

For my chuggie

H.B. M.

No. 1

THE CAVALIER.

PATRIOTISM, VALOR, INTELLIGENCE, RELIGION—PILLARS OF LIBERTY.

VOL. I.

YORKTOWN, VA., TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1863.

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THE CAVALIER

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HOUGH & FELL, Publishers.

Original Poetry.

WAR DESOLATES.

The summer's day is bright and fair,
Sweet perfumes fill the balmy air,
And borne upon the gentle breeze
Comes gushing music from the trees,
The vales, the hills,
And merry, laughing, dancing rills.

The summer sun, arrayed in might,
Scatters his beams of golden light,
And scarce a leaf, or drooping stem,
But holds a tiny, sparkling gem,
Uniquely set,
In Nature's matchless coronet.

Just down in yonder quiet nook,
Where plays a little babbling brook,
A cottage stands, its portal twined
With sweets, by rarest skill combined,
A tempting nest,
Where any bird might long to rest.

Ah! surely happiness and peace
Must ever seek a home like this;
All things without so sweetly fair—
Can sorrow find an entrance there?
Alas! 'twould seem
Unmingled bliss is but a dream.

Scarce had been hushed the winter blast,
When o'er our beauteous land was cast
A gloomy veil of coming strife,
While brother yearned for brother's life,
War's thunder broke,
And patriots from their dreams awoke.

The startling cry rung far and wide;
Freemen arose on every side;
The greenwood bowers, the fairy dell,
Caught up the echo e'er it fell,
And fired with zeal
To suffer for their country's weal,

The man of might, the noble, brave,
Went forth, to find a soldier's grave,
And here, upon this Summer morn,
To his loved home the word is borne,
That all in vain
They listen for his voice again.

Yes, all in vain; his feet no more
Shall tread the paths he trod before;
His beaming eye no longer rest,
On those his heart loved most and best:
Son, brother, friend,
Sweet memories thy shrine attend.

Ah me! in many a cottage home
They sigh for those who ne'er may come;
Stricken Columbia long must weep
For those who on her bosom sleep,
Yet proudly wave
Her banner o'er the patriot's grave.
A. E. R.

THE PARTING.

BY CARLOS.

Though our parting is so near,
There is something checks the tear;
There's a thought drives back the pain,
'Tis that we shall meet again.
Yet 'tis hard to say farewell,
And I linger still with thee;
For I cannot break the spell
That thy presence casts o'er me.

Times of grief indeed may come,
When I find that thou art gone;
And sad thoughts may fill the brain,
Yet we still shall meet again.
May the God of Heaven defend thee,
Guard thy steps, and cheer thy heart;
May He choicest blessings send thee;
Fare thee well, we now must part.

THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, MO.

AS SEEN BY A YANKEE GIRL.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 18, 1863.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter was received yesterday evening. No doubt you have thought of me several times since the memorable 8th, and wondered how I “took” the battle; therefore I will proceed to particularize. I will first inform you that about the 15th of November Mrs. Phelps, receiving news that her husband had left Arkansas for Washington, and was very ill at the Planter's House, St. Louis, left Springfield for that city, intending to accompany the Governor to Washington to spend the winter. It being very lonely for me at Phelps's place, and having a number of music scholars, I came to town to board at Col. S.'s. Col. S. is a wealthy merchant, formerly a resident of Philadelphia, and one of the prominent men of the Southwest; he owns a fine house about a mile east of the town; is colonel of the 72d V. M., a staunch Unionist, but not for abolition. Mrs. S. is a fine lady, and her two little girls are almost angelic. I teach them music and English studies.

Well, on the night of the 7th, Col. S. announced at the tea table that his scouts, arriving from different directions, reported the enemy 5,000 strong about twenty miles distant, rapidly advancing on Springfield. He was up all night, sending runners for his men who were enjoying the holidays at their own homes. The rebels were advancing from the southeast. Fort No. 4, situated in south-east part of the town, contained four cannon, and as the regular troops had left the place, was in charge of Brig. Gen. Brown, the State Militia, numbering about one thousand, and skeletons of regiments left sick in the hospitals when the main body of the army moved.

Thursday morning Gen. Brown arranged the men in the best possible manner; Springfield was in the utmost confusion and alarm; every citizen capable of shouldering a gun was considered a man of the greatest importance.

About 11 o'clock the pickets stationed a short distance this side of Phelps's place were driven in; at 12 o'clock, Col. S. came to dinner; he told Mrs. S. and myself we had better pack our trunks, and if obliged to leave, to go out into the country two or three miles.—“I may,” he said, “sleep at home to-night in safety; you may not see me again for months, perhaps never; don't be alarmed until after you have heard the third cannon.” He left us, and not long after, the first cannon was fired, the second, then the third. At precisely one o'clock the battle commenced, 8th of January, 1863. What a glorious day, not cold or bleak, as I had often known January in dear New England; no snow had fallen; even Jack Frost had made us but few visits; it seemed more like the calm days we have in November, when leaves were falling, dying and rustling over the still green grass.

I was not frightened; I did not cry, though tears would have been a relief, but inexpressible anguish came on my heart, as I listened to the roar of cannon; bullets, grape-shot and shell were

flying in all directions; the barbarians had commenced shelling the place without a word of warning; an enemy 5,000 strong, under Marmaduke Shelby and MacDonald, against 1,500 Federals.

From the veranda on the second story, I saw the rebels moving in long lines, emerging from the thickets and underbrush about half a mile distant; I could distinctly see their batteries.

About 4 o'clock a messenger came in, saying Gen. Brown was wounded; the enemy had driven our men back, and were fighting with desperation. I knew from their unearthly yells they were gaining upon us. There were about 30 women and children in the house besides Colonel S.'s family; some were wringing their hands and crying, “Oh God, spare my husband!” or “That cannon!” “Oh dear, that shell perhaps will strike him!” I was thankful I had no husband to be used as a target on that day. Whichever way I turned, faces were looking at me, filled with despair; and groans from anxious hearts only replied to my words of comfort. At 5 o'clock an orderly came in, saying Colonel S. was well; his men ordered to the right front, a dangerous situation; in the thickest of the fight he had exchanged his military coat for a citizen's dress, given his horse in charge of an orderly, and was cheering on his men to make another grand rally, or the enemy would soon be in possession of the place. A company of the 18th Iowa, from Fort No. 1, together with the militia, made a splendid charge, which sent the rebels whirling back to their position. The enemy had taken possession of the college building; by this time they had come to an almost hand to hand fight; the rebels, secreted in the bushes, behind fences and trees, would fire and then roll over from their position to reload, and fire with great expertness.

One rebel battery was planted behind a widow's house; she lying in the middle of the floor with her children, covered with feather beds for protection; shot and shell passing through the house; one shell exploded in the room, but did them no harm. Another widow, whose husband was accidentally shot a year ago, had six houses burned. In the course of the P. M. I learned that Mrs. P.'s place was in flames. I thought at sundown the firing would cease, and I know old Sol was never before so long making his exit behind the tall trees; but when he finally departed, there appeared no cessation of firing. We heard no news until about 7 o'clock, when Col. S. with several other officers came in; he said, “they are repulsed for a time at least; we shall be ready for them when the moon rises; some of my men are killed, many wounded. Our fellows fought splendidly. I have charge of the Fort to-night.”

During the night his clerks were busy moving goods from his store to Fort No. 1, west of the town. It was decided that if the rebels were victorious in another attack, the commissary store, the arsenal and public property generally should be burned to ashes; trains of powder, tinder and matches were in readiness; so at any minute of the night we looked for Springfield to be in flames. Col. S. came home in the night and said it was his opinion that the enemy were retreating.

The scenes of Friday were more excitable if possible than Thursday, the enemy had gone around to attack us, we supposed, on the east; if so, it would be necessary to burn many houses that were in the range of our guns. About 11 o'clock the work of burning commenced. A fine house of Mrs. Phelps was burned in town, another was set on fire, but as the enemy did not attack, was extinguished. About this time he sent a flag of truce; the General had an interview with Marmaduke and McDonald; they wished us to care for the dead and wounded left at Springfield. At one o'clock there was no attack, my trunk was packed and Mrs. S. had gathered up her valuables. Our bonnets and cloaks were on, and the wagon to carry our baggage (we hardly knew where, at the door. News came about three o'clock that the enemy had made good their retreat, and that we had been reinforced by a thousand men. Col. S. said he looked at them through his glass until he was tired of counting their companies. They made a mistake that time; they had been informed that they could take this place without any trouble. It seems almost a miracle how they were repulsed by a handful of militia. Col. Sheppard and Gen. Holland convinced themselves with glory. Since the battle six or seven thousand men have come in, and were dispatched to take the enemy, but they were too far out of their reach. Gen. Herron, of Prairie Grove celebrity, is in town now. Had he and his brigade been here at the battle, the rebels would never have slipped away so quietly. I see many officers here, and have formed many pleasant acquaintances.

Now I will proceed to tell you what they did at Mrs. Phelps'. As the enemy came to town, they would of course pass her plantation; the white man and woman in charge *d'affaires* there, as soon as they heard the secess were coming, gathered up a little of their bedding and two large oil paintings that hung in Mr. Phelps' office. The enemy appeared in the field at the back of the house before they left; the servants all came to town also. Saturday afternoon after the battle, I obtained a pass to go out there; was told however, if not absolutely necessary, I ought not to go; I went, and the pickets this side of her place told me her house was full of secess wounded; I saw the servants at their quarters first, and George (the chief of the servants) walked up the path with me to the house. Six men were standing on the front piazza; I approached them and said, “I don't know whether you are Rebels or Union men, but I belong here, and have come to take charge of what remains.” “Oh yes, maum, certainly we are Feds.” I cannot describe to you the state of confusion everything was in; such a general upturning, overhauling and ransacking as had been through that house. The bureau drawers, containing Mrs. P.'s fine summer clothing, had been taken out and their contents strewn on the floor; her box of jewelry, containing some elegant bracelets, rings, pins, &c.; her massive silver pitcher and goblets, spoons, knives and forks were gone; sealed cans of fruit, no where to be found; hams and meat had disappeared from the smoke house; a barrel of su-

gar and salt, two barrels of mackerel, all taken; empty bottles were lying over the floors in nearly every room; beds were relieved of blankets, quilts and sheets; even dishes from cupboards were taken down, broken and scattered over the floor. I gathered up her summer dresses and all the linen I could find, together with my own clothes which hung in a wardrobe, and brought them to town. I told the negroes not to leave the place, and the next day I would go back and send some white people.

A released Union prisoner who was taken there after the battle by the rebels, says the wounded were lying in every room of that house; they had a glorious supper there, and gave him some of the wine and other good things; hurraed for Johnny Phelps' wine, and they swore they would kill him yet.—They did not disturb the library, which is very valuable; they took Miss Mary Phelps' fine forty dollar saddle and velvet riding habit; Mrs. Phelps' buggy was found in the brush the day after the battle, with two of her counterpanes and silver coffee pot; I was rejoiced the house was not burned; they have suffered severely before this.

The rebels have passed away to Dixie, and I do not believe they will set off as easily if they make one second attempt. The bravery of the militia saved us.—Gen. Brown is doing very well; I saw the Minnie ball that was taken from his arm; some portions of bone were also taken out. His head-quarters are next to Colonel Sheppard's.

Now I have written you a description and a half; if you get tired and think the first sheet stupid, just burn the second. R. R.

*Mrs. Phelps mentioned above, is the lady who so nobly rescued and took charge of the body of General Lyon.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—There is a point in the following anecdote:—A pastor was making a call upon an old lady who made it a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of.—Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added:

“Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him.”

Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied:

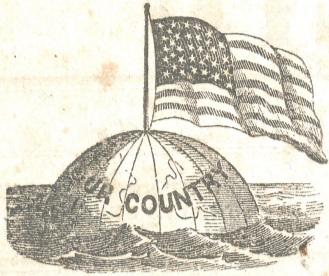
“Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance.”

A COUNTRY girl desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a twenty dollar bill as her marriage gift. Her mistress desired to see the object of her favor, and a diminutive and swarthy fellow made his appearance. “O, Susan!” said the mistress, “how small! what a strange choice you have made.” “Lama'am,” answered Sue, “in times like these, when all the tall and handsome men are off to the war, what better could I do for twenty dollars?”

The Cavalier.

EDITOR:

J. HIRAM CHAMPION, A. M.,
1st. LIEUT. 8th INDEP'T N. Y. BATTERY.



TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1863.

DAYS THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.

We are accustomed to speak of the period in which the revolutionary struggle was going on as "the days that tried men's souls," and trying days they were. Tory meanness and cruelty, and Indian barbarity, leagued with British tyranny to bring our fathers into vile subjection or exterminate them, and had they not been more self-sacrificing, persevering and valiant than the majority in these days appear, they never would have triumphed over that great "confederation," and secured for us the privileges of freemen. What American now, of suitable years for bearing arms, has not had his heart stirred by listening to some venerable patriarch who participated in the scenes enacted then, as he recited the sacrifices made and sufferings endured by himself and others, with whom he was associated. When we now talk of the dissensions among the people of the loyal States, and argue that this will probably prevent our triumphing over the vile confederation that has taken up arms to destroy what the valor and perseverance of our fathers won, we sometimes speak as if we thought all had been united in the struggle they sustained; but when we turn to the history of those days, we find that cowards and traitors were not lacking. Multitudes then clamored for peace, and if at the end of two years our fathers had been influenced by their howl to sue for it, dishonorable indeed had been the peace they would have secured, and their names had been remembered only as tamely submitting to the shackles of tyrants. But they believed that without liberty all else was not worth having; that it was worth battling for forever, and they would far sooner fall bravely fighting to achieve it than live without it. For seven long years they struggled with poverty and reverses. It was the trial fire that was to prove them. The dross was finally purged out, and they shone as pure gold. Well had it been for Columbia had her sons and daughters retained the principles of those who passed the purifying and refining fires of the revolution. But sadly have we departed from them. As wealth increased, corruption was engendered. The love of filthy lucre in many souls became far stronger than the combined love of liberty here and heaven hereafter. Many of our politicians have become dishonest as Satan, and their meetings in the so-called halls of legislation, instead of being characterized by the honesty and dignity that distinguished such gatherings in our fathers' days, too often would remind us of the conclave of a pack of evil spirits met in council previous to rallying forth on an expedition up and down in the earth to seek whom they may devour. The earth could no longer bear the national corruption that from her bosom cried to heaven. The purifying fire was again sent forth. "The days that try men's souls" are again upon the land. Can we stand the trial, or will we basely shrink and yield before the devouring element? The signs of the times for a season past have been discouraging; but light seems

to dawn upon our national horizon. We rejoice to see many at the North who seemed to be siding with the traitor crew awaking to a sense of their shameful course, and coming out and taking a noble stand in defence of our glorious Union. We can see the beginning of a healthy reaction. We thank God and take courage. Fellow-soldiers, much depends upon our earnestness, firmness and valor. If we do our whole duty nobly, we shall cheer the hearts of our desponding friends, and send dismay to the hearts of traitors. Let us be up and doing. Far better to die fighting gloriously, and have our bones, unburied, bleach on Southern plains, than live to dishonor the memory of our fathers.

Every husband and parent should feel
His fireside hopes hang on his steel;
Every son that—

"His age-worn parents throw
Their arms to him for succor now,"
and all—

"That we
Defend a nation's liberty."

178th REGIMENT P. M.

This fine regiment was gathered from the counties of Lancaster, Columbia, Montour and Luzerne; the first mentioned furnishing four companies, the second three, the third two, the last one. We know of no regiment that has made greater proficiency in practical military knowledge within so short a period in service, or could make a better appearance or boast of better discipline. Pennsylvania may well be proud of such militia.

The officers at muster last Saturday were as follows:

Staff Officers.—Colonel, James Johnson; Lt. Colonel, John Wimer; Major, James W. Chamberlin; Adjutant, Sydney Muffly; Regt. Q. M., Isaac Purcell; Chaplain, Thomas P. Hunt; Asst. Surgeons—1st, Geo. H. B. Swaze; 2d, Wm. J. Peck.

Line Officers.—Company A.—Capt., M. Buckalew; 2d Lieut., John J. Carnes.

Company B.—Captain, Horace A. Yundt; 1st Lieut., Edwin Musser; 2d Lieut., Hiram Ammons.

Company C.—Capt., John V. Shoemaker; 1st Lieut., John C. Biggs; 2d Lieut., Stephen W. Hayes.

Company D.—Capt., Justus F. Diehm; 2d Lieut., William B. Doyle.

Company E.—Capt., Jacob E. Barr; 1st Lieut., Levi Myers; 2d Lieut., Geo. W. Downer.

Company F.—Capt., John A. Wimer; 1st Lieut., Abner H. Brown; 2d Lieut., Samuel A. Mills.

Company G.—Capt., Wm. T. Adams; 1st Lieut., Thomas Butler; 2d Lieut., Steven Vansant.

Company H.—Capt., Theodore McD. Price; 1st Lieut., Hiram H. Evans; 2d Lieut., Frank E. Howard.

Company I.—Capt., William H. Shuman; 1st Lieut., William H. Rinebold; 2d Lieut., Daniel G. Ent.

Company K.—Capt., Calvin B. Hendig; 2d Lieut., John McFadden.

In this list are many well worthy of special notice, but our space will not allow us to mention more than Colonel Brown and Chaplain Hunt.

Col. Brown is a Philadelphian, and has seen much hard service. He was a Captain under Col. Baker at Ball's Bluff; was severely wounded, but succeeded with a few others in swimming the river. Every one speaks of him as having the interests of the country at heart, and giving all his energies to the service. A number of the members of his family are with him; one son, it will be seen, holds a 1st Lieutenant's commission in the regiment.

Chaplain Hunt, commonly known as Father Hunt, is quite an aged and a very venerable looking individual. He is a Virginian by birth, and we have often heard him say that nothing has ever caused him so great mortification as to see his native State made the dupe and tool of South Carolina. He is very enthusiastic in support of the Union; has been in the service almost from the be-

ginning of the rebellion; has had some hair-breadth escapes in battle; has children in the service, and declares he had rather see them fall nobly fighting, than see them living quietly at home at such a time as this. He performs a great amount of clerical labor, attending to the spiritual interests of his own regiment, visiting the general and branch hospitals, and visiting the sick and officiating at the funerals in those commands that have no Chaplain at present with them. He has a tent under a large tree on the parade ground just east of the camp of the regiment, where he lives and receives those who wish to converse with him, and where, at tatte, all who are disposed gather round and join in singing a hymn and offering up an evening prayer. As we have gazed upon him there, we have been reminded of Abraham, as almost 3000 years ago he occupied the tent under the oak on the plain of Mamre.

He is extensively known through the country as a temperance lecturer. We remember, when a little boy, more than a score of years ago, being highly delighted listening to him on that subject.

He has a freshness and vigor that contrasts strikingly with his age-marked face and form, and that is just adapted to doing good in the army. We listened to him a few nights ago in the church and could not help thinking of the following lines we read somewhere in other days:

"Though his locks may be scattered and grey,
And the strength of his manhood depart;
Yet affection and zeal, as he wends on his way,
May be strong in an old man's heart."

We know not what branch of the church has the honor to claim him as her representative—we care not—it is enough for us to know that he loves and serves the Saviour, and following him, as he follows that Saviour, we hope, when life's marches and battles are over, to gain the victor's crown, and meet him amid the triumphant host on the bright plains, where no roar of cannon, no groan of the wounded or dying, no sigh of the orphan or widow is heard; and where no hoary locks, wrinkled brows or tottering limbs are seen, but where on the banks of the "pure river," beneath the trees of life, peace reigns undisturbed, and all are young and bright and fair and happy forever.

PROMOTIONS.

The following promotions have been recently made in the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry:

Capt. T. Hennessey, promoted to Major.

1st Lieut. George J. Kerr, promoted to Captain.

Second Lieut. Bardsley Gallisath, promoted to 1st Lieut.

Second Lieut. J. P. Wenzel, promoted to 1st Lieut.

Second Lieut. M. G. Cushing, promoted to 1st Lieut.

Sergeant D. Brune, B company, promoted to 2d Lieut.

Sergeant Gustav Heinecker, E company, promoted to 2d Lieut.

Sergeant W. H. Shaffer, K company, promoted to 2d Lieut.

Sergeant J. J. Phillips, D company, promoted to 2d Lieut.

We are forced to fill our column that we reserved for telegrams with matter relating to the execution of privates Dormody and Clark, and then we leave out much that would be very interesting. We were not able to see Rev. Mr. Gillen and receive his statements in regard to his visits to the criminals, until our space was so small that we have been obliged to condense far more than was agreeable. He received the confessions of members of his church, last evening, at his rooms at the headquarters of the Reserve Artillery; and we presume the Mass for the dead, which will be said there at 11 o'clock to-day, previous to the burial, will be very imposing.

To our Contributors.

"Lillies," by the author of "The Dead, 1862," meets our hearty approval, and we say to the author, thanks, write often.

"Yorktown, 1783—1863," is just the class of poems we desire, and it shall see the light soon.

We return our thanks to Maj. CHETWOOD, for his kindness in furnishing us items that we could not have obtained from any other source and for favors shown us in various ways when we have stood in need. We hope he will continue to call at THE CAVALIER office frequently. His presence always sheds sunshine in the darkest hour.

Many of our friends who promised us articles have not yet been heard from—don't forget. Let those who have not promised also send us something the first time they feel in writing mood. Be sure to send in the early part of the week, as we desire to set up everything except news items by Saturday.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The Yorktown Monument.

YORKTOWN, Feb. 20, 1863.

I was surprised to-day whilst searching for the spot on which the monument was erected, in 1860, to mark the place where Cornwallis surrendered his sword to General Washington, to find the neighboring inclosure, resembling a group of colored men with white shirts and black hats, greatly mutilated. According to information furnished me by intelligent inhabitants of the Peninsula, this fence was erected to enclose a private burying ground, by a Mr. White, to whom the property belonged previous to its passing into the hands of Dr. Powers, the present proprietor. To those persons, therefore, who sent home bits of the cedar from this fence as relics of secessia, I would say, in the language of Captain Cattle, overhaul your American history, and when found, make a note of it.

Less than a year ago I essayed, with an old axe, to cut a chip from the base of the monument to send North as a memento, but abandoned the task on account of the compactness of the granite. I afterwards saw a large portion of the stone in the Athenaeum at Lancaster, Pa., where it was deposited among a lot of curiosities. Since then not only the base, but the foundation, I judge, has been carried off piece-meal. As I could not, during my visit to-day, locate the place where the monument formerly stood, I infer that the excavation in which the foundation was laid has also been carried away by some curiosity-monger; but the monument itself, I have been informed, was removed by the rebels before the evacuation, because it was in the range of their guns.

Respectfully, &c.

H. A. ROCKAFIELD.

Letter from Stafford Co., Va.

We have received the following from an officer in General SIGEL'S Corps. We will gladly comply with the request in his personal letter, and hope to hear from him often. Short communications from all parts of the army from those who know whereof they affirm, are just what we want:

GEN. SIGEL'S CORPS, VA.,
Feb. 23, 1863. }

The festivities in celebration of the Father of our Country's birthday, have hardly ceased in this part of the army, and the men are in fine spirits. It requires no Prophet's eye to see what the signification of all this is, and that the land, or any part of it, will not be left in the power of traitors. General Krzyzanowski, a Polish gentleman, has refused to leave this for his native land until our foe is humbled. There is little sickness here, and active operations are desired if the weather permits. The whiskey ration is occasionally and favorably received; but the war on liquor selling sutlers is fierce and destructive.

KARRECLA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the Rappahannock we have had various reports of rebel raids across that river in the rear of our army, and that Jackson was moving with a large force on Strasburg, and that an attempt was about to be made by the rebels to occupy the Valley of Virginia; but the latest advices are that the raids are merely dashes of a few guerillas, and that the report about Jackson was a canard. General Hooker's popularity with the army and people continues undiminished. General Burnside, with that noble-heartedness that has always characterized him and endeared him to his countrymen, even in great reverses, declares that the discipline and general condition of the army is better than when he gave up the command, and he expresses his entire willingness to serve under General Hooker.

A serious difficulty has arisen between Generals Hunter and Foster. The following order expelling Gen. Foster's staff from the Department of the South has been issued:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, Feb. 19, 1863.

Special Order No. 97.—Two members of General Foster's Staff, now sojourning within the limits of this Department, having been engaged sending North a steamer belonging to this command, and necessary for the operations about to commence, such steamer being sent away clandestinely, and without the knowledge, consent or order of the Major General commanding; and it being found that many, if not all the members of General Foster's Staff, have indulged in statements and remarks of a character tending to create disaffection, insubordination and mutiny, it is hereby ordered that all the members of the Staff of Major General John G. Foster, commanding the Department of North Carolina, now within the limits of the Department of the South, shall quit this Department by the first steamer going North. By order of Major General Hunter.

CHAS. G. HALPINE,
A. A. Gen., Tenth Army Corps.

The difficulty has caused serious delays in the movements of troops in the Department. General Foster's course is very severely censured. He has gone to Washington, to receive instructions from the Secretary of War.

From Vicksburg we learn that the rebels are reduced to great extremities. Their own papers say that unless they are relieved they must evacuate.

The famous Union ram Queen of the West was captured by the rebels, she having been treacherously brought under the guns of their batteries by the pilot of a rebel vessel just above Port Hudson.

The reports in regard to the rebel invasion of Kentucky are very conflicting. The latest news is to the effect that the troops that had been threatening an invasion were rapidly retreating Dixieward.

Louis Napoleon is using every exertion to bring his Mexican project to a successful termination. He has sent out a number of Papish priests to labor among and try to pacify the people of any place of which he may get possession.

Bands of Mexicans have made incursions into Texas and committed serious depredations. The Mexican authorities have denounced their course, and declared that in case they fall into the hands of the Texans they will not shield them from punishment.

Congress has finally passed the Conscription bill, by which all able-bodied males between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, are liable to be called into the service of the Federal Government for the suppression of the rebellion. By this bill clergymen will have an opportunity to add "works" to "faith," and Congressmen to contribute their aid toward the enforcement of the laws which it is their province to make for the guidance and government of the people whom they represent.

Considerable time has been consumed on the Bankrupt Bill. Its progress seems to be very slow.

Local Affairs.

EXECUTION OF DORMODY AND CLARK, FOR THE MURDER OF HEZEKIAH STOKES.

PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER.

GENERAL ORDERS, CHARGES, SPECIFICATIONS, &c.

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EXECUTION.

Privates William Dormody and Charles Clark, of Battery H, 1st Penn'a Artillery, convicted by General Court Martial of the murder of Hezekiah Stokes, a citizen of York county, Va., were hung outside of the walls of Fort Yorktown, yesterday, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER.

The day previous to the murder, Dormody and a companion—their battery then encamped two miles below Fort Yorktown—went about three and a half miles south of their battery camp, and fell in with two citizens of York county, Patrick Dawson and Thomas Hogg, at work near an orchard. They asked these citizens for apples, and were told to take as many as they pleased. After leaving the orchard they proceeded to a corn-field and commenced stripping off the corn. Dawson and Hogg left their work and approached and expostulated with them. An angry altercation followed, succeeded by a fight, in which Dormody and friend were soundly flogged, and from which they were glad to retire and seek their camp with all possible speed.—The next morning Dormody, sore in body and mind, told the affair to Clark, who proposed to raise a posse on the ground that they had been abused by Scotch for being Union soldiers, and go down and take revenge. Dormody agreed, and a posse was soon recruited. Going to the neighbor hood they searched two houses without finding the men they sought. They attempted to enter a third, but were driven away by a Union soldier on guard. They turned toward camp, when they espied Stokes coming in a "Virginia tumbler," or one horse cart. Dormody cried out, "here comes one of them," on which Clark started full speed towards him; coming up to the cart, he sprang in and knocked Stokes out and flat upon the ground at the first blow. He sprang on him and after striking him a few times, said, "will you promise never to assault another Union soldier?" Stokes replied, "I never have assaulted a Union soldier." This enraged Clark, and he struck him a number of times. He then repeated the question. Stokes said he would promise, for there was no reason why he should not, as he had never done such a thing and never intended to. This enraged Clark still more, who lifted him to his feet and then knocked him down. This operation he repeated three times. He then left, and the others abused him at some length, and dragged him to the side of the road. As they turned away, Dormody said "I'll knife him," and suiting the action to the word, plunged a knife into his body.—Stokes lived about two weeks after receiving the wounds. He left a wife, one son and two daughters. The wife was present at the execution, in what, we are told, is the same cart her husband was in when assaulted on the 5th of September. Her driver was a negro woman.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 28.

At a Military Commission which convened at Yorktown, Va., October 18, 1862, pursuant to Special Orders No. 131, dated October 10, 1862, from Headquarters 4th Army Corps, Yorktown, Va., and of which Brig. Gen. Henry M. Naglee, U. S. Volunteers, was President, were arraigned and tried:

1st.—Private William Dormody, Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery.

Charge 1st—"Quitting his post to plunder and pillage."

Specification.—"In this, that private William Dormody, Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers Artillery, did on the 5th of September, 1862, quit his post for the purpose of plundering and pillaging the citizens of the United States in the county of York, Va. This, at post of his battery near Yorktown, Va.

Charge 2d.—"Assault with intent to kill."

Specification.—In this, the private William Dormody, Battery "H" 1st Pennsylvania Artillery aforesaid, did on the 5th of September 1862, offer violence to the person of one Hezekiah Stokes, of York County, Virginia, a citizen of the United States, while in the peaceful pursuit of his lawful occupation, and did strike, beat and stab the said Stokes, of which violence the said Stokes did thereafter die. This at the Camp of his Battery, at Yorktown, Va.

Charge 3d.—"Murder."

Specification 1st.—"In this, that private William Dormody, Battery "H" 1st Pennsylvania Artillery aforesaid, did on the 5th of September, 1862, with clubs, pistols and knives, beat, shoot and stab one Hezekiah Stokes, of York county, Va., a citizen of the United States, while in the peaceful occupation of his lawful pursuit, and of his own malice did him violence, of which violence the said Stokes did thereafter die."

Specification 2d.—"In this, that private William Dormody aforesaid, on the 5th of September, 1862, while divers malicious persons were assaulting with clubs, pistols and knives Hezekiah Stokes aforesaid, and doing him great personal violence, was present aiding, abetting and assaulting the same, of which violence the said Stokes did thereafter die. This near the camp of the said William Dormody, at Yorktown, Va."

To which charges and specifications the prisoner pleaded as follows:

To specification, 1st charge—"Not Guilty."

To 1st charge—"Guilty" as far as leaving camp without permission, but not for plunder.

To specification, 2d charge—"Not Guilty."

To 2d charge—"Not Guilty."

To 1st specification, 3d charge—"Not Guilty."

To 2d specification, 3d charge—"Not Guilty."

To 3d charge—"Not Guilty."

FINDING.

The Court, after mature deliberation upon the evidence adduced, finds the prisoner as follows:

Of the specification, 1st charge—"Guilty" so far as leaving camp without permission.

Of the 1st charge—"Guilty" so far as leaving camp without permission.

Of the specification, 2d charge—"Not Guilty."

Of the 2d charge—"Not Guilty."

Of the 1st specification, 3d charge—"Not Guilty."

Of the 2d specification, 3d charge—"Guilty."

Of the 3d charge—"Guilty."

SENTENCE.

And the Court does therefore sentence him, the said private William Dormody, Battery "H" 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, "to be hung by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the proper authorities may select."

[The charges, specifications, findings and sentence of the Court Martial were substantially the same in the case of Clark as in the case of Dormody.]

2d.—In compliance with the 5th section of the act approved July 17, 1862, the proceedings in the cases of privates William Dormody and Charles Clark have been submitted to the President of the United States, and the sentences are by him approved, and will be executed under the orders of Major General Dix, Commanding Department of Virginia.

By order of the Secretary of War.
L. THOMAS,
Adjutant General.

HEAD QUARTERS ARTILLERY RESERVE,
YORKTOWN, VA., Feb. 23, 1863.

OFFICIAL:
EDW. H. FLOOD,
Lt. Colonel Commanding
Artillery Reserve 4th Corps.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRISONERS.

Dormody was 19 years old, a native of Ireland; was a medium sized man, brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Has two brothers in the United States Navy, and one brother at Pottsville, Pa. His forehead was contracted and his countenance rather down cast and difficult to describe, but his voice was mild and agreeable.

Clark was 29 years old, might be called large, dark brown hair, light grey eyes.—His father and mother have both died since he has been in the United States service; has one sister in Vermont; no other relations that he knows of; calls himself a Vermonter.

After the trial they were confined in Fort Norfolk until a week ago, when they were brought up here and confined on the Mahaska.

PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The gallows was erected in a hollow outside of and facing the walls of Fort Yorktown, at the right of the south or middle gate.

POSITION OF TROOPS.

By order of Major General Keyes, the troops, after being paraded at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M., at 12 o'clock, took position as follows:

The troops of all the light batteries, except Battery M, 5th U. S. Artillery, were at the ramparts, together with the 172d Regiment, P. M. The troops outside, under command of Brigadier General Busted, were formed about the gallows. The 178th Regiment, P. M., and Battery M, 5th U. S. Artillery, on the right, the 179th P. M. on the left, and the 178th N. Y. Volunteers in the centre of the square. A squadron of the 6th N. Y. Cavalry, under Major Hall, was distributed at intervals entirely around the other troops.

At five minutes past 12 o'clock all was in readiness. Soon after, Gen. Busted rode round to the various regiments of his brigade, and addressed each very appropriately and ably.

Major General Keyes and Staff were present, taking their positions at some distance in front of the scaffold. There presenting an imposing military appearance, they remained quietly observing everything for two long hours. Not till after the bodies were pronounced dead, did a man leave his place. We have seldom seen anything conducted throughout with such perfect order.

SPIRITUAL ADVISERS AND STATE OF MIND OF THE PRISONERS.

Every day after the arrival of the prisoners at Yorktown, they were visited by Father Hunt, Chaplain of the 178th P. M., up to Sunday. He found them at first expecting to be pardoned, or if all events granted a respite. Dormody professed to be a Catholic, and was sly. As the certainty of death stared them in the face they became anxious about their future state. Clark read such portions of Scripture as Father Hunt advised, and on Sabbath after he had talked with Father Hunt, he said he would read a chapter of his own selection, and then he pray and Father Hunt pray. He read the 16th of St. John's Gospel. In the course of his prayer, as tears rolled down his cheeks, he said, "O God forgive me the wicked, cruel murder of a man that had never injured me. I am about to suffer punishment, and I deserve it; it is all right. Have mercy upon the widow, made such by my rash and cruel act; let her not suffer in consequence of it; but rather up friends, and put it into her heart to forgive me for making her a widow. O God bless her six children (he supposed these was that number) made orphans by me, and may the mother not teach them to curse my memory, but to forgive the murderer of their father. O God bless my comrades who will escape this punishment (there were 13 of them) and let my example a warning to them."

As Father Hunt left them both urged him to come again in the morning. But about this time, by the steamer Thomas A. Morgan, from Fortress Monroe, where he had celebrated Mass that morning, arrived Holy Father Rev. Paul E. Gillen, Chaplain of the 170th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, one of the regiments of Cocoran's Irish Legion. He is a native of Illinois, and was formerly Volunteer Chaplain of the 5th Regiment N. Y. Volunteer Engineer Corps, serving without any pay from government the Papists of that and all other regiments that he could reach. He had been for by Col. R. M. West, Chief of Artillery, to whom as well as Lt. Colonel Flood, he was well known, having often visited their regiments heretofore, and spent Christinas with them in 1861. He met a warm reception from these gentlemen and from Gen. Keyes and his estimable lady. Going on board the Mahaska he was welcomed by the prisoners. Dormody was a member of the Papist church, and Clark received baptism as one of that communion. In coming ashore that night he sent word to Father Hunt that he desired him not to visit them any more, as he had taken them both under his especial spiritual care.

On visiting them next morning, he administered to both the sacrament of the Eucharist and extreme unction. He afterward accompanied them to the place of execution.

Escorted by the Provost Marshal and two companies of the 4th Delaware Volunteers, they rode in an army wagon, each sitting on his coffin, and the god father between them. They arrived within sight of the scaffold twenty-five minutes before one o'clock.

On arriving at the scaffold, all dismounted and knelt on the ground. The venerable father, with his black santon, purple stole and gray hairs waving in the wind, appeared very impressive as he led them in the general confession and had them repeat the acts of contrition, faith, hope and charity.

At fifteen minutes past one o'clock, accompanied by Capt. Raulston and a ser-

geant of his guard, they mounted the scaffold.

The general orders, embracing the charges, verdict and sentence, were read by Captain Raulston. They then made their remarks, which we give below. After this they knelt in prayer, about two and a half minutes. Arising, they kissed the crucifix and said, "Jesus and Mary."

The ropes were adjusted about their necks by the Provost Marshal and his Sergeant, and the caps drawn over their faces. Capt. Raulston touched the drop, and they fell about six feet. They struggled very little, both their necks being broken.

LAST WORDS.

After the charges and sentence were read by Capt. Raulston, the prisoners were told if they had anything to say to speak. Clark stepped calmly forward and said:

"Fellow-soldiers—I do not want to beset down as a cold-blooded murderer. That was never my intention. I had a revolver containing six loads, and with any of these I could have killed him in a minute. I merely went out with the intention of assisting a fellow-soldier against what I knew to be a rebel. Of this I offered to bring evidence on the trial, and they would not let me.

"Fellow-soldiers, from me take warning. I put my trust in my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Fellow-soldiers, farewell."

Dormody then said:

"Fellow-soldiers—I confess, what I have before, that I inflicted a blow which, if it caused his death, makes me guilty. I beg pardon of God for my sins. Fellow-soldiers, farewell."

THE BODIES.

At six minutes past 2 o'clock the bodies were cut down, and, by order of Major Gen. Keyes, turned over to Dr. James R. Reiley, Chief Surgeon of Brigades, and at the time of our going to press, 1 o'clock this morning, are in the dead house of Nelson Hospital. At 10 o'clock to day, they will be taken to the headquarters of the Reserve Artillery, where mass will be celebrated preparatory to their burial.

A BENEVOLENT PROPOSITION.—We have received the following notice, and though we have no reason for supposing it is not right, yet we cannot advise any soldier to address Mr. Stephens. If he had been in the army as long as we have, he would have found out that postage stamps are quite as difficult to obtain as "envelopes and stationery," and saying nothing of the risk of being humbugged, by the time a soldier has bought a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp, and written a letter and paid the transportation charges on a few packages of envelopes, he will not have much more money in his pocket than if he had bought them of the sutler.

Now we can show Mr. Stephens a way in which he can confer a real favor on the soldiers of Yorktown without the one hundredth part of the trouble to himself or them that a letter from each one to read, and a package to put up and direct, would be. Perhaps some one expects to hear us say send them to THE CAVALIER office for distribution! Ah, you forget our exceeding great modesty, besides we cannot stand any increase of business at present. But if he will put up three bundles containing each a couple of thousand packages, and send one to Father Hunt, Chaplain 179th P. M., Yorktown, Va.; a second to Rev. R. Howard Wallace, Chaplain 168th N. Y. V., Yorktown, Va.; a third to John H. Davidson, Chaplain 172d P. M., with directions to give one package to each private of their own and adjoining regiments as far as they will reach, we will give good security for their being as faithfully distributed as if he were here himself. We will send him a copy of this notice, and if he sends on the envelopes we will give him honorable mention as a real philanthropist; if not, you may mark him as a speculator, with "a large stock of envelopes now on hand" for sale and a few to give away, if necessary, to sell the rest:

NOTICE—Soldiers will be supplied, FREE OF CHARGE, with all the ENVELOPES they want to use by addressing, post paid, J. W. STEPHENS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—Having noticed, during a recent visit to the army of the Potomac, the great inconvenience our Soldiers have in obtaining Envelopes and Stationery, and the exorbitant price they are obliged to pay for the same, I have concluded to give away, for their benefit, a large stock of Envelopes that I now have on hand. In order to make this offer known that the soldiers may receive its benefit, I shall rely mainly on the liberality and courtesy of the press. By giving the above advertisement a few insertions in your paper you will confer on the soldier an act of gratitude and oblige Yours truly, J. W. STEPHENS.

FIRE.—Yesterday, between 11 1/2 and 12 o'clock, as the troops were being marched out to attend the execution, the Hospital of the 8th Independent New York Battery took fire in the dispensary. The steward was absent, and the cause of the fire is

unknown. It had made such progress when discovered, and only the guards being in camp, that before it could be extinguished the roof was burned off—most of the medical and sanitary stores were saved, but in a damaged condition. Hospital Steward Maynard hastened to the scene as soon as the alarm was given, and in his efforts to save the stores was burned quite severely. He lost his knapsack and clothing, and almost everything else of personal property that he had in camp. There were only three sick men in the hospital, and all of them were able to move themselves out without any help.

CAPT. T. B. Orwig, of Battery E, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, has obtained leave of absence for a few days and gone to visit the dear ones in his Pennsylvania home.—We first met Captain—then Lieutenant—Orwig at Fair Oaks, soon after the battle. From that time we have been on intimate terms with him. He has been so far as we know, constantly on duty all that time and almost a year before. No one can make his acquaintance without feeling for him the highest esteem. He is one of the very few that we have met of whom we have never heard a word or seen an act that we would gladly forget. He moves in the army, in this peculiar climate, without swearing or drinking whiskey, a noble illustration of our doctrine that these practices are not at all necessary here, and just as sinful as anywhere else.

THE 168th Regiment New York Volunteers are having some sickness, occasioned by the exposure in the awful storm that was raging when they landed and for two days afterward. Nearly all, officers as well as men, took heavy colds, but they have got their camp neatly fitted up, and as the weather becomes more pleasant the colds are wearing off, and we presume in a little time sickness will be almost as rare as in any of the commands here. Their camp is beautifully located, and we consider it the most healthy of any spot about here. We understand that quite a large number of reinforcements to this regiment are on their way from New York.

NAVAL.—Lieut. Farquer, formerly executive officer of the Mahaska, has been ordered to the same position on the Rhode Island, a first class war steamer, ordered in pursuit of the pirate Alabama.

He has left an excellent record for ability, vigilance and valor here. We wish him prosperity. May he be present when the villainous commander and the vile crew of the 290 strike their traitor colors or sink amid the waves; and when the vile banner of treason floats no more on any shore or sea, may he return home to tell the bloody tale.

CORRECTION.—Col. A. H. Grimshaw, of the 4th Delaware Volunteers, who desires every one to have due credit, sends us word that there was a misunderstanding on our part, and consequently a wrong statement, in relation to the map of Yorktown and vicinity that he sent us last week. It was found in a trunk containing old papers, the property of John R. Lattimer, Esq., of Wilmington, Del., one of whose ancestors was an officer in the Revolutionary army. Mr. Lattimer had a number of copies photographed and presented them to his friends.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—On Wednesday last, Geo. Bastian, of Company D, 172d Regiment, P. M., accidentally discharged his gun, the contents of which produced severe wounds of his arm, hand and face, which were at once dressed by Dr. Cole, Surgeon of the regiment. The sufferer is from Shamokin, Northumberland county, Pa. He is doing as well as can be expected. We hope others will be more careful and avoid such accidents.

CAPT. Coffin, the efficient and gentlemanly Commissary of this Post, has just returned from a visit among friends in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In a passing conversation we heard him remark that though he had a pleasant time, yet he constantly felt an anxiety to get back to duty. We believe every true patriot will have a similar feeling when his country's need is as great as at present.

COMMANDER Creighton, who has of late been engaged in distinguished naval service on the Southern coast, has been ordered to the command of the Mahaska, now doing service in this vicinity. He is a native of New York, and has been over twenty years in the naval service. Truly the Mahaska is fortunate in her commanders.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.—We understand that meetings will be held in the church every evening this week. This evening Father Hunt preaches. On Wednesday evening Chaplain Davidson preaches in the German language. On Thursday evening Father Hunt lectures on temperance. On the other evenings there will be prayer meetings.

Religious Selections.

THE MINSTREL IN THE DARK.—“ Ah !” said the bird, imprisoned in a dark cage, “ how unhappy were I in my eternal night but for those melodious tones, that sometimes make their way to me from afar and cheer my gloomy day ! I will myself repeat these heavenly notes, like an echo, till I have stamped them upon my soul, and then they will bring comfort to me in my darkness.”

Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. This done, the curtain was raised ; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction.

O, Christian ! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days ! And yet, what cause for complaint, unless, indeed, thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering ? For human life is but a temporary veiling and obscuring of man’s immortal spirit, that it may be attuned to those happy and heavenly melodies which, when the fleshly curtain falls away, it will forever sing in light and glory.

GOD OUR FATHER.—In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amid the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not ; was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through ? No ; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim ; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, “ Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father’s hand ; for he holds all these waters there ?” The story of that disciple’s faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land ; but if they in safety are strangers to this faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful ; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea. It is only when satisfied with His mercy that we rejoice to lie in His hand.

FAITH IN GOD.—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward. If we look Godward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. “ Go forward,” is the voice from heaven ; and faith, obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. “ God with us,” is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. “ If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love ! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things ; for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all. We may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.

TRAVELERS are often more perplexed than aided by the directions which they receive about the roads. People point out the turns, at this point and that, as though the stranger was as well acquainted with the localities as they are themselves. “ When you pass Mr. Smith’s farm, turn into the lane, just beyond my uncle’s house, on the south side of the woods.” In like manner, some preachers discourse about the way to heaven, using terms and phrases familiar to themselves, but not understood by the hearer. Theology, like human sciences, must have its technical terms ; but in the pulpit, where popular instruction and improvement are the aim, they should not be used too freely. Christ had few of them in his discourses.

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

An officer in Yorktown, on opening a letter from his better half, found in it the following clipping from some paper. He couldn’t exactly make out whether she intended it as a joke or in dead earnest. We couldn’t exactly make out ourself, so we present it to the readers of THE CAVALIER for their opinion :

Some time ago there lived in Edinburg a well-known grumbler, named Sandy Black, whose often-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute’s good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel ; the haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, and breakfast passed without the looked-for cause of complaint.

“ What will you have for dinner, Sandy ?” said Mrs. Black.

“ A chicken, madam,” said the husband.

“ Roast or boiled ?” asked the wife.

“ Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you’d have known before this what I liked,” Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, “ Sandy’s bent on a disturbance to-day ; I shall not please him, do what I can.”

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner ; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, “ Boiled chicken ! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled.”

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

“ Madam, I won’t eat roast chicken,” roared Sandy ; “ you know how it should have been cooked !”

At this instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

“ Without green peas !” roared the grumbler.

“ Here they are, dear,” said Mrs. Black.

“ How dare you spend my money in that way ?”

“ They were a present,” said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist and shouted, “ How dare you receive a present without my leave !”

[From the Columbia Co. (Pa.) Republican.]
**LETTER FROM COL JOHNSON,
178TH REGIMENT, P. M.**

YORKTOWN, VA., Feb. 11th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—My regiment is comfortably situated and seem perfectly satisfied, save the injustice they suffer through the neglect or otherwise of the authorities in sending “ Dixie-ward ” those whose duty it is to be here. The reflection of being away from comforts, home, family and friends, is quite enough to bear, to say nothing of the ridicule and taunts of those referred to above, and it is but just to those who are here to have them sent on.

Allow me to give you my humble plan of conducting the campaign, viz: Concentrating all available forces, take possession of the Tennessee Railroad at Chattanooga, fortify and hold it at all hazards. At the same time, also, send a large force into North Carolina, fortify and hold possession of the railroads running south from Richmond, act on the defensive, and the victory will be ours. Great stress is laid on the taking of Richmond, which, outside of the moral effect upon the rebels, I take it, would be a disadvantage to us, driving the rebels nearer the centre of their supplies, and giving us more territory to occupy. Again, taking possession of the Tennessee railroad overcomes the object, in a great measure, of the possession of the Mississippi river, and even more—it cuts

off the supplies coming from Kentucky Tennessee, and east of the Mississippi river.

The South are united, and no pains are spared as to means to carry out their object—the war. They have no trade or traffic—not a hammer is raised, not a blow is struck, not a muscle employed, but centre upon that object. If the North was to raise her mighty arm in all its strength, and let it fall, the result would be to sink secession beyond the bounds of sympathy, and crush it out forever. But for three causes, even with our present army, we could have made much more progress, if not ere this entirely put down rebellion : first, traitors and sympathizers in our lines ; second, the want of unity in our army commanders ; third, loafing officers. Many, *very many* officers, as soon as they get into positions, act as though their first duty was to make themselves entirely comfortable. They do as little as possible, using their position as past-time, without any reference to duties or obligations to their country. The effect of this is to demoralize and destroy the efficiency of the army, and cause it, when called upon to fail, from inattention, ignorance, &c.

Yours in haste,

JAMES JOHNSON,

Col. 178th Regiment, P. M.

Humorous.

ONE DEMORALIZED SOLDIER.—(Scene between the battle-field at Fredericksburg and one of the pontoon bridges.) A staff officer sees a recreant son of Mars, of giant frame and heathful appearance, making his best strides rearward, and halts him, when the following interesting colloquy is had between them :

Officer—Where are you going ?

Soldier—Ove the river, if possible.

Officer—What the deuce are you going over the river for ? You don’t seem to be wounded, and you certainly are not sick ?

Soldier—No, I am neither wounded nor sick, but far worse off ; I am most darnedly demoralized.

ELDER KNAP, who years ago created an immense sensation in Connecticut, is now holding forth every evening in Chicago. He’s reported to have said in prayer the other night :—“ Oh, Lord ! wilt thou bless President Lincoln ? Thou knowest that all the Southern aristocracy and all the rotten portion of the Northern Democrats are down on him. Therefore wilt thou bless him ?”

SCARED individual, dodging infuriated bull behind a tree :—“ You ungrateful beast, you ! You wouldn’t toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you ? Is that the return you make ?”

The following is a true copy of a sign upon an academy out West :—“ Freeman & Hugg, School-teachers. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls.”

A **CITY** scavenger says :—“ When dead hosses and other garbage is left lyin’ loose around a camp, the noo-paper reporters writes and says, ‘ Our army is again assuming the offensive.’ ”

“ My wife,” said a wag, the other day, “ came near calling me honey last evening.” “ Indeed, how was that ?” “ Why, he called me old bees-wax.”

“ Why, I thought you were ill, said one friend to another, meeting in a porter-house. “ Well, don’t you see I’m a-lying !” was the quiet reply, with a bitter smile.

WHAT is the difference between a bed-bug and a man sleeping with snakes under his bed ? One creeps over the sleepers, and the other sleeps over the creepers.

A **HOP** on the light “fantastic toe” may be pleasant, but not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbor.

Advertisements.

LAWSON’S COLUMN.

O. L. LAWSON,

has just returned from Baltimore with a large assortment of

ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,

which he is exposing for sale

AT FAIR PRICES,

AT HIS

NEW MAMMOTH STORE,

ON THE

S. E. CORNER OF McCLELLAN AND ELLSWORTH STREETS,

where he will always be found ready to wait on those who may favor him with their patronage.

He would call especial attention to his assortment of

OFFICERS’ FURNISHING GOODS.

SUCH AS

HATS, COATS, VESTS,

PANTS AND SHIRTS,
of all descriptions. A fine assortment of

SHOULDER STRAPS.

He has, also,

SEVENTY CASES OF BOOTS,

McClellan, Grained, Calf and Stogies.

STATIONERY.

In this article especially he defies competition in this part of the world. Official, and all other sizes and patterns of **ENVELOPES**, and **PAPER** of every size and style.

BUTTER.

3 tons Orange County, Goshen, and other brands.

CHEESE.

2 tons New York Dairy, Large Cheese.

CANNED MEATS.

Turkey, Chicken, Mutton. Also, Sawyer’s Soup in Cans.

CANNED FRUITS.

Strawberries, Blackberries, Pine Apple, Tomatoes, and other kinds too numerous to mention here.

TEAS.

Green and Black.

COFFEE.

Java and Maraicabo.

SUGARS.

Crushed, Coffee and Muscovado.

SPICES.

Nutmegs, Alspice, Pepper, Ginger and Mustard.

CAKES.

Ginger Cakes, Tea Cakes, Boston Biscuit, Soda and Butter Crackers.

APPLES.

Of the choicest varieties, in barrels or smaller quantity.

BLOOD BEETS.

POTATOES.

Irish and Sweet.

TIN WARE, CUTLERY, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, AND—

If his column was longer he’d tell you of more, But as that is completed, just enter the store ; Though to please you, you may have thought matter of doubt, You’ll now see in a trice he can rig you all out.

JOHN H. GOTSHALL, SUTLER OF the 172d Pennsylvania Regiment, at the sign of “ Army and Navy Supplies,” on the South side of McClellan street, first door west of the Quartermaster’s Storehouse, keeps an extensive assortment of Groceries and Provisions, among which you will find Teas, Coffee, Sugar and Spices, Canned Fruits and Meats, Cheese, Fresh Roll Butter and Fresh Eggs, Fresh Pennsylvania sausages and Bologna, Tea Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Boston Biscuit, Soda and Butter Crackers, Figs, Raisins, Nuts and Candies of all kinds, Luzerne County Buckwheat Flour, Wheat Flour and Corn Meal, Apples, Potatoes, Onions, &c.

Also, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco and Segars, of all varieties.

Stationery of excellent quality and every style.

Boots and Shoes, Shirts, Collars and Neck-ties.
Kerosene Lamps, Chimneys, Wick and Oil.

An assortment of Tin Ware, Knives and Forks, Spoons, and all goods found in first class army stores, which he will sell at reasonable prices, for cash. Call and examine his stock, and you will be satisfied he can’t be beat. His motto is, “ a quick sixpence is better than a slow shilling.” fe3-1m

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLIES.—THE subscriber’s establishment, in Keyes Square, one door from McClellan street, has constantly exposed for sale a very large assortment of all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Case Goods, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c., and the attention of the troops and citizens residing within the lines is respectfully directed to it.

All kinds of goods, of the best quality, at reasonable rates.

The attention of officers and others is especially solicited to his choice and extensive assortment of Groceries and Provisions. Call and see. fe3-1m. **B. F. VOORHEES.**

NEWS DEPOT, ON McCLELLAN Street, first door East of F. B. Patterson’s Barber Shop, and opposite the Nelson Hospital.

SAMUEL A. BENT keeps the very latest New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Daily and Weekly Papers, together with all the leading Pictorials and Magazines.

He will also procure to order, on short notice, any book that you may desire. fe3-1m

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!—100 Eastern Cheeses.

30 firkins Orange County Butter ; extra. 20 bbls. Sugar-cured Hams.

All kinds of Family Groceries, of the very best quality, and on the most reasonable terms. fe3-1m. **B. F. VOORHEES.**

WATCH MAKER.—A. D. BINGHAM, in Lawson’s Building, Cleans and Repairs Clocks and Watches on short notice, at fair rates. All work done by him warranted.

He keeps something of an assortment of watches for sale. You won’t be without the time, after calling on him and seeing how quickly and neatly he can fix you up. Terms, cash. fe3-1m

BOOTS AND SHOES.—50 CASES OF Ransom’s McClellan Grained Cavalry Boots, and a fine assortment of Boys’ and Girls’ Shoes, for sale.

Also, a few cases of Ladies’ Boots, at reasonable prices. fe3-1m. **B. F. VOORHEES.**

ROBERTS’ RESTAURANT, ON ELLS-worth street, second door from McClellan, is a place of great interest and importance to those who desire a tip-top meal now and then. He gets up almost anything you can call for in goodstyle. If you want to enjoy a meal that reminds you of home, give him a call. fe3-1m

BARBER SHOP, ON McCLELLAN Street, two doors East of Ellsworth street. Shaving, Hair-dressing, Shampooing, &c., executed in the latest style, and with all possible despatch, by fe3-1m **F. B. PATTERSON.**

JOHN WILLIAMS, DEALER IN ARMY AND NAVY GOODS; N. E. cor. McClellan and Ellsworth sts., has a large and choice assortment of everything in this line, which he will sell as cheap as the same can be purchased anywhere in this country.

ROBERT’S MEAT MARKET, IN THE same building with his Restaurant, is the place for officers to get nice Beef Steaks, Mutton Chops, Pork Steaks, Spare Ribs, Sausages, &c.

Also, fine Poultry, of all kinds. fe3-1m

WHO SELLS THE BEST GOODS at the lowest rates in Yorktown ? fe3-1m **VOORHEES.**

McNEAL, SUTLER OF THE 178th, keeps a good assortment of everything usually found at such establishments, in the Mammoth Tent, North East corner of the Parade Ground.

AMBROTYPE GALLERY.—AMBROtypes taken in superior style and put up in cases, or suitable for sending in letters, at the Mammoth Gallery, on the Square, next door to the Church. fe3-1m

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR Tobacco ? Go to fe3-1m **VOORHEES’.**

WHO HAS THE BEST BOOTS AND Shoes in Yorktown ? fe3-1m **VOORHEES.**

WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR Butter ? Go to fe3-1m **VOORHEES’.**