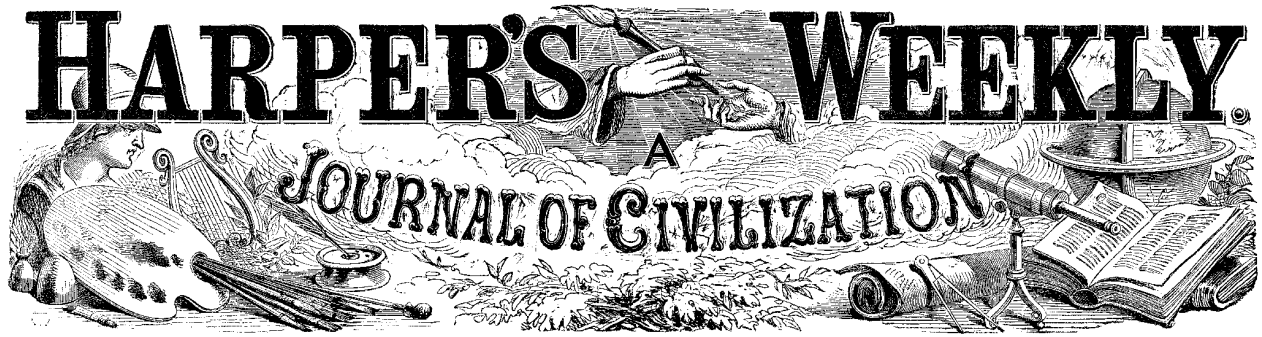


# HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. V.—No. 256.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

[SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.  
\$2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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Indian Scouts in Gen. Lane's Camp.

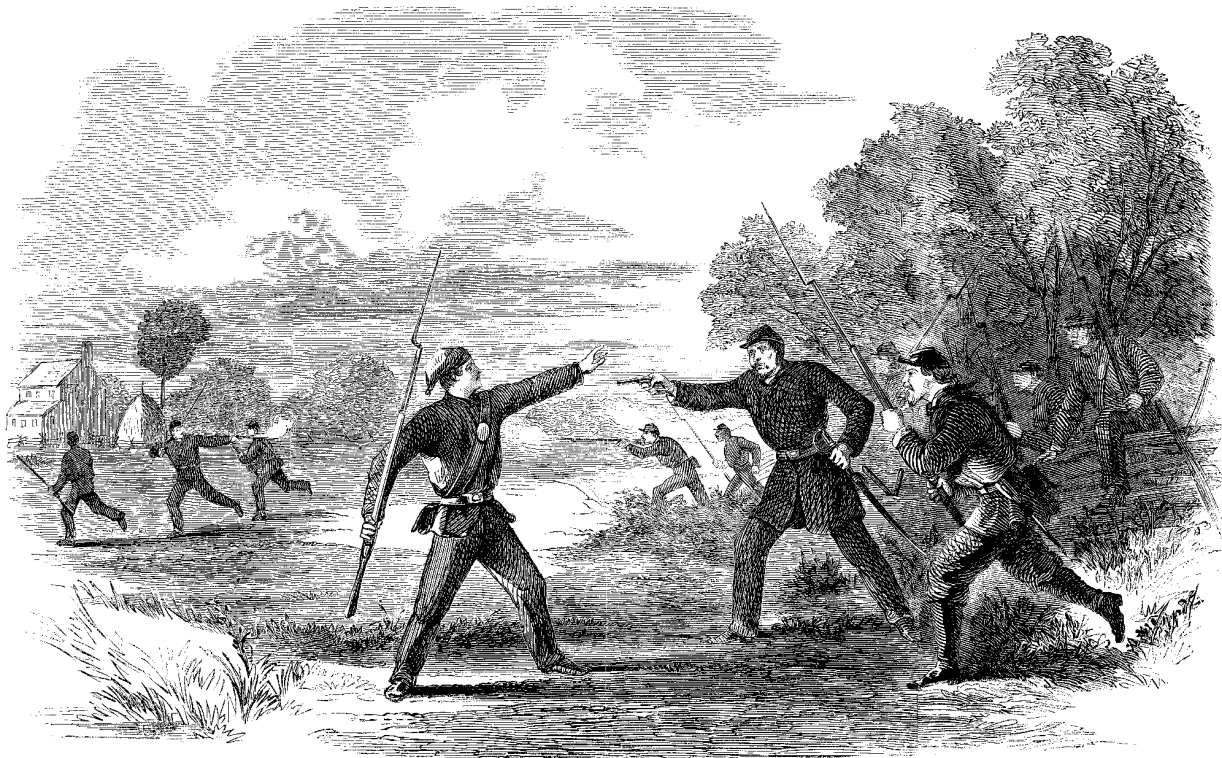


THE WAR IN MISSOURI.—GENERAL JIM LANE'S CAMP, NEAR HUMANSVILLE, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT ON OCTOBER 20, 1861.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]









CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET NEAR SHREVE'S FARM, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

**DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR PORT TOBACCO.**

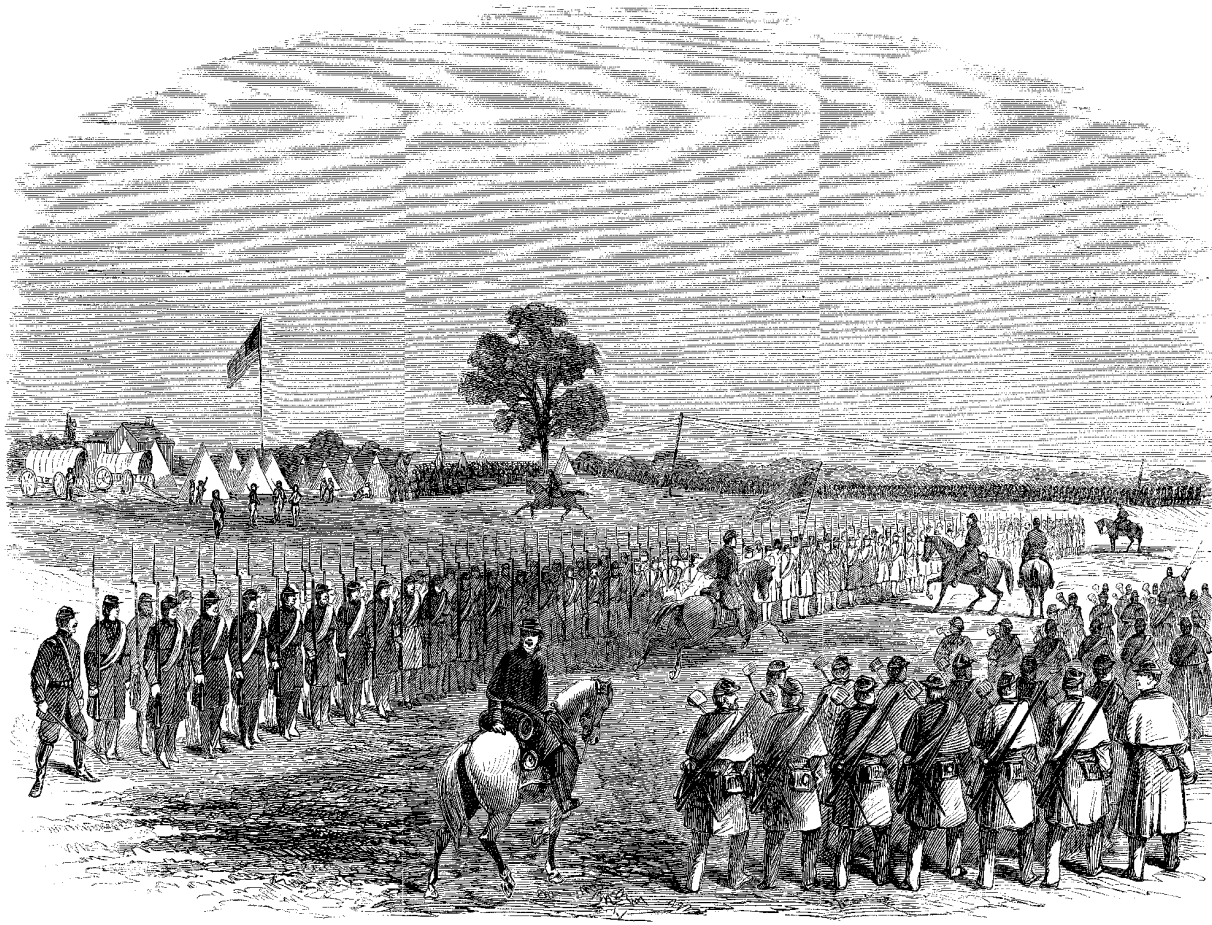
Our special artist with the army of the Potomac happened the other day to be present at one of the mysterious movements which are taking place daily

in General McClellan's army; viz., the departure of reinforcements for General Sickles's Brigade at Port Tobacco on Sunday morning, November 3. He sketched the scene, and we reproduce it on this page. The troops represented are the New Hampshire Fifth, the Rhode Island Fourth, and

the Pennsylvania Forty-fifth. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladensburg. They are a fine body of men, and will doubtless do good service on the Lower Potomac when the right time comes.

We are assuming the offensive on the Lower Po-

tomac, and have heavy batteries erected in positions which command the rebel batteries. These troops are sent down to support the gunners, and perhaps when the right time comes they may pay Aquia Creek a visit one of these days. The river is now thoroughly commanded by our batteries.



DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM CAMP UNION, AT BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND, TO JOIN SICKLES'S BRIGADE AT PORT TOBACCO, NOV. 3.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

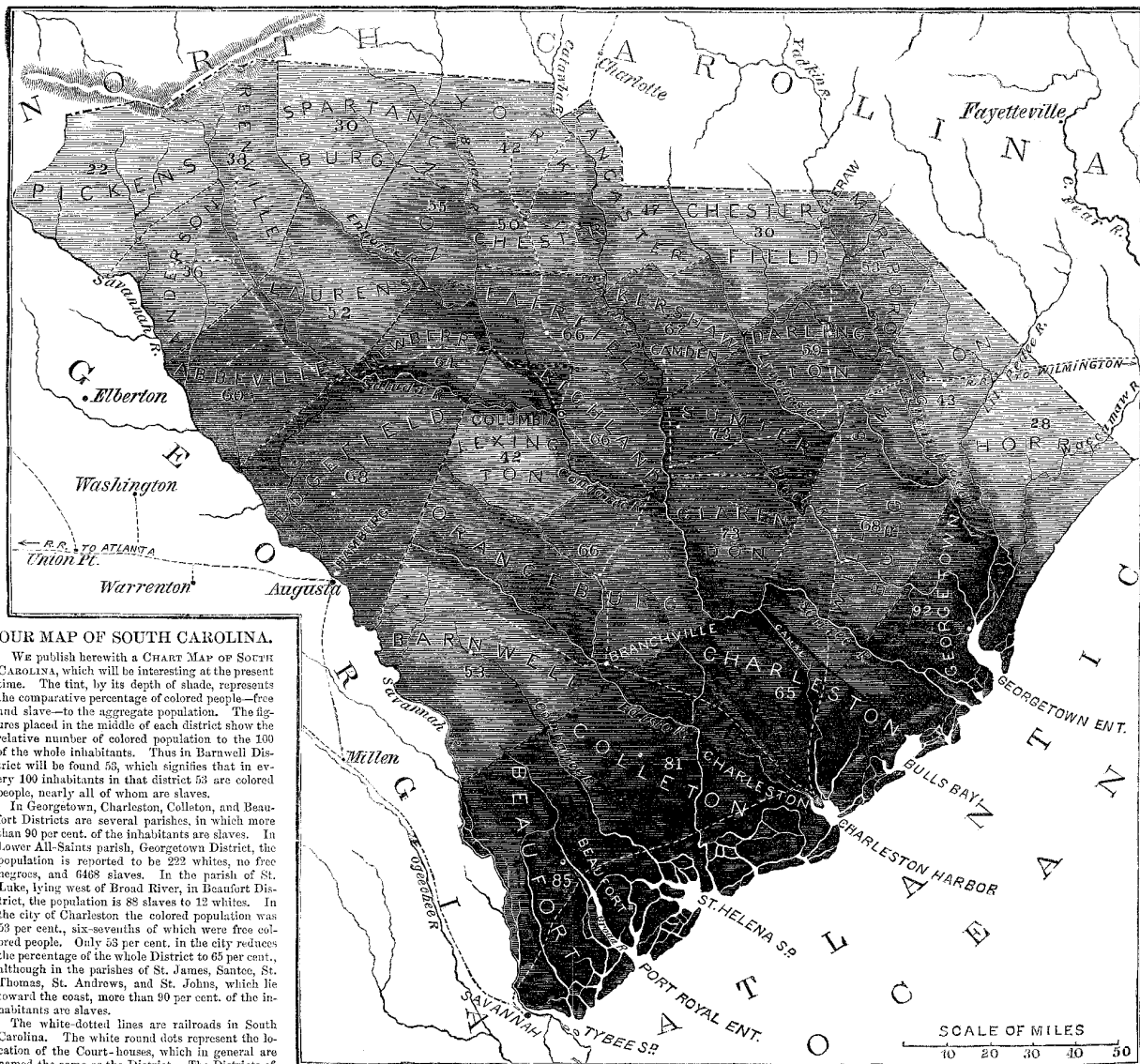




COLONEL DOUGHERTY, OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HILL TRAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 731.]



GENERAL HUNTER, COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 735.]



**OUR MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**

We publish herewith a CHART MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA, which will be interesting at the present time. The tint, by its depth of shade, represents the comparative percentage of colored people—free and slave—to the aggregate population. The figures placed in the middle of each district show the relative number of colored population to the 100 of the whole inhabitants. Thus in Barrowell District will be found 53, which signifies that in every 100 inhabitants in that district 53 are colored people, nearly all of whom are slaves.

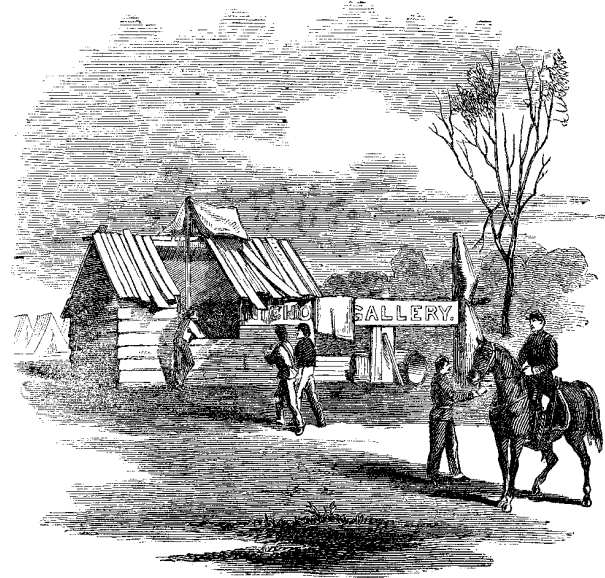
In Georgetown, Charleston, Colleton, and Beaufort Districts are several parishes, in which more than 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are slaves. In Lower All-Saints parish, Georgetown District, the population is reported to be 222 whites, no free negroes, and 6468 slaves. In the parish of St. Luke, lying west of Broad River, in Beaufort District, the population is 88 slaves to 12 whites. In the city of Charleston the colored population was 53 per cent., six-sevenths of which were free colored people. Only 63 per cent. in the city reduces the percentage of the whole District to 65 per cent., although in the parishes of St. James, Santee, St. Thomas, St. Andrews, and St. Johns, which lie toward the coast, more than 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are slaves.

The white-dotted lines are railroads in South Carolina. The white round dots represent the location of the Court-houses, which in general are named the same as the District. The Districts of South Carolina are similar to the Counties in other States.

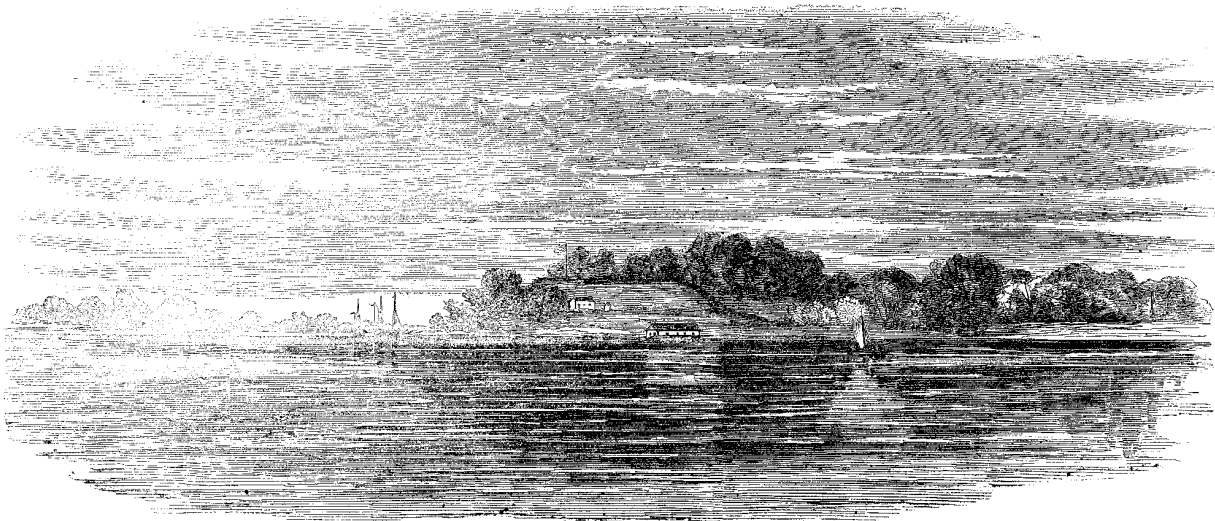
MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF SLAVES IN EACH COUNTY.



MUNSON'S HILL AS IT NOW APPEARS WITH THE FORT ERECTED BY THE GARIBALDI REGIMENT.  
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

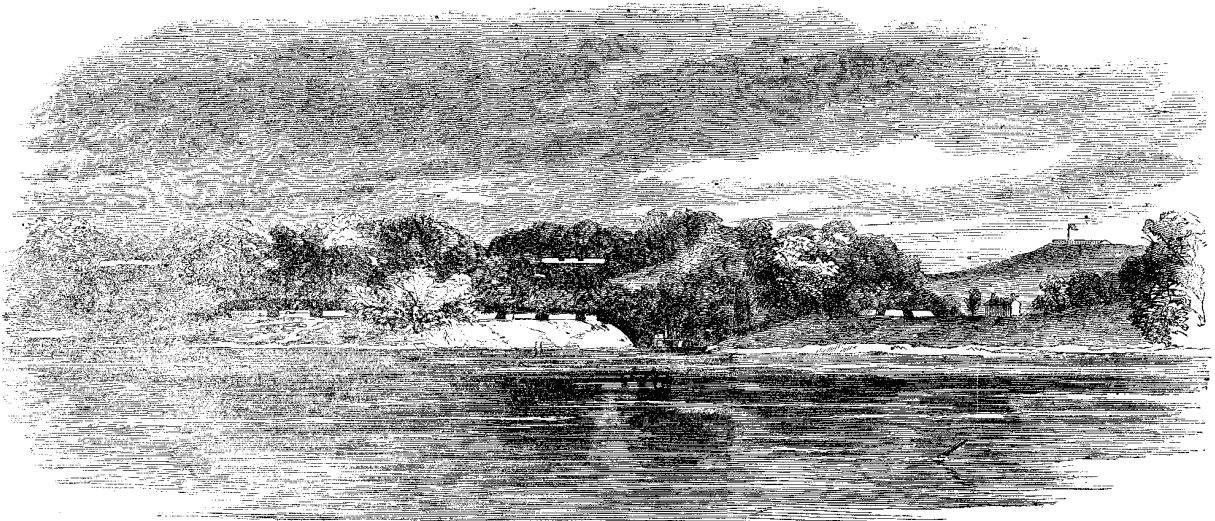


PHOTOGRAPHIC SALOON IN CAMP, NEAR BALL'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA.  
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



Stump Neck. Mouth of Chickamozen Creek. Mrs. Budd's house.

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



Evansport Wharf. Battery. Battery. Battery. Battery. Ship Point. Rebel Steamer "Geo. Fogg." Captured Schooner "Fairfax." Battery. Battery. Cockpit Point.

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC—EVANSFORD.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER IN THE FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 751.]



HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMP DICK ROBINSON, NEAR BRYANTSVILLE, KENTUCKY. [SKETCHED BY MR. ALFRED 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:

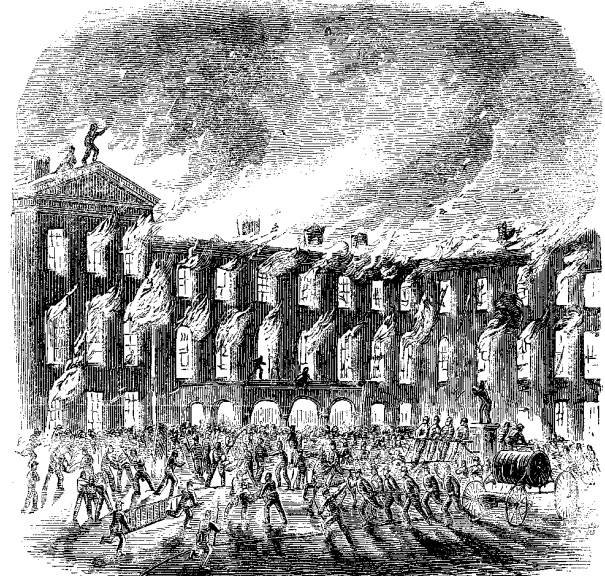
CAMP DICK ROBINSON, KENTUCKY, Nov. 1, 1861. Herewith I send you two sketches of the campaign in Kentucky. One represents the Ohio Thirty-first Regiment crossing the Kentucky River at Boone's Knob. Additional interest is given to this locality from the fact that it is a prominent place in the life of Daniel Boone. It was here he escaped from the Indians, who were pursuing him down the river in canoes, by paddling up a small creek near the knob on the left. He secreted himself in this knob five days. From this circumstance it is called "Boone's Knob." It stands isolated from the other bluffs, and at that time, the river being very high, was entirely surrounded by wa-

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

BURNING OF A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

ON 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 Hospital, better known as the Washington Infirmary, was dis-

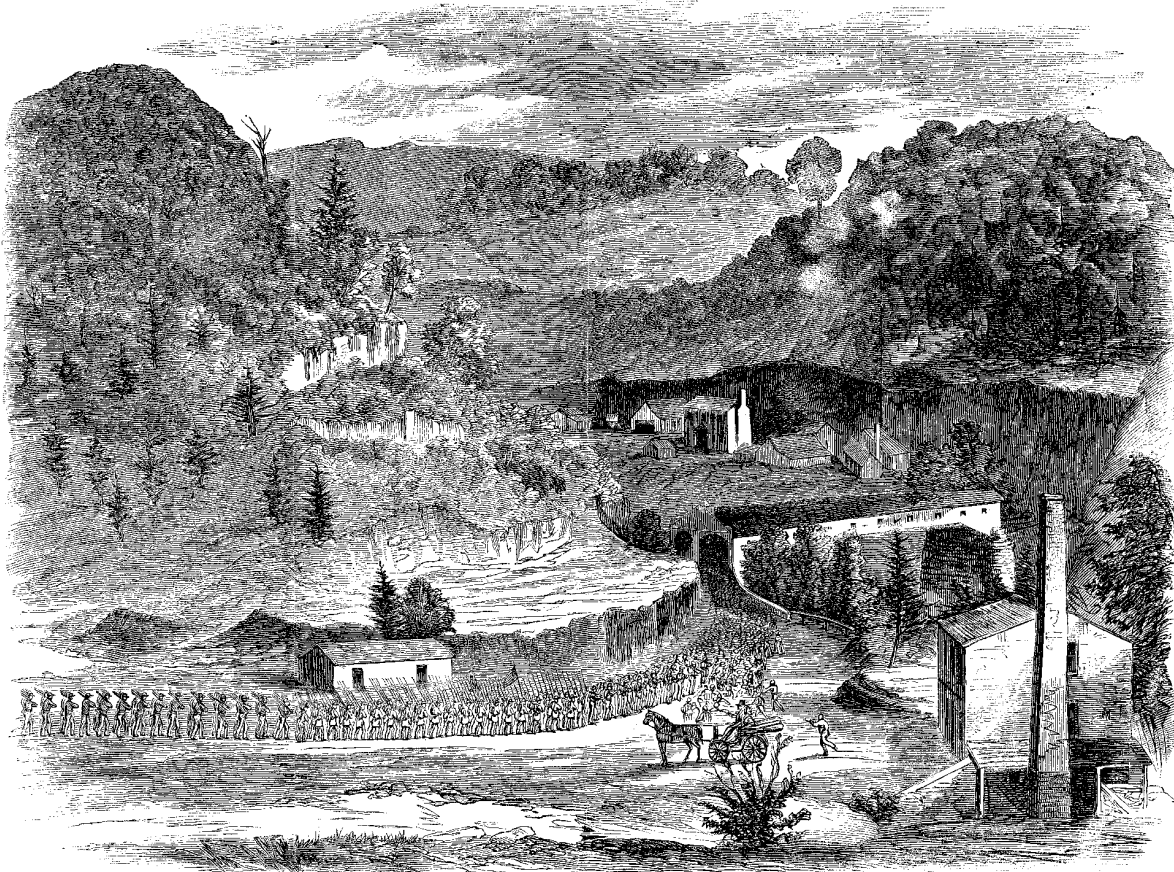


BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL IN E STREET, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 4.—RESCUE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

covered to be on fire. It contained at the time from ninety to one hundred sick and wounded soldiers, and a considerable number of other Government patients. The fire is believed to have originated in a defective gas from the furnaces, which was located in the cellar under the addition which projected from the centre of the main building in the rear. The rooms of the Sisters of Charity were in this addition—over the furnaces—and the three medical cadets had a room on the floor above. The rooms of the Sisters were filled with smoke about half an hour after midnight, and the Sister Superior first gave the alarm. They had barely time to hurry on their clothing and escape, leaving every thing but the clothing they had on in the burning building. Their cries brought in the guard, and soon the alarm became general. Doctors Robinson, Hutchins, and Allen, the cadets above alluded to, lost all their personal effects, with the exception of the clothing which they hurriedly put on to leave the burning building. The Metropolitan police were soon upon the ground, and ran through

the house arousing all the inmates; and about this time the scene was awful in the extreme.

All of the sick and wounded able to rise wrapped the best clothing around them and escaped from the building, and the shrieks of those unable to do so were terribly piercing, and thrilled the hearts of all who heard them. The citizens present, the officers of the institution, and the Metropolitan police were all active in rescuing the weaker patients, who had to be taken up bodily and brought through the smoke and flames to a place of safety. Some were carried to the City Hall, some to the school-house on Judiciary Square (a hospital for some time past), some to the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trinity Church on F Street, and many to private residences in the neighborhood. It is believed by the officers of the institution that all the patients were rescued. An aged woman, named Mrs. Halsey, who was sent to the infirmary some time since by the Commissioner of Public Buildings, has been missing, but has since been found.

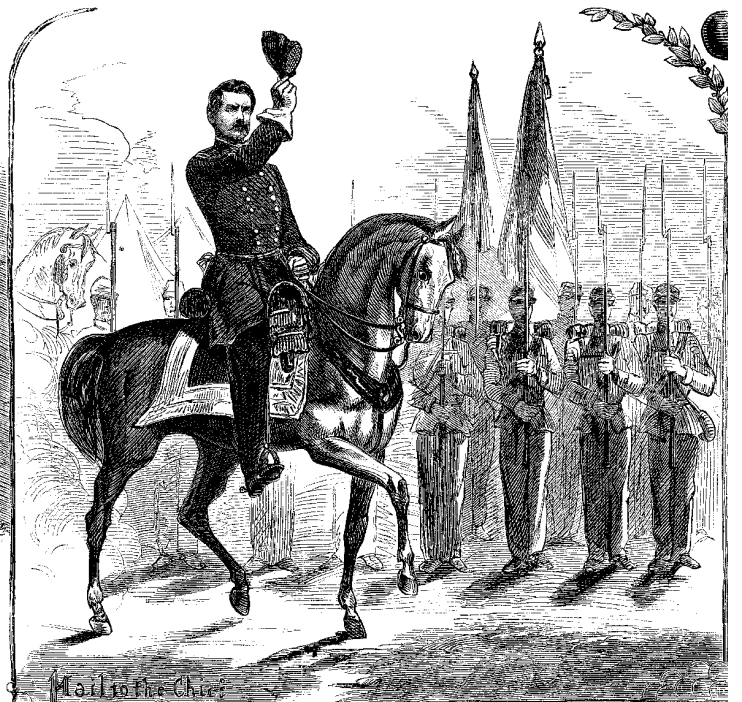


THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS (COLONEL WALKER) CROSSING THE KENTUCKY RIVER AT BOONE'S KNOB, OCTOBER 2, 1861. [SKETCHED BY MR. ALFRED E. MATTHEWS.]





The bold soldier boy



Mail to the Chief

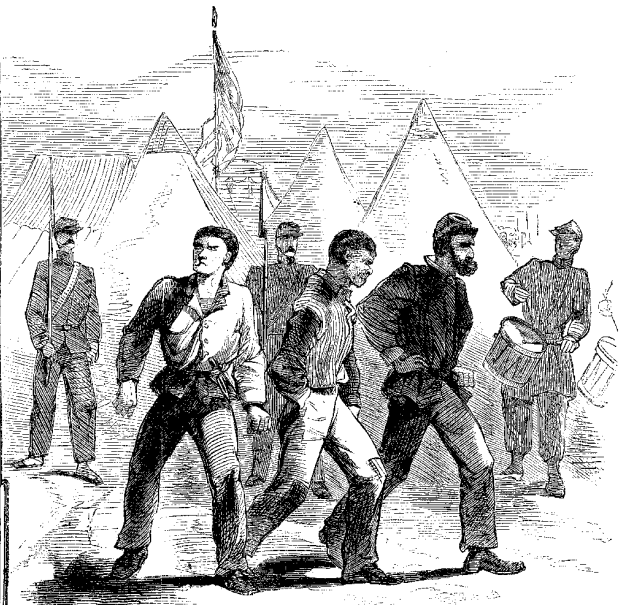


THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND

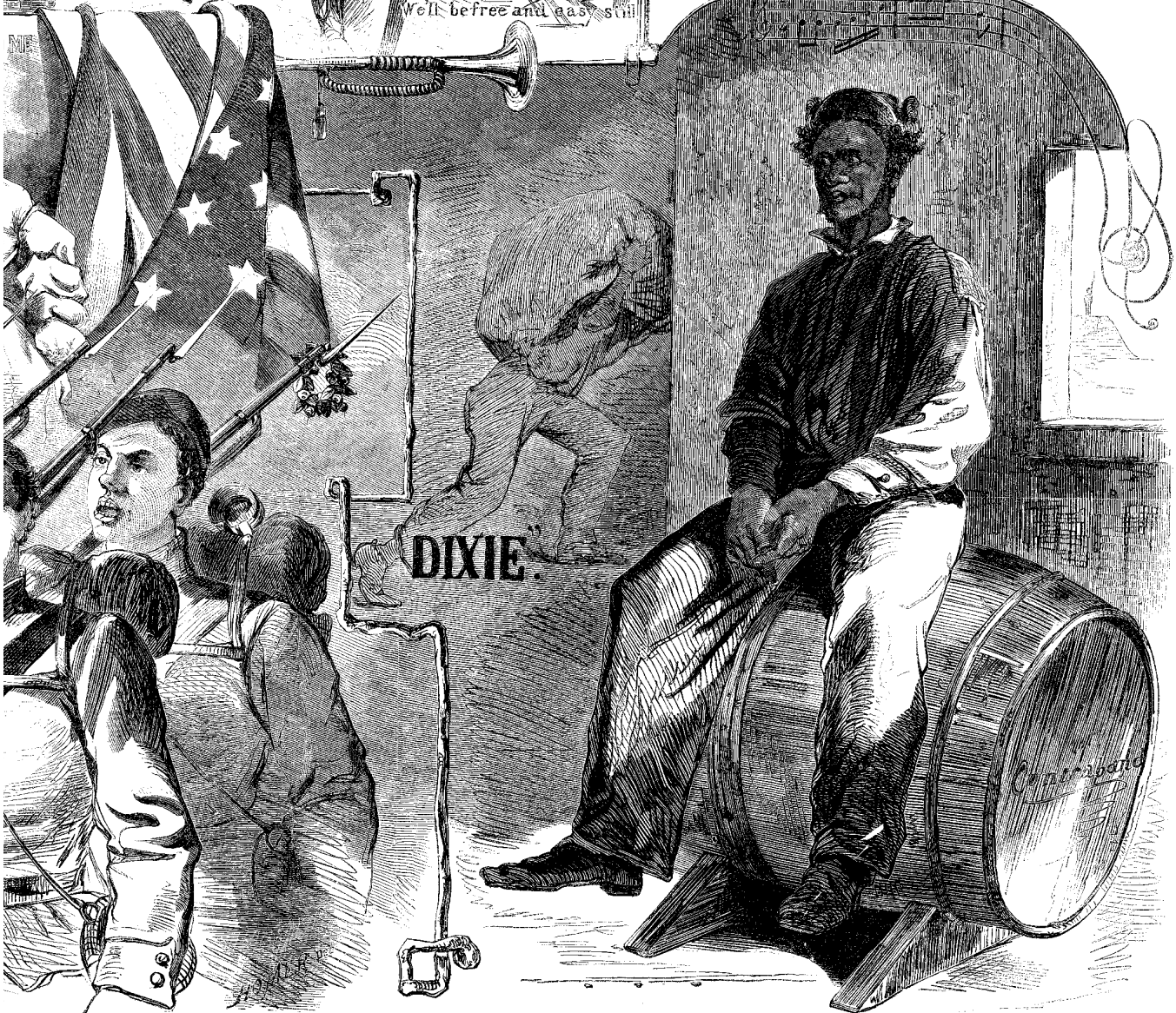
GLORY HALLELUJAH



We'll be free and eas...



Rogues march



DIXIE.

Contraband





lengthen the term of the Pestilence, or profane the secrets of Nature to restore vigor and youth to the failing energies of Crime?"

Grayle, as if stunned by the rebuke, fell on his knees 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 retraced his vanes, he would forsake the arts he had boasted, he would re-enter the world as its benefactor."

"So over 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 whisper, it would dissuade thee from a wish to live on. While I speak I behold it, that soul! Sad for the stains on its essence, awed by its account, it must render, but drawing as the direct calamity, a renewal of years below—darker stains and yet heavier accents! 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 kind that corrupts it, and enslaved to the senses which thou bidst 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 soul 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 leaning 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 elixir! it is no fable!"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the vial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more!" 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 reconcile, 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 Pestilence 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 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 sought 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—the senses by which we can see, though not with the eye, and hear, but not by the ear. Herein are 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 earth ever asked, and has asked, from the hour his step 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 vouchsafed to the mind, thou mayest lawfully use. But the treasures contained in this casket are like all which a mortal can win from the mines he explores—good or ill in their uses as they pass to the hands of the good or the evil. Thou wilt never confide them but to those who will not abuse; and even then, thou art an adept too versed in the mysteries of Nature not to discriminate 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; and not even to thy friend, the most virtuous—if less proof against passion than thou and I have become—wilt thou confide such contents of the casket as may work on the fancy, to deafen the conscience and imperil the soul."

Sir Philip took the casket, and with it directions for use, which he did not detail. He then spoke to Haroun about Louis Grayle, who had inspired him with a mingled sentiment of admiration and abhorrence, 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 admitted 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 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 consigned 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 ascendancy, 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 flickers of waning mortality, only Allah, whose eye never slumbers, can aid."

Haroun then continued, in words yet more strange and yet more deeply graded in my memory:

"There have been men (thou mayest 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 the madness which affects them in the ordinary business of life, but that which turns into harshness 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 for no part of my study, and I tell on the conjectures received in the East without hazarding a comment whether of incredulity or belief. But if, in this war between the mind which the fiends have seized and the soul 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 revolt from no fiend, that could promise the gift—the soul shudderingly implores to be saved from new guilt, and would rather abide by the judgment of Allah on the sins that have darkened it than 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 if the ruins be left to the witchcraft that seeks to rebuild them? There, if demons might enter, 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 the animal life the most perfect be given to the machine of the flesh; in vain might the mind, freed from the shackles 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 unhallowed 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 craving of the animal life the most perfect be given to the machine of the flesh; in vain might the soul, would be an instrument of evil, doubtless, but an instrument that of itself could not design, invent, and complete. The demons themselves could have no permanent hold on the perishable materials. They might enter it for some gloomy cad 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 felicitously perfect in the soul's vital organization, might devour and destroy, as the tiger and the serpent might devour 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 miserable man is calling to his aid the evil sorcery over which the devils have control. To gain the end he desires 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 merciful minister of Heaven, has removed me at last from the earth, believe that the Vale 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 fail 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, dead, in his solitary home, and, according to popular rumor, marks on his forehead betrayed the murderous hand of the stranger. 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 life. Sir Philip hastened to Aleppo. There he ascertained that on the night in which Haroun died Grayle did not disappear alone; with him were also missing two of his numerous suite—the one, an Arab woman, named Ayesha, who had for some years been his constant companion, his pupil and associate in the mystic practices to which his intellect had been debased, and who was said to have acquired a singular influence over him, partly by her beauty, and partly by the tenderness with which she had nursed him through 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 existence as a community has only recently been made known to Europe, and who strangle their unsuspecting victim in the firm belief 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 hiding-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 the East, had once loved, before old age and infirmity 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 conclusion that Haroun had been murdered by one of the fanatics, for the sake of the elixir of life—murdered by Juma the Strangler; and that Grayle himself had been aided in his flight from Aleppo, and tended, through the effects of the life-giving drug thus murderously obtained, by the womanly love of the Arab woman Ayesha. These convictions (since I could not, without being ridiculed as the wildest of dervises, even hint of the vital elixir) I failed to suppress on the Eastern officials, or even on a countryman of my own whom I chanced to find at Aleppo. They only arrived 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 Aleppo); Louis Grayle was murdered by his own treacherous 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 being; realizing, I verily believe, the images which Haroun's words had raised up in what then seemed to me the metaphysics of phantasy; criminal, without consciousness of crime; the dreaddest of the mere animal race; an incarnation of the blind powers of Nature—beautiful and joyous, wanton, and terrible, and destroying! Such an ancient myth has personified in the idols of Oriental creeds; such as Nature, of herself, might form man in her moments of fervor, if man were wholly the animal, and spirit were no longer the essential distinction between himself and the races to which his superior formation and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.

"But this being is yet more dire and portentous than the mere animal man; for in him are not only the fragmentary memories of a pristine intelligence which no mind, unaided by the presence of soul, could have originally compassed, but amidst that intelligence are the secrets of the magic which is learned through the agencies of spirits to our race the most hostile. And who will say which the fiends will not enter at their will this void and deserted temple where the soul has departed, and use as their tools, passive and unconscious, all the faculties 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 fact 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 career I have sought to watch and trust to bring to a close, the murderer of Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.

"In this Armenian 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 frozen! 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 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 must have been nearly two hours insensible; the candles before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscript was gone!

CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET.

ON 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:

General Butterfield dispatched Brigade Quarter-master Norton with ten wagons and an escort of the New York Forty-fourth to Street's farm, four miles northwest of Fall's Church and west of the Leesburg Pike, to obtain forage. A short distance north of Fall's Church they captured a rebel picket, who had left his post to fetch for whiskey. Captain Norton at once sent him to head-quarters, though he learned from the prisoner that the rebel pickets were stationed not far back of Street's farm. Captain Norton judiciously posted his men to repel an attack, but he successfully accomplished the purpose of his expedition without capturing rebel pickets. The prisoner's name is G. B. Bell, a private of Company I, Captain Keever's, Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin. The regiment is a part of General Walker's Louisiana Brigade. The straggler that around Centerville is one continuous camp of Confederate troops, including sixty thousand Virginians, under Gustave W. Smith, and an equal number of North Carolinians, South Carolinians, Georgians, Mississippians, and Louisianians, from fifteen to twenty thousand of whom are at Manassas. Beauregard was at Centerville, his headquarters being but half a mile from the village. A new V. ment of cavalry from North Carolina has just arrived.



"WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS HEAD WAS LEANING ON HAROUN'S 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.]

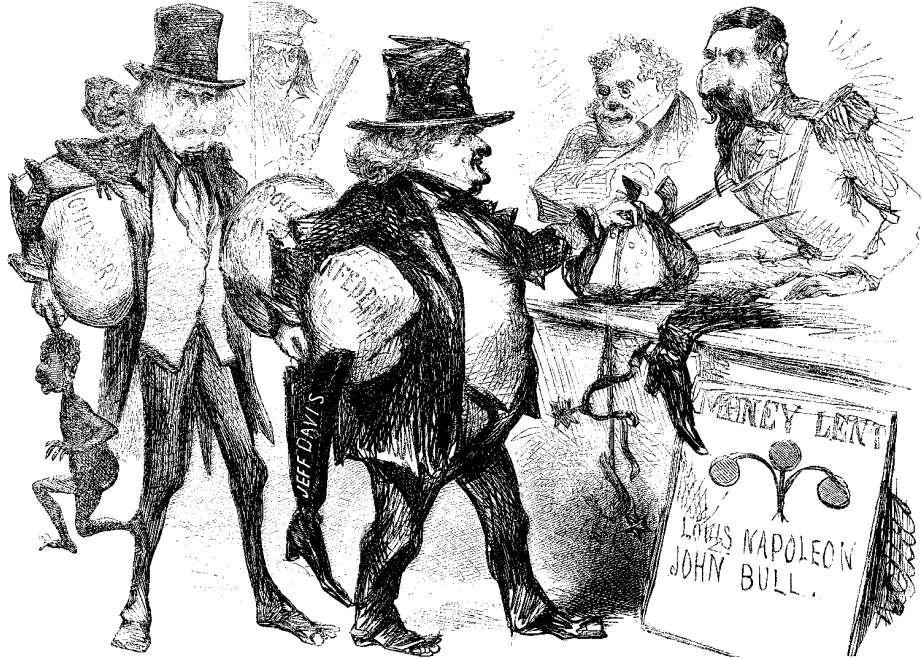








THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE FROM CALIFORNIA.



It is understood that Messrs. SLIDELL and WILSON are empowered to pledge certain Southern interests to Great Britain and France on condition of their establishing a Protectorate over the Southern Confederacy.—Daily Paper.

For List of  
**VARIABLE CHEAP MILITARY BOOKS,**  
See Inside, Page 751.

**The New Gothic Furnace,**  
For warming Houses, Stores, Churches, &c. A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN HEATING: Combining the advantages of steam and hot water. Also for stoves, Portables, Registers, and the Polar Refrigerator.  
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No. 426 Broadway, N. Y.  
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**NOW READY IN THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,**  
The greatest Story and Sketch Paper of the Age, a New and Thrilling Historical Romance, entitled  
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From the Pen of  
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We are this week in receipt of large importations of choice  
WINTER OVERCOATINGS,  
FRENCH CASSIMERES,  
NEW STYLES VESTINGS,  
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And have also added largely to our superior stock of ready made  
WINTER CLOTHING,  
All of which we are selling at exceptionally low prices.  
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Corner of Broadway and Warren and Grand Streets.

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Articles of REAL MERIT wanted in every family: "Patent Honey" or "Folio Manna"—Sold by mail only.—Recipe, with Family Right to make it, \$1. "Clark's Patent Indelible Penicil," for marking linen; "Patent Match Safe," for safe pockets; "Dove's Patent Hammer and chisel;" "Coffee Strainer and Zeonimeter;" "Egyptian Cement," for family use; "Patent Work-Holder." Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address (with stamp) RICE & CO., 52 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**Snow's Pure Confectionery,**  
200 Kinds, 625 Broadway, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail. Dealers enclose stamp for catalogue and prices.  
**CHOICE FURS.** No. 49 Broadway. Opening at Retail of an entirely new stock of Sable, Mink and other choice FURS, in the most desirable styles, much below usual prices.  
S. GOOE,  
Furrier, 49 Broadway.

**For the Holidays.**

Read what the New York Tribune, Nov. 5th, says: **THE UNION PRIZE STATIONERY AND RECIPE PACKAGE.**  
We have been shown a package of Stationery and Jewelry put up by Messrs. Rickards & Co., of No. 102 Nassau Street, and most express our surprise at the quantity and quality of the articles they give for 25 cents. We must confess we were sceptical at first, but seeing is believing. There is no secret in their trade. As they are largely engaged in the manufacture of jewelry and purchase all their other articles for cash, they manage, by their large sales and strict business integrity, to make a small profit on each package. There is no need of our citizens going to stationery stores when they want small quantities, and paying exorbitant prices, when they can get a dollar's worth for twenty-five cents. They have completely revolutionized the Stationery business, and now a poor man can get as much Stationery as he will want in a year for twenty-five cents. They are, indeed, public benefactors.

**AGENTS**—EITHER MALE OR FEMALE, will be rewarded, by sending a stamp for our circular, that our Prize Package

**Contains more Articles,**  
of a better quality, and  
**Sells more Readily**  
than any other in the market. For your benefit we enumerate each article in the package:—Six sheets commercial note paper, six sheets ladies' note, six sheets ladies' built paper, one commutation penholder, two fine steel pens, one fine pencil, one sheet blotting paper, one fine engraving (6x10) of General McCallan, six white envelopes, with portraits of Union soldiers in colors, six ladies' white envelopes in beautiful colors, six buff envelopes.

**Seventy-five Valuable Recipes,** which alone make the package sell rapidly. In addition to these articles, we give with each package a **STURDIED PIECE OF JEWELRY,** of a richer quality than anything in the market, and **WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE** paid for the whole, consisting of the following articles:—Brooches, lockets, sleeve buttons, rings, crosses, gowns' pins, &c. If the contents of one of our packages were purchased elsewhere they would cost at least \$1. Agents can make from \$5 to \$10 a day.

Read what the New York Times, Nov. 5th, says: **A BLESSING FOR FOUR PEOPLE.**  
A man who gives a dollar's worth of anything for twenty-five cents in these hard times is a friend to the poor man, in the broadest sense of the term. Rickards & Co., No. 102 Nassau Street, are public benefactors. They put up a Stationery and Jewelry package containing such a quantity of useful articles, that if bought elsewhere, would cost about one dollar. We are assured by parties who sell their package that \$5 a day can be realized by agents. **RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

**Fine Shirts & Collars**

On hand and made to order in any style, by  
**UNION ADAMS,**  
No. 637 Broadway, New York.  
Winter Gloves, Undershirts, &c.  
Our large stock at very low prices, all qualities and sizes. Wholesale or Retail.  
**HA. PEREGO & SONS,**  
No. 41 Nassau Street, or No. 175 Broadway.

**SENT BY EXPRESS EVERYWHERE.**



**Retailed at Wholesale Prices. Made to Measure at \$18 per doz. OR SIX FOR NINE DOLLARS.**

MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS SHIRTS. With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good as any sold in the retail stores at \$2 50 each. ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT \$2 EACH.

T. S.—Those who think I can not make a good Shirt for \$18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one six-\$18 fine shirt.

50 yards of New York Mills Mulin at 34 c. per yd.	\$1 50
7 yards of fine Linen, at 50c. per yard.	3 50
Making and cutting.	4 00
Leahy, \$1; buttons and cotton, 50c.	1 50
Profit	1 60
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$12 00</b>

**Self-Measurement for Shirts.**

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere. These rules are so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure. I warrant a perfect fit.

The cash can be paid to the Express Company on receipt of the goods. The Express Company have orders to allow all parties to examine the goods before paying for them. If the goods are not as represented, you are at liberty to return them.

**S. W. H. WARD, from London,**  
387 Broadway, up stairs,  
Between White and Walker Streets, New York.

**Ladies are invited to call and examine** the goods of our firm and our quality. Our store is now open at **TERBY'S, 391 Broadway, New York.**

**To the Public.**

Permit us to inform you that we have now opened a complete and extensive assortment of **NEW GOODS,** adapted for fall and winter clothing, to which we particularly invite your personal inspection, and which we are willing to make up to order in our usual style of quality of excellence, without any advance in prices (although a great advance has taken place in all fashionable imported goods within sixty days).

Seeing you of our continued determination to merit the confidence we have so long enjoyed, we are your obedient servants,  
**E. BERRY & COMPANY,**  
Tailors and Importers, 51 Walker Street.  
By the request of many of our customers, and during the present disturbed state of public affairs, we are (without any five per cent. for ready money on all purchases from this date. Army and Navy Equipments positively not cash on delivery.

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