

THE CAVALIER.

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

VOL. I.

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THE CAVALIER

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

Original Poetry.

MY COUNTRY.

BY LIZZIE.

My country! yes, still I can say it with pride,
Though darkness surround her, and sorrow betide;
No land on the face of this gem-dotted earth
Can equal in glory the land of my birth.

My country! the home of those patriot sires,
Whose life-blood made sacred her altars and fires;
Who hurled back defiance at tyranny's nod,
And claimed for their watchword, "No sovereign but God."

Those patriot Fathers for long years have slept
In graves o'er which many a freeman has wept;
The faith was rewarded by those that believed,
In the manifold blessings their children received.

Our nation's proud banner has peacefully waved
Upon shores which the mightiest oceans have laved;
Its bright constellation by freemen unfurled,
Has cast many a ray o'er the civilized world.

My country! O, would I this moment could prove
That thy children were dwelling in brotherly love;
But methinks there comes borne on the light zephyr's wing,
The fierce booming cannon, the battle-cry's ring.

Yes, there has been uplifted a traitorous hand,
'Gainst the peaceful retreats of our beautiful land;
The storm-cloud has burst over mountain and plain,
Its thunder-peals echo from island to main.

My poor bleeding country! that e'er I should see
The children thou'st nurtured prove faithless to thee!
O, sons of Columbia! still faithful and true,
Haste! haste to the rescue! our hope is in you!

Tread bravely the paths which our forefathers trod;
They shrank not from duty, but trusted in God;
Then "the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Newburg, N. Y., March, 1863.

LANGUAGE OF A TEAR.

BY A. B. BROWNE.

What the strong and searching language
Of a tear!
What can speak the soul's deep anguish
But a tear?
What can speak of heart strings broken,
Of cruel words we've spoken?
Alas, what better token
Than a tear?

What can speak of lost affection
Like a tear?
And of love's entire rejection
But a tear?

What can speak when friends are parted?
What can ease the broken-hearted?
What can mourn for the departed,
Like a tear?

Of behind the eyelids hidden,
Lurks the tear.
Then it issues forth unbidden,
Saucy tear!

How it speaks of love fraternal,
Or of joys that are eternal!
Of strong hope, like flowers vernal,
Speaks the tear.

But thy words are not all sadness,
Sparkling tear.
Very oft they speak of gladness,
Joyful tear.

When the heart is overflowing,
And the face with kindness glowing,
Sympathy to all thou'st showing,
Precious tear.

Select Story.

KILLED IN ACTION.

It was the day of Cedar Mountain. Crawford had such scanty numbers that the cavalry was formed as a first line of battle, supporting the advance batteries. The audacity of the movement seemed to puzzle the enemy; for, instead of pushing us hard and driving back our feeble force, the whole morning was spent in slowly feeling their way into position, only now and then pitching a few harmless shells in our direction. Besides, they had about as good ground to fight on where they were as they could find further on; and they were probably ignorant what forces we might have upon their flanks. From sunrise until half past three in the afternoon we stood there wearily, only moving by squadrons to water and detaching carbineers as skirmishers. Across the fields, which rose in graceful undulations, we could faintly discern the columns of cavalry and infantry moving from wood to wood in the direction of our left. We were so placed that we could see nothing but the rebels, the Rhode Island cavalry formed near us, and one battery in sections on the rise of the hill behind us. At three o'clock we had gathered some oats and wheat harvested in the adjoining field, and were feeding them to our horses in addition to the corn-blades among which we stood, when the rebel batteries were moved by hand over the brow of the hill in front, and opened upon us with great rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Our skirmishers in the meantime were sharply engaged with theirs; and, notwithstanding their disadvantage in being mounted and having merely the short carbine, did considerable execution, losing only one horse. They kept their enemy nervous making little rushes forward as they fired, and falling back to load, so that the rebels began to fire wilder and wilder. At last there was an advance in force, and they opened with grape upon this scattered line. Our men came back like a whirlwind, completely obscured by dust, and fell into their places in the ranks. Now the battery which our regiment was supporting began to show its brilliant qualities. I think it was L Battery, First New York Artillery, but am not positive. Its sections, one above the other, either concentrated their fire or distribu-

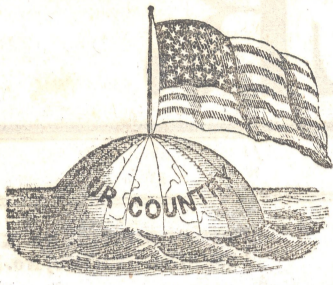
ted it as circumstances required; and from the first shot to the last almost every missile did its duty. An officer of ours, who was out with skirmishers on our right, was so placed that he could see the effects of the fire on a brigade who were lying behind a hill waiting to charge upon the battery. For a few seconds they lay under the fire. Those few seconds cost them thirty men; and as they sprang up to run away they were swept even more fearfully. The force broke, and was not, I believe, reformed during the engagement. While the battery was doing its work we were doing ours—the unpleasant duty that can be imposed. We had to sit in our saddles, motionless and helpless, exposed to a tremendous fire, and unable to return a shot. Out of the woods in our front the sharpshooters of the rebel brigade had been sent to "disperse that cavalry." Fortunately for us, our Lieutenant-Colonel was an old soldier, and had chosen our place as none but an old soldier would. The corn-field was, as I have said, full of little undulations. Just in front of us was a hollow, and beyond it a rising ground. If we had been in the hollow, though covered from the sharpshooters, we should have been raked by the artillery; and the hill-top was of course bad. So we stood to the rear of the hollow, on the rise of the hill; so that those in front, unconscious of this wide depression, must have thought us so much nearer to them, and have regulated their aim accordingly. This I imagine to have been the case, for a perfect storm of bullets swept across that brow of the hill, and struck up the dust at our horses' feet. Simultaneously balls came whirring through the air just above our heads, causing a shock to the nerves similar to that occasioned by a covey of quail starting from beneath our feet, and causing a good many of the men to dodge and twist a little in their saddles. I was remarking this fact indignantly to the Major, when, "Nonsense!" was his reply. "Why, I dodge myself!" of which he immediately gave an illustration. I looked around, and there were General Banks and his staff also lending gracefully to and fro. I therefore concluded that the fire was regarded as hot and heavy. "Steady, in the first squadron! Steady there, I say! What are you about?" sang out the Major's clear, stern voice. As he moved to check an apparent confusion, a man made his way out of the ranks—a little pale, perhaps, but otherwise as usual. "What are you doing leaving the ranks, sir?" The man saluted quietly, and answered, "Hit, sir." He had a pretty sharp clip from a rifle ball. "Go to the rear and get dressed," said the Major. The line was dressed again without need of commands, and there we stood as calmly as ever under fire. But now the men began to suffer, and the horses especially had been struck several times. The battery had dismounted a gun which had been run up to the sharpshooters, to open on us with canister, but the rifle balls and the shell were becoming more and more accurate in their aim. Bayard turned and spoke to Banks. We heard the Major-General answer, "They stand it like veterans. I shall myself show these their new position when I move them." Presently the order came, "Platoons, right about wheel!"

and at a walk, without breaking a rank, we steadily moved back, crossing the exposed hill-top and descending on the other side, where we again formed. But now our whole first line was falling back upon Bank's Corps, which had been formed as it had come up behind us; and the enemy had succeeded in planting a battery upon Cedar Mountain, which completely enfiladed our position. Over the brow of the hill, and from the left flank, the shriek of the shell thrilled our ears, and all along the line they burst with a sound that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The battery—one piece dismounted and half the horses killed—limbered up and moved off. Taking down the fence in our rear and that into the road at the right, the regiment again made an about, and retired a second time in line. That was the most trying time of all that day. The enemy's range was perfect, and with every discharge each man wondered how he had escaped. The apprehension of immediate death was very strong in every soul, and yet the line moved over that uneven ground better than it could have done on drill. Not an attempt was made to break ranks or to straggle, even when comrades went down on either hand. "Oh! how proud we were of the men, and how cheerfully and confidently all the officers ever after gave their orders, certain that they would be obeyed." As the Chaplain, who had occasionally been riding along the ranks endeavoring to cheer the men while his services were not yet required in the hospital, turned from helping to clear away the fence, a man from the left came by, leading two or three horses. "Where are you going from the field?" "It's the Lieutenant, sir. A shell has struck him, and the boys are carrying him, while I take the horses." "Who? Not A—?" ejaculated the Chaplain, anxiously. "Yes, sir. Here he comes." And there lay the poor boy, almost a child in look, and a sort of pet among officers and men, pale and stunned, in the arms of some of his platoon, his right leg nearly severed from his body. The crushed and torn muscles showed among them the broken bone, and the blood dropped slowly to the ground, mingling with the dust. To get him an ambulance and drive back to the hospital seemed fearfully long for all; and think that the men felt every jolt almost as sharply as did he. Behind a wood was spread out the ghastly apparatus of military surgery, and the poor boy was removed as quickly as circumstances would permit to the neighborhood of the table. As he lay in the Chaplain's arms he seemed to recognize the voice that spoke to him, and with the faint gaspings of a dying man he whispered, "Oh, Chaplain, if I could only pray!" "Shall I pray for you?" "Yes." And the Chaplain put up those exquisite petitions in the service for the visitation of the sick: "O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, we fly unto Thee for succor in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body.—Look graciously upon him, O Lord; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so

much the more continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and steadfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that his sins may be done away by thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven before he go hence and be no more seen. "O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prison, we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour, most humbly beseeching Thee that it may be precious in Thy sight.—Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution draweth very near, so fit and prepare him now for the hour of death, that, after his departure hence in peace and in thy favor, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, our Lord and Saviour." A—'s lips moved as if he were following the words of the petition to the very end. Then he was lifted on the table, the sponge of chloroform applied, and the ghastly work of amputation performed. He never recovered from the shock. His mind wandered again to the action, and he uttered words of command to his men. At last, with a feeble motion of his hand, he made an effort to ejaculate "Star Spangled Banner!" These were his last words. The shells of the enemy came plunging through the wood, and struck against the fence behind which our hospital was established. A— was placed in an ambulance, beside B—, who had been hit almost at the same moment; and the whole establishment moved back to a house in the rear. Scarcely had he been removed from the vehicle when he quietly breathed his last. He lies buried in Culpepper, in the southwest corner of our military grave-yard, while his cousin H— sleeps at Harrisburg, awaiting the same general resurrection. INCREASE OF UNCLE SAM'S INFANTRY.—A soldier writing from the Army of the Potomac, relates the following incident of the increase of the picket guard of that army: "I was on picket for seventy-five hours last week, and the weather was very rough, though we got along and had one of an increase. One of the pickets of a New York regiment took sick on beat, and was taken to a house near by. A woman being there discovered the complaint and a doctor was sent for, but before he came the picket was relieved of a young female soldier. She (the picket) had been in the service eighteen months, and been in five fights, having been with her lover undetected till the time of this occurrence." THERE are fifteen hundred thousand men liable to be conscribed under the new law, of the first class.

The Cavalier.

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



TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1863.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The result of the election in this State is the most withering rebuke that the Copperheads have received, and destroys their last hope of being able to carry out their plan for the overthrow of the government. They had expended much labor and money in preparing for the canvass, and confidently expected success. But the blood of the Puritan Fathers still flows in the veins of their sons in the land of steady habits, and it is not easy to buy or fool them, and though thousands of them are absent in the army, there are enough left to maintain the honor of the commonwealth. The sentiment of the State is at present democratic, and would have given a fair democratic majority had not true democracy been kicked out of the so-called democratic party, and all honest men of fair intelligence been obliged to leave it. Had the democratic party followed the noble men like Dickinson, Butler, Tremain, Busteed, Van Buren, &c., who in the days of her honesty were looked upon as her oracles, instead of the rascally Wood and Vallandigham clique who were trying to destroy her and the government, she would have today been in the ascendant, and rebellion effectually subdued. But she followed villains and sealed her destruction. The abuse she heaps upon men like Butler, Brady and Van Buren, whom she has always acknowledged ornaments, the moment they refuse to aid her in destroying the old landmarks and degrading the principles of the fathers, is enough to blast her in the eyes of all good men.

If we could trace the least iota of the patriotism of Jefferson or Andrew Jackson in the vile crew, we would try to respect them, but we have looked in vain.

We have often thought that a certain cooper went to the limit of patience who established himself in business in a certain community, and gave out that for new work he must have pay, but repairing would be done without charge. Soon the repairing trade was abundant. Occasionally an individual would come with the mere fragments of an old bucket, tub or cask—the bottom, the hoops, a couple of staves—and he patiently rigged up what it had formerly been. At last one came bringing nothing but a bung, and said as he handed it in, "I thought I'd get you to rig up this cider barrel." The cooper "couldn't see it." But the man who repairs democracy out of copperheadism has got a far more contemptible relic to work on than the cooper had.

The people have become fully satisfied that nothing decent can be worked out of it, and they have concluded to cast it away. It may continue to drag out a wretched existence in some sections until the soldiers return from the overthrow of Southern traitors—and that event is sure, and the day when it shall transpire is not as far distant as those with whom the "wish is father to the thought" vainly imagine—then shall it quickly receive the finishing blow and be buried, and "no resurrection" written on its tombstone. But the disgrace it will entail will live and descend to the posterity of those who now cleave to it.

We can remember well when many of the moderate or peace Tories of revolutionary days were still living. We remember often to have heard children at school taunted with the fact that their grandfather was a Tory. So striking was this disgrace that it was one of the first truths that children realized, and we never saw one that would not show deep sorrow at having such a stain entailed upon him. But the day is coming when the name of a Copperhead will be as much more odious than that of a revolutionary Tory as the name of Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot than that of an ordinary villain. Those who have any desire that their posterity may be saved from reproach and shame on their account, will keep entirely aloof from the vile crew.

CAMP OF THE 168TH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

Last Saturday we rode out to the camp of this regiment. It had been nearly four weeks since we had enjoyed leisure to allow ourself this privilege. In the meantime we had heard it had been fitted up in the latest style, and that the men showed fine improvement in drill and military appearance. We found that these reports were substantially correct. The location is, to our notion, the loveliest spot in this region, and for young soldiers, they are taking good care of it. Among other friends, we called in upon our former college companion, R. Howard Wallace, the Chaplain. He received us in a gentlemanly manner, but soon after pitched into us for slighting Col. Brown and other officers of his regiment in our notice of those present at the head-quarters of General Busteed, the evening before his departure from Yorktown. We tried to pacify him by saying that everybody knew the 168th was always on hand when any thing commendable was going on, but that would not satisfy him. We then told him the Newburg "Copperhead" had proclaimed that Col. Brown would not relish notices from a war journal like THE CAVALIER, and he might suppose we did not wish to make him feel bad, and so from a desire to have everything pleasant, had left his name out. This didn't suit any better, and as we were too contrary to confess that it was a great mistake on our part, we let him vent his righteous indignation on our devoted head, and tried to bear it like a true martyr. As we had known him to be a good boy in the days "lang syne," we didn't harbor any hard feelings. In fact our conscience rather testified that he was right. Just as we were thinking of taking our departure, Col. Brown came in, and we concluded, at his kind invitation, to tarry a while longer. Among a number of fine things that he kindly showed us, was a sword, pistol, belt and sash that had been presented to the Chaplain. They were, to say the least, equal to anything of the kind we had ever seen, and we have seen quite a number in our day. In fact, for elegance and taste we cannot conceive how they could be much improved. The pistol was from friends in the city of New York. The sword from Increase S. Goldsmith, an elder in the Presbyterian church, of which the Chaplain is now associate pastor, and of which his father, R. H. Wallace, D. D., has been pastor for almost forty years. Mr. Goldsmith is a man who has made his character, and his fortune himself, and is an ornament to any church and any community. Such men in a society make the pastor's relation pleasant and greatly further his efforts to be useful. If the Chaplain ever has occasion to use these weapons upon the enemies of his country, it cannot fail to strengthen his confidence to think of the source whence they have been received.

MR. LIBBEY, the gentlemanly agent of Adam's Express Co., will accept our thanks for a copy of the address of the Hon. Edward Everett before the Boston Union Club on the 9th inst., and for other favors.

INDUSTRY VERSUS ARISTOCRACY.

Community is full of instances like the following from "The Old Merchants of New York," and is well worthy the consideration of those who look contemptuously upon persons who are not ashamed to work and maintain regular habits.

"Old Peter Embury and the late Philip Hone were very intimate friends to the close of the life of the latter in 1851, although they belonged to different stratas of society. Mr. Hone and his family were among the pure aristocratic sets of the day. He had been rich once—had been mayor in 1825—had traveled largely in Europe, and gave the largest dinners known at the time. Mr. Hone lived on Broadway, one door below Park Place. A wooden house graced the corner, reaching far up above it was Mr. Hone's large house, its northern side boarded and painted red. Over his door could be seen a bust of some remarkable man. It could be seen from the street. Here resided Mr. Hone in his prosperous days, and no one of any note in the city but had been entertained by him at his dinners or evening parties. He was one of the elite of our city, but became poor in the latter years of his life. Under Gen. Taylor he received an office in the Custom House. Mr. Embury outlived Mr. Hone six years.

"It would be useless to write the lives of men, or to revive recollections of them unless good can be derived from so doing. I will take the lives of these two men and their mode of managing. Mr. Hone used to advise with his venerable friend Embury in relation to every matter of great importance. Both had large families of boys. Mr. Embury's sons worked; the sons of Mr. Hone, although amiable, yet relied upon the wealth of the father, and were not remarkable for their activity. One son was a clerk for some time with Brown, Brothers & Co. The fathers used to talk over these matters. One day Mr. Hone asked his friend, 'What is the reason that your boys are all smart and hard-working, while mine are good for nothing else except to spend money? How have you brought up your sons, that there should be such a difference?'

"'Well,' replied old Uncle Peter, somewhat affected, 'you are a fashionable man, and you have a fashionable family, and you have brought up your children in the fashionable school. I have brought up mine to work—to take care of themselves. They are all employed, but all board at home. I make them pay me board just as regularly as if they were entire strangers. If they want money, I lend it to them, and take their notes for the amounts, with the understanding that they pay those notes to me when due, the same as if they had been placed in the bank for collection. They pay those notes. I make them know that they must take care of themselves as I did of myself when I was a boy, and when young.

"'As I said, my boys board with me, I live plain. I feed them on good food—lamb, for which I pay one shilling and sixpence per quarter, (price in old times.) I never have any wines or liquors on the table—never—thus my boys never get a taste of it—never banker after it. I am not fashionable. I live plain and eat honest food, and by my example in eating and drinking I inculcate honest but healthy precepts into the minds of my boys. Now I have given you my method of bringing up a lot of boys. Let me tell you what you have done. You are fashionable—you move in fashionable society. You hold a high position in the community, and you deserve to do so; but my friend Hone, you have done a hundred of other rich and prosperous men have done. You have brought your sons up under greatly mistaken ideas, if you wished to make men of them. They lived with you; you had upon your table every day the choicest wines that money could procure. They joined in drinking healths day after day, and remained at the table for hours when they should have been attending to business. You taught them this. Is it strange that by such examples they should have been taught how to spend money, or that they should be anything else than what they are? Stern industry, friend Hone, is all that can rectify in your children the faults and follies of the home education you have given them.'

"'You are right, old friend, but your advice is too late for me to profit by it. Everybody should hear your experience. There is where I have failed in my family,' replied Mr. Hone.

"'All of Mr. Hone's children are respectable, high-minded men; but I believe none are rich. They lived out their fortunes before they were of age.'

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. Y. M. E. CONFERENCE.

This week this body, consisting of some 300 ministers, of which we have for more than ten years had the honor to be a member, holds its annual session in the city of New York. Since its last meeting one of its members, Rev. Peletiah Ward, a Captain in the 80th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, (Col. Pratts,) has been shot down nobly bearing the colors of his regiment and cheering his men on the battle-field of Bull Run in September last. They will miss quite a number who used to meet with them, now absent in the service of the country. While they are enjoying their pleasant reunion, we are watching for the rebel hordes under Gov. Wise, and scribbling copy for THE CAVALIER as we sit on the axle of a gun-carriage and use the reinforce of the piece for a writing table.

We presume the interests of our country will be one of the subjects of deliberation among those noble men, and we expect to hear them speak distinctly on the right side. The crisis calls upon them to display all their courage and exert all their influence, and we have confidence that trusting in God, they will not despond or falter.

[Correspondence of the Cavalier.]

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH.

[We have received the following from a gentleman that we never saw, and who lives in a region that we never had the pleasure of visiting; but we are told by members of our company that he is esteemed by all who know him. We have, however, met those that he has given to the Union army, and any father might well be proud of them.]

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., April 7, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—I am receiving weekly THE CAVALIER, through one of the members of your battery (Fitches), in reference to which I would take the liberty of expressing a few thoughts. I exceedingly admire (as every good Union man would) the tone of the sprightly CAVALIER. It fans the effective breeze that causes the fires of unadulterated patriotism to burn more vividly upon the altar of Freedom. It sends forth a thrill into the heart of every man who reads, having in view the love of mankind, his country and his God. It cannot fail, with its present editorial pen, in sending forth a salutary influence, not only within the limits of Yorktown, but even in Orange county. It is like a spark of fire dropping among dry leaves, soon kindling a flame that consumes everything before it.

You ask for more Union Leagues at the North, to take care of the Copperhead traitors in your rear, whilst you promise to take care of the more honorable traitors openly in arms in the South. We take the timely warning, and Leagues are being formed at the North, for the better security of our government and our country against the wily and diabolical devices of Copperheads. Rest assured, sir, that here, wherever a League is formed, the Copperhead is crestfallen, and draws back in his hole or den.

Brave soldiers of the Union Army, be of good cheer. Eternal Justice claims the prerogative to discern between right and wrong, and will, ere long, stand forth in her impartial sovereignty, bringing the offenders to a just sense of the wrongs inflicted upon this once favored and happy republic, but now stricken country. May we not now put our trust in the God of Battles, that he will forgive our national sins and lead our armies to speedy and glorious victory.

One word more to the army. Be courageous, be brave, be hopeful. Then the laurels shall be yours. If there are any who are not perfectly loyal in feeling to the Government of the United States, to all such I would say, beware! If you have one particle of love for our country, or the smallest measure of self-esteem, fail not in putting forth a strong arm in its defence, lest you bring down upon your devoted heads the blackening, scathing reproaches of insulted justice, made manifest visibly in "the handwriting on the wall." M. W. L.

[COMMUNICATED.]

"Land Shark."

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over your valuable paper of the 31st ult., I noticed, under the above title, and over the signature of "A Friend to the Sutler," an attempt to enlighten the ignorant in

regard to the origin of the phrase "land shark."

The author insinuates that the phrase originated about six months after this war broke out, its cause being malice, on the part of a "Captain in one of the N. Y. Regiments, denouncing sutlers as thieves, robbers and land sharks."—While we would not wage a war against the sutlers, we would in all kindness correct, to some extent, his error as regards the age of the phrase "land shark."

It would be difficult to trace the above phrase to the real date of, and circumstance of its origin; but it is undoubtedly of greater age, than above represented.

I have been conversant with the hardships of a seaman's life for the last twenty years, and have had the melancholy pleasure of being bitten more than once by that species of fish.

The term was originally applied to all landmen, or sharpers, who tried to fleece honest Jack of his hard-earned wages. JACK TAR.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Our local news will be found more than usually interesting. On Tuesday and Wednesday a combined land and naval force scoured the upper part of Gloucester county, and made valuable captures of stock and grain. On the other hand, on Saturday morning the rebels attacked our forces in the vicinity of Williamsburg, destroyed the camp of the 5th Regiment Pennsylvania Cavalry, captured a few prisoners, and some valuable commissary and quartermaster's stores. Colonel R. M. West shelled Williamsburg from Fort Magruder as soon as the rebels entered it.

The President has visited the Army of the Potomac, which has been fully reviewed, and is reported to be in fine condition. General Hooker boasts that it is the finest army in the world.

There has been some fighting at Suffolk within the past four days, with some loss on both sides.

The rebels are crowding General Foster at Washington, N. C., but it is believed that he will hold out until reinforced. At last accounts he was in good spirits.

The attack upon the defences of Charleston has commenced. Our Monitors, nine in number, had opened fire on Fort Sumter. Admiral Dupont had made the new Iron Sides his flagship. One of the rebel torpedoes in the harbor went off prematurely, making a great commotion but doing no injury. Our land forces were also moving forward. Particulars in regard to the results of the bombardment, or any land engagements, had not reached us at the time of our going to press.

Vicksburg and Port Hudson are looked upon in high official circles as the points of most importance at present. The news that we receive from them is very indefinite, and often conflicting. All, however, agree that our forces there are faithfully at work.

From New Orleans, we learn that the rebels on the 28th of last month captured the U. S. steamer Diana, in the Atchafalaya River, near Pattersonville. Her commander, Acting Master Peterson, was shot dead, and six of the crew were killed. Some twenty-five soldiers of the 12th Connecticut and 160th New York were also killed and wounded in the action. The remainder of those on board, numbering one hundred and seventy, were taken prisoners by the enemy.

The rebels in Tennessee, on the 8th inst., captured and burned two of our steamers near Clarksville. Our forces in recent expeditions have captured 700 horses and mules, 200 prisoners, 200 negroes, and destroyed large quantities of rebel forage and subsistence. A body of our troops, 15,000 strong, after repulsing the rebels who had advanced on Woodbury and McMinnville, were advancing on Columbia, and a battle has probably taken place before this.

The elections in every quarter show a defeat of the Copperheads, and an earnest coming up to the support of the Government.

In Mexico hostilities seem to be at a stand still. The French General, Forey, is calling on his Government for reinforcements of 5000 men. From Europe we learn that the Polish insurrection has nearly subsided.

LATE NEWS BY THE MAIL.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—Advices from Mississippi to the 1st inst. state that a terrible storm had taken place at Greenwood. Trees were blown in every direction. Four soldiers of the Forty-seventh Indiana regiment were killed and two wounded.

The rebels are building batteries on the Yazoo Pass, three miles from Greenwood. The ram Switzerland has been repaired of the injuries she received in passing the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and has been sent up the Red River.

The rebels are constructing a fleet of cotton-protected gunboats at Shreveport. An expedition of gunboats went up the Yazoo on the 1st inst.

Twenty-two hundred bales of Government cotton arrived at Cairo yesterday.

Rebel reports from Port Hudson, dated Jacksonville, April 4, state that General Banks has fallen back. One division of his army is at Baton Rouge, and the rest down the river.

BREAD RIOT IN RICHMOND.—Col. Stewart, of the 2d Indiana Regiment, one of the fourteen United States officers just released by the rebels, and who arrived at Baltimore on the 7th inst., makes the following statement:

On the 2d inst. he saw, from his prison window in Richmond, a great bread riot. The rioters were composed of about 3000 women, who were armed with clubs, guns and stones.

They broke open the Government and private stores, and took bread, clothing, and whatever else they wanted.

The militia were ordered out to check the riot, but failed to do so.

Jeff. Davis and other high officials made speeches to the infuriated women, and told them they should have what they needed. They then became calm, and order was once more restored.

All the other released Union officers confirm this statement.

THE ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON.—The New York Herald of the 10th inst., has dates from Port Royal to the 4th, per transport Fairhaven, which are full of interest and importance. It says:

We have now received, from various sources, positive information of the actual commencement of the attack upon Charleston. The bombardment of Fort Sumter by the iron-clads began on Monday. Captain Moses, of the Fairhaven, brings intelligence from Capt. Steedman that Admiral Dupont had, on the 3d of April, proceeded to Charleston with the following iron-clads: New Ironsides (flagship), Patapsco, Catskill, Montauk, Passaic, Weehawken, Keokuk, Nahant and Nantucket.

Off Stono Inlet Captain Moses saw our army transport fleet and the iron-clads anchored inside. He also saw the Ericsson lying off the inlet, with a float riding astern.

THE UNION AND REBEL ARMIES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—An officer who arrived at Washington on the 8th inst., from the North Carolina coast, says it was believed among our forces, the information coming from what was believed a reliable source, that Gen. Longstreet some time ago made application to Jefferson Davis for 50,000 troops for the purpose of clearing Albemarle Sound, and he was informed that he could have thirty thousand from the army of the Rappahannock, but must obtain the balance from Governor Vance, of North Carolina. It is further reported that one of the Hill's in command. When this information, several days ago, reached Fortress Monroe, assistance was sent from that point.

THE RECENT ROBBERY OF ADAMS' EXPRESS.—A dispatch from Baltimore, April 8th, says the efforts to recover the \$97,000 in Government securities which were stolen from the safe of Adams' Express Company, near Baltimore, on the 18th ult., have been most successful. All the parties (nine in number) concerned in the robbery have been arrested, and are now confined in Fort McHenry. All but \$5000 of the securities were recovered, either from the persons of the thieves or from places where they had concealed them. Great credit is due to Allen Pinkerton, of Chicago, detective agent, under whose direction the investigation has been conducted.

MORE DESERTERS.—The rebel service must be growing unpopular. Five soldiers of the garrison at Fort McAllister made their way to one of our gunboats a few days since, and gave themselves up as deserters. They arrived on board the Wabash on Tuesday, delighted at having escaped from the bondage in which they were held, and the hardships which they suffered. They were conscripts, and complain of bad pay, half rations, and insufficient clothing among the rebel soldiers.

FROM EUROPE.—By the arrival of the steamship Bavaria, from Hamburg and Southampton, at New York, on Saturday, we have European news to the 25th ult. The Confederate loan, on the 24th, fell from 4 and 4/8 premium to 2 and 2/8. In the House of Lords, Earl Russel emphatically declared in favor of continued non-intervention.

GRAND REVIEW.—A review of a portion of Hooker's army took place on the 8th inst., on the plains in the rear of Falmouth. General Hooker, with his staff, was present. The scene presented was undoubtedly one of the finest military pageants ever witnessed on this continent.

CONTINUED SALE OF GOVERNMENT FUNDS.—The sales of "five-twenties" on the 8th inst., at Philadelphia, amounted to a million and three-quarters, of which half a million was from west of the Alleghenies.

Peninsular Affairs.

AN ATTACK ON FORT MAGRUDER.

COL. R. M. WEST SHELLS THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Rebel Gunboat in James River.

Camp of the Fifth Penn'a Cavalry Destroyed.

THE REBELS REPULSED.

They Threaten to Renew the Attack.

GOV. WISE HARANGUES HIS TROOPS.

On Saturday morning, a body of rebel troops, said to be commanded by Governor Wise in person, advanced on Williamsburg, drove in our pickets, and occupied the town.

Col. R. M. West, commanding our advance brigade, opened fire upon the city from Fort Magruder and drove them back. The city received a part of the punishment it deserves for the sympathy and aid it has always given the rebels.

As soon as the approach of the rebels was announced, Col. West sent orders to the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, lying two miles below Fort Magruder, to come to his support. Soon after they left, a body of rebel infantry that had skulked through the woods on the James River side, unperceived by our pickets, entered the camp and destroyed the greater part of it, together with some commissary stores. The rebels obtained in the camp pretty plenty of the "O be joyful," and, after imbibing freely, they were very good natured and accommodating. Mrs. Kleintz and some other ladies who were in camp, were treated with the greatest consideration. They were suffered to retain nearly all the personal effects of the field officers. One of the rebels had got hold of Major Kleintz's coat and put it on, and was strutting about in great glee, when Mrs. Kleintz approached and told him to whom it belonged, and that it had been left in her charge, whereupon he took it off and gave it to her.

They had a telegraph operator and instruments with them, and took possession of the office and undertook to open communication with this place; but Mr. Lithgo, our operator, had seized his instrument, given them the slip, passed round through the woods, struck the wire this side of them, cut their communications, and put himself in communication with this place. He deserves great praise for his prompt and gallant conduct. The rebels being between him and our advance forces, however, prevented him from being of any service to them. Col. West communicated with this place by messengers sent by way of the York river. The force that destroyed the camp, however, retired very quickly by the same way they came in. We are informed that a rebel gunboat from Richmond was off the mouth of King's Creek to co-operate with them and cover their retreat. During the day, the rebels in front, who consisted of 3000 infantry, a regiment of cavalry and a six-gun battery, made preparations to attack Fort Magruder. Our force consisted of the 139th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, one section of Battery E (Orwig's), 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, under Lieut. Wildie; two 20-pound Parrot guns, in the Fort, and the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Col. Lewis—in all less than 1600 men. The rebels got their battery in position behind a hill and threw two shells into the fort. Lieut. Wildie then ordered a Sergeant of Battery E, who has the reputation of being about as good a marksman as we have about here, to dislodge them. His first shell struck into the top of the bank and did no damage. The next passed over and killed four horses and two men, and damaged a gun carriage. This was a little too warm a reception, and they promptly skedaddled to a point out of range of our guns.

That evening Governor Wise made a speech to his men, telling them he had orders to take the fort and it must be done. We think he will have an interesting time working at it.

The 178th Regiment P. M., Col. Johnson, went up on Saturday evening to reinforce Col. West.

Major General Keyes is at Fortress Monroe, in command of the Department; but such is his knowledge of the country and all the circumstances here, that he gave his commands by telegraph as appropriately as if he had been at the scene of operations.

Up to 1 o'clock yesterday, the number of prisoners taken from us by the rebels will

not exceed a dozen. Among them is First Lieut. Cromelin, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

We had only one man injured, Private John Smith, Company H, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, shot in leg, making amputation necessary.

Twenty-two rebel prisoners have already been brought in to Fort Yorktown, and some others are on the way. They are all of the 59th Regiment Virginia Infantry, and are a very fine-looking lot of men. First Lieut. Wm. Harmon, and Second Lieut. Charles Walks are very intelligent and gentlemanly. Five of the enlisted men captured have taken the oath of allegiance.

EXPEDITION TO GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE.

Reconnoissance up Ware and North Rivers.

Co-operation of Naval and Land Forces.

CAPTURE OF STOCK AND GRAIN.

Early on Tuesday morning last the Gunboat Commodore Morris, under command of Captain Gillis, accompanied by the Steamer Thomas A. Morgan, carrying over 200 men of the 179th Regiment P. M., under command of Col. Blair, sailed from Yorktown on an expedition up the rivers that put into Mob Jack Bay from Gloucester County. At the same time large detachments of the 4th Regiment Delaware Vol's, and 169th Regiment P. M., a squadron of the 2d Mass. Cavalry, and a section of Captain Mink's Battery, (H, 1st N. Y. Artillery,) all under command of Col. A. H. Grimshaw, started from Gloucester Point to go out and meet them in the vicinity of Gloucester Court House, and co-operate with them in capturing any force of the enemy that might be about there, and bringing off or destroying any stores that might be collected for their use.

The land force reached that place without encountering any rebel troops. It was court week, but the honorable members of the bench and bar dissolved their session at the approach of the Unionists and made off. Eight yoke of fine oxen, about 100 head of other cattle, about twenty mules, twenty horses, and a lot of sheep, were captured. Col. Grimshaw had already turned back when the boats came up the Wave river to meet him. He arrived in his camp at Gloucester Point in the evening, having marched thirty miles, brought in the stock above enumerated, and sustained no loss.

The boats dropped down Ware river, ran into the mouth of the Severn, as if they intended to proceed up that stream, dropped anchor and lay until about the break of day, when they steamed away to the mouth of the North River; and ran up a number of miles to the vicinity of barns containing a large quantity of grain. Here part of the 179th guarded the approaches, while the rest carried the grain on board the boats. In this way nearly 3000 bushels of corn and wheat were secured. Four of the finest horses we have ever seen in this region were also brought off. Rebel cavalry appeared in sight, but did not venture to attack our men. The boats arrived at Yorktown about 10 1/2 o'clock on Wednesday evening. It is said that Col. Blair's men behaved admirably in every respect. We were at the dock when they came in, and they were in fine spirits. We mistrust there are some old soldiers among them, for they bore with them evidence that they had acquired a knowledge of one of the indispensable qualifications of soldiers—to take care of themselves.

If we believed the nature and doings of men originated from what they devoured, we should expect to hear some of the 179th crow, cackle, gobble, or bleat, for some time to come. We did not see the troops on the other side of the river when they came in the night before, but were told that they were also in great glee.

A CONTEMPTIBLE ACT.—It is far more agreeable to us to chronicle noble acts than mean ones, and on this account, as there is abundance that is really good about us, our columns are usually devoted to that. But as we neglect to come down on meanness it becomes bold, and occasionally it must be shown up. Mr. Sisson, who came on last week to get the bodies of his brother and another man, and after getting them on the dock, and making arrangements to pay the ambulance drivers all that Lieut. Mott, in charge of the Ambulance Corps, and other friends considered proper, and which they said was enough, (\$2 each) they being in the employ of the government, and receiving pay, rations and clothing to the full extent that any soldiers are allowed, and not having done much duty in a long time, and only one of them being asked to go, the other having merely so-

companied for a ride, and the whole operation not taking over eight or nine hours, was early the next morning about to depart for home, when he was met at the dock by Ambulance Sergeant McQuade, whom he had not seen before, and told by him that the bodies could not go aboard the boat until he received "\$10 for use of his team in bringing them in," saying that he "did not keep a free livery stable." It is well known to all that the Secretary of War has issued instructions that every facility be afforded to persons in removing the bodies of their friends from these battle fields, and that officers have again and again sent their own teams for this purpose free of charge, and will continue to do so cheerfully.

But these ambulance men have nothing else to do, and ought to be glad occasionally to make themselves a little useful.

The mothers of these fallen soldiers are widows; their brave sons have served the country for less pay than this contemptible non-combatant receives. They sent for the bodies of their sons in May last, shortly after the battle, but the sanitary condition of the place was such that the Medical Director would not allow the disinterment to take place. They now send again. The expenses of the two trips, the metallic coffins and expressage are over \$200, and then this "land shark" must have ten dollars. Mr. Sisson very promptly went for an officer, and while gone the "shark" backed out, and the express man put them aboard. He is undoubtedly well assured of the fact that no one will ever want any assistance to take his rum-soaked carcass from a battle field, for he will not be caught near enough to be reached by bullets; and when finally, on some spree he dies and is stuck under the ground, no one will ever go nearer the hole than they are obliged to.

If there are any facts to mitigate these censures, the columns of THE CAVALIER are open for their publication.

REMOVAL OF SOLDIERS' BODIES.—On Friday last, Mr. Allen Sisson, of Gowanda, Catteraugus Co., N. Y., disinterred the body of his brother, C. F. Sisson, of the 72d Regiment N. Y. S. V., Sickles Brigade, and that of R. R. Doty, of the same regiment, from the graves on the battlefield at Williamsburg, enclosed them in metallic coffins, and the next day proceeded to convey them to their former places of residence in Western New York. The bodies were in a far better state of preservation than had been supposed. They were far lighter than when buried, and the uniforms and blankets which were on them were not so much rotted but that they held together to raise them out of the graves.

Lt. F. R. Mott, the gentlemanly Chief of the Ambulance Corps, kindly sent a carriage to bring in the bodies, and the generous hearted Lieut. Wildie, of Fort Magruder, sent a detail of contrabands to perform the labor of disinterment. The regiment and brigade to which these fallen soldiers belonged has a reputation for bravery unequalled. No better fighting has been done on this Continent than was done by them in the battle in which they fell on the 5th of May last. Their names will ever be cherished as heroes. Every true soldier and patriot will be happy to have a chance to do them honor and to show kindness and sympathy to their afflicted friends.

NOBLE DONATION.—Private William Johnson, of Company B, 4th Regiment Delaware Volunteers, whose hand was so badly shattered by the accidental discharge of a gun a short time since as to cause it to be amputated, has been presented by the regiment a purse of about \$500. This is a display of benevolence in the right direction.

RECONNOISSANCE.—A detachment of the 4th regiment Delaware Volunteers made a reconnoissance, under command of Lieut. Colonel Tevis, on Sunday, up the north side of the York River. They captured two rebel soldiers, and burnt a mill employed to grind food for the rebels.

RECOVERING.—We are happy to announce that Lieut. Wenzel, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who led the gallant charge at Williamsburg some two weeks since and was severely wounded, is rapidly recovering.

MUSTER OF TROOPS.—In accordance with General Orders No. 26 from Headquarters Department of Va., the troops in this vicinity were all mustered on Friday last.

FROM HOWARD'S CORPS.

HOWARD'S (LATE SIGEL'S) CORPS, April 4, 1863.

However much the absence of Gen. Sigel is regretted by the men, the presence of a man with the reputation of a Christian is very gratifying to the truest lovers of our country. You know, doubtless, how Gen.

Howard lost his arm while he was fighting so bravely on the Peninsula. Such a recommendation goes far to ingratiate him with his new command. The Germans, like their early countrymen, respect bravery and integrity, as all must do.

But all the regiments in this corps are not German. Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts are well represented by native Americans. Major General Carl Schurz has returned to his Division, which includes some American regiments. He has studied our institution so thoroughly, and is so much of a democrat by nature, that he is very popular. His eloquence is well known. It is said that he acquired the mastery of English by laying aside written extracts of the best authors for a few days and reviewing them in order to make them his own.

Major George N. Hartey, a Vermonter, bids fair to be called on to command his regiment, the 58th N. Y. State Volunteers and to take the highest position in it. He is a great grandson of Gen. Stark, who declared that if the Hessians fulfilled their threat of annihilating his command at the battle of Bennington, "Betsy Stark would sleep that night a widow." The story generally has it Molly Stark. It was for an exhibition of a similar spirit that the Major was promoted to his present honorable position.

You do well to discourage the use of ardent spirits in the army. It is a source of great injury to our army and to our navy and to our cause. Lieut. Col. Lockmann, of the 119th N. Y. State Volunteers, is a temperance man, and does not smoke. Would that more examples of such heroism were to be seen; for truly it requires some courage to withstand invitations to drink and ridicule for abstaining. K.

MARRIED. By Chaplain Hunt, 178th P. M., at the parsonage of the regiment, on the 8th inst., ADAM DELLET to ANNE E. KNIGHT, all of Lancaster City, Pa.

Telegraphic News.

FIGHTING AT SUFFOLK. Suffolk, April 12.—We have a pretty lively time with the rebels here to-day. All news is, for the present, contraband.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 12.—The S. R. Spaulding arrived to-day from Morehead City, N. C., and reports that the last intelligence from Gen. Foster was Wednesday evening, when he had received three flags of truce from the enemy, the last demanding the surrender of Washington, to which Foster replied if they sent another flag he would capture it, and if they wanted Washington to come and take it.

The Steamer Mary Sanford arrived at Morehead City yesterday, from off Charleston Thursday, and reports that the bombardment took place on the 7th, and lasted three hours.

The Keokuk went up past Fort Sumter half a mile when she met with the obstructions; at this time the firing was almost incessant on both sides, and the Keokuk received a shot which passed through her between wind and water, from which she sunk in eleven hours. The Nahant was in the action at the time within 2,000 yards of Sumter, and received a shell at junction of turret and deck, which rendered her useless for the time.

The Ironsides received 150 shot, which only drove in the bolts they struck, doing no other injury.

The other ironclads uninjured, and all withdrew, having accomplished the object of the expedition, which was to ascertain where the obstructions were.

Our entire loss two killed and seven wounded.

FROM FORT MAGRUDER.

Movements of Governor Wise.

FORT MAGRUDER, April 13.—Governor Wise has commenced entrenching the other side of Williamsburg. He has orders to take this fort at all hazards, and as he is afraid to make an assault, he is adopting our plan of digging.

Our troops are in fine spirits. Col. R. M. West is so unwell as to be confined to his quarters. It is probably the result of over exertion during the last three days.

Rebel prisoners say that there was to have been a simultaneous attack upon Washington, N. C., Suffolk, Va., Gloucester Point and this place. The attack on Gloucester Point was to have been made by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. These plans have probably been somewhat interfered with by the reconnoissance of the 4th Regiment Delaware Volunteers, and the appearance of the Union Gunboats up the York River.

LETTER FROM MARYLAND.

The following sensible letter, written by an intelligent and influential citizen of Maryland, was handed us by a friend of the recipient, with the request from several members of his regiment that we would give it place in our columns:

DUBLIN, MD., Feb. 12th, 1863.

To Sergeant Deckman, Co. B, Fourth Delaware Vols.:

DEAR SIR—I received yours in due time, and was pleased to find that you were still at your post of duty, and ready for whatever Uncle Sam directs to be done. That is certainly the right way for a soldier, for though I would allow every soldier the right to think and judge for himself on all public measures, yet if every soldier should claim the right to dictate what measures should be adopted, and refuse to co-operate unless his ideas were carried out, it would break up any army and ruin any cause; and I would just say here that if the spirit of division which is growing rapidly in the loyal States gets a foothold in the army, our Stars and Stripes are done waving forever; now mark that. But I hope that the great Ruler above has ordained better things for us, and my opinion is that after we have been well chastised for our wrong-doing, He will return and favor us again, but not until slavery has been put away forever.

I know there is a great diversity of sentiment on the slavery question, and will be for some time to come; but I believe the Almighty intends by this war to overthrow slavery, whether it suits parties or not, and those who oppose it will be like a man that stands in the way of a locomotive under full steam; he may get hurt, but the engine passes on and makes no apology. And when slavery is gone, and that bone of contention is removed, we may have a peace worth having, and a bond of union firmer than ever, and the poor, ragged Southern States will be changed in a few years, and be what God ordained them to be, the garden of America; but everything must have its time.

I suppose you are aware that the Democrats, as they call themselves, are making desperate efforts in the loyal States to cripple the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion, hoping to prolong the war to the close of Lincoln's term, so as to make the Union party so unpopular as to enable them to overthrow it easily, and seize the reins and get control of things, including the offices, and then, hurrah for the spoils! But those men are not Democrats. They are traitors, who deserve the rope; for they are rejoicing daily over every defeat and slaughter of our brave boys who are struggling to uphold the old Flag, and if I were a soldier, I would remember these wolves in sheep's clothing, some of whom claim to be pillars of the Government; but if they are pillars at all, they are caterpillars, who are trying to eat every green leaf from the glorious old tree of liberty which our fathers planted, and who would rather see our ship of State sink out of sight than see it commanded by a Republican Captain. But their day of account is coming, and they and their idol slavery will go down together, to rise no more to distract this nation, and let all good Union men say amen!

The rebels are crowing over everything that they hear that seems to help their cause, and cursing the Government continually.

I have given you my sentiments, in part, at least, in this letter, and if it can be of any use to your Colonel, or anybody else, you are at liberty to show it, and, if you meet with Jeff. Davis, you may show it to him and tell him I wrote it, and that I mean what I say in it.

Wishing you health and success, and the blessing of the Lord, without which we cannot prosper in this world nor be ready for the next, I remain

Yours, respectfully,
J. H. LEMMON.

HOW ONE FEELS IN BATTLE.

There can be nothing more puzzling, writes a correspondent, than the analysis of one's feelings on a battle-field. You cannot describe them satisfactorily to yourself or others. To march steadily up to the mouths of a hundred cannon, while they pour out fire and smoke and shot and shell in a storm that mows the men like grass, is horrible beyond description—appalling. It is absurd to say a man can do it without fear. During Hancock's charge at Fredericksburg, for a long distance the slope was swept with such a hurricane of death that we thought every step would be our last, and I am willing to say, for one, that I was pretty badly scared.

Whatever may be said about "getting used to it," old soldiers secretly dread a battle equally with new ones. But the most difficult thing to stand up under is the suspense while waiting, as we waited in Fredericksburg, drawn up in line of battle, on the edge of the field, watching the columns file past us and disappearing in a cloud of smoke, where horses and men and colors go down in confusion, where all sounds are lost in the screaming of shells, the cracking of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and knowing that our own turn comes next, expecting each moment the word "Forward." It brings a strange kind of relief when "Forward" comes. You move mechanically with the rest. Once fairly in for it, your sensibilities are strangely blunted—you care comparatively nothing about the sights that shocked you at first—men torn to pieces by cannon shot become a matter of course. At such a time there comes a latent sustenance from within us, or above us, which no man anticipates who has not been in such a place before, and which most men pass through life without knowing anything about. What is it? Where does it come from?

Those who say they would like to visit a battle-field seldom know what they are talking about. After darkness has put an end to the struggle, a hush settles over the field—such a contrast to the roar of the fight! Never is silence more oppressive, more eloquent. You hear the cries of the wounded, which are never distinguished while the work is going on. A stray shot hurtles through the darkness overhead. You hear the ambulance wheels churr heavily along, grinding through the soil, with a dull, muffled sound, like some monster crunching the bones of his victims. You see the outline of forms gliding along, carrying on litters pale, bloody men. You stumble over, perhaps your friend, with his hair matted in blood, and his dead eyes glaring blindly up to the sky. You are startled by the yells of those lifted about, after becoming cold and stiff in their blood. Follow to the hospital, and see those whose lives cling to them on the field, dissected alive and butchered. They writhe a few hours or days, are tumbled into a trench, their graves unknown, forgotten forever. Think of all this, and then talk of compromise with the traitors who have brought these horrors upon us.

NATIONAL PRAYER AND HUMILIATION.—The President, in compliance with the request of the Senate, has designated Thursday, the 30th of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer, and concludes his Proclamation as follows: "Let us then rest humbly in the hope authorized by the Divine teachings that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high, and answered with blessings no less than the pardon of our national sins and the restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace."

SOME of the cowards who fear the conscription act have recently gone to Europe and Canada. We don't want them, and hope they will never return to the country they have so basely left.

Humorous.

A CERTAIN captain in a regiment (Massachusetts 14th) is noted for his love of the good things gastronomic, and several days since dispatched one of his "live Yankees" off to Alexandria for some fresh oysters, giving him, in his usual jovial vein, the command, "Don't come back without them."

Off goes the man, and no more was seen of him for several days. The indignant and disappointed captain reports him a deserter, and gives him up as a "lost child." But lo! after a lapse of nine days, the captain beholds his reported deserter, Baily, coming into camp, leading in a train of four-horse wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed and speechless captain, Baily laconically "reports."

"Here are your oysters, cap; couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels—where do you want 'em?"

Baily, it seems, did really make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before reporting, to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars. The "two hundred bushels" were divided among the regiment, and Baily returned to his duty as if nothing unusual had transpired.

HIS FIRST PRIZE.—Some time since a superannuated old Commodore was placed in charge of one of our navy yards. One day a poor little fellow had just filled his basket with chips, as the grouty old Commodore "hove in sight" and growled out:

"Drop that wood, you young rascal! Drop it, I say."

A chase ensued. The boy was small and his load heavy, and presently the old Commodore, puffing and blowing, seized the boy by the collar. Jumping away and dumping the chips at his feet, the boy exclaimed:

"Take it, you darned old skinflint; it's the first prize you ever took in your life."

FUNNY.—Two Fifth avenue ladies, so runs the story, were lately promenading that fashionable street, when they discovered a female acquaintance passing in an omnibus. Wishing to attract her attention, they made various demonstrations, and finally began to kiss their hands to her in a very energetic manner. The omnibus driver saw the motions, and thought they were intended for him. He hesitated until the kissing was repeated, and then, no longer doubtful, returned it with a hearty will, to the great merriment of the spectators, and the evident disgust of the ladies in question, who went off with a cloud on their brows, so smiling a moment before.

SOME years ago, at the Erie county Oyer and Terminer, a man was tried for murder before the late Judge Dayton. He was defended by the late and lamented G. P. Barker and Mr. Coon. During the entire trial the judge ruled against the prisoner, and the consequence was a conviction.

The next cause moved was that of an Indian, for murder. The judge said:

"Mr. Barker, do you defend this man?" Barker rose to his feet and replied: "Well, your honor, Brother Coon and I thought we would look on and see how your honor and the district attorney propose to hang the Indian."

A SOLDIER who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff. Passing along one of our thoroughfares a few days since, we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried: "I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?" "Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

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,

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

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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 Maraicabo.

SUGARS.

Crushed, Coffee and Muscovado.

SPICES.

Nutmegs, Alspice, Pepper, Ginger and Mustard.

CAKES.

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

APPLES,

Of the choicest varieties, in barrels or smaller quantity.

BLOOD BEETS.

POTATOES.

Irish and Sweet.

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

If his column was longer he'd tell you 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

PHOTOGRAPHS!

PHOTOGRAPHS!

CARTES DE VISITE,

AMBROTYPES, MALENEOTYPES, &c.,

taken in superior style and finish,

AT THE

GALLERY ON THE SQUARE,

NEXT DOOR TO THE CHURCH.

ap7-1m

WARREN & BARNEY.

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 Store-house, 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

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 ELLS- worth street, second door from McClellan, is a place of great interest and importance to those who desire a tip-top meal now and then. He gets up almost anything you can call for in 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

BOAT AND SKIFF BUILDING AND REPAIRING. Done in a neat and durable manner, by **SAMUEL GOLDEN,** Yorktown, Va., who can be found by inquiring at **VOORHEES' STORE.** It

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.**

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, THE SUTLER OF THE 178th, keeps a good assortment of everything usually found at such establishments, in the Mammoth Tent, northeast corner of the Parade Ground. ap7-1m

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