had forced the right wing of our army across the Chickahominy—and had thus thrown a powerful force upon our right flank, and had opened the way to our rear, while in front they had an overwhelming and confident army. Besides this, they had cut us off from the line of our communications, and taken possession of what had been our main storehouse of supplies. They might very well expect that one day more would "finish" the Army of the Potomac,—and continued the pursuit with the utmost confidence of such a result.

How thoroughly they have been disappointed the *Examiner* confesses. The National army has not only extricated itself from its critical position, but has placed itself in a much stronger position, and opened a far better line of communications than it had before. It has only five miles of front instead of fifteen, to defend; it is camped upon high and healthy ground, instead of in the swamps of the Chickahominy—and what is of still more importance, it has secured the active and effective co-operation of the gun-boats, in protecting its position, and in any future operations it may undertake. These are positive advantages of the utmost importance; and in view of them, the *Examiner* may very well lament the lack of generalship in the Rebel ranks which permitted Gen. McClellan to seize them. It would have been worth everything to him if he could have taken the position he now holds when he first advanced from Yorktown upon Richmond. But the Merrimac then blockaded the mouth of the James river, and compelled him to rely upon the York and Pamunkey rivers and the Richmond and West Point Railroad for his supplies. He was obliged to encamp his army along the line of the railroad; and this took him directly into the malarious swamps of the Chickahominy. It is greatly to be deplored that he had not force enough to extricate himself from this position without so great a sacrifice as the movement has cost him. But the Rebels have very little cause for gratulation. The *Examiner* will find, ere long, that the siege of Richmond has not been raised, but that Gen. McClellan and his army are in position to push forward with more vigor and effect than before.

## Local Items.

### A Tribute to the Memory of Capt. J. D. Brown,

BY THE OFFICERS OF HIS REGIMENT.

WHEREAS, We have received, with deep regret, the news of the death of our friend and fellow soldier, Capt. J. D. Brown, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who has been stricken down in the strength of manhood and the enjoyment of bright hopes for the future; and further, that this misfortune has fallen upon him by disease, instead of on the battle-field, where the soldier loves rather to die; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we humbly bow to an all-wise and merciful Providence, we cannot refrain from an expression of profound sorrow at the departure of one so long associated with us as a soldier and a gentleman, noble in action and courteous in demeanor, while his life has thus been offered up a sacrifice on the altar of his country's freedom.

Resolved, That we tender our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of our deceased fellow officer. That this tribute to his memory be published in the "CAVALIER," and that a copy be forwarded to the family.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY CORPS,  
Fort Monroe, Va., July 12th, 1862.  
SPECIAL ORDERS,—No. 39.

VI. A General Court Martial is hereby appointed to meet at Williamsburg, Va., at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, the 14th day of July, 1862, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Lieut. Col. S. E. Smith, 5th Regiment Pennsylvania Cavalry, and such other prisoners as may be brought before it.

#### Detail for the Court:

1. Col. Josiah Harlan, 11th Reg't Pa. Cav.
  2. Col. J. M. Vanair, 8th Reg't N. Y. S. M.
  3. Lieut. Col. J. K. Kerr, 4th Reg't Pa. Cav.
  4. Major Geo. Stetzel, 11th Reg't Pa. Cav.
  5. Capt. G. I. Cornog, 11th Reg't Pa. Cav.
  - Lieut. C. W. Buttz, 11th Reg't Pa. Cav.
- Judge Advocate.

No other officers than those named can be assembled without manifest injury to the service.

Should any of the officers named in the order be prevented from attending, the Court will nevertheless proceed to and continue the business before it, provided the number of members present be not less than the minimum presented by law.

By command of Maj. Gen. DIX,  
D. T. VAN BUREN,  
Ass't. Adj. General.

WILLIAMSBURG "POETRY."—The very rare specimen of literature annexed, was dropped by one of the "F. F. V." young ladies of this place, who is supposed to have had an Academic education. We publish it for two purposes:—First, to show the advanced state of learning on the peninsula, and the alarming culture of the muses. Secondly, to rebuke (if perchance some foolish boy has been so indiscreet,) the vulgar impropriety of the Southern practice of "smiling" at the unfortunate "Octoroon," whose very existence "doth a tale unfold." But that the inspired creature should have fallen a victim to envy, so far as to complain that she was honored by "no nodding of the head, no tipping of the hat," brings her into an invidious comparison with the "negroes of this place." She must be familiar with the circus and race-course, "Case, she longs to see the Yankee devils running."

Oh the Yankees had a Party  
Twos on the six of June  
And who do you think was at it  
Why the negroes of this place  
And they dressed in so much taste  
It would have done your hart good to have seen them

Now tis twice in this place  
They have displayed there taste  
Among the Ladies of couler  
Oh our City, in a mess  
As you may easly gess  
And our Ladies they cant show there faces

And when we pass them by  
They look so very shy  
As if White Ladies quite surprised them  
No nodding of the hed  
Nor tipping of the hat  
But an oth with tobacco smoke in there places

With our windows barred up tight  
As thogh t, was always night  
And we afar back in our dwellings  
When we are forced upon the street  
Why the first thing we meet  
Is, a Yankee, and a negro prominading

Now Confederates as,nt it a pity  
That such men are in our City  
They put every thing out of order  
We are uterly at a loss  
How to wear with such a cross  
As this Yankee, and this negro Operation

Cho,

ha, ha ha. ha ha ha  
Look out the southern boys are coming  
Never mind the weather but get over double trouble  
Case, I longs to see the Yankee devils running.

"MURDER WILL OUT"—There is a striking inclination of the human mind to always keep guilt at a distance, while good deeds are allowed to be present. A special instance in point, occurred a few days since, in town. By some means, a miniature set of American flags, on a small piece of paper, was pasted near the entrance of the Confederate Hospital. As each day some guilty traitor passed that way, it was seen, and struck horror to the perjured soul. This, like the cry that never ceases to ring in the ear of the murderer, became intolerable, and we saw a woman one day with a brush, scrubbing and rubbing, to hide the witness of the guilt of her heart. But, oh! what folly! The ghost "will not down at your bidding!" You may wipe away that little admonisher of guilt, but you cannot open your eyes without seeing it emblazoned all over the land, once so happy, but now so miserable, and its impress is stamped in the Heavens above you. The hospital is now decorated with an American flag.

[Communicated.]

#### SUNSTROKE:

How to avoid it, and what to do in case of attack.

Coap-de-soleil or sunstroke, is a species of apoplexy, occurring to a person exposed to extreme heat, or the direct rays of the sun in very warm weather. That this is the immediate cause is evident to every one; but few persons consider that sunstroke rarely, if ever, occurs to any one without some predisposing cause by which the system is so debilitated or weakened as to render the person liable to an attack on the first exposure. Now among the most prominent of these most predisposing causes are the following: Intoxicating drinks, the excessive use of tobacco, depressed and anxious state of the mind, overloading the stomach, indulgence in sleep after full meals, tight neck-clothes, over exertion and fatigue, or any other cause that debilitates the system or arrests the secretions. It is therefore very important that all these causes be avoided. In order that it may be more fully understood, I will mention the symptoms which are likely to occur previous to an attack: A feeling of fullness or giddiness of the head, dullness of hearing, and sometimes the eyesight is affected, as if clouds were passing before or obstructing the vision, faintness, nausea and vomiting, constipation, and an arrest of the secretions and perspiration. When any of the above symptoms occur, and the person is exposed, sunstroke is almost sure to follow.

Should the above-named warnings be neglected, and a person is suddenly struck down, then the best means of resuscitation should at once be resorted to, and as the prompt action of those in the vicinity are the only chances that remain to the person whose life is in jeopardy, it therefore becomes a matter of the utmost importance that every one should know how to act under such circumstances.

The patient should not be raised from the horizontal position, but placed on the side, with something under the head—say a blanket, knapsack, or anything that may be at hand—all tight neck-clothes, bandages, &c., should be loosened, and cold-water dashed or poured from a height over the head and shoulders, and this continued until reaction takes place. This, with free exposure to a current of air, and the administration of a small quantity of any stimulant that may be at hand, is all that is necessary to be done until you procure the services of a

SURGEON.

## Telegraph News.

### FROM GEN. POPE'S ARMY.

#### OCCUPATION OF CULPEPPER.— Defeat of Rebel Cavalry.

WARRENTON, Va., July 13.—General Hatch's command entered Culpepper yesterday, and attacked and repulsed about one hundred Rebel cavalry, said to belong to the Eighth Louisiana Regiment, killing one, wounding five and taking eleven prisoners. Among the latter was a Lieutenant, who, a few hours before, was seen within our lines, and a German, who had three times broken his parole. Two horses were also captured. Our loss was three slightly wounded.

The policy of concentrating and consolidating the scattered armies of Virginia, under General Pope, has already developed good results. For many miles the territory has been cleared of Rebel partisans, who previously were continually annoying our outposts and trains. The entire army, officers and men, are delighted with the consolidated command.

### INTERESTING FROM HARRISBURG.

Gov. Curtin Recommends One Year Enlistments—The Care of Our Sick and Wounded.

HARRISBURG, July 9.

Gov. Curtin will leave for Washington in the morning, to consult the authorities there in relation to the enlistment of volunteers under the late call of the President. We understand that it is his intention to advise that the term of enlistment be reduced to one year.

The arrangements made by the Governor for the care of our sick and wounded, have been so restrained by the requirements of the Surgeon-General of the United States, that less has been accomplished for their benefit and relief than was desired and expected.

Agents have been despatched by the Adjutant-General's Department to every point where it was believed relief could be offered, many of whom have been obliged to return, finding it impossible to pass within the lines of the army. The Governor, we understand, will insist upon the removal of all Pennsylvanians, sick and wounded, within the State, so that the benevolence of our people may be extended to them in our own hospitals, and their friends permitted to visit and nurse them.

Notwithstanding the restrictive orders that have been issued, the State Agents have succeeded in establishing themselves in the West, at Frederick, Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, and even at Gen. McClellan's Head-quarters, to remain with and minister to the comforts of our disabled soldiers. These Agents, to their credit be it said, have not, thus far, charged one cent for their very valuable services, and the State has, consequently, incurred no expense other than that necessarily incurred while traveling, and money expended in relieving the wants of the sick and wounded.

### FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

#### Progress of Operations Against Vicksburgh.

#### BUSINESS AFFAIRS IN MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, Wednesday, July 9.—Dates from Vicksburgh to the 7th inst. have been received. The Rebels recently made an attempt to strengthen their earthworks on the Bluff, but were driven away by shells from the mortars. Most of the houses in the city are riddled. Small squads of Rebels occasionally appear in their upper in their upper battery in front of thirty guns, but leave as soon as the guns of the fleet are brought to bear upon them.

The business of the city continues to revive. Northern merchants with new stocks of goods are opening stores, which are freely patronized. The mails are sent North daily, but are received irregularly, owing to the delay at Cairo. Six thousand letters were sent North on Monday.

Several secession sympathisers have been arrested and yesterday were passed South.

A negro was arrested yesterday with a large mail from persons in the Rebel army to their friends here.

The Provost Marshal has issued an order prohibiting persons crossing the river at this time under penalty of arrest.

#### Harrison's Landing.

Masked Batteries on the James River—Narrow Escape of the Juniata—Rebel Batteries Silenced.

JULY 7, 1862.

About 9 o'clock, this morning, no little excitement was created here by the arrival of the Juniata, from Fortress Monroe, when it became known that less than an hour ago she had been fired upon several times from a masked battery, some two or three miles above. A short time previous to her arrival, a number of shots from heavy guns were heard in the direction, which were supposed to have been our gun-boats shelling the woods. The cause was now known, they having made all haste to the relief of the Juniata. It appears that as she was sailing quietly along, a shot, evidently from a light-artillery gun, was fired at her, doing little damage, except passing through one of the houses on deck. In its course was a three legged stool, on which sat a Dutch soldier. Two of the legs of the stool being in range of the ball, they were swept away, when both stool and Dutchman rolled upon the deck, the latter exclaiming "Oh!" Of course every one thought the poor fellow was either killed or badly wounded; but guess their surprise when Dutchy, in about a minute or two, by the assistance of his hands and knees, stood before them, looking rather frightened, and exclaimed, "Tamm, I tought I was shot." The Rebels followed this shot by others, in rapid suc-

cession, nearly every one taking effect in some part or other of the steamer, until nearly out of range, when nothing more was heard from the enemy, probably because, both up and down the river, was coming a couple of their evil geniuses, in the shape of two of our gun-boats, which had been attracted to the spot by the firing. They soon commenced sending shell in the neighborhood of the battery, but all was still as death there, and in a short time our firing ceased.

#### Address of Gen. McClellan to his Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING. }  
July 4th, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations, by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led.

Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position, also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history.

No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the army of the Potomac!"

You have reached this new base, complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit.

The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this, our nation's birth-day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy, that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure, or blood.

Geo. B. McCLELLAN,  
Major-General Commanding.

#### From McClellan's Army.

July 8.—The main body of the army has been moved up the James river some 7 miles since the fight of the 3d. No engagements have taken place in the last two days.

The Rebels have lately made their appearance at Windmill Point, near which our steamers have to pass in coming to Westover Landing, and have opened a battery (probably a moveable one,) on our mail and other steamers, as they go by. On Monday the Canonius received a shot underneath the pilot-house, cutting off the bell-wires, and the Achilles also had two balls put through her hull, and the Nelly Baker narrowly escaped having her rudder carried away by another missile, on the same day. Capt. Colden said, "Let her rip," and the engineer put on full steam and escaped out of range. The river is now lined with gun-boats, and the Rebels do not dare to bark. The mail steamer goes up and down under convoy.

#### From Vicksburg.

CAIRO, July 8, 1862.—The Steamer Sunshine, from Vicksburg, the 3d, has arrived. The bombardment was continued. The town was deserted, except by the military. Breckenridge's Division has arrived at Vicksburg. A large number of Mississippi troops have gone to Richmond. The rebels have burned all the bridges between Memphis and Cold Water.

Gen. Hindman has issued an appeal to the people of Arkansas, and says that he intends to annoy the enemy in every possible way, and asks the people to do their part.

The Arkansas State Government has been removed to Hot Springs.

### From Gen. Pope's Army.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1862.—The "Star," says:—On Friday last a Division of Gen. McDowell's corps took up their line of march for Warrenton, Va. which point they now hold. We presume this movement is preparatory to a prompt and proper concentration of Gen. Pope's army. A. A. Gen. A. G. Speed, and Capt. Noyes of Maj. Gen. Pope's Staff, are expected to arrive here to-morrow, to resume their duties under the commander of the Army of the Department of Virginia.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 7.—Gen. Burnside's flag boat has just arrived, and cast anchor in the Roads.

July 8th.—A flag of truce has just arrived from a cruise up the York river. At Cumberland were found ninety of our wounded soldiers. They were brought a mile away when the rebels compelled them to be returned to the hospital where they were found. All reported quiet on the James river.

## News Items.

### THE NEW REQUISITION.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, '62.

Ordered, that out of the appropriation for collecting, organizing and drilling volunteers, there shall be paid in advance to each recruit for three years or during the war, the sum of \$25, being one fourth of the amount of bounty allowed by law; such payment to be made upon the mustering of the regiment to which such recruit belongs, into the service of the United States.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Sec. of War.

Each new recruit will thus receive one month's pay in advance, immediately on his muster into the service of the United States, and joining a regiment already in the field, or if enlisted for a new regiment, on the mustering of his company into the service of the United States. Each new recruit will also receive a bounty of \$25 in advance, to be paid in like manner as his one month's advance pay.

A. L. RUSSELL, Adj't Gen. of Pa.

THE NEW MOUNTED REGIMENTS.—Col. W. J. Morgan, of Missouri Ranger notoriety, has received his orders from the War Department, and left for Arkansas, to raise a brigade of mounted men, of which he will have command. He has seen much active service, and is spoken of as an officer of skill and energy. The "Jessie Scouts," under the command of Capt. Chas. Carpenter, have been ordered to join this brigade. They have been on duty of late with Gen. Fremont, and have seen much hard service.

The army of the Potomac has advanced seven miles, since the 4th inst., towards Richmond. A flag of truce boat had been sent up the York river to confer with the Rebels concerning our sick and wounded, who fell into the enemy's hands recently. Important papers, maps, plans, &c., were found upon the Rebel gun-boat Teazer, when she was captured, and another Rebel gun-boat, the "Young Merrimac," has been sunk since, by our gun-boats in the James river.

THE NEW REGULAR REGIMENTS.—Army officers are lavish in their praises of the new regular regiments in the recent battles before Richmond, and especially is the conduct of the Fourteenth commended. Among the gallant spirits was Lieut. James F. McElhone from Philadelphia, who commanded the color company of that regiment, and who, in the hottest of the fight, was severely wounded and taken prisoner.

THE SCARCITY OF SPECIE.—There seems to be no doubt that Congress, before the close of the session, will provide for the scarcity of specie by authorizing the issue of two-and-a-half dollar notes, and otherwise meeting the necessity of the times, which legislation may delay the adjournment beyond Wednesday.

BRIG. GEN. SARGES is ordered to report to Major-General Pope. Brig. Gen. Prince, U. S. Volunteers, is to report to Major-General McClellan.

The American Express Company, which employs 2000 men, agrees to give half pay and reserve his situation to all

## THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY ABBY ALLEN.

Say, shall I never see thy face my child?  
My heart is full of feelings strange and wild:  
A mother's hopes and heart-felt joys are mine,  
My soul is filled with gushings half divine;  
And never more, my child, am I alone,  
Since thy young heart doth echo to mine own.

But shall I never see thee? can it be  
That all may gaze, my precious boy, on thee,  
And yet the heart that loves thee must forego

The dearest pleasure others mothers know?  
This, this is anguish—agonies refined!  
Oh! God, forgive me! Baby, I am blind!

Yes, Yes; I never knew before  
The depth of my affliction; oh, for power,  
For one short thrilling moment, child, to gaze

On thy sweet, tiny face, that others praise,  
And yet I must not murmur; God is kind;  
But this is darkness; now I feel I'm blind!

Nay, do not start, my child, it was a tear  
That wet thy brow; thy mother, boy, is here;

And though I may not see thee, yet I feel  
Thy velvet cheek against my bosom steal;  
And none can harm thee there, nor hand unkind

Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind!

List, list—it is thy father's step I hear;  
Now let me smooth my brow, press back the tear;  
He shall not find me weeping, when so blest,

With thee my darling, cradled on my breast;  
But could I only see thee! Yet God's will  
Be done! Peace, throbbing heart, be still.

We are alone again: he never guessed  
What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast;

When he did praise thy features half defined,  
He quite forgot that his young wife was blind.

And yet, when his fond arm was round us thrown,  
His lip half trembled when it met my own.

Oh, should he e'er repent him he hath wed  
A being burdened with a woe so dread:  
Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,

My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break;  
Or should his lip grow cold, his hand unkind,  
God help me, baby, then indeed I'm blind!

But shall I never see thee! Yes, my boy,  
Some future hour my soul shall know that joy;

It may not be on earth, but in the skies,  
I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes!  
So I will patient be, for God is kind,  
For in yon Heaven not one eye is blind!

## THE HIDDEN CRIME.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The scene of our sketch is a secluded agricultural township in one of the Middle States. The principal actors in it were two farmers, neighbors, and though not intimate friends, not known as enemies by their townspeople. The time at which the incidents I am about to relate, occurred, dates back at least a score of years.

At this time, Peter Glennie was about fifty years of age, a hard-working man, of average intelligence, who drew a comfortable subsistence for his family from a farm of three or four score acres. He was a man who had the respect and good-will of his fellow-citizens, for, though somewhat irascible in temper, he was of kindly disposition, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the afflicted, and to sympathize with the suffering; and he was always so penitent for his little ebullitions of passion, that there were few who could withhold forgiveness.

His neighbor, John Leeds, was a man of very different stamp. Sullen, morose, repellent—he had few friends, for he soon quarrelled with any who approached him. His farm was larger than Peter Glennie's, and his family smaller, and less expensive. Nevertheless, he was continually in debt, and had never yet managed, though past forty years of age, to stand even with the world.

This fact might have soured him; and the feelings of bitterness toward all his fellows, that he habitually indulged, as if they, and not himself, were the cause of his misfortunes, caused him to be regarded universally as so unsocial that he was best left quite alone. Then, few of his townspeople ever accosted him, or, if they did, were pretty sure to receive in return for their politeness a curt, or chilling, or sarcastic reply, that would make them resolve to pass him by in silence, from that time forth.

This was especially the case with Peter Glennie, who had been heard to say that he could not trust his temper within reach of John Leeds' tongue, for the contact was percussion to gun-powder, and an explosion was sure to follow. So it came to pass, that, though neighbors, and cultivating, for years, adjoining farms, and though their families were on terms of pleasant intercourse, the two men but seldom exchanged so much as the customary salutations.

But one morning, some two hours before noon, John Leeds was seen making his way into one of Peter Glennie's fields, where his neighbor was at work, and several passers-by on the high road, which bounded the field, heard the two in altercation—Peter's voice, shrill and angry, and John evidently dealing forth his cutting sarcasms, in his gruff, bass tones, that were like the roll of the distant thunder. None of the inhabitants of that town ever saw John Leeds again alive.

Two hours later, and just upon the stroke of noon, he was discovered lying not more than five yards from the roadside, near a clump of bushes that extended outward from a grove of forest-trees which there bordered the highway. When seen by some travelers, Peter Glennie was found kneeling over him, holding in his hands an ax, smeared with the blood and brains of the unfortunate man, his clothing and hands also covered by the fresh gore of his neighbor, and his air that of one distracted by passion.

The ax was afterward proved to be Peter Glennie's own, which he had, for some purpose, taken with him to the field that morning. This weapon, the previous quarrel, and his suspicious proximity to the murdered man, who was not yet dead when discovered, but breathed his last almost immediately afterward, without returning to knowledge or consciousness, seemed to fix the guilt of this terrible crime unmistakably upon him.

Peter Glennie was arrested, though protesting his innocence, and incredulous of the fact that they who had known him all his life could gravely suspect him of such a crime. Nevertheless, circumstances seemed to point so conclusively to him as the perpetrator of the deed, that all his previously harmless life went for nothing with the public. Exaggerated tales were quickly in circulation in respect to his irascible temper and violence of manner, when under the influence of it. John Leeds' virtues underwent the same magnifying process, until, in an incredibly short time, he assumed, in the estimation of the community, the air of an innocent martyr to Peter Glennie's savage and brutal rage. Many even doubted the fact of provocation, and believed that the accused man had pounced upon his unprotected victim, and deliberately murdered him in cold blood, for the fiendish pleasure of gloating over his dying agonies.

The jail in which Peter Glennie was confined had to be strictly guarded, lest an infuriated mob should snatch him from the protection of the law, to inflict upon him some sudden and awful doom. Hanging was pronounced too good for him, and the barbarities of the rack and stake were spoken of as the only fitting treatment for such a monster.

This earliest ebullition of public feeling had but partially subsided, when the trial of the accused took place. It is doubtless true, that all who took part in this memorable case, believed themselves actuated by motives purely disinterested, and unbiassed by aught alien to truth and justice. But in periods of high popular excitement the magnetism of the masses effects all who come within its influence. There was probably scarce an individual on bench, bar or jury, who did not firmly believe in Peter Glennie's guilt. Even his own counsel were vexed by his pertinacious asseverations of innocence, and his refusal to confide to them the secret of his guilt, and though they, doubtless, satisfied their own consciences by their attempts to procure his acquittal, the result did not surprise them. He was convicted, sentenced, and within two months, the interposition of his Executive clemency having been refused to his grief-stricken wife and children, he was publicly executed.

The public approval unmistakably followed this act; the newspapers, both secular and religious, improved it, for the benefit of their readers, in long homilies upon the indulgence of violent passions; and then all cognisants of the terrible affair subsided into calm complacency. Justice was satisfied, and so were they.

All saw the two families, left thus in utter and most sad bereavement. The wife and children of the murdered man no more believed in the guilt of the alleged murderer than his own family. The first knew that the murdered man had gone to his neighbor's house that morning, for the purpose of borrowing his ax. The wife of Peter Glennie said that she had directed him to the field where her husband was at work, and all implicitly relying on the statement of the accused—that he had, after some pretty high words with his neighbor, growing out of his wishing to delay lending the ax until he had himself finished using it, good naturedly resolved in his sudden penitence, to let him carry it away at once. And that soon after

the two parted he had heard sounds of altercation from the grove, and, as was natural, he supposed that John Leeds had found some other person to quarrel with, as was his custom; and had given the matter no further thought until, on returning homeward for his noontide meal, more than an hour later, through the grove, he had discovered his neighbor lying wounded, but still breathing, upon the outskirts of the wood. And that while kneeling over him, trying to staunch his wounds, he had been discovered, and accused of the murder. All this the two families most nearly affected by the fearful tragedy implicitly believed, and trusted that time, though it could not restore the dead, would clear up the mystery that hung over the terrible affair.

Strange to relate, their trust has been verified. A few months since a stranger of foreign aspect visited the scene of the tragedy. Some accident had caused him to spend a night at the country tavern, which stands near the spot where the murder was committed. While there he heard the story related, and it was observed that he listened to it with marked and almost horror-stricken attention. The next morning he departed, leaving behind him a letter addressed to a clergyman of the place, in which, without disclosing his name, he accused himself of the crime for which another had so long before suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The statement went on in this wise—That being at that period a student in a somewhat celebrated school, not many miles distant from the scene of the murder, he had resolved in some impatience at the strictness of its rules, to run away. He had left in the night, and after walking for many hours, sat down in the cool shade of a grove of forest trees, by the roadside, to rest. Here, seeing a countryman passing, with an ax upon his shoulder, he accosted him with some inquiry as to his road, and the time required for reaching a certain point. The man answered surlily and evasively, only mimicked his foreign accent. At this, his hot West Indian blood fired. High words ensued. He sprang upon his insulter. The contest was unequal, but if his adversary was strong, he had all the agility of youth. He snatched the ax from the man's hand, and before the madness of passion allowed time for thought, plunged it deep into his brain. The man fell, and the lad, for he was no more, frightened at the horrible deed he had committed, fled away. No eye had witnessed the transaction, and he was unpursued, save by the stings of remorse.

He gained a seaport, took ship for his own country, and no tidings of his deed ever reached him there. But now, on learning that an innocent man had perished for his crime, he could not refuse to do justice to his memory.

The letter enclosed a considerable sum of money for the surviving members of Peter Glennie's family; but to this day the name of the murderer, for whose crime this innocent man died has not transpired.

## A SAD LOSS.

An enterprising traveling agent, from a well-known Cleveland Tomb Stone Manufactory, lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation, and a grave-stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. The bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence-rails "over in the pasture," about two miles. The indefatigable agent hitched his horse, and started for the "pasture," and falling into all manner of mud-holes, scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the man.

In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it, and sympathized with him very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone, to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he preferred, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difference in the way."

"Hav'n't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.  
"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave-stone aint necessary; for you see the gussed critter aint dead. She's scooted with another man."  
The agent "skedaddled." 19

## THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

Judge Charlton, in a very eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, thus sketches the marriage scene: "I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just pledged herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her trail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. O, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

"Her dark wing shall the raven flap  
O'er the false-hearted,  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
On his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never O, never!"

"We have all read the history of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her fate to his: 'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness.' 'And will you give me back that which I brought to you?' asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied, 'all your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not.' 'Alas,' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth, I spoke of my devoted love; can you give that back to me?' 'No,' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet. 'No! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted; I will cherish them through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear.' Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapon's, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would thus be avoided."

## MASSACHUSETTS AND MEXICO.

Mexico was colonized just one hundred years before Massachusetts. Her first settlers were the noblest spirits of Spain, in her Augustan age—the epoch of Cervantes, Cortez, Pizarro, Columbus, Gonzalvo de Cordova, Cardinal Ximenes, and the great and good Isabella. Massachusetts was settled by the poor Pilgrims of Plymouth, who carried with them nothing but their own hardy virtues and indomitable energy. Mexico, which is a rich soil, and adapted to the production of everything which grows out of the earth, and possessing all metal used by man—Massachusetts, with a sterile soil and uncongenial climate, and no single article of transportation but ice and rock. How have these blessings, profusely given by Providence, been improved on the one hand, and obstacles overcome on the other? What is now the respective condition of the two countries? In productive industry, wide-spread diffusion of knowledge, public institutions of every kind, general happiness, and continually increasing prosperity; in letters, arts, morals, religion—in everything which makes a people great, there is not in the world, and there never was in the world, such a commonwealth as Massachusetts. And Mexico—what is she?

"No Such Nigger Heah?"—The Patriot says that an old democrat in a neighboring county, who had frequently said there was no such animal as Cow Boy in his county, was told by a friend that he could find one in —. The democrat took his old mare and horse and sleigh and started to "discover the critter." His success may be illustrated by an anecdote.

A brave old darkey, during the last Miller excitement, had boasted that he want afraid ob de angel ob de Lord. No, sah! The darkey slept in a room finished off with a rough board partition. One night, just as he was getting into bed he was startled with a knocking on the partition that made all jar again.

"Who dar?"  
"The Angel of the Lord!"  
"What ur want?"  
"Want Sambo!"  
"No such nigger heah, sar! Been dead dese tree weeks."

## TO CUPID.

Tell me, little reckless Boy,  
Whither would you go?  
Whose bliss is it you would alloy,  
Turning all to woe?

How comes it that altho' you're blind,  
So nice a taste you prove;  
That beauties rare and most refined,  
Fall victims first to Love?

ANSWER.

Thou art mistaken, lady fair,  
The reign of Cupid's o'er;  
I go no youthful bliss to mar,  
I aim at heart's no more.

Hear, lady, hear, and doubt it not,  
Believe me 'tis most true,  
Of late for every shaft I've shot,  
Old Mammon has shot two!

At Hymen's shrine you'll see that I  
The simple truth have told,  
There for each grain of love you'll find  
A solid ounce of gold!

## Hennessiana.

"WELL, John, I am going East; what shall I tell your folks?" "O, nothing, only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

"Jim, is the quality of the soup which you get at the cook-stand in proportion to its looks?" "Oh, yes, it is good—for nothing."

The Vicar of a parish, near Lincoln, had put the pulpit into mourning, during Lent. Some wags of the place painted the town-pump black, and placed a notice thereon—"In mourning for Lent."

A PUBLICAN'S WIFE, in Suffolk, whilst in church, fell asleep, and let fall her bag, in which she carried a large bunch of keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up and exclaimed—"Sal, there's another jug broke."

A MAN who had been teased to death, for many years, by a virago of a wife, when she died had the following inscription engraved upon the headstone of her grave—"Here lies my wife, and Heaven knows, not less for mine than her repose."

The newest Yankee notion is a machine by which a man can tell when he has become sufficiently drunk. It is called a fuddleometer, and it operates by giving a fellow a sharp punch in the ribs, the moment he has got drunk enough in his skin.

SOME one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So, you don't believe it!" With a shrewd nod, Pat answered—"I believe in the crame, but not in the saucers."

A BRIGHT little three year old was sitting in his mother's lap, a few evenings since, when he suddenly asked—"Are the stars in Heaven?" The mother, of course, responded in the affirmative, when the little fellow put the further question—"Are the stripes there, too, mother?"

A WAG recommends that when you are walking on a rainy day, and see a tall man without an umbrella, you offer him a shelter; and having "taken him in," hang your umbrella upon his hat, and, clinging to the handle, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course, he will be too polite to say anything about it.

"MY BRETHREN," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—Of birth, of riches and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A YANKEE abroad, had summary notice to quit, on account of a paper he put on his fence, which read—"STICK NO-BILLS HERE!" This was interpreted, by the police, as a threat to assassinate the no-bill-ity.

"WHERE are you going?" said a Scotch gentleman to a thief, whom he observed crawling through a hole in the hedge, into his garden. "Back again!" replied Sawney, as he hastily retreated from his discovered access to the tempting fruit.

Jones denies positively that women are angels, and proves it by reference to biblical research, "for," says he, "if women were angels, Noah's wife would have doubtless been referred to as an ark-angel, which she was not."

The Syracuse Journal perpetrates the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

This case is the strangest  
We've known in our life;  
The husband's a Husband  
And so is his wife!

Most men seem to consider their school-learning as if it were like a tad-pole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.