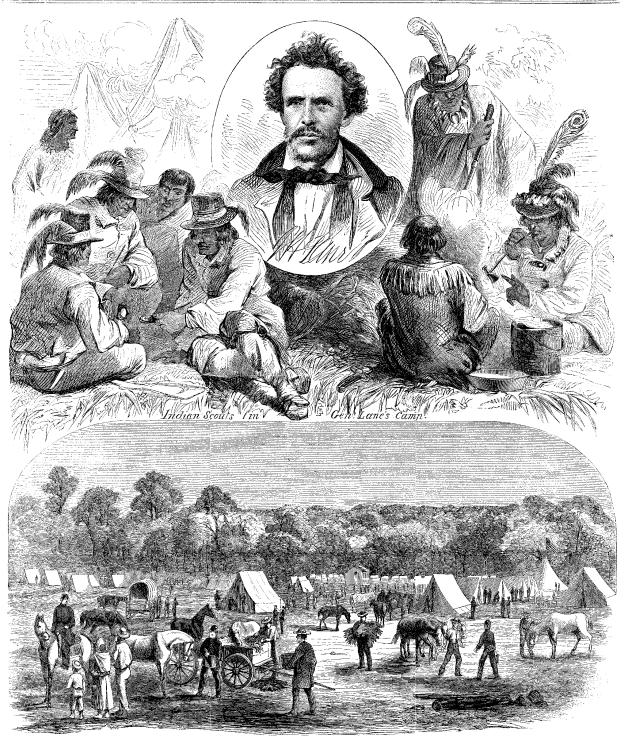


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GEN. LANE AND HIS ARMY.

Orn artist with the army in Missouri, Mr. Al-exander Simplot, lately visited the Camp of Gen-eral Jin Lane, the famous Kansas General, the terror of Missouri, and has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on the preceding page. The correspondent of the New York Times, who accom-panied him, thus describes the General, the Indian Scotts, and the Camp:

correspondent of the New York Times, who accompanied him, thus describes the General, the Indian Scouts, and the Camp:

Lane is a man of some fifty years of age, of medium height, and at first sight rather unprepossessing. His figure is eligible, his head wide at the top and narrowing down to the jaw, like an inverted pyramid; his brow wide and high; his eyes small, black, and overhung by cliff-like eyobrows; his mouth sensual, and, combined with a filling that the proposed of the control of the

GENERAL HUNTER.

COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.

COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.

We publish on page 741 a portrait of General.

Hunter is abon has succeeded General Frümont in
the command of our army in Missouri. General

funter is about sixty years of age. He graduated
at West Point in 1822, the twenty-fifth in rank in
a class numbering forty, and was appointed Second
Lieutenant in Infantry. Having risen to a First
Lieutenance, he was in 1836 made Captann of cavalry, but shortly after resigned. In 1842 he rejoined the army as Paymastor, in which position,
with the rank of Major, the present Administration
found him. He accompanied Mr. Lincoln from
Springfield, on his tour to Washington, as far as
Buffalo, where, owing to the pressure of the crowd,
he suffered a dislocation of the collar-bone. Shortly after he was made Colonel of the Third Cavalry,
and then Brigadier-General. He commanded a
laading division at the battle of Bull Run, but was
wounded early in the day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

length we have the pleasure to report A T length we have the pleasure to report that the Stars and Stripes float once more over the disloyal soil of South Carolina. Though we are without direct or authentic intelligence from the fleet, the reports which reach us through the stripe of the str from the neet, the reports which reach us through hostile channels agree too well to be the work of fraud or mere baseless rumor. There is no reason to doubt that at this time General Sherman is in possession of the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, and of the forts which guarded

It will be time enough to discuss the important considerations suggested by this event when the full report of the affair reaches us. while three thoughts force themselves on the

It was known at New Orleans as long ago as 17th October, long before the Northern public knew any thing about the expedition, that it was destined for Port Royal, and that it would consist of the vessels which actually sailed. The first authentic statement of the destination of the fleet was contained in a Richmond paper published about the end of October. The rebels were therefore thoroughly warned and prepared. If our expedition was nevertheless successful,

If our expedition was nevertheless successful, what can the rebels expect hereafter?

The occupation of Port Royal will test the amount of Union feeling which lingers at the South; will verify the statement that the planters will not ship cotton; and, finally, will teach the rebels the practical danger which they court by making way months. North who be ablicated to the rebels the restricted danger which they court by making war upon the North whi e holding 4.000.000 slaves.

Lastly, the occupation of Beaufort is the

first step toward a geographical redistribution of population, trade, and industry in the Southern country. The Government will never relinguish Beaufort. It will be an open port and a place of trade and activity long before the seals are loosed from the harbors of Savannah and Charleston. People will fly to Beaufort from the two latter cities, which will decay and die out just as the cities of ancient Chaldea have perished—a memorable monument of the cost and folly of treason.

ABOLITIONISTS AT THE SOUTH

Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Jefferson Davis, advises the Southern planters to abandon the culture of cotton, and to devote their land to the production of food. Similar advice is urged upon them by the leading journals of Richmond, New Orleans, and

ang journais of informond, New Orleans, and Memphis. It is very justly argued that, pend-ing the blockade, cotton will be useless, while corn, wheat, and pork will be inestimable. Such sensible counsel the planters can not well disregard. They have on hand at present nearly three million bales of cotton, much of which can not be sent forward to market for want of bageing, and none of which can be sold want of bagging, and none of which can be sold at a price which would pay the planter for growing it. It would argue great folly on their part to increase their stock under such circum-

This diversion of land and labor, however from the culture of cotton to that of cereals, must produce a remarkable change in the Southern mind on the questions which have led to the pending rebellion

Negro Slavery in our Southern States depends directly on the production of cotton. It does not pay to raise any thing but cotton with slave labor Wherever cotton is not raised slaver can not be maintained—except for the purpose of supplying the cotton-fields with fresh hands Experience has shown that this is a mere ques tion of figures. The price of slaves at the South depends upon the price of cotton. It is usual to say that male field-hands are worth one hundred dollars for every cent the pound of mid-dling uplands commands. When middling up-lands is worth twelve conts—as was the average last year—good field-lands could not be bought for less than \$1200. If middling uplands fell to six cents, good field-hands could be bought for \$600. If middling uplands could not be sold at all, there would be no market for slaves. This is precisely the condition of affairs at the South at present.

Its political significance arises from the fact that, when the price of slaves falls below a certain point it ceases to be a gain, and becomes a loss, to be a slave-owner. When, thirty years loss, to be a slave-covere. When, thirty years ago, male adult slaves fell to \$4.00 in Virginia, the leading men of that State became enuncipationists, and slavery would have been abolished if the development of cotton enture at the far South had not saddlenly created a demand for negro labor, and caused the price of slaves a dreament burden the case of the far south had the saddlend that the same that th to advance one hundred per cent. in a few years.

to auvance one nunercu per cent, in a tew years.

The blockade is now going to reproduce, over the whole revolted section, the state of things which existed in Virginia in 1830. There is no market for cotton, and consequently none for slaves. It is becoming a burden to be a slaveowner. Instead of rating men's wealth by the number of their slaves, as usual hitherto, South-ern society will estimate those planters the richthese trying times. And the estimate will be sound. If the North only persevere in its purpose for a year or two, no Southern man will be found at the end of that time rich enough to own slaves. The system will break down of its own weight. The planters will pray for the abolition of slavery as the only means of rescuing themselves and their families from starvation

Growing corn and wheat with slave labor is see manuring the earth with pates de foie gras. like manuring the earth with pates de foie gras.

The harvest will be fine, no doubt; but every car of corn will cost its weight in gold. Mr. Memminger is the most radical abolitionist of

THE LOUNCER.

GENERAL FREMONT.

THE right of the President and Commander-in-Chief to remove any subordinate officer is unques-tionatale. The duty of removal, when he is per-suaded of the dishonesty or incompetency of any such officer, is equally clear. Obedience is the in-dispensable point of discipline, and discipline is constituted in the competency of the contract of the c

while, therefore, every loyal citizen will acqui-case in the removal of General Frémont from the csce in the removal of General Frémont from the Western Department, every thoughtful man in the country can not but consider the moment chosen for his removal most unfortunate. Had the order followed the fall of Lexington, it would have been received in silence: with regret, indeed, for a noble man who was thought inadequate to a peculiar po-stion, but without any general impression of un-due harshness.

But two months have essentially changed the aspect of affirs in Missouri. From the moment

aspect of affairs in Missouri. From the moment the General left St. Louis his course has been onward. Lexington has been retaken; Springfield is ours once more. Operations which military men pronounced impossible have been quietly accomplished by Frémont. He has crossed rivers safely. He has moved a large army without apparent means. His Body-Guard, which is simply the name for a picked body of men, like Scott's Body-Guard in Mexico, has achieved a brilliant victory, the ailite to military skill and to personal courage. With his army flushed with conscious power, and devoted to him with that enthusiasm which insures homorable success, with the enemy before him, and an attack momently expected, the General in whom so many hopes centred—whose operations during the last few weeks had silenced even slander—who, for some reason, had been selected as der-who, for some reason, had been selected as the scape-goat of our complaints and discontentsis summarily removed.

der—who, for some reason, had been selected as the scape-goat of our complaints and discontents—is summarily removed. He does what every faithful soldier and patriot should do. He bows with screne dignity to the command; addresses a few carnest words of natural regret, of sympathy, of encouragement, and of patriotic appeal to his soldiers, who, dismayed and indignant, threaten insubordination; remains, at the request of the officers, to lead the army should the battle be offered that night; then retires with the same manly simplicity which has marked every act of his life.

For the honor of his country and for his own honor, General Frémont will, of course, at the proper time, demand a Court of Inquiry. And the honor of all good citizens is involved. Are charges and statements like those in General Thomas's report, of which the obvious tendency, if not intention, is to rain the military character of a general, and to imperil the safety of the country by causing a want of public confidence, to come to the newspapers "in regular course from the War Department with authority to give if to the public," before any authorized statement of the removal of the General has been made? The authorization by the War Department of the publication of the caparte memoranda of General Thomas against General Frémont is a more flagrant dereliction of duty than any thing these memoranda cherga upon the General. And if such statements, so many of which have been already shown to be erroneous, have been the grounds of the removal of the Commander of the Western Department, how many such breaches of good faith with our soldiers are necessary to furnish adequate grounds for the removal of the Secretary of War? nish adequate grounds for the removal of the Sec-retary of War?

The nation, which confides implicitly in the hou-The nation, which confides implicitly in the hon-esty and singleness of purposes of the President, will acquiesce in his action in this case. But it has a vital interest in knowing why a leader of its armies so dear to the popular heart, from whose path the mists of doubt were rolling away, and who stood with all the pressige of trumph before a dispritted and retreating enemy, was disgraced upon the very eve of battle. It is a just curiosity which no-thing but the revelations of a Court of Inquiry can satisfy.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS AND MASON'S COMMISSION

RECTER'S TELEGRAMS AND MASON'S COMMISSION.
This telegraph for American news in England is
in the hands of a person named Reuter, and Mr.
Reuter serves up precisely such news from America
as England desires. His bulletins are the unfailing records of diassers to the Government of the
United States, Rebellion flashes rosy along his
wires. The inevitable consequence is that the
worst possible impression of our condition is constantly converse.

stantly conveyed. One of his latest performances was the announce-

One of his latest performances was the announcement that "the veteran General Wool had been surprised by General Mansield at Fort Monroe. This is the all-important fort which commands the entrance of the Bay of Chesapcake, and which the Federalists have held so long."

This is the kind of news which is read by those who live by the river of Thamos. And yet the favorable change of sentiment, even in the newspapers, is very marked. There is, however, one thing to be borne in mind in all English discussion of our affairs; and that is, that they are made matters of party argument. Of course, the present condition of this country is held by Tories to be "a settler" of what Major Beresford calls "the horrible reform mania." Let us do the Major the fus.

"a settler" of what Major Beresford calls "the hor-rible reform main." Let us do the Major the su-ice to say that he insists upon strict neutrality. In fact, those who are clamorous for open inter-ference by England are too few to be noticed. The last great hope of the robellion—that of foreign and —is withering away. Whom Mr. Mason, the au-thor of the Fugitive Slave bill, distinguished in the Senate of the United States for his insolent planta-tion manners, arrives in London, he will find him-self in exactly the poeition that a commissioner from Nena Sahib would have found himself in Washington.

from Nena Sahib would have found himse Washington.

Upon this subject it is delightful to agree the Richmond Examiner—that "he is the very best man we could send abroad to show foreign nations that the Southerner is a different type altogether from the Yankee." Of course the reasons for our from the Yankee." Of course the reasons for our agreement are not the assertions of the Examiner, that Yankees lie, fawn, bully, brag; and are mean, canting, and vulgar. And when the paper says, "We are giad to be able to contrast such a gentleman with Charles Francis Adams, the Puritan representative of freedom at the Court of St. James," what American, who loves Milton and Hampden, and honors Oliver Cromwell, who fought Charles Stuart for the same great cause in which we are fighting Jefferson Davis, will not cry with all his heart, Amen!

WOMEN AND LAW.

WOMEN AND LAW.

The renders of this column will remember that there has been the warmest commendation here of two or three little books by Mrs. Dall, treating with admirable temper, scholarship, and delicacy the question of the chances and protection which women have in modern society. The results of her investigation are precisely those which every body who knows any thing at all of the subject is sure to reach, and which every reader of Mrs. Norton's pamphlet, and the discussion in the British House of Lords upon the Divorce Bill, and the terrible stories of Duchatelet and Sanger, and

the sad stories of Henry Mayhew, has already sus-

In her new work "Woman's Rights under the In her new work, "Woman's Rights under the Law," Mrs. Dall discusses the question so earnestly and candidly, with such good sense and good taste, in so humane and religious a spirit, that her little hook is sure to awaken interest as well as to help the reader to a just conclusion. There is certainly no harm in asking the question whether the social and, egal position of women is as fair as that of men. If it be so, a candid statement will show it. If it be not so, every honest man will wish to remedy a wrong. Why, for instance, the most intelligent and capable women in the land should be allowed by law to hold property, and to be taxed

telligent and capable women in the land should be allowed by law to held property, and to be taxed for that property, and yet farbidden to have a voice in the disposition of the taxes—in other words, a vote—while the dullest clodhopper who comes from a foreign country and works in her fields, but who has and can have no intelligent idea of the necessities of our Government or of any Government, should be permitted to dispose of those taxes and his mistress's share of them, is one of the practical absurdities which is defended only by a prejudice. Let any intelligent man ask himself why his mother should not vote, and the man drunk at the corner grocery should, and the man drunk at the corner grocery should, and the man drunk at the

amusing to hear.

The sphere of woman, we all know, is the nurs-

The sphere of woman, we all know, is the nurscry; at least, if we do not know it, it is not for lack of telling; and to no holier sphere could any human being be called. The sphere of man is the office and shop; and to no more useful sphere could any person be summoned. Since, then, both men and women have a divinely-ordained sphere, who is to make laws for society?

It is mainfestly a question that will be discussed, and the law of the different States is constantly jielding more and more to the pressure of the principle that taxation and representation must go tagether. We men make the laws. Eite all lawgivers, we please ourselves. In this case those who are displeased can not right themselves by the strong arm. It is, therefore, only the most parient and charitable consideration of the whole subject that can secure any change; and it is as the ject that can secure any change; and it is as the most faithful and attractive contributions to that calm and wise consideration that the books of Mrs. Dall are so valuable. They abcund in the nest curious and interesting information, gathered from many sources. Their tone is the reverse of truculent. They are most womanly books about women

A WORD WITH CORRESPONDENTS

THE Longer, with many thanks, declines the fol-wing: "Immolatus;" "Violets;" and the proposi-on of "Marye." To the correspondent who writes lowing: "Immolatus;" "Violets;" and the proposi-tion of "Marye." To the correspondent who writes from Maine the Lounger can only say, with all the force at his command, that considerations of the perforce at his command, that constant and the sought never to be urged upon an editor or publisher. That a man is starving is the best reason in the world for giving the start in the starving is the tit is no more reason for buying his

sonal necessities of an author ought never to be urged upon an editor or publisher. That a man is starving is the best reason in the world for giving him food; but it is no more reason for buying his snanuscript than for buying his old-shoes. Writers are asked to contribute to magazines and other publications, not because they state that they need the price of their articles, but because their articles are considered to be worth paying for, and would be so if they were written by Creasus or Rothschild.

Nor let any poor youth or shrinking woman in the least misunderstand this statement. A generous man buys matches of a match-girl, not because he wants them or is going to use them, but that he may give alms under over of a bargain. That is what you ask a publisher to do when you say to him: "Sir, here is my essay, or poem, or story, and I have nothing in the house for dinner." If he likes your story for his purpose, he buys it, not because you lack a dinner, but because it is a good largain for him. If he does not like it, but takes it and pays you, it is alms for you to buy food. Suppose you went to a shormaker and said, "I shartying, I wish you would give me work." He asks if you are a skilled hand. You answer, "Oh no! I never worked at the business, but I should like to try my hand." And suppose that a thousand starving people said the same thing to him. The shoemaker would naturally reply: "I am very sorry, and here is as much as I can afford to give to buy soup for you. But as for shoes, they can only be made by sheemakers."

So with literary publications. If you can do the work, you are welcome, limited only by the deman. But you have less reason to expect success as an author than as a shoemaker. Probably any hand; "geson can learn to make shoes. But

cess as an author than as a shoemaker. Probably any handy person can learn to make shoes. But something name than writing a story is essential to thy handy and than writing a story is essential to literary success.

It is an old story for you, friend who ask, it is a sad story.

But we all of us it is a true story.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND VOLUNTEERS.

A RECKEN letter of Florence Nightingale's to her brother-in-law, Sir H. Verney, who had invited a large body of volunteers to a banquet at his house, has been already mentioned in most of the papers, but only a single extract has been published.

There are thousands of our soldiers now in camp who will like to see the whole letter:

who will like to see the whole letter:

"Od. 2.

"I should have thought it presumption to write to the volunteers if not desired by you. My point, if there was any man what a horrible thing war is, yet less more than any man that the military spirit in a good cause, that one's best leaven which exists for the national spirit. I have known indimently the Sardinian was much better apprehensively. The Driths shelder. The Sardinian was much better apprehensively the British shelder. The Sardinian was much better apprehensively the sardinian was much better apprehensively. The sardinian was much better apprehensively the sardinian was such that the sardinian was much better apprehensively the sardinian was much better appearance and the sardinian was sardinian was much better appearance and the sardinian appearance and the s

glad; I didn't know your honor. But, ..., if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same.' This is the trae soldier's spirit. Lastly, I would impress on the volunteers the necessity of drill, practice, exercise, brigade movements, Garibaldi's volunteers will necellently in guerrilla movements; they failed before a fourth-rate regular army. We trust that our volunteers will never know what real war is; but they must make themselves a repair that on to be fared by the meant, in order not to see that enemy ever at their own house of the same of the same year.

WAR SONGS AND HYMNS.

THE debate upon National Hymns being in order, the Lounger has received this suggestive word from Barbarossa:

from Barbarossa:

"Why is it that these songs (the "Marsellials," "Mouripour la Patrie," or "Rule Birlannia") have the power to fire a man's heart, strone his nervee, and make the time of the man's heart, strone his nervee, and make the time of the control of the strone of the stro

ONE VICTORY.

THERE is one unexpected but most beneficent result of the war. It is gradually leading us all to discuss the question with good feeling and in good temper. Of course we all know, and say in

THERE is one unexpected but most beneficent result of the war. It is gradually leading us all to discuss the question with good feeling and in good temper. Of course we all know, and say in perfectly good faith, that the war is solely for the supremacy of the Government. But we all know equally well that it must affect slavery somehow. It must help it or hurt it.

In truth, the question is now passing from its first stage into the second; from the eloquent appeal necessary to arouse the people to the calm consideration necessary to secure them. We all want peace—permanent peace—peace with honor. We shall therefore gravely consider this question. Whover tries to shirk it is justly open to supticion. He may have an unappeasable prejudice against the name Abolitionist. But this is a time, and the immediate future is a time, in which we must "conquer our prejudices," as Mr. Webster said, upon quite another occasion. We can not stop to gratify our prejudices. We must secure the national tranquility.

We shall all readily admit that it is a delicate question—a difficult question in some respects, and if not justly settled, a very dangerous question. For these reasons it will be most frankly discussed. Whatever in a time of peace can not be discussed in this country can not be honorably tolerated. The Tariff is a grave question; the Dank was a grave question; the old points of Federal and Republican difference were grave questions; and if discussion of them had been suppressed, as of late years the discussion of slavery has been, they too would have brought us to war. Free talk is our only talisman of national safety. And until the mind and conscience of the people can be stopped, of what use is it not to stop their mouths?

Or again, is the most vital of all our public questions the one that we may most safely ledde? Is it not clear that if we had not hitherto so strenuously tried to avoid it, if there had not been an amusingly abortive effort made to appropriate the word "national" to the interests of a single class

must not be looked at, or is that the very one which

must not be looked at or is that the very one where the wise surgeon will thoroughly examine, even though he may have to bind you that he may do it? Taught by experience and common sense we shall no longer insist upon making the ostrich our symbolic bird, running and hiding his head in the sand. Henceforth it shall be the eagle, in fact as well as in name, soaring heavenward and gazing at the sun.

OUR SOLDIERS.

"ABRAHAM HEAVUP" writes to the Lounger a very elever and very sarcastic letter from Wash-ington upon the late heroic but hapless battle at Ball's Bluff. At the close he says;

"I wish, dear Lounger, you would set me right, for brother Ben is a Brigadier, and wou't listen to my argu-ments; saying that civilhans (civil people, I suppose, is what he means) ought to have no opinion whatever about mili-tary affairs, unless they either belong to the militia or are

Let us spare our sarcasm, Abraham, in the presence of heroism, unhappy though the result was. Perhaps those who were to blame explated the error by dying on the field. The bitterness of feeling which bursts out in sarcasm is natural, ing which bursts out in sarcasm is natural. But let us rather ponder with scere pride this extract from General Stone's report of the battle. Upon the retreat "the smaller loads had disappeared, no one knew whither. The largest boat, rapidly and too heavily laden, swamped some fifteen feet from the shore, and nothing was left to the gallant sol-

diers but to swim, surrender, or die. With a devotion worthy of the cause they are serving, officers and men, while quarter was being offered to such as would lay down their arms, stripped themselves of their swords and muskets and hurled them out into the river to prevent their falling into the hands of the foc, and saved themselves as they could by swimming, floating on logs, and concealing themselves in bushes and forests to make their way up and down the river, back to a place of crossing. The instances of personal gallantry of the highest order were so many that it would be unjust now to detail particular cases. Officers displayed for their men, and men for their officers, that beautiful devotion which is only to be found among true soldiers."

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

Them is some justice in the complaint that we have no inspiring war-cry. The rebels shout for independence. They cry out against invasion. They declare their homes and shrines and proprty in danger. How, it is asked, can you oppose the cry of "Constitution" to that of "Home?" How can you kindle enthusiasm by demanding the enforcement of the laws? What, even, is the cry of "Union," when mistaken men thrill their own hearts and their neighbors' by appeals for wife and child, although it is they only who endanger them? If we are a nation—and, if not, what are we fighting for?—if we are a great people, with a cell-lective national life and national significance, let the word of all victorious patriotic enthusiasm fame upon our lips as it burns in our hearts. When the cry of national honor rings along our charging line, it is a burst of music in which each soldier's heart hears separate strains. Wife, parent, child; dear graves of the dead, and sacred shrines of prayer; the glory of the Past, the promise of the Fature; the hopes of Humantly given to our keeping; the divine treasures of peace and prosperity, of justice and liberty;—for these they fight, for these they fall, whose bubbling cry of Death or Victory is the honor of their country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Resit of Royalty.—Amidst the mob of monarchs that have Litely been favoring Louis Napoleon with their society, we think there is one king when of all others the Emperor would be the most deligited to see in France tile year, and certainly his presence would be the most welcomed by the manufacturing classes in England—and that is Krose Corrow, from America.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—In taking a new house the first thought of the woman is, where shall the piano be put?—Of the man, which shall be the smoking-room?

SPECIMEN OF A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

SPECIMEN OF A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.
SCHOOLMASTE. What do you call the Cotion-Tree?"
PATROTTO FUTIL. "A branch of Treason.
SCHOOLMASTE. "Has it any root."
PATROTTO FUTIL. "Slavery."
PATROTTO FUTIL. "Slavery."
PATROTTO FUTIL. "Slavery."
IThe Putil. is patted on the head, and presented with
a hundred-bladed boxte-knife by way of prize.

We see there is advertised a "Rotary Umbrella." This may be useful in the event of losing one's parapital, for there may be a circumbendibus chance then of its coming round again to its original owner.

Some Prissons are Never Satisfier.—A poor simple-ton was complaining of a large sum of money that he had lost through a friend, when the companion, into whose sympathetic area he was pointed his great, inquiried if he sympathetic area has been supported in the starting of the principal of the

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

HILMOIS OF THE WAR.

One evening last week Scortcary Comeron was at the

Citle in New York, and was conversing with some
harkors on the Ball's Bird'd leaster. "Strange," said the
Secretary, "that Stone should have acted thus: his appointanent was unged on the Government by every banker
in New York."

"I never recommended it," instantly repited Mr. M.—

"I never recommended it," instantly repited Mr. M.—

"Nor I," eitherd Mr. V.—, of the C.—

"Nor I," eitherd Mr. V.—, of the C.—

"Yor I," exist another.

"On! accuse me, gentlemen," blandly retorted the Secretary, "I remember the names perfectly, for they were
the same as I noticed on the remonstrance against my appointment."

miniment."

The sensation in the —— Club can be imagined.

Why can not the rebels over dress well!—Because they've proved, by descring their flag, that they have no eye for the selection of their colors.

One of the Massachusetts prince towers.

One of the Massachusetts prince towers at Richmond, "Say, Yankee," said one comes braine, "how many regiments has Massachusetts in the field!"

"Bott hirty of rotty," was the reply.
"Rickon she won't send any more," said the Southerner.
"Rickon she won't send any more," said the Southerner.
"In the same the same that the same thad the same that the same that the same that the same that the sa

The BEST JORE OF THE STASON.—The New England weeken manufacturers protecting that our troops had better yo half clair ruther than that any weeken cloths should be bought outside of their shop.

Why do we know that the Union must be preserved?— Because it's in a pickle!

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to him-self."

seit."

A man with a large family was complaining of the diffi-culty of supporting all of them. "But," said a first, "you have sons his, touch to earn something for you not," "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too beg."

"Mamma," said little Nell, "cought governess to flog me for what I've not done?" "No, my dear; why do you ask?" "Cause she flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

At the Newcastle hezar a gentleman lingered for some time at one of the stalls, which was attended by a very handsome young Indy. "The cherge of your in-perfonof my warse," said the fair dealer. "is indi-acrown, Sir," "1, was admiring your beauty, mann, and not your gools," replied the gullent. "That's five shillings," respected the lady with great readiness; and no demand, perhaps, was ever more cheerfully compiled with.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—Courtship is the engagement or ege; the proposal is the assault; and matrimony the

DO YOU GIVE IT UP? Ever eating, ever cloying, All-devouring, all-destroying, Never finding full repast, Till it eats the world at last,

Fire.
Why is cold cream like a good chaperon?
Execuse it keeps off the chaps.
What fish could be called in church without shecking
he congregation?
John Dorse and Ann Chovic (John Dory and Anchovy).
When was B the first letter of the alphabet?
In the days of Nada (No A).
Why are doctors' prescriptions good things to feed pigs n?

ı: Because there are grains in them.

No rose can boast a liveller hue
Than I can when my birth is new.
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade within the hour,
Like Marpiot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal.

A busa.

Why is a flea like a railway-engine?

Because it moves over sleepers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

At the hour we go to press we are still without news direct from the Great Expedition, though driblets continus to reach us through indirect extending the continue to the continue of the depthing which must have taken place before so much could be accomplished.

News from up the James Biver, state that the intend contended to the continue of the continue of

WRECKS OF OUR VESSELS.

WRCKS OF OUR VESSULS.

The report of the wreek of the stemme Union is confirmed by the gun-book Albetrose, which has arrived at Fortress Monor from the blockede on the North Carolina coast. She went ashore on the 6th Inst., about eight miles to the certain of Begun Inste. The stames Winfold coast is the state of Begun Inste. The stames Winfold coast is stated in the state of the

no certainty about it. The rumor of the loss of the steumer Ocean Express is not confirmed.

GREAT VICTORY IN KUNTUCKY.

It appears that a body of Luion troops, under General Nelson, who was formerly a lieuteman in the United States Navy, fell in with the rebels at Pikeville, Pike County, on Friday last, under the command of General Williams. While he was approaching the theorem, and Colonel Harris, with 600 men of the Second Obio Regiment, met them in front, and by a fine piece of stratery got them directly in the midde of Nelson's brigade: then pressing in on all steeps, the Linius troops had the centry at thefr subted in the total demolition of the rebels. Four hundred of them were killed and two thousand takes price ores. Among the latter were the two robel generals Williams and Hawes, both of them formerly United States officers.

The Union mem of Fast Transsess are giving vigorous evidence of their loyalty. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their loyalty. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posity of the fortress evidence of their posity. By a dispitch from Fortress evidence of their posit

been demolshed, and another at Charleston, Tennessee.

REPOPTED CATURE OF THE "SCITTER."

It is reported by a letter received on 12th, in Weahington, and dated on board the frigate Scates, of Gulvezton, the 25th ultime, that the privateor Sumier had been captured by a gun-beat which she mistook for a merchant vessel, and find approached too close when she discovered bee error. The gun-boat phonew, turned upon the privateor; run her ashow, and took her officers and crow from the privateor, true her ashow, and took her officers and crow freedow. Without were ashopped to the freedow with the property of the freedow.

prisoners. They were frigate Nagara.

FIGHT AT GUYANDOTTE. FIGHT AT GUNANDOTTE.

On Sunday night, Guyondate, in Western Virginia, attnated on the Ohio liver, was attacked by six hundred noles, and out of one hundred not hifty National troop stationed there, all but fifty were killed or taken prisoners.

The rebel force offerward beat, hosty trevets, and notifing
has since been heard of them, though a body of National
troops has been eart in pursuit. Our troops shreward find
the town of Guyandotte, and it was entirely destroyed.

the town of tolymanoide, and it was entiritely destroyed.

AFFAIRS ON TIME POTOMAC.

AFFAIRS on TIME POTOMAC.

Hill, five miles beyond Lewinsville—and though traces of the rebels were found, not one was seen. The pickets of use felts were found, not one was seen. The pickets of use felt with the Accordial Ridge, ten miles in front of Fort Lyon, within the National lines. Affairs appear to be unchanged both on the Upper and the Lower Potomac.

both on the Upper and the Lower Potomac.

RECONNOISSANCE UP THE RAPPAILANNOCK.

The United States gun-boat Researc, on Thurshay last, left Fortness Monroe and processed up the Reps. incomes. River as far as Urbana Creek, of the mouth of which side captured a large schooner, from which all stores and movation by property were removed, and the vessed then burned. The Reseate was fixed upon by a maked battery on shore, but the battery was completely silenced, and adhequently were the story of the property was completely silenced, and subsequently exceeding the river, which was supposed to harbor roleis, was selected, was supposed to harbor roleis, was selected.

every place atong the river, which was supposed to harbor rebels, was shelled.

AFFAIRS AT NEW OLLEANS.

A letter in the New York 'Frose from the United States steamer Cupler, on blockade duty at the mouth of the Mississippi, furnishes interesting perticulars of the condition of affairs in the City of New Orleans. The ruin of the position of the City of New Orleans. The ruin of the most complete. The lover, formerly so heavy with the training. Many of the stores have been closed, and there is an atter prostration of every branch of trade. Twose best in the only ment for said, and the is server, post, and dear it the only ment for said, and the hard the only ment of said, and the is server, post, and dear it the only ment for said, and the is server, post, and dear white potatoes fourtien dollars per herral, and over post-new about the same. A few emerged for the one was restablished some time ago, the sumitee being friendshed Ty voluntary outflinds only and the property opportunity to calibid itself.

THE REMOVAL OF FERMONT.

itself.

THE REMOVAL OF FREMONT.

On 2d November General Fermont received an unconditional order from Washington, relieving him at once

from his command. The intelligence spread like wild-fire through the camp, and excited indescribable excitement. General Fromm in it much of the time expositating with the officers and area, uiging them by their patriot-ism and their personal repersonal records for the patriot, posts. He also because the following farewell order to the

Jem and their personal regers for life not to alsundon their posts. He shall recent the allowing favored order to the trought. He shall recent the allowing favored order to the trought. The shall recent the shall recently and which make me anticluste for you a belliant country, and which makes me anticluste for you are shall recently and which makes me anticluste for you are correct. Continue as you have beginn and give to my successor the shall recently before you, and lot me tensit, as bored to bring they cheek.

Soliders I regers to beeve you. Most sincerely I thank you favor the regent and condence you have invariably shown into I deeply regers that I shall not have the low to be a you to the victory which you are just about the joy of every triumph, and truck always to be personally remembered by my comparison in arms.

On 5th General Hunter's sealed his first order from head quartest at Syringfeld, announcing his assumption of the command of the army, and desiring the commander of General Friment left the day before for St. Louis with his belog-guas battle at Bisinery, appects of column.

The BATTLE OF BELKHONT.

General Erimonts left the day before for St. Louis with his body guant.

THE RATTLE OF DEMMONT.

There was a buttle at Ethinner, Miscouri, opposite Columbus, or fill. An expedition numbering about \$500 men, and meaning the Twenty account, Trenty-seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Blands Regiments, the Seventh Iowa Rudment, Explorer Chicago, Artillery, and Dolferts and Rudment, Explorer Chicago, Artillery, and Dolferts and Companied by the gualent days the tree on exeminated, and companied by the gualent days the tree on exeminated and Thirty-first Blands and the attack on the rebels, seven thousand strong, about 11 o'clock. The enemy were strongly intransched, and help so much superior in numbers, made a strong resistance. They were, however, distriction of their curry, which was destroyed, and their extreme their some members, made a strong resistance. They were, however, distriction, and their curry, which was destroyed, and their extreme their companies of the companies of the capacitation having been and made was expurred, and a large member of them were taken princers. The oligest of the expectation having been secondleded, the National forces were refiring, since they were absorbed by a heavy of the rivers and another for protein congruence to keep large, which continued until our forces were all withdrawn. The losses in Killed and womended were beevy on lant sides. How much the rebels suffered in this respect is not known with certificity, but the accumulates of the abstract force forces were all withdrawn. The losses in Killed and womended were heavy on lant sides.

was communical by General Grant and McGermand.

The New York State Election took place on 5th, and resettled in the success of the People's Union ticket. The
clection in this city passed off very questy, and the voic
a probably a foot one-list flush it was lest year.

The probability of the property of the confidence on 5th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Andrew,
and a strong Republican Lepislature. The vet throughout the State was remarkably small—probably nonthair non-claim wint it was lest year, place on 6th, and resulted in the overwhelming victory of the Union party.

suited in the overwhelming victory of the Union party.

The ordnance for dividing the old Commonwealth of Myrinia, and erecting a new State of the counties weet of by a majority of nearly, if not quite, one hundred to one, and a new Convention, the members of which have just been chosen, will assemble at Wheeling on the Sith first, to ratily the action of the people. The new State will be called Kannavia, and will contain a pepulation of two himsens of the people of the peo

Great and eignty-two transand, including anoth eight inexanti-slaves.

THE STORM AT HATTERAS.

The storm of 1st Novumber at Hatteres inlet was very
severe, and the recent high tides have completely overflowed the page outside the fort; and, as a now-shannel is
flowed the page outside the fort; and, as a now-shannel is
become untenable. About a quanter of the clothing, by
the Twentieth Indian regiment had been landed from the
S. R. Spatiding on Friday night, when the gole came on
with tremendous severity, and it was washed away, together with some other stores.

Colond Hawkins, who commands at Hatteras, arrived
Colond Hawkins, who commands at Hatteras, arrived
that the protecting their position from sold the necessity of
cither protecting their position from the troops to
ferthess Monroe. It appears that, in addition to the deattention of Government stores above-mentioned, four sentries of the Twentleth Indiana regiment were drowned in
the breakers during the gate.

R is decided to strengthen the garrison at Hatteras.

the breakers during the gale.

It is decided to strengthen the garrison at Haticras.

A correspondent of the Chroimatt Gazets states that Mr. Incolainties has received the reward for his service, the control of the Chroimatt Gazets states that Mr. Incolainties has received the reward for his service. In the control of the service that the is now in the most one of Dischert General, and Mr. Edwin J. Jenney, the cs. Queen's counsel and computer of Fariences, of England, has been udulified to practice in the Suprime Court of this State.

Chould Malligar, who was emplored by the release at Chound Malligar, who was emplored by the release at Chound Malligar, who was employed by the Park and the Malligar, Malliga

FOREIGN NEWS.

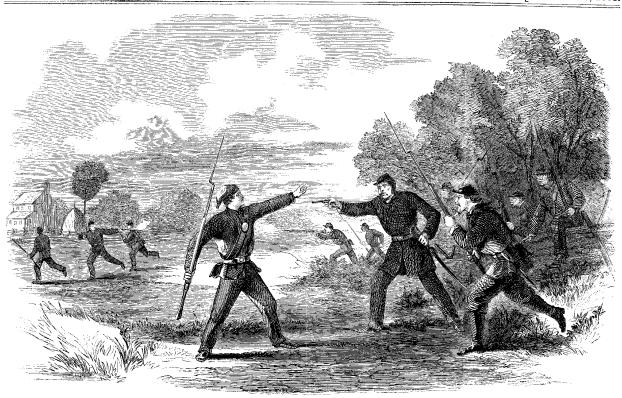
ENGLAND.

THE BLOCKADE NOT TO BE INTERFERED WITH. THE BLOCKADE NOT TO BE INTERPEREND WITH, A comparison has taken place between the British Secretary for Foreign A76 rs and a Mr. Hayman, a promotion through a Live ped on the embed of the blockade. The measurement hardward represents himself as Southern prot; and decline to know what protection they must receive from their Government in running a blockade and they made it filegal. Level Russell assures him they will need to protect he whatever; that they will be will resident to protect he whatever; that they will be will need to the protection they are the subject to the protection of the content o

FRANCE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON FOR THE UNION.

Unpflicit constantiations from 1901 BHM of the Unpflicit constantiations from 1901 officers of the United States, or They in Peris and Gorden, say that in France Prince Superiors has cost off all reserves, and decisived that the in-unreading not provide and other learness that second in form of Radion, if not unpopular in term say that second in few of Radion, if not unpopular in



CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET NEAR SHREVE'S FARM, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 747.]

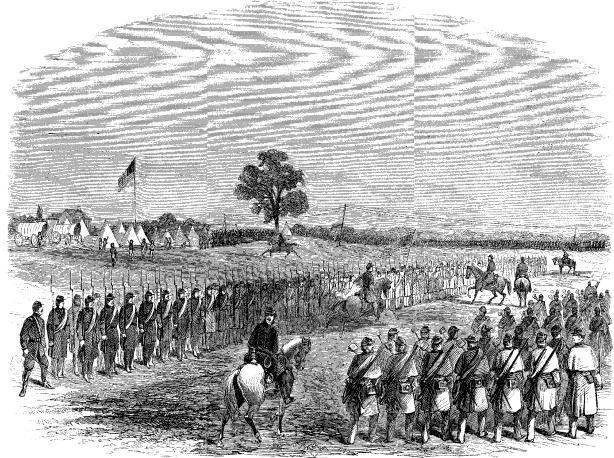
DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR PORT TOBACCO.

Our special artist with the army of the Potomac happened the other day to be present at one of the mysterious movements which are taking place daily

in General McClellan's army; viz., the departure of reinforcements for General Sickles's Brégade at Port Tobacco on Sunday morning, November 3.

Il eskethed the seene, and we reproduce it on the set of controls of the present at one of the mysterious movements which are taking place daily

If the Pennsylvania Forty-fifth. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. These burgs are set down to sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They are fine body of men, and will doubte the seen it down to sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They are fine body of men, and will doubte the seen sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They are fine body of men, and will doubte the seen sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They are fine body of men, and will doubte the seen sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They are fine body of men, and will doubte the seen sully been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladeus-burg. They had previously been e



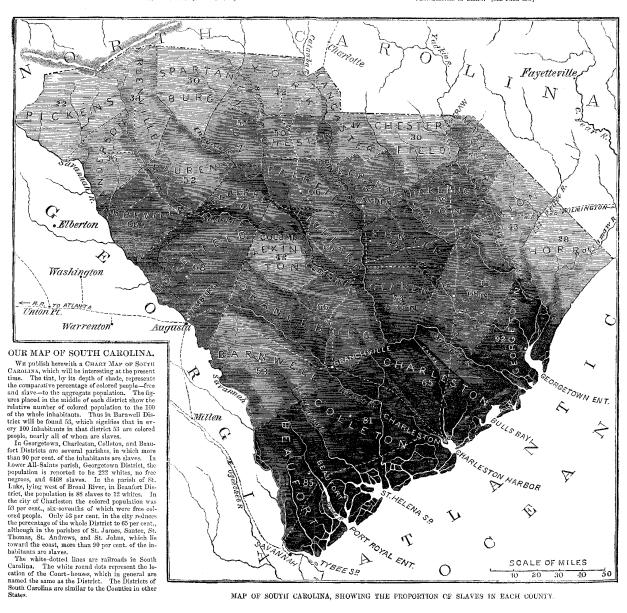
DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM CAMP UNION, AT BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND, TO JOIN SICKLES'S BRIGADE AT PORT TOBACCO, NOV. 3.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]



COLONEL DOUGHERTY, OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS. From a Sketch by Mr. Bill. Travis,--[See Page 751.]



GENERAL HUNTER, COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY. - [SEE PAGE 738.1]

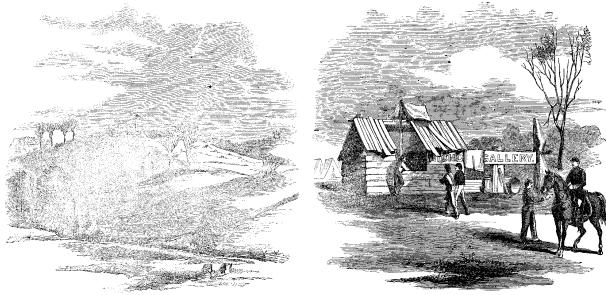


MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF SLAVES IN EACH COUNTY.

TYBEESA

SCALE OF MILES

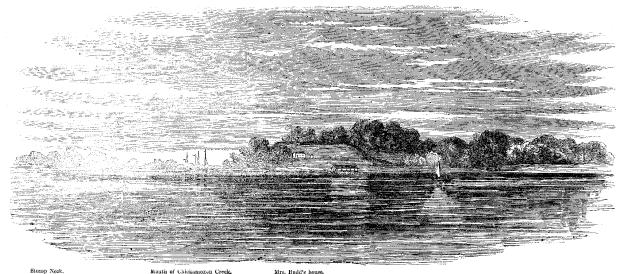
20 30 50



MUNSON'S HILL AS IT NOW APPEARS WITH THE FORT ERECTED BY THE GARBALDI REGIMENT.
[Salvorize by our Special Artise.]

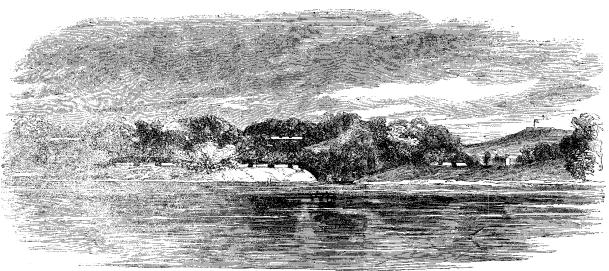
PHOTOGRAPHIC SALOON IN CAMP, NEAR BALL'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA.

[Sketohed by our Special Artist 1]



Mouth of Chickamoxen Creek. Mrs. Budd's house.

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC-BUDD'S FERRY.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER IN THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA.—[SKE PAGE 751.]



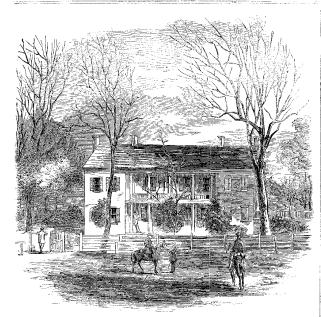
Evansport Wherf. Battery.

Bollery.

Battery, Battery, Snip Rebel Steamer Captured Schoon-Point, "Geo, Page," er "Fairfax,"

Battery.

Battery. Cockpit Point.



HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMP DICK ROBINSON, NEAR BRYANTSVILLE, KENTUCKY. [Sketched by Mr. Alerbo E. Matthews.]

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We publish on this page two illustrations of the War in Kentucky, from sketches sent us by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews. He writes as follows:

Affred E. Matthews. He writes as follows:

Cam Duce Rousson, Kentucky, Nor. 1, 180.

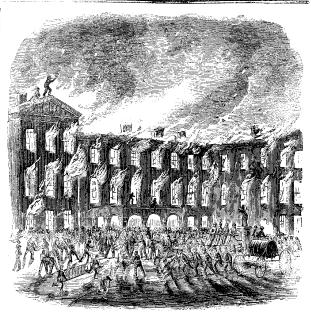
Herewith I tend you two sketches of the campaign in Kentucky. One represents the Ohio Thirty-first Regiment crossing the Kentucky lives at Boone's Rob. Additional interest is given to this locality from the fact that it is a prominent place in the life of Daniel Boone. It was been be escaped from the Indiana, who were purasing him down the river in cances, by paddling up a small cacek near the knob on the left. He secreted himself in this knob five days. From this elementance is is called "Boone's Knob." Is stands isolated from the other blings, and at that time, the river being very high, was entirely surrounded by wa-

ter, so that be paddled round it in his cance. The other sketch is Dick Robinson's House, which is head-quarters at Camp Dick Robinson.

BURNING OF A MILITARY HOSPITAL,

Os this page we illustrate the Destruction by Fire of the Military Hospital in E Street, Washington, which took place on 4th inst. The sketch was taken by our special artist correspondent, who happened to be there at the time. The Washington Star thus relates the affair:

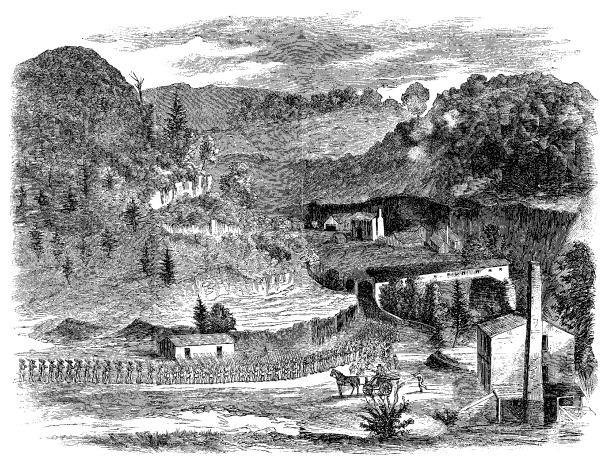
This morning, at a very early hour, the E Street Heapital, better known as the Washington Infirmary, was dis-



BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT DOSTITULES. L. STIGALT, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 4-RESCUE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.-[Sketched by our Special Correspondent.]

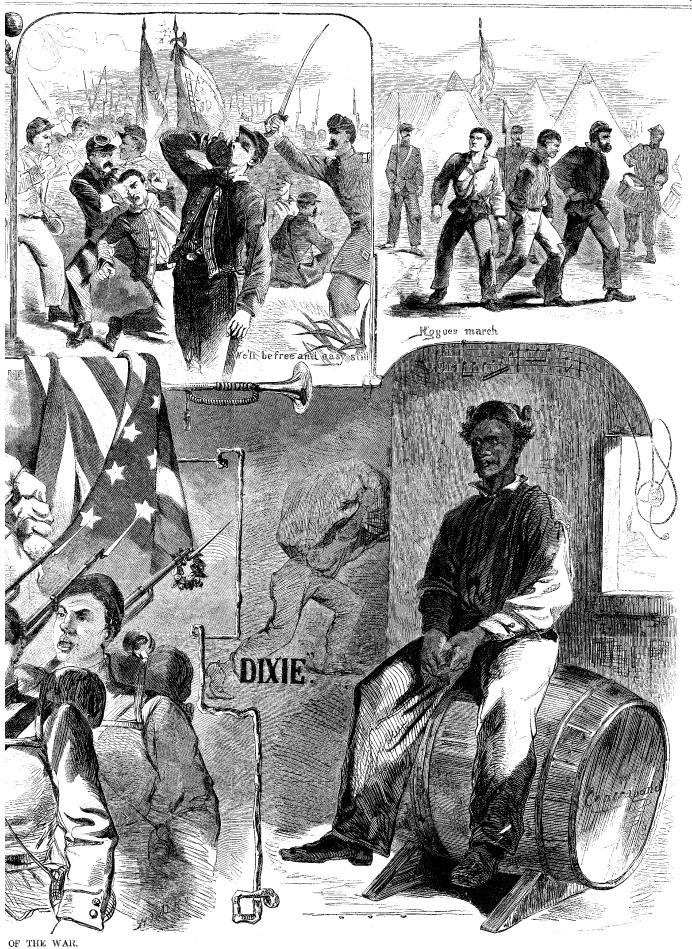
covered to be on fire. It contained at the time from ninely to one hundred side and wounded soldiers, and a considerable number of other Government patients. The fire is believed to have originated in a defective the from the furners, which was located in the cellar under the additionable whose originated in a defective that building in the rear. The rooms of the Sisters of Charity were in his addition—over the furners—and the three medical endous had a room on the flore above. The rooms of the Sisters were filled with smake aboat had an on order mixinglet, and the Sister Siparior fire grave the alarm. They had barely time to hurry on their oldshing and escape, leaving every thing but the clothing they had so in the bearing shalling. Their cruss brough in the guard and soon the hilling, the roots of the district of the complete of the clothing which they had soon the hilling. Their cruss brough in the guard and soon the fall in the complete of the clothing which they have a soon that all the patients were reserved. All of the bring had the solution of the complete of the clothing which they have a soon the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias the condet above which they have a soon that the ended above were curried to the City Hall, some to the school-house on the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias the complete of the clothing which they have a soon that the complete of the clothing which they have a soon that the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias the complete of the clothing which they have a soon the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias which the everytion of the clothing which they have a some the part of the complete of the clothing which they have a some to the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias which the everytion of the clothing which they have a some to the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trias with the everytion of the clothing which they have a some to the former quarters of Griffin'

743



THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS (COLONEL WALKER) CROSSING THE KENTUCKY MIVER AT BOONES KNOB, OUTOBER 2, 1861. [Sketched by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews.]





Intered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-trict Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XXXIX.

The manuscript was written in a small and peculiar handwriting, which, though evidently by the same person whose letter to Strahm I had read, was, whether from haste or some imperfaction in the ink, much more hard to decipher. Those parts of the memoir which related to experiments, or alleged secrets in nature, that the writer intimaged a desire to submit exclusively to scholars or men of science, were in Latin—and Latin which, though grammatically correct, was frequently observe. But all that detained the eye and attention on the page necessarily served to impress the contents more deeply on remembrance.

The uarrative commenced with the writer's facted by the interest had died before he attained his seventh year. The orphan had been sent by his guardians to a private school, and his holidays had been passed at Derval Court. Here his earliest remisiscences were those of the quaint old room in which I now sat, and of his childish wonder at the inscription on the chimnsy-piece—who and what was the Simon Forman who had there found a refuge from persecution? Of what mature were the studies he had cultivated, and the discoveries he boasted to have made?

When he was about sixteen Philip Derval had began to read the many mystic books which the library contained, but without other result on his mind than the sentiment of disappointment and disgust. The impressions produced on the credulous imagination of childhood vanished. He went to the Univarsity—was sent abroad to travel; and on his return took that place in the circles of London which is so readily conceded to a young idler of birth and fortune. He passed quickly over that period of his life as one of extravaguace and dissipation, from which he was first drawn by the attachment for his cousin to which his letter to Strahan referred. Disappointed in the hopes which that affection had conceived, and his fortune impaired, partly by some years of reckless profusion, and partly by the pecuniary sacrifices at which he had effected this consin's marriage yith another,

were treatises of a more uncommon and a more startling character; discussions on various occult laws of nature, and detailed accounts of analytical experiments. These opened a new, and what seemed to Sir Philip a practical field of inquiry—a true border land between natural science and imaginative speculation. Sir Philip had cultivated philosophical science at the University; he resumed the study, and tested himself the truth of various experiments suggested by Forman. Some, to his surprise, proved successful—some wholly failed. These lucubrations

first tempted the writer of the memoir toward the studies in which the remainder of his life had been consumed. But he spoke of the lucu-leations themselves as valuable only where sug-gestive of some truths which Forman had acci-dentally approached without being aware of their dentally approached without being aware of their true nature and importance. They were debased by absurd pucriliries, and viriated by the vain and presumptuous ignorance which characterized the astrology of the Middle Ages. For these reasons the writer intimated his intention (if he lived to return to England) to destroy Fornani's manuscripts, together with sundry other books, and a few commentaries of his own upon studies which had for a while misled him—all now deposited in the safes of the room in which I sat. After some years passed in the retriement of Derval Court, Sir Philip was seized with the desire to travel, and the taste he had imbilled for occult studies led him toward those Eastern lands in which they took their origin, and still retain their professors.

retain their professors.

Several pages of the manuscript were now occupied with minute statements of the writer's cupied with minute statements of the writer's carlier disappointment in the objects of his singular research. The so-called magicians, accessible to the curiosity of European travelers, were either but ingenious juggless, or produced effects that perplexed him by practices they had mechanically learned, but of the rationale of which they were as ignorant as himself. It was not till be had resided some considerable time in the East, and acquired a familiar knowledge of its current languages and the social habits of its various populations, that he became acquainted with men in whom he recognized earnest cultivators of the lore which tradition ascribes to the colleges and priesthoods of the ancient world, vators of the lore which tradition ascribes to the colleges and priesthoods of the ancient word; men generally living remote from others, and seldom to be bribed by money to exhibit their marvels or divulge their secrets. In his intercourse with these sages Sir Philip arrived at the conviction that there does exist an art of magic, distinct from the guile of the conjuror, and applying to certain latent powers and affinites in nature a philosophy akin to that which we receive in our acknowledged schools, inasmuch as it is equally based upon experiment, and produces from definite causes definite results. In support of this startling proposition, Sir Philip now devoted more than half his volume to the detail of various experiments, to the process and detail of various experiments, to the process and support of this standing proposition, Sir Philip mow devoted more than half bis volume to the detail of various experiments, to the process and result of which he pledged his guarantee as the actual operator. As most of these alleged experiments appeared to me wholly increduble, and as all of them were unfamiliar to my practical experience, and could only be verified or falsified by tests that would require no inconsiderable amount of time and care. I passed, with little heed, the pages in which they were set forth. I was impatient to arrive at that part of the manuscript which might throw light on the mystery in which my interest was the keenest. What were the links which connected the existence of Margrare with the history of Sir Philip Derval? Thus hurrying on, page after page, I suddenly, toward the end of the volume, came upon a name that arrested all my attention—Haroun of Aleppo. He who has read the words addressed to me my trance may well conceive the thrill that

that arrested all my attention—Haroun of Aleppo. He who has read the words addressed to me in my trance may well conceive the thrill that shot through my heart when I came upon that name, and will readly understand how much more vividly my memory retains that part of the manuscript to which I now proceed than all which had gone before. "It was," wrote Sir Philip, "in an obscure suburb of Aleppo that I at length met with the wonderful man from whom I have acquired a knowledge immeasurably more profound and cent than that which may be tested in the experiments to which I have devoted so large a share of this memoir. Harcun of Aleppo had, indeed, mastered every secret in nature which

indeed, mastered every secret in nature which the nobler, or theurgic, magic seeks to fathom. "He had discovered the great Principle of Life, which had hitherto baffled the subtlest

preserve in perfection the sensual part of man, with such mind or reason as may be independent of the spiritual essence, but whom soul itself has quitted! Man, in short, as the grandest of the animals, but without the sublime discontent of earth, which is the peculiar attribute of soul."

One evening Sir Philip was surprised to find at Harout's buse another European. He paused in his narrative to describe this man. The said

in his nurrative to describe this man. He said that for three or four years previously he had heard frequent mention among the cultivators of magic of an Orientalized Englishman engaged in researches similar to his own, and to whom was ascribed a terrible knowledge in those branches of the art which, even in the East, are condemned as instrumental to evil. Sir Philip here distinguished at length, as he had so bridly distinguished in his conversation with me, between the two kinds of magic—that which he alleged to be as pure from sin as any other speakers. alleged to be as pure from sin as any other spe-cies of experimental knowledge, and that by which the agencies of witcheraft are invoked for

cies of experimental knowledge, and that by which the agencies of witheraft are invoked for the purposes of guilt.

The Englishman, to whom the culture of this latter and darker kind of magic was ascribed, Sir Philip Derval had never hitherto come across. He now met him at the house of Haroum; decrept, emaciated, bowed down with infirmities, and racked with pain. Though little more than sixty, his aspect was that of extreme old age, but sill on his face there were seen the ruins of a once singular beauty, and still in his mind there was a force that contrasted the decay of the body. Sir Philip had never met with an intellect more powerful and more corrunt. The son of a notorious usurer, heir to immense wealth, and endowed with the talents which justify ambition, he had enteved upon life burdened with the odium of his father's name. A duel, to which he had been provoked by an ungenerous taunt on his origin, but in which a temperament fercely vindictive had led him to violate the usages prescribed by the social laws that regates such encounters, had subjected him to a trial in which he escaped conviction either by a flaw in the technicalities of legal procedure or by the compassion of the jury; * but the moral presumptions against him were sufficiently strong to set an indelible brand on his honor, and an insurmountable barrier to the honey which his law in the technicalities of legal procedure or by the compassion of the jury;* but the moral presumptions against him were sufficiently strong to set an indelible brand on his honor, and an insumountable barrier to the hopes which his early ambition had conceived. After this trial he had quitted his country to return to it no more. Thenceforth much of his life had been passed out of sight or conjecture of eivilized men, in remote regions and among barbarous tribes. At intervals, however, he had reappeared in European capitals, shuruned by and shunning his equals, surrounded by parasites, among whom were always to be found men of considerable learning, whom avariec or poverty subjected to the influences of his wealth. For the last nine or ten years he had settled in Persia, purchased extensive lands, maintained the retinue, and exercised more than the power of an Oriental prince. Such was the man who, prematurely worn out, and assured by physicians that he had not six weeks of life, had come to Aleppo with the gaudy escort of an Eastern sarrap, had caused humself to be borne in his litter to the mud-hut of Huroun the Sage, and now called on the magician, in whose art was his last hope, to reprieve him from the—grave.

He turned round to Sir Philip when the latter entered the room, and exclaimed in English, "I am here because you are. Your intimacy with this man was known to me. I took your character as the guarantee of his own. Tell me that I am no credulous dupe. Tell him that I, Louis Grayle, am no needy petitioner. Tell me of his wisdom; assure him of my wealth."

"Sir Philip looked inquiringly at Harrom, who remained seated on his carpet in profound silence.

"What is it you ask of Harcun?"

ce.
"What is it you ask of Haroun?"
"To live on—to live on. For every year of

indeed, mastered every secret in nature which no nobler, or theurgic, magic seeks to fathom.

"He had discovered the great Principle of Life, which had hitherto baffled the subtless anatomist:—provided only that the great organs were not irreparably destroyed, there was no disease that he could not cure; no decreptioned to which he could not cure; no describe a special concerns a special consist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. And thus his processes, though occasionally varying in the means employed, all combined in this—viz., the means employed, all combined in this—viz. In the means to provide the continued of the memoir expressed a belief that. I need scarcely say, appeared to me ogregiously not be considered the three mannod. But according to testimonics in which which is the expect of a lavyer, went discrepancy between the work of the memoir expressed a belief that. I need scarcely say, appeared to me ogregiously retained the provided and the passions of the had thice renewed his work of the memoir expressed to the same fact and how much more in any the own content the continued power was a went memon and the passions of the human heart; he was in the most content the same fact that, while he had at his command unlined wealth, wealth had ecased to bestow enjoyment; and he preferred living as simply as a passion; he had tried out all the affectious and all the passions of the human heart; he was in the universe

life he can give me I will load these floors with

ine ne can g."
gold."
Gold will not tempt Haroun."
What will?"
"Ask him yourself; you speak his language."
"I have asked him; he vouchsafes me no an-

swer."

Haroun here suddenly roused himself as from maroun here suddenly roused himself as from a reverie. He drew from under his robe a small vial, from which he let fall a single drop into a cup of water, and said, "Drink this. Send to me to-morrow for such medicaments as I may prescribe. Return hither yourself in three days; not before I've.

me to-morrow for such medicaments as I may prescribe. Return hither yourself in three days; not before!"

When Grayle was gone, Sir Philip, moved to pity, asked Haroun if indeed it were within the compass of his art to preserve life in a frame that appeared so thoroughly exhausted. Haroun answered, "A fever may so waste the lamp of life that one ruder gust of air could extinguish the flame, yet the sick man recovers. This sick man's existence has been one long fever; this sick man can recover."

"You will aid him to do so?"

"Three days hence I will tell you."

On the third day Grayle revisited Haroun, and, at Haroun's request, Sir Philip came also. Grayle declared that he had already derived unspeakable relief from the remedies administered; he was lavish in expressions of gratiude; pressed large gifts on Haroun, and seemed pained when they were refused. This time Haroun conversed freely, drawing forth Grayle's own irregular, perverted, stormy, but powerful intellect.

lect.
I can best convey the general nature of Grayle's I can best convey the general nature of Grayle's share in the dialogue between himself, Haroun, and Derval—recorded in the narrative in words which I can not trust my memory to repeat in detail—by stating the effect it produced on my own mind. It seemed, while I read, as if there passed before me some convulsion of Nature—a storm, an earthquake. Outcries of rage, of seorn, of despair; a despot's vehemene of will; a rebel's scoff at authority. Yet, ever and anon, some swell of lofty thought, some burst of passionate genius—abrupt variations from the vaint

a rebel's scoff at authority. Yet, ever and anon, some swell of lofty thought, some burst of passionate genius—abrupt variations from the vaunt of superb defiance to the wail of intense remores. The whole had in it, I know not what, of uncouth but colossal—like the chant, in the old lyrical tragedy, of one of these mythical gients, who, proud of descent from Night and Chaos, had held sway over the elements, while still crude and conflicting, to be crushed under the rocks, upheaved in their struggle, as Order and Harmony subjected a brightening Creation to the milder Indinences personified and throned in Olympus. But it was not till the later passages of the dialogue in which my interest was now absorbed that the language ascribed to this sinister personage lost a gloomy pathes, not the less impressive for the aw with which it was mingled. For till then it seemed to me as if in that tempestuous nature there were still broken effimises of starry light; that a character originally lofty, if irregular and fierce, had been imbittered by early and continuous war with the social world, and had in that we become maimed and distorted; that, under happier circumstances, its fiery strength might have been disciplined to good; that even now, where remore was so evidently poignant, evil could not be irredeemably confirmed.

At length all the dreary compassion previous inspired vanished in one unqualified ablorence.

The subjects discussed changed from those

The subjects discussed changed from those The subjects discussed changed from those which, relating to the common world of men, were within the scope of my reason. Haroan led his wild guest to boast of his own proficery in magic, and, despite my incredulity, I could not overcome the shudder with which fictions, however extravagant, that deal with that dark Unknown abandoned to the chimeras of poets, will, at night and in solitude, send through the veins of men the least accessible to imaginary terrors.

will, at night and in solitude, send through the veins of men the least accessible to imaginary terrors.

Grayle spoke of the power he had exercised through the agency of evil spirits—a power to fascinate and to destroy. He spoke of the nie revealed to him, now too late, which such direful allies could afford, not only to a private revenge, but to a kingly ambition. Had he acquired the knowledge he declared himself to possess before the feebleness of the decaying body made it valueless, how he could have triumphed over that world which had expelled his youth from its pale! He spoke of means by which his influence could work undetected on the minds of others, control agencies that could never betray, defy laws that could never discover. He spoke vaguely of a power by which a spectral reflection of the material body could be cast, like a shadow, to a distance; glide through the walls of a prison, clude the sentinels of a camp—a power that he asserted to be—when enforced by concentred will, and acting on the mind, where, in each individual, temptation found mind the weakest—almost infallible in its effect to seduce or to appall. And be closed these and similar boasts of demoniacal arts, which I remember too obscurely to repear, with a tunultuous imprecation on their nothinguess to avail against the gripe of death. All this lore he would communicate to Haroum in return for what? A boon shared by the meanest peasant—life, common life; to breathey et a while the sin, feel yet boon shared by the meanest peasant—life, com-mon life; to breathe yet a while the air, feel yet a while the sun.

mon life; to oreand yet a while the lat, her yet a while the sun. Then Haroun replied. He said, with a quied disdain, that the dark art to which Grayle made such boastful pretense was the meanest of all aduses of knowledge, rightly abandoned, in all agos, to the vilest natures. And then, suddenly changing his tone, he spoke, so far as I can remember the words assigned to him in the manuscript, to this effect:

"Fallen and unhappy wretch, and you ask me for prolonged life!—a prolonged curse to the world and to yourself. Shall I employ spells to

lengthen the term of the Pestilence, or profane the scerets of Nature to restore vigor and youth to the failing energies of Crime?" Grayle, as if stunned by the rebuke, fell on his

Graye, as II sunned by the reduce, fell on his kness with despairing entreaties that strangely contrasted his previous arrogance. "And it was," he said, "because his life had been evil that he dreaded death. If life could be renewed he would repent, he would change; he retracted his vaunts, he would forsake the arts he had boasted, he would re-enter the world as its benefactor."

factor."

"So ever the wicked man lies to himself when appalled by the shadow of death," answered Haroun. "But know, by the remorse which preys on thy soul, that it is not thy soul that addresses this prayer to me. Couldst thou hear, through the storms of the Mind, the Soul's melancholy the storms this prayer to me. Couldst thou hear, through the storms of the Mind, the Soul's melancholy whisper, it would dissuade thee from a wish to live on. While I speak I behold it, that sout! Sad for the stains on its essence, awed by the account it must render, but dreading, as the direct calamity, a renewal of years below—darker stains and yet heavier accounts! Whatever the sentence it may now undergo, it has a hope for mercy in the remorse which the mind vainly struggles to quell. But darker its doom if longer retained to earth, yoked to the senses which thou bids me restore to their tyrannous forces."

And Grayle bowed his head and covered his face with his hands in silence and in trembling. Then Sir Philip, seized with compassion, pleaded for him. "At least could not the son have longer time on earth for repentance?" And while Sir Philip was so pleading Grayle fell prostrate in a swoon like that of death. When he recovered his head was learning on Haroun's knee, and his opening eyes fixed on the glittering vial which Haroun held, and from which his lips had been moistened.

"Wondrous?" he murmured; "how I feel life flowing back to me. And that, then, is the ellivit! it is no fable?"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the vial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more!"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the vial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more."

"I will not renew thy youth, but I will re-

Haroun replaced the vessel in the folds of his robe, and answered:

"I will not renew thy youth, but I will release thee from bodily suffering; I will leave the mind and the soul free from the pangs of the flesh, to recoucile, if yet possible, their long war. My skill may afford thee months yet for repentance; seek in that interval to atone for the evil of sixty years; apply thy wealth where it may most compensate for injury done, most relieve the indigent, and most aid the virtuous. Listen to thy remorse. Humble thyself in prayer."

Grayle departed, sighing heavily, and muttering to himself.

The next day Haroun summoned Sir Philip Derval, and said to him:

"Depart to Damascus. In that city the Pestience has appeared. Go thither thou, to heal and to save. In this casket are stored the surest antidotes to the poison of the plague. Of that

and to save. In this casket are stored the surest antidotes to the poison of the plague. Of that essence, undiluted and pure, which tempts to the undue prolongation of soul in the prison of flesh, this casket contains not a drop. I curse not my friend with so mournful a boon. Thou hast learned enough of my art to know by what simples the health of the temperate is easily restored to its balance, and their path to the grave smoothed from pain. Not more should Man covet from Nature for the solace and weal of the body. Nobler gifts far than aught for the body this casket contains. Herein are the essences which quicken the life of those duplicate senses that lie dormant and coiled in their chrysalis web, awaiting the wings of a future development. web, awaiting the wings of a future development senses by which we can see, though not with the eye, ye, and hear, but not by the ear. the links between Man's mind and Nature's; herein are secrets more precious even than these—those extracts of light which enable

the Soul to distinguish itself from the Mind, and discriminate the spiritual life, not more from life carnal than life intellectual. Where thou seest some noble intellect, studious of Nature, intent upon Truth, yet ignoring the fact that all animal life has a mind, and Man alone on the carth ever asked, and has asked, from the hour his step mad the Earth and his agency the the Legeon. trod the Earth and his eye sought the Heaven, 'Have I not a soul—can it perish?'—there, such aids to the soul, in the innermost vision vouchaids to the soul, in the innermost vision vouch-safed to the mind, thou mayst lawfully use. But the treasures contained in this casket are like all which a mortal can win from the mines he ex-plores—good or ill in their uses as they pass to the hands of the good or the evil. Thou will never confide them but to those who will not abuse; and even then, thou art an adept to versed in the mysteries of Nature not to discrim-inate between the powers that may serve the good to good ends, and the powers that may tempt the good—where less wise than experience has made thee and me—to the ends that are evil;

good to good ends, and the powers that may tempt the good—where less wise than experience has made thee and me—to the ends that are evil; and not even to thy friend, the most virtuos—if less proof against passion than thou and I have become—will thou confide such contents of the casket as may work on the fancy, to deafen the conscience and imperil the soni.*

Sir Philip took the casket, and with it directions for use, which he did not detail. He then spoke to Haroum about Louis Grayle, who had inspired him with a mingled sentiment of admiration and abhorvence, of pity and terror. And Haroun answered. Repeating thus the words ascribed to him, so far as I can trust, in regard to them—as to all else in this marvelous narrative—to a memory habitually tenacious even in ordinary matters, and strained to the utmost extent of its power by the strangeness of the ideas presented to it, and the intensity of my personal interest in whatever admirted a ray into that cloud which, gathering fast over my reason, now threatened storm to my affections:

"When the mortal deliberately allies himself to the spirits of evil, he surrenders the citadel of his being to the guard of its enemies; and those who look from without can only dumly guess what passes within the precincts abandoned to Powers whose very nature we shrink to contemplate, lest our mere gaze should invite them.

who look from without can only dimly guess what passes within the precincts abandoned to Powers whose very nature we shrink to contemplate, lest our mere gaze should invite them. This man, whom thou pitiest, is not yet everlastingly consigued to the fiends, because his soul still struggles against them. His life has been one long war between his intellect, which is mighty, and his spirit, which is feeble. The intellect, armed and winged by the passions, has besieged and oppressed the soul; but the soul has never ceased to repine and to repent. And at moments it has gained its inherent ascendency, persuaded revenge to drop the prey it had seized, turned the mind astray from hatred and wrath into unwonted paths of charity and love. In the long desert of guilt there have been green spots and fountains of good. The fiends have occupied the intellect which invoked them, but they have never yet thoroughly mastered the soul which their presence appalls. In the struggle that now passes within that breast, amidst the flickors of waning mortality, only Allah, whose eye never slumbers, can aid."

If aroun then continued, in words yet more strange and yet more deeply graved in my memory:

"There have been men (thou mayst have

strange and yet more usep, seemed memory:

"There have been men (thou mayst have known such) who, after an illness in which life itself seemed suspended, have arisen, as out of a sleep, with characters wholly changed Before, perhaps gentle, and good, and truthful, they now become bitter, malignant, and false. To the persons and the things they had before loved they evince repugnance and loathing. Sometimes this change is so marked and irrational that their kindred ascribe it to madness. Not that their kindred ascribe it to madness. No the madness which affects them in the ordinary business of life, but that which turns into harshess and discord the moral harmony that results

from natures whole and complete. But there are dervishes who hold that in that illness, which had for its time the likeness of death, the soul itself has passed away, and an evil genius has fixed itself into the body and the brain, thus left void of their former tenant, and animates them in the unaccountable change from the past to the present existence. Such mysteries have formed no part of my study, and it left you the conjecture received in the East without hazarding a comment whether of incredulity or belief. But if, in this war between the mind which implores refuge of Allah: if, while the mind of you traveler now covets life lengthened on earth for the enjoyments it had perverted its faculties to seek and to find in sin, and covets so eagerly that it would shrink from no crime, and revoit from no fiend, that could promise the gift—the soul shudderingly implores to be saved from new guilt, and would arather abide by the judgment of Allah on the sins that have darkened it than pass forever irredeemably away to the demons: pass forever irredeemably away to the demons: if this be so, what if the soul's petition be heard? —what if it rise from the ruins around it?—what must be ss, what in the soute speam to be search to be search that seeks to rebuild them? There, if demons might enter, that which they sought as their prize has escaped them; that which they sought as their prize has escaped them; that which they find would mock them by its own incompleteness even in evil. In vain might animal life the most perfect be given to the machine of the flesh; in vain might the mind, freed from the check of the soul, be left to roam at will through a brain stored with memories of knowledge and skilled in the command of its faculties; in vain, in addition to all that body and brain bestow on the normal condition of man, might unballowed reminiscences gather all the arts and the charms of the sorcery that body and brain bestow on the normal condition of man, might unbullowed reminiscences gather all the arts and the charms of the sorcery by which the fiends tempted the soul, before it fled, through the passions of flesh and the cravings of mind: the Thing, thus devoid of a soul, would be an instrument of evil, doubtiess, but an instrument that of itself could not design, invent, and complete. The demons themselves could have no permanent bold on the perishable materials. They might enter it for some gloomy end which Allah permits in his inscrutable wisdom; but they could leave it no trace when they pass from it, because there is no conscience where soul is wanting. The human animal without soul, but otherwise made fellicitously perfect in its mere vital organization, might rawage and destroy, as the tiger and the serpent may destroy and rawage, and, the moment after, would sport in the sunlight harmless and rejoicing, because, like the serpent and the tiger, it is incapable of remore."

"Why startle my wonder," said Derval, "with

and ravage, and, the moment after, would sport in the sunlight harmless and rejoicing, because, like the serpent and the tiger, it is incapable of remorse."

"Why startle my wonder," said Derval, "with so fantastic an image?"

"Because, possibly, the image may come into palpable form? I know, while I speak to thee, that this miscrable man is calling to his aid the evil sorcery over which he boasts his control. To gain the end he desives he must pass through a crime. Sorcery whispers to him how to pass through it, secure from the detection of man. The soul resists, but, in resisting, is weak against the tyranny of the mind to which it has submitted so long. Question me no more. But if I vanish from thine eyes, if thou hear that the death which, to my sorrow and in my foolishness I have failed to recognize as the mereiful minister of Heaven, has removed me at last from the earth, believe that the Pale Visitant was welcome, and that I humbly accept as a blessed release the lot of our common humanity." Sir Philip went to Damascus. There he found the pestilence raging—there he devoted himself to the cure of the afflicted; in no single instance—so, at least, he declared—did the antidotes stored in the casket fall in their effect. The pestilence had passed, his medicaments were exhausted, when the news reached him that Haroun was no more. The sage had been found, one morning, lifeless in his solitary home, and, according to popular rumor, marks on his throat betrayed the murderous hand of the strangler. Simultaneously Louis Grayle had disappeared from the city, and was supposed to have shared the fate of Haroun, and been secretly buried by the assassins who had deprived him of his. Sir Philip hastened to Aleppo. There he ascertanied that on the might in which Haroun died Grayle did not disappear alone; with him were also missing two of his numerous suite—the one, and Arab woman, named here see rained with him cere also missing two of his numerous suite—the one, and rab woman, named here see retain the which had not wh which his intellect had been debased, and who was said to have acquired a singular influence over him, partly by her heauty, and partly by the tenderness with which she had nursed him through his long dealers. the tenderness with which she had nursed him hrough his long decline; the other, an Indian, specially assigned to her service, of whom all the wild retainers of Grayle spoke with detestation and terror. He was believed by them to belong to that murderous sect of fanatics whose exist-ence as a community has only recently been made known to Europe, and who strangle their unsuspecting victim in the firm belief that they beenly promitted the favor of the gradless they unsuspecting victim in the firm belief that they thereby proplitate the favor of the goddess they serve. The current opinion at Aleppo was that if these two persons had conspired to murder Haroun, perhaps for the sake of the treasures he was said to possess, it was still more certain that they had made away with their own English lord, whether for the sake of the jewels he wore about him, or for the sake of treasures less doubtful than those imputed to Haroun—and of which the hidding-place would to them be much better known. "I did not share that opinion," wrote the narrator; "for I assured myself that Ayesha sincerely loved her awful master; and that love need excite no wonder, for Louis Grayle was one whom if a woman, and especially a woman of whom if a woman, and especially a woman of the East, had once loved, before old age and in-firmity fell on him, she would love and cherish still more devotedly when it became her task to

protect the being who, in his day of power and command, had exalted his slave into the rank of his pupil and companion. And the Indian whom Grayle had assigned to her service was allowed to have that brute kind of fidelity which, though it recoils from no crime for a master, refuses all crime against him.

"I came to the canclusion that Harron had been mundered by our of Lovie Grayle for

747

been murdered by order of Louis Grayle, for the sake of the clixir of life-murdered by Juma the sake of the clixir of iii.—murdered by Juma the Strangler; and that Grayle himself had been aided in his flight free. Aleppo, and tended, through the effects of the life-giving drug that murderously obtained, by the womanly love of the Arab woman Ayesha. These convictions (since I could not, without being ridicaled as the wildest of dayes, even him of the wird elixir) I failed to impress on the Eastern officials, or even on a countryman of my own whom I chanced to find at Aleggo. They only arrived at what seemed the common sense vertice—vix. at what seemed the common-sense verdict-viz. Haroun might have been strangled, or might have died in a fit (the body, little examined, was buried long before I came to Alcppo); Louis Grayle was murdered by his own treacherous dependents. But all trace of the fugitives was

dependents. But all trace of the fugitives was lost.

"And now," wrote Sir Philip, "I will state by what means I discovered that Louis Grayle still lived—changed from age into youth; a new form, a new boing; realizing, I verily believe, the image which Haroun's words had raised up, in what then seemed to me the metaphysics of phantasy; eriminal, without consciousness of crime; the dreadest of the mere animal race; an incurnation of the blind powers of Nature—beautiful and joyous, wanton, and terrible, and destroying! Such as ancient myths have personified in the idols of Oriental creeds; such as Nature, of herself, might form man in her moments of favor, if man were wholly the animal, and spirit were no longer the essential distinction between timself and the races to which by superior formation and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.

rior formation and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.
"But this being is yet more dire and portent-ous than the mere animal man; for in him are not only the fragmentary memories of a puristine intelligence which no mind, unaided by the pres-ence of soul, could have originally compassed, but amidst that intelligence are the secrets of the magic which is learned through the agencies of smits to our race the most bostile. And who of spirits to our race the most hostile. And who

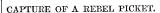
of spirits to our race the most hostile. And who shall say whether the fiends do not enter at their will this void and deserted temple whence the soul has departed, and use as their tools, passive and unconscious, all the finculties which, skillful in sorcery, still place a Mind at the control of their malice?

"It was in the interest excited in me by the strange and terrible fate that befell an Armenian family with which I was slightly acquainted, that I first traced, in the creature I am now about to describe, and whose course I devote myself to watch and trust to bring to a close—the nurderer of Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.
"In this Armenian family there were three

'In this Armenian family there were three

"In this Armonian family there were three daughters; one of them—"
I had just read thus far when a dim Shadow fell over the page, and a cold air seemed to breathe on me. Cold—so cold, that my blood halted in my veins as if suddenly frezen! Involuntarily I started and looked up, sure that some ghastly presence was in the room. And then, on the opposite side of the wall, I beheld an unsubstantial likeness of a human form. Shadow I call it; but the word is not strictly correct, for it was luminous, though with a pale shine. In some exhibition in London there is shown a curious instance of optical illusion: at the end of a corridor you see, apparently in strong light, a human skull. You are convinced it is there as you approach; it is, however, only a reflection from a skull at a distance. The image before me was less vivid, less seemingly prominent, than is the illusion I speak of. I was not deceived. I felt it was a spectrum, a phantasm, but I felt no less surely that it was a reflection from an animate form—the form and the face of Margrave; it was there, distinct, unmistakable. Conceiving that he himself must be behind me, I sought to rise, to turn round, to examine. I could not move: limb and muscle were overmastered by some incomprehensible spell. Gradually my senses forsook me—I became unconscious as well as motionless. When I recovered I heard the clock strike Three. I must have been nearly two hours insensible; the candles before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscrift. daughters; one of them—"

I had just read thus far when a dim Shadow candles before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscript



Ox page 740 we publish an illustration of the CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET by our troops near Fall's Church. The Washington Star thus described the affair:

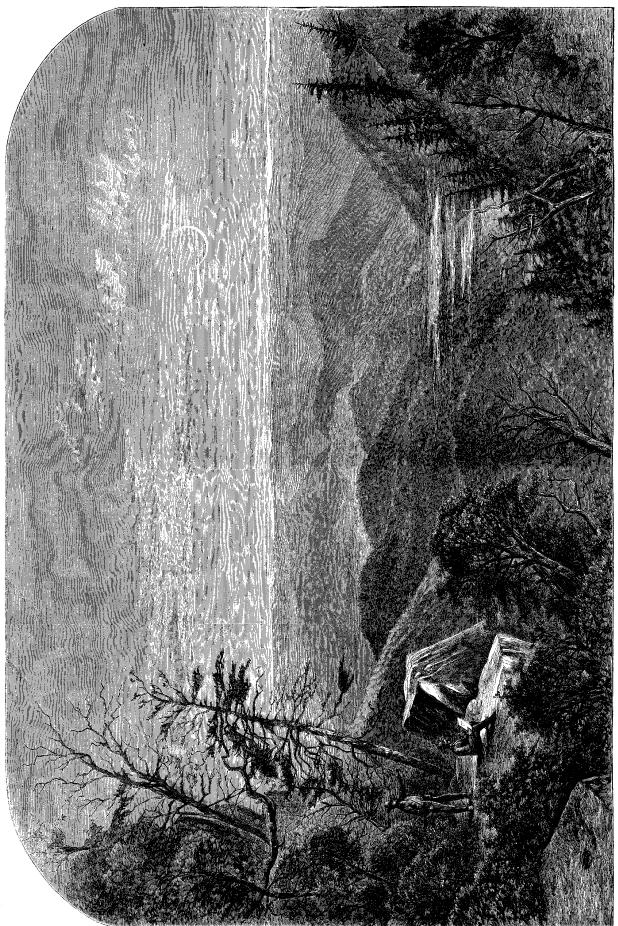
Amis Schutch. Let Yashingool Mar Line described the affair?

General Butterfield dispatched Brigade Quarter-master Norton with ten wegons and an excert of the New York Forty-Fourth to Shreve's farm, four miles northwest of Fall's Charch and west of the Leeching Pick, to obtain tured a robed picket, who had both his post to foring for whisky. Capatan Norton at one-sent him to head-quarters, though he leurned from the prisoner that the richely leket were stationed not far back of Shreve's piace. Capital Norton Judiciously compilished the purpose of his expedition without encountering rebel pickets.

The prisoner's name is C. R. Bell, a private of Company E, Capitalin Revers, Sixth Regiment Loudison Voluntorra, commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the prisoner's commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the Company E, Capitalin Revers, Sixth Regiment Loudison Voluntorra, commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the Confederate troops, Including sixty, thousand Virginians, under Gustavus W, Smith, and an equal number of North Carolinians, South, from fifteen to wenty thousand of where are at Manassas. Beautegard was at Centreville, his hea. -quarters being but half a mile from the yillage. A new r, [ment of cavalry from North Carolina had Just arrived.



"WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS HEAD WAS LEANING ON HARQUINS KNEE," ETC.



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION (THE SEAT OF WAR) IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, FROM THE SUMMIT OF LIMESTONE MOUNTAIN.



THURLOW WEED, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.~[SEE PAGE 751.]

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

750

They shone like lightning overhead,
They flashed along from shore to shore,
The bright reflection of their red Crimsoned the streets of Baltimore; And men who saw, screene and clear,
Their progress through the heavenly heights,
Made the world ring with cheer on cheer,
Crying, "Behold the Northern Lights!"

They shone on Ellsworth's murdered form; They gilded Lyon's far-off grave; Where Baker's army met the storm, They smiled a blessing on the bra While Treason turned her head in shame To feel her secret thoughts laid bare,
The patriot hailed the sacred flame
That nerved his heart against despair.

Men of the North! fresh courage take; Men of the North: result outure taxe;
Fear not to meet a little loss;
Ere long our Northern Lights shall break
The clouds around the Southern Cross.
Our banner floats above us yet,
And treason e'er in darkness fights;
Not yet our star of hope is set,
Not yet are quenched our Northern Lights.

We will not step to recken all The vacant chairs—'twere needless pain-Of those who at Columbia's call Joined the brave host of freedom's slain. From every grave wherein they lie
Shall one day burst a victor song;
The Northern Lights are in the sky,
And all the land shall smile ere long! S. J. A.

LOVE AND DUTY.

"Is that your fixed determination?"

"I am a Virginian, Helen, and can adopt no other!"

other!"

"Then listen to me, Randolph Wyvil! I, too, a daughter of the dear old Bay State—God bless it!—which has shed its first blood in this dreadful quarrel, have my sense of right and duty, and, Heaven helping me, will act up to it! And loving you as I have, and as I do, I tell you I will never, never be your wife!"

"Helen!"
"I wan it! I wan bergine—no'hing but a

"I mean it! I am no heroine—nothing but a "I mean it! I am no heroine—no!hing but a girl who might be infinitely wiser and letter; but this I am sure of, that you are wrong—desperately, wickedly wrong in this matter. You, a soldier, an officer in your country's service, to desert her in her time of need, and, not content with that, to strike at her life by joining this causeless and de-testable rebellion! I want words to express my horror of it!"
"You use words which I can hardly listen to

horror of it!"
"You use words which I can hardly listen to with patience, and which I would never brook from a man's month! I repudiate the idea of allegiance to a miserable crow of abolitionists and fanatics who have behaved with the blackest dissimulation and treachery-who are not fit to rule over a peo ple every way superior to those they hope to subju-

"The discussion is worse than unprofitable, and I despair of changing your opinion. But it must separate us, and forever."
"Why?"

"Why?"
"I have told you already."
The listener ground his teeth.
"When we lay this accursed city in ashes," he said, "you may think differently! Be wise in time and accompany me to a Southern home."
"If your vain boast were to be accomplished—and so sure as I live I believe the sun will never shine on its fulfillment—I would rather lied ead my coffin than be the wife of any man who had aided in it."
"They have provoked it! They have invaded

led in it." "They have provoked it! They have invaded us! How can you deny it, or justify them? Wou you have me a traitor to the soil I was born on?

well thow can you clearly the pressive thanks. Work you have me a traitor to the soil I was born on?"

"I would have you loyal to your oath and country, not to a miserable misguided section of it. We differ irreconcilably and had better part."

"You have said you love me, Helen, yet you break our engagement thus!"

"Your act, not mine, cancels it! May God forgive you! for, like those who crucified Him, you know not what you do."

"You may never see me again, Helen!"

"I will pray for your safety and pardon night and day, but—but—I can not do what is wrong before Heaven and my own soul!" And Helen Grant burst into a paroxysm of sobs, weeping and hiding her face with her hands, like the woman she was.

ie was. Randolph Wyvil threw his arms about her, and Randolph Wyvil threw his arms about her, and would have improved his opportunity and her supposed weakness. But out of that kind of weakness comes a woman's strength. She pat him off almost with violence, dashed the teats from her eyes, and confronted him with a look more passionately resolute than he had ever beheld in her good, earnest face.

"I am a fool," she said, "I know, to let you see this, but don't suppose I shall change my resolution. Aly heart shall be broken before my word. Wyvil both loved and hated her at that moment. Perhaps one passion is only the other turned inside out.

ed inside out.
"Helen!" he cried, "there is no woman on earth "Helen!" he crica, "there is no woman on carru who shall be more dearly worshiped in the ismost core of man's heart than you by me if you become my wife. I can respect your convictions, mistaken as you are about our Southern institutions and abent this wur, which can have but one ording, for Yankees will run like dogs before Southern gentiumen and..."

for rankers will run like dogs before southern gen-theum, and—"
Helen interrupted him vehemently, her face thishing, "Spare your insults," she said, "and recollect that I am a Yankee!"

HARPERS

Ile took his rebuke with an ill grace, but apologized. "Forgive me, Helen," he replied; "and for Heaven's sake do not needs in casting away the happiness of both our need for a miserable fantical idea."

"That idea is Dety, Randolph. By no means so romantic a word as love, but one which I have been taught to regard as the only sure foundation of happiness; if not in this world, in the next. May we meet there if divided here!"

"Amen to that. But must we part in this?"

"In took her hand, and looked long, carnestly, bessechingly into her countenance. She loved him very dearly despite his faults, and innumerable tender recollections of past happiness crowded into her mind, all pleading in his behalf, and endeavoring to say the strength of her resolution. In vain! He might read sorrow there and affection, but, ashove all, an intense, high-souded conviction of Right, and a determination to abide by it at whatever cost or suffering.

Then an unworthy thought took possession of sweet, sad reproach came into her face. With her upper lip slightly, very slightly curved, she answered, simply: "I think you had better go, Randolph."

It was a thousand times more effective than any stronger or more elaborate condemnation. Goad-

muoipn." It was a thousand times more effective than any

It was a thousand times more effective than any stronger or more elaborate condemnation. Goaded, however, to further injustice by the sense of having already committed it, he continued:

"Will you promise to be no other man's wife than mine, Helen?"

"You have no right to exact any such promise, and I shall not give it."

Captain Wyell burst out into something like an execration. "Farewell, then," he said; "like all of your stock, you have but one Juggernati tidea, before which every thing must be crushed, which is incapable of reason or consideration. I will not nerore which every aning mass be crushed, which is incapable of reason or consideration. I will not bow to it—so be it, and good-day! Go and make Havelocks and scrape lint for your d——d Yankees, for by Heaven they will need the latter!" And without further word of leave-taking he flung himself out of the apartment.

And what did Helen? She has avowed herself

And what did Helen? She has avowed herself to heroine; hence she may be excused acting like one. Instead of being stung into high-spirited resentment at his taunts, and indignantly dismissing him forever from her memory, she turned deathly pale, pressed her hands to her heart as if to quiet its beatings, bowed down her head, and presently wept long and bitterly as if that heart would break. You see that Juggermant idea of buty, objurgated by Captain Wyvil, is not an easily-worshind deliver.

shiped deity.
What time that officer rode across the Long Bridge What timethat officer force arrows the Long Strugg over the Potomac into that Virginia, the claims of which he considered superior to those of honor Helen Grant knell in prayer for him to Our Fathe which art in Heaven, beseeching Him to forgive preserve him, and to turn his heart. Two day afterward she read of his having joined the South

Three months have passed and a memorable Sunday in July has come—a day which will be remembered in history less in connection with its equally tragic and ludicrous associations than as the one event necessary to arouse a great people to the full extent of the grave and tremendous re-sponsibility they had undertaken. We are at Centreville, eight miles from Bull Run, within an hour

sponsionity tiep, and indestaken. We are acterive ville, eight miles from Bull Run, within an hour of midnight.

It is a close, rainy night, succeeding a sweltering day. There is a heavy, thunderous boom of cannon in the air, almost continuous, insonunch that the rain-drops on the thick-leaved trees fall, shaken by the concussion, to the ground, which has been trodden into a miry quagmire by hosts of flying feet, and is strewn with arms, articles of clothing, knapsacks, and other appurtenances of a soldier. The murky blackness brooding over the woods is here and there reddened by the reflection of a distant confagration, and portentously lightened at intervals by the glare of rockets. The occasional rattic of musketry, the faint bray of trumpets, the rell of drums, the cries of men calling to one another, the shrill neighing of horses, mingled with more appalling sounds, all confusedly blending into one, are heard ominously in the direction of the recent battle. The main body of the defeated—if that word be applicable to the victims of a mere panile-have sweet by, onward to Fairfax Court House, followed by its pursuers. We stand in the little old-fashioned church of Centreville, occupied by the Confederates, as a scanty guard at the door, posted by a rebel officer, intimates. It has been hastily converted into a hospital, where lie friend and foe, tended by a handful of heroic surgeons, who prefer certain capture, possible death, to a selfish abandoment of the dictates of humanity. With them is one solitary woman, a self-appointed hospital nurse. With them is one solitary woman, a self-ap-

to a selfish abandonment of the dictates of humanity. With them is one solitary woman, a self-appointed hospital nurse.

She moves to and fro in that house of pain, amidst shricks and groans and sickening sights such as might appall the heart of woman or man, with a blauched cheek but a steadfast purpose, quietly performing the duties assigned to her. The good surgeons know her, and have almost ceased to wonder at her nerve and heroism.

One of them demands her assistance. It is in behalf of an officer sorely wounded by a bayonethrust in his side, from which ghastly orifice the blood is welling in dark-red jets. He wears the uniform of a Southern regiment, and the straps on his shoulders indicate the rank of Colonel. Enfectled by pain and loss of blood he yet preserves his consciousness, and his eyes meet those of the hospital nurse. And with a scream that rings loud above all other sounds of human agony around, and penetrates the brain like a knife, Helon Grant recognizes Randolph Wyvill. In another moment she has sprung to his side, and her white face bends over and touches his.

"Helen!"

" Randolph!"

"Randolph!"
They said no more, but a silence as intense as full of meaning supplied the place of words. It was broken by Wyvil:
"Thank God we have met!" he said, "though thus. I shall die with less regret now."
"Die! Is there no hope?"
If think not; I am bleeding too much."
He smiled faintly, and turning on his unwounded side with difficulty, so as to look her in the face, took both of her hands in his. In accordance with the agonized entreaty expressed in Helen's countenance, the surgeon carefully examined his wound. Wyvil eyed him closely, and read sentence of death in his grave aspect.

in his grave aspect.
"Dearest, it is better so!" he said, as Helen "Dearest, it is better so!" he said, as Helen sunk stricken, but tearless, beside him whose fast-bing life she would willingly have ransomed with her own. "I have been foolish—headstrong—mad—wrong throughout. I know it now; and death may expiate treason. You were right—but I did not think so then; only of late I have discovered the truth. If I had had the courage to act on my convictions, I should have been in the opposite ranks to-day. I could not fight for that cause any more, nor live shamed and dishonored. Tell me you forgive me for my brutality at our last parting, and let us pray we may meet in heaven!"

"Oh, may He grant it! My forgiveness you need not ask; I have loved you and prayed for you always!"

Randolph's face lighted up with a smile of inexpessible gratitude and affection, almost triumph-

Randolph's face lighted up with a smile of inex-pressible gratitude and affection, almost triumph-ant in its brightness, and he raised his arm and feebly embraced her.

"Put your face closer; I shall not see it long. Do you remember my taunting you about your adherence to one idea—the idea of Duty—and call-ing it a Juggernaut? Well, it is I who have been a worshiper of Juggernaut, and a blind one; but my eyes were opened before it rolled over me, and I want you to know it, and to tell others. With a knowledge of these men came an insight into their mad, cruce leads; their comptiness, ambliton, and knowledge of these men came an insight into their mad, cruel ends, their emptiness, ambition, and selfishness; the horrible folly and crime in which the whole thing originated. I thought I fought for freedom and for Old Virginia: I have raised an impious hand against both. I know my error now; but it is too late-bool late!"

Helen's passionate, burning words of sympathy and consolation need not be recorded. What pen could do justice to them?

"This will be a cruel war—a cruel war!" Randolph said; "but I see the end of it. Ha! what noise is that?" and a flash of temporary animation enabling him, he rose on his pillow, still holding her, and listening.

A confused claunor without; a rush of horses and men; the thad and splash of the hoofs of the

A confused clauor without; a rush of horses and men; the thad and splash of the hoofs of the former on the miry ground; the jangle of accourtements; oaths, shouts, outeries, and musket-shots; the rush of the rain; and through and above all the thunderons hoom of the cannon. The little church is invested by a straggliog party of Confederates—drunk, reckless, and blood-thirsty. They are squabbling with the guard—half a dozen men—who vainly represent to them that the wounded within are of both sides, preventing their entrance. "Go to —"" "— "Nakees shamming sick!" "Give 'em —, boys!" "Set the ———church on fire!" These and similar ejaculations, accompanied by a pistol-shot and the crash of a musket-butt against the door, indicate the murderous intentions of the intruders. The surgeons gather

tentions of the intruders. The surgeons gather hastily together, and one of their number quits the

tentions of the intriders. In a surgeons gauter hastily together, and one of their number quits the building, waving the green sash which he wears as an officer of the staff, in the hope that its recognition will secure the safety of the immates. "Take mine, dearest!" cries Randolph to II-len, a glance of wild horror and apprehension brightening his filmy eyes, which the hand of death is fast glazing. "Bind it around you; it may protect you; I know what they are, and—"

A crash of musketry and pistol-shots pouring into the shattered windows interrupts further speech. Another and another, amidst shricks of pain, outcries, and exposultations, answered by wild yells, savage oaths, and more savage laughter. When the eddying whirls of smoke that filled the building had passed away Helen Grant lay dead on the lifeless breast which would fain have shielded her, a score of builds having torn through the faithful heart that had sacrificed Love on the altar of Duty, to bury themselves in the already e maint near that had sacrined Love on the tar of Duty, to bury themselves in the already angled body of Randolph Wyvil. And, exulting in their devilish work, the rebels de off into the rain and darkness.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

ple there—all kinds of annaements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, every thing in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was consid-erably struck with her. For she was a girl to erathy struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stuming' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terp-sichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen bergevich.

her smoke.
"Ah! she was a stunner; you should have heard "Ah! she was a stunner; you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, shed together, walked together, danced together, shed together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So

one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my

wife. "'Don't be a fool!' she said, 'Now drop it,

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on."
"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—""I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

boat."
"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word
of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying
into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a
stroke or two she put several yards between us,
and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately precaved but from reging any further. If a way we wonted her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns,' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been myself, 'revengel' revengel'. I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns,' said J, 'revengel'? The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Every thing was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.
"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom,' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'
"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said, "How jolly!"
"We were higher than the highest frees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere speeks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.
"'You understand the going up part,' I answered; 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

to come down is not so easy, and I whistled.
""What do you mean? she cried.
""Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard, I replied, suiting the

throw some sand overboard, I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"Foolish! I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter torror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

utter torror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife!

"11 gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"11 remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag-so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns."

"11 won't!" she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You cated in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'ti's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never! she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major

hand?

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major
first, though I've got a big enough bear here in all
conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't

"She looked so pretty that I was almost in-clined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safe-ly well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenher, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'
"I continued the execution of the Dead March.
"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground." I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:
"Will you promise to give me your hand?"
"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car. "It thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all, she dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadica—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:
"'I command you to begin the descent this instant."

stant?

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another band said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your heard?"

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I three over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing berself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't I can't? she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

Fanny, they say that marriages are made in

give in Jisa yes, nowever. I wassess no a can moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Panny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be selemized there."

"I took up the fifth bag.
"'Come,'I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the hand in my arms, as it it had been a baby.
"I could hear her sols. I'm the most soft-hearted recature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the ear, and saving: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Paulk-wank Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog-your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is tog o whitherseever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."
"With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.
"With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.
"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.
"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me agnist the ear, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, he related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon up car, which she assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by

villain! I've a good mind to be a larger back!

"'Sir George,' said I,' villain and Jeakyns must never be coupled in the same sontence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I writed.

good-morning. Miss 1——, 1 100 100 200 11 retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.

that, in 1817, he worked at the same press with the senior member of the firm of Harper and Brothers, in the employ of Jonathan Seymour, of this city. His first active connection with politics is said to have been during the canvass which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams; he became still more prominent in the anti-masonic war, in 1826-27, and during part of this time conducted a journal in Rochester in the interest of the anti-masons. In the year 1890 the Albany Evening Journal was established, and Mr. Weed became its editor. With a brief interval three or four years since, Mr. Weed has ever since edited that influential sheet, and its consequence and power have been mainly derived

ostatorsned, and Mr. Weed became its editior. With a brief interval three or four years since, Mr. Weed has ever since edited that induential sheet, and its consequence and power have been mainly derived from his personal influence and sagacity. It is not too much to say that ever since 1836, for a period of twenty-five years, Mr. Weed's strength in this State has been greater than that of any other man. This power he has owed partly to his intuitive knowledge of character and sagacity, and partly to the general public conviction—which, however assailed, has never been shaken—that he is a pure man, and has no other ruling motive than a desire to promote the good of the country. He has invariably refused to share the spoils of political victory. For a short term, a quarter of a century since, he was State printer, but refused a reappointment: and in early youth he served three terms in the State Legislature. With these exceptions he has never accepted effice, though there are few places in the gift of either the Government et the people which he might not have held. It is not understood that he is rich, though he has had ample opportunities of making money. He has left that, as well as the rewards of office, to hungrier politicians, and has contented himself with the more substantial prize of political power.

The services rendered by Mr. Weed to the Government since the election of Mr. Lincoln have been great. His industry in adding the movement of troops and the purchase of supplies has been untiring. He has really been "the State" in this part of the country, though he has held no office and drawn no pay. It was he who, with the aid of electives, discovered the plot which was to have brought Mr. Lincoln's career to an aurupt close in Baltimore in February last, and who frustrated the plot by the famous night-journey through Baltimore. What Mr. Weed idd, it on onjunction with General Scott, during the terrible days of March and April last, will never be known until the secret history of that eventful time come

written.

Mr. Weed left this port on Saturday last for Europe. He states himself that he goes on private business; the public, however, will be apt to suspect that his private business concerns the public interest. If the suspicion le cerrect, we may feel assured that our affairs will suffer no mischance in his hands. Few men in the country are such true patriots as Thurlow Weed.

REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

On page 742 we publish two pictures of the Resear Batterius on the Potomac, from sketches from an occasional correspondent with the Potomac flottla. One represents the batteries at Evansport; the sketch was taken from the mouth of Chickamosen Creek, directly opposite; the other is Budd's Ferry, on the Maryland shore, directly opposite the batteries, where our troops now are. The Hardad correspondent thus speaks of the robel batteries on the Potomac:

batteries on the Potomac:

The batteries, as far as they are known to exist, and without counting such as may remain masked, now begin without counting such as may remain masked, now begin and the properties of the partial properties of the partial partial partial partial creek. Below this there is a gap of eight miles to Aquia creek, where, as is well known, another line of hatteries begins, extending to Potomac creek, a distance of six and three-quarter miles. From Potomac creek to distance of which the partial partial

COLONEL DOUGHERTY,

OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT OF TIIR TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT.
WE publish on page 741, from a sketch by Mr. Bill
Travis, a portrait of the gallant COLOMEL DORDINGLY, who was taken prisoner at the battle at Belmont, Missouri, on 7th inst. Colonel Henry Dougherty was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, Aug.
15, 1827. In 1833 his father emigrated to Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, where, shortly after their arrival, both of his parents died; so, when only eight years of age, he was left an orphan, to provide for and protect himself. He worked on a farm until sixteen years of age, when, having a passion for adventure, he joined a Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and remained with them one year. On his return to St. Louis he enlisted as a private in the First United States Dregoons, Captain Bergain; THURIOW WEED, ESQ.

On page 749 we publish a portrait of TRUELOW WEED, Esq., from a photograph by Brady—the first ever taken of him. Very few public men of the day arzs so well known, or so justly petitide to geteem and honor, as Thurlow Weed. Born, in 1797, at Catskill, New York, he commenced life as a catina-boy on board a North River sloop; then became "devil" and 'prentice in a printing-office; then, at sixteen, drummer in the army during the war of 1812. His vocation, however, was the press, not the army; and at the close of the war we find him printing and editing a paper in Onondaga County, and afterward in Chemango. His journals do not seem to have succeeded; for at intervals he reappears as a printer, first in New York and then in Albany. We may mention here

and blind. Surgeon Simpson came to his support and carried him to the hospital, dressed his wound, and laid him upon a cot. At this time another of his company was brought in wounded, and while the doctor was looking after him, Colonel D. (then a private), reviving somewhat, slipped out at the rear end of the tent, mounted his horse, and galloped to the hottest of the battle. Smarting from his wound, he fought like a madman till the fight was over. When he retured to the hospital, entirely exhausted, he received a severe reprimand from the doctor, who knew nothing of his absence. When asked why he did so, he only replied, "The fight was not over yet, and I thought it my daty to go and do my part." It was three weeks before he left his cot again. At this time he was only nineteen years of age.

At the close of the war he sailed from Vera Cruz for New Orleans, and was wrecked at Brazos Santiago. He them returned again to New Mexico, and joined Colonel Sumner's command against the Navijo and Apacie Indians. On receiving his discharge he returned to Carlyle, in 1852. In 1855 he married, and since then has resided on his farm at Carlyle. At the call of President Lincoln he raised a company, but failed to get accepted. He then joined Captain Johnson's company as a private, was elected to a command, and at the election of regimental officers was unanimously elected Colonel.

Colonel Dougherty stands full six feet high, is fluely proportioned, an agreeable companion, perfective the supportioned, an agreeable companion, perfective the supportioned, an agreeable companion, perfective the supportioned, and agreeable companion, perfective the supportioned and agreeable companion, perfective the supportioned

ciccted Colonel.

Colonel Dougherty stands full six feet high, is fuely proportioned, an agreeable companion, perfectly unassuming, strictly temperate and religious, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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