

THE CAVALIER.

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

VOL. I.

YORKTOWN, VA., TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1863.

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THE CAVALIER

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PUBLISHERS:

S. C. HOUGH & T. C. FELL.

Original Poetry.

LILLIES.

One day in June, when skies were fair,
We sailed away, my love and I,
Where floating islands greenly lie,
To gather lillies there.

Seated beneath a beechen tree,
Laughing out on the summer air,
Twining the lillies in her hair,
She sang this song to me:

“A wood dove singing to her mate—
Thy foes are out with unquenched hate;
The twigs are lim’d and snared the way;
Venture not in the early day.”

“Secure in depth of forest bow’r,
Safe hid from sun and passing show’r,
They lurk thee in each grassy seat;
Venture not in the noon-day heat.”

“The sound that strikes thy list’ning ear,
Does it not fill thy heart with fear?
The rattlesnake in deadly play!
Venture not in the garish day.”

“Fond ones caress thee—do not roam;
Love’s bars are strongest still at home—
The night-hawk swoops at close of day,
Venture not in the twilight gray.”

“A little way at eventide,
Provided I am at thy side;
But not too far in silvery light,
For great owls fit in moonlight white.”

“Venture not in the hollow th’rong;
Venture not to do love a wrong;
Venture not, lest thy heart-stings prove,
Venturing, thou’st gambled thy love.”

Sporting back to her cottage home,
We noted not the storm-cloud black,
Till waves came sweeping on our track,
Their summits white with foam.

What man might do I did that day—
I only know when morning came,
But half alive, wounded and lame,
Alone on shore I lay.

They buried her, and I abed!
My love with lillies in her hair—
I envy those white blossoms there,
And wish that I were dead.

When lillies close with close of day,
I sing her song of eventide—
“Provided I am at thy side”—
“Thou’st gambled thy love away.”

Fort Yorktown, Va., Feb. 22d, 1863.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, on a summer’s day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom over half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roar and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to Heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity!

Select Story.

THE PICKET’S RUSE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

The camp-life of a besieging army in front of an enemy’s position is less monotonous than might be supposed; and is not unfrequently diversified by incidents of much interest.

During the first days, the troops are excited, enthusiastic and full of feverish desire to throw themselves at once upon the enemy’s works, trusting to numbers, courage, the brilliancy of the movement, and the aid of the God of Battles, to drive out the opposing forces and occupy their entrenchments at a single blow.

But generals are cooler in their methods. They value brilliant feats sufficiently, and at the decisive moment of actual engagement make powerful use of the magnetism of physical daring; but a splendid dash is rarely a good thing to begin with, and the soldiers investing a fortress or an armed city must do much hard work and isolated skirmishing before they are called upon to overwhelm the foe with a torrent of fire and blood.

As the days slip by, and earthworks begin to mark the lines and angles of the besieging army, bristling with the long black barrels of field-batteries and heavier siege guns, the men get more accustomed to their position, and acquire a more tranquil manner of seeing things. The enemy’s banner, waving defiantly above his works, no longer inspires them with that impatient rage that marked the inception. The picket guards cease shooting at each other save at intervals, when reconnoissance is the object on one side or the other. Rifle-men are less anxious to pick off the officers that expose themselves upon wall or bastion from time to time, and the working parties are more cautious to avoid the shells that the foe occasionally send among them to prevent or delay the construction of new works.

Now and then, too, they get a taste of sharp fighting, and have the edge of their appetites taken off in a measure. A redoubt must be destroyed. It has sprung into existence in a single night, and its heavy guns bear directly upon the weakest point of the besiegers’ line. A hot incessant fire from a field-battery is opened upon it, under cover of which some dare-devil regiment rushes over the intervening space between the armies, regardless of the murderous hail-storm that sings from long rifle-pits on either hand. The assault pours in a close volley of musketry at short range, while charging, and dashing upon the redoubt bayonets every soldier who dares remain. Half then keep up a sharp fire from the parapet, while the other half overthrow the stockades, shovel down the earthworks, dismount and spike the guns, and flood the magazines or put long lighted fuses to them. The return must be speedy, and is always fatal to many. The path of the brave fellows is marked by a host of dead and suffering, who must be picked up under a white flag, the most melancholy and thankless of all a soldier’s tasks. More and heavier guns must be immediately put in position to command the site of

this ruined work, and riflemen must be detailed to pick off any engineers who attempt to rebuild it.

In some places, where the opposing lines lie very near each other, the pickets exchange words as well as bullets. As a general thing, their conversation is not very instructive. It consists, for the most part, of savage threats against the commanders; each party threatening to hang, draw, quarter, &c., &c., the other’s general. They also exchange information concerning the numbers of men and guns on their respective sides, but such numbers may always be set down as highly imaginative and apocryphal. This leads to accusations of untruthfulness, and this to personal threats. A brief duel ensues, the sentinels popping away briskly at each other from behind trees, until one is hit or the relief comes along, when the officer of the guard generally puts a stop to the waste of ammunition.

Such was the life of our army before Yorktown during a considerable time; and such the incidents by which the monotony of the siege was diversified. One of these latter episodes betrayed so much ingenuity that I must detail it here as a specimen of the cool and inventive shrewdness that the New England soldier exhibits even under circumstances of personal danger, and with instant death staring him in the face.

Private Joel Smapes, of a hard-working, tough-sinewed regiment of Vermont volunteers, was a good shot and a smart soldier. He found great satisfaction in picket-duty, and hardly ever came in after a day’s exercise in that branch of military industry without having a report to make to his superior officer of some new work discovered, some conversation overheard, some little chance circumstances perceived, that might be of use in gaining an advantage over the enemy.

Joel was a long, lanky, yellow-haired fellow, not very soldierly in speech or bearing, but of infinitely more service than many a one of our snug, dapper, well-looking city soldiers. He was frightfully sunburned, and his face, coarse-featured and demure, suggested good humor and power of endurance more than courage or discipline. But there was a twinkle about his small grey eyes, which enlivened them despite their scanty and characteristic white lashes, and impressed the closer sort of observer with a wholesome respect for his courage and intelligence. His nasal voice and drawl, his round shoulders and flat build, could not shake this respect so long as one kept those clear, cool, far-seeing eyes in sight; and Joel’s comrades prophesied that he had only to behave himself, and keep on his own way, to gain a pair of epaulettes one fine day.

He openly declared that manual labor on the earthworks was distasteful to him, and his officers, knowing his value at picket duty, evinced enough consideration for him to keep him at that service.

The position that he liked best was on the slope of a hill, opposite a similar slope, occupied by a sentinel of the Confederates. This last was quite a high bit of ground, whence one might see a good deal of what was going on about the batteries further down. Joel believed that the sentinel there stationed learned more than was well for our side.

He accordingly harrassed and annoyed every one that showed his head on the hill-side opposite, and left several adventurous fellows stretched out on the turf, one after another, as a reward for their temerity.

It was nearly a quarter of a mile off, but, as I have said, the long Vermonter was a good shot, and it became really dangerous for the enemy’s pickets to show themselves at all near the forbidden hill-side. They soon learned this lesson, and very naturally acted upon it.

Joel, sauntering carelessly down his path, one fine afternoon, heard a sharp report, and felt the wind of a rifle ball that came wonderfully near his head.—Turning quickly, he saw the smoke floating up from a little pile of fresh earth on the hill opposite. The enemy had dug a pit wherein the sentinel could sit at ease, and expose his head and arms only when he fired. Private Smapes hastened, with praiseworthy prudence, to get out of sight, among some cedars, and watched for some time before quite fixing the location of his foe again. Finally, discovering the fresh earth once more, and imagining that he saw a hat just above it, he took a shot in that direction. Up pegged a tall sentinel, bare-headed, and returned the fire instantly. He had only been trying the old trick of putting his hat on a ramrod.

“This’ll never dew,” soliloquized Joel, “That cuss has got tew good a berth over yander. I’ll just have ter rousse him out.”

The other sentinel’s death warrant was in some sort signed from that moment. The crafty Vermonter’s brain was at work on the problem of dislodging his man thenceforth.

So long as Joel kept quiet, so long did his antagonist; but it was prestimable that he could see the batteries in process of construction, without exposing his head, for the earth taken from the pit was carefully piled upon the side toward Joel.

From a thicket at the foot of the two hills, however, a shot could be thrown lengthways of the trench, and behind this trifling breastwork. To gain that thicket, then, without being too visible on the barren slope, was Joel’s idea.

The next day private Smapes took with him a long piece of stout twine and a loaded revolver, when he went out on picket duty. It was not yet day light, but the gray and indistinct light of dawn had begun to pale in the East.

The sentinel, as soon as the guard passed along, hastened to drive a smooth stake into the ground, and to rest his musket over a fork in a cedar bush in front of the stake, the muzzle of the weapon pointing in the direction of the pit on the farther slope.

He then cocked the piece, and having fastened one end of his cord to the trigger, began stealthily crawling down hill on his hands and knees, playing out the line as he went.

It was a hazardous experiment, for the thicket, when he gained it, was very sparse, and so near to the point that the Confederate sentry, had he suspected Joel’s presence there, could have hardly failed to hit him.

Lying down, however, the Vermonter awaited sunrise, and as the shadows faded away into the mists of morning,

he saw the light gleam upon a bayonet, peering from the trench on the hill-side.

“Now for ter make him show his picter!” said Joel to himself.

He pulled the string, carefully at first, till it was drawn tight, and then a slight extra tug fired the musket from among the cedars above.

He had not calculated wrongly. As soon as the rifleman in the pit heard this matinal salutation from his enemy over opposite, as he supposed, he raised himself up to return the fire, and brought his head and shoulders plainly into sight.

The next instant he went heels over head into his trench again, with a bullet from the unerring Colt straight through the side of his head.

“The derved fool!” said private Smapes, “didn’t he know a feller might shoot off a gun without having hold onto it?”

The Confederate pickets decided thereafter that this position was too exposed to be profitably occupied.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

The train from Toledo arrived with a heavy load of passengers, a few minutes before the time for the eastward bound train to start. Among the passengers was a lady, with a multitude of small packages and a baby. On descending from the Toledo cars she was notified that she had to hurry up or she would miss the train. Hugging the baby with one arm, she endeavored to grasp her packages with her disengaged hand, but they were too much for her. Do what she would, there was always a bandbox or one package too many. The precious moments were flying fast, and the conductor of the Lake Shore train was shouting “all aboard.” At that moment a good Samaritan, in the shape of a well-dressed man, volunteered to take charge of the baby while she gathered up her packages. She gave him the child, and he ran off with it to secure a seat, while she followed with her bundles and boxes. As soon as she had picked up her traps and reached the cars, she looked out for the man with her baby. He was nowhere to be seen. She climbed into a car and rushed through it, but saw no man with a baby. Out on a platform again she darted, in and out among the crowd, shrieking, “Where’s my baby? The bystanders inquired what the trouble was, but she gave no explanation, except that a man had got her baby. In an instant all was excitement. Everybody rushed in different directions, shouting, “Where’s the woman’s baby?”

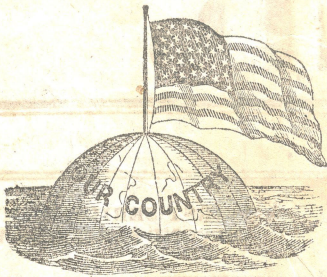
The woman herself, laden down with bundles and bandboxes, which she clung to in all her trouble, ran around shrieking, “Where’s my baby?” Depot officers Clark Warren and Van Husen, searched every car, and sternly ordered several men with children in their arms to “give up the woman’s baby,” while the conductor kept shouting frantically, “All aboard.” Presently a man in a state of wild excitement, carrying a baby, and giving ample evidence of lungs and windpipe in excellent order, came rushing through the crowd shouting, “Where’s that woman? Has anybody seen a woman who gave me this confounded baby?” The denouement is easily foreseen. Mother and child met. The boxes and bundles were dropped, and the baby overwhelmed with kisses. Officer Clark Warren politely lifted the mother and child into the car, while the conductor picked up the bundles and shouted, “All aboard.”—Cleveland Herald.

The Cavalier.

EDITOR:

J. HIRAM CHAMPION, A. M.,

1st. LIEUT. 8th INDEP'T N. Y. BATTERY.



TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1863.

TRIP TO NEWPORT NEWS.

On Thursday, having business requiring our presence at Fort Monroe and Newport News, with the requisite passes in hand, we made our way on board the steamer *Georgeanna* a few moments before 8 o'clock, A. M. Capt. R. Cormack, Co. A. 89th Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers, who had been on a visit to his old friend and townsman, Captain Fitch, of the 8th Independent N. Y. Battery, accompanied us. We were very pleasantly received by the polite and attentive officers of the *Georgeanna*, and Capt. Clark, Acting Quartermaster, who has charge of her. On board we met Lieut. E. H. Flood, commandant of the Reserve Artillery. We never saw him when he was not in good spirits, but he told us he had in his pocket a leave of absence for twelve days, and of course he had a right to be a little elated. Capt. Jackson, A. D. C., and Lieut. Benson, Chief Signal officer of Major Gen. Keyes' Staff, and Lieut. La Motte, A. A. G. of Brig. Gen. Busted's Staff, were on board. We saw also Major Yerkes, 179th Regiment P. M., Surgeon J. M. Loughton and Sutler Charles Little, of the 168th N. Y. Volunteers, Capt. G. M. Curry, 4th Delaware Volunteers, and lady, and the wife and son of Lieut. Wheeler of that regiment, Lieut. Chromlein, 5th Penn'a Cavalry, going home on leave, Lieut. Baldwin, Battery M 5th U. S. Artillery, and many other distinguished individuals that we did not know. Off the entrance of "Mob Jack Bay" a boat from the *Ruatan*, a Federal gunboat carrying three guns, and now blockading that renowned inland sea, came alongside with the mail. Off the mouth of York River we met the *Mahaska*. She had been out on a cruise. She sent her mail on board the *Georgeanna*, and her Surgeon, Dr. Spear, and Chief Engineer, Mr. Ashley, took passage with us for Fort Monroe. Arrived there at 10 1/2 A. M., and with Lieut. Col. Flood went to camp Hamilton, and inspected the horses of the Reserve Artillery in stables, in charge of Lieut. R. R. Cline, of the 8th Independent N. Y. Battery. Lieut. Cline is an English gentleman who understands playing the agreeable just as nicely as it can be done in London, the city of his nativity. The horses are improving rapidly, the men are in excellent health and fine spirits, and all indications are that the Reserve Artillery will be in excellent condition for the coming campaign.

Four o'clock, P. M., found us on board the steamer for Newport News. Capt. Cormack had been attending to some business, and arrived on the dock just a moment too late. He took a horse and rode across the country. It was very fortunate for us, as the boat did not return the next morning, and we had the horse to convey us back. At Newport News we were just in time to see our friends. That evening the 9th Army Corps received orders to proceed to Suffolk the next day. It was reported that Longstreet, with a large force, was threatening our lines in that quarter, and that an engagement was expected. At 8 o'clock the next morning the embarkation of troops commen-

ced, and was rapidly going forward at 9 o'clock when we took our leave. The 9th Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers—Hawkin's Zouaves—remain to do provost duty. Things about there look very much as they did when the 1st Division of the 4th Corps landed there on the 1st of April, 1862. Charred pieces of the Congress and the masts of the Cumberland mark the places where our brave seamen sunk beneath the waves rather than strike the Stars and Stripes to rebels. On shore everything remains very much as then. The same buildings are occupied as barracks, hospitals and stores. The same negroes, with the same carts and mules, come in every morning bringing milk, butter, eggs, &c., to sell to the soldiers. The camps are nearer the beach than last spring. The Sangamon, Galena and a number of other iron clads give assurance that no Merrimac or Merrimac No. 2 will be allowed to come within range of them.

On our return we crossed the country without any of those awful apprehensions of guerillas that disturbed the minds of certain shoulder-strapped individuals just arrived at the Fortress, who tremblingly inquired if it would be very dangerous for them to venture out as far as the ruins of Hampton. They seemed to be impressed with a consciousness of the solemnity of traveling over the sacred soil. Our convictions of that character left us some time ago if we ever had them.

Arriving at Fortress Monroe, we showed our very accommodating disposition by yielding to a pressing invitation from Lieut. Cline to dine on roast chickens and accompaniments. We tried to do justice to the chickens, and we presume we did, for Lieut. Cline ceased to speak of our being bashful soon after we got fairly at work. We do not remember to have made a more earnest effort in that direction except on the occasion of our drawing up in line of battle in front of Capt. Coffin's famous wild turkey a few days since.

Dinner over, we hastened on board the *Georgeanna*, and were soon making 18 knots an hour toward Yorktown.—Some of the same officers who went down the day before, were on board.—They had been to see the paymaster, but did not seem to have derived great consolation from their interview with that distinguished functionary. We had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Major Waller and Captain Tappen, of the 168th N. Y. Volunteers, just coming on to join the regiment; Sutler Lawson, on his return from Baltimore, with barrels of cakes and apples, bags of all kinds of nuts, and boxes of articles beyond the comprehension of a poor printer. He was feeling a little blue over some *little sums* lost by the depreciation of gold. He, however, concluded he should survive the shock, and before we got up to Yorktown we got him into his usual liberal mood.

MARRIAGES.

Artemus Ward remarks, in regard to a certain paper, that the marriages and deaths are very ably conducted. We cannot claim this very distinguished merit for THE CAVALIER in regard to the matrimonial department, but we shall try in future to bring it up.

On the 7th inst., by the Rev. John M. Davidson, Mr. LEVI WASHINGTON to Miss HARRIET GARDNER, all of Fort Yorktown. Levi is the person who conducted General McClellan from before Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Though dark complexioned, he is a gentlemanly, honest, patriotic person. If all minded their own business and moved along as quietly and industriously as he, there would be very little trouble in community. He is private servant to Col. R. M. West, Chief of Artillery and Ordnance. Quite a number of distinguished army officers attended the wedding, and esteemed it no disgrace to take Levi and his dark visaged bride by the hand and

wish them long life and uninterrupted prosperity.

This marriage stands out in strange contrast with another celebrated by the same Divine, very slyly, on the 11th inst., when Mr. Fletcher Yaple, private of the 98th N. Y. V., and Mrs. Frances Weir, wife of John Weir, a private of the same regiment, were pretended to be eclesiastically joined together. Mr. Weir left here with his regiment only a little over two months ago. A few days after Mrs. Weir came on here the Surgeon took her into the hospital as nurse that she might earn a livelihood until such time as she could go forward to join her husband at the South. She was well off, but soon her intimacy with Yaple became notorious. When the Surgeon in charge would no longer tolerate her, then he, Yaple, took her to a private house and hired her board as a young lady, and finally was thus disgracefully married, and in spite of expostulations, sent her, on the 15th inst., to his parents in Pennsylvania.

Our disposition is good to dilate on the meanness of this affair, but we know we are unequal to the task as the renowned swearer was to do justice to the spilling of his load of ashes. So we desist.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR WHISKEY.

If our friend of the 168th Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers, who writes home that whiskey is scarce and difficult to get at \$2 per quart, would take a cruise some night with a certain individual of our acquaintance, he would be satisfied that he has been a little befogged on that subject. The aforesaid individual manages to have a large stock constantly on hand. If you will go into his office you will see an array of well filled bottles, jugs, demijohns, and almost all the other peculiar vessels that "the critter" is usually kept in, that will remind you of the good old days before Neal Dow or the Maine Law was heard of. While others are wondering where the liquor comes from, he starts out and rarely fails to discover the fountain.—About a week ago, disguised as a private, he went on board the mail boat and bought five bottles at \$1 each. On last Saturday night about 9 o'clock, he went out to the Express, lying off the upper dock. In the darkness he scrambled over slabs, run divers and sundry risks of being smashed or drowned, but he finally reached the lucky spot, and went into a ten dollar speculation. He got enough to realize quite a fortune at \$2 per bottle. The individual of whom he made the purchase was to deliver it on shore, and having done it, our friend was so heartless as to seize him and place him in durance vile as a smuggler. The next day a partner of the said smuggler was also caught. The whiskey trade here is extensive, and probably conducted by an association, but we can assure the smugglers their craft is in danger. They have undoubtedly made a fine pile, and may make another successful trip or two, but they are bound ere long to share the fate of their luckless comrades now in the guard house.

THAT BENEVOLENT PROPOSITION.

It will be recollected that two weeks ago we published an advertisement of Mr. J. W. Stephens, to the effect that he had envelopes to give away. We were taken to task by several individuals for intimating that he might be a humbug, and advising our readers to keep clear of him until he was proved. It turns out just as we expected, only worse. He is not only a humbug, but a beggar, supplicating the press to advertise his humbug gratuitously. Some of the soldiers here, anxious for a speculation, got paper and envelopes, wrote an epistle, and paid postage, enclosing a stamp, in all costing eight cents cash, and a good deal of labor and pains taking. They got 4 of the flimsiest

envelopes we ever saw, and we thought we had seen very mean ones before. If the good people of Morristown, N. J., don't shave his head and drum him out of town, the first regiment of soldiers that get into that vicinity ought to tar and feather him and tip over his shanty.

Half of each envelope was taken up with the following advertisement:

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL! HARD TIMES NO MORE.—Agents wanted in every county in the United States and the Canadas, either ladies or gentlemen, local or traveling, with or without capital, to engage in a light, genteel and honorable money making business, paying from five to ten dollars a day. For circulars containing full particulars, address, enclosing one red stamp.

J. W. STEPHENS,
Morristown, N. J.

Now, fellow soldiers, pitch in. Fortune is before you. But first come into THE CAVALIER office and see a specimen.

NEW RIG.

We notice that our friend, Dr. Jas. R. Riley, Surgeon 179th P. M., and Medical Purveyor of Yorktown, has determined to indulge himself by riding in a buggy. We are glad of it, as we occasionally want to borrow, and we know his generous disposition. He has been in service since August 5th, 1861, entering as Ass't Surgeon 1st Penn'a Artillery. He has always done good service, being present at quite a number of important engagements, and having had charge of the Lacy House Hospital at Fredericksburg, during the terrible battle there a few weeks ago.

Letter from Col. Suydam, A. A. G., to Major General Keyes.

HEAD-QUARTERS 4TH ARMY CORPS,
FORT YORKTOWN, VA.,
March 11th, 1863.

OFFICE OF ASS'T ADJ'T GENERAL,
Major Gen. E. D. Keyes, Commanding
Fourth Army Corps:

GENERAL.—In reply to your inquiries relative to that portion of Brig. Gen. Birney's report of the battle of Seven Pines (published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 9th inst.,) wherein I am represented as reporting to General Birney that "Generals Keyes and Heintzelman were two miles to the rear, on the Williamsburg road." I have the honor to state that no such report was made by me, but that General Birney has entirely misunderstood my words and their meaning.

At about 6 P. M., of the 31st of May, I was present with yourself—General Heintzelman also being very near—at the point where the Williamsburg road debouched (coming from Richmond) into the open field, where, in a house, a hospital was established, and on the opposite side of which were the rifle-pits occupied by Couch's Division on the day after—the 1st of June, 1862. At the time mentioned, the shot and shell were flying actively about, and we were all engaged, amid the heavy fire then raging, in rallying troops for the formation of a new line of battle, the last formed during the day, and a portion of which, I was afterwards informed by General Heintzelman, you in person led against the enemy. While thus engaged, General Heintzelman, expressing great anxiety about the obedience by General Birney of an order to advance up the railroad and engage the enemy (an order which he said he had already sent him twice), dispatched me to that officer, desiring me to tell General Birney that "if his right was not turned, he desired him to advance up the railroad and engage the enemy." (This was the substance of his order.) Riding very rapidly, and passing first somewhat to the rear, to escape a swamp which I knew to be impassable—or at least very difficult to cross—for a mounted officer, I struck the railroad track a short distance below where the road-bridge crosses it, and then rode rapidly along the track to where General Birney was. I found him in a small open—the field covered with a growth of grain about two feet high—with his brigade about him, their left extending into the woods between the railroad track and the Williamsburg road. Informing me, in answer to my question, that his brigade had not been engaged, I gave him Gen. Heintzelman's order, as before mentioned, to which he replied—first in-

quiring if General Heintzelman knew his position—that the enemy were on his left, and asked my advice what he should do. I stated that I knew nothing except the order, and that I had heard General Heintzelman say he had already sent it twice. He then asked me Gen. Heintzelman's position. I replied that "he and General Keyes were together to his left, on the Williamsburg road, and somewhat to his rear; that after leaving them to communicate with him, I had been obliged to make a considerable detour to the rear to avoid a swamp, and that the distance I had traveled was perhaps some mile and a half or two miles." (I do not now think the distance was so great.) General Birney errs completely in reporting me as saying that "Generals Keyes and Heintzelman were some two miles to the rear on the Williamsburg road." Such a statement on my part would have been so ridiculously wide of the truth as not to deserve the name of a falsehood; it would have placed yourself and General Heintzelman nearly a mile in the rear of Savage's Station, where the fighting never extended, whereas, until the last shot was fired on that bloody day, you were always under fire, generally of a most terrific kind.

I presume that my ride to General Birney occupied fifteen minutes, and it took probably twenty to return, for my horse was very much blown, and the roads were execrable. After leaving him and getting back to the open where I left you, I met General Heintzelman, who informed me that you had gone in on the left with the line of battle last formed, in the fringe of woods between the opening about Seven Pines and the opening above referred to, where I had left you and General Heintzelman. Riding in that direction to report to you, I met you just returning, the firing having then ceased, night pretty well set in, and with a bullet in your horse's hip, and another in the brass end of your holster.

In the testimony adduced upon my examination before the Court Martial which tried General Birney, the language imputed to me did not come out, although I was carefully questioned by the prosecution and the defence upon the whole of my conversation on the occasion of the delivery of the order to advance.

I shall write to General Birney on the subject of his report.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
C. C. SUYDAM,
Asst Adj't Gen'l.

[COMMUNICATED.]

YORKTOWN, March 11, 1863.

Mr. Editor.—I observed by the newspapers that the conscription bill has become a law, and in connection with the appointment of Marshals under the bill, I for one would like to see the rule adopted that none be appointed that had not only been in service, but had battled with the enemy—not that I would disparage the claims or intentions of those who have been discharged on surgeons' certificate—but in appointing those who bear the scars of their country's cause, and have been obliged to resign or be discharged in consequence of a loss of a limb or other wounds, there can be no mistake. 1st. A reward to the meritorious. 2d. A more certain enforcement of the requirements of the bill, as their sufferings caused by their endeavors to save the cause of their country would be an incentive to them in the performance of their duty. I for one would, instead of allowing the principal to pay \$300 into the treasury, have the substitution allowed, but the price agreed upon to be paid into the treasury of the United States, to draw 6 per cent interest, the substitute to draw it at the expiration of his term of service, or in case of death, by his heirs, thereby insuring to the substitute his money and to the government the services of a substitute.

I find the bill gives much satisfaction to those in the tened field, and I trust it may be sustained by the people, thus showing their determination not only to encourage their brothers in arms in their endeavors to strangle this monster rebellion, but to show that they are determined to sustain all and every measure that will save our Union, even to the blotting out of slavery, if needs be. Heedless demagogues think of what you are doing—the evil you are entailing upon your children—the disgrace attendant upon a Traitor's name—a disgrace which will blacken and curse the memory of all who hold an affinity with traitors. Remember that the sustaining of our republican institutions affects all nations for all time; and if we cannot sustain our nationality, the principle of self-government is forever destroyed.—Wo be unto him who proves false to this great temple of Liberty—our country—for he is false to himself and his God.

GROATO.

Select Poetry.

THE REVELLE.

BY T. B. HART.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum:
Lo! a Nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen, Come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the
quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said
the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What of conquest—subjugation—
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the
Yankee answering drum.

"What if mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb—
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb!
But the drum
Answered "Come,
Better there in death united, than in life a
recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing;
Some in faith, in doubting some,
'Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throb-
bing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

[Written for "The Cavalier."]

SKETCHES.

BY IGNATIO, JR.

No. 1.

Every country has its renowned and honored places. Italy has its Rome, Scotland its Edinburgh and Russia its Moscow. Our own country has its Niagara, its Bunker Hill and its Yorktown. These places are the nuclei around which our imaginations cluster in thinking of the history of our country as it was in former days, and of the exploits performed and glory earned by our ancestors. The last of these places which we have mentioned, and which we now occupy, is sacred to American history. More thrilling events have happened, and more history has been made here than at any other place on the American continent. It was here and in the vicinity that our fathers suffered from hunger, cruelty and cold, in their endeavors to found our Republic, and here that Washington achieved the greatest victory of the war for independence, and here that designing rebels were taught the power of a Government upheld by free people and a free press.

Being situated so as to command the vast fertile districts which are irrigated by the York and its tributaries, and possessing a fine harbor, Yorktown was once a place of considerable importance. Before, and for a time after, the Revolution, it had a population of four or five thousand inhabitants, and was supported by a large exporting and importing business. The staple production of the surrounding country was tobacco, and of this large quantities were shipped to England and other parts.

Some years ago a destructive fire occurred, laying in ashes the most important stores and importing houses. Before this sad accident, the bank of the river below where what remains of the town now is, was almost an entire block of fine and extensive establishments. Of these sixty were consumed in one night. The numerous ravines which extend from the river backward were so many streets, lined on either side with neat specimens of English cottages. A noble stone wharf extended into the river where the lower wooden one now is. Some faint traces of this

are still to be seen, though the casual observer would suppose the few loose stones which are left to be only the granite which is to be seen in some places along the shore.

After the conflagration, Yorktown degenerated into a place of little importance; its trade declined, and from one of the most important places in America, it was reduced to a mere village, hardly as large as that which surrounds any Northern railway station, and only inhabited by a few sporting and pleasure-seeking gents and their families, who were the descendants of the original "F. F. V's." Their fortunes consisted in land and negroes; but they dealt more in their slaves than in the produce of their soil. They placed the same importance upon the condition of their blacks that the Northern stock-breeders does upon that of his cattle. Their principal gain was from the increase of their stock, and if we may judge from the number of juvenile Africans now here, we can safely say they were eminently successful in their pursuit. The Yorktown sporter, when cramped for funds, was never at a loss for a source from which to replenish his purse. His bank was in his negroes, and notes of this kind were always at par in the slave market of Richmond. The military history of Yorktown is a bright page in American records; but her social and civil history for the last fifty years had better been a blank, than what it appears when compared with what it would have been had Yankee perseverance and industry taken the place of Southern chivalry and love of ease. A few families are still left in the vicinity; but they are, with a few exceptions, the "poor whites" of the South, who are not able to support a slave-breeding establishment, and are, consequently, regarded as below the social standard of the negro by their aristocratic neighbors. The greater part of those remaining are females. They are as persistent in their attachment to the bogus government of "Jeff." as they are sincere in their hatred of "Yankee vandals." Too many of them seem to be like that damsel who—
"Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrowed one from
at."

(To be Continued)

A FEW PLAIN QUESTIONS.—If a man is very anxious to spread the report of a rebel victory, and exaggerate the number of Federal killed and wounded, do you think he is a loyal citizen? If he loudly expresses his opinion that we cannot conquer the South; if he constantly praises rebel generals, and depreciates our own, do you think him a loyal citizen? If he wishes his favorite commander to level his bayonets against the President and Congress, instead of the enemies of the nation, do you think he is a loyal citizen? If he denounces every effort to destroy the power of the rebels, as a breach of the Constitution, do you think him a loyal citizen? If he declares the war, upon the issue of which depends our national existence, to be "a war for niggers," do you think him a loyal citizen? If he defends every dirty dog who is arrested for howling for Jeff Davis, or for plundering the Government, do you think him a loyal citizen? If he talks of compromise and conciliation, and declares for "peace at any price," do you think him a loyal citizen? If he is very anxious to hang all "abolitionists," but not at all anxious to hang rebels, do you think him a loyal citizen? If you know such a man, to what party does he belong? If he professes to be for the Union, do you believe him? Do you not think that he is in favor of secession, with its concomitants of endless warfare, anarchy and confusion?

CONFEDERATE NOTES.—A bill has been introduced in the U. S. Senate providing for fine and imprisonment for any one who shall purchase with a view of selling or negotiating so called Confederate notes.

Humorous.

A HEAVY OFFICER.—The other day, coming from Milwaukee, Olin was conductor of the train, which bore, besides a large load of passengers, a gold lace chap belonging to Pope's staff. He was a dapper little fellow, with style, but he couldn't rest at ease. As the conductor was passing through the cars, said Mr. Staff Officer:

"Look heah, conductaw! I paid for a first class car! purchased a first class ticket, and want a better car than this to ride in!"

"This is a first class car, sir."

"Well, I don't see it! This is a second class car. I have travelled!"

"Did you ever see a second class car cushioned and carpeted—occupied by gentlemen and ladies before?"

"Don't know—but I want two seats; these are all fast, so I can't turn them. It is not a first class car."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am one of Gen. Pope's staff, sir!"

"Well, sir, I am sorry you are not pleased. Had the Railroad Company known you were coming, you should have had a car built expressly for you, with something very soft to lean your head on. If you don't like this train I will have you step off and wait for a first class car, which will be on the next freight!"

This being a staff officer is a big thing, when a fellow can take style and draw more pay than blood.

HERE is an interesting scrap from the prayer of a man who was in the habit of filling the breaks in his petitions with the syllable *er*: "O Lord, we pray for our poor brother, who has lived for more than ten years on the Lord's side-er, and has one foot in the grave-er, and the other all but-er."

"We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations," as the henpecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never more to be separated from her. "Parson, I hope you will not mention this unpleasant circumstance again," said he.

AFTER SCHOOL.—"Papa—"Well, Sis-sy, how do you like school?"

"Sissy—"O, so mutz!"

"Papa—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day."

"Sissy—"I've learn't the names of all the little boys!"

A VOLATILE young man, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my dear," said his spouse, "I hope you will mend." "Madam," said he, "you may depend upon it, this is my last folly."

A LARGE school girl, not distinguished for scholarship, having spelt the word "cuticle," was asked what it meant.— "Don't know, sir," she said. "What is this all over my face and hands?" asked the teacher. "Treckles, sir."

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to one of our physicians, "I am in a dreadful state; I can neither lay nor set, what shall I do?" "Why, then," replied the doctor, very gravely, "you had better—roost."

BARRY CORNWALL says, "Come, let me dive into thine eyes." If his love had "swimming eyes," very good; but at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cata-ract."

A CHICAGO man who had not been out of the city for years, fainted away in the pure air of Pock Prairie. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose, when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "that is good; it smells just like home."

THE editor of the Louisville Journal ought to be ashamed of himself. Hear him: "Beware, O ye rebel women! lest the fierce fire in your bosoms sets in a blaze the cotton in the same charming region."

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,

TWENTY 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 Maracibo.

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 more, But as that is completed, just enter the store; Thought to please you, you may have though matter of doubt, You'll now see in a trice he can rig you all out.

B. F. VOORHEES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALER IN

ARMY AND NAVY STORES,

YORKTOWN, VA.

CLARK FAIRBANK, Agent.

A large assortment of FRESH AND DESIRABLE GOODS, Constantly on hand, AT REASONABLE PRICES.

mh10-tf

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." fe10-1m

M. KINNEY, MERCHANT TAILOR. In the Store on the North side of McClellan Avenue, first door West of Ellsworth street, formerly occupied by J. C. Jones, as a Furnishing store.

All Officers' Garments made in the latest style, on the shortest notice.

Also, constantly on hand and for sale, at fair prices, an assortment of Ready Made Clothing. He would invite particular attention to his carefully selected assortment of Shirts, Collars, and Underclothing; Cravats, Shoulder Straps, and all articles of this class. Call and examine for yourselves. mh10-tf

NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given, that I warn all persons against canceling, transferring or using a Note of hand for one hundred dollars, given by me in favor of Aaron T. Constable, on or about the 13th day of May, 1862, at Bigler's Mills, York county, Va., which note is now lost and paid by me, the receipt for which payment I now hold, signed by said Aaron T. Constable, in presence of A. E. Cranston. JOHN WILLIAMS, m10-3t

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

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

ROBERTS' RESTAURANT, ON ELLSWORTH 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 any thing you can call for in good style. If you want to enjoy a meal that reminds you of home, give him a call. Open from 6 o'clock A. M. until 9 o'clock P. M. 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 F. B. PATTERSON. fe3-1m

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. Open from 6 o'clock A. M. until 9 o'clock P. M. fe3-1m

McNEAL, SUTLER OF THE 172d, keeps a good assortment of everything usually found at such establishments, in the Mammoth Tent, North East corner of the Parade Ground.

AMBYROTYPE GALLERY.—AMBYRO types 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

LAWSON has just received the finest lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes that has been brought to Yorktown in some years. mh10-ef

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The President, on the 10th inst., issued a proclamation to all soldiers absent from their regiments without leave, ordering them to return to the same before the 1st day of April next, and assuring all who do that they will be restored to their former positions without any punishment further than the forfeiture of pay while they have been absent, and all who do not return within the time above specified, shall be arrested as deserters and punished as the law provides.

Convenient rendezvous have been appointed in every section, where these absentees may report, and from which they will be sent forward. It behooves them to improve the favored opportunity. In some of the department orders have been issued, declaring that persons helping soldiers to desert, or secreting and feeding them, will be shot.

It is reported that the Government is averse to appointing soldiers to the Provost Marshalships of the various Congressional Districts.

It is said that the President, on being told of the surprise and capture of Brig. Gen. Stoughton and his companions and one hundred and ten horses, at Fairfax, deliberately remarked, "I am sorry for the horses." Some one remarked, "Mr. Lincoln, you speak as if your mind was more on the horses than the General." "Certainly," was his reply. "The loss of one hundred and ten good horses cannot be made up without considerable expense and trouble; but I can make a Brigadier General in five minutes."

The Ninth Army Corps left Newport News on Friday for Suffolk. Longstreet was reported threatening that place. We hope to receive something from there by telegraph before going to press.

The difficulties between Generals Hunter and Foster are making delays, and will probably be the source of disasters in the Department of the South. General Naglee, formerly of Yorktown, has become involved in them, and has been ordered North. A soldier, writing from there, says:—"If we were at home, and our house on fire, we would be just as glad to have the fire put out by a pail of water brought by a negro as a white man; but when our Government is in danger of destruction, some of our Generals prefer to see that destruction consummated, rather than allow a negro to help avert it."

From the Mississippi we have reports that the siege of Vicksburg is steadily progressing. There are reports that the expedition by way of Yazoo Pass had proved a complete success, capturing Yazoo City and 7000 rebel troops and taking or destroying their entire fleet. All the bugbears of the rebels, not excepting the Quaker guns of Manassas, have been thrown in the shade by Commodore Porter's mock Monitor, which ran the blockade of Vicksburg on the 5th, and so scared the rebels that they partially blew up and abandoned the Indianola, and made off with the Queen of the West on such short notice, that they left part of her crew behind. It will be a long time before they recover from the unpleasant sensation they felt on finding that the object of their terror was nothing but a huge wooden flatboat, with huge sugar-casks placed on each other for a Monitor turret, and other apparatus of a like terrible character.

Commodore Porter has proclaimed that any parties firing on unarmed vessels, shall be hung; also persons burning cotton or levying contributions.

There are reports of the rebels having captured Fort Donelson. They are, however, not generally credited.

It is said that two large armies are being massed in Tennessee. The one to hold Gen. Rosecrans in check while the other flanks him, enters Kentucky and marches directly on Cincinnati and Louisville. They are only waiting for the

rivers to fall and the roads to dry to commence their movements.

Memphis papers of the 11th inst. report the capture of Col. Richardson, a noted Guerilla Chief, and 400 of his men at Covington. They were surrounded by a Federal force. Trouble seems to be looming up in Utah. Brigham Young has been arrested under the Polygamy act of Congress. He responded to the writ of Judge Kinney, and appeared personally in court and gave bail in the sum of \$2,000.

[COMMUNICATED.]

My Twelve Days' Leave.

After serving Uncle Sam uninterruptedly for more than eighteen months through the perils of this wasting war, I finally succeeded in getting a twelve days leave. I have taken the benefit of it—enjoyed it hugely. Indeed it is a great event in a man's life to return home after so long an absence in the wars. Within my little circle of friends I was, of course, a hero. The ennui and privations of camp life, and the dangers and sufferings of the march and the battle, were forgotten—dispelled by glowing words and admiring glances. Oh, how sweet the approbation of those whom we love! Let every soldier take courage in the thought that this wicked rebellion will soon be crushed, and that he will return to his home a hero! If not a hero in the eyes of this great world, at least in the eyes of those who are all the world to him. But I am digressing. I want to tell about my home trip.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on board the Morgan during the passage from Yorktown to the Fortress, excepting, perhaps, an amusing incident. Imagine our beloved and dignified General Keyes and his estimable lady, interrupted in their admiration of the receding shores of our placid York River by a dirty, greasy-looking urchin, dressed in a sergeant's coat, the sleeves and skirts almost hanging to the floor. A thrilling, musical child-voice exclaims:—"General, can't you give me a pass to Baltimore?" The General and his lady look around to see themselves confronted by the sergeant's coat and a pair of sparkling, unquailing eyes. Such a sight can only be greeted by a laugh. After the laugh was over, interrogations developed the following sad and amusingly strange little history.

The precocious boy in the sergeant's greasy coat glories in the name of James McDonald, and in the social standing of New York newsboys and other vagrants. He has a step-father and also a step-mother. His father died, and his mother married again. His mother then died, and his step-father married again, and thus he was left out of the family. Thrown upon his own resources, he learned the newsboy's profession, and also imbibed their morals, and sells good papers to his own regular customers, and old and damaged ones to other people and luckless strangers. He has the happy faculty of being at home in every place, and afraid of nothing and nobody, and just as content without a penny as with a pocket full. He answered Mrs. Keyes, saying, "I was coaxed to come to Yorktown." A captain and a lieutenant of the 168th New York Regiment offered to give him \$13 per month and good clothing and board, in consideration of his valuable services, and when they got to Yorktown they insulted and outraged him by turning him off and hiring niggers. Such was his indignant story, and, of course, his policy, and politics were democratic. He said that he had not a penny; did not know where or how to get his dinner, or how to get to Baltimore; but he was, nevertheless, on his way rejoicing, and condescended to accept some postage currency from Mrs. Keyes, and also the General's provisions for his transportation to Baltimore.—"When I get to Baltimore," he said, "I will be all right." "But how will you be all right?" asked Mrs. Keyes. "Well, I'll get into the cars," he answered, "and I'll hide under the benches till the train gets to New York. I have done so before." His pedigree was also developed; nor was he ashamed of it. General Thomas Francis Meagher, he said, was his uncle. His mother was the General's sister; but the General was in blissful ignorance of the whereabouts of his nephew. As this strange story was drawn out, we were drawing nigh the proud Fortress Monroe.

We walked the plank and mingled with the busy throng at this interesting point. Old Point Comfort! Oh! what a comfort it has been to many a weary heart, sick with a surfeit of the pleasures and rocking of "life on the ocean wave." On board the Louisiana we found all the amusements and comforts possible in a floating hotel, and a distinguished guest and agreeable travelling companion in the person of Mr. Winfield S. Keyes, son of the General, just returned from a three years' sojourn in Germany. His apparent enjoyment in finding a "Dutchman" with whom he could "sphrase deutch," as well as our own enjoyment in listening to his pleasant stories of the "Faderland," will ever remain among the pleasant memories of my twelve days' leave. In the state-room, with a bed reminding us of civilization, and Lieut. Crozier, of the 6th New York Cavalry, for a room-

mate, I next found myself; but I did not stay found. I was soon lost in sleep and happy dreams. The dreams cannot be related here. They require a page of their own and a different title.

At the wake of day we awakened in sight of Baltimore. A hasty disembarkation, a hasty stride to a hotel which had been highly recommended to our patronage, and which recommendation and hotel we would gladly erase from our memories if we could; a hasty-pasty breakfast, a hasty bit of shopping, and then on a winding passenger railway route to Calvert Station, we were just in time for the Northern train.

Railway travelling, except the riding back and forth across the Chickahominy, at the expense of our beloved U. S., was one of the past and almost forgotten rushing memories." I called for a ticket, exhibited my "greenbacks," and also my greenness, I suppose. At all events, the ticket agent didn't hesitate to take full fare. For the benefit of others who may be so happy as to get a leave, I wish to report here that Uncle Sam's brave boys need only pay two-thirds of the common fare due on the carcasses of common folks—citizens. Another observation, of what I learned much too late, I wish to make and record amongst my well-wishes for the world in general and the war-boys in particular. Uncle Sam's officers and soldiers, returning home from the wars with a good record and a good pass, are, by common consent, privileged to kiss all the girls they can meet, catch and hold. Old Mother Property no longer protests, and old Mrs. Partington hasn't found it out yet, to ridicule and make it unpopular. This is really a fact—one of the benefits of the war.

Looking about in the cars, I saw Major Ent, of the 6th Regiment of the glorious old Pennsylvania Reserve. He was also on a leave, making his way to his home in Columbia county, Pa. He looked well, and gave a cheering account of his brave surviving comrades, now encamped about Washington. And oh, what a glorious and pathetic story he can tell, of many familiar and loved ones whose bones are strewn along the intervals and the battle-fields from Drainesville to Fredericksburg!

All day we rushed along. How tempting looked the farmers' quiet homes along the way! Pictures of peace, comfort and plenty; fresh butter, milk, apples and cider seemed visible through many an open door and clear, bright window. The jolly old farmer and his good old "fran" looked contentedly after us. The rosy-cheeked daughters gazed wistfully. The sleek horses and fat cattle stared. The hens cackled and the turkeys gobbled. No wonder Jeb Stuart's miserable, benighted, besotted, sin-cursed, famishing rebels were envious, and risked their dirty, lousy carcasses and worthless lives to get a sight at the homes and fruits of industry and honesty, unspoluted by the curse of slavery.

The lovely Susquehanna! Its flourishing towns, its rich valleys, its grand mountains! All dear familiar scenes. Oh, how gladly the eye once more took them in, and the heart swelled with pride and praise to see them as of old—the beautiful abodes of peace and happiness—unmarred by the ravages of war! But time sped with our train—the day had passed—night curtained the flying landscape, and in the darkness we rushed along the West Branch. "Santburg!" "Northumberland!" called the attentive brakeman, and then I buttoned up and put on my gloves. The next station was our stopping place—Lewisburg. But it was an affectionate brother's home I enjoyed there. After a good supper, and an incessant chatter, and a "good night," I was lighted to my room in the new house. (The war hasn't stopped building in the North.) The bedposts were duly christened—named after pretty girls of course—the lamp, or light turned down, or out—and—good night, dear reader.

The next day was one of calls, hand-shaking, congratulation, &c. But the improvements of art and the artist deserve a passing notice. Photographs are all the rage, and photograph albums—introduced during the war—are found as plenty as Bibles, and as dearly loved, and as much studied. Of course the favorite Generals—and every maiden even has her favorite—occupy the first pages. Next in the index comes the absent soldier—husband, father, brother or lover. The photograph of one who has luckily escaped rebel bullets and southern swamp fevers is a coveted prize by his friends. So we had to visit the artist and stand up to be "taken." It was not very hard to do, but I think it would have been more agreeable to have "stood up" to take—E. L. Moury, the artist, understands his business to perfection. His work is not excelled by the famous city artists—Brady and others. His customers come from far and near, the rich and the poor. A soldier's wife was there with two little boys, living, prattling cherubs. She had traveled through the cold, keen storm all day to get the trio—herself and her two boys—photographed to send to her soldier husband in the Union ranks in South Carolina. She was poor, but she had fifty cents to pay for one picture to send to her absent husband. And O, how proud and happy she looked when the picture was finished, and the object of many days' hopes accomplished. That picture, the soldier's wife and her two cherub boys, has a place in the memories of my twelve days leave which could not be better filled by the picture of a Queen, a Prince, or a King's palace and throne. What a devoted wife and mother! She saves her scanty earnings and suffers the bitter cold a whole day and far into the night on her return to her humble home, all for the love of her husband. How happy must be that husband when he receives that photograph! He will know that he is still loved, that anxious hearts are beating for him, and that there is an endless prayer and a constant, long, weary vigil for his safe return. How strong he will be on the morrow when he has kissed the picture, and dreamed over it during the night. How earnestly he will strike to end the war, and for the protection of those dear, distant objects of his manhood love. That vision, too, will protect him from all the temptations and vices of the camp. O, that home influence, and woman's good influence could be diffused in the heart of every one in our army and navy. It is the want of this that

makes us weak and fail. In the materials of war we have an abundance. Our weakness as an army, a government and a nation, exists in the want of moral power. Virtue, intelligence and religion must triumph over slavery, ignorance and sin before we can be truly a free and happy people. Every one can do his or her part to help establish such an empire of goodness upon earth. Let us hope and pray and battle forever for the realization of such a glorious dream of hope.

But the third day of my leave has almost flown and I am not yet home. "Home is where the heart is." Mine, I confess, clings to the scenes of my childhood. My dear, old native place—Millinburg! This is reached by a pleasant drive through Buffalo Valley, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the Keystone State. I surprised my friends. My mother was the first one I met. Let me draw the veil upon my happiness. The sweetest pleasures of this world, like the unseen glories and bliss of Heaven, must be seen and tasted to be fully realized. Pencilings and paintings will forever fail to picture them truly.

General observations belong in here.—First, let me remark that my native place is a quiet country town, and has its full quota of volunteers in the Union army. In the absence of these, and in the rise in the price of calico, those remaining at home are made to feel that there is war in the land. But in no other way do they seem to realize it.—Business of every kind is even better than before. Money and labor are more plenty. More building and public improvement is apparent since the commencement of the war than there was before at any time during the same length of period; and the preparations for building the coming season are greater than were those of the last. The schools, churches and societies are better than before. There is more worship, more piety and more patriotism than before. More pray for their country and for themselves than ever prayed before.—There is less drunkenness, profanity and treason than there was before. Every sober, intelligent and honest man and woman tries to emulate the character of Washington and his Martha. They try to be good for the good of their country and posterity. They are enthusiastic for the war, and stand hopefully by the government. And these are the community. But there is a black sheep in every flock. And in this community there is a little clique of drunkards, blackguards, fools and cowards who say they will resist the draft—that they are for the Union, but won't fight for niggers, and that they were lone democrats, &c. &c. And this state of things in my little native borough, where two hundred freemen poll their votes, I believe to be a fair representation of our glorious, patriotic and loyal Pennsylvania.

I spent Saturday and Sunday in Philadelphia. The Quaker City is proverbial for its order, piety and patriotism. Blue coats and shoulder straps are seen occasionally to remind the people of the war. But not a business place or dwelling is closed, and not a man seems missing. Vallandigham had collected the rowdies and bullies, and tried to get up a riot, but it was no go. But my leave is almost expired, and I dare not linger on the way back. So I must hasten to Yorktown, and the end of my story.

While passing through Baltimore a fire was raging there. The steam fire engines were on the street, and crowds of people. But there was no riot or disorder. Dare we not hope that this great city, notorious for its lawlessness, has been already purified by the war; and that it is the prototype, in this respect, for our much loved and sin-cursed country.

I am at my post of duty again, and will be long and often refreshed by the memories of my twelve days' leave.

GILBERT.

Local Affairs.

ANOTHER REBEL RAID.—We have to record another demonstration by the enemy against our lines at Gloucester last week. That well-known person, "an old and intelligent contraband," brought information of the advance, and our vigilant commander immediately went over the ground himself. He found the marks of the bivouac of the departed chivalry within one mile of our pickets. By a careful examination of the people in the vicinity, Gen. Keyes ascertained that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee with about 2,000 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, had made a hurried advance upon our lines, but having heard, they said, of some reinforcements to our forces at the Point, they retired as rapidly as they came. It was rumored among them that they had gone for reinforcements, and intended to return and rout our men out. Let them come—they will be "welcomed," in the words of Hon. Tom Corwin, "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

CHANGE OF MAIL BOAT.—Our former mail boat, Thomas A. Morgan, having gone to Baltimore for repairs, the steamer Georgeanna has taken her place for the time being.

The Georgeanna is owned by the same Company that owns the Morgan (Baltimore Steam Packet Company, Col. M. N. Falls, President) and is much swifter, as may be seen by her early arrival at Yorktown.

But on the return of the Morgan after her necessary repairs have been completed, she will be equally swift as the Georgeanna.

Her officers are Solomon Pierson, Captain; John E. Wilson, Purser; John Deer, Engineer; George Hall, Mate, who are always ready and willing to accommodate all who travel with them.

SOIREE AT NEWPORT NEWS.—Quite a number of the officers of the 4th Corps have been invited by the officers of Gen. Ferrero's Brigade to attend a soiree to-morrow evening on board the steamer City of Hudson, at Newport News, on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Newbern.

The Committee on Invitations are as follows: Brig. Gen. E. Ferrero; Col. J. T. Hartrauft, 51st Penn'a Vols.; Col. W. S. Clark, 21st Mass. Vols.; Col. R. B. Potter, 51st New York Vols.; Col. W. Harrison, 11th New Hampshire Vols.; Lt. Col. S. Carrutte, 35th Mass. Vols.; Lt. Col. C. W. Le-Gendre, 51st New York Vols.; Lt. Col. E. Schall, 51st New York Vols.; Lt. Col. G. P. Hawkes, 21st Mass. Vols.; Lt. Col. M. N. Collins, 11th New Hampshire Vols.

CONFIRMATIONS.—We are glad to see justice done at last to the services and merits of our Major General Commanding.

We see that Gen. Keyes' appointment as Major General has been dated back to May 5th, 1862, the day of the battle of Williamsburg, where he and the Fourth Corps did such good service. In his staff we notice the following confirmations:

Second Lieut. B. C. Chetwood, 1st U. S. Artillery, Major and Aid-de-Camp.

First Lieut. G. Irvine Whitehead, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major and Judge Advocate.

First Lieut. Oswald Jackson, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Captain and Aid-de-Camp.

First Lieutenant Louis I. Howard, 23d P. V., Captain and Aide-de-Camp.

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT.—In the case of Capt. Andrews, of the Crusader, who was reported yesterday to have been captured by the "Rebs," the mourning of all loyal people has been changed to joy.

Capt. Andrews has returned, safe and sound, with all his boats and men; and what is better still, he destroyed a rebel schooner which he has been fortunate enough to capture. We congratulate our friends of the Navy upon the fortunate upshot of the affair, and upon the possession of such a gallant sailor and dashing officer as Capt. Andrews, of the Crusader. We commend to their consideration Shakespeare's well-known and appropriate proverb, "All's well that ends well."

DESERTER CAUGHT.—Albert Lewis, who was caught breaking into Mr. O. L. Lawson's store on the night of the 6th inst., and who broke out of the guard house and was supposed to have got to the enemy, was caught straggling about on the other side of the river. Such chaps will find that it is not as easy a matter to get away from here as some may think, and that "the way of transgressors is hard."

THAT BASKET which created such a sensation on a former occasion, came into the office again, brought by Mr. Norton, Jr., and another of the gentlemanly employees at Lawson's. Look out for a notice of contents next week.

SHAD.—Our friend "Beans" purchased a fine lot of shad yesterday, the first of the season, which, we understand, will be served up to-morrow—a free lunch, we suppose?

Telegraphic News.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Fight on the Yazoo River.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—A special despatch from Memphis gives a report of a fight on the Yazoo river, in which seven thousand prisoners and eight transports were captured. No particulars. There is nothing new from Vicksburg.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The report from Memphis of the fight on the Yazoo river and the taking of transports is consistent with the knowledge that exist here that a demonstration of our gunboats was at hand in that direction, with a view of cutting off rebel supplies. This is doubtless the signal of combined operations.

FROM WILLIAMSBURG.

Attack on Union Pickets.

WILLIAMSBURG, March 15.—Yesterday some thirty or forty of the enemy fired upon our pickets stationed in the direction of Richmond. The pickets returned the fire, and the enemy beat a hasty retreat. No loss was sustained, and all is again quiet. It was probably their purpose to induce our men to pursue them, and fall into another ambuscade.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

Arrival of Prisoners.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 16.—The steamboat State of Maine arrived here last night from Washington, with three hundred and ten political and citizen prisoners; also, six surgeons. She left with her for City Point at 11 o'clock this forenoon.

Colonel Ludlow left early this morning for City Point, on the Henry Burden.