

THE CAVALIER.

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

VOL. I.

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THE CAVALIER

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Select Poetry.

AT THE WELL.

BY ALICE CARY.

I said, "I have a tale to tell!"
I said it with a blush and sigh;
We were together at the well,
Effie, my rustic love, and I;
Serenely up the cloudless sky
The queen moon walked in grace alone;
And with her cheek and hair o'erblown
With light, as with a golden veil,
She stood and waited for the tale.

About her little shining head
A wreath of wilding flowers she wore:
Brown, streaked with amber, white and red,
Their like I oft had seen before,
Yet did not know that they were fair,
Until she had them in her hair.

How tenderly my memory notes
Each tittle that made my bliss complete;
The very way her petticoats

Fell dainty round her twinkling feet;
And how, betwixt the stones so blue,
A wild and straggling brier-bush grew;
And how the side against the sun
Shone with a dozen flowers for one
Upon the other, in the shade;
That brier-bush a text I made,
And preached a sermon very wise,
And Effie told me with her eyes
She never heard so sweet a one;
That we would always live in th' sun,
And make our lives on all sides bright,
And so we have done since that night.

BUFFALO JAKE.

Tale of a Self-Made Surgeon.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

The beaver, as an article of game, is rapidly dying out in the more thickly-settled districts of California; but time was, and that not very long ago, when these industrious and intelligent little artificers were to be found in every stream and rivulet between the Trinity River and the Tulare Lakes, whither they were pursued by the trappers for the sake of the skins, which were at one time so important an article of commerce. The Western slope of the Sierra Nevada was not, until recently, however (within the past twenty years) a field oft traversed by the hunter, and the few who explored its waters had it all to themselves.

A bold and daring man was he who, amid that eternal night which, metaphorically speaking, then rested on the Pacific slope, undertook, without guide or compass, other than that supplied by the sun and stars, to penetrate the deep-set canons and evergreen forests of the California sierras, and, defiant of the prowling Indian, or wily panther, or the grim grisly bear, to descend the water-courses flowing therefrom, in pursuit of that which was at once his pastime and his trade. There was danger, then, in those almost impenetrable wilds, where Nature had been seem-

ingly so chary of her favors that the adventurer who strayed by chance into those almost impenetrable fastnesses might starve to death, and every vestige of his mortal frame be lost, long ere the roving foot of an Indian should pass over the same ground that he had traversed.

It was the realm of spirits—the home of the Titans, where the veritable gods of ancient fable, not dead but transplanted, made footfalls of the mighty buttes, and caused the air to resound with the din of their contests.

It might have been eighteen years ago—the time, late in autumn—that a party of hunters and trappers were making their way through one of the narrow rocky defiles that lead through the most desolate section of the Sierras into the heart of California. They had started early in the preceding spring, from the southern border settlement of Santa Fe, with the declared intention of penetrating to the Pacific through some path as yet unpressed by the foot of the white man, and were regarded by the Santa Feans with much the same feeling as the inhabitants of civilized and enlightened cities exhibit when some modern explorer like Dr. Kane sets forth on an indefinite expedition to some unknown frozen sea. A cavalcade of Borderers accompanied them one hundred miles of the way, and on leaving them, discharged a salute—being much in doubt as to whether they should ever again lay eyes upon their friends.

The little party were, however, true and tried men, and went forth upon their perilous scheme of adventure as Cortez went forth upon his boastful expedition; for they had heard the marvelous tale of the mysterious seven cities of Cibola, and the legends of an unknown people who dwelt in castellated towns and used bullets of gold and silver instead of lead; and our hunters were, therefore, actuated by much the same ambition which inspired the Spanish hidalgo—though in a more humble way. But City of Cibola or golden bullets saw not they, and the beautiful maidens of doubtful derivation, with flashing eyes and hair falling in a flood of natural golden curls to their feet, and who were to take our hunters by the hand on meeting them, and, introducing them to their families, present them each with a chieftain's badge of power, were equally scarce. For this our adventurers cared but little, so game was plenty, and no unusual accident befell them. The free, fresh air of the prairies favored their cheeks, and the bounding motion of their steeds lent added agility to their own movements, and renewed elasticity to their limbs. Each day some fresh natural wonder or beauty unfolded itself to their vision, and the slightest raylet of the humblest piece of starry moss that grew, possessed for them a more absolute value than the brightest diamond that ever gleamed upon the brow of a duchess.

The old routes of travel (the old "trails," more properly speaking), were scrupulously avoided, and after months of toil and hardship, varied by pleasure, such as the people of crowded communities never know, and, knowing, would not appreciate, they found them crossing the summits of the Sierra by a

pass of which none of the party (and they were cognizant of all the lore of the wilderness) had ever heard before. They were in a veritable land of wonders, and were appalled as well as surprised at the curiosities which everywhere greeted their sight. The leader of the little party of adventurers picked up in a mountain glen a lump of bright yellow ore, which he knew to be gold. Then he knew that they were in the famed land of the mysterious Moqui.

Buffalo Jake, as he was called by his comrades, was a man in what might still be termed the spring-time of youth, although the perils and hardships natural to hunter-life had bronzed his rather Romanesque features, had mottled his leathern countenance with the pittings of small-pox, and furrowed his brow with wrinkles not those of age. His dress, like that of his companions, was the usual mixture of Indian and hunter's garb, not the less picturesque on account of a scarlet blanket which he had wrapped about him, confining a portion by buckling it into his belt.

I incline to think that Buffalo Jake must have struck the country somewhere in the vicinity of the Yuba Gap, and followed the eastern summit-slope until he reached the wooded vales of Calaveras, Toulumne and Mariposa.

On the first night of their intrusion upon this unaccustomed scene, the hunters received the first intimation that they were in a hostile country, from the circumstance that every peak and jutting rock was suddenly ablaze with Indian watch-fires. The course of the hunters thenceforward was one of incessant peril and annoyance. Finding themselves in a trap, they concluded to shape their course for the Spanish settlement, and proceeded to crawl out of the difficulty in which they were involved, with all the cunning and sagacity of the hunter-tribe—a slip of Indian cunning ingrafted on a fair tree of Yankee acuteness. They slept by day, or if they traveled at all, it was by stealth, and with all their wits about them. At night, they boldly pushed their way through the pathless forest, not knowing where their footsteps tended, only that they led them toward the sea. Dusky figures dogged their trail, and ever and anon the crack of a rifle demonstrated the presence of a foe well skilled in the use of firearms. One by one the bold trapper beheld his merry comrades swept from his companionship, until only himself and Basil Blandfurth, the youngest of all remained.

"Basil," said Jake, one night as they lay deftly hidden beneath the shade of a low-branched cedar—the mountains now receding visibly behind, and the plains outspreading before them—"I'm minded to think, my lad, that we've nearly outdistanced the enemy, and our chances for life are improving day by day. We must be nearly down, as I reckon, to the level of the sea, where the red-skins ain't near as ferocious as they be in the mountains; but if we are all on us marked men but one, and you or I must bite the dust afore we near the settlements, I want you, Basil, to make an oath with me that whoever survives this unlucky trip will avenge them that has fallen."

Basil gave the oath required, with

unusual fervor, his own father being among the fallen. He had himself been to Jake as a dearly-loved brother, and either felt that if the other should fall, it would be the worst hap that could befall him.

The foreboding which had prompted the request of the older hunter proved only too correct. The morning found them closely hemmed in by the treacherous foe, who, aware that all but two of their intended victims had perished, made the valley re-echo to their shrill cries and demoniac laughter, and the dull thumping of the Indian drums.

Availing themselves of every shrub and projecting rock, the two friends managed to keep the red-skins at bay, and many a stalwart savage bit the dust, until their path was marked by Indian corpses. The prospect in favor of their deliverance was fair; and both would probably have escaped without further harm, had not Basil, leaping upon a rock, during a prolonged pause in hostilities, to ascertain their exact position, received a bullet fair in the side. He fell, and Jake received him in his outstretched arms. An ominous silence ensued. Not twenty paces distant, a rapid river, clear and crystal cold, whirled its eddying tide. Cautiously, and with the feeling of a man who is aware that scarcely a hair's breadth separates the boundaries of life and death, Jake drew the body of his comrade to the stream. He had cut a rude raft from the cedar boughs, and covered it with a hedging of leaves, in imitation of the masses of bush that were already sweeping by on the current, and was silently swimming down the river, guiding before him the little raft, with his accoutrements and those of his friend thereon, while the savages, like a kennel of well-trained hounds, ran hither and thither, howling with disappointment, and, concluding that their prey had escaped by making a double toward the mountains, retraced their steps with the same precautions as before.

Meanwhile, Jake had succeeded in propelling his novel craft, with the aid of the rapid stream, to a spot far below the point of escape. Here an eddy swung it out of the current, and, having satisfied himself that he was not pursued, the hunter drew the body of his companion ashore. He had hardly done so, and turned his raft adrift, when from behind a fallen tree arose and stood before him, tall and straight as an arrow, but nude as an Apollo, an Indian of a class to which he had hitherto been a stranger. The skin was very dark—dark as mahogany—and the hair, black as ink, hung in tangled locks about his neck and face; while from beneath this covert, two eyes like living coals shot forth their glances with an expression which made it difficult to decide whether the owner's feeling was one of welcome or the opposite. It was the first time Jake had ever seen a Digger, and, with the superstition common to his fraternity, he was at first somewhat alarmed.

He had no cause for fear. The Indian, with the muttered exclamation, "Hi-you, white man!" and the usual gesture of friendship, knelt down by the body, put his ear to the heart, felt it with his hand, and then, plucking

some herbs, rapidly made a poultice, and applied it to the wound.

In the meantime, other footsteps were heard approaching, and all at once Jake, to his surprise, found himself surrounded by white men, most of whom were dressed in hunter fashion, like himself, but without the blanket. One or two were attired in slashed trowsers and jackets, and broad sombreros, and spoke the Spanish tongue as Jake had heard it spoken at Santa Fe.

"Hunters, and in trouble," said the leader of the party—a man of the middle height, slightly inclined to corpulency, and having about him the air of a military man. "From what country?"

"From Santa Fe," replied Jake, who became very voluble as soon as he found himself among friends. And in a few words he described to his questioner all that had befallen him since his departure from the southeast border, not forgetting his usual inquiry respecting the land of the Moqui.

"You must have gone far out of your course," said the other, "if indeed, they exist at all—which I consider doubtful. But we will talk of these things when you are recovered from the fatigues of your journey."

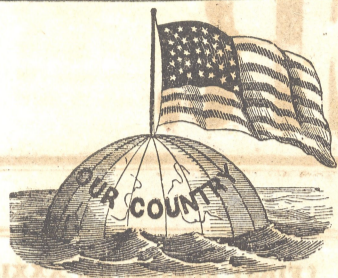
A litter was made for Basil, who still exhibited signs of life, and as they rode—for the new-comers were all well mounted—the stranger narrated to Jake his own history; he told him, how, when a younger man, he had fought for the cause of truth and justice in France; how, as a captain of the famed Swiss Guard of Charles the Tenth, he had rendered services to his country which were requited by neglect and injustice; and how, disgusted with the Old World's follies and vices, and sick of a service which so poorly rewarded its adherents, he had finally emigrated to America, and adopted the life of a patriarch in her most solitary wilds.

Then Jake knew that he was conversing with no less a person than the world-celebrated Captain Sutter, and his heart leaped with joy at the thought; for all who won the favor and the friendship of him were sure to prosper and a chance meeting with the "patriarch of New Helvetia" was regarded as next to being possessed of a talisman.

In the course of the day, Jake and his friends arrived at the fort, where Basil was immediately placed under medical attendance. As for Buffalo Jake himself, he entered gladly into the service of his rescuer, and soon became one of the most valuable men in the service of the Fur Company. He pushed into the wilderness at the head of a band of gallant trappers and hunters selected by himself, and for a while neither beaver nor Indian, between the headwaters of the Sacramento and the mouth of the San Joaquin, knew peace or rest.

Jake's time was to come, however, as it must for every hunter or trapper. Plying his vocation one day on the banks of the Mokelumne, he was surprised by an ambuscade of Indians, under the leadership of that terror of the woods, the notorious "Captain John." The trapper was attended by only three or four of his men, who fled precipitately at the first discharge, and made good their escape. Jake was not

The Cavalier.



MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1863.

WHAT SEVEN WEEKS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

Seven weeks ago the braggart army of Lee was marching into Pennsylvania, threatening Harrisburg, Baltimore and Philadelphia with demolition; Bragg stood stubbornly immovable at Tullahoma, and Rosecrans hesitated to move Southward; Vicksburg and Port Hudson held out firmly, and the people of the North were in dread lest Johnson's army should be precipitated with crushing force upon Grant.

Seven weeks ago the rebel press and rebel orators buoyed up the spirits of their deluded citizens with promises of brilliant victories, and their soldiers were pointed to the tempting plains and valleys of the Northern States, and told of the feasts prepared for them by the industrious farmers of Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, and of a pleasant summer tour along the borders of the lakes. The Northern people, they were informed, frightened into submission by the chivalrous sons of the South, would accept such a peace as the victors might dictate, which should include an indemnity for all losses sustained by the rebels during the war.

Throughout the North everything looked gloomy, and the sympathizers with secession took advantage of the clouds that seemed lowering over the prospects of our country to encourage a lack of confidence on the part of the people in our military leaders and the policy of the Administration, and so successful were these efforts of treason, that for a time anarchy and discord threatened to prevail everywhere. Organizations were effected to resist the draft, and in New York and at a few other points the demonstrations of disaffection for the Union and the laws ended in scenes of violence and bloodshed. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* and other Copperhead journals dwelt largely upon the strength of the rebels and their resources, which enabled them to take the field in offensive warfare two years after the fall of Fort Sumter, and told the North tauntingly that its resources had been so exhausted in offensive that it could not now act with effect in defensive warfare, and hence we must suffer the best peace we could obtain—a peace to be dictated by the South.

But the insane hopes of the rebels and the impudent joy of the Copperheads were of short duration, and the clouds of despondency that hung over the loyal hearts of the North were soon dispersed by the echo of Northern guns and the jubilant shouts of victory from our soldiers in every part of the country. The ball was opened by General Rosecrans, who pushed forward so hotly upon Bragg, and so completely outgeneraled that favorite of Jeff. Davis, that he was compelled to abandon Tennessee almost without a struggle, and take up his quarters in Alabama and Georgia. Immediately succeeding this we had the glorious news of the crushing defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, and his flight toward the Potomac, with a loss of two-fifths of his entire command. The army which had marched so boastfully into Pennsylvania had met a braggart's fate, and was converted into a body of fugitives, with scarcely a hope of making its escape back to the Old Dominion, which it had left a fortnight before to dictate terms of peace

to the people of the North on their own soil.

On the 4th of July—a fitting day for traitors to bow their heads in shame and submission before the old Flag—Vicksburg surrendered, with its garrison of 31,500 men and an armament of over two hundred pieces of cannon, leaving an army free to commence the pursuit of Johnson, which resulted in the capital of the State of Mississippi falling again into our hands, and the rebel commander of the Southwest was sent flying before our veteran troops, scarcely knowing in what direction to look for safety.

General Gardner, despairing at the gloomy prospect of succor, surrendered Port Hudson unconditionally, and seven thousand more prisoners fell into our hands.

General Blunt has occupied Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, and its traitor Governor is a fugitive from his executive mansion.

To cap the climax of all these victories, Fort Sumter, which the rebels had strengthened into what they believed an impassable barrier to our entrance into Charleston, has proved but a practice-target to Gen. Gillmore's guns and is now in ruins, and Beauregard's star of glory is fast setting where it arose, in the birth-place of the rebellion. With Charleston falls the last hope of the rebels, and nearly all that remains to be done to efface from our land the present rebellion, and secure us against a future similar disturbance of the peace, is a little wholesome legislation on the slavery question and a few other points, and a plentiful use of hemp.

CAPTURE OF UNION VESSELS CONFIRMED.—The U. S. steamer Commodore Jones arrived at this place from the Rappahannock on Saturday. Her officers confirm the report that reached here on the 26th, of the capture of two Union vessels on Sunday morning last. They prove to be the *Reliance* and *Satellite*. They were attacked by four boats, carrying twenty-five men each, and their crews being first driven below with hand grenades, the vessels were carried by boarding and taken to Urbanna Creek. Four of the wounded belonging to the captured vessels were found at Urbanna Creek, Capt. Walters, of the *Reliance*; Mr. Somers, Executive Officer of the *Satellite*; the Boatswain's Mate and Paymaster's Clerk. Mr. Somers and the Paymaster's Clerk were brought off under a flag of truce. The others were pronounced by our surgeons too badly wounded to be removed at present. Capt. Walters may recover, but the Boatswain's Mate probably will not. They have good care taken of them.

The party capturing the vessels was a marine coast guard, commanded by John Taylor Wood, formerly of our Navy. The second officer was F. L. Hoge, formerly a midshipman in our Navy. They also captured three vessels in Chesapeake Bay on Tuesday, one of which they sunk at Urbanna Creek, and the other two, together with the steamers, were taken up to Port Royal.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.—The New York *Herald* of Saturday states that the draft in that city was completed on Friday, the full quota of conscripts having been drawn. The board of supervisors, at their meeting on Friday, passed an ordinance, which was signed by the Mayor, providing for the appropriation of two millions of dollars for the exemption of firemen, policemen, the militia, and the heads of families which may be dependent upon them for support.

This is doubtless a very liberal donation, but it strikes us that it would have been quite as well bestowed if a portion of the money, at least, had been appropriated to families whose heads have been in the volunteer service for over two years, and the drafted men allowed to take their places in the field.

CAPTURE OF AN ARMY MAIL.—A despatch from the army of the Potomac, dated August 28, says that at noon of that day a party of guerrillas attacked a party who were conveying the mail from the cavalry division stationed at Harwood Church, killing one man and capturing four others. They took the mail and made their escape.

Early on Friday morning three rebel surgeons, with their instruments, were captured on this side of the Rappahannock by our troops. They did not deny their connection with the rebel army. They will be tried immediately as spies.

THE LOYAL GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.—Governor Pierpont, in an address to the people of Virginia, announces that he has established the seat of government at Alexandria. He says if resistance to the civil authority be attempted and a *posse comitatus* prove insufficient, the aid of the military as a last resource will be invoked to enforce the laws. He is happy to be able to say that the President manifests the most lively desire for the restoration of order in the State and a disposition to assist by every means at his command to restore the civil government and produce harmony.

FICKLE TASTE.—When Fort Sumter was being bombarded by the rebels in 1861, the delicate-minded ladies of Charleston came forth upon the wharves and housetops to witness the unblushing act of treason, and were prolific in their expressions of gratification at what they termed "a magnificent display of fireworks." We are constrained to think that their taste in such matters has changed since then, as the pyrotechnic skill displayed by Gen. Gillmore from Morris Island does not call forth from them quite the same expressions of pleasure.

BEAUREGARD'S sensitive feelings have been greatly shocked by those "vulgar mudsills" on Morris Island, who refuse to let the quiet citizens of Charleston live in peace, but continue, notwithstanding his protests, to break down the barriers he has spent so much engineering skill to erect for their protection, and even throw their great ugly missiles against the houses of the city. Poor Charleston! Poor fortifications! Poor "Engineer!" You are all played out.

SAFE AT HOME.—The numerous friends of Rev. J. Hiram Champion, formerly editor of THE CAVALIER, will be pleased to learn that he has arrived safely at his home in Andes, N. York, after over two years service in the army and a pleasant tour over the mountains and coal regions of Pennsylvania.

WE invoke the attention of the public to the advertisement of McIver & Co., which will be found in another column. From the well-known ability of friend McIver as a caterer to the public appetite we bespeak for him a liberal patronage. Give him a call.

THE GREEK FIRE.—The Greek fire which is so distasteful to the fire-eaters of Charleston is the invention of Mr. Short, who was for a long time a suitor to the government to use this projectile, but did not succeed until it was recommended by Admiral Porter by his experience at Vicksburg. Meantime representatives of foreign governments have applied for the invention without avail. The fire missiles, forty or fifty in number, are enclosed in a shell, which is itself enclosed in one of the ordinary shells of the service and explodes.

GEN. SICKLES is still rusticated at Lake George, where he is gaining rapidly in strength, though his leg is not healing as fast as was expected. He will resume the command of his corps at the end of his present furlough. It is rumored that the government have it in contemplation to confer on Gen. Sickles an important command, where his abilities will have scope for exercise.

The Earthquake at Manila.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Manila, Island of Luzon, June 6th, says:—

One of the most destructive earthquakes that has ever visited this city has just passed over us, leaving behind desolation and death. On the 8d of June, three brief days ago, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, an hour when the people generally were at their homes, without any premonition, but instantaneous as the lightning's flash, the city was shaken to its foundation by a terrific earthquake that threatened to engulf all that was animate and inanimate in one common ruin within the range of its influence. In less than a minute—the whole term of its duration—the greater portion of the stone structures of the city and suburbs were in ruins. Such of the houses as were left standing are so rent and shattered as to be untenable. These will all have to be pulled down, and when the work of reconstruction is completed the city will be, to all intents and purposes, a new city. The foreign population suffered but little in loss of life or personal injury; but a great number of Spaniards and natives were killed in the streets or buried in the ruins of their houses. The number of deaths, however, cannot be stated with any certainty. No words of mine could convey to you even the slightest idea of the picture of desolation presented by our city. On all sides destruction and ruin, houses demolished, others tottering to their fall, and even, wherever the outside walls seem yet strong and perfect, the interior of these are but heaps of ruin. All the principal buildings of the government, all the churches, barracks, &c., are overthrown. What is to be done in the future it is impossible to conceive; but for the present every one appears bent on saving whatever can be snatched from the general wreck. A great deal of property is piled up in different parts of the city, exposed to the elements. I say exposed to the elements; for the rainy season is just upon us, and should the rain now set in, bad as the prospect is, it would be rendered much worse.

Stone houses—such as are left standing—are at a discount, and the old style of thatched house is again at a premium.

A "PRYOR" ENGAGEMENT.—In refined society it is usual to plead prior engagements when men decline invitations or appointments; but Brigadier General Roger A. Pryor, of the rebel army, seems to remember his only after making an experiment of military service, which does not seem to be to his liking. In simple phrase, Pryor has resigned. What will they do without him? He should have thought of that. But, in truth, this is one of Pryor's funny little ways. Our readers will remember that he had a *pryor* engagement after challenging Potter, of Wisconsin, when he found that the challenge was accepted with bowie knives. Men do not easily shake off bad habits; the same spirit which prompted Pryor to shun Potter's bowie knife, because it would make an ugly wound, probably leads him now to get out of the way of Union shells, which make still uglier wounds, and "slovenly, unhand-some corpses."

But, perhaps, we wrong him; he goes back, it may be, to the pen and the press, to do as efficient duty for Secession as he did when editing the *South* or the *States*, at Richmond, before the war. We wonder whether Pryor is as fond of Russia now as he was when he wrote that article in the Washington *Union*, in 1853, for which he was dismissed from the paper. We opine not.

But the truth will out: Pryor is not fond of fighting. He would not fight Potter, nor Lander, nor the son of Governor William Smith.

His father was a clergyman, and, we believe, a good man. Perhaps he is turning from his iniquities and about to follow in his father's footsteps. Who knows?

When they get up a convent for St. Jefferson Davis, who is not now, however, in imminent danger of rebel canonization, we shall know where to find a Pryor for it, and upon donning his cowl and gown, we hope, "Dearly beloved Roger" will be daily moved to confess his sin and wickedness, which are not only manifold, but enormous.—*Philada. Inq.*

A DUEL is reported to have been fought in New Jersey, a few days since, between the son of an eminent naval officer and a Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry. The cause was a lady, the weapons pistols, and the result was the wounding of the infantry officer (the challenging party) on the fourth exchange of shots. His injuries, which are in the neck, are not very severe.

FROM KANSAS.—A despatch from Kansas City, dated August 27th, says:—

Quantrill's men are scattered in their fastnesses throughout the border counties, and are still being hunted by all the available troops from all parts of the district. Many of them have abandoned their worn out horses and gone into the brush afoot. They were all remounted at Lawrence on horses captured, and went off leading their own horses laden with plunder, nearly all of which they abandoned in the chase before they got far into Missouri. Over three hundred horses already have been taken by our troops, including some of those taken at Lawrence. Most of the goods and money stolen have been recovered, and will as far as possible be restored.

Reports that twenty-one more men have been killed have been received since yesterday, making a total of about eighty, which will probably be largely increased before any considerable part of our troops withdraw from the pursuit. No prisoners have been taken and none will be. All houses in which stolen goods have been found have been destroyed, as well as all the houses of known guerrillas wherever our troops have gone.

General Ewing intends to destroy the houses of all persons in the border counties outside of our military stations who do not remove by the 9th of September, in obedience to a general order.

EXPEDITION UP THE CHICKAHOMINY RIVER.—Major John S. Stevenson, Lieutenant D. H. Chambers and sixty men of Roberts' Third Pennsylvania Artillery, left Fortress Monroe on the 23d, on the armed steamer C. P. Smith, and reached the Chickahominy river Monday morning. They proceeded ten miles up the river, landing scouting parties along the banks and destroyed a number of small boats. When about nine miles from the mouth of the river they met and attacked thirty of Robinson's rebel cavalry and repulsed them. No one was injured on our side. They then shelled and destroyed the building used as headquarters by Colonel Robinson. Two men were captured, and after all the information desired was obtained from them they were released. Having succeeded in all the objects of the reconnaissance the expedition returned on the 26th.

DEATH OF MRS. ADMIRAL FOOTE.—Mrs. Carolina Augusta Street, widow of the late Admiral Foote, died at the residence of her father, Augustus B. Street, Esq., in New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. Foote was forty-seven years of age.

The death of the late Admiral Foote has been speedily followed by that of his widow.

Mrs. Foote had been an invalid for some time, and was so ill as not to be able to be present at the funeral services of her husband.

The husband, wife and two children of this family have passed away from earth within the past year, and, if we remember aright, there remains only a married daughter and two sons of this noble and illustrious family.

MASSACHUSETTS CONSCRIPTS.—The officers of the steamer Forrest City, which took nearly one thousand conscripts from Long Island to Alexandria, say that frequent threats were made on the passage by the substitutes on board to burn the steamer, but no attempt was made to execute them. On arriving in the Potomac many efforts were made to escape. One man was shot while attempting to swim ashore. Another was discovered in the water boat, a box over his head, and on being picked up was found to have six hundred dollars in his belt. After landing quite a number escaped while on the way to the army in the cars.

THE WHEAT CROP IN WISCONSIN.—The Madison *Journal* says that there has never been so much wheat in Wisconsin at any time as there is now. It estimates the crop at 30,000,000 bushels. Of this 5,000,000 bushels are needed in Wisconsin for food, the same quantity for seed and 20,000,000 bushels will be sold, which, the *Journal* says, is enough for all the New England States. All the other crops are also promising well.

THREE YOUNG MEN BURNED TO DEATH.—On the morning of the 19th inst., a fire broke out in the store and dwelling of James Mulligan, in Port Griffith, Luzerne county Pa., and three young men, named Barrett, who were sleeping in the part of the building occupied as a dwelling, perished in the flames. Their mother and sister barely escaped with their lives.—*Pittston Gazette.*

From Washington.

Washington despatches of August 28th, contain the following:

In view of the speedy capture of Charleston and occupation of South Carolina by the Union troops, the intention of the Government has been indicated to place Maj. Gen. Butler in command of that department as soon as Gen. Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren have completed their work. The admirable manner in which General Butler administered the Military Government in Maryland when Baltimore was in charge of the disloyalists, and Louisiana when there was but a corporal's guard of Union men there, has induced his selection. Besides, it is thought a just retribution that the State of Massachusetts should furnish the military commander over the hot-bed of rebellion.

Death of the Rebel General Pemberton.

A Cairo telegram announces the decease of the Rebel General John C. Pemberton, which occurred at Selma, Ala., last week. It is stated that the cause of his death was pneumonia, and it is very probable that it was hastened by grief and shame. He was a native of Ohio, having been born about the year 1818. He graduated at West Point in 1839, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery; became First Lieutenant, March 9, 1842; was an Aid-de-camp of General Worth's during the Mexican war; was brevetted Captain for gallantry at Monterey, September 23, 1846, and Major for gallantry at Molino del Rey, September 8th, 1847; distinguished himself also at Churubusco and Contreras, and at the capture of the City of Mexico, where he was wounded; became Captain in the United States Army in September, 1850, and resigned April 29th, 1861. He then entered the Rebel army as from Virginia, with the rank of Brigadier General, and afterwards rose to that of Lieutenant General and Major General. He has been principally engaged in the Southwest, and being in command of the army opposed to Grant in Northeast Mississippi, was appointed to the defence of Vicksburg, the events of the siege and capitulation of which stronghold of the Mississippi are, of course, fresh in the recollection of the reader.

And so passes away another of the leaders of the Rebel army, and another name is added to the list, on which stands those of General Albert Sidney Johnston, Garnett, Bee, Zollicoffer, Gladden, Ben. McCulloch, Winder, Garland, Branch, Bartow, McIntosh, Grayson, St. George Cooke, Twiggs, Rains, "Stonewall" Jackson, Earl Van Dorn, Villedigne, Holmes, Tilghman and others. There is something very striking and impressive in the reflection that he who for so many weeks braved the perils of war, pestilence and famine, the perils of battle, murder and sudden death, should go from out all that din and danger to die, in an obscure village, of some casual ailment.

THE LONDON "TIMES" IN REBELDOM.—We shall have to change our opinions and expressions; we shall be obliged, in very pity, to help the London Times. Although it has labored for our destruction and alienated every loyal man in the North, we did think it was the modern Gospel of the Rebel press; that they read it for daily food, and worshipped its thunders. But only hear the Richmond Whig! It accuses the Times of "jeering its victims," and then declares that, when prosperity returns, as it surely will, to their country; when, after five years, they shall be as powerful as ever, all traces of the war will have passed away, "but the remembrance of the part England has played in the drama, and the legacy of retribution which will be bequeathed to our posterity." Oh, England, how art thou fallen! "Between two stools," says Smollett, we will not finish the adage. England's neutrality is so selfish, so mean, and so varies according to the whereabouts of victory, that she has placated no party, no side, no interest in America. And, when the Rebellion is checked, when the Union is restored or reconstructed, the Rebels themselves, now fairly represented by the Richmond Whig, will remember England's part in the drama, and not wait for "posterity" in administering, with us, a fitting retribution. If England desires to avert this disaster, let her suppress the Times at once, or order it to propitiate the Richmond Whig.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

A TREMENDOUS SHOCK.—Dr. Jerome Kidder, of New York, has lately enjoyed the happiness of receiving, with perfect safety, a shock of electricity sufficient, according to the previous idea of scientific people to kill fifty men. The experiment took place at the Cooper Institute, under the direction of the eminent Professor Van der Wede, of that institution. The battery consisted of six of the large Bunsen cups and a Ruhmkorff coil, of sixteen miles of wire, made by E. S. Ritchie, of Boston—one of the best makers in the country. A most formidable battery truly! The New York Tribune states that Dr. Kidder had observed that the longer the wire was used the greater was the tension, and consequently the greater the ease with which the current is conducted through the body. Hence he argued that the enormous length of the wire in the Ruhmkorff coil must render the current so highly conductive that, in spite of its great power, it would not lacerate the tissues of the body. He stated his life on his opinion and won it.—*Scientific American.*

A NEW disease has made its appearance among the horses in the Federal camps in Virginia. The horses are well in the morning, refuse a portion of the oats at night, at evening cannot swallow at all, and in a few hours after they die. Examination goes to show that their trouble is very much like the diphtheria.

KENTUCKY.—Kentucky has again practically voted upon the issue of Union or Secession, and, as on all former occasions, their vote has been cast for the old Union, the unimpaired Constitution, and the Constitutional remedy of the ballot box for its infringement by those whose official duty it is to carry out its provisions, and also the other Constitutional remedy of bayonets and balls for those whose political disaffection has induced them to openly and defiantly spurn and set it at naught. Secession in Kentucky is pretty much played out, and its death-blow only requires that the people should stand as squarely shoulder to shoulder henceforth in nipping in the bud any out-cropping of sympathy with the rebellion, as they stood at the ballot box on last election day to endorse the war for the suppression of the rebellion, by electing a tried soldier as their Chief Executive, and pledging him the whole power of the Commonwealth to maintain the loyal position which the State has assumed.—*Kentucky Loyalist.*

THE FALL ELECTIONS.—The following list gives the time when the several State elections are to be held this fall:

Vermont,	September 1
California,	September 2
Maine,	September 14
Ohio,	October 13
Pennsylvania,	October 13
Massachusetts,	November 3
New York,	November 3
Wisconsin,	November 5
Delaware,	November 10
Iowa,	November 10
Minnesota,	November 10

GENERAL FREMONT and family have taken a cottage at Nahant for the season. Gen. Schenck is at Congress Hall, Cape May. General Couch is not at Newburyport, as reported, but is at Chambersburg, Pa., attending to his duties.

THE CONSCRIPT'S FUTURE.—Seventeen conscript soldiers of the army in Bonaparte's time raised themselves by their bravery and talent to the following distinguished stations: two became Kings; two, Princes; nine, Dukes; two, Field Marshals, and two Generals.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The Ninth Vermont.

YORKTOWN, VA., Aug. 30th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Another week has passed and again I will make a poor attempt to continue my already lengthy sketch of the 9th Vermont Regiment.

But for the cool bravery, daring courage and strict discipline of Col. Stannard, it seems as if we must all have been annihilated. The Colonel, firm as a rock, stood amid the shower of iron undaunted. He moved us just at the right time. His eagle eye was upon us all, and when the moment came for us to change positions, the command was given, and the regiment moved as one body. The other field officers were at their posts, and did their duty nobly. The line officers generally, showed themselves worthy of their positions, and the men obeyed every command with alacrity. The cannonading lasted three hours and a half without intermission.

We were satisfied for two or three days previous, that unless we had help we should have to submit, but when the white flag was raised on the hill back of us, we felt indignant. It seemed that it might not have been so. We knew that we were outnumbered five to one, but we had not had a fair chance at the grey coats. We felt fresh for any emergency. For fully thirty minutes after the white flag was raised the rebels poured their iron hail upon us.

As soon as the cannonading ceased the Colonel marched us down near the Ferry. We thought he had an idea of cutting through the rebel line with our regiment, but we met them coming toward us in overwhelming numbers, and we were obliged to halt. Soon we were marched back to the top of the hill and stacked arms, feeling a little disheartened, and imagining that we could see Richmond looming up in the distance. Our old camp grounds were covered with the rebel hordes, and still they kept coming in. Our knapsacks were opened and our extra clothing was scattered about—what the rebels had not appropriated to their own use. They treated us very gentlemanly, and gave us all the liberty we expected. We camped on the same ground with the rebels that night, and war matters were talked over with perfect freedom. We were paroled on the 16th of September, and marched out of the rebel lines.

Fourteen regiments of infantry, six or seven batteries and a large number of cavalry were taken prisoners. Sixteen hundred cavalry cut their way through the rebel lines on the night of the 14th, and arrived safely within the lines of McClellan's army.

Whatever may be said for or against the affair at Harper's Ferry, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we did our duty faithfully. That a great blunder was made by evacuating Maryland Heights, no one doubts. That was the key to Harper's Ferry, and when the rebels gained it they knew how to use it. There was showed incapacity or treachery in the commander of the post, Col. Miles, who received a

mortal wound while holding the white flag at the surrender.

As I have never seen an official report of the killed and wounded at Harper's Ferry, I cannot state the exact number, but unofficially it was reported that we lost 160 killed and 350 wounded. Not one of the 9th Regiment was killed, and but a very few slightly wounded. It was a miraculous escape. The rebels admitted a much greater loss in killed and wounded, but nothing certain has been found out. A large amount of ordnance and ordnance stores fell into the hands of the rebels.

After we left the Ferry, we marched the first day to within three miles of Frederick City. We found that the rebels were hard pressed, and on the 17th the booming of cannon was heard nearly all day on the field of Antietam. We continued our march to Annapolis, Md., where we arrived September 21st. The men were without shelter of any kind, and suffered much from rains during the march. At Annapolis we were for three days without shelter, and the hot sun in the middle of the day, and damp nights, made it very uncomfortable.

September 24th we started for Chicago, Ill. The journey was a severe one, and many were taken sick along the road. The citizens along the lines of railroad turned out en masse to cheer us on our way, and their well filled baskets of edibles caused us to think they remembered us in a very substantial way.

We arrived at Chicago on the evening of September 28th. We camped for the night in Cottage Grove, and as it rained very hard through the night, we were much refreshed in the morning. After we had got the water rung out of our clothes, we were marched about one mile to a Trotting Park, where we were uncomfortably quartered in horse stalls, and there I will leave them for this week.

Respectfully yours,

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

Peninsular Affairs.

RECONNOISSANCE TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The Enemy "Get up and Get."

The Rebels Not in Force on the Peninsula.

Gen. Wister sent an expedition up the Peninsula, on Wednesday last, consisting of the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, Col. Onderdunk, and a portion of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Lewis.

The expedition proceeded to Bottom's Bridge, where they came upon and attacked a body of rebels, comprising a regiment of infantry and one squadron of Holcombe's cavalry.

A slight skirmish was had with them, in which the 5th Pennsylvania lost one man killed and one wounded. The enemy fled precipitately across the Chickahominy, leaving dead on the field one commissioned officer, one sergeant and two privates. Five prisoners were taken by our men, and it is thought that several of the enemy who escaped were wounded.

Wise's Brigade is said to be at Long Bridge.

It was ascertained that there is no enemy in force anywhere on the Peninsula, and that, as we stated last week, the rebels who occasionally appear in the vicinity of Biglow's Landing and Williamsburg, are nothing more than small parties in search of escaped or reluctant conscripts.

Having accomplished the objects of the reconnoissance, the expedition returned to camp on Saturday morning.

ANOTHER REPORT.

The following is another account of the expedition, given us by a highly intelligent and reliable officer who accompanied our cavalry, and whose perfect knowledge of the ground over which they passed leads us to believe that his report of the affair is a correct one:

The expedition that left Fort Magruder on Wednesday last, composed of the First New York Mounted Rifles, commanded by Colonel Onderdunk, and a portion of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Lieut. Colonel Lewis, was entirely successful in the object for which it was undertaken. In our advance the enemy's pickets were driven in, two of them being killed and five made prisoners, without any casualties on our part. The advance proceeded as far as Bottom Bridge, on the Chickahominy, without meeting the enemy in any considerable force. On our return, when in the neighborhood of Slatersville, our rear guard, which was composed of a detachment of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was overtaken and attacked by a regiment

of rebel cavalry, numbering between three and four hundred men.

The rear guard, not more than thirty-five men, withstood their charge, and in turn charged on and dispersed the whole party, killing and wounding from fifteen to twenty of the enemy, amongst the killed their commanding officer. Our loss was but one killed and four slightly wounded. Two of the latter received their injuries accidentally, their horses becoming entangled in some telegraph wire on the road, and thrown, with their riders, violently to the ground.

The men acting as rear guard deserve the greatest credit for their conduct on this occasion.

The following are the names of the killed and wounded on our side:

KILLED—John Nothing, private, Company A, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

WOUNDED—Terrence Fitzpatrick, Co. I, 5th Pennsylvania.

James Riley, Co. I, 5th Pennsylvania.

The two others mentioned as having their horses fall with them belonged to the same regiment.

PERSONAL.—Capt. S. H. Bayley, of Company H, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, left for home a few days ago, on a twenty days' sick leave. We hope he may recover his health in time to render his home visit a pleasant one.

Lieut. Cummings, of Company D, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, has returned to his duties after an absence at the North. We are glad to see his pleasant face among us again, for he is one of the kind that are missed when they are absent.

John D. Weaver, formerly Steward of one of the branch hospitals at this place, is now, we learn, in charge of the Insane Asylum at Williamsburg. Had we known it when on a recent visit to that place, we would have been an inmate of the institution, for an hour, at least.

SHOWING OFF.—A soldier, belonging to one of the batteries lying at Gloucester Point, came over to town the other day, and by some means procured a sufficient quantity of "tangle-leg" to make him show off his sense to bad advantage. At the time we saw him he had a couple of his knuckles badly driven up, which he exhibited with evident pride, saying he had come across the river to "show the boys a thing or two;" that "he had hit two niggers in the head already that day, and had jammed his right hand pretty badly, but the next one he met had got to take the left." It is to be hoped that the next nigger had a head as hard as the others, and that the left hand fared as badly as the right.

THE COURT MARTIAL.—The Court Martial assembled here is having quite a long session. It has been sitting, without regard to hours, since the 31st of July, and has transacted a great deal of business. It has, we learn, finished up the guard house cases, and are now sitting for the trial of officers. The proceedings of the Court will of course not be made public until the sentences are approved or disapproved by the corps commander.

Telegraphic News.

From Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 28.

The United States tugboat Western World, just arrived at Fortress Monroe to-day from the fleet off Wilmington, reports that on Tuesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, one hour before she started, the United States steamer Florida arrived from the fleet off Charleston, with the positive news that Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner had fallen and were occupied by the Union troops, and that the Stars and Stripes were triumphantly waving over both fortresses.

The Union troops were in the highest spirits, and certain of possessing speedily all Morris Island and reducing Fort Moultrie.

The capture and occupation of Charleston in a few days by the Union troops was morally certain.

Official Despatch from Gen. Gilmore.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., August 24, 1863.

Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

General—I have the honor to report the practical demolition of Fort Sumter as the result of our seven days' bombardment of that work, including two days of which a powerful northeasterly storm most seriously diminished the accuracy and effect of our fire.

Fort Sumter is to-day a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins.

My Chief of Artillery, Colonel J. A. Turner, reports its destruction so far complete

that it is no longer of any avail in the defenses of Charleston. He also says that by a longer fire it could be made more completely a ruin and a mass of broken masonry, but could scarcely be more powerless for a defence of the harbor.

My breaching batteries were located at distances varying between 3,330 and 4,240 yards from the work, and now remain as efficient as ever. I deem it unnecessary at present to continue the fire upon the ruins of Sumter.

I have also, at great labor and under a heavy fire from James Island, established batteries on my left, within effective range of the heart of Charleston, and have opened with them, after giving General Beauregard due notice of my intention to do so.

My notification to General Beauregard, his reply thereto, with the threat of retaliation, and my rejoinder, have been transmitted to the army headquarters.

The projectiles from my batteries entered the city, and General Beauregard himself designates them as the most destructive missiles ever used in war.

The report of my Chief of Artillery, and an accurate sketch of the ruins of Sumter, taken at twelve M. yesterday, six hours before we ceased firing, are herewith transmitted. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

Q. A. GILMORE,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Presentation to Gen. Meade.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Aug. 28, 1863.—The proudest day for the Army of the Potomac off the field has been to-day. The occasion was the presentation of a magnificent sword and accoutrements to Major Gen. Geo. G. Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac.

The ceremonies came off at Brig. Gen. Crawford's head-quarters, which were decorated in the most tasty and gorgeous style, with flowers and evergreens. The presentation was made by the officers and men of the First Division of the Fifth Corps, which was the division long commanded by Gen. Crawford.

The following letter was sent to General Crawford, by the President:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28, 1863.

To General Crawford:—
I regret that I cannot be present to witness the presentation of a sword by the gallant Pennsylvania Reserve Corps to one so worthy to receive it as General Meade.

A. LINCOLN.

News from Southern Sources.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 30.—A flag of truce boat arrived from City Point last night, with Southern papers of yesterday. The Petersburg Gazette says that our troops were repulsed from Fort Wagner on Thursday.

The same paper states that Fort Sumter had not been occupied by our troops, and that the rebels were building new fortifications inside its ruined walls.

The Petersburg Express also says that Chattanooga is in the possession of Gen. Rosecrans.

The Richmond papers say that the Governors of the rebellious States, in solemn convocation assembled, have authorized Jeff. Davis to call out 500,000 negro troops, for the defence of the Confederacy, with a promise of their freedom and fifty acres of land, to be secured to them when the independence of the South shall be established.

A despatch steamer is expected from off Morris Island to-day, but has not yet been in sight.

DIED.

In Yorktown, on the 20th inst., CORDELIA A., daughter of Joseph and Lucy Ewing, aged about two years.

NATIONAL EATING-HOUSE.

The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the citizens and Soldiers of Yorktown and vicinity to the fact that he has opened for their accommodation a

PUBLIC EATING-HOUSE,
ON McCLELLAN AVENUE, OPPOSITE
KEYES SQUARE,

Where his patrons will always find him ready to serve them to the best the market affords. His

CAKES, PIES

And other PASTRY are always FRESH AND PALATABLE.

He also keeps on hand a general assortment of Confectionery, Fruit, Nuts, Tobacco, Segars, &c., at REASONABLE RATES.

N. B.—All orders for FAMILIES AND OFFICERS' MESS ROOMS served at the shortest notice. MOYER & CO., Proprietors.

so fortunate. A poisoned arrow struck him in the leg, and for some time he lay in great anguish where he had fallen, without the ability to help himself in the least. After hours passed in this way, he crawled to the river's brink, and imbibed a copious draught of its waters. For several days the trapper thus managed, with the contents of his pouch, to eke out a scanty subsistence—his wound, which he had dressed and bound in ligatures, being so painful as to drive him to the verge of insanity. He then resorted to roots and wild berries, and was apparently at his last gasp when some friendly Indians found him and took him to their tent.

Here Jake performed a feat which I never heard equalled in all the annals of human endurance and suffering. Finding that his injured limb was fast mortifying, he took a sharp flint, and fixing a ligature by way of tourniquet firmly about the upper part above the gangrene, he amputated his own leg—taking up the veins and arteries, and dressing his limb after the most approved professional style.

Not very long since my attention was attracted to a throng gathered about some object of interest, immediately beneath the windows on Clay street, San Francisco. A heavily-built man, with a look of decided intelligence, and hair white as silver, which was rendered the whiter by its contrast with a red handkerchief which he wore by way of head-dress, was haranguing a throng of boys and men upon the sidewalk; and ever and anon, as he spoke, he emphasized his gestures by a whirl of his cane, and an equally vigorous flourish of a stott wooden leg, upon which he relied to keep a space clear about him, while he declaimed, in thunder-tones, his opinions respecting the recent Indian outrages at Pitt River.

It was Buffalo Jake—now better known as "Peg-Leg Smith"—the hero of my story.

Miscellaneous.

A SELL.—We take the following from the Vicksburg correspondence of the Missouri Democrat:

I will relate an incident which occurred this morning at the expense of a gallant young soldier. He was prospecting around town, when his attention was attracted to a stable of very fine horses. While admiring their fine points, he was surprised by the appearance of a very fascinating young lady, as she emerged from another apartment of the horsehouse, and bowed politely and smiled killingly upon him. He stammered out something like an apology for his seeming intrusion, mixing up the words "proclamation" and "confiscation," &c., and ended by asking who was the owner of the place?

"Dr. Neely," replied the lady.

"And you—you are his wife?" said the soldier, doubtfully.

"No," said the lady.

"Then his daughter?" This was said very smilingly.

"No."

"His niece, perhaps?" endearingly.

"No; no relation, that I know of."

"Then a lady friend, on a visit?" puzzlingly.

"No, not that, either."

"Well, then, may I be permitted to ask who you are?"

"Certainly," replied the lady, who had enjoyed the soldier's discomfiture with a piquant relish; "I am his slave." The soldier gave one long, last, lingering look, and with a low whistle departed.

A DRAFTED Irishman called upon one of our lawyers on Saturday and desired to have papers prepared claiming exemption from military service for several reasons which he named: 1. That he was the only son of a widow dependant upon him for support; 2. That his father was in such infirm health as to be unable to get his own living; and 3. That he had two brothers already in the service; all which facts Patrick desired then and there to verify by affidavit. The lawyer, who had traveled in Illinois and learned the knack of introducing apropos anecdotes, reminded the drafted man of a little story of the maple sugar man in Vermont, who was sued for returning a borrowed sap-kettle in a damaged condition, and pleaded in defence, first that the kettle was sound when he returned it; secondly, that it was cracked when he borrowed it; and thirdly, he never had the sap-kettle. Patrick grinned at a ghastly smile, such as sometimes illumines the countenance of a man before the Board of Enrollment, when the Doctor blandly assures him that he has not got the liver complaint or the kidney disease, and withdrew his papers.

PREVIOUS to the final capture of Morgan and his men, two of "our boys" got beyond the lines, and ere they knew what they were about they were surrounded by rebels. One of them, thinking to make the best of it, winked at his comrade and turned to the rebels, saying: "We have been sent by the commanding officer to ask you to surrender." They looked at each other a moment, when the rebel officer turning to them, said: "Go and tell your commanding officer that game is never played in Ohio." "We'll do it," and our boys walked out again.

A GREENHORN standing by a sewing machine at which a young lady was at work and looking attentively at the machine and at the fair operator, he at length gave vent to his admiration with, "By jingo! it's pretty—especially the part covered with caliker."

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon, and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall upon the pavement, is only a slight verbal distinction, after all—one is *dental* and the other *accidental*.

"I CAN'T reconcile differences," said Septimus Hardup. "For instance, there is nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less certain than dinner."

A WESTERN editor was requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of a year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.

NEVER run in debt, especially with shoemakers; for you can't say your sole is your own.

Advertisements.

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

LATE ARRIVAL

OF GOODS.

The undersigned respectfully calls the attention of Regimental Sutlers, the Troops and Loyal Citizens, to the cargo of

GOODS

Just arrived from New York by the "Nimrod," now landing, amongst which may be found

150 CASES CLARET WINE,
50 bbls. ALE IN BULK,
50 bbls. BOTTLED ALE,
30 bbls. CHAMPAGNE CIDER,

Messina Lemons,
Smyrna Figs,
Preserved Peaches
and other fruits.

Extra Western Flour,
Sugar Cured Hams,
Tea Cakes,
Boston Biscuit,
No. 1 Mackerel,
Yellow Sugar,
Coffee Sugar,
Crushed Sugar,

Lager Raisins,
Java Coffee,
Pickles, Sauces, Spices, &c.,
Wood and Willow Ware,
Hardware and Cutlery.

A fine assortment of
Boots and Shoes,
Dry Goods,
Hoop Skirts,
Shirts and Drawers,
Under Clothing,
Hosiery.

A large lot of
Tin Ware,
Camp Chairs,
Crockery and Candy,

Also, several brands of
Navy Pounds Tobacco,
And Goodwin's
Anderson's

Lilienthal's and
Mrs. Miller's
Chewing Tobacco and Smoking Tobacco.
Also, a small lot of genuine
Richmond Smoking Tobacco,
Together with a large variety of Cigars,
Imported and Domestic.

Also,
PAINTS AND OILS,
White Lead,
Turpentine,
Benzoin,
Paints ready for use,

Essence of Jamaica Ginger,
Brandreth's Pills,
Wright's Pills,
Paregoric,
Laudanum,
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Vermifuge,
Townsend's Sarsaparilla,
Epsom Salts,
Seidlitz Powders,

And many other Goods, such as

Nails,
Frying Pans,
Sad Irons,
Yankee Notions,
Pocket Knives,
Toilet Articles,
Fancy Soaps,
Brushes of all kinds,
Looking Glasses,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

These Goods are in prime condition,
and will be sold reasonably.
au10 B. F. VOORHEES.
Yorktown, Aug. 10, 1863.

MILITARY CLOTHING!

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of

THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF

YORKTOWN AND VICINITY,

TO THEIR

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

MILITARY AND FURNISHING

GOODS,

which in quality and prices will compare favorably with the best markets in the country.

J. C. JONES & Co.,

35 Yorktown, Va.

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.

SOMETHING NEW.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Yorktown and vicinity that he has opened a

PUBLIC HOUSE,
in his new and commodious building, on the corner of
KEYES SQUARE and McCLELLAN AVENUE,

for the accommodation of the Officers and Soldiers of the Fourth Army Corps and their friends and the public generally, and he respectfully solicits their patronage.

Connected with his establishment is a

DINING SALOON,

where meals are served at all hours of the day, and an

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where Confectionery, Fruit, Nuts, Tobacco, Segars and a general assortment of such articles will be sold

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Also, an extensive

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from which Pies, Cakes and all other Pastry will be supplied continually.

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FAMILIES AND OFFICERS' MESS ROOMS

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VOLENTINE BAKER,

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\$15 PER DAY EASY \$15
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100,000 men and women wanted to act as Agents in every Town, Village and Camp, to sell our *immensely popular, unexcelled and valuable EXTRA LARGE SIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, YANKEE NOTIONS and PRIZE PACKAGES.* Largest, Best and Cheapest ever manufactured. Each package contains fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Blotters, Emblems, Ladies' Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor amusements, Guide for Letter Writers, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Generals, Gents' Pocket Calendars for the Year, Union Designs, Yankee Notions of all kinds, Recipes, Games, Army Laws and Advice, Rich and Costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth many DOLLARS, if bought separately. Price of each Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low. 100 to 200 PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Packages of all descriptions put up for Sutlers, Pedlars, Wholesale Dealers, &c. GOODS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE ARMY SAFE. All soldiers are allowed to receive and sell our goods. A splendid Solid Silver Watch, English Movements, and Correct Timepiece, presented free to all who act as Agents. Watches and Jewelry at low prices. Send for our New Circulars, with *Extra Premium Inducements*, free. S. C. RICKARDS, CATELY & CO., No. 102 Nassau street, New York, the Great Original. Largest and Oldest Prize Package House in the World. Beware of imposters of similar names. jy14-1m

CAPTAIN C. G. BAKER, HAS PURCHASED of John H. Gotshall, formerly a Sutler of the 172d regiment Pennsylvania Militia, his store, known by the sign of

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on the south side of McClellan street, where he will keep 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." jy21-tf

O. L. LAWSON HAS PROURED the services of H. N. LANGLEY, Watchmaker, who has had twelve years' experience in Northern cities. All work done with despatch and in the best style. He will always be found at his post, ready to accommodate citizens and soldiers, at the corner of McClellan avenue and Ellsworth streets, Yorktown, Va. je30-tf

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