

THE CAVALIER.

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

VOL. I.

YORKTOWN, VA., TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1863.

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{SECOND SERIES, No. VIII.

THE CAVALIER

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.
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PUBLISHERS:
S. C. HOUGH & T. C. FELL.

Select Poetry.

THE BATTLE.

The following grand composition, by the immortal German, will amply repay a careful reading. There is a sublime majesty in the march of its easy, flowing numbers, that must impress the lover of true poetry. The real fire is here:

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching
come!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the
brunt,
Gallop the Major along the front;
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark com-
mand,
And the warriors, silent, halt!
Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with your children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks, which
they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious
tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and
bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!
See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving
asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they
boom in their thunder!
From host to host with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.
They kneel as one man from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost
rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by balls is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hindmost
man,
That the line may not fall to the fearless van,
To the right, to the left, and around and
around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody
ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more.
The dead men lie bathed in the weltering
blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery
flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.
"What! Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my
last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs the thunders
swell—
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?"

Hoi comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp
to the rear!
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!
Sleep soft! where death thickest descend-
eth in rain,
The friend thou forsaketh thy side may re-
gain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into
night.
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!
Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on
the night;
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in
song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life
be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet
you once more!
[Translated from Schiller, by Bulwer.]

Select Story.

THE SHIRT OF HAPPINESS.

It is said that once upon a time, in the grand old fable days, a Persian king who fell sick consulted a magician of great reputation who lived in his dominions. The magician, a worthy gentleman, who flourished in much personal comfort upon popular opinion, received the king with great respect and the most flowery language his imagination could invent. Having listened to his majesty's ailments with profound attention, the magician at length informed the king that if he could succeed in obtaining the shirt of a happy man he had only to put on the precious garment to be cured immediately of his malady, and so long as he wore it he would never know sorrow nor disease.

The realms of the monarch were wide. His armies were mighty upon the land, and his fleets were supreme upon the seas. His banners had never known defeat. His treasury was full to overflowing, and his subjects were loyal and obedient. But whenever he ate a bowl of cream, or a dozen skewers of kabobs, or a few water-melons, he had suffered so much of late years from indigestion that he could not consider himself happy; so it was obvious that his majesty himself had no shirt in his wardrobe which would answer the purpose.

"But," thought the king, very naturally, "there is my prime minister, a fellow who can put any quantity of cream, sweet or sour, under the robe of honor which I gave him last Nooroos, and as for kabobs, why, yesterday, I thought he would never have done munching them. He is married to my daughter. His horses are far better than mine. He has no end of money" (his majesty thought of this with a peculiarly look, which might mean many things), "and he has just built himself a palace fairer than the British Embassy. Whose dog is he, that he should not be happy?" So the king sent for the prime minister, and asked him at once for his shirt. The statesman, glad to oblige his master on such easy terms, and slyly resolving to obtain any num-

ber of equivalents whenever occasion should offer to indemnify himself, immediately sent the king the very best shirt in his wardrobe. It was made of the finest and lightest silk, thin as a spider's web, and beautifully embroidered; but, wonderful as it appeared to his majesty, he suffered from indigestion more than ever after putting it on; and, far worse, he felt a tightness about the neck, as of a person apprehensive of being bow-strung, or actually undergoing that process—a sensation which he never remembered to have felt since he had been at war for the crown with his three hundred and ten brothers after his father's death; and as all those brothers had been long ago disposed of in various ways which his majesty did not care to remember, he could not account for the return of the old sensation in his throat, and hastened to take off the prime minister's shirt as soon as possible.

Feeling, however, that he had been imposed upon, and that the prime minister must have sent him somebody else's shirt instead of his own, the king ordered his ferroses to seize that politician, and bring him bound into his presence. "To hear is to obey," said the ferroses.

When the prime minister appeared, the king received him with a terrible countenance: "Dog!" said his majesty, in an awful voice, "why have you deceived me, and sent the shirt of some other man accursed of Allah instead of your own?"

The prime minister tremblingly endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Son of an owl and a spider," pursued the king, "Meerza Snooza, the magician, assured me that if I could obtain the shirt of a happy man, I should be delivered from my ailments. You must be happy. Why did you withhold from me your shirt?"

"Alas! sire," replied the statesman, "how can I be happy, with the fear of your sublime displeasure ever before me? The most I can now hope is to keep my head where Nature has placed it from day to day. The humblest of your majesty's subjects is happier than I. The scorching sun blazes upon the hill-top, and there the tempest roars; but the zephyr and the shadow love the valley. Not among such as I can your majesty hope to find bliss. I have upon my estate a farmer, however, who is the happiest of mankind. If your majesty will but suffer me to go in search of him the talisman will be found."

So the king, resolving to allow the prime minister to get still richer before he was bow-strung, commanded him to bring the farmer.

The farmer came. He was a sour, sturdy fellow from the neighborhood of Khoi, the garden of Persia. He immediately took off his shirt at the royal command. It was a coarse, rough garment, and appeared to be thickly inhabited. The king, though he put it on, was obliged to take it off again in less than half an hour, in a state of intolerable irritation; for, reasoned his majesty, it is impossible any one can be happy who wears such a shirt as that.

The farmer, who was recalled to the royal presence, confirmed the opinion, and told a long dreary story about droughts, and locusts and taxes; so that

the king would have ordered his head to be cut off at once to get rid of him; but the farmer, seeing himself in such imminent peril, assured the king that the merchant to whom he sold his corn was a happy man without doubt, and begged to be allowed to fetch him, and so got out of danger in the manner the prime minister had.

The merchant came. The king, now warned by experience, determined to interrogate him before putting on his shirt. The merchant complained, as much as the farmer had, of taxes, and had, besides, another class of grievances peculiarly his own. He was particularly eloquent about custom-houses, the extortions of officials, and a variety of other things, which made the king so angry that he determined at least to comfort his disappointment by ordering the merchant to be executed. This ceremony over, the king felt something better; but still the talismanic shirt was not found.

For a long time the king sought the shirt of happiness through every class of society, and sought it in vain. Although innumerable persons were beheaded, bow-strung and tortured every day, yet, surprising to relate, happiness could not be found among his subjects.

One day, however, when his majesty, being encamped in his summer quarters near Sultanieh, was out for an afternoon's ride, he saw a careless, red-nosed fellow sitting on a post, and every now and then taking a bottle from under his sash, applying his lips with intense satisfaction to its contents. Still, there was a sturdy air about the man, and a merry light in his eye, which did not point him out as a habitual wine-bibber. He seemed rather to be keeping festival, or enjoying himself upon some occasion of good fortune.

"Dog of a toper," asked the king, abruptly, struck with a sudden thought, "are you happy?"

"Thy servant is happy, O king!" said the man.

The king then ordered the royal ferroses to seize him and give him five hundred lashes to cause him to relate the reasons of his happiness. The red-nosed man limped a little when subsequently brought to the king's tent in the evening, but still persisted in saying that he was happy; for, said he, "my wife has only been dead three weeks."

Meerza Snooza, the magician, who, since he had been consulted, accompanied the king in his search, and dined at the royal table, on being appealed to, decided that the red-nosed man had good reasons for his happiness, for that he might have been hen-pecked, and was, perhaps, just then under the first impression of joy at his deliverance.

Upon this the king immediately ordered the red-nosed man to be stripped, in order to obtain the garment which he required, when, wonderful to relate, it appeared that the only happy man in his dominion had no shirt.

GEN. HOOKER.—Gen. Hooker objects to the name of "Fighting Joe," as it conveys the idea that he is a mere blind swordsman, whereas he is a careful, prudent leader, who fights only when it is proper to fight. Nevertheless, we hope that the event will prove that he is "Fighting Joe."

ORIGIN OF GUERRILLAS.

Many of our readers, unacquainted with the term "guerrilla warfare," will be interested to know its origin. It is a kind of desultory warfare carried on by the local population, uninstructed in the training of regular troops. This sort of war is termed irregular, though it must not be regarded as devoid of organization and system, that word being used to distinguish the combatants under this category from those of permanent armies. Discipline and obedience are maintained with rigor, and punishments are summary and severe; the personal influence, example and orders of the chief supercede in a great measure the military code. A well wooded and undulated country is best adapted to such warfare. Spain is especially remarkable for this style of defensive home fighting; it was introduced there by Quintus Sertorius, when a fugitive and proscriber from Rome. The population of Spain, being favorable to Sertorius, became willing and apt pupils; they furnished him with accurate intelligence of every movement of the great Roman generals, Pompey and Metellus, by whom he could never be brought to fight a pitched battle, though he surprised, worried and destroyed in detail their legions. The great modern master of guerrilla warfare, Zumalacaregui, first raised the Carlist cause to importance by this method of warfare. When a party of his guerrillas was very hard pressed by a superior force of the enemy, it would disperse and mingle in the peaceful and agricultural occupations of the peasantry, and as soon as the tempest had blown over, it would reappear.—Such a system can only be carried on when the rural population is devoted to the cause. The operations of Abel-el-Kader against the French in Algeria, and those of Schamyl against the Russians, in the Caucasus, partake of this character. Insurrectionary, improvised combats of the inhabitants from behind barricades, in cities, must not be confounded with guerrilla warfare; neither must the manœuvring of fight in parties be so mistaken, nor the war by small detached columns of regulars; because, though the men and the detachments are comparatively independent, both modes are mere modifications of the movements of more trained troops.

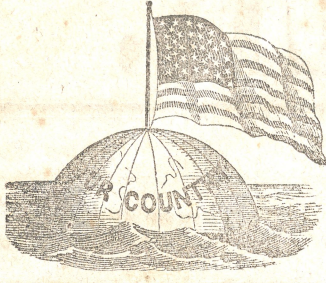
THE GRATEFUL MILLINER.—A gentleman from one of the provinces went to a fashionable establishment in Paris to purchase a bonnet for his wife, which he requested the mistress of the establishment to select for him. The lady selected a very elegant hat, and when the gentleman inquired the price, she answered that it was paid for. The gentleman was much surprised, and desired an explanation. "Sir," said the lady, "ten years ago you bought some apples of a little girl in the streets of Paris. The poor child had not enough to change a gold piece you gave her, and when she mentioned that her mother was very sick at home, you told her to keep the money till she had enough to change it. The little apple merchant now stands before you. I have married a rich man, and must beg of you to accept the hat as a testimony of my gratitude for the gift which saved my poor mother from much suffering."

The Cavalier.

EDITOR:

J. HIRAM CHAMPION, A. M.,

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



TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1863.

THE PUBLISHERS TO THEIR FRIENDS.

We used occasionally to come out with a few remarks to our friends, setting forth our views and purposes, and thanking them for their many favors. It has now been a number of weeks since we have been able to get off any such effusions. The cause has not been want of disposition. Those who know that we frequently have to work every minute of the whole night two or three times a week, in order to get out THE CAVALIER punctually, will not wonder that we don't find time to do much in the line of making addresses.

We feel slightly proud of the punctuality with which we have been able to meet our subscribers, and of their punctuality in being ready to receive our sheet. We never have had any left, and though it is a long time since a paymaster has been around in this section, we hope still to find that the demand does not diminish.

We do not send papers around Fort Yorktown by a carrier in future. Giving them away for the purpose of having them sold, in city style, has not proved profitable, and we have worked for the honor of the thing about as long as we desire. It would be pleasant to get capital enough ahead to have a stock of material on hand sufficient to last two or three weeks. Hereafter, every Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, we will be at home, with a full supply of papers, and happy to wait on all who call. Officers and others who send servants for papers will find that their orders receive immediate attention. Our regular subscribers will have their papers saved for them, as heretofore, subject to their order or call.

It will be noticed that the paper we use this week is of a very excellent quality. A firm in Philadelphia is manufacturing a style of paper called after our name, "Cavalier paper." We presume that hereafter we shall have paper that can't be beat. We get more or less exchanges every day, testifying the high esteem in which our paper is held. The *Whig Press*, of Middletown, Orange county, N. Y., as a specimen of what the soldiers in the field think of the efforts and doings of the Copperheads at home, copies our whole article, of almost two columns, on "Northern Traitors," prefacing it with the following editorial comments:

"THE CAVALIER is the title of a sprightly, spirited and patriotic little newspaper, printed and published by soldier typos, at Yorktown, Va., and edited with peculiar tact and ability by J. Hiram Champion, A. M., 1st Lieutenant 8th Independent N. Y. Battery (formerly attached to the 10th Legion). It is the first enterprise of the kind ever started in York county, one of the oldest settled and most replete with historic interest of any locality in the Old Dominion.

"Lieut. C. was a minister of the gospel, of the Methodist persuasion, at the breaking out of the rebellion; but he felt that he had a call to go into the army, and, forsaking the comforts of home and an interesting family, he entered earnestly into his country's cause, and has since been doing most effective service. And he fights as well as he preaches and edits, as the record of the achievements of Capt. Fitch's Battery on the bloody field of Fair Oaks abundantly testify."

But we must bring our remarks, already spun out far beyond our original intention, to a close, by thanking all generally for their favors, and declaring ourselves especially obligated to Messrs. T. J. Edwards and L. F. Norton for that basket, containing the six bottles Scotch ale, a goodly supply of excellent tobacco, and apples and other good things innumerable. We tried to get our editor to return thanks; but as he wouldn't touch the ale or tobacco, he insisted he couldn't do it properly. We were not sorry for his abstemiousness, as it left all the more for us, and we were fully equal to the task of doing it justice. We know that it made us feel better natured, and caused the press to work easier, and his great honesty will not allow him to deny that we have been in better condition ever since. Call often, gentlemen; we'll be glad to see you, and promise the editor shall not abuse you. But be sure and bring the basket.

RATS.

The most promising institutions of Yorktown and vicinity are contrabands and rats. Of the former there are over 2,000, and the increase is very encouraging. The latter, for multitude, are as the stars of heaven or the sand upon the sea shore. When it is asserted that at the time of its occupation by Union troops in May last, it was inhabited by unknown millions of these vermin, people at a distance, whose eyes never gazed upon the vast armies of them that nightly, and sometimes daily, come forth from their holes and mount guard and drill upon the plains and among the mounds and ditches, may suppose there is a disposition to exaggerate; but they have only to secure the testimony of any soldier who has ever been on duty at night in the vicinity of one of the wharves, and our story will be fully confirmed.

One day passing along where a couple of soldiers had been engaged in slaughtering, and had piled up the carcasses of about half a hundred, we said "you've got a right smart heap of them." The reply was, "this is nothing, we've seen millions many a time." The Post Commissary declares that to say millions is not exaggeration, and that when they throw their columns upon his establishment, the slaughter of whole regiments does not seem to affect them at all. The reserves come valiantly forward, and keep up the attack upon front and rear and both flanks. He can tell of many achievements that their persistent valor has accomplished to his lasting injury. They are considerably different in their habits and manners of life from our northern rats. They burrow in the ground, and are not migratory in their disposition. They have underground cities laid out with considerable regularity, and no doubt a regular division of labor according to the best political economists, for every colony gives evidence of public thrift, and every individual member of said colonies looks as if he had enough to eat and drink, and was not oppressed with taxes or other public burdens. It is presumed that they have a constitution and laws, and officers to see that the first is sustained by the latter being strictly enforced. Whether there has ever been any attempt at secession or any trouble about "arbitrary arrests" or the "suspension of the habeas corpus" cannot now be determined; but it is highly probable that long ago political corruption was engendered, and a few "Copperheads" were discovered. They rose up promptly and expelled them. "Not one is left." This prompt and noble action gave rise to the forcible expression "we'll give you rats." Depend upon it that is what the patriotism of the people and army will give the present race of "Copperheads." What a blessed day when it shall be said "not one is left" to disgrace and disturb our fair and happy land.

Sometimes as we pass round on duty in the small hours of a moonlight morn-

ing, we meet a venerable looking old fellow whose grey beard, bald pate and solemn visage denote that he belongs to a rat generation long since past. We long to talk with the patriarch and hear from his tongue the tales of his early adventures and reciprocated or slighted loves, and the struggles of his maturer rathood. We would question him of the days eighty years ago, and ask him which side had his sympathies when the British Lion and American Eagle met in the deadly struggle on these immortal plains! We would go farther back, and ask him if he ever saw the Powhatans pass proudly by, as painted and armed they went forth to the deadly conflict, or as they returned, bearing the scalps of their fallen foes; and if he considered them as terrible looking savages as the modern Jibbanisees, when they start "on the war-path" and are marching towards Norfolk! We would ask him if he ever gazed upon the lovely Pocahontas, or was acquainted with the gentlemanly and accomplished Rolfe, or the dauntless Capt. Smith. Whether he came over from England in the hold of some proud ship, or whether he is "native and to the manner born?" But he will hold no parley with us. He is as disdainful towards northern invaders as the "southern fair," and slightly more so. With a squall of alarm to his descendants, and one of defiance to us, he betakes himself to his castle far down beneath some old magazine excavated by rebel hands.

But when we commenced this article we intended to get at something practical. We always admired that Yankee whose first expression as he gazed upon Niagara was, "What a capital power it would be for a grist mill." Now, if we could turn these vast hordes of Yorktown rats to account for table delicacies, what a saving of poultry, lamb, pig, and army beef we should effect. And why may not this be? If creatures partake of the nature of their food, rats are ahead of chickens, for they feed far more daintily. We hear of their being eaten at the board of certain officials and pronounced excellent, also of their being relished by the contrabands. But the supply far exceeds the demand for home consumption, and we move that Uncle Sam takes the matter in hand and rigs out a few large ships to engage in the rat trade with China. We remember, when a boy, being struck with the beauties of a picture in the geography, of "Chinese selling rats and puppies for pies," and we have since learned that they command an excellent price in that country. Now here is a chance for Secretary Chase to raise the wind. If he will just act promptly on our suggestion we warrant gold to depreciate or "green backs" to go up, just which he desires, and the needful to pay the soldiers will not be wanting.

INTERVENTION.

We, the great American people, may now fondly congratulate ourselves upon the providential removal of a bugbear, which has followed us in the conduct of our "war for the Union" since its earliest stages. We allude to the ever-present fear of foreign intervention.

Ever since the conspirators struck their first blow at our constitution and our liberties, their aids and agents at home and abroad have shouted in exultation over the prospect of a certain and speedy recognition of their bogus Confederacy in Europe. At first England, of all the nations, and then France, (according to their programme) was to step forward and take them by the hand, and then the overthrow of the detested "Yankees" was to be consummated at once.

Thank Heaven! that rain-bow colored bubble is pricked at last. The latest advices from Europe bring us news of an outbreak in Poland, which is of such magnitude as to rivet the attention of every European nation. No fear now of any of them interfering in our domes-

tic quarrel. Poor "down-trodden Poland," by her brave attempt to strike off once more her fetters, has threatened the "balance of power," that talismanic sound in every European ear—that safeguard for the safety of nations—and France and England, and all the rest, have their hands full at home, and no room is left for any foreign war, no matter how attractive.

It is easy to foresee the effect of these startling European advices upon the confederates. To this slight hope they have ever clung with the clutch of despair. At the opening of the war the current of their "great expectations" of aid from abroad ran high. After every victory they have gained they have flaunted it anew before us, and after every defeat they have hugged it close, as their sole comfort. That comfort is gone. One more of their incentives to action is taken away, and Poland's blow to freedom has been a heavy blow to them.

All loyal men can now rejoice together over the fear of intervention removed. Now, while the Polish patriots take their own part and ours by centering upon themselves the anxious eyes of all Europe, let us not fail, another incubus removed, to push on, with redoubled efforts and renewed ardor, to our bright goal of liberty and peace. In the stirring words of an unknown poet—

"Strike! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake, go abroad;
Strike! let every bone and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God."

THREE HUNDRED COPPERHEADS WANTED.

The following requisition is highly proper, but we are afraid it can't be filled. That kind of stock are good at abusing Union soldiers who are too far off to get an opportunity to cowhide them, and old women too feeble to handle a broomstick, but whenever anything like a call to do any real military duty is concerned, they cut off their fingers and toes or make for Canada:

I hereby make special requisition on the State of Illinois for three hundred of the vilest, meanest, most disloyal Copperheads that can be found. I know they have them there, and I am satisfied that they are actually needed here for the good of the public service, rendered so by the following circumstances, viz:

There are here in the 26th Illinois Infantry about six hundred as neat, clean, hardy and well disciplined men as ever marched to the sound of drum—men who have borne a prominent and honorable part in the taking of New Madrid, Island No. 10, siege of Corinth, battle of Iuka, and the late battle of Corinth, besides many other engagements of less note.

These men are tried and true as ever drew bead on Rebel head; the love of country swells their hearts and throbs in every vein. They have unanimously said that they want no peace that will "yield a single right of humanity or take one star from our glorious flag."

Three hundred able-bodied Copperheads are needed to fill this regiment up to the maximum number. These noble and brave men will hold them straight in camp, steady in the hour of battle, teach them to endure hardships and suffering, eat hard crackers, and sleep on the bare ground.

In short, they "will train them up in the way they should go," and bring them back through tribulation to the good old doctrines of equal rights, common sense, and the Union forever.

A speedy compliance with the provisions of this requisition is respectfully requested.

IRA J. BLOOMFIELD,
Captain 26th Illinois Vol. Inf.

WALL STREET.

"Yesterday, to-day and forever" destitute of every principle that ennobles civilized humanity! Hundreds of examples like the following from its history, copied from *The Old Merchants of New York*, abundantly confirm the truth:

"Old Nat Prime was an extraordinary man—stout, thick, short, and heavy in person, yet he was a wonderfully shrewd calculator. It was stated, that in his early life he was a coachman to the rich William Gray, an eminent merchant in Boston. Mr. Gray loaned him a small sum of money with which to commence the brokerage business in a very small way. The ex-coachman shaved notes, and got bravely ahead. He was in-

vented to a dinner party, where there were several gentlemen, and one a planter of wealth from Georgia. The conversation turned upon the best mode of investing money. Mr. Prime took a part in this conversation, and after giving his financial views, added:—"If I had \$5000, I could invest it to-morrow in a manner that would enable me to double the sum inside of a year." "What security can you give me, Mr. Prime, if I lend you the sum named?" asked the Georgian planter. "The word of an honest man," said Mr. Prime. "You shall have the money on that security alone," said the Georgian. He gave Mr. Prime \$5000 the next day. The broker did double the sum, and within a year returned the \$5000, with interest to the generous and confiding lender. But there is a sequel to that, not so pleasant to narrate. Some years after the \$5000 transaction, the Georgian planter became embarrassed. His plantation and slaves were mortgaged, and he was unable to pay the interest and prevent a foreclosure and sale. He could not raise the money. In this emergency he thought of Mr. Prime, who had meanwhile become the great Wall street banker. He went to him, and recalled himself to the memory of Mr. Prime, and then stated his desperate circumstances. "I need," he added, "about the same amount I once loaned you." "What security can you give?" asked Prime. "The word of an honest man," replied the Georgian. "That will not pass in Wall street," said Prime, and he refused to make the loan, and the planter became a beggar."

"RIGHT SMART."

A few days since, at Newport News, a Commissary had a barrel of whisky lying near his tent, with many other stores. Of course many longing eyes were turned toward it, but a faithful soldier, with trusty musket and glittering bayonet, walked backward and forward beside it, and of course it rested secure. Finally, however, a thought flashed through the excited brain of one of the lovers of the "critter," and he told it to his comrades. He as a private, and one of his fellows as a corporal, would relieve the guard, and a squad of others should be near at hand to seize and carry off the prize. As soon as night spread her sable mantle over the plain, the contemplated scheme was set in operation and worked to a charm. The whisky was removed to a place of safety, and soon distributed in canteens and other suitable vessels for future use, and the poor commissary had no alternative but to call for a board of survey to exonerate him from blame and determine where should be affixed the responsibility of Uncle Sam's being minus a score of dollars. We recommend those men for Brigadierships. We will warrant them superior strategists. They will never be caught in the same fix with Brigadier General Stoughton.

TO DESERTERS.

THE time for compliance with the following order is "growing small by degrees and beautifully less." We publish it that persons who have friends in jeopardy may send it to them and stir up their pure minds.

Places are designated as rendezvous to which soldiers absent without leave may report themselves, on or before the first day of April next, under the proclamation of the President:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 58.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, March 10, 1863.

I. The following is the twenty-sixth section of the act "For enrolling and calling out the National Forces, and for other purposes," approved March 3, 1863:

SECTION 26. And be it further enacted, That, immediately after the passage of this act, the President shall issue his proclamation declaring that all soldiers now absent from their regiments without leave may return, within a time specified, to such place or places as he may indicate in his proclamation, and be restored to their respective regiments without punishment, except the forfeiture of their pay and allowances during their absence; and all deserters who shall not return within the time so specified by the President, shall, upon being arrested, be punished as the law provides.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the Army of the Rappahannock we learn that the greatest hand-to-hand cavalry combat that ever took place on this Continent, and only equalled by one fought in Europe, took place at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th inst. The odds were greatly in favor of the enemy, but our troops punished them very severely. Our cavalry are in fine spirits over the affair, and the enemy give evidence of feeling very much chagrined. The troops have suffered somewhat from the severity of the snow storm.

Last Tuesday Colonel Spear, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and some artillery, attacked the rebel breastworks on the Blackwater, but failed to carry them. Our loss was seventeen wounded and missing.

A detachment of Mounted Rifles, under Lieut. Hill, captured ten rebels at the same time.

On the 16th, Col. Whipple, of the 19th Wisconsin, captured a small schooner attempting to run out of the Elizabeth river near Norfolk. She had about \$2000 worth of contraband goods on board.

From Newbern we learn that on the anniversary of the capture of that place by our forces, the rebels drove in our pickets, but a body of troops repulsed them and they retired to Kingston. It is said that one of the Hills is threatening to attack Newbern. Our troops are anxious to have him make his appearance.

We have accounts from rebel sources of Charleston having been bombarded by our iron clads, but the reports are not generally credited.

By an arrival from Hilton Head we have an account of the exploits of the Black Brigade in Florida, by which they have obtained possession of many important points and a large quantity of munitions and supplies. The Union forces made a brilliant dash into Northern Alabama, in company with a number of gunboats, reaching as far as Tusculum, on the 22d ult. The advance drove the rebel cavalry from the town into the mountains, and occupied the place. Advancing farther into the interior, our troops, who were commanded by Col. Corwin, carried away considerable plunder. This account of the raid comes from a rebel source—the *Confederacy*, published in Atlanta, Ga.

The Yazoo Pass expedition, after capturing or destroying 26 rebel vessels, met with an unexpected check to its onward progress at Fort Pemberton, a fortification erected in Carroll county, Mississippi, at the junction of the Yallahusha and Tallahatchie rivers.

A dispatch from Port Hudson to the rebel journals states that the bombardment commenced on the afternoon of the 14th, and continued until after midnight. A desperate engagement took place, during which the sloop of war Mississippi was burned to the water's edge, one large vessel was completely riddled, and a third badly crippled. The capture of an officer and thirty-six men of the Mississippi is recorded.

Later advices, but not so authentic, say that the fleet had arrived in the vicinity of Haines' Bluff, near the mouth of the Yazoo River. We also learn that the Lake Providence canal has been completed.

Another dispatch not only denies the report of our repulse at Fort Hudson, but announces the safe transit of one of our vessels past the batteries. We will be compelled to await the reception of official news from our fleet before we can obtain the true facts of the assault upon the rebel Gibraltar.

The rebel Van Dorn having escaped across Duck river, has been largely reinforced and is returning. Cavalry skirmishes between the Union troops and his army frequently occur. Fears are entertained that an overwhelming force will be thrown upon Gen. Rosecrans for the purpose of crushing him and overrunning Kentucky.

[COMMUNICATED.] An Explanation.

Mr. Editor:—My attention has been called to an article in the last issue of your paper, under the head of "Marriages." My name has been used in connection with a most disgraceful affair, and, for the information of the public, permit me to state the facts in the case. On the 11th inst. I united F. D. Yaple and Frances Wier in the bonds of matrimony, according to the form laid down in the Liturgy of the Church with which I am connected. No objections being made, and entirely ignorant of the fact that the lady in question was a married woman, I, of course, was imposed upon. The guilt and wrong must lie with the guilty party.

JOHN H. DAVIDSON,
Chaplain 172d Reg., P. M.

[COMMUNICATED.] Our Worst Enemy.

GLOUCESTER POINT, VA., Mar. 19, '63.
The evil of intemperance has become so prevalent among the officers as well as the privates of our army, that it seems to attract but little attention, and yet we venture to assert that it has done, and is still doing us more harm than all the other rebels combined—and we are almost forced to believe that if it had not been for this deceitful old enemy in our midst, the rebellion might have been crushed long ago.

Our defeat at the first battle of Bull Run is traceable mainly to this evil, as it has been proclaimed again and again that Col. Miles, who had command of the Reserves, when called upon by Gen. McDowell for their assistance, was so drunk that he could scarcely sit upon his horse, and instead of obeying the order, he only trifled with it, by singing a vulgar drunken song. Again, when in command at Harper's Ferry, where he so disgracefully surrendered, he was under the influence of liquor so much that he knew not what he was doing.

Thus it has been, and still is, with many other officers of high standing in the army, who, while they are sometimes very strict in guarding against the approach of rebels, allow, and even invite this old destroyer of all good to enter their own quarters, and inflame their appetite and brains until he "leads them captive at his will."

One great fault in our government is that while it confiscates all liquors sent to privates and subordinate officers, it allows the boxes and barrels sent to the higher officers to go undisturbed by provost marshals—thus being party to the deed of making them the slaves of intoxicating drink.

We often hear of regiments, and even whole armies, becoming demoralized, but are as often blindfolded as to the real cause of the evil. The fact is, demoralization never begins in the ranks—it is always found to originate among the field or line officers, and mostly on account of their inebriation. For instance, a commander is known to be habitually a drunkard, which causes the men under him to disrespect and lose confidence in him; for, say they, "we won't be lead into battle by a drunken officer." They well know that if there is a time, more than any other, when an officer should be possessed of coolness and a sound mind, it is when entering upon an engagement with the enemy. But if he rushes into it with his passions inflamed and his mind deranged by this "accursed thing," he is more liable to give a wrong command than a correct one, and the consequence too often has been a shameful defeat, and a complete rout of his troops, if happily they, with him, have not been all captured or cut to pieces by the enemy.

Again, as it is often the case, a private manages in some way to get liquor and becomes intoxicated, perhaps on guard or picket duty, for which offence he is severely punished by a drunken officer, who has set him the example, (or, as is sometimes the case, has given him the article) and hence a spirit of revenge is engendered within the bosom of the private, who swears that he will shoot said officer at the very first opportunity, which threat is sometimes carried into execution on the battle field. We have lately been informed by a sober officer who was on a court martial for several weeks in Yorktown, that the cause of nearly every trial was drunkenness.

Finally, it is our worst enemy, because it is the most artful. When it cannot find its way into the army in its proper name, it will assume one that is more popular, such as "Plantation Bitters," "German Schnapps," or anything to avoid detection. Sometimes it is smuggled through the lines by an inveterate land-shark, usually denominated a "sutler." One of the latest and most contemptible tricks of this sort which has been brought to our notice, was detected last week. An owner of a large quantity of whiskey had it forwarded, and marked "hospital stores," directed to Windmill Point Hospital. Through some cause in transportation, over which probably he had

no control, the hospital stores did not arrive until after the hospital at the aforesaid place was removed. This being the case, the "goods" were carefully examined, and when their true nature was discovered they were confiscated.

Thus we might fill sheets of paper with incidents to show how the "filthy creature" manages to get within our lines and carry on his work of demoralization and ruin, but our heart sickens at the task. We only hope and pray that the time may soon come when this dreadful enemy shall be vanquished and driven from our country and the world with "the besom of destruction."

"Hasten Lord the glorious day
When beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly."

WASHINGTONIAN.

[Correspondence of "The Cavalier."] Letter from Gen. Sigel's Corps.

GEN. SIGEL'S CORPS, VA.,
March 19th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—An incident that threw a gloom over more than one brigade in this vicinity occurred last week in connection with the gallant Krzyzanowski, who has endeared himself to his men in a manner second only to the attachment of the troops to Gen. Sigel. Appointed a General by the President long ago, the news came lately that he was confirmed by the Senate. Officers crowded around him with hearty congratulations, and letters of affectionate regard came to him from the ranks, and there was general rejoicing. But some interest conflicting with this state of things led to a reconsideration of the matter, and just before the Senate adjourned, he was "hung up," as it is said, whatever that may be. In battle he is brave, and that he is jealous of the interests of his men, all acknowledge. The rumors of his indignation are about as reliable as the rumor that Gen. Sigel has resigned. It may be doubted even whether he takes the matter as deeply to heart as do his military friends.

The mug of beer was really eclipsed by the shamrock on the 17th, for there are many sons of the Green Isle hereabouts. How the celebration could be characteristically fulfilled, in the face of the Provost prohibition law, can only be guessed by intimate friends of the beverage; but that it was accomplished may be inferred from the fact that the participants representing this locality have not yet given a clear report of the steeple chase that came off at Falmouth on that day.

Sick reports, always an interesting item, indicate a faithful administration of sanitary affairs. A few toes were frozen early in February; but the brave boys never grumble. One of the 157th N. Y. Volunteers, whose discharge was procured to save his life, was deeply grieved because "they had sent him home to stay;" he had only asked for a furlough. On being told that he could return, he cheered up, and said, "Well, I will come back." A descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam, and bearing the same name, accepted his discharge only on condition that if he recovered he could return till every traitor bowed. His voice is unimpaired, and woe be to the coward or traitor that happens in his way, for he is a very enthusiast. A cannoneer, he has been in thirteen battles, but not always with his gun. Once it was disabled, and he borrowed a rifle with which to send a mark of his esteem to some one who might be "equal to five Yankees."

Surgeon George Suckley, formerly of the Mountain Department, has lately relieved Surgeon A. C. Hamlin, as Corps Medical Director. The latter is a nephew of the Vice President. He was presented by the Surgeons with a watch on leaving. Dr. Suckley's urbanity and attention to business are winning the admiration of the army.

Letter from Gen. Birney to Lieut. Col. Suydam.

HEAD-QUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 3d CORPS,
BELLAIR, VA., March 18th, 1863.
Lieut. Col. C. C. Suydam, Ass't Adjutant
General 4th Army Corps:

COLONEL:—I have yours of the 13th inst. in regard to my report of the battle of Seven Pines. I certainly had no intention of placing Generals Heintzelman or Keyes at any point that such veteran and tried soldiers could not with honor occupy.

I will correct the report with pleasure according to your explanation. My report states that the fighting was far to my left and rear on the Williamsburg road. The place where you met me and gave the order, was near the little house in the field near Fair Oaks Station, where my brigade subsequently encamped. This was some two miles from the point on the Williamsburg road at which General Kearney remained during the night, by the route then practicable.

The publication of General Heintzelman's report, reflecting severely on the position of my brigade, induced me to ask permission to publish mine, which gives, in my opinion, a more accurate and detailed account of the conduct of my command.

I am your obt' servant,
D. B. BRESKY,
Brig. Gen'l, Commanding Division.

Local Affairs.

THE FOURTH DELAWARE INFANTRY.—This regiment was recruited in the city of Wilmington by Col. A. H. Grimshaw, who received authority from the Secretary of War to raise it in the early part of last summer.

The first encampment was at Brandywine Springs, in the State of Delaware, where the men were drilled and formed into companies. After the completion of organization, which took place in September, the regiment was ordered to relieve the Third Pennsylvania Reserves, who had been guarding DuPont's powder mills. After performing good service here until the 11th of November, it was removed to Arlington Heights, near Washington, and from thence to Camp Vermont, about four miles below Alexandria. Here the Colonel was placed in command of the Third Brigade of Gen. Casey's Division, which post he filled with much credit to himself and the Diamond State until the 25th of December, when he was ordered to report with his regiment to Gen. Keyes, at Yorktown. Arriving here with his brave and patriotic band on the following Sabbath, he was placed in command of the post at Gloucester Point, where the regiment is at present encamped, doing picket duty. Col. Grimshaw is also postmaster of the city of Wilmington, and in taking command in the army he sacrificed a lucrative and honorable business in which he and Quartermaster Toner were previously engaged. He was for several years a very successful practitioner of medicine, and as a gentleman, citizen and patriot has proved himself worthy of the high estimation in which he is held. It was owing in a great measure to his untiring exertions and liberality that the Second and Third Delaware Regiments were raised and sent to the field; but not feeling satisfied that he had done enough in this way to serve his country in putting down the infernal slaveholders' rebellion, he applied for and received authority to raise the Fourth Delaware Infantry, which he commands in person with great satisfaction both to the officers and men.

Lieut. Col. Tevis is a graduate of West Point, and has seen service in Europe, having been an officer in the Turkish army during the Crimean war, in which he was greatly distinguished for his skill and bravery.

Major La Motte, also, had the advantage of a military education, and at the breaking out of the rebellion was one of the first to raise a company for the three months' service. He has served his country in some capacity as an officer ever since, and is highly esteemed for his gentlemanly as well as soldierly qualifications.

Several of the line officers have been in actual service both in the Mexican war and the present war for the Union, and if ever called upon to measure arms with the rebels will give a better account of themselves than this brief and imperfect sketch will permit.

The following is a list of the officers of the regiment:

FIELD OFFICERS.
Colonel, A. H. Grimshaw; Lieut. Colonel, C. C. Tevis; Major, C. E. La Motte.

STAFF OFFICERS.
Surgeon, D. S. Hopkins; Adjutant, W. H. Cloward; Quartermaster, J. J. Toner; Chaplain, W. H. Fries.

LINE OFFICERS.

Company A—Captain, ———, 1st Lieut., E. C. Stotsenberg; 2d Lieut., A. Lee Price.

Company B—Captain, M. B. Gist; 1st Lieut., W. A. La Motte; 2d Lieut., Pierce Neals.

Company C—Captain, F. McCloskey; 1st Lieut., ———; 2d Lieut., J. T. Townsend.

Company D—Captain, G. W. Curry; 1st Lieut., J. R. Van Loan; 2d Lieut., J. S. Wheeler.

Company E—Captain, ———; 1st Lieut., D. E. Buckingham; 2d Lieut., J. H. Carson.

Company F—Captain, D. H. Kent; 1st Lieut., H. Gawthrop; 2d Lieut., W. Statham.

Company G—Captain, W. H. Maclary; 1st Lieut., J. Burnett; 2d Lieut., A. P. Osmond.

Company H—Captain, T. M. Reynolds; 1st Lieut., H. Cullen; 2d Lieut., W. T. Warner.

Company I—Captain, H. Gause; 1st Lieut., S. R. Smith; 2d Lieut., R. B. Webb.

Company K—Captain, J. S. Valentine; 1st Lieut., T. H. Challenger; 2d Lieut., E. T. Yardley.

THE LATE STORM.—The storm that commenced on Thursday, and continued until Saturday, was the most severe of the season. At one time the snow was about a foot deep. The soldiers enjoyed snow-balling extensively.

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA SIDE BY SIDE.—Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, one of the batteries of the renowned Reserve Artillery of the 4th Army Corps, for some time past encamped in Fort Yorktown, has been ordered to Fort Keyes, at Gloucester Point, to share with Battery H 1st New York Artillery, the honor of holding that important post. Both these batteries have been in action again and again, and have proved themselves very efficient. As they now lie side by side, representing the same regiment and same company letter of two adjoining States, and each having the same number of guns, they may consider that the honor of their respective States depends largely upon them. In discipline, drill and fighting, should an opportunity offer, each will undoubtedly determine not to be outdone. The officers are as follows:

Battery H, 1st New York Artillery—Captain, Charles F. Mink; 1st Lieutenant, David E. Ritchie; 2d Lieutenant, ——— Clark.

Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery—Captain, Andrew Fagan; 1st Lieutenant, L. S. Richards; 2d Lieutenant, F. C. Choate.

CLOSING OF THE HOTEL DE MALLICOTTE.—This establishment, which, for some time back has been the head quarters of rebel sympathisers and officers in United States uniforms, who would declare that Jeff Davis is a better man than Abraham Lincoln, and that in less than four months he would occupy the White House, has been closed, and the building appropriated to better use, and the former proprietor, William Mallicotte, whose great patriotism would not permit him to accept the appointment of Commissary in the rebel army, but led him, like his illustrious predecessor, J. C. Breckinridge, to stay behind for a season, thinking he could in this way be more useful in sending his friends information, was on the 11th inst. ordered outside of the fort. He has taken up his abode with a Mr. Farinholt, about two miles below here, near Battery No. 1, erected by Gen. McClellan last spring. Of course his old bosom friends will go down and sympathise with him. They can talk more freely a little farther from Union sentinels.

ANOTHER CHANGE OF MAIL BOAT.—Owing to an accident which happened the steamer Louisiana (Baltimore boat), the Georgeanna was very unexpectedly and suddenly taken from this route to fill her place. The North America is now, and will be, the mail boat until the Morgan returns, which will be this afternoon, after which there will be no detention of the mails, we hope, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The North America was detained at Old Point for two days last week, on account of the violence of the storm, her officers thinking it would not be prudent to venture out until it had somewhat abated. The Morgan has been thoroughly repaired, and will be in complete order when she returns, and in speed, we are informed, equal to the best.

FOR HILTON HEAD.—About thirty convalescents from the Nelson Hospital, and a few detailed men doing duty with the batteries in Fort Yorktown, left here on the 22d inst., under command of Assistant Surgeon Sargent, of the 52d Regiment P. V. They are to join their respective commands, in the brigade formerly commanded by Gen. Nagles.

DISMISS YOUR FEARS.—Those friends who, a few nights ago, had the misfortune to bring up in the guard house, and have since been in great trouble lest that calamity should be noticed in THE CAVALIER, can rest easy, as there is no disposition to let the public know that such an unfortunate occurrence ever took place.

Telegraphic News.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 23d.—The iron clad Keokuck steamed down Hampton Roads at 2 o'clock P. M. yesterday, and went to sea.

A General Court Martial convenes at Norfolk, Va., at noon to-day, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before them. Detailed for the Court.—Capt. R. M. Strong, 19th Wis. Vols.; Capt. A. O. Rowley, 19th Wis. Vols.; Capt. H. R. Gardner, 148th N. Y. Vols.; Capt. H. H. Hewitt, 148th N. Y. Vols.; Capt. J. R. Fane, 173d Penn'a Vols.; Lieut. J. R. Clendon, 173d Penn'a Vols.; Lieut. S. C. Seaman, 19th Wis. Vols.; Lieut. C. B. Willard, 19th Wis. Vols.; Lieut. W. W. Gates, 148th N. Y. Vols.; Lieut. H. P. Brown, 148th N. Y. Vols.; Lieut. G. D. Huke, 148th N. Y. Vols.; Lieut. S. W. Boltz, 173d Penn'a Vols.; Lieut. H. B. Sessenger, 173d Penn'a Vols.; L. Van Slyck, 19th Wis. Vols., Judge Advocate.

NEWPORT'S NEWS, March 23.—The Artillery practice here this forenoon was pronounced excellent. The report of the guns was probably heard at Yorktown.

The soiree on board the steamer City of Hudson on Wednesday evening, was a brilliant affair.

DEW-DROPS.

The words which fall on mortal ear,
Like dew-drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
Are "Mother," "Home" and "Heaven."
A "Mother," sweetest name on earth,
We lip it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.
A "Home," that Paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where streams of love perennial flow
'Mid calm sequestered bowers.
And "Heaven," that port of endless peace,
That haven of the soul,
Where Time's corroding cares shall cease,
Like troubled waves, to roll.
Then fall they not on mortal ear
Like dew-drops pure at even?
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A "Mother," "Home" and "Heaven."

ANONYMOUS.

[Written for "The Cavalier."]

SKETCHES.

BY IGNATIO, JR.

No. 2.

The remark has been made that "nothing can withstand the ravages of time." And it is no less an axiom that the greatest perseverance and energy are necessary on the part of a people to sustain their prosperity. We see both of these truths verified in the case of the place which is the subject of these sketches. Were it not for the ruins of former magnificence, which are everywhere visible, we could hardly realize that commerce once flourished and people were prosperous in Yorktown; yet this was so. Happy families, a flourishing school and a well attended church once supplied the place of desolation and dreariness. But few indications of schools remain; but that they did exist we have the word of the oldest inhabitants. Probably it was sometime before

"Bad men, profaning friendship's hallowed name,

Formed in its stead, a covenant of shame,
A dark confederacy against the laws
Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause."

It is only by comparing the Yorktown of to-day with that of five or six decades ago that we can get an idea of her present insignificance. Once she was the theatre of the fetes and rejoicings of the peninsula. The most imposing of these was that which welcomed the Marquis d'La Fayette to the scenes of his former labors. The town which now resounds to the tread of soldiers only, and whose brightness is the flash of bayonets, was then the soul of animation and social happiness. The streets were crowded with rich equipages and the happy faces of a smiling populace.—Nature seemed to have put on her holiday attire to welcome the great and good. The many parades which have since graced this place are not to be compared for magnificence with the imposing ceremonies then enacted. This event has been described in THE CAVALIER, therefore it is useless to repeat it; but perhaps it would not be uninteresting if we locate some of the incidents connected with that display.

The house prepared for the accommodation of the General was that which is now known as the Nelson General Hospital. It was thoroughly repaired and refurbished for the occasion. In visiting it you would see but the remains of former elegance, but when the fact is taken into consideration that the bricks of which it is made were imported from England long before the Revolution, we must say time has been remarkably lenient. But more of the old buildings of Yorktown in our next.

The triumphal arch which was erected at that time stood upon the bank of the river about thirty rods above the camp of the 168th N. Y. Vols. The fireworks which were exhibited have seldom been equalled, and never excelled, in beauty of design and success in execution. The military honors were performed by a body of regulars who

were brought from Old Point for the purpose. They were formed with their right resting upon the river and extending into the field towards the place where the Union Cemetery is now located.

One of the most important sources of wealth, besides the increase of slaves, was the raising of tobacco, and of this that grown upon the lowlands next the river was considered the best. It was designated as the "E. D. Tobacco," after the owner of the lowlands, Edwin Diggs. It brought a higher price in market than that raised elsewhere. And the source of wealth was the immense oyster beds which abound in the York at this place. These were extensively worked by Yankee speculators, but we doubt if the *elite* of Yorktown payed that regard to them that their importance demanded. The poorer class used them as an article of food, but when their immediate wants were supplied their interest in them ceased. And it was this want of an interest in the vast sources of gain which the land and water supplied, that contributed to the ruin of Yorktown as a commercial and social centre. Had York county been inhabited by a poor but enterprising population, her fertile fields would not now have been covered with the accumulated debris of years of inactivity. A people of this kind would have prevented her falling into decay by setting a proper value upon the "elevators of society," free schools, free labor and a free press, instead of none at all.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

Being on a visit to Washington during the recess of Congress, in the spring of 1857, I walked one day with a friend to view the works which were then already in progress for the extension of the Capitol. As we sauntered among the pillars in the basement of the old building, we fell in with a venerable-looking man, having the appearance of a countryman, who seemed to be there on the same business we were. We entered into a conversation with him, and he informed me that he was a Virginian, raised a few miles down the river, not far from Mount Vernon.

"Very likely, then," we remarked, "you recollect General Washington?"

"Perfectly well, he replied; "indeed, I saw him when he laid the foundation of this building. I was but a boy then," he continued, "but I remember very distinctly how he looked, as he stood in this way over the stone and settled it in its place with a pry. It was a huge stone, and, as placed, it must have required no little strength to move it; but the General was a very athletic man, and moved it apparently with ease.

There was a number of boys there from our neighborhood, and it was a standing marvel to us how the General moved that stone. A few days after, the General happened to be riding by our school house on horseback, as we were playing outside. We all pulled off our hats to him, and he stopped his horse for a moment, and spoke to us very pleasantly. One of the boys cried out: "Please, General, tell us how it was you moved that great stone up yonder the other day?"

"Why, boys," said he, smiling, "did I move that stone?"

"O yes, General, you moved it; we all saw you."

"Well, boys," said the General, looking very serious, and speaking slowly, shaking his finger at us as he spoke, "do you see that nobody ever moves that stone again."—*Correspondent of the Bangor Whig.*

NEW YORK.—Somehow New York flourishes, in spite of the disappearance of cotton from the list of American productions. Her exports are now at the rate of about \$220,000,000 per annum; and they are double what they were a year ago, and very much exceed what they were while yet Cotton was King.

Humorous.

A HARD-SHELL SERMON.—A "whang-doodle" hard-shell preacher wound up a flaming sermon with this magnificent peroration:

"My brethering and sistern! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three *Arabian* children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hotted seven times hotter than it could be het, and it didn't singe a har on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him—and where do you think, brethering and sistern, they put *him*? Why, they put him into a caldronic of bilin ile, and biled him 'all night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Daniel; they put him into a licn's den—and what, my fellow-travelers and respected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, my brethering and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever go into a lion's den!"

A VERMONT broom pedler lately agreed with a Providence merchant to sell him a load of brooms, the payment to be made half cash and half in goods from the Providence man's store at cost prices. The brooms were brought in, and the cash for half of them paid over. "Now, what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant. "You Providence fellows are cute," was the slow reply; "you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money. I don't see how it's done. Now, I don't know about your goods—but one article; so, seeing as 'twont make any odds with you, I guess I'll take the brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to just what you paid for 'em."

TO STUDENTS IN ARITHMETIC.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and, faith, that's jist my belafe too."

PATENT MEDICINE.—A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart by a young M. D. in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her right ear.

AFTER quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoop skirt, hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of the peel of a belle!

A PRINTER out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

A CURIOSITY.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who has discovered it has retired from public life.

A SENTIMENTAL young man thus feelingly expresses himself:—"Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

WHY are your nose and your chin always at variance? Because so many words pass between them.

WHY should the number 288 never be named before ladies? Because it is too gross (two gross).

THE lady whose heart "swelled with indignation" has had it reduced with poultices.

Advertisements.

LAWSON'S COLUMN.

O. L. LAWSON

Invites the attention of soldiers and others to a new and extensive assortment of

ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,

just received, and 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 Maracabo.

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 then 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.

mh10-1f

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 sponce 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. mh10-1f

NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given, that I warn all persons against cancelling, 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, 1863, 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. B. Cranston. JOHN WILLIAMS, ml0-3t Sutler.

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 anything 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 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.

ROBERTS' 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 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.—AMBROTYPE 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. mh10-1f