

# THE CAVALIER.

"THE UNION FOREVER, AND FREEDOM TO ALL."

VOL. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1862.

NO. VIII.

## JUST UNDER THE GUNS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Just under the guns"—I am trying to read,  
But strangely the letters grow dim,  
Through the lens of a tear, the danger appeals,  
The picture looks lurid and grim.  
I fancy my boy swiftly tracing these lines,  
On his knapsack laid over his knee,  
"Dear mother, the foe is now fairly in sight,  
Their fire from the ramparts we see."

And is it for this that I waited and watched,  
Since clasping the soft, childish hand,  
I guided his feet safely over the way,  
Through the changes of sweet baby-land?  
Watched ever to pluck from his pathway the thorn,  
Shielded ever from sorrow and care,  
And pillowed in sickness his head on my heart,  
Blessing softly, while slumbering there?

For this—taught him ever how glorious life  
Might be made by a will strong and true;  
How the battle is fought and the victory won,  
Where the power joins the purpose to do.  
But stay—how is this—such weakness and fear,  
How I shiver in womanish fright;  
Have I strangely forgotten the One who will watch  
Charlie "under the guns" all the night?

That sentinel sleepless, forever on guard,  
With the stars for his lantern aglow,  
The world for his round, its people his care,  
And sin for his treacherous foe,  
Whose foot never falters, whose eye never sleeps,  
Over those we entrust to his care;  
To Him and his vigil my child I commit,  
And seal the dear charge with a prayer.

If soon it should please the great Master of all  
To order him off up above,  
He knows the sweet password to open the way,  
Even Jesus his blood and his love.  
And if the dark road is just under the guns,  
I'll ask only this for my son,  
That the angels may cheer him, the promise support,  
Till the heaven of glory is won.

## Select Stories.

### MY FIRST AND LAST HUNT.

In the fall of '50 I caught the gold fever, and May, '51, saw me in company with some others, well up the never-to-be-forgotten, mosquito-biting, rain, hail and shine-in-a-minute, shiftless Platte. Encamped for a few days to enable a small company to overtake us that preferred to join for better protection, we decided on a grand buffalo hunt. We had listened to the stories and exploits of the numerous traders along the road till we fairly ached to have a pop at the shaggy monarchs of the plain.

As it was agreed that we should hunt in parties of two each, Bill Allen and myself struck out about daylight for the low hills that skirted the western margin, determined on having the first buffalo, little dreaming how near the "first buffalo" would come to having us. But let us not anticipate. A couple of hours' brisk walking brought us to the foot of the hills, when we sat down to rest awhile, eat our snack of breakfast, and enjoy the delicious freshness of the

morning. We were too impatient, however, to tarry long, and were soon wending our way through the hills into the interior. Deer, antelope, hare, quail, and such game, we passed in abundance without deigning them the slightest notice.

After a few hours of wearisome traveling we were gratified on ascending a sharp rise to behold a fine valley spread out before us. It was about three or four miles wide, and extended about the same distance to our right and left. A deep ravine, which traversed the entire length of the valley, and the numerous smaller ones which intersected it at various distances on either side, evidenced that at certain seasons of the year it served as a drain for an extensive tract of country, emptying its waters into the Platte some ten miles north-east. It was richly covered with vegetation, a solitary sage bush here and there alone dotting with a darker hue this beautiful robed vale of the hills.

But the most pleasing sight to us was a small herd of buffalo quietly reposing at the base of the last of the far hills that intervened between us and the valley. We hastened cautiously along, and were soon peeping over the hill at our prey. To make a sure thing, we fired two shots simultaneously at a large bull that lay nearest to us. Our shots told, his head sank slowly to the ground, and he lay apparently as dead to all intents and purposes as our hearts could desire.

Without stopping to re-load, or even to give it a thought, we hastened to the body, the rest of the herd scampering off, leaving their less fortunate comrade in the hands of the Philistines. We were considerably excited by the time we arrived alongside our prize, and many were the congratulations we exchanged over our good luck. We stood gazing upon the body a few moments, each wondering what we were to do with so much buffalo, now we had it.

The first thing to be done, however, was to bleed him. Scarcely had the blade penetrated his thick hide, when, "presto change!" he stood before us in all the majesty of an outraged Jove. He appeared the very incarnation of anger and hate. His eyes glared through his shaggy locks like coals of fire, whilst the quiet switch of the tail, and the slow, earnest movement of his hoof, as he crushed the grass and shrubs under him, betokened a determination to be avenged for the outrage committed on his sacred person by two such Lilliputians as we no doubt appeared to him. We were utterly defenceless, and with but one recourse, and that was to beat a hasty retreat. We had found when too late that we had merely stunned him for a few minutes, that the tables were turned, the game in his hands, and the quicker we parted company, the better for our personal appearance and comfort.

Being the challenged party, we had the choice to run back up the hills the way we came, or into the valley toward the ravine, about a quarter of a mile distant. We made a quick choice of the latter, and grasping our rifles tightly, made a splendid dash for the quarter. We had gained about one-third of the distance, before Mr. Buffalo became fully aware of the change in positions. Then, however, shaking his head to

clear his eyes of his beautiful locks, and see that his horns were all right, he flung his tail over his back with a triumphant whirl, and started in pursuit of the retreating forces.

You may talk of inducements for getting up motion, a silver this or a golden that, or the champion belt of the universe—but I never found a greater incentive to action than a well-developed, healthy, ambitious American Buffalo, a short distance in your rear, in search of satisfaction for injuries inflicted with malice aforethought—and with a bright prospect of finding it.

On we went, ever and anon casting a glance over our shoulders to see how the chase progressed. It progressed well. Every time we looked back, we realized the unpleasant fact that our chances for reaching the ravine first grew very slim, though what was to follow after reaching it, and what better opportunity we should have for escape, we had no time to consider. On came the buffalo. He was sure he had a sure thing, so sure, indeed, that on his route he indulged in a few ungainly antics, such as going through the motions of elevating a couple of unfortunate bipeds considerably above their mother earth, etc., etc., perhaps to give us the idea how it was done, so that when the crisis arrived we should not be taken by surprise.

Nearer, yet nearer he came. A few moments more will decide. We can almost feel his hot breath upon us, and imagine his strong arms punched through us. The horrible feeling is fast coming to a climax, when we go over some bush into a ravine some twenty feet deep. We soon struck bottom. The extra weight of our friend sent him across to the other side, where he stuck a few feet from the top, and with mingled rolls and tumbles fetched up all right at the bottom, a madder, if not a wiser brute. Here we three met again! The novelty of our position, and the ludicrous appearance of his buffaloship as he descended the bank, drove all thought of flight from our heads, till we suddenly stood again face to face. His eyes grew a shade or two brighter as he surveyed us, probably calculating what share we could have had in this new misfortune that had just befallen him.

We soon parted company, with the hope on our part at least that we might never meet again. As he landed above, we were obliged to make down stream. The ravine was four or five feet wide, dry, and washed smooth and clean, so we had a fine track for another break. Passing rapidly along the ravine, we soon gained its junction with another coming in on the right. At the junction, the banks were steep and close together, forming a narrow and abrupt turn from the one ravine into the other. A short distance below, the ravine widened considerably.

There was but little room to spare between our rear and the frontispiece of our pertinacious friend as we quickly turned the angle up into our gulch. For a moment buffalo was thwarted. The angle was so short and the junction so narrow that he could not make the turn. But it was only for a moment. Looking up the gulch at us, and then below to see what the prospect was, he soon comprehended all. While we were

moving leisurely up the ravine, getting our wind and watching his manœuvres, he started down till he found it wide enough to turn, when he did so, and came after us like a quarter horse. We had a fair start, and sought to make the most of it when we saw the result of his last move. A few minutes' run brought us to a trail leading to the top, on the right hand side. We took it, and were once more on the plain. But the buffalo was close behind, and the plain was no place for us, so we struck across the narrow peninsula, down another trail into the ravine which had had the honor a few minutes before of receiving us so unexpectedly. Down we went, round the point just in the nick of time, and on went the buffalo down to his turning place, while we made the best of our way up the old track, again to perform the same evolution, the buffalo just losing enough in running below the junction to enable us to escape round the point by the skin of our teeth. He never looked to the right nor left on arriving at the junction. He knew what he had to do, and like a business animal he lost no time doing it.

To make a long story short, we executed about a dozen of these rounds with marvellous accuracy and precision, barely gliding round the point in time to avoid the avenging horns of our relentless persecutor. This could not last much longer. We were becoming well wearied, and began to find it hard to come to the point each round in time. The buffalo, on the contrary, seemed to enjoy and grow fresh on it.

As hope began to grow dim, a bright idea struck us, and we proceeded to put it into execution, wondering why we had not thought of it before. The next time passing round the point, as soon as the buffalo had shot down the ravine, we quickly turned back into the first and lay close to the bank. Back came our friend like a streak, and up the path we were wont to trace. As he passed we followed at a respectable distance, so that he should not discover us.

We came out of the ravine in time to see him enter the other; following on across, we likewise descended, but here our paths diverged; instead of following his fortunes or misfortunes any further, we started up the ravine at the best rate possible, leaving him to work out his destiny as best he could. After traveling a considerable distance, until we thought it safe, we ventured out on the open plain, and took retrospective view of the late scene of our operations. Suddenly the head, shoulders, and finally the huge body of our late acquaintance rose to view, crossed the level strip of ground, and as suddenly disappeared. We remained and witnessed several trips with great satisfaction, for distance did indeed lend enchantment to the view. Pondering deeply on our miraculous escape, we slowly walked toward camp.

How long he continued on the track, and what his "phelinks" were when he was forced to conclude that we were absent, and how many times he may have run vainly round, like a dog after his tail, I am not able to say; but this much I can say, and that is that I hold him in such dear remembrance that I could never be induced to trouble his kith or kin again. That was my first and last hunt.

## BAYONET CHARGES.

It is a very rare occurrence that men stand the approach of a well-directed bayonet charge, and it is understood that the highest courage and daring are necessary to resist it. There are stories extant of regiments meeting bayonet to bayonet, and crossing weapons; but we do not find any authentication of these. One favorite military anecdote relates that an English and French regiment once met in that way, and stood pressing each other without wounding a man, for a full half hour. In the Mexican war, we carried several important points "with the bayonet;" but this was seldom with any direct heavy charge in line. We once asked a distinguished officer whether one of those charges was an old-fashioned bayonet charge, in solid rank. He laughed, and said it was something very different. When the word "charge" was given, the men started on a run, yelling and shouting, and throwing off encumbrances as they ran. The very appearance of the body of furious, tiger-like men, approaching at a full run, and making the air hideous with their cries, frightened the enemy from his position, and it was seldom that a man had an opportunity to touch another with his bayonet.

LONGEVITY.—One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was the tranquility in which their after lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy years, and forty to an age of sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnett of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his forty-fifth year, and Lynch of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his sixtieth, died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty.

TO THE POINT.—A gallant fellow in the navy writes to a friend who counselled him in all kindness to bear himself bravely in the presence of the foe. "Don't bother me with advice. We think but little of the counsel of men who stay at home. Come out and show how to be brave." This is spirited and to the point. We wish some stalwart, strong-lunged fellows, who know so well how things ought to be done, and are so fond of airing their knowledge, would give the government the benefit of their skill by enlisting. Perhaps they are waiting for a draft.

BARBER.—This trade was practiced at Rome in the third century B. C. In England, barbers formerly exhibited a head, or pole, at the doors, and the barber's pole until lately used by them was a burlesque imitation of the former sign.



Editor and Conductor,

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

COMPOSITORS:

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

Ellas C. Hough, do. do.

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

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

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**JOB PRINTING.**

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

**McClellan's Army.**

It has been our privilege, within the last few days, to see and judge for ourselves of the condition and spirits of the "Army of the Potomac." That disease and the bullet have not been idle, is apparent to the observer at the first glance. Regiments, once so proud of their known strength, and ability to compete with the flower of their enemy, have been more than decimated by the ravages of the fever and the power of outnumbering antagonistic forces. Companies numbering when enlisted a hundred men, now muster on an average scarcely, indeed, half that number.

We, however, do not speak thus of the patriotism and energy of this army. Did they feel the blood of the American flowing with rational pride through their heated veins, at the taking of Sumpter? Did the energy of the American nerve them to leave home and friends at once, to avenge the wrongs of their flag? The same blood flows now from that beating heart, and enlivens the willing arm. The "Army of the Potomac" is not yet disheartened; brother by brother they are able and willing to follow their beloved leader wherever duty shall demand.

We hear it, from friend and foe, that the Army has lost their confidence in Gen. McClellan. It is emphatically and decidedly, *not so*. With the mind of a Giant, he has carried his army through perils that would have disheartened or crazed many that are now enjoying honor and fame, denied to him that deserves so much. We do not know, nor pretend to guess, where orders from head-quarters may direct our column, but we do know that McClellan, with his willing subjects, will be at no time far out of place.

**The Latest Army News.**

**Control Over Central Virginia Lost by the Rebels.**

The battle of Saturday, the 9th instant, was one of the most important of the war—not merely on account of the desperate valor and unfaltering discipline displayed by our troops, the obstinacy of the contest and the heavy losses on both sides, but because of its important effect on the campaign, of which it makes a part.

The design on the part of Jackson was an attempt to penetrate and recover the Valley of the Shenandoah, whence the richest supplies of the enemy are drawn, and the possession of which was a political importance, in the endeavor to hold Virginia as a part of the attempted Confederacy, not to be estimated.

The Rebel leaders hoped by this movement to so threaten Washington and Maryland, as to oblige us to leave Richmond and withdraw our forces to the line of the Potomac. To secure such an object and knowing that the Government was now relatively weaker and the rebellion stronger than could again occur in the war. The Richmond leaders sent the flower of the Southern Infantry under their most popular and enterprising Generals; a large body of cavalry, under their most distinguished cavalry officer, Maj. General Stuart, and an abundance of artillery.

When Jackson had arrived with his forces as far as Louisa Court House and Gordonsville, and found that the disposition of General Pope's forces was such that not only his own purpose to the valley was foiled, but his own direct communication with Richmond was interrupted, he called for further and speedy reinforcements, and with these which were freely promised, attempted to stop Pope's further advance upon the railroad—the destruction, or even the permanent threatening of which would debar the Richmond conspirators of all hope of the material or political control of Central Virginia.

Jackson attempted, by a feint upon Madison Court House and Sperryville, to detain our forces at the latter point, while, at the same time, he threw the mass of his forces, numbering at least 35,000 men, by the Orange Court House, upon us at Culpepper, expecting to find only a portion of our forces there, whom he could overwhelm and then march on Sperryville from Culpepper and crush the army corps of Gen. Sigel.

His plans were completely foiled by the rapid concentration of our forces at Culpepper, and their advances to meet him at Cedar Run.

The cool and determined temper of Banks accepted the proffered battle as soon as made and the battle of Saturday afternoon was fought between the advance under Banks and the advance of Jackson, under himself and General Ewell.

After endeavoring to rout and drive Banks' Corps, Jackson found himself compelled at night, by the rapid movements in front of him, to fall back to a very strong defensive position in Cedar Mountain; and, finding his line of retreat growing insecure, on the succeeding night he retreated altogether, retiring beyond Robertson's river, and again beyond the Rapidan.

The result is that Jackson has again fled, and forced to abandon his operations, with his prestige seriously impaired. He will be rapidly followed.

**Fresh Troops to the Seat of War.**

It is understood that Brigadier-General Ketchum has been ordered to proceed to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, and, if necessary to Albany, to consult with the Governors upon the measures proper to despatch the regiments to their destination. General Ketchum is Acting Inspector-General and will see that the bounty is paid to the troops, and that

they are fully equipped and armed with the greatest promptness as soon as organized, and that complete arrangements are made to forward them with despatch.

Brigadier-General H. C. Wright will proceed to Boston on similar business.

**An Offer from a Turkish Officer.**

Kadry Bey, late a Captain in the Imperial Body Guard of the Sultan, has written a letter to the President tendering his services for the defence of the Union. As he has seen much actual service, and has been decorated five different times for bravery, it is very propable the President will assign him to one of the staffs of our Generals, perhaps of General McClellan, who has been in Constantinople. Americans who visited Turkey on similar errands to that of Kadri Bey received appointments from the Turkish Government during the Crimean war.

**Reported Attack on Baton Rouge By Breckinridge.**

Rebel authority reports that Breckinridge attacked Baton Rouge on Tuesday morning last. He was at first repulsed with heavy loss. Gen. Clark, of Mississippi, and Colonel Thomas Hunt, of Kentucky, were killed. The repulse is laid to the failure of the ram *Arkansas* to come to time.

On the afternoon of the same day Breckinridge is said to have telegraphed to the Grenada *Appeal* that the *Arkansas* had arrived, destroyed one of our gunboats, and driven off the fleet, and that he had captured the entire Federal forces at that place.

The *Bulletin*, of the 10th, prints a report that Breckinridge had attacked and captured Baton Rouge. It is considered not improbable.

**Communicated.**

[For "The Cavalier."]  
**Family Quarrels.**

MR. EDITOR:—  
A mother had gathered around her an interesting family of thirteen children, who had always lived amicably and pleasantly together. She had been for the most part acting as loving mothers should, taking care of those placed under her charge. Everything bid fair for a long and peaceful continuance of the family relations, until the year 1773, when the mother conceiving herself slighted by some of the children, from their not bringing enough home for the support of the family, begun to exercise tyranny, and demand more than they could or would give. Hard words were freely indulged in between them, which only made matters worse, and in the year 1776 the children became determined in their course, unitedly declared themselves independent of, and forever free from the authority and rule of the mother.

*Poor mother!* She was at first dumb-founded at this rebellious spirit; but finding her children very stubborn, thought a little touch of the rod necessary to correct them. She soon brought forth her switch, and the chastisement commenced in earnest. What was her surprise and mortification to find that instead of producing the expected submission, it only made them more stubborn, and brought blows in return. Sometimes they catching her while she was gathering strength, or when her switch was broken, got the better of her. This state of affairs continued some seven years, all the time the mother growing weaker and weaker, from over exertion.

In the year 1783, she gave up the contest, and told her stubborn offspring to "clear out, and set up housekeeping for themselves." This the little ones were glad to hear, and immediately set about so doing—improving their farms, encouraging manufactures and commerce, they pursued the even tenor of their way until they had come to the conclusion nothing would again occur to disturb their peace.

How vain is human calculation. In the year 1811, another quarrel commenced to disturb their happiness. Mamma thought some of her *little chickens* were deserting the ancient coops, and finding shelter among those of her boys. This idea gradually increasing, became so strong that she determined on making an examination. "No sooner said, than done." She lifted, one by one, the new coops, taking those she *thought* her own; but her now grown up children denied "*the right of search*." They declared their property was sacred, and that mother "must ask them for what she wanted; that without permission she must let their chickens alone." The old lady not heeding their protests, ma and the boys must have another fight.

The year 1814 terminated the struggle, as mother found the boys had increased so in vigor, she could do nothing with them. She had been taught the bitter, but no less truthful lesson, that manhood was developing her once almost helpless youngsters—that age had added wisdom and strength to their infant minds, and that a stubborn independence was a marked feature in their character.

Peace now follows, and during her quiet reign our boys have their society increased by others, who seeing their prosperity and happiness, sign the compact with them. The boys made an agreement, when they thus joined together, that nothing should separate them, and that if others came to join them, they should think well over the subject, and never attempt to leave without the permission of all the rest. Soon they become rich, enjoyed every luxury and splendor, declared themselves independent of the whole world, and caused their flag to be respected wherever it might be found. Societies around them began to envy their happiness, admire their government, and wished that circumstances were favorable to emulate their example. Several tried the experiment, but thinking they were wiser than the boys, introduced new measures into their plan of government, which generally resulted in its overthrow.

One of their neighbors growing jealous of the increasing wealth of the boys, and occasionally losing some of its territory, determined to encroach upon them and dispute their right. Of course a battle ensued, but it did not take long for the boys to prove to their saucy neighbors that "might makes right," and they added another to their family who brought them so much gold that they exceeded all the other nations in riches.

But like many other families, the boys became too proud of their riches and greatness. A wily serpent creeps into the compact so indissolubly formed by them. Some had bought black servants to wait upon them, who thus become lazy and petulant, and would growl at their brethren for the slightest cause. The brethren responded, and many of them finding the cause of the mischief, gave up keeping their servants; and went to work themselves. This caused them to invent various articles to save the drudgery of labor, until that portion of the family became far the stronger and more numerous. Those that retained their servants, looked with disgust upon the others, called them "*mudsills*," and "defied them to prove their equality." This was very aggravating, but still the others knowing their strength, preferring to live in peace, bore it as patiently as they could, rather than shed the blood of their own brethren. At last the time rolled around for the election of another leader. The discontented ones could not agree as to who they would have, and one of the "*mudsills*" was elected. The would-be gentlemen took umbrage at this, and without waiting to detect any fault in his rule, decided to live by themselves, and were already moving articles pur-

chased from the common purse, and appropriating them to their own use. The others decided it should not be allowed, and their leader determined to make them behave better—"Let us alone," came up in painful accents from the seceders—but the answer goes back, "Our home was built for all; it shall not be parted." Blows were now resorted to, and the whole family are still engaged in this unnatural strife. The end is not yet certain, though it is generally thought that very soon the weaker party of the boys will "give it up for a bad job," and consent to live as formerly, in fraternal love.

But where is mother? Wringing her hands in apparent sorrow at the troubles of her offspring, she is reasoning with one and helping the other. She knows that she loves them both, and desiring their welfare only, words of reconciliation pass her lips, though none are ill-natured enough to say that she would try to help the weaker party were she not afraid that some of her neighbors might charge her with being inconsiderate, for she had repeatedly said "she did not think her boys ought to keep their black servants," and after all come out so badly hurt she would have to "give up the ghost."

CHAPLAIN.

[For "The Cavalier."]

**Cholera Morbus, Colic, &c.**

MR. EDITOR:—

The increase in the number of cases of Cholera Morbus, Colic, &c., which appears at the Hospital, from day to day, induces me to protest, in the most emphatic manner against the use of unripe fruits, to which cause, most, if not all of these cases may be attributed. In children these might be overlooked, but men, who ought have common sense, are not excuseable for such conduct.

Whilst nothing is more healthy or grateful to the system than fruit, when perfectly ripe, nothing is more injurious or pernicious than its use in a crude or unripe state. Those containing much acid should not be used until properly matured, and then only when well cooked and judiciously sweetened they may be taken in moderate quantity, but in no other manner can they be used with safety.

It is not only the immediate suffering and pain that results from these attacks, but the debilitating effects which they produce on the system, rendering it subject to the various climatic diseases. Therefore, if you value your health, and have no particular desire of shortening your term of existence, you will avoid the use of *unripe fruit* as you would arsenic.

SURGEON.

**How Mortars are Loaded and Fired.**

The following description of the mortar practice is by a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*:

"I took position on shore, near the point, and alongside the mortars, to witness their practice. The firing of a mortar is the very poetry of a battle: A bag of powder weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds is dropped into the bore of the huge mortar. The derrick drops the shell in: the angle is calculated, a long cord is attached to the primer; the gunner steps out upon the platform, and the balance of the crew upon shore. The captain gives the word, the gunner gives his cord a sudden jerk, a crash like a thousand thunders follows, a tongue of flame leaps from the mouth of the mortar, and a column of smoke rolls up in beautiful fleecy spirals, developing into rings of exquisite proportions.

One can see the shell as it leaves the mortar flying through the air, apparently no larger than a marble. The next you see of it, a beautiful cloud of smoke bursts into sight, caused by the explosion.



## SET FREE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

She lay, with her white arms folded  
Across in a meek embrace;  
And a beauty and light immortal  
Spread over her pale, young face.

And yet we prayed she might linger,  
And hoped for a respite brief;  
Could she but stay till Autumn,  
And fade with the falling leaf!

But our love was only cheating  
Conviction that gave us pain,  
For a beautiful form, white shrouded,  
Soon lay where she once had lain.

And we moved, with a muffled footfall,  
Through the gloomy and silent room;  
Though we knew that her gentle spirit  
Had gone from its dusky gloom.

## Miscellaneous.

### A LIVE YANKEE IN LONDON.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A live Yankee, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, visited the city of London. While passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade and travel, his attention was suddenly arrested by some beautiful specimens of writing paper, exposed for sale at a shop window. Seeing the proprietor of the establishment standing at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired of him what he did with "them nice bits of paper?"

"We keep them to tie up *gape seed* in," said the cockney snappishly.

"O, ye du, du ye?" said Jonathan, while he looked as though he was inventing a trick with which he intended to pay off the impertinent cockney in his own coin. Passing down the street a few steps, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant, who was not only an Englishman, but a gentleman also.

"I say, mister, can you tell me what that feller duz for a livin', what keeps them ere nice bits of paper at the winder?"

"Yes, sir; he is a small dealer in paper, and a sort of a scribe. He writes letters for those persons who desire his assistance."

"I reckon he is a very *small* dealer, and that he is a *pharisee* as well as a scribe. Du ye think he'd write a letter for me, if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly, he will, and jump at the chance. That is his principal occupation."

The Yankee thrust his hands (I might add arms,) into his pockets almost up to his elbows, for he felt the sting in the waspish words uttered by the paper dealer, and walked back to the shop where he had been so rudely treated.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell paper and write letters for folks that can't write. What will ye tax to write a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings," replied the Englishman, softening his tone, as his government does, since it has heard of our great victories.

"Will ye write jest what I tell ye, and spell the words right, as we do in Varmount?" inquired the Yankee.

"To be sure I will. I understand my business perfectly."

"Well, I don't care if ye du; I guess you may write to Sally."

The Londoner procured pen, ink and paper, and the Yankee commenced dictating after the following style:

"Dear sister Sally."

"Hev ye got that down?"

"Yes"

"Rived in London last week."

"Hev ye got that down, and spelt right?"

"Yes; go on."

"Thought ide go into the country and take a ride."

"Got that down right?"

"Yes, yes—go on; don't detain me so."

"I pay ye five shillings, don't I, by-and-by?"

"Yes, Yes; but you need not detain me so."

"That's my business, and not yourn. 'Wal, the old mare baulked.'"

"Baulked is a hard word; can you spell baulked, so that Sally will know what it means?"

"To be sure I can."

"Wal, I don't care of ye du."

"She would'n't go, so I licked her."

"Well, go on."

"Licked her—licked her—licked her—"

"Well, go on."

"Licked her—licked her—licked her—"

"What is the use of saying it so many times?"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings. 'Licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—'"

"This page is full of licked her's."

"Turn over, then. 'Licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her. She wouldn't go then, so I got out and kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her.'"

"You are not intending to say that as many times as you said licked her."

"None of your business; I pay you five shillings. 'Kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her. She wouldn't go then, so I sharpened the end of the whip handle, and I pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her.'"

"I cannot see any sense in all this."

"Never you mind; I pay you for what you do. 'Licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her. She wouldn't go then, so I got in and I —,'" (here the Yankee made a chirruping noise with his tongue and lips, which did defiance to orthography.)

"I cannot spell that," said the Englishman.

"O, ye can't spell that, ha? Wal, ye needn't write any more for me, if ye can't spell that."

"Need not write any more?" said the cockney, with a look of astonishment.

"No more," said the Yankee, perfectly composed.

"Not a word to close with."

"Nary a word."

"You will pay me for what I have written?"

"Not a red. You didn't write down all I told ye tu."

"Well, sir, what am I to do with all this paper I have spoiled?"

"Keep it to tie up *gape seed* in!"

The correspondent of the London Times, who has made so many false predictions may now have his paper for a similar purpose.

### A COOL SERGEANT.

Shortly before the retreat began at Fair Oaks, orderly Sergeant Small, of a Massachusetts regiment, was struck by a ball, which so completely shattered his arm that it has been amputated. He had been doing some splendid fighting, but overcome by the chock of this wound, he reeled toward the rear. Colonel —, galloping to and fro like a very incarnate spirit of the battle, descried and hailed him with a, "D—n it, sergeant, what do you come here for?" In that awful hour distinctions of rank lost their importance, when all stood on the common level of death. Stung by the inquiry, the orderly straightened himself up, and for a moment spoke not to his colonel, but simply to a man who had doubted his courage:

"Colonel," he replied, "you know blasted well I did not come here to do any running?" Then holding up his shattered arm, he said, "this is what I came here for!"

"Excuse me sergeant, I beg your pardon!" said the harsh but chivalric colonel; and the sergeant passed to the rear.

## LOVE IN A HEN-HOUSE.

In a late Scotch paper, we find an account of a ludicrous love-scraps, in auld Scotia. There lives, says the Caledonian editor, as servant on a farm not a hundred miles from Glen Lyon, a young man, who is Jack of all trades, and master of most. To his many accomplishments he has added the very agreeable one of beguiling a leisure hour by playing on the bagpipes. He has, withal, a lively sense of the ridiculous, as the sequel will show.

A young swain from one of the neighboring hamlets became, all of a sudden, enthusiastically fond of the bagpipes, and paid very frequent visits to the booth, ostensibly to gratify his musical taste, but really to court bonny Kitty, the dairymaid of the farm. This did not escape the keen eye of our friend of the "drone and chanter," who however, continued to act very innocently. Night after night did the love-sick swain present himself at the booth, and night after night did his friend mature a plan to take some fun out of his sly courtship. Each night, on leaving the booth, did the swain, unperceived, as he supposed, steal off to the hen-house, where he was in the habit of meeting the said Kitty.

At last the plot ripened; but as it would not work without a woman, our friend of the "drone and chanter" soon took an opportunity of squatting down at the ingleside of auld Grannie Skegg—an old woman beyond threescore and ten, but a great admirer of the doings of "the guid man o' Ballengeich," and still a fit hand for any ordinary adventure. After hearing all the out and ins, she consented to act a part in the plot, the nature of which will be readily guessed from the following piece of advice given to her by her visitor before leaving:—"When ye hear me blaw the pipe the morn's nicht, haste awa' up to the hen-hoose, and wait there for a wee. As sune's I stop playing, Kitty's sweetheart will leave me, and gang to the hen-hoose, whaur he meets Kitty. He'll mistake you for her, in the dark, an' dinna you lat on. Keep quiet, for if ance ye speak, you're dune. Hae, there's a pukle lozengers to pit the tobacco smell off your breath, and there's a net for your auld gray hair. 'A' cats are gray in the dark,' ye ken. Mind, noo, and dinna speak, and I'll sune be round to the hen-hoose wi' a licht."

Next night, as the shades of evening were closing in, the swain made his appearance at the booth, as usual. That night, the bagpipes were playing with great bir; but all of a sudden the drones were thrown aside, the player stating that he had to go from home. The swain, nothing loth, left too; but instead of returning home, made, as usual, for the hen-hoose. Expecting to be to soon, he was pleased to find Kitty (at least, so he supposed,) there before him. In reply to his expressions of delight, grannie says "hush," and gives him a significant nudge with her elbow. The moving spirit of the mischief, when he threw aside his pipes in the booth, instantly proceeded to the kitchen, and astonished its inmates by declaring that he had just fallen in with a bat's nest and five eggs, in the hen-hoose. All immediately agreed to go and see the wonder; and quietness being enjoined, and the light darkened, in order not to frighten away the old bat, they proceeded to the hen-hoose, Kitty herself leading the way. Cautiously entering, the lantern was quickly pulled out. The glare made every hen on the roost wink; while lo! to the ineffable horror of Kitty, and the infinite amusement of the rest, instead of a bat's nest and five eggs, what should present itself but auld Grannie Skegg, folded lovingly in the embrace of Kitty's bewildered Lothario! We have not heard what the result has been, but it is supposed that when next the love-sick swain goes a courting, he will take care that he meets the "richt lassie."

## FRANKLIN AND THE IDLER.

The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days "Lounger," is worth recording, that the plan may be tried occasionally, even in this age and generation. One fine morning while Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, ect., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounge; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price." Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounge asked:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge. The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come Mr. Franklin tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any, and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

### A MATHEMATICAL PATIENT.

On our upward trip, we had on board a tall, gaunt-looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in a fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to names,) he had won the cognomen of "Beaugard." He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar zest, coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him—

"How long were you in the hospital at —?"

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so? Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only the next day they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"D—d unpleasant! I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days—one man each day. I couldn't stand that!"

It is said of children who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, that when they grow up there is nothing left of them but the spoons.

## A SOLUM ADDRESS TER MI MUSTASH.

Oh! thou preshus little bunch of capillary!  
I'm settin for a glass; or, moar  
Hifalutinly speakin, a mirror, looken  
Rite at yew, viewen yure stupenjus (?)  
Proportions with a critik's i. Yes, yer ar  
Very huge; 'bout as long as a flea's leg—  
Why don't yer gro' sum, un look  
Like other peoples? you good for nuthin'  
Little cretur. Aint yer shamed ter  
Set rite thar, in front uv mi fase  
That wai and gro sum, whyle  
Everybody's makin' plun of yer.

Yer culler aint none 2 purty  
Neither. Kind uv a sandy yaller  
Reddish hew, mixt with a leetle whyle  
Oh, thou

Delicat bunch ov har, I'll tell yer  
What's ther fac, ef yer don't gro faster  
Nor what yer hav bin groin, I'll talk  
Yer rite over ter bil terriil, the barber,  
An' maik him black yer jist as  
Black as a nigger, an' then you'll  
Look swete, won't yer? An' ef yer  
Git ter cutton up about me, I'll haul  
Out that thar ole white razor uv mine.  
An' jist slash yer rite orf. Then what'll  
Becum uv yer? Who will yer have ter  
Talk yer roun' town and sho yer orf, then?  
Sat, who will yer have to talk yer ter  
The surcus and theayter, an' ter sea  
The gals, &c.? Why noboddie. Yer'l be  
Left in the suds. No person will  
Evr trubl thereselves 'bout yer lika  
Eye hav, ole hoss, so yer better pitch  
In an' gro sum!

### A RASH MAN.

I saw him bare his throat and seize  
The blue, cold, glimmering steel,  
And grimly try the tempered edge  
He was so soon to feel.

He raised on high the glittering blade;  
Then first I found a tongue—  
"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!"  
I cried, and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not;  
One glance around he gave,  
But, ere I could arrest his hand,  
He had begun to shave!

## Kennesianna.

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to the military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard and for some time, then he threw up his hand and bawled—"Doctor! I can't drink all that!"

THERE is a man out west who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping-place.

A sixty-nine pounder shell burst near an Irishman in one of the trenches. Pat coolly surveyed the ruins the fragments had made, and exclaimed: "Be jabers! thim's the fellows to soften the wax in a man's ear!"

A released contraband in Newbern artlessly signified his rapture by "standing for five minutes on his head and knocking his heels together." The Providence Journal says "his wife was less ecstatic." We should hope so.

AN IRISHMAN coming from Boston to Lowell, took the stage in preference to the railway, because as he said: he could ride four times as long for the same money.

ON THE marriage of Miss Wheat, it was hoped that her path would be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed.

PRENTICE says that Floyd's only claim to be considered patriotic rests on the fact that his nose is red, his liver white, and himself generally blue.

MARRIAGE.—The marriage of Mr. Day and Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that though he won the field, she gained the day.

MR. BRIGGS thinks that the term "grass widows" arises from the fact that their husbands are roving blades.

A FATHER called his son into a crowded stage—"Ben-jam-in!"

MOST of the swooning by the femines is merely a feint.