

# THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1862.

NO. VI.

## Select Poetry.

### THIS WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

This world is full of beauty as other worlds above,  
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Gerrald Massey.

How much of truth, without alloy,  
Is in these words contained;  
If each would live for others here,  
Great good might be attained.  
For one kind deed,—or but a word,  
Hath oft the heart's pure fountain stirred.

But while we seek to please alone  
These selfish souls of ours;  
All we shall gather for the heart  
Are thorns, without the flowers;  
And as we clasp them to the breast  
A wound is made where each is prest.

But if we would enrich our store,  
We must do good to all;  
And then it will react again,  
And kindly on us fall—  
Unseen perhaps, but yet their power  
Is felt like dew upon the flower.

Refreshing all the toilsome road,  
Through which our Saviour trod;  
He came to earth to bless mankind  
And win them back to God.  
Oh! what a world of deathless love,  
He brought to us from heaven above.

Then from this bright example take,  
Fresh hope and courage too;  
And go to homes of want and sin,  
Where one is hid from view,—  
Save to the eye that never sleeps,  
But round them still His vigil keeps;

And let them feel they have a friend  
Who'll take them by the hand,  
And guide their feet in virtue's path,  
Then boldly by them stand.  
Thus could we make this world of love,  
Like the blest world there is above.  
MARY.

## Select Stories.

### MAJOR ZAGONYI'S GUIDE.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

On the morning of the 24th day of last October, a somewhat novel scene unrolled itself before the door of a quiet farm house, about two miles from Springfield, Missouri. Two women and three young lads had just raised a very modest little flag; and as the wind floated it gracefully in the air, they gave three cheers for the Stars and Stripes—cheers, which if not loud, were certainly hearty. The younger of the women, Lucy Dudley, mother of the boys, stood gazing up to it, and as she thus gazed her face put on a look of stern determination, and she murmured low, between her almost shut teeth, "It shan't come down again while I live."  
"Yes, 'twill, mother," broke in one of the boys, "for the scesehers are in town again, and they'll make you."  
His mother did not notice him, but turning to the older woman, said: "For William's sake, mother, we'll keep it up." Even before she had done speaking, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and the youngest boy clinging to her dress, tried to draw her into the house, crying out—"There they come! O, mother, run!" While the old grandmother, retreating behind the door, trem-

bled visibly; but the mother stood firm, awaiting the men whom she only knew too well. Only one little month before they shot down her husband like a dog, because he said his house was his own, and he should hoist just what flag seemed to him best over it. They shot him before her eyes, and his heart's blood had sprinkled the very ground where she stood, and I wonder not that the looks in her eyes were scarcely womanly. Down the road they came—a dozen Rebel ruffians, called soldiers by courtesy, and "chivalry" by William Russell. They were all armed and mounted, and as they thundered up to the door, the leader shouted:  
"Down with that damned Yankee rag; if you don't, I'll blow your brains out!"

No notice was taken; the woman might as well have been stone.

"Lucy Dudley, don't ye hear me?" and he pointed his revolver at her.

"I hear, Bill Armstrong."  
"Blast ye, then, why don't ye mind?"

"Because I won't."

"You won't, won't you?" and he fired, but missed. He swore madly at his horse for shying; and as he did so, she said: "This is my house; and my flag; I want it here and shall have it here. You can shoot me and then pull it down; you certainly won't before."

One man shouted—"We ain't cutthroats—we don't kill women and children."

"You have killed women and children more than once," was the taunting answer. Several of the men, who were old neighbors of hers, felt the thrust and quailed before her eyes, while others drew their pistols; but the leader, throwing up the weapon nearest him, went on:

"Wall, Luce, victuals and drink we're bound to have, and we don't go under that cussed rag."

"Victuals and drink I can't help your having; but if I'm going to get them for you, you come in through this door."

Evidently her look daunted them, for bold as they were, they were bad, and they knew it; so with a rude laugh the captain dismounted, shouted "come on boys," and leaving their horses to the care of the children, they one after the other went into the kitchen, and drank eagerly of the whiskey set before them. As they thus drank, they became wonderfully communicative; and, listening eagerly, Lucy learnt they had been sent out from Springfield, with some fifty others, to see if anything could be seen of the advance guard of Fremont's army, who were supposed to be in the vicinity. She found that this party had been stopping at one house and another, drinking and devastating, and very naturally had divided, and that Armstrong meant to wait until the rest came up, and start for the town together from her house. She likewise heard that they had not seen anything of the Lincoln soldiers. She gave them their fill of liquor, let them eat the best the house afforded, and as she was taking her pitcher to get more whiskey, her keen ear caught the sound of a distant file. Armstrong heard it, too, and with an oath, said them lazy lubbers of his

were at last coming, and the old woman must bring some more dodgers along.

Lucy had taken the pitcher, and closing the door behind her, almost flew out into the yard, and taking the oldest boy by the shoulder, said in a terrible hoarse voice, "Tom, run for your life over the mowing, through the lane, and tell those men you will meet to take down their flag, stop playing Yankee Doodle, and come up through the lane with you, and they can get every one of these men. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, boy."

The wind had brought to her ears what it never whispered to those drunken men, that instead of their comrades, their sternest foes would be around them. And all her energies were directed to keeping them still in the ignorance so fatal to them.

Meanwhile Tommy's tow head shot over the mowing, over the wall, through the narrow lane, reaching the great road just as a mounted band of men came in sight. He mounted a stump, waved his jacket, and the foremost among them stopped.

"What is it, boy?"  
"Marm wants your fiffing man to stop playing that thing, and haul down that here flag, and come up to our house through the lane. Come on."

He was starting, but Zagonyi stopped him.

"I don't understand, boy; what does she want?"

Tom was indignant. "Wants you to nab some scesehers up to our house, but you needn't come if you don't wanter." Something in his face struck one of the men, and he said: "What is your maum, boy?"

"Lucy Dudley."

"Go ahead, Major," shouted the fellow. "She's true blood; they shot her husband a month ago."

Zagonyi, followed by a portion of his men, wheeled into the lane, trying to keep Tommy in sight; and soon they came in view of the low house, and the noisy mirth of the Rebels was distinctly heard. Armstrong never suspected, even ordering Mrs. Dudley to "show 'em right in." She went to the door, and they needed not that she should; her piercing, eagle look told everything. They surrounded the room; Zagonyi's clear voice ordered those inside to surrender, while at the same moment the fifer gave an exultant—

"Yankee Doodle's come to town,  
Yankee Doodle Dandee."

Armstrong saw the trap, and fired his revolver, hitting the grey haired grandmother, levelling her with the ground. Nobody noticed the shot except Tommy, and as he held her bleeding head on his knees, he never shed a tear; but he is on one of Commodore Foote's gun boats as a powder-monkey to-day, and he never hands a charge but he thinks of that terrible hour. One or two on both sides were wounded, but the struggle was soon over, and the Rebels marched out bound together with old chains, which the boys very gladly found. Zagonyi must take the prisoners with him, for men couldn't be spared to guard them, and as they were all front of the door before starting, Mrs. Dudley, who knew every inch of the ground in the vicinity, undertook to tell them a nearer

road to the town. They did not understand her hurried, nervous directions; and she started as if to go with them; then she remembered her dying mother, and drew back, calling Tommy from the sufferer's side to take the place in her stead. But the dying woman's faint voice stopped her.

"You go, Lucy; he might make a mistake; he will take care of me, and we will keep the old flag flying."

The reserve in the lane by Zagonyi's order had already come up, and Lucy only stayed to kiss the pale lips and precious face, then she mounted her own stout mare and led the way. She guided them safely in the intricate path up to the very edge of the path where, according to Armstrong's talk, she knew the wily foe was hidden. It was the very spot Zagonyi wished to be in, and she had saved him a long stretch of dangerous road. Then she fell back to the rear, just as Zagonyi's eager eye took in the whole of his position. Desperate? What will he say? What will these men do, who have been taunted with being holiday soldiers on the pavements of the city of St. Louis?

"Soldiers, your war cry is Fremont and the Union. Draw sabre; forward, by right turn, quick trot, march."

His voice, shrill and intense, pierced every heart, and those bright swords glittered in the sunshine, and the little band sped to their deadly work. I wonder not that Lucy Dudley's brown mare kept her place, as eager as her mistress to do the gallant work. That battle will always burn on the page of history, and I need write none of its details here; only this much, that everywhere, helping off the wounded, handing weapons, doing anything, everything that a cool head and a steady hand could do, was Lucy Dudley. At last the day was ours, and as Zagonyi gathered the remnant of his force about him, he shrank back, for he could not count the dead, and it took not long to count the living. Where was Lucy Dudley? Hardly one of those bloody, blackened faces, but could tell of some good deed she did for them during those long, dreadful hours. Even while they were speaking of her she came in sight, not now mounted on her brown mare, but instead, the mare was harnessed with a market wagon, and its broad bottom was covered with wounded soldiers. She was walking beside it holding the reins, looking fearfully pale and tired; for, now the excitement was past her womanhood was uppermost, and her only care was to help the wounded and comfort the dying. They knew she was taking their suffering comrades to the shelter of her own home, and not a man, from the Major downward, but would have been eager to escort her, but she refused them all; and when the Major pressed the matter, she told them she knew the way better than they did, and was safe enough alone. They gathered around her; they called her all noble, heroic names, such as men use in moments of elevation of soul; but she looked surprised, and answered almost coldly, "why shouldn't I do what I could? My grandmother did more at Bunker Hill, and her husband died at Concord."

They bent low before her as she turned away, and not one of those strong-

handed German fellows will ever forget the woman who fought side by side with them at the battle of Springfield. Home she went to find the old woman dead, and the children hiding from retreating Rebels; but the flag still waved, and as the brave fellows in the cart caught sight of its blessed folds, they gave a feeble shout, touching in its weakness.

All through the winter she fed and nursed that household of sufferers, and as one after another grew strong and left her, all she asked of them was that they would strike manly blows for their country, and keep always the noble war-cry of Zagonyi,—"The Union and Freedom," close to their hearts. I thank God for that woman; no Dudley that ever wore spurs in olden days had a braver and more loving heart than hers.

Springfield Republican.

MR. BEACHER ON NEWSPAPERS.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of his sermon at the Plymouth Church one night, made an eloquent plea for newspapers, speaking of them as one of the most potent elements of our civilization. "There is," said he, "a common vulgar objection about newspapers that 'they lie so; they don't lie any more than you do.' Man is naturally a lying creature. Truth is a gift from Heaven, and very few of us possess it before we get there. The newspapers gives both facts and rumors, and they would be blamed if they did not do so. It is for the readers to judge of these rumors. The last economy should be in regard to newspapers. It is better to deprive the body of some ribbon or jewel or garment, than to deprive the mind of its existence."

BUTTONS, BEWARE!—A warning to the extremely juvenile among our army officers, given to undue vanity in regard to buttons and gold lace, is conveyed in a little incident which occurred at the battle of New Bridge, Va., in which the Fourth Michigan Regiment, Colonel Woodbury, so distinguished itself.

"I might have shot you half-a-dozen times," remarked one the prisoners, after the fight, to Col. Woodbury.

"Why didn't you?" asked the Colonel.

"I took you to be some damned common mounted orderly," was the response.

If the Colonel had decked himself out in all his "glorious array," he would undoubtedly have been obliged to content himself now with a plain mahogany overcoat and silver-headed buttons.

A PUNNING PUFF.—The New Haven Register, lets off the following, in calling attention to a carriage sale: Riddle (the famous Boston auctioneer,) is to conduct the sale, and it is said to be worth a dollar to hear him "set the wheels going!" He has a nimble tongue, is a great spokesman, and fellows who listen to him never tire. Coming as he does from the "hub of the universe," he is of course familiar with the axle—and the shafts of his wit never strike a body unpleasantly. We expect him to inaugurate a great spring trade and carry-all before him!

PRENTICE asks, why is Gen. Floyd like one of the loyal generals on the Potomac? Because he is a General Hooker's ally.

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

ANDY WITH THE... (vertical text in margin)

# The Cavalier.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1862.



Editor and Conductor,  
Lieut. S. WILLIAMSON, Co. "H."

COMPOSITORS:

James M. Johnson, of Co. "H."  
Silas C. Hough, do. do.  
R. Sloane, Jr., Co. "C," Pressman.  
Cha's S. Kunsman, Co. "H," "Devil."

The "Cavalier"

Will be published every WEDNESDAY morning.

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

TERMS.—Five cents per single copy.

Advertising inserted at the following rates:

One square, (10 lines,) first insertion, \$1 00  
Each subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25  
Advertisements of more than three squares, as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING.

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

Slavery.

Many and diverse are the feelings and opinions upon the subject of slavery in this country. Believed, as it was, that this war was caused only by these same diverse opinions and strongly antagonistic feelings, existing as they were and are in entirely separate and distinct parts of the country; thousands have been brought to think and act, either for or against, that, but for the rebellion would have troubled themselves but little about it. In our Northern States, there existed a large class of people who, following their plow, minding their forge, or exerting their talents in the mercantile line, would have had year after year pass their door, and allowed their countrymen of the South to have made their bread as they saw fit—knowing the condition of the slaves voting contrary to the extension of the institution, yet considered that their brethren should enjoy (?) their institution without molestation. In the Southern States, there no doubt, was also a party of non-combatants. It is supposed that resting quietly at their home, in the extreme or central South, the subject of emancipation seldom, if ever, troubled their brains holding their own property secure, wishing not to enter the territories, and bearing no particular enmity to their brethren of the colder climate, they cared not to leave the enriching society of the North. *Non-combatants*, though they were, *combatants* are they now.

War, with its desolating power, laying waste land and property, has opened in its full strength; and those even that live rather for peace, have laid aside the pruning knife, and taken the sword for the safety of their homes. South and North, the masses of the people, though their minds were stirred with the thoughts of what they considered rights and wrongs, are now following their leader principally for the love of country in their breasts. In ranks, if the order was a release and freedom of indeed would be those even with the ardor on to victory. The the great American derful courage and rked it thus far, is is almost severed

Union, to break down the barrier that political office-seekers would rear betwixt them and their brethren, and make the Stars and Stripes to be respected, if not loved, throughout this broad land. The writer himself is as decided an anti-slavery man as probably exists, but knowing that the institution is firmly rooted in the country, and years upon years would elapse before its extinction could be consummated, he sacrifices his private opinions, and uniting heart and hand with our President and General, wishes only for the speedy extinction of the so called Southern Confederacy, and the conclusion of the war.

Colored.

It is to be hoped our readers will admire the style of paper we use for this week's issue. We are old fashioned enough to say we would rather have had the ancient white, but *this* market being rather limited in its supply, we must use that which we can get.

A sufficient number of days ago paper was ordered, and sent from Philadelphia by the hands of an Express Co. that heretofore has borne a name for dispatch in all their transactions. The cause of the present delay cannot be imagined, but we hope by our next to favor our subscribers with the "CAVALIER" in its usual style.

LIEUT. S. BAILEY.—We have just heard that Lieut. Bailey who was captured, but about three weeks since, near Frazer's Ford; has been exchanged and is now in the hospital at Baltimore, suffering from the wounds received at the time of his being taken. This seems almost like the dead coming to life: the circumstance of the case seeming to prove so conclusively that no mercy would have been shown him. The wounds are not serious, though troublesome, and we hope soon to see him again in health.

LIEUT. J. S. CROMELIN.—It gives us pleasure to announce the return of our Regimental Quartermaster. Having been away so long a time, some had begun to doubt his eventual return, but an ocular demonstration has proved the small foundation of the doubts. Lieut. Cromelin, since his appointment to his present position, has shown well the talent and energy necessary to the making of a good Quartermaster. It is our wish that he may long honour his position.

THE GOVERNOR, and Provost Marshal paid a visit to Mr. William Lavery, last week, and were most hospitably entertained by him, and his excellent lady. Mr. Lavery is a genial host, and sung several Irish Airs, for his guests, in a charming and truly Irish manner. Mr. Lavery publishes a card in another column, to which we call the attention of our readers.

Communicated.

[For "The Cavalier."]

**PROVOST MARSHAL'S SALE.**  
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

Alarming Sacrifice.

The Provost Marshal begs to inform the nobility, gentry, clergy, (not including Army Chaplains, who have no business anywhere,) military, civilians, and the inhabitants of Williamsburg generally, that in consequence of the unpleasant proximity of Gen. Lee's army, as vouched for by a terrified, but highly intelligent contraband, he has resolved to bring to the hammer,  
UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF COST, the whole plant, machinery, stock, tools, and fixtures of a

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, now doing a large, but exceedingly unprofitable business.

The stock, which is new and well selected, consists in part of,—

Several quires of foolscap paper (Secession).

Nine goose quills, from a James City goose. (There were originally a dozen, but three of them have been feloniously carried away and converted into tooth-picks.)

Four steel pens, none of which will write, and are therefore valuable as mementoes.

One quart, more or less, (decidedly less) of ink.

One dozen blank passes, printed in the "CAVALIER'S" best manner.

Two dozen blank passes, with autographs of various officers of the Regiment, who amused themselves by scribbling on them.

THE STAMP.—This article, which is got up with the usual disregard to expense, when the U. S. is to pay, is made by Pilkington of Baltimore, in his well known chaste and classic style. It consists of two parts,—the handle, which is of solid ebony, or some other kind of wood, and the stamp itself, which is made of platina, pure silver, type metal, or some other material. Upon the stamp are inscribed in Roman, German, or Old English characters, the words "Provost Marshal's office, Williamsburg, Va," the present proprietor of it having, with his usual foresight, an eye to the possibility of disposing of it to his successor, Federal or Secession. Among other advantages not enumerated above, this stamp can readily be converted into a neat and convenient weapon of defence, and if thrown hard at a contraband's head, it might serve to intimate to him that his presence in the official chamber was no longer desirable.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE SALE, however, the Provost Marshal believes, will be concentrated on the sale of the answer to the celebrated conundrum: "Why is a Darkey's head like a pig's tail?"

Which the distinguished author, a well known wit of the 5th Pa. Cavalry, has honored him by placing in his hands for disposition. When this astonishing production was first heard by an officer, also of the 5th, in his confusion and surprise he absurdly asked if it was a joke? but was indignantly and promptly answered by its talented author that it was a conundrum.

The answer to it (being wholly unexpected, and not having the remotest reference to the question) upon being heard, produces mingled emotions of surprise and pleasure, (particularly surprise,) and is said by all who were so fortunate to have heard it to be worth

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS.

At which sum, or more, the Provost Marshal is authorized to dispose of it.

The Provost Marshal begs further to state that he is honored by a facetious Surgeon, also of the 5th, to dispose of at public sale:

TWO JOKES,

which the author declares positively are the only two he made since joining the Regiment.

ONE OF THE JOKES

is of a nautical character, and is so tremendous in its effects as to be dangerous to use in soundings, or even in deep water on a lee shore. Some idea may be formed of its power, when the public is assured on its utterance, it ran a full rigged brig ashore on the York River, and caused it to leak badly, as some suppose, from its excessive enjoyment of the pleasantry.

THE OTHER JOKE.

is wilder in its effects, and may be used at the dinner table under certain circumstances, with happy results. It is of slightly Shakespearian character, and will remind the readers of the "immortal Williams," as the French call him, of the Tragedy of "Macbeth."

The Provost Marshal has also to dispose of several minor facets, Mess Jokes the property of an officer retiring from that business.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale in gold or silver. For the balance, approved

Treasury notes, green backs, or specie will be taken.

1. N. B. A discount of 75 per cent will be charged to any party requiring change.

2. N. B. No Confederate money taken.

3. N. B. The time and place of sale will appear in future numbers, if Gen. Lee does not interfere.

[For "The Cavalier."]

WILLIAMSBURG, July 29, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—

We promised, last week, to give our opinion as to the duty of the soldier while acting as the guardian of a conquered city. To fully redeem that promise, requires greater exertion than the extreme heat of the weather in this latitude permits. In fact, we imagine we hear the reply of the readers—"We don't want advice; don't bother us; the most difficult duty, at the present time, is to keep cool, and that is all we care about." Very good; we will admit that as one of the duties, and a very important one, too, at this time, with the thermometer at one hundred, hardly a breath of air stirring, and when evening comes, fondly imagining the opportunity so long desired has come to obey this injunction, find the illusion dissipated by an avalanche of mosquitoes. Let us, nevertheless, be philosophers, and see if we cannot take advice, especially if it is administered in homeopathic doses.

From time immemorial, we have given to us the first duty of the soldier—"implicit obedience to your officers." We suppose the old axiom would hold good in carrying this out—"obey orders, if you break owners," i. e., literally excuse the commands given you. Now who can see any direktion of duty in the sentinel who, we are informed, was stationed, a short time since, on his post, with directions to guard a certain pear tree. The owner feeling secure of its being safe by this protection, from the onslaughts of vandals, ventured to enjoy a day's gossip among his neighbors. What was his surprise on returning, to find the favorite tree laying upon the ground. "How is this? I thought you were placed here to protect my tree, and not allow anybody to disturb the fruit thereon?"

"So I was, sir; but I found the top branches so high I could not keep the birds from it, and in order to fulfill my duty, I cut it down. Now, as I march around, I can guard every part, and assure you, not a bird or human being shall disturb it."

Excuse the owners ignorance—he could not exactly appreciate the advantage thus so kindly tendered him.

There, that is enough of your advice, again we hear. Well, we will desist.

You have borne with us so far, we feel flattered, and to show our appreciation of it, Mr. Editor, invite you, Compositors, Pressman and "Devil," to dine with us—as we have an ample supply, we will make one job of it, and invite all the regiment, from the Governor down to the last private of Company Q. Here is the

BILL OF FARE OF OUR ENIGMATICAL DINNER

we propose to set before you:—

First Course.

1. The divine part of man.
2. Ornamental part of the head.
3. Tailor's iron.
4. The Grand Signor's Dominions.
5. A lean wife.
6. A sign in the Zodiac.
7. An annual stipend.
8. Equal numbers and odd ends.
9. Iron vessels and two ciphers.
10. An unruly member.
11. Some hundreds and thousands in land measure.
12. A Tailor's plunder.
13. The work of a spider and old age.

Beverages.

1. County recluse.
2. Counterfeit agony.
3. A town in Portugal.
4. A sailor's desire.
5. A small tree.

6. Merry Andrew.
7. A high hill.
8. An island in the Atlantic.
9. A soldier's habitation.
10. Adam's ale and ghosts.

Dessert.

1. Instruments of torture.
2. Motives.
3. The top of milk and squirrels delight.
4. To fret, and Eve's temptation.
5. A game and nuts.
6. A Dutch Prince.
7. Married folks.
8. The drink of gods, and the skin of mellons.
9. Columbus and the seat of life.
10. Musical Instruments.
11. Domestic fowl and produce of a hedge.
12. Things of no consequence.
13. A defence and nuts.
14. Marks of content.
15. Running streams.
16. What England never will be.

If any one of your readers will give us a solution by next week's issue, we will promise to make him an officer in the regiment we recruit, to make war on the first foreign nation that interferes with our present troubles.

CHAPLAIN:

[For "The Cavalier."]

EDITOR CAVALIER:

Sir:—The present state of the health of our men, and the condition of the camp, compels me to remind our officers of a very necessary portion of their duties, which the majority of them seem entirely to overlook. A commander may have his troops in the highest state of discipline, well clothed, and armed with the most superior weapons. He may have all the essential qualifications of a great military leader, and yet, by a little neglect of the physical condition of these same forces, may place them in a worse position than if defeated by the enemy. Every one who reads, or at all interests himself about the history of war, knows the fearful ravages that disease makes in armies. Let typhoid fever, cholera, scurvy, yellow fever, or any of the hosts of diseases to which troops are subject, make their appearance, and there is no need of the enemy's bullets. I have therefore thought it proper, in this way, to call the attention of the officers to the sanitary condition of the camp, and impress upon their minds the necessity of a thorough change. I would also most respectfully call attention to a few extracts from the "Revised Army Regulations." "In camp or barracks the company officers must visit the kitchen daily, and inspect the kettles. The commanding officer of the post or regiment will make frequent inspection of the kitchens and messes. The greatest care will be observed in washing and scouring the cooking utensils. The bread must be thoroughly baked, and not eaten until it is cold. The soup must be boiled at least five hours, and the vegetables always cooked sufficiently to be perfectly soft and digestible." These duties are of the utmost importance—not to be neglected.

SURGEON.

COL. WYNKOOP, of the 7th Pa. Cavalry, writes that four companies of his regiment were captured at Murfreesboro, with all of the officers, except Capt. McCormick, Capt. Andrews and Lieut. Mooney. Major Seibert, Col. Duffield and Gen. Crittenden are prisoners. Fifty-two of the battalion escaped capture, and reached the Colonel at Nashville. The entire regiment started, subsequently, under his command, to Murfreesboro. The loss to the command was 150 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners.—*Miners' Journal.*

GEN. BAYARD returned yesterday, and is now in command of his Brigade. To-morrow a portion of his forces are to go upon a reconnoissance. I shall probably be able to obtain some more items.

**Local Items.**

**A SCOUT.**—On Saturday last, a portion of the forces under Major Boeteler, laying at Bahrenville, started on a scout toward the enemy's pickets. Leaving a reserve at Kent Co. Court House, the Major, with Lieutenants Tears and Roberts, of the 11th Pa. Regiment, with twenty men, decided on going as far as possible, and with that purpose in view divided again their force, and with eyes well open and ears not deaf, took the road to the White House. Three miles had been traversed, when a picket came in view, but if we had not taken a faster pace, would not so have stayed. The dust rising from their retreating heels partially obscured them from view, but the noise of the chase seemed to have increased and we soon discovered that their numbers had been trebled by the addition of other pickets retreating alike with them. The White House field at last came in sight, and there lay the black ruins of that magnificent building. Our enemy, however, did not stop to admire the landscape, till seeing our horses slacken their speed, they slowing came to a stand, and watched our movements. Satisfying ourselves that the White House, at least, was clear of encampments, we faced about and returned. At the picket post, at which we had first surprised them, was found a small Bible, having in its front the name of the owner, and an exhortation from an apparently beloved, though deceased wife. Lient. Tears at once took charge of the memorial, and writing a few lines in the back of the volume, left it in the hands of a farmer, to be carried back to the owner, if he returned to that vicinity. It is the soldier's delight to capture the arms of an enemy, but memorials such as the above, are sacred.

**FIRE!**—The building, formerly used as the Clerk's office of the different courts held here in time of peace, and containing the records of all proceedings held in those courts for years back, was burned early on the morning of the 29th, inst. The fire, commencing in the centre of the building, soon made itself known by the bright light which shone upon the surrounding objects. A messenger, from the region of the fire, quickly made known the fact to the post guard, which taking the double quick step, was soon upon the scene of action; axes were obtained, the doors and windows broken open, the contents as far as possible, saved; but the building, being already too far gone, was allowed to burn. This will prove, it is supposed, a heavy loss to the citizens of this district. The building itself, though a relic of the past, could have been spared, but a considerable amount of the records were completely destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

No damage was done to any of the surrounding buildings. On Sunday last the flag at the Insane Asylum was hoisted, and for a half hour remained floating, with the Union down. Carelessness caused the mistake, which was soon, however, corrected, and the stars were once more in their place. Cannot someone find some emblematic fore-shadowing of the future, from the incident?

**FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.**  
Another grand exploit of the Harris Light Cavalry—Brilliant Charge of the Third Indiana Cavalry—Rout of Stuart's Famous Cavalry—Destruction of a Rebel Camp, Wagons, Commissary Stores, Railroad and Train Loaded with Grain.

Immediately upon the heels of the brilliant dash upon Beaver Dam, another affair, equally daring in its conception and surpassingly successful, has instilled enthusiasm into the ranks and opened the eyes of Rebeldom to the new order of things. As our cavalry returned from Beaver Dam on Sunday evening, it will be remembered that the Rebels followed them up to within a short distance of Fredericksburg. Finding that they could not overtake us, they proceeded down toward the Bowling Green road, where they surprised a party of the third Indiana cavalry, capturing a lieutenant and seven men. On Tuesday evening, at 4 o'clock, Lieutenant Colonel Kilpatrick started out in pursuit of the enemy, believed to be lurking in our vicinity. Mount Carmel was reached at daylight. Here it was expected the Rebels were encamped, and preparations were made for surprising them; but no enemy could be found. Hearing that the Rebels passed along there every morning, Colonel Kilpatrick sent Captain Seymour, with fifty men, to ambush them; but the party had proceeded but a short distance before they suddenly came upon the enemy. The command immediately charged upon the Rebels, who broke like sheep, and, rushing down to the North Anna river, abandoned horses arms, clothing and

everything, and plunged pell mell into the stream. Following them across, the pursuit was continued until Kilpatrick came upon them, drawn up in the road in columns of platoons, with dismounted men, armed with rifles, deployed as skirmishers in the fields to the right and left. Colonel Kilpatrick, Major Davis and Captain Walters rode up towards the enemy, only three hundred yards distant, and opened conversation, the Rebels inquiring what he wanted, to which the Colonel replied, "What does it look like?" Returning to the column, the skirmishers under Major Davis and Captain Walters commenced to advance. As yet not a shot had been fired. Presently the rifles and carbines opened along the line, the enemy's balls whistling over our skirmishers' heads, while now and then a Rebel reeled and fell before our deadly carbines. This continued several minutes, the cavalry maintained their position on the road. One shot intended for Col. Kilpatrick passed through a horse's head, killing him instantly, and, striking the Colonel's left side, fell to the ground. On the skirmishers slowly but surely pressed, both sides jeering each other, each confident of victory. Soon it became evident that the enemy must retire, and in a moment the Rebel commander was heard to order, "By platoons, left about, wheel."

Hardly had the rebels turned their horses heads when Major Chapman and the Indiana boys were upon them, dismounting men, capsizing horses, and driving the enemy helter skelter towards their camp. In after them went our cavalry hurrying them down towards Hanover Junction, where they retired behind reinforcements, when our men fell back to the abandoned camp. Here a portion of the cavalry fired a railroad train loaded with grain, a number of wagons, tents, commissary and medical stores, and other valuable property. While the handful of men were hastening the work of destruction, a large body of Stuart's cavalry appeared at a short distance. Had they charged they would have utterly annihilated our troops, as they outnumbered us three to one; but, halting a moment to reconnoitre, Col. Kilpatrick determined on a bold strike. Sounding the rally, his scattered men closed up behind the platoon which the Colonel had suddenly thrown across the road, while Major Davies was sent with skirmishers to flank the enemy. Stealing off to the right, Major Davies had succeeded in getting on their flank and almost on their rear before being discovered. Opening a brisk fire upon their flank, the command wheeled and fled, followed by our cavalry, who, after chasing them down the railroad as far as was deemed prudent, returned, first, however, building a lot of fires along upon the track. The party then returned to camp, reaching Fredericksburg last night at twelve o'clock, having marched twenty-four hours, routed a vastly superior rebel force, composed principally of Stuart's famous cavalry, destroyed several thousand dollars worth of property, cut down the telegraph line, and captured a large number of horses, together with several prisoners.

**FROM GEN. POPE'S ARMY.**

Culpepper, July 21st, 1862. A portion of General Pope's army now occupies Culpepper. Gen. Hatch entered the town on the 14th inst.; General Bayard's Brigade followed on the 17th inst., two days afterwards. General Hatch's forces proceeded to within a short distance of Gordonsville, but withdrew to Madison Court House shortly afterwards. The Fifth New York Cavalry, First Michigan Cavalry, First Ohio Cavalry, First Vermont Cavalry, two regiments of Infantry and a battery, composed of the forces engaged in a reconnaissance towards Gordonsville. The Fifth New York Cavalry, Col. Brodhead, were in the advance. After maintaining their position for some time they returned to Madison.

A portion of our pickets, who had retired to a barn to partake of their dinners, were captured by a party of Rebel infantry. General Bayard's Brigade, under command of Colonel Owen Jones, (Acting Brigadier-General in absence of General Bayard,) First Pennsylvania Cavalry, also proceeded to Madison Court House. The woods were reported as being thickly infested with guerrillas, and strong bodies of the Rebel infantry and Cavalry. This command also withdrew to James City, some eight miles from here, and yesterday moved their encampment to Culpepper. This afternoon we have had strong RECONNOITERING PARTIES out in every direction. They report heavy Rebel cavalry pickets this side of Gordonsville, and some prisoners taken state that with a force of twenty-five thousand men. The report is generally credited here.

**The Rebel Gunboat Arkansas.**

A correspondent of the Chicago "Times," says the fleet of Commodore Davis took up a station at about dark, and opened on their batteries to draw their fire. They succeeded admirably, and at an unexpected moment the fleet struck into the channel and descended the river. As each boat arrived opposite the Arkansas she slackened and poured her broadside into her. She answered as well as she could in such a storm of missiles, and put one or two balls into our vessels, but her main occupation was to lie still and take it. Upwards of a hundred guns, some of them throwing ten inch shots, poured their deadly charges into her. Seven inch steel pointed shot were fired into her and I learn, by Rebel sources, that one of them went through her and killed two men. This, they maintain, is the only damage done her. The firing was tremendous. The Sumter also ran into her and tried to knock a hole in her hull, but seemingly might as well have run into a rock. The batteries, of course, joined in the engagement, and poured shot into our vessels as well as they could in the darkness. The roar of guns was like an earthquake, and nothing more terrific was ever conceived than this grand artillery duel by night. It lasted an hour, and then our vessels passed below and took up their old anchorage. In the morning messengers were despatched to see what damage the Arkansas had sustained. By going up the opposite bank of the river she could be plainly seen. She was careened, as if to stop her holes in the hull, and her steam pumps were at work. A barge lay alongside for the use of the carpenters. It did not appear that she was in any danger of sinking. Two batteries, such as no boat in the world ever went through before, had failed to demolish her. I find by the account of those who had good views of her, that this formidable craft has perpendicular sides of six or eight feet, in which the port holes are pierced. This is different from the common understanding of her model, which has been that her perpendicular sides were low. She presents six or eight feet in height of solid iron, eight inches thick. She is one hundred and fifty feet long.

**THE NEW GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.**

Washington, July 25th, 1862. General Halleck and Staff, accompanied by General Burnside, left Washington last evening for Fortress Monroe, General Halleck will return to-morrow. It is understood that the President gives him entire control of all military matters. The loss before Richmond, from accounts recently received from Washington, July 25th, 1862, the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, the official report of the battles before Richmond states that the killed, wounded and missing, approximates to 16,000.

ANOTHER FIRE.—As we are about going to press, another fire disturbs the city. Insignificant is the loss, however, but it gives us warning that incendiaries are in our midst.

Midnight.—We again stop the press to record the incendiarism of three more barns.

**Advertisements.**

**A CARD.**  
I, William Lavery, of Oakland Farm, near Warwick river, was in Williamsburg, on the 18th day of July, inst., coming down the Main St. of the aforesaid town of Williamsburg. I saw or discovered a man that was formerly called the Governor or Steward of the Insane Asylum of Williamsburg, by the name of Douglass, sitting near Dr. Kaines shop, insulting the people; as they passed by. He halloed "Lafferty," disdainfully before I came up, and when I came forth to him, I said, "Don't insult me, sir, for I won't allow you." He halloed after me again, but I didn't hear distinctly what he said. I came back and asked him what he said, and he answered "Lump," in a most disdainful manner, and I said to him "Lump yourself," and passed on. Now I should like the Government to get this Douglass some employment in the stables, and keep him out of the streets, and from insulting decent people as they pass.

**FRESH ARRIVAL.**  
WILL BE OPENED ON SATURDAY, August 2nd, a full assortment of goods just arrived from the North, consisting of the following:  
**GROCERIES.**  
Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Salt, Spices, Cheese, Brooms, Buckets, Soap, Candles, Smoked Beef, Prime Sugar, Cured Hams, Sheep's Tongue, &c. &c. &c.  
**DRY GOODS.**  
Calico, Lawn, Berge, Ladies' Dusters, Bleached and Unbleached Cottons, &c. &c. &c.  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
Ladies' Morocco Boots and Slippers, Gentlemen's Gaiters, Children and Misses Boots and Shoes.  
Sugar, Tobacco, Perfumery, Medicines, &c. &c.  
JACOB AUB.  
Sutler, 5th Penn. Cavalry.  
Main St.  
Williamsburg, Va.

**Legal Advertisements.**

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
Thomas Gardner, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. George D. Wise, Defendant.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, the sum of fifty dollars, with interest from 9th day of April, 1858.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held for the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
John D. Parks, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. Thos. C. Parsamore, Surv. Def.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, Thomas C. Parsamore, survivor of himself and Robert B. Neely, deceased, the sum of fifty dollars, with interest from 2d day of June, 1858, subject to a credit for two years' interest.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed July 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
Richard B. Winder, Plaintiff } In debt.  
use and benefit of Wm. C. Coleburn, against

George D. Wise, Def. }  
The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, the sum of five hundred dollars, with interest from the 15th day of December, 1859.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held for the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
Thomas C. Parsamore, Plaintiff } In debt.  
use and benefit of James W. Gillet, against

George D. Wise, Def. }  
The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, the sum of fifty dollars, with interest from 29th day of December, 1857, subject to a credit of eleven dollars and seventy-five cents, paid 17th day of November, 1858.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed July 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
Jacob Showard, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. Geo. S. Scarborough, &c., Defts.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendants, George Scarborough and George D. Wise the sum of one hundred dollars, with interest from 4th day Jan., '61. Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed Feb. 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants are deemed non-residents of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests, and that a copy of this order shall be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front of the Court House of this County, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
Rosina M. Fulford, Plaintiff } In debt.  
use and benefit of Tabetha A. Edwards, vs.

George D. Wise, &c., Defts.  
The object of this suit is to recover from the defendants, George D. Wise, John L. Wise, and Benjamin T. Gunter, the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest from 17th day of March, 1860, subject to a credit of two years interest.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants, George D. Wise and John J. Wise, are deemed non-residents of this State, and order of publication is awarded against the said defendants; and it is ordered that the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests. And that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
William C. White, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. Geo. D. Wise, Defendant.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, survivor of himself and Lorenzo I. Bell, deceased, the sum of three hundred dollars, with interest from 12th May, 1860.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, and order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
William T. Gardner, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. G. D. Wise & J. J. Wise, Defts.

The object of this suit is to recover from George D. Wise and John J. Wise, defendants, the sum of two hundred dollars, with interest from the 30th October, 1855.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed Feb. 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants are deemed non-residents of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendants; and it is ordered that the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
William C. White, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. George D. Wise, &c., Defts.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendants, George D. Wise and John J. Wise, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, with interest from 27th day of July, 1857, subject to a credit for four years' interest paid.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed Feb. 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants are deemed non-residents of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendants; and it is ordered that the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the county of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.  
William R. Maph, Plaintiff } In debt.  
vs. Richard B. Winder, &c., Defts.

The object of this suit is to receive from Richard B. Winder and Thomas C. Bunting, the sum of one hundred dollars, with interest from May 1st, 1860.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed Feb. 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant, Richard B. Winder is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant, Richard B. Winder, do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the court-house of this county on the first day of the next County Court.  
TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

### THE PLAINT OF THE PLAINTER.

I owned a hundred niggers,  
All sound and likely working hands,  
Worth very pretty figures,  
And now they're Contrabands;  
They ne'er felt whip nor paddle,  
They would not run away from me,  
'Twas I that did skedaddle,  
And left them to go free.

I owned a nice plantation,  
A richer one you'll hardly find;  
I hated like darnation  
To leave it all behind;  
I entered Davis' army,  
Because his soldiers did incline  
To feather and to tar me,  
If I refused to jine.

And here I starve and shiver,  
My legs are weak, my arms are thinned;  
My tears have raised the river—  
My sighs may raise wind!  
Our Ship of State is rotten,  
And though I've fiercely fought and bled,  
And burned up all my cotton,  
I haven't got a red!

O, for the days long faded,  
Before we'd tried secession's ruse!  
When proudly I paraded  
With the Savannah Blues!  
But now Abe Lincoln's banner  
Waves high; and soon, undoubtedly,  
His troops will take Savannah,  
And give the Blues to me!

### Miscellaneous.

#### STORY OF AN ITALIAN HEROINE.

A letter from Florence, in the London "Atheneum," gives this account of an Italian heroine, who joined her husband in following the fortunes of Garibaldi:

"One of those long and picturesque torchlight funerals, which are so striking to a stranger's eye, as they wind up to the new internural burial-ground of Florence, among the olives and cypresses of the steep hill of San Miniato, issued from the Duomo, a few evenings ago, and took its way at the Ave Maria towards the Porta Marinello, a young Venetian woman in the bloom of life, who had fought bravely by her husband's side in the ranks of Garibaldi's gallant 'thousand,' when they swept victoriously through Sicily, from Marsala to Messina, and thence to Naples and Capua, carrying all before them.

"The carrying home of the poor *Garabaldina*, whose short life had ended sadly in Florence, amid the straits of pinching poverty, would at any time have called forth a manifestation of public respect and sympathy—now, of course, the crowded following of the procession was swelled by those of the ultra-red party, who would fain have given it the appearance of a demonstration.

"The little story of *Tonina* is a moving touch of romance in real life, yet is simple and winning as were her slender figure and fair pale face, shaded with the golden-brown hair which so often shines out from the canvases of the old Venetian painters. Nothing of assumption, nothing of unfeminine or theatrical sternness contributed to shape the attitude of her quiet courage. Her husband, who in his early youth had fought the battle of 1848, was employed when the war of 1859 broke out, and the youth of Venice emigrated by hundreds into the neighboring liberated provinces, in the dangerous service of guide to these fugitives from Austrian vengeance, across the desolate tract of country laid waste by the capricious inundations of the Po, which lies between them and the longed for river bank, from which they steered across into a land of safety. The secret liberal committees of the Venetian territory had in their employ many such trusty servants, ready to dare all risks to convey the ardent young volunteers, penniless and friendless, across the perilous ground, and to pass them from one to the other under cover of night, unscathed by Austrian bullets, to the frontier. Marinello and his wife were among the bravest and truest of these guides, until, after many months'

exercise of their dangerous profession, the suspicions of the Austrian authorities fell on them, and they too were forced to fly with their only child, a little girl of tender age, and take refuge at Modena.

"Garibaldi's noble forlorn hope was just then setting forth for Sicily. Marinello quitted his temporary refuge and hurried to join it, and his wife, refusing to be separated from him, left her little one to the care of a dear friend, who promised to adopt her as his own, and went to Genoa, where, finding that the expedition had already started, they set sail in the first fishing boat that left the port for Marsala.

"Once there, Marinello joined the Sacchi brigade of volunteers; but though both he and his wife were known for bravery and good conduct to Col. Faracini, who commanded it, the stringent orders issued from head-quarters against the admission of women into the ranks, rendered it a matter of no small difficulty for *Tonina* to remain at her husband's side. She did, however, at length prevail with the Colonel, and her name was entered on the rolls as that of Antonio Marinello, the boy-brother of her husband; nor did any individual of the corps in which she served during the whole campaign, guess her sex, which was known only to Colonels Faracini and Bossi. Her slight figure and youthful appearance tallied well with that of a number of the striplings who fought in the ranks beside her; she wore the common Garibaldian uniform, and endured fatigue and hardship to the full, as well as her comrades—and the fatigues and hardships of that campaign were neither slight nor few.

"Her commanding officers give high testimony to the valor, discipline and the unflagging spirit of this unassuming little Venetian heroine, who was decorated by the General's own hand, on the field of battle. They say she was ever the first to volunteer for some dangerous duty, and the last to quit her post while that duty was unfilled; and all agree that she gained the affection, respect and admiration of her fellow-soldiers, by her bravery in the field, and her good-humored helpfulness in camp life.

"*Tonino* fought through the campaign unscathed, though her husband received several, but not severe wounds. When Capua was taken, and the whole volunteer corps were disbanded, husband and wife turned their steps again towards Modena, and, finding the friend dead who had given a home to their child, brought her on with them to Florence, and there lived poorly on from day to day, partly on their own small earnings, and partly on the assistance given to them by the Committee for the Venetian emigration. It was not before the wife had gone into a wasting disease of the lungs that the extreme distress of the poor household was fully known to those who had the means to relieve it. Succor was immediately and generously given; the dying mother was placed under the best medical care, and the delicate little girl sent to the sea-side, and admitted into the admirable *Ospizio Marini*, or hospital for sickly children, at Via Reggino. But the help so much needed, came too late for poor *Tonina*, though the same care two or three months earlier might have saved her life. She died as meekly as she had lived, in the home where she had struggled through her last suffering year of existence. The arms she had borne in battle, and her faded red Garibaldi shirt were laid among the garlands on her coffin, and a simple gravestone will be placed above her at San Miniato, where the beautiful church terrace looks out over the towers and domes of Florence to the sunlit hills."

Young men who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits.

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

A merchant tailor in the city of Buffalo, having accumulated a competency at his trade, determined to throw aside his shears and bodkin and spend the remainder of his life upon a farm.

He purchased several hundred acres of land in Tonawanda, and there was a "fishing-ground" on the estate. Mr. C., the ex-merchant, was delighted with his new occupation, and he devoted his best efforts with untiring zeal to farming and fishing. Being hard of hearing, he often made ludicrous blunders, which excited the mirthfulness of his friends and customers. His graceful and beautiful daughter was at boarding school near New York city at the time her father purchased the farm. She had a lover and promised to marry him, providing he could obtain the consent of her parent to the matrimonial alliance.

The young man travelled West as fast as the iron-horse would take him in that direction. On the morning after his arrival he was strolling along the banks of the creek that sweeps through the village of Tonawanda, when he met a plain old gentleman, dressed in home-spun, and inquired of him "if the cars had commenced running to the Falls yet."

"Principally pike and mullet," said he.

"You misunderstand me," continued the young man. "I merely wish to know if the cars have commenced their trips to the Falls of Niagara, and what the fare is."

"From three to four cents a pound."

"Do you intend to insult me?"

"I will let you have a large quantity for two cents."

"I have a good mind to give you a caning for your impertinence."

"Well, if you do not choose to give it, I know who will."

"I should like to know if there are any more such fools as you are in the town of Tonawanda."

"We shall make another haul in the morning before daylight."

At this instant another citizen made his appearance and the stranger stated his grievance to him. He said:

"I have been asking this old man a few civil questions, and he has given me the most impertinent answers."

"O, he is deaf!" exclaimed the third party. He is as deaf as a post: but he is a very fine old gentleman—one of the best men in town—one of the most influential and respectable men in the county, indeed. He is not impertinent. He deals in fish somewhat, and so do I. It is possible he may think that I am endeavoring to under sell him, will you therefore do me the favor to write down your question on a scrap of paper, and save me from suspicion, and satisfy yourself in regard to the old gentleman's politeness?"

The young man commenced writing, when the old farmer-fisherman interrupted with the remark,

"I will not take a note of hand; cash on the nail, or no trade."

"He is preparing a note," said the last-comer.

"Call me a brute, do you?" exclaimed Mr. C.; "then take that!" and suiting the action to the word, he dealt him a blow straight from the shoulder which prostrated him "flat as a flounder."

By this time the note was finished, and the old gentleman discovered his mistake—and about this time the young stranger made the discovery that he had been picking a quarrel with his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. C. made an apology, and invited both parties to go over to the house and dine. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction, the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came such a long distance to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter!" screamed the young man. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

"[Confound the old cow!" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."]

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter!"

"She is very kind—indeed, never breaks down the fences—never kicks over the pail—never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at boarding-school!"

"No I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement.

"Did you say I ought to?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home!"

"Yes—I have plenty of room; but I think she is too old to keep much longer. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her on chop stuff a few weeks."

"Great Heavens!" remarked the young man, to himself. "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me! I will try once more, and if this fails, I will resort to pencil and paper again."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter!"

"I shall let the butcher have her by-and-by—if he will give me my price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As a last resort the young man used his pencil and paper,—showing his letters of introduction, handsomely endorsed by men whose opinion was good authority on the delicate question on the tapis. After a little cross-questioning, and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the parties were married, he declared it was the best haul he had made in his life.

### Hennessiana.

WON'T EMIGRATE.—The colored population of Boston have held a public meeting to consider the subject of colonization. They don't believe in the project, and their resolutions are pointed:

Resolved, That when we wish to leave the United States we can find and pay for that territory that shall suit us best.

Resolved, That when we are ready to leave we shall be able to pay our own expenses of travel.

Resolved, That we don't want to go.

Resolved, That if anybody else wants us to go they must compel us to go.

A MARRIED LADY, walking in the streets of Washington, with her husband, persisted in mistaking every good-looking soldier they met for her brother. Her husband had begun to get nervous, and remarked to her that she had already embraced and kissed six young fellows, that she said were her beethers.

"Suppose I did make a mistake, and kiss the dear, brave fellows, don't they all deserve it?"

A METHODIST MINISTER, in presenting to the War Department a new shell that he had invented, is reported to have said that he had preached hell in the abstract a good while, and was now anxious to give a little of it in the concrete form.

FIVE hundred dollars reward is offered for a newspaper correspondent who corresponds with the truth. Offer particularly open to the Staff of the Associated Press.

THE worst kind of tax on a man's temper: tacks left sticking up on the inside of his boots.

If A MAN is doomed to the stake, he would most generally prefer that it should be beef.

### Legal Advertisements.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.

Levira Grey, Pltff. } In debt.  
vs.  
John J. Wise, Def.

The object of this suit is to recover from the Defendant, John J. Wise, the sum of fifty dollars, with interest from 1st day of December, 1860.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and to enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county, on the first day of the next County Court.

TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.

Samuel J. White, Pltff. } In debt.  
vs.  
J. J. Wise & G. D. Wise, Dfts.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendants, John J. Wise and George D. Wise, the sum of two hundred and sixty-three dollars, with interest from 1st day of January, 1861.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and to enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants are deemed non-residents of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendants; and it is ordered that the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.

TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held for the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.

Ailanth & Allen, use and benefit of Richard Lewis, } Pltff.  
vs.  
George D. Wise, Def.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars, with interest from 8th day of June, 1859.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded to the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.

TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.

Samuel J. White, Pltff. } In debt.  
vs.  
G. D. Wise & J. J. Wise, Dfts.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendants, George D. Wise and John J. Wise, the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, with interest from 1st day of January, 1861.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed February 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendants are deemed non-residents of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendants; and it is ordered that the said defendants do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.

TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Court of the County of Accomack, July 7th, 1862.

John D. Parkes, Pltff. } In debt.  
vs.  
George D. Wise, Def.

The object of this suit is to recover from the defendant, George D. Wise, the sum of one hundred dollars, with interest from first day of January, 1860, subject to a credit of six dollars for one year's interest.

Affidavit having been made in conformity to an act to amend and re-enact the act passed July 26th, 1861, entitled "An Act staying the collection of certain debts," passed July 8th, 1862, whereby the said defendant is deemed a non-resident of this State, an order of publication is awarded against the said defendant; and it is ordered that the said defendant do appear within one month after due publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect his interests. And that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for four successive weeks, in "The Cavalier," a paper published in the city of Williamsburg, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this county on the first day of the next County Court.

TEST. J. B. AILWORTH, C. A. C.