

THE CAVALIER.

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

VOL. II.

YORKTOWN, VA., MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1864.

NO. VIII.

THE CAVALIER

Is issued every Monday morning, on the following terms:

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One copy, one year, in advance, . . . \$2.00
" " six months, . . . 1.00
" " three months, . . . 50
Single copy, . . . 05
Six copies of one issue, . . . 25

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Ten lines or less, first insertion, . . . \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, . . . 30
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T. C. FELL & I. BARKLEY,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Select Poetry.

I WOULDN'T--WOULD YOU?

Who doesn't now read the papers
More than ever he read before;
Eagerly watching the symptoms
Of our great political sore?
Some only to croak and grumble,
To sleep and loaf and chew,
Doing nothing to ease the smarting,
I wouldn't do that--would you?

Some canvass their rulers' merits,
While they hint with a lofty grace,
What they in their wiser wisdom
Would do if they filled their place.
They keep aloof from the struggle,
They choose to talk, not do,
While others are fighting their battles;
I wouldn't do that--would you?

Some peek at our noble generals
As a cockerel would at the sun,
And understand their movements
About the same each one.
They stay 'neath pleasant home shadows,
While others dare and do,
And from lack of their aid are falling;
I wouldn't do that--would you?

When voices are calling loudly
For help in the contest at hand,
Some back in the blacken'd shadow
Of their idol self-hood stand;
Willing the few brave spirits
Fight the fearful conflict through,
And sow the land with their ashes;
I wouldn't do that--would you?

There's many a noble woman
Would stand by her husband's side,
And face the foe bravely with him
Through the battle's fearful tide.
Others there are withholding,
When they fain would follow too,
Their husbands, sons or brothers;
I wouldn't do that--would you?

Some only remember the circle
That gathers about their board,
While to the sick and suffering soldier
There's nothing they can afford;
Their ear is shut to the wailing
That is piercing our country through,
While our bravest and best are dying;
I wouldn't do that--would you?

Select Story.

ENTRAPPING A MURDERER.

A Speculator's Story.

It was in 1833, when I went to the Red River country with the view of speculating in horses, lands, or anything that might give promise of a profitable return for a cash investment. Of course I carried a good deal of money with me, but knowing I was going among a wild, lawless class, of every grade and color--among half-civilized Indians, negroes, gamblers, thieves, robbers, murderers and assassins--with perhaps a few settlers with some claims

of honor and honesty, if they could be sifted out of the mass--I thought it the safest plan not to seem well off in the world's goods. Accordingly I secured my money in a belt about my body, put on a very coarse, rough dress, which, by intentional carelessness, soon had a very mean, slovenly appearance, and allowed my hair and beard to do matters their own way without any troublesome interference of razor or comb. Thus prepared, and armed with two revolvers and a bowie-knife, I passed over some dangerous territory in comparative safety, and flattered myself that no one guessed my riches through my apparent poverty.

In fact, on two occasions, I began to think that it might have been to my advantage to have looked a little more respectable. The first of these was when, in traveling through the Choctaw nation, I found a drove of horses that pleased me very much, and was told by the owner, in reply to my question as to what he would take a head for the entire lot, that he was not in the habit of naming his price to every wandering beggar that chose to satisfy an idle curiosity. I was disposed at first to put on some dignity, and get indignant, but concluded, after a careful survey of my person, that the man had good cause for speaking as he did, and so merely assured him that I knew an individual who wished to buy horses, if he could get them at a fair price. The horse owner, however, was not disposed to believe my statement, and so I passed him by, with the resolve that, if nothing turned up, I would give him another call under more advantageous appearances. As the second instance alluded to was the same as the first, it may be passed over without further notice.

But out of this same cause grew a very remarkable adventure, which it is my present purpose to relate.

While passing between two settlements, over a very lonely, gloomy horse path leading through a dark hemlock wood, and while in the most solitary part, there suddenly came before me, leaping from a thicket, on the right, a human figure of the most startling appearance. It was a man of medium height, but of a stout, powerful frame, all covered with dirty tatters, that he appeared to have worn and wallowed in for years. He had no covering for his head or feet, and his skin was so coated with grime, that it was difficult at first to tell whether he belonged to the white race or not. His face, high up on his cheeks, was covered with a dirty brown beard, and his matted hair hung in wild profusion all around his head, except a little space before his swollen, blood shot eyes, and altogether he looked like a madman or human devil. His hands held and swung a formidable club, and his attitude as he leaped into the road before me, was one of fierce menace and defiance.

I stopped in alarm, and while fixing my eyes sharply upon him, quietly slipped my hand into a convenient pocket and grasped the butt of one of my revolvers, firmly determined to keep him at the short distance that divided us, or kill him if he advanced.

For perhaps half a minute we stood silently surveying and regarding each other, and then, resting one end of his club on the ground, and partly leaning forward on the other, he said, in a coarse, gruff tone, with a kind of chuckling laugh:

"Well--me! I's in hope I'd got a prize at last; but if you're better off nor me, you don't show it, by--! Stranger, who ar' you, and whar you from?"

"Well," returned I, feeling highly complimented, of course, that I resembled such a villainous looking object as himself, "some people call me a beggar, and I know I don't pass for a genteel gentleman."

"I'll swar to that--haw! haw! haw!" was his chuckling response. "The world haint made much of you, more'n it has of me. I see steal in your face as plain as daylight. Say, what jail lost you last?"

"Never mind that," said I, "probably neither of us have got our deserts."

"Well, if you had been decent dressed, looked like you had five dollars about you, I'd have knocked your brains out!" pursued the villain with a broad grin. As it is you can pass--for I can swar you haint got a red!"

"Much obliged for your candor, anyhow," rejoined I.

He stood still before me, looking straight into my eye, and now seemed to be pondering some new idea. Presently he muttered, as if to himself:

"I think he might do."

"Then, a moment after, he said to me:

"I say, old fellow, how'd you like to make a raise?"

"How would you like to eat when hungry?" I answered; thinking it not unlikely that the scoundrel had some dark project in view, which, by seeming to chime in with him, I might discover.

"Well, I've got a plan," he said, throwing down his club, as if to assure me of his pacific intentions towards myself, and quietly advancing to my side; "I've got a plan that will give us both a heap of money, and it'll take just two to carry it out. I've been wanting a pal, and if you will join in, I'll go you halves."

"If there's any chance to turn a penny, I'm your man," said I.

"Good!" returned he; "you look like a trump, and I'll bet high on you. I don't know," he added, eyeing me sharply, "but I may be deceived--but I think I'll risk it. If you go to play any game on me, you'd better look out for yourself, that's all."

"Do I look like such a scamp as that?" returned I, in an indignant tone.

"Well, let's take a seat and talk it over."

We found an old log and sat down; and after some preliminary conversation, my new and interesting acquaintance unfolded to me a most damnable scheme, the substance of which was as follows:

He knew the country well for miles around, and the exact position and condition of every settler. One man, living in a rather lonely quarter, about five miles distant, was a speculator in

horses and cattle, which he sometimes bought up and drove to a distant market. He had a good deal of money, which it was supposed he kept secreted in his dwelling; and to get in possession of this money was, of course, the object in view. The trouble was, that the man himself was a brave, determined fellow, who always went well armed, and had, besides his wife, two grown up sons and a daughter, which was a force too great for any one individual to encounter. About a mile from him lived a poor widow, who had nothing worth stealing except her clothes, which would be valuable for carrying out our plan. This plan was to rob the widow of her clothes, dress me up in them, and have me seek lodgings at the speculator's house. Then in the night, when all the family should be asleep, I was to unbolt the door, let in my confederate, and we were to attempt the murder of the inmates--the robbery and burning of the house to follow, and be the concluding scene.

I secretly shuddered at the atrocity of the contemplated crime, but appeared to receive the disclosure with the business air of the most hardened wretch, inquiring as to the amount of money we should thus probably obtain, and objecting to nothing but the great risk we should have to run, both before and after the accomplishment of our purpose. I permitted my eager companion to gradually quiet my fears, and at last consented to act.

When everything had thus become settled, we struck off into the fields, to avoid being seen, and just before night came in sight of the widow's house. As my companion was acquainted with the premises, I insisted that he should procure the female garments--but solemnly warned him that if he harmed the poor woman in the least, I would have nothing further to do with the affair.

As good luck would have it, the widow was not at home, and my murderous friend managed to break in and get the necessary clothing without doing any further damage. The widow being a large woman, I had no trouble in arranging the dress so as to pass in a dim light as a tolerably respectable female; and then, having agreed upon the story I was to tell, how I would manage matters, and the signal that would assure my accomplice of all being right, we went forward together, till we came in sight of the house to be robbed, when I made my nearest way to the road, and continued on alone, reaching the house about an hour after dark, and just about as the family were concluding their evening meal.

Had my design been really what I had led my villainous companion to believe, I certainly could never have gone forward with such confidential boldness; but feeling my conscience all right, and knowing that I was acting from a good motive, I kept up a wonderful assurance, feeling curious to see how well I could play my part, and to what extent I could carry the deception.

I asked for lodgings for the night and something to eat, and was kindly and hospitably received. The first thing that sent the blush of shame and confusion to my cheeks, was the coming

forward of a young lady, about eighteen, beautiful as an houri, and in a sweet, gentle tone asked me if I had walked far, if I was much fatigued, offering to take my hood, telling me I should soon be refreshed with a hot cup of tea. This was a little too much for my equanimity. I could have got along with all the rest, without being especially disturbed, but I was then a young, unmarried man, and though not particularly susceptible to the female attractions in general, I thought I had never looked upon so lovely and interesting a creature before. I stammered out some unintelligible replies, kept my hood well drawn over my face, and asked to be permitted to have a few minutes' private conversation with the master of the house.

Of course this request caused considerable surprise; but it was granted, and as soon as we were alone together, I told him in a few words who and what I was, the strange adventure I had met with, and disclosed in full the plot of my road-acquaintance to murder and rob him. He turned pale at the recital and seemed much astonished, but begged me not to mention the design to his wife and daughter. He then called his two sons--strong determined fellows--recounted the plot to them, and arranged to have everything go forward as if the scheme was being carried out as its vile author had designed.

It took some shrewd management to keep me to my part without letting the females into the secret; but it was effected, and before midnight I cautiously opened the door and looked out. There was my man, ready and waiting. "Is all right?" he whispered.

"Yes, come in."

As he crossed the threshold the father and sons sprang upon him; but the fellow was strong and desperate, and perhaps had some slight suspicion of the truth. With a wild yell he cleared their united grasps at a bound, leaving a large portion of his rags in their hands. The next moment the whole four of us were in chase of the villain, as he ran across the road to gain the cover of a woods about twenty rods distant.

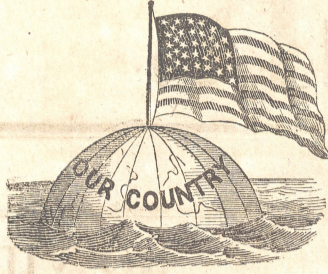
"Fire!" shouted the father. "Shoot down the scoundrel!"

We were all armed and prepared, and at the word four revolvers began to crack behind him. But he seemed to lead a charmed life, for still he ran on, keeping a short distance ahead of us. Once I fancied I saw him stagger, but he gained the woods and disappeared, and we reluctantly and with chagrin gave up the chase.

When we returned to the house, the wife and daughter were both terribly alarmed. Of course an explanation followed, the host being disappointed of making the capture, as he intended, without exciting their fears.

The next morning we went out to the wood and discovered a trail of blood. We followed on for half a mile, and found the ruffian lying dead, his face downwards, his hands firmly clinched upon some bushes. One of the sons recognized him as a suspected murderer, who had a couple of years before left that part of the country. He was buried with little ceremony. I was

The Cavalier.



MONDAY, APRIL '18, 1864.

AT IT AGAIN.

The rebels have commenced operations this spring in a manner that is not much calculated to inspire our troops with a feeling of humanity toward them in the present campaign. What can the inhuman wretches who participated in the wanton massacre at Fort Pillow expect at the hands of Union soldiers, should the fortune of war ever place those miscreants at their mercy? Certainly, nothing but similar treatment. And yet, should our troops retaliate upon these ruthless murderers, what a scream of horror would be raised in Richmond, and throughout the South, against the perpetrators of "the fiendish outrage." They cannot justify themselves for their conduct at Fort Pillow by falling back on their previously declared intention to show no quarter to negroes taken in arms against them, for the white soldiers were treated with the same merciless barbarity as the blacks. The fact of their being on duty together is advanced as a palliating circumstance. The whole Union armies, both black and white, are doing duty together in the same cause, and the paltry excuse set up in this instance would hold just as good at any other time and place that they might choose to indulge their fiendish and cowardly propensity to murder their helpless victims. It is not so much the negro that they hate and would ignore from fighting against them, as it is the Union soldier, and against the latter are their barbarities practiced. They must therefore look to the Union soldier for full and ample retaliation. We regret to see the spring open with this species of warfare, for war has horrors enough at the best, and if this sort of hellish license is taken in the contending armies at the opening of the campaign, what may we not expect before its close?

MERITED PROMOTION.—We are glad to notice, in the Philadelphia papers, the promotion of our old friend Sergeant James M. Johnson, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, to the Captaincy of Company H, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry. For two years and a half an Orderly Sergeant in the 5th, in which capacity he acquitted himself with signal ability, Sergeant Johnson enjoyed the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. At the time of Gen. Wise's attack on Fort Magruder, Sergeant Johnson distinguished himself for coolness and bravery, and was favorably mentioned by Col. West in his report of that affair. Captain Johnson's friends everywhere will rejoice with us that his merits have at last been so handsomely acknowledged. He was connected with THE CAVALIER at the time of its first establishment at Williamsburg, and we will watch his career closely, not doubting that we will have an opportunity to record his elevation, through merit, to still higher military honors.

ADVICES FROM GENERAL BANKS' ARMY in Western Louisiana represent everything quiet at Alexandria, although the streets of the city are barricaded in case of raids being made by the enemy. Five hundred people in that region have availed themselves of the President's Proclamation of Amnesty.

News by the Mails.

Admiral Farragut is at New Orleans.

The Brazilian Government has accepted the mediation of Portugal in the dispute with England.

Jeffers, the murderer, has donated a revolver to the New York Sanitary Fair.

The Rebel ram Tennessee still lives, and proposes to soon move, according to the latest advices, upon our fleet off Mobile.

A report comes from Natchez, that the Rebels have evacuated Shreveport, La., and blown up their rams on the Red River.

The Italian frigate Re D'Italia has arrived safely at Gibraltar, but nothing has yet been heard of the Re Galantuomo.

The New Orleans papers state that the Liberals, under Cortinas, have defeated Vidaurri, at Monterey. The French, in Mexico, are not inactive. Their war vessels are taking soundings at the mouth of the Rio Grande, preparatory to an attack upon Matamoras.

Prince Charles Bonaparte, cousin of the Emperor, has arrived at Martinique, bound to Mexico, with the regiment in which he is captain.

General Steele's army, in South Arkansas, is making a successful advance. His rear guard has been twice attacked by the Rebel Generals Price and Marmaduke. The Rebels, after brief battles, were handsomely repulsed and routed. A large force of Rebels are in General Steele's front; but it is not thought that they will make a stand.

The Rebels have been receiving reinforcements for several days on the Rapidan. It is known that at least three brigades have come up from other points, and were put on duty in front at once.

The report that General Wilson had relieved General Kilpatrick in command of his Cavalry Division, is incorrect.

Slavery in Kentucky.

At a recent meeting held at Lexington, Kentucky, Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge delivered an able speech in favor of sustaining, without any "ifs," the National Government in the present crisis. In the course of his remarks he spoke as follows upon the subject of slavery in Kentucky, and the view to be taken of it by all loyal citizens of the State:

If I had nothing else to talk to you about except slavery, I could say a great deal under this head; but as there are other topics of at least as vital importance, I will not now say much. There are two or three courses that might be taken in Kentucky. It is possible that there may be a total revolution in the public sentiment of the United States; that another party and Administration may come into power; that the South may agree to come back; that slavery may be reinstated; that slaves taken by the Government may be paid for, and the whole thing set back where it was. There may be such a possibility. A tremendous revolution of public sentiment might produce that result. But I do not believe, judging from my present stand-point, and from the present course of events, that there is anything short of the most violent probability that these things should happen; and therefore as a practical thing it is utterly past hope, and time is thrown away talking about it. In other words, I consider the institution of slavery in Kentucky gone under. You cannot help it. We are between the devil and the deep sea, and must make our choice.

There were two courses left in regard to slavery. One was for the people of Kentucky to take the matter in their own hands, and by the powers of legis-

lation under the Constitution determine the disposition of the institution for themselves. You say there is no power. There is a conflict of power. The Constitution is express, that the property which every man has may be taken for public use by Government paying for it. And it says, also, that if a man die and leave a female slave to his child, and don't stipulate that her future increase shall descend in the same way, it does not pass as the inheritance. My own judgment is that it is a thing which the Constitution allows the Legislature to control so far as this, that it may determine in advance of the existence of the unborn being upon what condition slavery shall attach when it does come into the world. If you choose to make it attach for life, you can do so, or you can make it otherwise.

The other way was for the State to treat for compensation by Commissioners. Had this been done, what would have happened would be, that after the death of the present generation slavery would be legally abolished in Kentucky, at small cost. I was satisfied that the people of Kentucky were in such a state of mind that they would not consider such a proposition, and to make it was to disturb the public mind, on the tranquility and steady firmness of which the salvation of the country is staked. I therefore acquiesced, that the best thing to be done then was to let it alone. As the question of the Union was far the greatest, I was willing that it should take precedence, and that the black man should stand aside till we had finished the more important job on hand.

All you have to do now is to stand still and see the General Government exercise its powers, and do what it pleases to do. If we go to war and take the other side, we lose our country, our lives too, perhaps, and our slaves certainly. Let it alone, and let the Government do what seems best in their own eyes; whether this, that, or the other is constitutional is not a question I want to fight about now. On this point I am like the negro who says he wants to be free, but don't want to fight for his freedom. And you want your niggers saved, but I would advise you not to go to shooting for them at present. (Cheers.)

Let it be forever remembered that it is the secession of the South and the war which has followed, which has brought slavery to the crisis of its fate. Let it be settled in your hearts, that the alternative so often spoken of has come. The preservation of slavery demands that the General Government and the nation itself should not only be resisted but conquered. It demands not only that Kentucky should aid the South in doing this, but that she should join the South and take her final lot with the Confederate States! This is the real end as to us, or this Chicago transfer, if Kentucky accepts it and the thing does not break down.

Even complete triumph, and complete peace, on the terms proposed to us by these committee men at Louisville, must necessarily end in destroying slavery in this State.

Most lawyers would agree to the abstract proposition that Congress has the right to demand the services of negroes whether as laborers or soldiers. I will acknowledge that the idea was distasteful to me; but according to my understanding of the Constitution I think they could be taken and paid for. I say to my secesh friends here that it would be hard on them to take their niggers and not pay for them, but I say, also, that it would be harder for me to turn against the Government.

I am and always have been an emancipationist; never was an abolitionist; and I wish to God every human being on the face of the earth was as free as you and I. But I know they are neither free nor fit to be free. I do not,

therefore, feel called upon to make any great commotion, but will acquiesce, and not fight the General Government on this subject. The fifth part of all the property in Kentucky is in slaves, and I shall be a loser along with the rest of you. I am aware, too, that men like you and myself would rather that Government would take our property than do us acts of indignity. I can clearly understand how it is that our civil officers feel themselves outraged, and that cases should be constantly occurring in which great and embarrassing difficulties would arise.

But that the nation has the perfect right to do much that a minority would prevent if it could, and that the wisest and best of men might disapprove, and that this right enters into all Government no one will deny. One of these things is in the act of being done here now, I mean the enrollment of our slaves for draft, and concerning which the Governor has sent various despatches, written divers letters, issued a proclamation and visited the President, and with which I have, without any seeking, or, as far as I can see, any fault of my own, been called in question, both privately and publicly. In the latter way this has been done both in speeches and by the press; by the latter with great injustice, and not in some instances without manifestations of extreme insolence and rancor.

The case has a double aspect; one altogether public, and of the highest importance to the State and to both sections into which the Union party of it may be torn by the course of events; the other aspect is so far private, as the attack is for the present mainly directed against me; and so far as that is not necessarily involved in the public aspect of the case, I shall not at this time trouble you much with it. I deeply regret that I cannot explain the matter, or satisfy the just expectation of the public without using the names of a number of persons, and among them that of the Governor of the State.

Peninsular Affairs.

EXECUTION OF EGAN AND HOLT.

A Warning to Bounty-Jumpers.

The large bounties paid to volunteers in some of the Eastern States attracted the attention of a great number of unprincipled and worthless vagabonds, from all parts of the country, who have been making a business of traveling from one State to another, enlisting, receiving the bounties, and then seizing the first opportunity to desert, and repeat the operation at another point. Among the regiments that have suffered most from this species of rascality are those of New Hampshire and Connecticut, and the necessity of putting a check upon desertions by force of unrelenting example has been nowhere so deeply felt as in the commands where regiments from those States are serving.

In this command alone there are charges and specifications pending against some eighty of these "bounty-jumpers," who had deserted their regiments at different points with munificent bounties in their pockets, but were, unfortunately for their villainous designs, unable to elude the vigilance of the authorities in working their way out of the lines.

These wretches are being dealt with here with the promptness and severity which their crimes demand. A Court Martial was convened at this place on Tuesday last, for the trial of deserters, and immediately proceeded to investigate the case of Private John Egan, of Company A, 2d New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, who deserted his regiment at this point on this 10th inst., in company with about a dozen others of his regiment, and crossed the York

River at a point below the fort. He was picked up on Monday by our vigilant soldiers on the other side of the river, whilst endeavoring to work his way to the rebel lines.

The testimony against him was conclusive, and he was sentenced to be shot to death with musketry, which sentence was ordered to be executed on Wednesday last, between the hours of 5 and 6, P. M.

Egan, who was a true type of the heartless, soulless, unprincipled vagabond, heard his sentence without exhibiting any signs of emotion, and apparently regarded his speedy doom as something which one of his class might at any time expect.

As the hour of execution drew nigh, the troops in and about the fort were drawn up on the plain a short distance below the fort, to witness the execution.

The prisoner was brought out of the jail about 5 o'clock, and seated upon a rough coffin in an open wagon, attended by his spiritual adviser, was conducted through the fort and past the camp of his regiment toward the place of execution. In passing the camp Egan stood up in the wagon, and lifting his cap with his manacled hands, waved it about his head and threw it toward the camp.

When the prisoner had nearly reached the place of execution, and had doubtless given up any hope he may have entertained of official clemency, Gen. Wistar received a telegraphic order from the Department Headquarters to suspend the execution till further orders. There was little time left in which to carry out the order, and upon receiving the first three words of the dispatch—"Stay the execution"—the operator at this point, without waiting to hear the remainder, hastened to the office of Captain Reynolds, Assistant Adjutant General, and delivered verbally the words he had received, and then returned to his instrument to receive the rest. In a moment the Captain had communicated the intelligence to Gen. Wistar, received his orders, and mounting a horse, without waiting for spurs, started at a break-neck gate on his life-saving mission. Near the gate one of his stirrups gave way, but there was no time for delay on this account, and the Captain, at the imminent peril of his own neck, to say nothing of the awkwardness of his position, succeeded in keeping his saddle without slackening his speed, and had the satisfaction of transmitting the order to Capt. Fleming, the Provost Marshal, before the dismal procession had quite reached its destination.

Nothing was said to the prisoner at the time in regard to the reprieve, and if, upon being driven back to the guard house, he entertained the idea that he was pardoned, or his sentence commuted, he was doomed to be bitterly disappointed.

The troops who had been drawn up on the plain were marched back to their quarters, and the crowd that had gathered to witness the execution dispersed in quiet good order.

Whilst everybody was wondering at the supposed clemency of General Butler in a case where stern justice was so much needed as an example, the Court Martial which tried Egan was sitting in the case of one of his associates, who, with others of the same gang, had been picked up by a gunboat at the mouth of York river, while attempting to cross over into Maryland in a "dugout."

The result of the trial, and the intention of the military authorities here to deal summarily with this class of deserters, will be seen in the following order, which was read at dress parade on Thursday evening last:

"HEAD-QUARTERS U. S. FORCES, YORKTOWN, VA., April 14, 1864. }
GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—I. Private Henry Holt, of Company F, Second New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, deserted his regiment on the 10th instant, was arrested on the 11th,

tried, convicted and sentenced to death on the 13th, by a General Court Martial.

The proceedings, finding and sentence of the Court having been approved by the Brigadier General Commanding, and forwarded to the Major General Commanding Department, have been by him confirmed, and ordered to be executed.

Private Henry Holt will be shot to death with musketry on the plain, below Fort Yorktown, between the hours of 9 and 10 A. M. to-morrow, the 15th instant.

II. Private John Egan, of Company A, Second New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, heretofore ordered for execution, in pursuance of the sentence of a General Court Martial, for desertion, and the execution suspended till further orders, will be shot to death with musketry at the place and time herein aforesaid.

III. The Provost Marshal at Yorktown is charged with the execution of this order.

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

Upon reading this order to the prisoners, Provost Marshal Fleming, acting under orders from Gen. Wistar, assured them that they need entertain no hope of clemency; that their fate as read to them, was irrevocably sealed.

At 9 o'clock on Friday morning the procession again left the jail, in the same order as before, with the exception that another wagon and coffin and doomed "bounty-jumper" were added to the train, and more soldiers were added to the little party that brought up the rear, to perform the unpleasant duty assigned them.

Holt, as the procession passed through the fort, looked as though he did not consider the bounty money for which he enlisted and deserted of sufficient value to remunerate him for passing through the horrors of the ordeal of death. Fear and despair were marked upon his features, though he tried hard to conceal it, and imitate the example of studied indifference which he had before him in the person of Egan.

The latter conducted himself as though he was used to being shot, going through the affair of riding to the place of execution with the same outward show of unconcern that he evinced on the previous occasion.

With the exception of one section of Belger's Battery, none of the troops in the fort were paraded at the execution, and most of them were on drill when the prisoners passed through the fort. At the gate, the crowd that followed the miserable wretches were stopped by the guard, and none but officers were permitted to pass through. Many, however, reached the ground by passing out at other points and taking a circuitous route.

The spot selected for the execution is below the contraband camp, where the 2d New Hampshire, a regiment of colored troops and one section of Belger's Battery were drawn up, forming three sides of a square, the execution taking place at the open side.

Arriving at the ground, the preliminaries were arranged with all practicable haste. The prisoners alighted from the wagons with an air of careless indifference entirely out of keeping with the position they occupied on the verge of eternity, and when the coffins were placed upon the ground, at a short distance from each other, they walked to their positions in front of them with an evident determination (which has been the ambition of great villains in all ages) to die "game."

The detachment of Provost Guards, twenty-four in number, were marched to the front, and took their positions fifteen paces from the coffins, twelve being assigned to the execution of each culprit.

The charges, specifications, finding and sentence in each case were then read, together with the order for their execution.

They then knelt with the priest, who in a fervent and impressive prayer com-

mended them to divine mercy, after which he bid them adieu and retired.

Provost Marshal Fleming then proceeded to prepare his prisoners for the execution.

Egan submitted to his eyes being bandaged with the same sham carelessness that he had preserved throughout. Holt, on the contrary, grew very restless as the moments sped, and when the light of earth was about being shut away from his eyes forever, he intimated to the Provost Marshal that he had something to say. He was informed that it was too late; that his time was already up.

Taking leave of the miserable creatures, Capt. Fleming retired a few paces, when the order was given—"Ready—Aim—Fire!" Twenty-two bullets were sent on their fatal mission, and two wretched "bounty-jumpers" received their deserts.

A surgeon in attendance advanced to ascertain whether life was extinct. The bodies were found to be completely riddled, nearly every ball having taken effect. In both cases death must have been instantaneous.

The bodies were buried near the place of execution.

The summary manner in which Egan and Holt were dealt with is having a beneficial effect. Since the execution not a case of desertion has been reported, whilst previous to it they were occurring by dozens. It is gratifying to know that but few, if any, of the deserters from this command who have left their regiments recently are now at large. They have very generally discovered that it is no easy matter to elude the vigilance of the authorities here.

The Court Martial which tried and sentenced Egan and Holt is still in session, sitting without regard to hours, and it is generally believed that pretty clean work will be made of the desertion cases.

THE 148TH N. Y. VOLS.—The dress parades of this splendid organization continue to attract crowds of spectators on every pleasant evening. The regiment has arrived at a state of discipline and efficiency which it would be hard to improve upon. The men are perfect in the drill, and keep up an appearance of cleanliness and good order, both in their persons and quarters, that does credit to themselves and is flattering to the officers of the regiment.

The 148th has been recently filled up by recruitment, and by the transfer of a number of men to its ranks from the 16th N. Y. Artillery. It now numbers nine hundred and fifty men. In the opening campaign, the 148th will probably bear an active part, and if so, we predict that its officers and men will win for themselves an enviable position in the annals of the war.

There have been many changes among the officers of the regiment during the nineteen months that it has been in the service, including a number of well-merited promotions from the ranks. The following is a list of the officers as they stand at present:

FIELD.
Colonel—G. Murray Guion.
Lieutenant Colonel—J. B. Murray.
Major—Henry T. Noyes.

STAFF.
Adjutant—Fred L. Manning.
Quartermaster—S. S. Reeder.
Surgeon—C. H. Carpenter.
1st Assistant Surgeon—R. O. Craig.
2d Assistant Surgeon—Thos. Helme.
Chaplain—Ferris Scott.

LINE.
Company A—Captain, R. C. Daley;
1st Lieutenant, Thad. Roberts; 2d Lieutenant, Cortland Van Rensselaer.

Company B—Captain, H. H. Hewitt;
1st Lieutenant, Hanford Struble; 2d Lieutenant, George H. Waddle.

Company C—Captain, Dexter E. Clapp; 1st Lieutenant, H. H. Hopkins; 2d Lieutenant, W. H. Redgrave.

Company D—Captain, E. Darwin

Gage; 1st Lieutenant, R. F. Scott; 2d Lieutenant, James McNaughton.

Company E—Captain, Alexander Gilchrist; 1st Lieutenant, John M. Sharpe.

Company F—Captain, H. Gardner; 1st Lieutenant, A. J. Cooke; 2d Lieutenant, Wm. S. Vorce.

Company G—Captain, E. A. Griswold; 1st Lieutenant, Charles H. Padlock; 2d Lieutenant, Henry R. Murray.

Company H—Captain, Benjamin Watkins; 1st Lieutenant, Henry Parsons; 2d Lieutenant, Chas. J. Johnson.

Company I—Captain, M. S. Hicks; 1st Lieutenant, John Cooley; 2d Lieutenant, Ed. Cole.

Company K—Captain, Hiram Schutt; 1st Lieutenant, John G. Evenden; 2d Lieutenant—O. M. Adams.

The Capture of Fort Pillow.
CAIRO, ILL., April 14.—On Tuesday morning, Forrest, with some six thousand men, attacked Fort Pillow. Soon after the attack Forrest sent a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the fort and garrison, in the meanwhile disposing his force so as to gain an advantage. Major Booth refused and fighting was resumed. Afterwards a second flag came in, which was also refused. Both flags gave the Rebels the advantage of gaining new positions.

The battle was kept up till 3 o'clock P. M., when Major Booth was killed and Major Bradford took command. The Rebels had come in swarms over to our troops, compelling them to surrender. Immediately upon the surrender the Rebels commenced an indiscriminate butchery of the whites and blacks, including those of both colors who had been previously wounded. The dead and wounded negroes were piled in heaps and burned, and several citizens who joined our forces for protection were killed or wounded.

The black soldiers, becoming demoralized, rushed to the rear, their white officers throwing down their arms. Both black and white were bayoneted, shot or sabred, and even dead bodies were horribly mutilated. Children of seven or eight years of age, and several negro women, were killed. Soldiers unable to speak from their wounds, were shot dead, and their bodies rolled down the banks into the river. Out of a garrison of six hundred, only two hundred remained alive.

Advertisements.

CARD.

MRS. J. M. HUDSON
Would most respectfully inform her Friends, and the Public generally, that she has

OPENED THE HOUSE,
Formerly occupied by
CAPTAIN DAVID CORSON,

AS A

RESTAURANT,

WHERE MEALS CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL TIMES.

Oysters, Pies and Cakes,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

N. B.—Parties wishing Cakes or Pies can have them Made to Order.

Yorktown, Va. April 18, 1864. [tf

PARADE REST!—ATTENTION TO ORDERS!

PROCLAMATION.—Now I, by virtue of being deprived of female society for three years, do proclaim it to be too bad, and I do further proclaim that I am willing to spoil from eleven to eight steel pens and shed a pint of Harrison's best ink in corresponding with some patriotic young lady of my country. Object, fun, mutual improvement, and matrimony (if agreeable). Address

CARL P. MORTON,
Co. B, 148th N. Y. Vols.,
Yorktown, Va.

MONITOR HOUSE,

CORNER OF

KEYES SQUARE AND McCLELLAN 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, Earrings, 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.

CAPTAIN G. G. BAKER, HAS PURCHASED of John H. Gotshall, formerly a Sutler 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 Crackers, Figs, Raisins, Nuts and Candies of all kinds, Luzerne County Buck-wheat 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

NATIONAL

EATING-HOUSE.

The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the Officers, Soldiers and citizens of Yorktown and vicinity to the 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. E.—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.

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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.

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\$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, PROPS, YANKEE NOTIONS and PRIZE PACKAGES. Largest, Best and Cheapest ever manufactured. Each package contains fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Blotters, Embles, 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 Sulers, 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. jyl4-tf

warmly thanked for the part I had played to save the family; but from no other did the words sound so sweet as from the lips of the beautiful maiden.

The family pressed me to stay with them for a while, and I stayed—long enough to lose my heart and win another. Strange as it appears in looking back to it, the event of that villain leaping into the road before me changed my whole fortune; and sometimes, when I gaze fondly upon my wife, I am tempted to bless the dark and wicked design that providentially led me to so much happiness.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIRST STEP.

The following is the early experience of a bashful boy:

Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and of course I stayed away from home, because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung round the house whistling Old Dan Tucker, dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so that I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to climb up the door-post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed. "Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind is out!" And cuddling under the quilts Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft-shelled crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap, rap, rap." Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, rap!" Then Lib sang out, "Jack, are you in there?" "Yes," says I, and then came a roar of laughter. "Let us in," said she. "I won't," says I; "can't you let a fellow alone?" "Are you abed?" said she. "I am," said I, and then came another laugh. By thunder, I began to get riled! "Get out, you petticoated scare-crows, can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with one of you—I won't—so you may clear out." And sending my boot at the door I felt better.

But presently—O mortal buttons! I heard a still small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said, "Jack you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!" O, dear, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in. As it was, I rolled out among the ribbons in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and girls will peak—and the way I tumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment at last came. After running my hand all over my clothes to see that everything was right and tight, I opened the door and found myself right among the women. "O, my leg-horn!" cries one. "My dear winter velvet!" cried another—and they pitched in—they piled me this way and that—they boxed my ears; and one little bright eyed piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms around my neck and kissed me right on my lips! Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to Fourth of July. "Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes," says I, "I will." I did it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of cider when we were away from each other.

SLIGHTLY ACQUAINTED.

Several years ago the —th Regiment United States Regulars were quartered at A—, near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B—, a tall, lank, red-haired Vermont, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada shore. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill pleased with his poor success, when he saw seated on a tree within easy shooting distance, a large crow. To level his gun and fire, was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbled the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of Gen. C—, who was one of the wealthiest land-owners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B— stood. And it so happened that the General was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss, he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember.

So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B—, who saluted him in return.

"You've got a fine gun there," said the General.

"Yaas," said B—, handing it to the General; "that's the very finest double-barrelled gun around these diggings."

The General turned the gun round and examined it carefully, then putting it, still loaded and at full cock, to his shoulder, and pointing it at B—, said:

"You have wilfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now you've got to eat it."

B— explained, and begged and prayed, but to no purpose; the General was unmoved by his entreaties, and told him he must eat it or die. B— once more turned his eyes piteously toward the General, but the cold, wicked eye glanced along the barrel convincing him, (as he afterwards said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan he picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes, commenced the disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls, and then stopped, unable to eat more of the disgusting carrion; and the General, thinking he had gone far enough, told him that would do; and after advising him to be more careful in future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B— got his gun in his hand he turned fiercely upon the general, and said:

"It's my turn now. You eat the remainder of the crow."

In vain the General stamped, and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that the General should eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B— let him off.

The next day the General went to B—'s Colonel, and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

The Colonel inquired what one.

"Why," said the General, "he was a tall, lean, ill-favored fellow, with red hair."

"Ha!" said the Colonel, "I know him; he's always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B— here immediately."

In a few minutes the orderly returned, bringing B—, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

"B—," said the Colonel, "do you know this gentleman?"

"What, me?" said B—, looking as amazed as possible.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "do you know him?"

"Yes, we are slightly acquainted," said B—, (a happy thought striking

him.) "We dined together yesterday." The general could hold in no longer; but bursting into a hearty laugh he told the Colonel to let him go, as he heartily forgave him.

WHERE IS MY WIFE.

A correspondent, who has not seen his wife for three weeks, asks the *Round Table* where she can be found. The lady referred to has been seized with the Sanitary Fair fever, and the poor husband says:

For two months she was out most of the time, calling upon persons to solicit their charity; and when she was at home I could get no chance to see her, for she was overrun by callers; each one having very important business. Bundles of all shapes and sizes began to arrive. The garret was long since filled with them, and the balance has been stored in the back parlor. But my wife was so earnest (she is positively bewitching in her enthusiasm) that I hadn't the heart to refuse, so I went to work and helped carry the bundles in the house and store them where she wished. When the job was finished I was glad to retire, though I had not read my paper. My wife—but have you seen her?

This bereaved husband heard of his wife at the committee rooms and elsewhere, but can't get a sight of her. The poor fellow says:

I have hung about the building in Fourteenth street in hopes of seeing her, but in vain. Everybody has seen her, but nobody can tell where she is. This week I have been about the new building now erecting on Union Square, and have heard of her time and time again, but have not seen her. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of her dress whirling around the corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, and I started to run, but owing to the effect of the wound received while I was in the army, I had to give up the chase. I got very much out of breath, too. Still I would not have minded it so much if I had only found my wife. Have you seen her?

I am sure you have. Everybody has except her husband. My friends meet me and congratulate me so warmly on the achievements of my wife that I can't help blushing with martial pride, and when I inquire if they have seen her, I get the same answer: "Why, of course we have. She is everywhere. How very strange that you have not met her!" Well, I suppose I must give up all hopes of seeing her till the fair is closed. Three weeks more without a wife! Perhaps I may meet her at the fair; but I don't count much upon that.

THE BEST KIND OF DOG.—Josh Billings says:—"The best kind of a dog tew hav for awl purposes is a wooden one. Tha don't kost much, and ain't liable tew git out ov repair. They are eazy kep, and yu alwus kno where to find them. Tha ain't cross tu children when yu step on thare tales. Bi awl means git 'a small one. I never knu one ov this breed to foller enyboddy oph."

A LITTLE daughter of a proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire, of the most prodigious extent. "Pa, couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?"

AN Irishman being asked, on a late trial, for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

THE heart of a flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button does on one of his shirts, for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

Advertisements.

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For two years and a half Suttler of the

CALIFORNIA REGIMENT,

In addition to his Extensive Establishment

ON THE BEACH,

NEAR THE

MAIL BOAT LANDING,

Has purchased the

SPACIOUS STORE BUILDINGS

AND

ENTIRE BUSINESS

OF

MR. B. F. VOORHEES,

INSIDE THE FORTIFICATIONS,

And is prepared to supply the

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS

OR

YORKTOWN AND VICINITY

AT EITHER ESTABLISHMENT,

From the Best, most

VARIED AND EXTENSIVE STOCK

OF

GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERY,

BOOTS and SHOES,

TIN WARE,

WOODEN WARE,

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

STATIONERY, and all

the best MEDICINES

He would also inform the Farmers that he keeps constantly on hand all the Different Materials used by them for Farming—Business by him has and will be carried on with the principle of

Quick Sales and Light Profits.

Every article warranted as represented or the money refunded.

PRODUCE of all kinds taken in trade. fel tf

GOLD WATCHES

FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Wood, Hoyt & Co.

JEWELERS,

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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 DESCRIPTION, 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 receive.

Certificates naming each article and its value, are placed in Sealed Envelopes, and well mixed. One of these Envelopes, containing 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 purchaser 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 GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.

And the price will be immediately refunded to any party dissatisfied with the article we send. One trial will convince the most incredulous.

Orders for Sealed Envelopes must in every case be accompanied by 25 cents; with the name of the person sending, and Town, County and State plainly written.

We are constantly receiving from our manufactory all the newest and most desirable styles of Jewelry, of superior quality. Orders for Jewelry of any desired pattern or style promptly filled, if accompanied by the money. The articles so sent may be inspected, and if not satisfactory, can be returned, and we will refund the money. Our Gold Pens are superior to any in the market. Gold Pens re-pointed for 35 cents each. Correspondence promptly answered, and goods sent by return mail or express.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town and Regiment.

Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; Eleven for \$2; Thirty for \$5; Sixty-five for \$10; One Hundred for \$15.

Send a stamp for Circular.

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ARMY WATCHES,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR

SOLDIERS.

A Solid Silver Full Ruby Jeweled Watch, fine English Lever Movement, Silver Capped, and warranted a Perfect Time Keeper,

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Constantly on hand, WATCHES AND JEWELRY Of Every Description.

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BARBER SHOP, ON McLELLAN Street, two doors East of Ellsworth street. Shaving, Hair-dressing, Shampooing, &c., executed in the latest style, and with all possible despatch, by fel3-1m F. B. PATTERSON.