

# THE CAVALIER.

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

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## THE CAVALIER

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T. C. FELL & J. BARKLEY,  
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

## Select Poetry.

### A HERO'S DIRGE.

BY EMMA M. CASS.

Come into Death's presence royal,  
See the brave, the true, the loyal,  
Stricken by the monarch royal,  
Lying white and still.  
See! how sadly death can altar—  
His was not the soul to falter,  
Freely on his country's altar  
Yielded he his life.  
Not long since, and he was standing  
Where those glorious souls were land-  
ing,  
Lightnings in his eye commanding,  
And his soul aflame.  
Not long since so strong, so cheerful,  
Hoping for the best—not fearful—  
Now so pale, and we so tearful,  
Weeping over him.  
Lion-hearted, yet so tender—  
Freedom's friend and bold defender,  
He could die, but not surrender,  
Truest of the true.  
Sad but glorious the story—  
There, upon the field of glory,  
Fell with cruel wounds and gory,  
Loyal to the last.  
Where the shells were thickest flying,  
'Mid the wounded and the dying,  
There the hero, palely lying,  
Yielded up his breath.  
Soldiers saw him die, none others—  
Weep, oh tender wives and mothers,  
Sisters, who have soldier brothers,  
Drop a tear for him.  
Thou so brave, and yet so tender,  
Freedom's friend and bold defender,  
To the grave we thee surrender,  
Bravest of the brave.

## Select Story.

### THE PERSEVERING BACHELOR.

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout, rosy, and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon Miss Lucy Poppleton; but alas! Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment, or, in other words, had not come to time, and one day his heart was lacerated by receiving an envelope of cards announcing that the delightful Lucy was about to become Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks.  
It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it, and still loved the object of his early passion—at a distance. Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks revelled in the delights of matrimony, leading fashion, her husband and Peter—at a distance—by the nose for five years, at the end of which time

Mr. Jimmerson Crooks chose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. Jimmerson alone to mourn his departure.

Once more Peter's heart sprang up from dust to ashes, and he looked forward to the time when the allotted period of mourning should be over, and he could pour forth the pent-up agonies of five years; and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow. One year, thought Peter, is surely enough of time. I will give her one year. Month after month rolled away until the tenth came, and Peter was determined to wait no longer. A sickish misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking.

He sought the widow in her home, and with all the ardor of a long pent-up love, poured forth the tale. The widow heard him, heard him calmly unto the very last word, and then with her delicately perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks by the whitest of hands, told Peter that he was, alas! just one week too late; that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Sticklebeck, who had so faithfully attended her dear Jimmerson in his last hour; and oh! why did her dear friend Peter not speak before?

A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments; a second time was he sent out into the world to admire—at a distance. Time sped on, and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Sticklebeck might die; he certainly had an apoplectic look; and sure enough, Peter's hope turned out a certainty, and Dr. Theodosius Sticklebeck was within the short period of two years gathered to his fathers, and the fair Widow Sticklebeck was once more a mourner. Peter had learned too bitterly the dangers of delay to suffer any etiquette to stand between himself and success. He would not give the widow a year, nor yet ten months—nay, not even six; but even at the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred, and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was popped—

"Oh, Mr. Robinson, why did you not come before? You know my esteem for you; you know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but oh, how can I tell you that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins. Poor, dear, sweet Hawkins! he's your intimate friend, I know. I've heard him speak so highly of you. Oh, why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Sticklebeck was transformed into Mrs. Captain Jonathan Hawkins, and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance.

Still Peter waited and hoped. Something might turn up, he urged, and then he would not allow himself to be too late; and something did turn up, the something being nothing more or less than the redoubtable Captain, who turned up missing, having fallen overboard from the steamboat while out on a target excursion with his company, and sunk like a stone, owing undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of this exit, as Peter

argued must certainly act with depressing force on the widow, and he thought he would not again give her time to recover and be admired; still, etiquette demanded that a little time should intervene. Accordingly, when, upon the tenth day after the melancholy bereavement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his errand of love, he rather chuckled to himself that he was taking time by the forelock. The business on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson!" she exclaimed, hiding her blushing face in her cambric, "why are you so unfortunate, and why am I? You know my esteem for you, but you are too late. I am already promised. You know Counsellor Ketchum, my poor dead-and-gone Hawkins' most intimate friend? He was with him, you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to me the awful intelligence—I have promised to have him this day two months!"

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken-heartedness, but to rush from the house, and go on, as before, admiring—at a distance.

It was months before Peter even ventured to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking in a despondent mood through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half-finished building just in front of him he saw, as he raised his eyes, a stout Milesian making gyrations in the air, from a height of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than half a ton—the two having slipped together from a scaffolding at that height. He saw both Milesian and stone strike full upon the heads of two gentlemen passing, and the whole four were in an instant mixed in an inextricable heap. Like all other spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue, only to behold, between horror and joy, the last gasps of Counsellor Ketchum and the gentleman who was walking with him, and the perfect safety of the Milesian and the stone.

This time Peter would trust to no passing of time. Without an instant's delay more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack, and then sped to the mansion of the widowed Mrs. Counsellor Ketchum. In words of the most delicate and endearing nature, Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow, and waited the results; and then between sobs and tears, claimed her hand for the next set.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson," sighed the widow, "how can you ask me such a thing? How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the awful news of my dear Ketchum's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but—but—I am already engaged!"

"Engaged!" shrieked Peter, "to whom?"

"I promised," responded the widow, between her sobs, "I promised a month ago, that if anything happened, I would marry Colonel Snapper."

"You did!" shouted Peter, the whole

appearance of his face changing in an instant from that of a fiend to a look of unbridled joy. "You did! and who are you engaged to after that?"

"No one," sighed the widow.

"Will you swear this to me?" said Peter.

"I swear it," responded the widow, solemnly.

"And will you marry me after Snapper is gone?"

"I will," said the widow.

"Do you swear it?" asked Peter, fiercely.

"I swear it," said the widow, earnestly.

"Then you are mine, charming Lucy, for the stone that ushered the Counsellor into the next world also took the Colonel. I saw it with my own eyes."

The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in a month.

### A DUTCHMAN'S OPINION.

I dinks much about de war und de draft, und de rebils, und all about dese dings. I dinks about 'em more as about anydings else. Somedimes I sets mit myself all day on de front stoop und sehsmokes, und drinks hard cider, und does noding else—only drink; den my wife she gifs me ter tyfel for drinkin so much, und says I vos petter go und see after Jacob, our hired man, und not bodder my head mit more as I can understand. But I tells her vat shall womens know apout war?—better she goes und mindts her own pissen. I drubles myself more apout Abraham as apout Jacob.

Ven I gits tired mit drinkin on my own stoop, I goes down to Hans Butterfoos' tavern, und I drinks dare, und I tells my obinion, und some oder von tells his obinion, und we makes him out togedder. De odder day begins de draft. Dat bodders me again. Some goes in for de draft, mostly dem as is too olt, und von't be took demself; some goes agin de draft, mostly dem as don't vont to lick the rebils; and some don't know vich vay to goes, but ony goes rount und rount, und gits boddered like dam so as I do.

But nefer mind, I dinks I must find dis ding out, und down I goes to Hans Butterfoos' und hears de fellers blo. I don't make nottin mit dat; dey all blos some odder vay, und I don't dink day haf him rite in dere own mindts. So I begins und asks a questchun; und I ses to Bill Puffenstock:

"Vot you dinks von de draft, dat it ish right?"

And ses Bill: "No, I dinks it ish not right."

"Vell, I don't believes him, cause he sheated me once mit a plind mare he sells on me. So I dries agin und speaks mit Fritz Hookenspicler.

"Fritz," I ses, "vot do you dinks von de draft, if it's right or not?"

Und Fritz he ses dat he "dinks it is shust so as it ought to be."

But I don't believes him neder, cause he rund against me for de peace of shustice, und day make him de peace—dat is de shustice. Und he is no more good for Shquire as my cat. So I gifs up askin somebody und makes him out myself. I dinks in dis sthyle, de rea-

son day go mit de draft, is becos dey want sojers. Ef dey don't get no sojers den dey can't bring on de war. Ef dey don't bring on de war, den dey don't lick de rebils. Ef dey don't lick de rebils, den de rebils lick dem. Ef de rebils licks dem, den we all goes to ter tyfel. Dat's pooty straight. So much.

Now I must dink of some more; is de next ding? I dink dat's all rite; but now I sthops, someding else comes. Let me sees. Oh, yes; dry hundred doilars—dat's de ding—dey all blos about de dry hundred dollars. I dinks so myself. Dry hundred dollars won't lick de rebils no more as dry hundred cents. Vot's de goot mit dollars? Peter a goot smart sojer, lik my Shorge, he licks de rebils more as six hundred dollars, yes. Now I knows more as Bill Puffenstock und Fritz Hookenspicler, both togedder. We want de sojers, not de money. Dat's where de bodder is. We pooty soon makes money enuff; but paper sojers is ony goot mit wooden guns, so when de draft comes, und ven men ses here is dry hundred dollars, I sthays behint und don't fight de rebils, den ef I vas de draft I would takes dat man by his preeches und I ses, go to ter tyfel mit your dollars, und come along mit me like some odder man as has got no dollars und don't like sojerin so bad as not you do, den pooty soon I gits so much sojers as I wants, dat's my idears. I tells my olt woman ef dey drafts me I goes myself. To be sure, I don't dink dey vill, caus I am more as fifty years; but nefer mindt. I should go along like my Shorge, ony dere's two dings I don't like, and de one is de marshin und de udder is de fitin. I sooner marches down to Hans Butterfoos und fites dere. Ef Sheff Davis comes dere on me I giffs him dam, you petter had beleve; but ef I goes to Richmond, may be Sheff Davis he giffs me dam. So anyhow, I sthays home. De odder day, my Shorge he comes back mit a furlow. He is so much a corporal as ever he vas, und I shpeaks mit him about dese dings, und I gifs you now what he ses:

"Shorge," I asks him, "you've bin mit de rebils und mit Old Abe, und dese fellers, vot you dinks about de draft dat all de beeples blos about?"

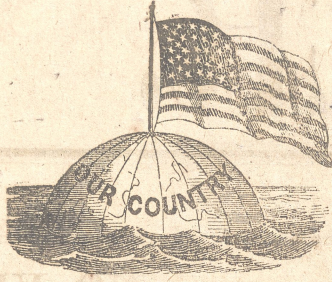
Und he ses to me: "O, tunder!"

Vell, dat's his opinuns. May be he shall know somedings too. He's pooty smart since he goes for a sojer. He shwares like a man six foot high, und calls mudeer "olt woman," he calls me "cap," und he kisses de gals, und he calls Jacob "dam fool." I dinks he gets some high offis before de war is gone.

GOTTLIEB KLOBBERYOSS.

PASSING AROUND THE HAT.—The hat was passed around in a certain congregation recently, for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister, who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes towards the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor: "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"

## The Cavalier.



MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1864.

"TERRY O'REGAN'S LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS," one of which we give our readers a "peep into" this week, promise to be an entertaining feature, and their publication will be continued, unless "Terry" should become indignant at our indiscretion in showing them to the public, which we think him too good-natured to object to.

### THE GREAT FAIR.

The mammoth Sanitary Fair was opened to the public in New York on Monday last, and continues to be the great centre of attraction. The Fair is liberally patronized, and promises to reward handsomely the arduous labors of the patriotic fair ones who have interested themselves so zealously in the good work of alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers. The approaching battles will give to the Sanitary Commission a widely increased field of labor, and all the means that can be placed at their disposal for the comfort of the wounded in battle will be needed in the prosecution of their work. The ladies all over the country are alive to this important fact, and the magnitude of their efforts in this direction attest their devotion to the cause of humanity and their appreciation of the hardships endured by the gallant defenders of the Union. Is there a heart that beats beneath a soldier's jacket that does not grow warmer and stouter when such efforts as these are made? Is there an arm that would refuse to do duty in the thickest of the fight, until it falls powerless from exhaustion or bleeding with wounds, in defence of the homes which contain these administering angels and are made sacred by their presence?

### MARYLAND AND EMANCIPATION.

The citizens of Maryland have spoken at the ballot-box in favor of the unconditional emancipation of the curse of slavery within the limits of that State. At her Constitutional election on the 6th inst., but little opposition was shown by the secessionists, and the entire immediate Unconditional Emancipation ticket was elected. Out of the whole number of votes polled in the city of Baltimore, only about seventy-five were cast in opposition to the calling of a Convention.

This is glorious news. Maryland, whose citizens shed the first blood which devoted loyalty brought as an offering on the altar of our country in the present war, has so far come to its senses as to declare that so far as she can act in the matter, the idol she has worshipped, and which has so long been a curse upon our fair land, shall no longer have an abiding place upon our soil. Surely this is a hopeful sign that the whole American Union will yet be freed from the foul reproach of human bondage.

We can't imagine "why," friend *Domination*. There is certainly no reason for it here, except an occasional non-departure of the boat, in consequence of storms. We are equally at a loss to know why, when the boat is running regularly, the *Old Dominion* fails to reach us for several consecutive days, at the end of which time the missing papers all turn up in a single mail.

### The French in Mexico.

In the United States House of Representatives, on Monday last, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the following resolution:

*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,* That the Congress of the United States are unwilling, by silence, to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the Republic of Mexico; therefore, they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the sentiments of the people of the United States to acknowledge a monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in Mexico, under the auspices of any European Power.

Mr. Brooks, of New York, said: If it be not a mere paper fulmination I do not object, but if it be a detonation only to burst in the House, what is the use of it? Is anything to be done with it?

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, replied, Whether it is a mere paper fulmination or not depends upon whether Congress will adopt it, and whether in adopting it they represent the opinion of the people of the United States. The resolution is simply a declaration what our policy should be on a subject touching our interests very nearly. I suppose it is not a subject any one wishes to discuss. I move the previous question.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said the resolution had received his concurrence in committee; but he preferred that it should have been more emphatic. It ought to have been passed before. It will be looked upon now as a mere *brutum fulmen*, unless backed up by arms. Are we ready for that? Mere paper resolutions do no good after statesmanship has failed in its duty. Perhaps the blame for neglecting Mexico attaches somewhat to the Administration of Buchanan; certainly to this. The McLean treaty should have been pressed. It was pressed when too late, and beaten by New England Senators, aided by Southern Secessionists. It would have given us, not annexation, but a firm alliance with Mexico, aiding our commerce, and, in time, foiling the schemes which France began in 1860, to get control of Mexico. The old democratic policy of defiance of foreign dictation was the policy for this emergency. While he favored this resolution, he only wished it could be so framed, and so backed up, as to prevent King Craft and the Arch-Duque of Napoleon, Maximilian, from setting up an establishment on this continent.

Mr. Davis, of Md., was very sorry the gentleman of Ohio had thought it necessary to make an argument against the resolution.

Mr. Cox replied he did not make an argument against it. He would vote for it, but he wanted Congress to be more emphatic.

Mr. Davis said he did not know how the language could be more emphatic, for the resolution declared that monarchical government will not be recognized by us. He did not know whether it was becoming at this time to say what we will do, and whether we mean to resist by force of arms to prevent the permanent establishment of a monarchy in Mexico. When the gentleman referred to the Democratic policy in regard to affairs on this continent, he begged to remind him that when France and England more than once jointly intervened in the affairs of the South American Republics, was there a protest against it by the Government of the United States? He did not remember ever seeing it, and certainly there was no armed protest on our part. The Democratic party with regard to our Southern brethren had the tendency rather that Mexico should

ultimately be annexed to the South.

Mr. Cox hoped the gentleman would not forget that the treaty of McLean, of Maryland, was not with a view to annexation, but to transfer fifty millions of silver annually to our own country. That treaty should have been ratified. It was, he repeated, broken down by New England Senators with Southern Secessionists. The great body of the Democratic party and some gentlemen on the other side favored that treaty, and for this, at least some credit should be given to them.

Mr. Davis, of Md., replied: He supposed McLean's treaty was the precursor of the present rebellion, and the calculation was, that when we permitted those engaged in it to part from this Government, the Mexican soil would expand their territory. The treaty proposed to secure us the privilege of intermeddling, contrary to the policy of our Government at any time, until finally Mexico was secured to us. If his friend had expressed his regret that the Corwin treaty was not ratified, it would have been a different view of the question. That treaty granted pecuniary aid, which, if granted, would probably have prevented European intervention. The time, however, had passed to prevent the war from going on. We now wish to declare against a European Power planting its foot upon Mexican soil, and establishing an empire either under an offspring of the House of Hapsburg, or some scion of the family of Louis Napoleon. He wished the world to hear the emphatic declaration that the erection of a monarchy in Mexico will not be recognized by the people of the United States. Let the consequences rest with the future.

The resolution was then unanimously adopted.

### The Army of the Potomac.

The order for the reorganization of the corps composing the Army of the Potomac was so long foreshadowed in all its essential particulars, that its promulgation could hardly have disturbed the equanimity of an army which has learned to be accustomed to changes, and to accept the decrees of military necessity. And though there was reason to pause before the consummation of so radical a measure, we believe there will be few in that army to doubt its ultimate advantages, while there will be none to offer opposition or to suggest such unworthy motives for its origination as partisan presses at home are ungenerously insinuating. The extinction of the separate existence of corps, whose badges had been worn with honor, and whose history was identified with the bloody records of the army, was a sad necessity, but the order of Gen. Meade deals gently with these best soldierly sentiments, and saves the *esprit de corps* of the gallant men of the First and Third corps from all unnecessary suffering. Although we have before expressed our conviction of the propriety of the reorganization, we would not be the one to join in any attempt to cast unmerited censure upon the eminent corps commanders whom it separates from the army, whose fortunes, good and ill, they have shared from the first. Generals Sykes, French and Newton will always be followed wherever they may go by the best wishes of their former associates, and they may always have pride and gratification in pointing to their achievements with the Army of the Potomac. They are officers who have won by hard service in the field the honors they wear—honors nowhere so readily acknowledged as in the Army with which they fought their way up to the responsible position they now resign in obedience to official orders.

In Giles county, Tenn., twenty-four hundred citizens have taken the oath of allegiance. They say they are sick of the rebellion.

### The Fate of Slavery.

Hon. J. K. Moorehead, of Pittsburg, recently made an effective speech in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania upon the rebellion. His comments upon slavery we give entire, as he speaks for the Allegheny District of Pennsylvania:

"Sir, amongst the people of my district there are few, very few, who are not faithful to the nation in this great crisis of its need. The defection there, as elsewhere, is confined to extreme pro-slavery men, who uphold it not only for its own sake, but as a means of achieving partisan success, in shameless disregard of their solemn duties to the country. Why should slavery be upheld? It deserves no such fate. It has long divided, distracted and troubled us. It was from the beginning, and has gone on ever-increasingly to distract and embroil us. It has been and is the great bone of contention over which, at last, we have come to blows. To save it is to perpetuate this discord. To destroy it is to secure the present and make peaceful and glorious the future. But it cannot be destroyed by proclamations alone; the power of law should be invoked to make the destruction complete in character and perfect in extent. It must be written in the Constitution that slavery shall no more exist in any American State. Then, and only then, may we sing the requiem of slavery. At present it is wounded, deeply wounded, by the blows that were given by its own friends. It bleeds, but its wounds may be staunches, unless by a staggering blow the people utterly destroy it, by force of public and unchangeable law.

"The principle of slavery is the inspiration of the rebellion, and it is yet so held and defended by the organs of public sentiment in the rebellious States. I quote one declaration:—'So far from believing that slavery must die,' says the *Richmond Whig*, 'we have long held the opinion that it is the normal and only humane relation which labor can sustain towards capital. When the war is over, we shall urge that every Yankee who ventures to put foot on Southern soil be made a slave for life, and wear an iron collar as a badge of inferiority to the African. Slavery will stab itself to death about the time the Yankees learn to tell the truth, and no sooner.'

"Sir, there is no safety for liberty on this continent, or for free labor, without the suppression of the rebellion and the extirpation of the pestilent aristocracy of opinion which sustains it, and the complete conformation of our institutions to the principles of the declaration of Independence. I pity while I despise the man in the loyal North who sympathizes with this rebellion, for it is based upon the narrowest and most exclusive ideas; it is aimed as a blow at the doctrines which underlie our whole system of republican liberty, and if successful it is intended to be the lever by which European systems are to be introduced and established upon this free continent, and upon which the whole current of events, which thus far has tended to the amelioration of human suffering and the extension of human rights, shall be reversed and become assimilated to the monarchical and aristocratic systems of Europe. The man who is engaged in this work is a public enemy; the man who in this home of liberty aids and abets him, deserves the execration of mankind."

### The Latest from the Army of the Potomac.

A despatch from the Army of the Potomac says no events of general importance had recently occurred there.

The Provost Marshal's Department had been reorganized with a view to greater efficiency, and new rules been established for the reorganization and equipment of pioneer parties of the army. Regulations for the Inspector

General's Department have also been officially promulgated.

### News by the Mails.

Iowa is to have a Sanitary Fair at Dubuque.

The ship-carpenters in Baltimore are on a strike.

A lot has been secured in Chicago for the erection of a Soldiers' Home.

A coolness has arisen on the part of Russia toward France; Russia having become convinced that Napoleon has designs upon European Turkey.

Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, the authoress, died suddenly, in New York, on Wednesday last.

Admiral Porter's fleet has captured forty thousand bales of cotton on Red River. At last advices his fleet was waiting for a rise in the river to proceed to its destination.

Powder for the French cannon is now pressed into cylinders of the bore of the pieces by hydraulic pressure, and it becomes so hard it will bear any amount of jolting in the ammunition wagons, where it is placed without any covering or envelope usual to cart-ridges.

A Washington despatch states that troops are now raised about as fast as the Government can equip them, and it is rumored that, if volunteering continues at the present rate, a draft may be avoided in New York and other States.

A Portland paper states a singular fact in connection with the losses of ocean steamships belonging to the Montreal line. It seems that in every instance the vessel that has taken back to Liverpool the effects of a wrecked steamer of this line has been the next in succession to become a victim.

A crazy man has been proposing marriage to the English Princess Helena. He is a gunner in the Royal Artillery.

The widow of the lamented Henry Clay recently died at Lexington, Kentucky, aged 83 years.

Governor Connolly, of New Mexico, has issued a proclamation appointing April 7th as a Thanksgiving Day, for the close of the Indian war.

A despatch from St. Pauls says, that Governor Dallas has given Major Hatch permission to pursue the Sioux Indians into the British Territory.

Five thousand applications have already been made by seamen to be transferred from the army to the navy. Applications of this kind should continue to be made to the Navy Department.

Forrest's rebel command is plundering Western Kentucky and Tennessee with little hindrance. They are carrying off an immense deal of plunder.

General Steele's army has driven the enemy from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, and is now advancing on Price. Several hundred of the enemy are committing raids upon General Steele's communications. Clarksville, about sixty-five miles above Fort Smith, was attacked on the 6th inst. by the rebels, who were finally repulsed. Another band of these guerrillas attacked Ross-ville, some fifty miles south of Fort Smith, and destroyed a large amount of Government cotton stored there.

### The Battle of Gettysburg.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* says:—"General Meade has submitted to the Committee on the Conduct of the War a written statement in regard to the conduct of the battle of Gettysburg. In this statement he denies emphatically and explicitly that he contemplated or issued at any time during the action an order to retreat to Tarrytown or any other point. After his arrival at Gettysburg he asked several corps commanders to act as his temporary Chief-of-staff. All preferring to remain in

command of their corps, he addressed a similar request to General Butterfield, who consented. He directed him immediately to collect all possible information relative to the roads leading to the rear. He avers that in giving this instruction to General Butterfield, he had no thought of a retreat, but merely aimed at obtaining information which any prudent General would consider necessary for an intelligent understanding of the field of action. General Butterfield, on the morning of the second day, drew up an order directing all trains and baggage to be sent to the rear. This order gave the occasion for the assertion of various officers that an order to retreat had been given. General Meade says that General Butterfield showed him the order, that he told him it would not answer, and that if it was issued it was without his authority. This statement of Gen. Meade is corroborated by General Gibbons and other general officers and members of his staff.

**Explosion in Philadelphia.**

The large boiler at the foundry of Messrs. Merrick & Sons, Southwark, exploded on Wednesday morning last, causing much destruction and some loss of life.

Five workmen at the foundry were killed, and over thirty wounded.

The boiler house was situated in the centre of the building, forming a hollow square. It contained two boilers, one of which exploded. The boiler was broken into two fragments, one portion being thrown a distance of fifty feet, demolishing the pattern shop and damaging other buildings.

The explosion throws temporarily out of employment 700 workmen, and will cause much delay in the finishing of machinery for the Government steamers.

[COMMUNICATED.]

**"Headquarters in the Field."**

Eds. CAVALIER:—Many, and myself among the number, could see no good that would result from the appointment of Gen. Grant to be Lieut. General and "commander of all the armies," and we were certainly not blinded by prejudice. On the contrary, we had and have all confidence in his energy and ability to command all the armies; but he was just where we wished to have him "let alone"—to burrow east and west and north and south until the shell of the Confederacy should cave in. Then we would have been pleased to learn of his election as Mayor of Galena, which we believe is politically the height of his ambition, (that position he desires only that he might have a board walk built from his house to the depot.) And we would still further honor him even to the chief magistracy of the nation. But to take him from the field now and place him in an arm-chair at Washington, which we looked upon as the natural consequence of his appointment as Lieutenant General, we believed would be a national calamity. Had we not good reasons to fear such a result? When were the headquarters of the commander of all the U. S. Armies anywhere else than at Washington? With Grant in the field we were full of hope for the Union; but house him in Washington and—well, hope might possibly still survive. However, if we owned a block in Washington with a vacant suite of rooms, at such a crisis, we would immediately commence fitting them up for the headquarters of the newly made "Lieutenant General," with a reasonable certainty that he would occupy them. Suppose we had done so. The rooms are ready and the Lieutenant General formally assumes command of all the U. S. Armies. We eagerly seek his General Order in which he announces his headquarters, and wonder if he mentions our block or only the City of Washington. But here's the order—let us see:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, NASHVILLE, TENN., March 17, '64." GENERAL ORDERS, No. 12.—In pursuance of the following order of the President, &c., I assume command of the Armies of the United States. Headquarters will be in the field, and, until further orders, will be with the Army of the Potomac, &c. (Signed) U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen. "Headquarters in the field!" Who'd

have thought it? Copperheads and mean mercenaries would doubtless have felt chagrin at the announcement; but we will rejoice with the nation that honors can't draw Ulysses S. from the field, and hope and pray that being invested with greater powers he will achieve mightier results. FINEB.

**Peninsular Affairs.**

APRIL SHOWERS.—The quantity of rain that has fallen in this vicinity the past two weeks has put a damper on all active operations here, whilst the roughness of the bay has caused considerable irregularity in the arrival and departure of the boats, and a consequent dearth of news. Yesterday morning, however, the sun arose in all its splendor, after a violent storm of wind and rain the night before, and with the exception of a couple of trifling April sprinkles, the weather continued delightful until half-past three o'clock, and all who could do so seemed inclined to enjoy the change. The roads were well patronized by equestrians, and though somewhat muddy, not a few pedestrians were also in the throng that emerged from the fort. Those who returned early were fortunate; for in spite of the bright promise of the morning, the black clouds gathered in the afternoon, and we were visited by a thunder shower. It is to be hoped that the stormy season, which has already extended beyond the usual time, is now nearly over; but there is little reliance to be placed upon the weather in this portion of the "Sunny South," and the only prediction we can hazard is, that it will be dry enough and hot enough after awhile.

RETURN OF THE BAND.—Yorktown was again regaled, yesterday, by strains of music from the band of the 148th N. Y. Vols. This feature has been sadly missed among us during the temporary absence of the members of the band on furlough, notwithstanding the fact that an excellent drum corps was left to supply their place. Their return is hailed with delight by the music-loving community.

ILLNESS OF GEN. WISTAR.—We regret to announce that Brigadier Gen. Wistar is confined to his room by a sudden illness. He left Yorktown on Saturday morning last, for Fortress Monroe, on official business, but upon reaching that point was unable to leave the boat, and returned to this place the same evening.

RELIEVED.—The 4th U. S. Colored Troops, (Col. Dancan's) have been relieved from duty in this command, and took their departure yesterday, in transports, for Point Lookout. In their stead we are glad to welcome the 2d New Hampshire Vols., Colonel Bailey, a fine old veteran regiment.

GONE HOME.—Captain Coffin, Post Commissary in this command, having obtained a short leave of absence, is enjoying it at his home in Philadelphia.

**GENERAL ORDERS.**

"HEAD-QUARTERS U. S. FORCES, YORKTOWN, VA., April 1st, 1864." GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.—From and after this date, till further orders, the hours for regular calls throughout this command are established as follows, and will be sounded punctually in each camp:

- Reveille, Daybreak.
- Breakfast, 6 A. M.
- Surgeon's Call, 7 A. M.
- Guard Mounting and Policing, 7 A. M.
- Camp and Quarters, 8 A. M.
- Drill, 9 A. M.
- Dinner, 12 M.
- Drill, 2 P. M.
- Supper, 5 P. M.
- Retreat and Parade, Sunset.
- Tattoo, 8 1/2 P. M.
- Taps, 9 P. M.

All troops, guards and detachments will parade, under arms, for roll-call, under their respective officers, at each

stated roll-call, at which hours a gun will be fired from the ramparts of Fort Yorktown.

The stated roll-calls are at Reveille, Retreat and Tattoo, at which all company officers reported present for duty, and not actually on other duty, will attend. Regimental and Battery Commanders and Officers of the Day are charged with the supervision of the same, and will report any infractions to these Head Quarters immediately.

Guards will discharge their pieces between the hours of 9 and 11 A. M. only, at places to be fixed by post commanders.

By command of Brig. Gen. WISTAR. STEPHEN R. BEYNOLDS, Capt. and A. A. G.

**Telegraphic News.**

**From the Southwest.**

CAIRO, April 6.—The steamer Atlantic, with New Orleans dates of the 29th of March, has arrived.

The election in Louisiana on the 28th, for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, resulted in the complete triumph of the Free State party.

One hundred and fifty refugees arrived from Texas at New Orleans on the 29th.

Gov. Yates came up on the Atlantic. Before leaving New Orleans the Illinois troops gave him a reception. He addressed the troops, congratulating them on their appearance, and eulogizing them for their noble conduct in the many battles they had passed through.

There was but little business done at New Orleans.

From the Red River Expedition we learn that all is well with our fleet, though we have had some very bad weather.

At Alexandria, on the 27th, it was reported that all was quiet, with the exception of occasional skirmishing.

The rebel force near there was reported to be 20,000 strong.

It was supposed that their intention was to fall back about fifty miles, and there await an attack from our forces.

Our gunboats bound for Shreveport had succeeded in getting over the shoals. A land force left Alexandria on the 27th, destined for Shreveport. The force was under the command of Gen. Smith.

The rebel ram Tennessee was struck by a squall while lying near Grant's Pass, near Mobile, causing her to keel over and sink.

Nothing but about two feet of her smoke stack remained visible. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consisted of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts, and nearly as many smaller pieces.

All was well with our fleet, though they have had some very bad weather.

**Advertisements.**

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

"ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLIES,"

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 Cakes, Figs, Raisins, Nuts and Candies, and 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 Neckties.

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

**MONITOR HOUSE,**  
CORNER OF  
**KEYES SQUARE AND Mc-  
CLELLAN AVENUE,**  
YORKTOWN, VA.

**VOLENTINE BAKER, Proprietor.**

This establishment will furnish the public, from its Large and Commodious

**DINING SALOON,**

**OYSTER SALOON,**

**AND EXTENSIVE BAKERY**

AND

**ARMY STORE,**

With every Delicacy and Substantial Luxury to be had in the market.

**Meals Served in the Best Style,**

And every variety of PASTRY and CONFECTIONERY constantly on hand.

TOBACCO, SEGARS,

CONDENSED MILK,

CANNED FRUIT,

PRESERVES,

PICKLES, &c.

Sold at reasonable rates. [mh7]

**HENRY N. LANGLEY,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,**

Opposite Mr. Gallagher's Army and Navy

Store, next Door to Barney's Photograph Gallery,

YORKTOWN, VA.,

Keeps constantly on hand a large stock of fine

**WATCHES**

OF AMERICAN, ENGLISH, AND SWISS MANUFACTURE.

Also, Fine Jewelry, such as Pins, Ear-Rings, Finger Rings, Chains, Lockets, Charms, Gold Pens, Gold and Silver Pen Holders, Gold, Silver and Steel Bowed Spectacles and Cases, Clocks, &c.

Having enlarged my place of Business, and procured the Services of Two Fine Workmen, I am now fully prepared to do all kinds of Watchwork with Neatness, and on Short Notice. All Goods and Work Warranted as Represented. fe7-tf  
Cash paid for Second-Hand Watches.

**NOTICE.**

During my absence from Yorktown, Mr. CLARK FAIRBANK will hold my Power of Attorney, to whom I respectfully refer all Persons who may have Unsettled Business with me.

B. F. VOORHEES.  
Yorktown, March 7, 1864. [4t]

**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

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

**NATIONAL EATING-HOUSE**

The Subscriber would respectfully the attention of the Officers, Soldiers citizens of Yorktown and vicinity to that act 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 OFFICES' MESS ROOMS**

served at the shortest notice.

**Conveyances Furnished to Williamsburg**

And other places within our Lines, at Moderate Prices.

J. McIVER, Proprietor.

au31-tf

**CHAPO A LA GASCON.**

**UNION COFFEE HOUSE.**

This Establishment being now open for the accommodation of

**All Visitors,**

Every attention will be given to render satisfaction.

**MEALS**

will be Served up in a Style to suit, at the Shortest Notice, and of the Best that the Markets of

**BALTIMORE AND NORFOLK**

can afford, at the above House, on

McClellan Avenue, Opposite Keyes Square.

M. LOUVESTE,

Proprietor.

**\$15 PER DAY EASY \$15**

**AND A WATCH FREE.**

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 Suters, 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. G. 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-tf

## Original Poetry.

Written for *The Cavalier*.  
TO NELLIE D.

I'm thinking of you, Nellie,  
While the evening shadows fall;  
And the deep, deep gloom of twilight  
Is gathering over all.  
The little stars are peeping,  
From their far off home on me;  
While my fancy now is weaving  
Bright images of thee.  
I wonder if the soft winds  
That are whispering now to me,  
Would bear upon their gentle wings  
A message back to thee.  
They would tell thee, loved one,  
When evening shades depart,  
Thy image still I'm keeping  
Deep written in my heart.

E. E.

CAMP CARROLL, March 10, '64.

## TERRY O'REGAN'S LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.

Number 1.

YORKTOWN, VIRGINY,  
April 6, 1864.

*Misther Tim Grogan, up 2 pair Stairs  
in Jerry McCarthy's, Greenwich St.  
New York. Ould Widdy Mullins  
sells pies in the agree:*

Tim, ye divil, how is ivry six fut of  
you? Shure it's meself that's here in  
Dixie's Land, and feels as much like a  
"bould sojer boy" as my ould Uncle  
Terry that served under the Duke in  
the Pinnensuly ed wish. Hould yer  
whist, ye gommila, till I tell yez of the  
war nuse; and fust, I little thought,  
whin I see the last of ould Killgrange—  
the Lord be wid it—what magnanny-  
mus times I was going to have under  
Uncle Sam, the fine ould gentleman.  
Here I am, I tell ye, one of the "Teach  
and Ballach" Battery. The boys re-  
minds me of that grand song ould Din-  
ny Brine of Baily Botherem the skule-  
master yused to sing for us whin we  
was little gossoons. Let me think;  
aye, I have it:

"There's not a man in squadron here  
Been ever known to flinch or fear;  
The first in fight and last in rear,  
Now charge them home! Lord Clare's  
Dragoons."

Tim sind to the ould dart for ivry  
mother's sowl belongin to ye—the boys  
to fight, the girls to make good sojers'  
wives whin blissed pace comes agin—  
and it's not fur off I think, if I have to  
lick the Southern spalpeens in double  
quick time is, as I hear, *Granted*.

So the Sassenach is mad. That  
mity big baste the British Lion is sava-  
gerrus (a purty wurd I got heer) that  
Pat should give up his friendship and  
protichun for Uncle Sam and lave to  
live. Aha! Johnny Bull, ye'r not the  
fust that cut a shtick to whale his own  
dhirty bhach. Faith an' bedad, we'll  
show ye that sum fine day, to the mu-  
sic of an Allybamy breakdown.

Now Tim, Ma Bouchal, for sum  
ithems of nuse. We had an execuhtun  
here awhile back. An unforhtunet  
man forgot his juty to his God and  
Flag, and he ped the penalty. It was  
a serus time, I tell ye, and wud ye  
b'leve it Tim jewel, wimmen were pre-  
sent—wimmen, Tim, I tell ye, soft  
lookin' as your own fair colleen Naily,  
made in the imige of the Maker and  
Grand Master of all human sympa-  
thies. I'm glad, Tim, they ar not of  
our family.

St. Patrick's Day passed over us  
mity tame, 'specially whin I think of  
times gon by. The Irish Brigayde had  
a ghrand turnout tho'. Min in the  
pigskin, doin' it ould Galway fashion,  
and min runnen after pigs with gray  
tails—glory to ye, Donnybrook!—lots  
of atin' an' drinkin', cut an' come  
agin, an' plinty after. Brave boys!  
you deserve ivry indulgence, for well  
you earned it. Since the glorious sun-  
burst fust had it's place on our holy  
banner of green, braver or better never  
carried or unfurled it in the face of a  
runagade foe.

D'ye ricollect ould Danel Mahony,  
that lived beyant the boren as ye  
turned to go to Billy Turner's mill at

the Grange? Well, his brother is here,  
Sargint Mahony—a fine ould sojer,  
straight as a whip—looks like one of  
Sargint Snap's rarin' and edicatin'.  
He's seen a power, has the sargint—  
ben in Mexicow, an' Floridy, an' among  
the Injuns, all which I have to tell ye  
about him some day. Well, his  
time is out, an' he's goin' home after  
his eighteen years honorable sarvitute,  
an' as I axed meself, why does Uncle  
Sam let him go? Thru, the hero  
would like rest, but he likes the flag he  
fought so long for better. What a  
capitcal officer for a raw regiment  
would the sargint make.

Och! if I was Secretary of War for  
five minits! more 'specially whin I  
think of what my cousin Larry tells  
me. He came here some time back  
with the "Sleepy Hollow Very Heavies."  
They were terribly afflicted with a  
scarlet red erupshun—God help thim—  
which threatened to ait up all the rank  
an' file (I hope Norah, my ould asthore,  
laid in a bit of scarlet cloth for the open-  
ing of the babby's head before the mate-  
rial ruz in price); but Giniral Butler  
(an' betwext us he knows what's what  
and who's who) got his military knowl-  
idge an' bould common sense of right  
and justiss so bothered with chap's who  
said Filadelfy was on the Pottymac, an'  
would want a suggawn tied on their  
right leg to know which fut to start  
with, that he gave sum of the lading  
patriarks in this noble corpse an op-  
portunity of serving their bleedin'  
country with a rifle at their shoulder,  
instead of a soord all down by their  
side. Well, revenue on the muttuns,  
as Mounseer says.

We are just after havin' the Aquil-  
knocks, and the aquil of it, not to say  
the Matin', would be hard to find. This  
last few days we have been lookin' out  
for the return blow, but up to this pre-  
sent writin' the chap that threw his  
caubeen into the ring on Tuesday a  
week is masther of the sitiwashun.

Everything and everybody feels  
good, and waitin' on Providence and  
the Giniral for orders. The *moralle* is  
*parfay*, an' the *spree jew corpse* (a thing  
the sargint says no sojer should be with-  
out) is gratyfyin'. Now beggin' par-  
don, not bein' a scholar, that *spree jew  
corpse* bothers me. If they mane to  
lick a rebel until he loses his taste for  
terrestrial aitin' an' dhrinkin', includin'  
the stuff the blackguards in the South  
call whisky (a great name pilluted),  
then we are all aboard; but his corpse  
may rest in pace afterwar'd; not as  
they served porr Dahlgren—a nashun's  
tears and a heavenly reward be his.

Your ould frind,

TERRY O'REGAN.

Noty Bany.—Tell my ould woman  
Norah not to be onasy. I am well  
purvided for. An Amerykane faymale  
of Affrykin discent looks after my  
buttons and minds my dificts ginirally.  
Memmy random for Norah. The  
Varginny wimmin ait snuff.

PASHUNS OF JOAB.—Everybody is  
in the habit of braggin on Joab, and  
Joab did have kensiderable pashuns,  
that's a fac, but did he ever keep a  
distic skule for eight dollars a month  
and board 'round? Did he ever reap  
lodged oats down hill on a hot da and  
hav all his gallus bust oph at onet?  
Did he ever have the jumpin teethake  
and be made to tend baby while his  
wife was over to Perkinses to a tea-  
squall? Did he ever git up in the  
morning awful dri, and turf it 3' miles  
after a hard drink, and find that the  
man kept a temperance house? Did  
he ever undertake to milk a kicking  
hefer with a bushy tail in flit time, out  
in the lot? Did he ever sit onto a lit-  
ter of kittens in the old rocking cheer  
with his summer pantaloons on without  
saing "Jehosophat?" If he cud du all  
these things and praze the lord at the  
same time, all I have got tu say iz,  
"Bully for Joab!"—*Josh Billings*.

## Miscellaneous.

THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNED.—  
A terrible illustration of what a scorned  
woman's fury will lead her to do, oc-  
curred, recently, in Milwaukie. A lady  
of that city, returning unexpectedly  
from a call, imagined she heard voices  
in the room usually occupied by her-  
self and husband. The door being  
closed, she was reduced to the keyhole,  
and to this aperture she applied her  
eye. She saw the figure of a woman,  
and standing by her was the husband  
of the jealous wife, actually engaged in  
adjusting a shawl upon the shoulders  
of the female intruder. The wife went  
to another room, took a loaded shot  
gun, returned, opened the door, and  
deliberately shot the strange woman in  
the back. The husband screamed, the  
wife fainted. When the latter returned  
to consciousness, she found the wretch  
of a husband bending over her, with a  
well-feigned solicitude in his glance.  
Mutual explanations ensued, and the  
body of the woman who had been shot  
was brought in. It was a dummy! The  
husband, who pursued the respect-  
able calling of a retail dry goods dealer,  
was wont to use this figure to exhibit  
the mantillas and shawls with which  
he desired to charm the eyes of the  
Milwaukie ladies. The dummy, from  
long exposure and hard usage, had be-  
come shabby, and the merchant had,  
that morning brought it from the shop  
for the purpose of renovating its exte-  
rior. Not finding his wife, he was  
trying, in his awkward way, to do the  
work, and was probably swearing at  
his clumsy attempts, when his wife,  
mistaking the accents of passion, let fly  
the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life  
will teach her a lesson, perhaps.

We often hear ov men who have  
cum within an inch of dieing, and I  
haint enny dout there is sum that evry  
buddy would lik tew hear had cum  
within an inch ov bein born. If there  
iz enny thing on this airth that  
angels cant imitate, it iz the vartuous  
yung man trampin tentashun under  
his feet. Truth is the only thing I kno  
ov that cant be improved upon. If yu  
want tew git a sure krop, and a big  
yield from the seed, sow wild oats.  
Fame is jist about as much use tew a  
ded man as 5-20's wud be, interest pay-  
able in goold.—*Josh Billings*.

At a hotel in New York, recently,  
an old gentleman came down stairs  
and inquired of the clerk whether he  
had any tallow candles. Being in-  
formed that he could be supplied with  
tallow dips, the gentleman said, "Then  
I wish you would give me one; I want  
something that I can blow out, for I  
have been blasting away at that cussed  
jigger in my room till I've no wind  
left."

A THEATRICAL company was play-  
ing, in one of the interior towns of the  
West, Shakspeare's Othello; and when  
Othello demanded of Desdemona "the  
handkerchief! the handkerchief!" a  
green "un called out, impatiently—  
"Never mind the handkerchief; don't  
wait for that; blow your nose with your  
fingers, and go ahead."

VERY ECCENTRIC.—An Albany cler-  
gyman, of eccentric character, alluding  
in a sermon to the practice of writing  
anonymous letters, said, "Young man,  
when you were engaged in that dirty  
work, did not you say to yourself what  
a mean, sneaking devil I am?" The  
young man didn't answer. Course not.

An exchange paper, referring to  
Tupper's line—"A babe in the house is  
a well-spring of pleasure," says, "If it  
is, we prefer to get water from the  
pump."

WHAT five letters form a sentence of  
forgiveness? *I x q q u.*

A rare combination—Dollars and  
sense.

## Advertisements.

### GOLD WATCHES

FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Wood, Hoyt & Co.,  
JEWELERS,

750 Broadway, New York.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES  
WORTH \$300,000.

To be sold for One Dollar Each without  
Regard to Value.

250 GOLD WATCHES,  
worth from \$60 to \$150 each.

250 LADIES' GOLD WATCHES,  
450 SILVER WATCHES,  
worth from \$15 to \$25 each.

Diamond Pins, Diamond Rings, Gold  
Bracelets, Coral, Florentine, Mosaic,  
Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets,  
Gold and Silver Extension  
Holders, Sleeve Buttons,  
Sets of Studs, Vest and  
Neck Chains, Plain  
and Chased Gold  
Rings,

Together with a large assortment of  
FINE JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIP-  
TION,  
Of the Best Make and Latest Styles.

Each article to be sold for One Dollar,  
without regard to choice, and not to be  
paid for until you know what you will re-  
ceive.

Certificates naming each article and its  
value, are placed in Sealed Envelopes, and  
well mixed. One of these Envelopes, con-  
taining the Certificate or Order for some  
Article or Set of Jewelry, will be delivered  
at our office, or sent by mail to any address  
without regard to choice, on receipt of 25  
cents.

On receiving the Certificate, the pur-  
chaser will see what article it draws, and  
its value, and has the option to send One  
Dollar and receive the article named, or  
any other on the list of the same value.  
Purchasers may thus obtain

A GOLD WATCH, DIAMOND RING,  
Or any Set of Jewelry on our list,  
FOR ONE DOLLAR,

Which Purchasers need not Pay until they  
know what is drawn and its value.

None can receive less than the value of  
their money, as no article on our list is  
worth less than One Dollar, and there are  
NO BLANKS.

We will send by mail, to any address,  
the article which the purchaser may draw.  
ENTIRE SATISFACTION GUARAN-  
TEED IN ALL CASES,

And the price will be immediately re-  
funded to any party dissatisfied with the  
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Orders for Sealed Envelopes must in  
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We are constantly receiving from our  
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pattern or style promptly filled, if accom-  
panied by the money. The articles so sent  
may be inspected, and if not satisfactory,  
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any in the market. Gold Pens re-pointed  
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Five Certificates will be sent for \$1;  
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Consisting of

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