

THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I. WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1862. NO. V.

Select Poetry.

VICTORY.

BY KATH J. BOYD.

Self exiled from their hearts and homes,
These Southrons of our land
Quick! flew to arms, and plunged in war—
Oh! fratricidal band.

They call us the "invading foe,"
And said our cause was lost;
That ere we touched their native land,
We'd rue it to our cost.

Slaughter and death, by courage faced
These traitors of our land,
And on the border of the grave
We met the Rebel band.

We drew the sword—the sabre clashed,
The glittering steel flashed nigh;
The sons of Freedom fought and bled,
Thus, thought it brave to die!

Their victory's summons, loud and clear,
Proclaimed our cause was just,
And many an eye let fall a tear
For the brave who bit the dust.

Select Stories.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Knit hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Normal blood."

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral, overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morn, as the Sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale, but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing, for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the Sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and clamored as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music ceased, the Sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the Sexton. "Why you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir!"

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pæan, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward full of grace,
Prayed till from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled

around him, he sat with his "far seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew, appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed, and sighed and clamored.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye child, he shall play at your wedding!"

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he came. He was not seen again by the Sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ-loft, and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers dispersed, when the Sexton touched her on the shoulder and said—"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The Sexton drew back in a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she arose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Betram," she murmured.

Quick as thought, the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above, falling down upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court-dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girlish face.

"Oh! Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Betram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued—

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh! Betram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at your wedding, and I promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending the soul and body asunder, to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the Sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the wayside, flame colored leaves came rushing down from the trees, and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festival robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the princess, mounted on a snow white palfry, and clad in velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell; she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth, had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow to the king, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side, on the altar-stone—mechanically listened to the service, and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered—

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah! though the king wore the royal purple, and many jeweled orders glittered on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Betram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made Queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once, two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

"F. F. V.," or "S. F. V."

By the rebellion commenced, an Illinois "Sucker" took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian, who was a fellow-passenger with him on one of the Mississippi steamboats.

The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his clothes, or dusting his boots—to all of which movements the Sucker took exceptions, as being what he termed a "leettle too darned nice, by half."

He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian, and began—

"Whar might you be from, stranger?"

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From old Virginny, I s'pose?" says the Sucker.

"Yes, sir, old Virginia," was the reply.

"You are pooty high up in the pictures, thar, I s'pose?"

"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir."

"Oh! nuthin'," says the Sucker, "but that you are des'prate rich, and have been brought up mighty nice."

"If the information will gratify you in any way," said the gent, patronizingly, smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one of the first families."

"Oh! in course," answered the Sucker, "Well, stranger, bein' as you belong to the first, I'll just give you two of the fattest shoats in all Illinois, if you'll find me a feller that belongs to one of the second Virginny families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir?" says the Virginian.

"No, strangrr, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the second family, and I'd gin suthin' to git a sight at one of 'em. I know you are one of the fust, 'cause you look just like John Randolph."

This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he acknowledged relationship to the orator.

"He, you know, descended from an Ingin gal, Pocahontas."

"You are right, sir," answered the other.

"Well, stranger," said the Sucker, "do you know thar is another queer thing allys puzzles me, and it is this—I never seed a Virginian that did'n't claim to be either descended from an Ingin, or John Randolph, or a nigger."

We hardly need add that the Sucker rolled off his chair, suddenly! They were separated until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian, on the upper deck, and hailed him at once, with—

"I say, old Virginny, remember, two fat shoats for the first feller you find belonging to the second Virginny family."

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed on the walls. When a soldier is on guard he cannot leave his post until he is relieved—that is, until another soldier comes to take his place.

One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

DISPOSING OF PRISONERS.

At the battle of Hanover Court House, Virginia, two sergeants met in the woods, each drew his knife, and the two bodies were found together, each with a knife buried in it to the hilt. Some men had a cool way of disposing of prisoners. One, an officer in the Massachusetts Ninth, well known as a professor of muscular Christianity, better known as "the child of the regiment," while rushing through the woods at the head of his company, came upon a rebel. Seizing the "grey buck" by the collar, he threw him over his shoulder, with—"Pick him up, somebody." A little Yankee, marching down by the side of a fence which skirted the woods, came upon a strapping scotch, who attempted to seize and pull him over the rails, but the little one had too much science. A blow with the butt of a musket levelled scotch to the ground and made him a prisoner. There were many marvellous escapes.

INDIGESTION AND INSULTS.

At Nashville, whenever a scotch lady spits upon a Federal soldier, he has her taken to a surgeon, who forces her to swallow a dose of rhubarb. No lady would act like a blackguard, Andy Johnson says, unless her digestion was out of order. He looks upon the whole matter as a disease, and treats it accordingly. He generally effects a cure with a single dose. There have been instances, however, where he had to apply the remedy three times, aided and assisted by an emetic. This cures the most violent case in a single hour. Andy Johnson may be called the great "medicine man" of the West.

PERHAPS so.—Lord Hardwicke said the other day in Parliament, that "the time would arrive when a ship would be fought by an engineer, a stoker, and an artilleryman."



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GEN. McCLELLAN.

As our country has, as one of its most decisive laws, the "freedom of speech and thought," we find men in our Congress, and throughout the North, who, not knowing the character nor the abilities of the man of whom they are speaking, continually doubting whether the Government is doing its duty in leaving the command of the army of the Potomac to Gen. McClellan. In Congress, those who are probably opposed in principles, make it theirs to examine carefully each report, to scan with precision each plan, finding fault with every deviation from their own particular views, and at their next opportunity of speech, bring forth opprobrium, uncounted, upon our commanding General.

Should we not expect better from Representatives, sitting in assembly, to discuss and decide for the good of their country? Can they find a real cause to blame in him who has but just saved the army under his control, from ruin, at the hands of hosts almost innumerable? Could they, or anybody else, have done better, under the circumstances? Answers are self-evident. That Congress, instead of coalescing, should have upheld, and that with their full voice and power, the army before Richmond. The inspiration that enabled the mind of Gen. McClellan to control the movements of that retreat should have been acting upon a much larger army, and exerting itself instead upon the order for an advance. Add to the eighty-five thousand that the General was supposed to have, about two hundred thousand, that could easily have been obtained, and the FLAG OF THE UNION would have been floating proudly over the capital of Virginia.

This war is now to be protracted for an indefinite period, and Congress, holding as they do, their powerful influence over the heads of departments, are to blame for every day of extension. Give Gen. McClellan what he wants; give our General that for which he asks, and the adder of treason that has been threatening the life blood of our beloved Government, will be soon no more. Peace, in her lovely and hallowed influences, will once more spread over this distracted country her heavenly light—commerce will renew its sway over land

and sea, and the country will once more, as of yore, resound with the happy shouts of the husbandman.

In the army, among his especial and personal companions, is where you may find how Gen. McClellan is beloved. Let him but pass our men working in their trenches, and spades are dropped, heads are uncovered, and shouts loud and long indicate he is recognized. If those, who lay their lives with confiding trust upon his movements, and obey his commands with an alacrity moved only by love, can thus show so strongly their appreciation of his worth, let those that rest peacefully at home repeat no more those dubious shakes of the head, those doubtful assertions of the final end of this struggle.

God smiles upon him,—his army adore him—can he not be honored at home?

THE FUTURE.

Many have been the conjectures that from time to time have passed from the lips of both those in the army and at home, in regard to the future of our country. Wondering at the still apparent determination and energy of the South, and yet not doubting our own strength and power, it has been racking the brain of thousands to find a clue to even the probable issue of this war.

That the so-called Southern Confederacy is not dead, is shown by the defence our army has encountered near the Capital. Before our arrival at that point, entrenchments, forts, earthworks innumerable, had been thrown up for the safety of that much sought for city, and now that our army has reached it, battle after battle has been hotly contested, their troops have been called from all parts of the South to concentrate at Richmond, and at the late engagements division after division of those very troops, as well as of the army that had before been holding that place, were precipitated upon us in overwhelming numbers. Other portions of the so called Confederacy have not, however, been protected so well. The Mississippi is clear for navigation, with the single exception of the batteries at Vicksburg, and the news may even now be coming of the passing or the capture of that last stronghold. Tennessee is principally, if not entirely ours; and the extensive sea coast of the so called great Confederacy of the Southern States, beleaguered as it is by our vessels of war allows them not the advantages which through it they might otherwise accrue.

The North, however, have all the strength, power, and mercantile advantages belonging to a free and independent nation. Having within herself riches, both of nature and of manufacture, sufficient for the livelihood and even luxurious living of all her inhabitants; beside having a population of healthy, thorough-going AMERICANS, there can be not a single doubt resting upon the mind of a single native, of the end of this protracted and desolating war.

Battle may, aye! will follow battle! Defeat may follow defeat! but in the end the AMERICAN EAGLE, flowing aloft, though with his talons flowing with the blood of the slain, will shrilly cry to the world—VICTORY! VICTORY!! OUR STATES ARE UNITED!!!

LIEUT. YOCUM.

It is with regret that we acknowledge the departure of Lieut. Yocum from the editorial sanctum of the "CAVALIER." He has filled his position with honor, both to the paper and himself, and now leaves with the kindest regards and best wishes of those that remain.

Consolation, in its healing influence, is, however, given to his friends, in the fact that the fruits of his pen are still hoped to grace our pages, in the form of communications. His letters are sure to be of interest, and will be read and appreciated.

Tough—An aged chicken.

EX-PRESIDENT TYLER'S MANSION.

On Sunday afternoon week, while a detail of the Topographical Engineers were out upon a reconnaissance, when going down the Charles City Court-House Road, and when some distance beyond our lines, they espied, from an eminence upon which they then were, a large stately stone mansion, surrounded by outbuildings of a corresponding substantial character. Subsequent events proved it to be the old mansion once owned and occupied by the late ex-President John Tyler, now dead, but not dying until he succeeded in adding his name to the roll of eminent traitors who are now attempting the ruin of this once happy and prosperous country. The scouting party, upon bringing their field-glasses to bear, discovered the grounds about the mansion (which is supposed to be about five miles in a northeasterly direction from the Charles City Court-House Landing,) to be laid out in a style peculiar to the lordly English; spacious lawn in front, deep woods of oak and cedar surrounding the entire plantation, and an air of comfort and elegance pervading the entire premises. While continuing their reconnaissance in another direction, the party met with a bright, sprightly lad, probably from twelve to fifteen years old, who came dashing out of a deep belt of woods, mounted upon a superb charger. The animal caparisoned in a manner peculiar to only the Mexican and Spaniard.

The lad at first was somewhat abashed, but soon recovered his presence of mind to such an extent, that to repeated questions but few satisfactory answers were received; enough was learned, however, to know that he was a son of the late ex-President, John Tyler, that his mother was at the mansion above named, and sick, and that she had sent him to a neighbors plantation for some medicine.

The beauty and elegance of the general appearance of both saddle and bridle in use by the youngster, induced the party to make a closer examination; when they found them to be not only mounted with solid silver, of the best material, stitched in every part, with trappings to correspond, and upon the pommel of the saddle was found a silver plate, bearing the inscription—

SANTA ANNA'S SADDLE.

Presented to General John Tyler,

By

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

The party having the youngster in charge, kept him among them until they were beyond reach of pursuit, when they permitted him to depart.

A REBEL TRICK FRUSTRATED.

Major Clendenin, with a command from the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, made a reconnaissance yesterday. He made a disposition of his men along the road, and soon came in sight of the enemy. A flag of truce was soon discovered coming from the side of the enemy. After their introduction to the Major it soon became apparent that their visit was a mere blind. About this time a contraband came in and stated that the Union forces were in range of three field pieces that the Rebels had just placed in position under cover of this flag of truce, and as soon as the flag of truce party left and were out of danger, they intended to open upon our gallant fellows. The Major at once made an examination, and found this story to be true. He at once informed his treacherous enemy at the sound of the first gun he would cut their throats. He at once withdrew his forces out of range, the enemy not daring to fire on account of their friends.

I suppose that some of the commanders in the Rebel service call this strategy. If this is strategy it is well worthy the cause from which it emanates. During the course of the war, the truce flag has been prostituted to the basest of purposes.

News Items.

PLANS OF THE REBELS.—Among other interesting items as to the proceedings of the Rebels, we have some inklings of the subjects discussed at two conferences of all the principal Rebel military leaders, held in Richmond on the 4th and 5th instants. It is understood that they came to the conclusion that they must lose no more territory. The defensive policy was strongly attacked, and both Lee and Beauregard advised the invasion of the North at three points—namely, from Cumberland or Williamsport into Pennsylvania; from Louisville and Cincinnati into Indiana and Ohio, and from Paducah and Cairo into Illinois. It is alleged that the following plan of operations for the remainder of the summer campaign was agreed upon:—

1. The immediate obstruction of the James river, so as to make it impossible for Gen. McClellan to use it as a means for communicating with the Government, and for the transportation of reinforcements and army supplies.
2. The re-occupation of Williamsburg, Yorktown, and the entire peninsula.
3. The recovery of the whole of the territory of Virginia, and the repossession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
4. The recovery of New Orleans, Memphis and the Mississippi river, and the expulsion of the Federal troops from Tennessee and Kentucky. When these objects had been accomplished, the Lee and Beauregard plan proposed:—
5. To make the Potomac and Ohio river at once their base of operations and frontier line, and to transfer the seat of war from Virginia to Maryland.
6. To hurl upon Washington, from Richmond, a column of two hundred thousand troops; the capture of that city, the "liberation" of Baltimore, and the invasion of the North at the three points named above. By becoming in turn the invaders, they hope to make it necessary for us to keep at home, for the defence of our cities, fully five hundred thousand troops.

THE IRON-CLAD ROANOKE.—This splendid vessel is rapidly approaching completion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All her bottom and a great portion of the lower part of her hull have been plated with iron four inches thick, and in some cases four and a half inches. Of course, the heaviest portion of the mail is above the water line. The closing of the decks has not commenced yet, and the mechanics on board are devoting their labor to the propeller and the rudder-posts. Several distinguished Spanish and French officers have lately visited the Roanoke.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE FIRST TO RESPOND.—The Ninth Vermont Regiment arrived at New York on the 16th inst., being the first to respond to the call of our President for his three hundred thousand additional volunteers. Those already in the field from the Green Mountain State, have experienced arduous service during this rebellion, and the coming of their brothers and friends in this new regiment will but renew within them the zeal and ardor for which they have been marked. Other regiments, from other States will now follow fast. The ball is rolling.

BRIGADIER GEN. GEO. M. MEADE, commanding a brigade in the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, has arrived in Philadelphia from the battle-field before Richmond. He has been severely wounded, but his injuries are not of a serious nature. The General is now in Philadelphia, at his home, and is in good spirits. He fought with great bravery and skill, and added much to his reputation as a soldier.

PAYMASTER ARRIVED.—Major True arrived at Harrison's Landing, on Saturday evening, July 12th, and will pay off the following named regiments:—Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine, Forty-third New York, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Company E, First New York Artillery.

The motto on the shield of Maine is "DIRIGO"—I direct. We don't think that her directions just now are fit to be followed.—Williamsburg Gaz., 1860.

NEWS FROM REBELDOM.

Industry of the Union Army—Commodore Wilkes' Essay on our Gun-Boats—Drury Bluff Canal.

From the Richmond Enquirer, 14th.

From gentlemen lately down the river to Jordan's Point, we learn that over one hundred transports, vessels of war, and gun-boats are at Harrison's bar, in the James river, while the remnant of McClellan's broken army lies on the northern bank from Heron creek to Westover, extending back from the river about three miles. They are working day and night, displaying an energy in their defeat that we would very much delight to see evinced by the Confederates in the flush of their victory. Six long wharves already facilitate the landing of supplies and reinforcements. Houses are being built for stores and hospitals; and every preparation which a permanent base of future operations would indicate, already exist at Harrison's Bar.

The enemy may not move at an early day, but that they have not abandoned the idea of capturing Richmond, will be apparent to any man who may witness their operations at Harrison's Bar.

Commodore Wilkes, of Trent notoriety, assumed, on Saturday, the command of the Federal Fleet in the waters of James river. This man is desirous of perpetuating the fame he acquired among his countrymen for the capture of Mason and Slidell; for that reason, and under the hope that he may be able to raise the drooping war spirit of the North by some brilliant exploit. That he will soon try something is the opinion of able naval men in our service. Wilkes cannot afford to be idle in James river.

His abilities as an officer were never regarded above mediocrity, but the prestige among his countrymen of the Trent affair, has blinded both the Federal authority and himself as to his capacity, and we should not be surprised at any moment to hear that Wilkes was battering out his little brains against Drury's Bluff. The sixteen Federal gun-boats that now shelter and protect McClellan are looked upon with more pride and regarded with deeper affection by McClellan's soldiers, than any other object on earth.

When the remnant of the army reached the river, a Federal army officer, meeting a naval officer, in the delirium of his delight threw his arms around him and exclaimed, "There ought to be a gun-boat in every man's family." So deep is their attachment to the gun-boats that, were all of them ordered from the river, the army would "skedaddle" out of Virginia the first dark night. They regard a Columbiad with veneration, while a four mile shooting hundred pound rifled gun is idolized. McClellan will have to carry a gun-boat with every regiment before he can make them leave the river.

The Federals having had success in canal working around Island No. 10 and elsewhere on the Mississippi, have been seriously considering the feasibility of a deep ditch for gun-boats around Drury's Bluff.

We understand that a skirmish occurred this side of Shirley, on Saturday, in which a Federal officer was wounded. The enemy are gradually feeling around their present position to find the exact locality of our troops.

THE RICHMOND PAPERS ON GENERALS POPE AND McCLELLAN.—The Richmond Enquirer, of the 15th, appears to be alarmed at the order of our War Department, concentrating the forces of McDowell, Fremont and Banks, under General Pope, and reminds its readers in that quarter that he is notoriously one of the most dangerous of the Union Commanders; an officer of great activity and daring, and is very apt to do unexampled things. It adds that the foray into Orange county, and the destruction of the railroad bridge over the Rapidan, by the enemy, is a challenge on the part of General Pope, that our (the Rebel) Generals have now to take up.

The Richmond Enquirer, in commenting on the threatening aspect of General McClellan's present operations, says:—"We must again, dig, dig, dig, or McClellan will dig into Richmond. The spade can only be conquered with the spade, and the shovel will always defeat them."

Of President Lincoln's recent visit to the army of the Potomac, the Enquirer says;—"A dirty trio, Lincoln, Stanton and Winfield Scott," passed by Old Point on Thursday last, en route for McClellan's Head-quarters, at or near Berkeley. A gentleman who saw the steamer which conveyed this dirty trio of Yankee negro stealers, says there was a band of music on board, and many flags and streamers fluttering gaily to the breeze."

Local Items.

HEAD-QUARTERS,
Williamsburg, July 21, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 2.

Ordered, That on Tuesday, July 22d, and every day thereafter, there will be Dress Parade, Mounted, at six (6) o'clock, P. M., on Palace Green. The line will be formed, facing west, right resting north.

By order of

D. CAMPBELL,
Col. Com'dg Post.

F. P. ROBINSON, Adj't.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR,
Williamsburg, Va., July 22, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

Whereas, certain citizens of Williamsburg, in indigent circumstances, are compelled to apply to the U. S. Government for subsistence, and in view of the fact that the Government have in store and the sheaf, large quantities of wheat, which cannot be ground into flour, in consequence of the proper want of energy, or from other cause, of the owner or owners of the property known as Newport Mills. Now, therefore, it is

Ordered, That the Quarter-Master of the Post proceed to, and take charge of the said mills, to be used under his direction and control, for the purpose of manufacturing flour, to be distributed to the poor of this city and its vicinity.

By order of

DAVID CAMPBELL,
Colonel Commanding Post.

F. P. ROBINSON, Post Adjutant.

A CHASE.—A few days ago, as a part of our Regiment, in obedience to orders received, were wending their way toward the Chickahominy, at some distance ahead were seen the flying figures of three mounted men. Knowing their proximity to Rebel dominions, and anxious to add new laurels to their fame, the column started in pursuit. As the spirit of the chase stirred the warm blood with an invigorating fire, the horses felt the spur, and each seemed to outvie the other in the glorious fun. The runaways were, after a long chase, overhauled, and — three frightened negroes turned to meet the laughing frowns of their captors.

A MUD HOLE.—We are happy to see nature, having been assisted by the gutters on each side of the main street, is gradually drying away the long mud hole that met our eye upon our arrival here. There is, however, one place not yet cured of its dampness. The deep, soft mud lies before the Episcopal Church as it did two months ago. Will it be left for the "cussed Yankees" to at last become tired of the eyesore and mend it, or will some enterprising citizen do his duty to his native city in seeing it remains there no longer.

THE BAND.—Enlivening, indeed, are the strains of soul-stirring music that float upon the air, day after day, from our brothers of the Eleventh. "Hail Columbia" reminds us again of the days gone by, when North and South united in singing those lines of praise to our native land. Soon may the time return when the strains from the Eleventh will be taken up, and resound from Maine to Texas, gathering energy from the repetition, till California shall hear and echo back the notes.

INSPECTION.—Sunday's parade showed well our brilliantly dashing arm of the American service. Poetising on beautiful uniforms and prancing steeds, here comes down to plain matter-of-fact. The bold front and steady, intelligent appearance of the men, denote that lead is known to them, and the heavy booming of cannon not to be feared. Many have been the wishes that have been expressed and repeated for an order to the front. Patiently wait—there is work yet, and we will see it.

THE CROPS.—A ride into the vicinity of Williamsburg gives but poor evidence of a rich result of this year's labors to him that tills the ground. Wheat, oats and hay show but poorly for the winter's subsistence. The corn-crop may, and we hope will, turn out well, as there will be so many depending so much upon it for their living.

[Communicated.]

WILLIAMSBURG, July 22, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—

We doubt not that experience has taught you ever this, that to conduct a paper so as to please all, is a consummation though devoutly to be wished for, yet is not easily accomplished. It is well there are grumblers and critics in the world, for were it not so, we would become blind to our own defects, and not exert ourselves to correct them.

Your spirited little sheet would certainly do credit to those older and more experienced in journalism, and has served to re-

lieve the *ennui*, which to a greater or less degree must continually surround a soldier's life, yet we think might be still further improved by becoming more local in its nature, and altogether composed of the talent and wit of our brotherhood-band, which has now been in existence for more than a year, though during that time it has passed through so many changes, that a casual observer would hardly recognize the old "Cameron Dragoons" under its present *non-de-plume* of "Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry." Surely there is enough talent for writing, if the portly mail-bag, which leaves our place daily, is to form any criterion. Then there is a continual fund of amusement in the many pleasant jokes and adventures that are continually occurring in our experience as volunteers, to fight Uncle Sam's battles, and more especially as guardians of this pleasant city. Then again, there are reminiscences of personal adventure, during the numerous scouts made last winter, and in fact, still making, in the enemies country. Some who have been with us as kind and genial spirits, have been removed by the hand of death, or equally as bad, a mystery surrounds their fate, which perhaps will never be fully cleared up—while still others have gone home, to enjoy rest from the excitement of such a life, or else to seek honor in some other field of glory.

Many evenings, as we cluster together on the camp-ground to tell over by-gone scenes and adventures, will the name of Capt. Brown, Serg't Moore, and others who have been suddenly removed from us, be duly canvassed and their virtues extolled, not forgetting Lieut. Bailey, who we yet hope may be restored to us after a temporary sojourn in "Dixie."

The jokes, bon-bons, and witticisms passed through the regiment would fill a volume; will not the perpetrators be less selfish, and give the public the benefit of them, remembering that he who gives his mite toward the general fund of amusement confers a real benefit upon his fellow man, and often prevents a visit to our Surgeons, who, I guess, will not complain at the decrease of the morning clinic.

We had intended to have offered some suggestions to our soldiers upon their deportment towards the inhabitants of this place, while they sojourn as conquerors, but our sheet is full, and if we transgress too far we may be left out altogether, so we'll defer until our next. How natural to make an excuse at the close of a letter. Speaking of excuses reminds us, in the early part of this campaign, in another regiment, a bright-eyed, earnest young man, came to the post-office to deposit a letter. The envelope had become considerably soiled, and as he told us the letter was to his sweetheart, requested the gift of a cleaner one. None was to be had. The earnest lover was lost in thought for a moment what he should do, when a bright idea occurred, and he requested the letter once more. Carefully penning something upon its face, he handed it back fully satisfied he had made ample amends for its untidy appearance. You may imagine our amusement to read: "N. B. Please excuse this envelope, it got dirty after I sent it." Whether this fully mollified the ire of the fair one, for the slight, we have never been informed.

CHAPLAIN.

[Communicated.]

INFORMATION FOR THE SOLDIER UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Mr. Editor:—

Every man should be particular to have his canteen filled with water, not only for his own use, but in case a comrade be wounded, as the greatest want of a wounded man is water.

The proper position for a wounded man, is flat upon his back, with his head slightly raised.

When field stretchers or Ambulances are not at hand, the best mode of removing a wounded man, is by means of a blanket, which should be carried carefully by the corners.

Bullet wounds seldom bleed much, and therefore merely require the application of a wet cloth.

A cut or wound which bleeds freely a continued stream of dark blood, is easily stopped by a bandage or handkerchief tied over the wound; and in a more urgent case, a flat stone tied or bound over the wound will suffice.

When an artery is wounded, which may be known by the blood, which is of a bright red, flowing by spurts or jets, there is immediate danger. A handkerchief or band should be tied closely on the limb, between the *wound and the heart*, and a stick, bayonet, or anything that is handy, passed under the bandage and twisted round until blood ceases to flow. This last application is known to the old soldier as the "Spanish Windlass," and has saved many a life.

22 SURGEON.

Telegraph News.

FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Address of Gen. Pope to his Army.

ADVANCE TO GORDONSVILLE.

An Important Railroad Junction of the Rebels Destroyed.

Movements of Gen. Sigel's Corps.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The following address has been delivered by Gen. Pope, to his soldiers:—

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia.

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed the command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field.

Let us understand each other. I have come from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found—whose policy has been attack, and not defence. In but one case has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue them, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win that distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

In the meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he could most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

(Signed.) JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—A letter from Warrenton says our troops are all in fine spirits at the prospect of active operations. Mention is also made of an important movement already made. The people of Warrenton are represented as courteous towards our troops; and the ladies, though rank Secessionists, treat them with dignified politeness. Warrenton and White Sulphur Springs have been recently infested by Rebel scouts, who were passed yesterday by a detachment of our cavalry, without opposition.

Reports exist in camp, which are probably based on Rebel authority, that Jackson is at Staunton, preparing for another visit down the valley. He will not have an undisputed march. The command of General Hatch is reported to have penetrated as far as Rapidan Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, seventy-four miles from Washington.

Later from Gen. Pope's Army.

We feel at liberty to state that a portion of the army of Gen. Pope entered the important town of Gordonsville, Virginia, opposed, and only destroyed all the railroad paraphernalia at that point—the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and Virginia Central Railroads. Three-fourths of the troops, munitions and supplies of every description for the Rebel army at Richmond, of necessity, passed through Gordonsville, by rail. The blow is, therefore, a most important one, more especially as it is the first of a series which, we trust, will do more to cripple the efficiency of the Rebel army at Richmond, than aught that has yet occurred.

Official Orders.

The following orders have been issued in this Department, for its government:—

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 5.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON, July 18, 1862.—Hereafter, as far as practicable, the troops of this command will subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on. In all cases, supplies for this purpose will be taken by the officer to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for whose use they are intended. Vouchers will be

given to the owners, stating on their face that they will be payable at the conclusion of the war, upon sufficient testimony being produced that such owners had been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the vouchers.

Whenever it is known that supplies can be furnished in any district of the country where the troops are to operate, the use of trains for carrying subsistence will be dispensed with, as far as possible.

By command of

Major-General POPE.

Geo. D. RUGGLES, Col.,

A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.

STILL LATER.

WARRENTON, Va., July 20, 1862.—A cavalry captain from Gen. Hatch's command arrived here to-day. The same officer brought five prisoners of the Second Virginia Cavalry, captured by General Hatch, at Madison. Colonel Miller, of the Virginia militia, was also taken prisoner, but has not yet arrived.

General Ewell's troops were reported to be at Gordonsville. Their number was not stated.

General Pope's recent orders are received by the troops with enthusiasm; but the citizens have terribly long faces since their publication.

FROM KENTUCKY.

Reported Surrender of Cynthiana to Morgan's Band.

CINCINNATI, July 18th.—A man came into Boyd's, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, this morning, and reported that the town of Cynthiana, sixty-six miles from here, surrendered at 5 o'clock yesterday, after half an hour's fight. He says he saw Morgan, and shook hands with him.

About 2500 soldiers also came into Boyd's. He says Morgan's men fired two rounds after the surrender. Capt. Arthur's Company, from Newport, Ky., were all killed or taken prisoners.

The excitement at Newport and Covington is very high and increasing.

The citizens are organizing rapidly for the defence of Newbern.

The Provost Marshal arrests all sympathizers with the Rebellion to-day.

FROM TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, July 17.—Returned prisoners arrived here, report that the Federal prisoners paroled at McMinnville, have returned to Murfreesboro.

The Rebels have gone to Chattanooga.

ARRIVAL OF HEAVY REINFORCEMENTS.

HENDERSON, KY., IN POSSESSION OF THE REBELS.

LOUISVILLE, July 19.—General Nelson arrived at Nashville on Thursday, with heavy reinforcements, and assumed command there.

The town of Henderson has been occupied by about forty guerrillas, who were cheered and treated with the greatest consideration, by many citizens, upon their entering the town.

GEN. GREEN CLAY SMITH now commands our forces at Lexington, vice WARD, and there is a prospect of stopping the Rebel Col. Morgan's recruiting operations, which were rather brisk during the late raid.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—The news received by the War Department last night from Tennessee, is of a most cheering character. The army of the South-west is in most excellent health.

SAFETY OF GEN. CURTIS' ARMY.

St. Louis, July 18, 1862.

Gen. Curtis has arrived with his army at Helena, Ark., lifting a heavy load off the hearts of hundreds, who, on account of reports from Rebeldom seriously doubted his safety. His movement, however, uncovers to the entrance of Guerrillas the southern counties of Missouri, no adequate force having been left in that vicinity. Nothing of importance can, however, be gained by the enemy, as sufficient force can be transported immediately to any given point.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 19.—Everything here is remarkably quiet. The health of the troops is gradually improving.

The Union soldiers who were wounded and taken prisoners during the battle of seven days are now being released on their parole, to be exchanged at some future time.

Lieutenant-Colonel SARTZER, who accompanied the flag of truce boat to Aden's Landing, returned on Friday with a number of officers and men. They were sent North to occupy the hospitals ready to receive them.

GEN. HALLECK RESIGNS THE IMMEDIATE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

Awaiting the Arrival of Gen. Halleck.

THE OFFICE HE IS TO TAKE NOT YET MADE PUBLIC.

CORINTH, July 16, via Louisville, July 17.—Gen. Halleck has just issued a special field order, in which he says that in giving up the immediate command of the troops constituting the Army of the South-west, he desires to express his high appreciation of the endurance, behaviour and soldierly conduct which they have exhibited on all occasions, and to express to the Commanders of the Army Corps and their subordinates, the warmest thanks for their cordial co-operation. He says the soldiers have nobly done their duty, and accomplished much towards crushing this wicked rebellion, and if they continue to exhibit the same vigilance, courage and perseverance, it is believed they will bring the war soon to a close.

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1862.—General Halleck has not yet arrived here. All the gossips and newspaper correspondents are on the *qui vive* for him. He will reach this city to-morrow night or Tuesday. Then we may expect to know what position he is to occupy. Certain politicians say that he will go into the War Department on the 30th inst. Others, in as good a position to know, assert that he is to be military adviser of the President and Secretary of War, whoever the latter may be, in order to restore the unity of action which so successfully governed our military movements while Gen. McClellan was Commander-in-Chief. The General will arrive here, I have said, to-morrow night or Tuesday, and then we may know more positively about these important changes. Meanwhile everything is being vigorously pushed forward in order not to let the grass grow under our feet.

All speculations in regard to the purpose of the expected visit of General Halleck to Washington are at fault. Positively nothing is known in this matter except by the President and Secretary of War—not even by the most prominent and trusted generals.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW YORK, July 20.—The steamer Roanoke, from New Orleans on the 12th, arrived last night.

Gen. Shepley had received his appointment as Military Governor of Louisiana. Two young New Orleans ladies had presented the Thirteenth Connecticut regiment with a beautiful United States flag.

The arrival of three thousand barrels of flour, by the Roanoke, induced Gen. Butler to order the price of flour to be reduced to \$24 per bbl. It had reached \$38 a \$40.

George Cople having been recognized as British Vice Consul, by Lord Lyons, and apologizing to Gen. Butler for the offensive language in his letter of the 14th of June, had been acknowledged by Gen. Butler as representative of Great Britain.

Arms, clothing, &c., for five regiments of Louisianians had reached New Orleans per the steamer Fulton, and the organization commenced with the prospect of success.

The bombardment of Galveston had not commenced, and the British brig Richard O'Brien, from Kingston, with contraband stores, was burned by the boats' crews from the Rhode Island, in the harbor, on the 4th. The boats' crews further celebrated the 4th by planting the Stars and Stripes on Texas soil.

From Baton Rouge we have received intelligence of a spirited little skirmish between Captain McGee's Company of Cavalry, and a considerable body of mounted Guerrillas. But few were injured on either side, though we captured from the enemy, arms, ammunition and stores, to quite an amount.

Several Guerrillas have been captured in this vicinity, and will be held accountable.

FROM CHARLESTON.

Gen. Sherman's forces have retreated to the position occupied on landing. Grinnell's has been abandoned, but we are in force at Legare's. Everything indicates quietude throughout the command.

SERENADE.—While darkness reigned without and we were patiently awaiting the ticking of the Telegraph, the "Cavalier" was honored by a serenade. Names are not mentioned, but the donors are kindly thanked.

THE BIVOUC.

Fill up the old "duddean" once more,
And take another smoke to-night,
The bullet's whiz and cannon's roar
Will surely come by morning's light!
The quiet moon looks calmly down,
The zephyrs gently wing their breath,
The kindly stars will never frown
On those who boldly look on death.
Then fill the pipe and pass the can,
And let our thoughts from warfare sever;
Turn from the rage of fellow men,
And think of those who love us ever.

No sheltering roof protects us now,
The leafy boughs our curtains form;
No couch to us doth fate allow,
Though clouds bespeak the coming storm.
Yet care we not, though winds do blow—
We're used to bear their peltings rude;
We laugh and smoke, and on we go,
To happier fate we never sued.
Then fill, &c.

For comrades we've a kindly word,
A kindly word and hearty smile;
For traitors but a ready sword—
A fit reward for greed and guile.
For friends an ardent prayer to heaven,
For home a thought—perhaps a tear;
For self, a hope that strength be given
All things to dare—no fate to fear.
Then fill, &c.

Now, as the dying embers fade,
The doon's wild note is heard afar,
And through the moonlight and the shade
Flits swift the firefly's glittering star,
The watchfire burns and pales its glow,
The cedar boughs now rise, now fall,
And lighter than the virgin snow
The robe of sleep descends on all.
Then shake the now cold ashes out,
And place the pipe with care away—
Full many a man, now hale and stout,
Has taken his last loved smoke to-day.

THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 18th of May, 1798, Napoleon sailed from Toulon, on the Egyptian expedition. His armament consisted of 102 vessels of war, with 400 transports, conveying 46,000 combatants. With dispatch never before equalled this gigantic expedition was got up. Napoleon worked night and day, infusing his energy into every department, and superintending the minutest details.

"Now, sir," said he to one of his agents, "use dispatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except time; that is the only thing beyond my power."

The destination of the fleet was kept a profound secret even from the leading officers of the expedition. Steam was then unknown. A voyage of twenty-seven days conveyed them to Malta. This fortress, deemed impregnable, was promptly seized, and 3000 men being left to garrison it, the fleet passed on its way. On the evening of the 1st of July, after a passage of forty-one days from France, and having traversed a distance of 2000 miles, the fleet entered the bay of Aboukir, within sight of the minarets of Alexandria. The landing of the troops was commenced without an hour's delay, and was continued through the night. The horses were lowered into the sea, and swam to the land, following by instinct the few which, led by halters, conducted the column to the shore.

When the morning sun rose over the desert, a proud array of cavalry, infantry and artillery, was marshaled upon the beach, ready to resist an attack. That very morning, while the disembarkation was continuing, Napoleon placed himself at the head of three thousand men, and marched upon Alexandria, that he might seize the city before the Turks had time to prepare for a defence. "Every hour of time lost," said Napoleon, "is a chance for misfortune."

Napoleon commenced his march upon the city actually before the morning had dawned. It was found that he was minutely informed respecting the country

as if he had lived there from childhood. The Mamelukes rushed bewildered to the ramparts. The French, with their ladders all ready and of the right length, swept over the walls like an inundation. The conflict was short, and with the loss of but thirty men, the flag of the conqueror waved triumphantly over the city of Alexandria.

Six days Napoleon remained in the city, to establish and consolidate his power, and to prepare for his march. Instantly artisans, artists and engineers, all were busy, and energies unknown before were infused into the sepulchral streets of the Moslem city. The harbor was improved, the fortifications repaired, mills erected, manufactories established, schools founded, and the antiquities explored.

On the 6th of July, leaving 3000 men to garrison Alexandria, Napoleon set out to cross the desert sixty miles to the Nile. A flotilla, laden with artillery, provisions, ammunition and baggage, sailed along the shore to ascend the Nile and meet the army, to accompany its march up the river to Cairo. Four days of great suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. Arab horsemen hovered around, cutting down any who straggled from the ranks. Napoleon shared the fatigue of the humblest soldier, toiling through the sand on foot at the head of the column. He was the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning.

As the army approached the Nile, the Mameluke horsemen increased in numbers and in the frequency and recklessness of their attacks. The morning of the 6th day of their march had just dawned, when the long wished for Nile appeared, winding through a valley of the richest verdure. The whole army, 30,000 in number, rushed to the river with shouts, and in almost a delirium of joy. But just then a body of a thousand Mameluke horsemen on fleetest chargers came sweeping down, rending the air with their yells. The well-drilled soldiers instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles. A palisade of bristling bayonets was opposed to the breasts of the horses. A volcanic burst of fire from artillery and musketry, prostrated steeds and riders by scores in the dust. The survivors wheeled their steeds, and like the whirlwind, as they had come, disappeared. The march of the army was now like a dream of romance. Beneath sunny skies, and through the luxuriance and verdure of the Nile valley, they sang and danced in the exuberance of joy. Pigeons were abundant, and the most delicious water-melons were brought to camp in exhaustless supplies.

But scarcely an hour was allowed for rest. Day after day the army was pushed energetically on, daily encountering the foe, but never in sufficient force to arrest their progress. The delay of a few days would have enabled the enemy to concentrate so as to organize a very formidable resistance. The Mameluke horsemen composed the most formidable body of cavalry in the world. On their fleet Arabian chargers they came sweeping, almost resistlessly from behind the hills, and it was necessary to be prepared every moment for an attack. The disposition made of the troops for this purpose was novel and effective. The army was organized in five squares, each square composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery was placed at the angles. The centres of these squares were occupied by the officers, the baggage, and by troops in platoons ready at an instant to support the point of attack. When on the march, all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. At any alarm they halted and fronted on every side—the outer ranks kneeling,—that those behind might shoot over their heads. The whole square thus presented a living fortress, bristling with bayonets, which no cavalry could penetrate.

When necessary to make an assault, the three front ranks detached themselves from the square. The remaining three ranks still preserved the integrity of the square, into which the column could be received in case of a repulse. On the morning of the 21st of July, after an almost uninterrupted march of fifteen days, the army came in sight of the domes of Cairo. The city was on the eastern side of the river, while the narrow but wonderful luxuriant valley of the Nile was bordered on the west by the apparently illimitable desert, fringed by those gigantic pyramids which for ages have been the wonder of the world. The whole army instinctively halted, gazing awe-stricken upon these sublime memorials of the past. "Soldiers," said Napoleon, "forty centuries from those summits contemplate your actions."

At the foot of these pyramids the whole plain was filled with armed men, glittering in all that barbaric display of plumes and gold, and gleaming banners, which has ever characterized the Orient. Here Murod Bey had assembled his great strength for final resistance. Twenty-four thousand men were placed behind the most formidable entrenchments, amply supplied with heavy guns and all the munitions of war. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently mounted, were ready to plunge upon the French with all the fury fatalism can inspire, so soon as the Moslem artillery should make a gap in their ranks.

It must have been a fearful hour for Napoleon. Defeat was annihilation, and victory seemed impossible. "You shall now see us," said Murad Bey, "cut up those dogs like gourds." Napoleon did not delay the attack an hour. By a lateral movement he moved his squares to the right, that they might be out of range of the enemy's guns, and might attack in flank. Ten thousand Mameluke horsemen were immediately ordered to charge.

The spectacle was indeed terrific. Ten thousand horsemen on fleetest steeds, rending the skies with their yells, came down upon the squares, causing the very earth to tremble beneath their tread. War never presented a more furious charge. The soldiers, holding their breath in awe, stood shoulder to shoulder, presenting their bayonets to receive the shock. The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, volley after volley of musketry and artillery swept their ranks. Horses and riders rolled over each other by hundreds on the sand. The dying and the dead were trampled mercilessly by the rush of the impetuous squadrons. But the French squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. The Mamelukes, in the frenzy of their courage, reined their horses back, that they might kick their way into those terrible ranks, belching fire and bristling with steel. The wounded, pierced by bayonets, endeavored, by crawling upon the ground, to smite the legs of their foes with their scimitars.

But nothing could resist the disciplined courage of the French. Volcanic sheets of flame were incessantly bursting from the squares, every bullet fulfilling its mission, and soon the plain was covered with the dead. The infantry in the entrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted Mamelukes, who were supposed to be invincible, were seized with a panic, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The five French squares were instantly converted into columns of attack. The rout was complete. When the sun went down, the tri-colored flag was floating over the Moslem entrenchments, and by death and dispersion the foe had utterly disappeared. The French lost but one hundred in killed and wounded, while 10,000 of the enemy perished.

Allowing the troops one day to rest, and to preserve the boundless wealth which was found in the Oriental camp,

the next day Napoleon entered Cairo in triumph, and the city with a population of 300,000 bowed peacefully to his sway. Thus in eight weeks Napoleon sailed over a sea of 200,000 miles in length, captured Malta, one of the most formidable fortresses upon the globe, took the city of Alexandria, containing 30,000 inhabitants, by storm; marched across the desert sixty miles to the Nile, and ascended the Nile sixty miles to Cairo, fighting the Turks nearly all the way; assailed the Turkish army, outnumbering his own, behind their entrenchments, annihilated that army, and took undisputed possession of the capital of Egypt. Such vigor might well astonish the world. Napoleon captured Egypt in eight weeks, with the loss of about two hundred men in killed and wounded.

LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY A COLORED LADY.

Good evening, wite folks—good evening!—Wite folks, I appear before you dis evening to lucidate and splainify to you de subjec of Woman's Rights. It am a subjec dat, to my mind, am jest as clar as de mud in de bottom ob de ribber. It am a subjec dat for some time past has been discussed by de wite folks who doesn't know noffin at all about it. Dey neber did. But I'm goin to pitch into my subjec now right off like a hungry nigger into a bowl of clam soup. I shall derefore, inquire of you de following questions:—Who am woman? Whar did she come from? Who does she belong to? And to which way am she goin to? Now, in de fust place, fastly—Whar did she come from? Yah! Yah! Yah! Did you eber hear sich a foolish question? It am certain dat she am here, and noffin else don't make a bit of difference; and you, men—lords ob creation, as you call yourselves—ought to be mighty glad she is here. In de second place—Who does she belong to? Dere's a question for you to get through your wool. Who does she belong to? I'll tell you who she belongs to. She belongs to herself, or else how could she gib her self away? When a man an a woman gets married, and dey aint neider ob dem got noffin, who does de tings belong to? Dat's so. If you take de trubel to look back in de forepart of Webster's Confectionary, you will see written in dese words: "What belongs to de man belongs to de woman, and what belongs to de woman, belongs to herself, and jest as much more as she can lay her hands on." In de next place, nextly—Which way am she goin to? 'Tain't no use our borderin' our minds 'bout where she's goin to? Dis ting is certain; she ain't goin to work herself to death. Haven't we invented washin-machines, dat'll bang de clothes all to pieces in five minutes? And aint we invented cradles, to rock babies to sleep, widout any trouble on de moder's mind? Yes, indeed, ob course we have—and more, too! Wite folks—let me press on your mind dat de wrongs ob woman stand heaped on de top ob her head, eber since de beginnin' ob de world, and previously from all points ob de compass. For don't it say dat when Adam and Eve was in de Garden ob Eating, dat Adam coaxed Eve to climb up an apple tree; and she clum up, and he boosted her, and she tore her dress in a limb; and jest as she'd got out on a limb and reached out her hand to get a golden pippin, didn't two police come along and nad her, and tote her off to de de station-house? and didn't Adam turn State's evidence, and have Eve—poor gal—sent up a year? Indeed he did! Wite folks, I'm goin to preach on dis subjec, and I can't be stopped, no-how.

I'll scratch an' bite,
An' gouge an' fight,
An' tumber in de mud;
An' when at length,
I've lost my strength,
I neber will gib in—
But I'll catch my breath
An' den pitch in agin.

Good evening, wite folks.

EMMER JANE.

Oh, 'tis of a young maiden a story I'll tell,
And also of her lovyer, and what them befell;
How her lovyer was a captin, what sailed
the salt sea,
And the consequences attending his parting
from she.

Now the vessel of this captin, it was called
the Emmer Jane,
And in honor of his true love, the captin
gave her that name,
So that when he was tossing upon the briny
sea,
The vessel that he sailed in might remind
him of she.

Oh! 'twas with a load of shingles this gal-
lant captin sailed away
From his home and his true love, all on a
summer's day;
But he nevermore was heard of, nor his
wessell so brave,
And it was calc'lated, putty gen'ally, he
found a watery grave.

Now up and down the sea-shore, for many
a long day,
This maiden did wander, seekin' him who
sailed away,
A asking all the captins and sailyers she
could see
If in "breastin'" the biller in "sudges"
they had seen anything o' he.

On a cold stone, all summer, by the side o'
the sea,
This maiden sot a watchin' and waitin' for
he,
Till one cold rainy mornin', in the water she
was found,
And it was calc'lated, pretty gen'ally she
got crazy, and was drowned.

They buri-ed her body all in the buryin'-
ground,
And a monumink was erected, a statin' she
was drowned;
And over her tomb they sot out a willer tree,
And the wind through its branches keeps a
howlin' for she.

Now just two years after these ere ewents
occurred,
A stranger came to the town where Emmer
Jane was buried;
He asked of the sexton where Emmer Jane
might be?
Who answered by p'intin toward the willer
tree.

In the graveyard next mornin' by the side
of Emmer Jane,
They found his cold corpus insensibly a
layin',
And also in his weskit a han'kercher of
her'n,
And 'twas calc'lated, pretty gen'ally 'twas
the captin returned.

They bury-ed her lovyer, the captin, close
by her,
And over his tomb they set out a sweet brier,
And the willer which is weepin', is an em-
blem of she,
And the brier clingin' round it is an emblem
of he!

Kenessianna.

The following affecting epitaph was copied from the headboard of a Rebel soldier's grave in the Wesleyan Cemetery, St. Louis. It was written by a lady:

"Here lies a stranger braiv,
who died while fittin the Southern Confed-
eracy to save
peice to his Dust."

"braive Suthern friend
from island 10
you reached a Glory us end"
"we please these flouers above the stranger's
hed

In honor of the shiverlus ded."
"Sweet spirit rest in heaven
There'll be no Yankis there"

A VERY bashful young man, desiring to
"pop the question," but not possessing
sufficient courage to do the thing outright,
proposed by means of a note, containing a
very ingenious puzzle. The lady solved
it, and answered as follows:

I thee, read see, that me,
Love is down, will I'll have
But that, and you have, you'll
One and up, and you if.

A SPRIGHTLY editress, in reply to a cor-
respondent who asks her if she wears hoops,
exclaims:—"Hoops, indeed! why, we
don't wear anything else!" The italics are
her own. We suppose she tells the naked
truth.

WOMAN is like ivy—the more you are
ruined the closer she clings to you. An
old bachelor adds:—"Ivy is like woman—
the closer she clings to you the more you
are ruined."