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IN TIME OF WAR.

Times are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us every where;
The nation's pulse hath an uneasy beat,
For scouts of battle feel the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man stints his breath—
A stillness comes; and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.

The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board
Whercon the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rude and hurried characters is scored.

Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—
An earnest of our Future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.

But whether Failure darkens all the land,
Or whether Victory sets its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,
Shall scare the sweetness from these summer days.

God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The income of a people's sacrifice—
The wrestled offering of a people's strength!

It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
"This priceless; priceless!" And not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But breatheth well beneath the holy dew
Of tears, that cease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.

MORGAN'S RAID.

We publish below an illustration of the ENTRY OF THE REBEL RAIDER MORGAN INTO THE TOWN OF WASHINGTON, OHIO, on the occasion of his late raid into that State. The famous bandit levied pretty freely on the defenseless towns and villages through which he passed, directing his men to provide themselves with food, clothing, horses, and whatever else they wanted. In these respects he treated loyal men and Copperheads with perfect impartiality—robbing some opponents of "this Abolition war" very thoroughly. We gave in our last number the fact of his capture. We now append the following interesting account of the last excursion of the famous bandit, from the Columbus *Journal* of July 30:

Yesterday afternoon, in accordance with orders of the War Department, John Morgan and twenty-eight of his command were placed in the Ohio Penitentiary, where they are to be subjected to close confinement until the rebels are proper to release the officers of the Straight and Grierson expedition, now inmates of the Libby Prison at Richmond. The prisoners arrived on the afternoon train from Cincinnati, which stopped at the State Avenue crossing, thus saving the trouble of marching them from the depot. A detachment of the Provost Guard had been detailed to keep the road from the track to the Penitentiary clear of people—a measure that was absolutely necessary, considering the large crowd that had collected. It required but a few minutes for the Guard, under command of Lieutenant Irwin, to conduct the prisoners to the Penitentiary, where General Mason turned them over to N. Meison, Esq., the Warden, who received his charge with as much grace as the circumstances would allow.

The examination of the prisoners which followed was a tedious process, but was not devoid of interest. It was conducted with due regard for the feelings of the prisoners,

and at the same time it was very minute. One fellow was compelled to hand over a watch he had concealed in one of his pantalon legs, between the lining and the cloth, while others handed over articles, including greenbacks and "Confederate scrip." These things will at the proper time be returned to those from whom they were taken, unless they were a part of their stockings in their late raids. Morgan himself had several hundred dollars in money, and what he considered as the greater part of which consisted of greenbacks.

As the examination of each prisoner was completed, he was marched to the wash-house, where he was required to give himself a "scrubbing," and from thence he was taken to his cell. Morgan, who was the first one to pass through this ordeal, did so with as much indifference as he could command, which, however, was but little, for as he passed into the cell-room that leads to the cells, his step was far from being as firm as one would expect, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. The prisoners are to be governed by the rules of the prison, which will prevent them from talking with each other. Their heads have been shaved in accordance with these rules, and they will doubtless find themselves otherwise inconvenienced by them. They will receive the same treatment as other prisoners receive, which is all they ask, and which is better than has been done to many a Union soldier who has died in some Southern prison. They will be closely confined to their cells, though they will doubtless be allowed to take some exercise each day. We understand that details from the Provost Guard will keep close watch over them.

There were several other facts connected with this matter, which we are compelled to postpone for the present. However, we hope that this satisfactory measure on the part of our authorities will soon have the desired effect to secure the speedy release of the officers of Colonel Straight's expedition, among whom are several citizens of Columbus.

THE CAPTURE AND DEGRADATION OF MORGAN.
The following letter appears in the *Cincinnati Times*:
CINCINNATI, Thursday, July 23, 1863.
I overtook Major-General Morgan and his entire force,

on the 20th inst., at 2 o'clock p.m. On the first sight of the enemy, I found that he was moving rapidly toward Smith's Ford. I at once commenced a rapid movement to intercept him. I succeeded in my attempt. The result was the surrender of Gen. Morgan's forces to my command.

On my approach to the road on the enemy's front, I observed a flag of truce advancing to me. I proceeded to the spot and asked the bearer what he wanted. He said he demanded a surrender of the militia forces now advancing. I told him at once to return to General Morgan, and tell him that I did not command militia; that I would not surrender, but demanded an unconditional surrender of his entire force, or I would open fire immediately upon them.

In a few minutes Captain Neil of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry (under my command) came up from my left with Major Steel, of the rebel force, bearing a flag of truce, and stating that General Morgan's forces had already surrendered, and they hoped they would not be fired on. I assured Major Steel that there was no danger while the flag was present.

I at once concluded that the surrender was complete, and remarked to the parties that all would remain quiet until General Shackelford arrived. I then rode forward and met General Morgan under a full belief that the affair was all settled.

It was soon observed by some one that the terms of surrender were made with Captain Burbridge, of the militia, who was a prisoner in Morgan's ranks, he procuring Morgan and his officers to be paroled, and field-and-line officers to retain their side-arms. On seeing Captain Burbridge, he told me that such was the case. I asked at what time and how long since Morgan had surrendered to him. He said at the same time I myself had intercepted him. This was quite a trick, and I paid no more attention to the affair, but turned John and his party over to General Shackelford, and proceeded to disarm the prisoners, all except the line officers. I let them keep their side-arms for the present, until the Burbridge surrender was further investigated. Burbridge's surrender was a mere ruse.

GEORGE W. DEW,
Major Ninth Kentucky Cavalry.



MORGAN'S RAID—ENTRY OF MORGAN'S FREEBOOTERS INTO WASHINGTON, OHIO.

RUSE DE GUERRE.

So, Phillip, it seems you're offended—
I'll own I've not acted quite right;
But is the occasion sufficient
To stir up your wrath in its might?
If you hadn't appeared so excited,
If you were not so easily teased,
I should never have gone off with Charlie—
But you knew I would do as I pleased!

clad navy, are slowly but surely undermining
the rebel strong-hold—the nursery of treason.
It is the story of Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson,
and Fort Pulaski, and Vicksburg, and Port
Hudson over again. Slow but sure approaches;
desperate, unsuccessful assaults; a gradual
accumulation of power in the shape of men and
guns; a steady tightening of the grip round the
rebel throat; a dogged Northern tenacity against
which Southern fire burns itself out; and at last
"unconditional surrender"—such has been the
uniform history of all these sieges, and such,
we doubt not, will be the history of the siege
of Charleston. It is due to the Administration
to say that they have never showed any timidity,
on these occasions, in strengthening the
hands of the General in command. Troops
were forwarded to Grant before Donelson, and
again before Vicksburg, as fast as he could use
them; Gilmore, at Pulaski, got all the guns he
needed as fast as he could place them in position;
and now we have reason to believe that the
resources of the Government are being strained
to the utmost to give him what he wants
at Charleston. The capture of Fort Sumter
will probably do as much for the science
of artillery as that of Pulaski did.
In four or five weeks the other armies will
move, and then the world will be, Ho for Mobile,
Chattanooga, and Richmond! Now the
centre of interest is Charleston.

THE ANGLO-PIRATES.

MR. RICHARD COBDEN, one of the few Englishmen
who have not been struck blind by the prospect
of securing the carrying trade of the world for
British vessels, declared the other day in Parliament
that Laird, the ship-builder, is about to launch
two more ships of war for the rebels, and that
if they got to sea successfully the United States
would declare war on England.
We think Mr. Cobden is mistaken in supposing
that we are going to war with England at present.
The addition of two more vessels to the
Anglo-Rebel fleet now afloat will not inflict
much injury upon us. We have already suffered
about as much as piracy can inflict. Our
merchant navy has been practically driven from
the seas. The insurance on goods shipped in
American bottoms now averages 5 per cent.—a
premium which effectually drives our ships out
of the market. A large proportion of our finest
vessels have been placed under the British flag,
and of the remainder the bulk lie idle in port.
There are still, of course, a good many American
vessels afloat in one sea or other, and five
pirates will probably destroy more of them than
three could. But the additional risk and damage
will not justify Mr. Lincoln in complicating his
present embarrassments by a declaration of
war against Great Britain. So far as the immediate
present is concerned, John Bull can pursue
the piratical business in which he is engaged
without fear of any other punishment than
the scorn and contempt of all honest men.

After we have accomplished the work we
have in hand, and re-established the national
authority over every foot of the national domain,
we shall then seek a reckoning with England.
And this is a kind of claim which does not lose
by keeping, and is liable to be barred by no
statute of limitations. Mr. Cobden was quite
right in saying that the United States Government
is keeping an exact account of the value
of every American ship that is burned by the
Anglo-Rebel pirates, with the fixed purpose
of presenting the bill to the British Government in
due time, and collecting payment thereof. If
the present Government or its successor were
disposed to neglect this duty, the people would
remind them of it. Each separate report of the
destruction of an American ship by the British
pirates Alabama, Florida, and Georgia; each
account of the attentions bestowed upon the
rebel officers, and the assistance afforded them
by the Governors of British colonies; each malignant
lie uttered in Parliament by members
of the Government and their supporters; each
sneaking quibble employed by Lord Palmerston
to excuse the piratical ventures of his countrymen,
sinks deep into the memory of every American,
and will be treasured up till the day comes
for retribution.

The experience of this war has proved that
the restraints of municipal law are inadequate
to control the mercenary impulses of Englishmen.
The Neutrality Act, if carried out in England
as it was in this country during the Russian
war, would have prevented the departure
of a single pirate from British waters. But as
Mr. Under-Secretary Layard says, this would
have crippled "a most useful and important
branch of British industry," and hence all parties,
from the ministers of the crown down to the
object of the law and to render it a mere dead
letter. We must have better security hereafter
than a municipal law.

This war has also taught us the wisdom of
the policy recommended by many of our leading
men in 1812, when they urged upon the Government
the necessity of seizing Bermuda and
Nassau. These nests of pirates, peopled by the
illegitimate offspring of buccaners and mutineers,
are too near our shores to be under any
other flag than our own. When the time comes

for our Minister to present his little bill for the
ships destroyed by British pirates, the title to
these islands will also be placed in suit, and if
war comes their fate will be quickly settled.

We have very little apprehension of war with
Great Britain. If we put down the rebellion,
and then, with a large army and a large fleet
of iron-clads to support our claims, demand the
indemnity to which we are entitled, and the material
guarantees which our safety requires, in the
shape of a cession of Nassau and Bermuda, and
the independence of Canada, John Bull will
bluster mightily, but he will yield at last. He
never fights except for dollars. Greed of gain
drove him into the piratical business, and greed
of gain will make him eat dirt when we are able
to lay our hand on his throat. Had he believed
for a moment that the United States would succeed
in this war, he would never have allowed a
pirate to sail; when he finds that we have
succeeded, he will be as humble as he is now arrogant;
and with many declarations of his abiding
regard for his good customers in the United
States will pay his little bill with a grimace,
inwardly groaning over his own stupidity at
having formed so blundering a calculation of
the future of the American War.

THE LOUNGER.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Government of the United States, after sagacious
deliberation and taught by events, has perfected
a policy for the suppression of the rebellion
which seeks its overthrow. That policy is war,
with the use of all the measures that a state of war
may render necessary. It makes war under the
Constitution, which simply grants the power, leaving
the method to the exigency of circumstances.
The Constitution does not prescribe making war
by an army or navy, by killing people or manumitting
them, by confiscation acts or emancipation of
slaves. The Constitution authorizes the Government
to make war, and the Government is to select
the means at its discretion. But that there may
be no doubt that every means whatever may
be used in prosecution of war, the Constitution expressly
declares that, when the public safety requires
it, the writ of habeas corpus, the most sacred
security of the most fundamental right, that of
personal liberty, may be suspended.

In pursuance of this authority the Government
has adopted and proclaimed its policy. It consists
of war by sea and land; of measures of confiscation,
sequestration, and emancipation. It is a policy
adopted after long reflection, after a universal
public debate. Every part of the loyal country, through
its orators, papers, public meetings, representatives,
and senators, has discussed the question.
The President, a singularly dispassionate man,
striking patience almost beyond a virtue, conscious
that to the strongest friends of the policy
which seemed to him wisest and most necessary
he must always seem slow and half-hearted, after
holding the hands of his impetuous lieutenants,
and delaying and pondering long, at last confirmed
the policy which not only wages war most earnestly
and effectively, but which also causes the war
itself to destroy the root of the war.

This policy was matured and adopted in the full
consciousness that it would not conciliate the
rebels, and would afford their friends in the
loyal State a central point for their incoherent
and furious declamation. The declaration of any
policy whatever must have had the same effect.
For so long as the war was not radical, so long as
it was a matter of mere fighting in the field, the
rebels could continue it until they saw that they
were worsted, and then they could give it up, and
reunite with their late political friends with whom
they had chosen to quarrel, in order that they
might have a chance to fight. If they found by
experience that they could not yet destroy the
Union and the Government by force, they would
return and sap its foundations from within a little
longer before striking another armed blow at it.
We should have spent thousands of costly lives,
millions of dollars, and have made the Government
as expensive as a monarchy. Then the rebels
would have said, "We return to our allegiance;"
and Toombs, Slidell, Yancey, Mason, Wigfall, Hunter,
and Davis, either in person or by proxy, would
have returned to their old plotting, taught by
experience that their Northern allies were truer
to party than to country, and could therefore be
used to good purpose; and taught further how to
make their next blow surer.

The policy of the Government has entirely ruined
this scheme. It is a policy which declares that
some permanent and adequate blessing to the
country shall be purchased by the great outlay for
the war; that the precious lives of the noblest youth
shall not be lost in vain; and that every man
Davis and Company shall not step sullenly back
to Washington to have another trial of craft when
that of muscle shall have failed. It is a policy
which exasperates the friends of the rebels at the
North, so that they gnash their teeth with rage.
It is a policy which leads them to play with fire.
They nominate Vallandigham, an open rebel, but
not armed, because he can better serve the rebellion
without arms, for Governor of a loyal, free
State. They send a horse riot of the worst
criminals, burning, pillaging, and massacring, as
a "movement of the people," and a "great popular
uprising." They hear with satisfaction that they
can not conceal of the misfortune of their
country, and refuse to the last to believe the
victories of the national flag. It is a policy at
which the rebels tremble, and which thoroughly unarms
their allies at the North.

Meanwhile, under this policy, the Government
of the United States has its hand upon the throat
of this rebellion, and foresees a future of peace and

compensation for the war. The policy does not
unite the North, indeed, and no policy could. Had
another been adopted, the North would still have
been divided. A timorous and superficial policy,
while it might have precipitated desperate political
partisans, who would have seen in the fear and
weakness of the Government the promise of their
own success, would have arrayed against that Government
a party formidable for its intelligence,
earnestness, and force. In making war upon the
rebels the Government was obliged, therefore, to
make its choice between two parties at the North.
It must have relied either upon those who wished
the rebellion absolutely and forever destroyed by
every power of war, or upon those who wished to
give the rebels a chance to do by intrigue what
they might fail to achieve by force. The Government
has made its choice. It has preferred Joseph
Holt to Clement Vallandigham, and to free slaves
rather than to return them. It has chosen to believe
in its own majesty and resources, and in the
great doctrine of human liberty which it was founded
to illustrate and enlarge, and to believe in itself
and in that principle as soberly, resolutely, and religiously
as the rebellion believes in the annihilation
of human rights, which it was established to
obtain. The enemies of that Government, and
therefore of the people, are rebels and Copperheads.
What the Copperheads say the rebels applaud.
What the rebels do the Copperheads cheer. The
friends of that Government are all thoughtful,
patriotic citizens, who wish that this war shall make
any similar war impossible, and who, knowing
what caused the war, are resolved that the cause
shall cease to exist. If these citizens, as we
shall cease to exist. If these citizens, as we
have no doubt, the vast majority of the people of
this country, the Government will be saved and
permanent peace established, although the process
may be long. If, on the other hand, the Copperheads
and rebels are most numerous and powerful,
then, either by force of arms or by political
combination, the Government, as made and interpreted
by its framers, and understood by every true
American to-day, will be overthrown, and another,
although possibly called by the same name, and avowedly
as the rebellion believes in the annihilation
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TREATMENT OF CAPTURED COLORED SOLDIERS.

AFTER the assault upon Fort Wagner there was
the usual meeting of officers from both sides to
negotiate for the care of the wounded and the
exchange of prisoners. The Government officer said
to the rebel agent that the officers and men of the
colored regiments were to be treated like all others.
The rebel agent replied that that was a question
for the consideration of his superiors.

That may be, but it is no question for the
Government of the United States. Not only do
its articles of war provide for the case of foul play
upon the part of the enemy, but its honor is inextricably
associated with the enforcement of those
articles; and the Government is bound to be especially
alert in the case of these prisoners, because
they are peculiarly exposed. It must take
nothing for granted but the ill-faith of the rebels.
Their spirit is sufficiently shown by the amazing
indignation they express at our employment
of colored soldiers, and the poor insult they intended
for Colonel Shaw of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth,
in burying him under a score of his own men.
Where else could he be so nobly and fitly buried?
With those devoted soldiers of his and of the
country, and for them and the country, he faced
that storm of rebel fire, and died smiling. Where
should he be buried but with them? On all the
soil of South Carolina there is no spot so holy and
propitious as that grave. But the malice of the
rebels is not less, and their spirit is apparent; and
that the officers and soldiers of the colored regiments
will be treated as honorable prisoners is a
hopeless expectation.

We invited these men to fight for us. We did
not give them an equal pay with other soldiers;
we did not allot to them the offices of honor; we
advised them by a flag whose protection we doubt
if they concede to them; we required, in a word,
of these men, whom our prejudice has rendered
at every conceivable disadvantage, the qualities
that only the proudest and most self-dependent
people show, and we promised them but a very
uncertain reward for all their fighting. Yet there
is not a man who has dispassionately studied the
subject, who does not know that for many a year
we must maintain a colored army, and that that
very fact furnishes a solution of some of the most
perplexing questions of the war. The experiment
has begun. The discipline, endurance, and fiery
heroism of these troops are already established.
The charge of the Second Louisiana at Port Hudson,
and of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts at Fort Wagner,
are magnificent for their steadiness, impetuosity,
and dauntless courage. Were we as single-hearted
as these soldiers our difficulties would disappear.

Now, when is the time to show every colored man
in the land whether we are in earnest, or whether
he would be simply a fool to fight for a flag which
does not protect him. How can a solitary man
of that race, except the few sublimely heroic, enlist,
until he knows the fate of his brethren captured
at Wagner? Or how can we ask any man whatsoever
to imperil his life for us, without promising
him equal fair play with every other? The Government
can not evade the question. Already the
rebel journals declare that if the colored prisoners
are treated as prisoners of war, the rebellion may
be as well abandoned at once. And the rebel Congress
have long since doomed every officer of our
colored regiments to the gallows, and every soldier
to the slave pen.

It will, of course, be difficult for the Government
to ascertain the fate of these unfortunate men.
But it should not suffer itself to be coerced by the
rebels. It should at once demand from the rebel
rulers an explicit guarantee of the same treatment
that all our soldiers in their hands receive, and
the rebels should be apprised that an instant

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

THOUGH it is not certain that Meade may
not at any time attack Lee, or Lee Meade,
yet still the presumption is that active operations
in the field have ceased for the present
along the whole line. Grant has permitted a
large number of his troops to go home on furlough.
Rosecrans evidently means no further
advance at present, and is devoting himself to
the work of reconstruction in Tennessee. And
there is very little reason to believe that in the
present dog days, with masters as they are, either
Meade or Lee would gain much by risking another
battle. The prospect is that the month
of August will be a month of inaction.

Every where except at Charleston. There,
under a tropical sun, and upon the burning
sands of sea-islands, a handful of gallant men,
led by Gilmore, and ably seconded by our iron-

answer must be made. After due delay, if the Government should find that the natural suspicion of foul play is correct, then if its retaliation is not swift, sure, and deadly, if the rebels are not taught, as by fire, that every man who fights beneath the national flag is equally protected by the people whose sovereignty that flag symbolizes, we are simply unworthy of success.

THE VOICE OF THE CHAMBER.

The incessant rebuffs which the rebels administer to their allies at the North do not discount that amiable body. The truth is that they are used to it. In the good old days when the present Southern traitors ruled the Government they snubbed imperiously their followers from the free States, and now that they are trying to ruin it, by the mere force of habit they kick contemptuously their hearers from the North.

Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire—a name which is even more infamous in our history than that of James Buchanan, a man who is not named by the present traitors before the consummation of their treason, as the most servile of all their tools in the free States, and therefore the most servicable, and who steadfastly did their dirtiest work without making a single cry to Buchanan did—desecrated the late Fourth of July by making a speech in which he abused the Administration and all loyal citizens, excused and justified the rebellion, and threatened a counter-revolution. Of course he said his heart's desire was Union with the dominion of slavery, and talked of reconstruction by pacific methods.

But his quondam masters are appalled at the impudence of their Helot. "What! when we have declared our will to secede and form an independent government, and, in general, to have our own way as usual, do you pretend to contest our decision and talk of reunion and reconstruction? Know your place, fellow! Didn't we tell Val-lendarth that we would treat with you holding our noses? Well, we tell you that we would seek to be chained to a cross that again enter the Union with you and the rest of the rubbish that we used as long as we found it servicable, but which we always as heartily despised as we do at this moment. Crawl out of our sight, and let us hear no more Union canting from you!"

But the patient crew take the snubbing and the sneering philosophically. They believe that by-and-by even rebels will make the best terms they can. They can not persuade themselves that rebellion is other than a political trick. "Come back, brethren," they cry, "and have your way as you always did, and always shall, and always ought. Come back, and see in what a still fouler line of obsequiousness we can wallow. Just try us. And we will wait until you are ready, as is our duty."

The door mat cries to the passenger to come in out of the mud. But he pushes on unheeding. The faithful mat does not despair. When the mud is deeper, it says to itself, he will be obliged to come in, and then he will wipe his boots on me, and I shall be happy.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.

AFTER maligning the Administration and sneering at every measure adopted to suppress the rebellion—after declaring that Mr. Lincoln is a Democratic traitor to his country and the Constitution as Jeff Davis—after doing their utmost to destroy public confidence in the honest and patriotic conduct of the war—after espousing with fierce ardor the cause of every rebel sympathizer and abettor in the North—after declaring that there is more respect for personal rights under the sway of the rebellion than under the Government of the United States—after denouncing the war as wicked and fratricidal, and frankly declaring that they are striving to restore a party, assuming to be the Democratic party, to power—after doing all that Davis himself would have done, and exactly in the way that he would direct, the Copperheads turn upon loyal citizens of the United States and with an air of injured dignity demand to know whether there is any question about their loyalty.

None at all. No man at the North or South has any doubt upon the subject. "Virtue, Sir," cried a woman of the town to a gentleman who had made some remarks in her hearing, "do you mean to insinuate that there is the least doubt of my virtue?" "Not the least, Madame," was his satisfactory reply.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By way of exposing the grinding and hopeless nature of the "Lincoln Despotism" our Copperhead friends are fond of extolling the superior freedom of the rebel society. It seems at first sight a little strange that people who in profound peace never hesitated to destroy every vestige of the Constitutional right of free speech should in time of desperate war be absolutely secure in it. It is also singular, at the first blush, that a community in which street fights and amateur assassinations were familiar in quiet times should during war be so composed as to challenge the admiration of the victims of the "Despotism at Washington."

The amusing absurdity of this effort to help Jeff Davis and the gentry who have combined against this Government, is exposed by the book of Colonel Estvan, an ex-officer of the rebel army. "A fearfulful state of things now grew up in Richmond," he says. "An assassination and murder were the order of the day." "An imprudent word heard by one of the secret police agents, who were always spying about to get men into their clutches, was sufficient to bring the speaker before the Provost Marshal and from thence to prison." "Many an honest citizen in this fearful time offered up a heart-felt prayer to Heaven, 'I preserve me, O Lord, from my friends, for I have no fear of the enemy.'"

Colonel Estvan, a rebel officer, had the advantage of seeing things as they were, and he tells us

how they were. Copperhead friends merely tell us not what is true, but what they would like to see us believe, in order that the rebellion may seem less tyrannical and revolting than it is.

HOW TO DO IT.

The key of the present political situation is the fear of certain partisan leaders lest the Union should not be restored until slavery is practically abolished. They are therefore for dulcet words and velvet measures, in order that the rebels may lay down their arms in a gush of fraternal emotion, and that they may count upon the united vote of the rebel States for them and their measures. Shorn of their Southern alliance, and deserted by the patriotic in their Northern ranks, how could these leaders hope to succeed before the people? They insist, therefore, for it is their only salvation, that the President shall invite the rebel States to return to their duty; and they further insist that the Government, in other words, the loyal people of the United States, should offer no terms other than the Constitution and the laws. We have recently seen this statement, almost in the same words, in several papers which are very anxious that the Union shall be saved, provided that slavery is saved also.

They may be very tranquil. The Government of the United States will offer the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance of it to every rebel in the land. And the rebel and the rebel's friends should endeavor to remember that as the war was constitutionally waged to subvert rebellion, so every measure which the exigency of war demanded was not less constitutional, the Government being constitutionally and of necessity the judge of the exigency, and that, in the course of the war and under the Constitution, slavery has been abolished in most of the States. The Constitution and the laws in pursuance of it, which are offered to the rebels, therefore, include the act of emancipation as much as they include the three-fifths representation or the revenue law.

Thus when the friends of the rebels say that nothing can be offered as terms but the Constitution, they are correct if they remember two things—first, that all acts in pursuance of the Constitution are part of the supreme law, to be reversed only as all laws are; and, secondly, that the loyal people of the United States, owning the whole territorial domain of the country, will secure their future peace and the safety of their Government by such measures as they choose. The Government which they will not have allowed a feverish rebellion to overthrow is not very likely to suffer a political juggle to undermine. General Pemberton and his thirty thousand men late of Vicksburg, and General Gardner and six thousand, late of Port Hudson, for instance, are not very likely to be admitted by a nation in its senses to an equal vote with loyal citizens until those gentlemen have given some proof that they are not as much the enemies of the Government to-day as they were yesterday.

The value of a mere oath they have already taught us. Lee was a cavalry Colonel in our service. Joe Johnston was Quarter-master-General; Sidney Johnston was also a Colonel. If any honorable obligation could bind them, it might be supposed that the flag of their country was its symbol. We have been appallingly undeceived. Could there be any more stringent oath than that of Davis, Sillid, and Mason, sworn legislators, Heaven save the mark! of this country? Have they not taught us the value of that oath? Would Floyd's promise to-morrow to be a faithful citizen be more sacred than his oath before God to the Government six years ago? Judicious Copperheads will see that Toombs has given us no reason to suppose that he will be a good boy because he says so. He may insist that he loves his Uncle Samuel very much. But, under the circumstances, his uncle is too sensible a man not to ask, as when the preacher asks how many dollars we pity the poor, "Brother, how much do you love me?"

CIVET WANTED.

The rebels on Morris Island complain that they had to fight colored soldiers. These whippers of women and breeders of babies for market, who call themselves "gentlemen," think themselves dishonored by fighting with honest men who earn their own living and who do not sell their children. Of course the Government of the United States will not hesitate to recall all its colored soldiers. Of course it is strictly unconstitutional to shoot rebels with rifles held by any other than hilly-white hands. Of course "Conservatism" will have to move in the matter, and protest that our erring brethren, the "gentlemen" of South Carolina or of Texas and Arkansas, shall not be so sadly annoyed. An ounce of civet, good apothecary! These preux chevaliers do not find it distasteful to beget mulatto children, but to be exposed to a musket in the hands of a colored man, 'tis positively shocking to their delicate nerves.

"ROMOLA."

We have before mentioned this noble story while it was serially appearing in Harper's Magazine. It is now issued in a volume, and every reader of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" will be surprised by the new power developed by the author. To call "Romola" the finest historical novel yet written may seem a rather vague and general praise; but the reason why we should hesitate to do so is not that we have any doubt of it, but that to praise it merely as a historical novel seems to undervalue its remarkable creative power. This Moleana and Romola, the hero and heroine, are drawn with so subtle and earnest a hand, and the coloring of the whole book is so gorgeous and sombre, that it is a spell from which the imagination is not easily released. Every page is a witness of the faithful study and careful thought with which the work has been prepared; and the claims of Miss Evans to the first rank among English novelists are now established beyond question.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

- The following Major-Generals are without commands: 1. Major-General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN. 2. Major-General JOHN F. BURDETT. 3. Major-General BENJAMIN F. BUELL. 4. Major-General JOSEPH HOOKER. 5. Major-General SYDNEY MONROE. 6. Major-General DON CARLOS BUELL. 7. Major-General IRWIN McDOWELL. 8. Major-General JOHN A. MCDONNELL. 9. Major-General SAMUEL B. CURTIS. 10. Major-General GEORGE W. MORELL. 11. Major-General R. H. MILROY.

The Rev. Colonel THOMAS WESTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Westchester, the pioneer commander of a negro regiment in this war, reached that city on a brief furlough on 29th ult.

A picnic and ball were given on Saturday last by Colonel SIR FREDERICK WYNDHAM and staff, at the cavalry headquarters at Washington. Invitations were accepted by most of the prominent officials, civil and military. It was a elegant entertainment.

The United States gun-boat *Mahaska* left this port on 21st ult. for the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. She is commanded by Captain CROFTON, U. S. N.

Brigadier-General DUFFIE has been assigned to the Department of the West. He will at once proceed to Ohio, and take command of all the cavalry in that Department. Captain E. O. BURMAN, of Brooklyn, and Captain R. E. HENNING, of New York, accompany him—the former as Assistant Adjutant-General, and the latter as Aid-de-Camp.

Captain DANIELS, formerly of General Hooker's Staff, who was wounded at Hagerstown, has had his leg amputated on the 29th ult. very low. He has since improved somewhat.

General HOOKER was making calls in Washington on 29th ult. He is said to be about to take a command.

General STONEMAN will be Chief of the Cavalry Bureau about to be organized in the War Department. His appointment is in accordance with the organization and the future efficiency of the cavalry service.

Brigadier-General GRIFFIN, who has commanded the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps for several months past, is ordered to report to the War Department. He is the officer of the battery which bears his name, General GRIFFIN did excellent service in the first battle of Bull Run, but he was not appointed Brigadier-General until just before the battle of Manassas, and with the same full powers as before. The command which he has just resigned a short time before the first battle of Fredericksburg.

Adjutant-General L. THOMAS has been relieved from duty on the Army-Setting Board in New York, and Inspector-General D. B. SACKETT detailed in his stead.

Commander HENRY A. WISE has been appointed by the President Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department *ad interim*.

Adjutant-General THOMAS has left for the West, to organize new regiments. He will proceed directly to Memphis, and from that point to New Orleans, organizing regiments all along the River. He will be gone three or four months, and has the same full powers as before. Mr. J. A. WISE, late editor of the *Chronicle*, accompanies him as Private Secretary.

In the list of demissions from the military service for the month ending Saturday last, as officially announced, are the following:

Major GRANVILLE O. HALLER, Seventh United States Infantry, for disloyal conduct and the utterance of disloyal words and acts, and for the same full powers as before.

Captain H. P. MYRELL, Eleventh New York heavy artillery, for repeated utterances of treasonable and disloyal words and acts, and for the same full powers as before.

Captain WILLIAM H. BURKE, Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers, for treasonable language and disloyalty.

Lieutenant M. B. DE SILVA, Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers, for fighting and publishing a highly disloyal and unbecoming letter.

Captain GEORGE F. EMMONS has been detached from the command of the *Monongahela* and ordered as fleet captain of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Commander J. H. STROUSE has been ordered to the command of the *Monongahela*.

The iron-clad *Onondaga* was launched from Rowland's ship-yard, Greenpoint, on Wednesday morning. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the launching. The vessel was built by CORWELL and Wm. HOGAN, were jammed between the ways and seriously injured; two other workmen were killed in the accident, and the same day the launch was all this could be done.

Lieutenant-Colonel FRANCIS O. WYSE, Fourth United States Artillery, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES A. HANCOCK has been appointed to the command of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, in place of Brigadier-General Canby, ordered to New York.

The United States gun-boat *Memphis* sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th, for Charleston.

The United States steam-sloop *Ossipee* captured on the 29th of July the *James Battle* and *Wm. Bagley*, loaded with coal, and a vessel of "New City." The United States steamer *Scio*, of the coast of Texas, on the 17th ult. chased two small vessels, both of which ran ashore on the coast of Texas, where they were being used for saving them. Their cargoes consisted of cotton.

It is understood that the Court-martial of which Major-General HITCHCOCK was President, in the case of HAZELL B. CASNER, charged with furnishing information to the enemy, and the case of "New City." As the directing of the testimony and facts, the War Department issued orders dissolving the court and severely censuring its members.

A grand artillery review of the different batteries stationed at Camp Barry, under command of Lieut.-Colonel MONROE, took place last week, on the parade-ground north of the Capitol. General HENNINGMAN and BARRY, Chief of Artillery, with their staffs, were present. Every thing passed off satisfactorily, with the exception of an accident by which two men were thrown off a caisson and seriously injured.

Captain FRANK A. GUTHRIE, Co. E, Third Pennsylvania, has been cashiered for cowardice.

A large concourse of citizens and soldiers on Saturday united in paying the last tribute of respect to the remains of Brigadier-General JOHN F. BURDETT, who fell in the front ranks received in the assault upon Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, on the 18th ult. The funeral took place on the 14th inst. at the residence of the late General, the Rev. Dr. DUBUIS delivering an eloquent address upon the life and character of the deceased. A large procession followed the body to Greenwood Cemetery, where the remains of the gallant soldier were interred with military honors.

Lieutenant ROBERT STUART, Second New York Cavalry, was accidentally drowned on 30th ult., while officer of the day on the post at Camp Barry, near Washington, D. C. He was a very fine officer, and much beloved by all his brother officers. He was from Roslyn, Long Island, and a brother of Hon. DAVID STUART, of Illinois, now a member of Congress from Michigan, and now a Colonel commanding a brigade with General GRANT. Captain DOWNING, of his company, left on 21st with his company, was captured by BROWN & ALEXANDER, of Washington, and forwarded to New York. He will be buried in Detroit.

Captain H. A. WISE, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, Navy Department, left Washington for the North, to proceed with an ammunition to complete the siege of Charleston.

THEODORE F. ALLEN, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to duty at General Meade's head-

quarters. His predecessor, Captain COX, is made Assistant Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The official report of General GRANT's operations at Vicksburg reached Washington last week. It is said to be one of the most interesting reports ever made to the head-quarters of the Army.

Lieutenant MORRIS FORTNER, United States Navy, has been detached from the *Fred Jones* and appointed by Admiral DAILEY as Fleet Lieutenant of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Acting-Master JOHN O. OSMOND has been dismissed from the Navy.

Lieutenants NOLAN and WILSON, the former of the Sixth and the latter of the Fifth United States Cavalry, were wounded in General BURNETT's fight at Culpepper on Saturday.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

RICHMOND papers have Charleston dispatches to the 31st ult. Cumming's Point was bombarded on the 30th for about five hours by the *Frondeuse* and the *Mobile* and *Oslo* Batteries Gregg, Simkins, Wagner, and Fort Sumter regiments. Two men were killed and one wounded in Battery Gregg. On the 29th morning at daylight the rebel batteries bombarded the Union works on Morris Island; Fort Wagner kept up the fire until 2 o'clock. No report of casualties.

GENERAL GILMORE'S LOSSES.

General Gilmore reports his loss in the action on Morris Island on the 10th, 11th, and 18th of July, at 635 killed and wounded. He estimates the missing at 850, making a total loss of 935.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Memphis dispatches of the 29th of July state that General Co Johnston's army is said to be on Pearl River, a few miles west of Meridian, where fortifications are being erected. General Johnston has taken the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, from Oklaoma on the north to Mobile on the south, his line of defense. He is said to have received large reinforcements from Bragg's army. Mississippi is virtually abandoned by the rebel. The removal of the slaves from Mississippi to Alabama and Georgia has been carried to such an extent that the Government of those States have issued proclamations forbidding their sale in the section, and General Johnston's pickets are said to have turned a large number back. All in all, it is said that Vicksburg. The fortifications at the former post being strengthened, and the quiet of north troops is progressing rapidly.

FIGHT NEAR CULPEPPER.

A reconnaissance made by General Buford with his cavalry command across the Rappahannock on Saturday, confirms the report of the concentration of the rebel army near Culpepper. Our men crossed at the Railroad Station, and driving Stuart's cavalry before them, advanced to the foot of Culpepper, where a heavy rebel force was encountered. A fierce fight ensued, which ended in our defeat, when General Buford withdrew to a strong position east of Brandy Station. The losses on both sides were considerable.

DISAFFECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Disaffection with Davis and his Confederacy in North Carolina is growing rapidly. The Raleigh *Standard* denounces Davis as a regulator in whom no confidence can be placed, and predicts the failure of his government. The *Richmond Inquirer*, edited by that sweet specimen of an Irishman John Mitchell, clamors for the suppression of the Raleigh paper and of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The latter is the more to be feared, and says that Governor Vance will stand by the *Standard*, and denounce the would-be night-birds. The *Standard* agent of Great Britain seeking to divide this country, North Carolina has furnished 35,000 men for the rebel army, of whom 40,000 have been killed and wounded. The Raleigh editor says the State should send to Washington at once to learn what terms of reconciliation can be made.

RETAILIANS.

The Government gives notice that the law of retaliation is to be fully carried out. Every case of ill-treatment of our officers or men, black or white, by the rebels, is to be retaliated in kind—hanging for hanging, shooting for shooting, imprisonment for imprisonment. If a rebel soldier is taken prisoner and sold into slavery, a black soldier will be confined in hard labor in the prison, there to remain until the black soldier shall be liberated.

KENTUCKY UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

General Burnside, having become satisfied that one object of the rebel incursion into that State is to overawe the Judges of Elections, and intimidate loyal voters—thus forcing the election of rebel candidates, at the election to take place to-day—has declared the State under martial law. All military officers are commanded to aid the constituted authorities of the State in the support of the laws and the purity of the suffrage, and the Election Judges will be held strictly responsible. The election appears to have been a great Union victory.

DEATH OF YANCEY.

Richmond papers announce the death of Wm. L. Yancey, one of the first and fiercest leaders of secession. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1815, but made Alabama his home. In 1839 he urged the Legislature of Alabama to call a State Convention for the purpose of seceding from the Union. In 1860 he was a member of the Charleston Convention, and was among the earliest of the seceding delegates. Then he went in for Breckinridge, and came even to New York, where in a public speech he was a leading spirit in the Alabama Convention and reported the substance of the secession. He was then sent as Commissioner of the Confederacy to Europe to plead for help, but returned in February, 1862, safely running the blockade, and took his seat as a Senator in the Confederate Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEUTRALITY LAW. The House of Commons has had another important debate on the foreign Enactment Act. Mr. Cobden implored the Government to step to the fitting out of privateers, as the American Government would in due time demand a re-embarkation from England for every vessel which these privateers had destroyed or would destroy. Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston defended the conduct of the English Government. Mr. Cobden did not obtain permission to read a letter from Secretary Welles, who, in reply to a statement of Mr. Laird's that he had received an offer in 1861 to build vessels for the Federal, denied that directly or indirectly any application had been made to Mr. Laird by his order, and that he had always declined the numerous applications of English and other foreign ship-builders.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Great preparations are being made for laying the Atlantic cable. Very advantageous conditions for manufacturing the cable have been offered to the Company by Glass, Elliott, & Co., who show the greatest confidence in the success of the enterprise.

RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION. A great irritation exists in England, France, and Austria against Russia, in consequence of the late Russian note, and the tone of the semi-official papers is very warlike. The negotiations between the three Western Powers are very active.

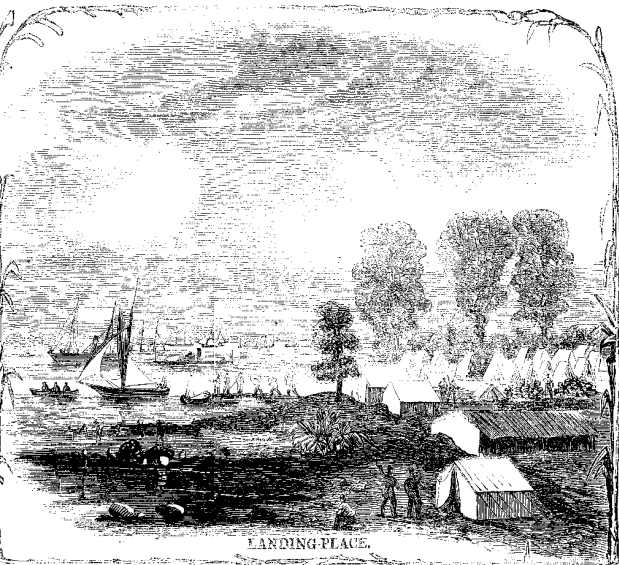


1. Charleston and Savannah Railroad.—2. Ashley River.—3. Charleston.—4. Cooper River.—5. Wando River.—6. Castle Pinckney.—7. Fort Ripley.—8. Fort Johnson (James Island).—9. Stono River.—10. Fort Sumner.—11. Fort Moultrie.—12. Battery Gregg (Cummings' Point).—13. Battery Gregg (Cummings' Point).—14. General Gilmore's Advanced Batteries.—15. Captured Works (Morris Island).—16. Light-house Island.—17. Union Battery (Golly Island).—18. Iron-clad and Wooden Ships.—19. Hotel.—20. Sullivan's Island and Rebel Battery.—21. Moultrieville.—22. Mount Pleasant.—23. Fresh Inlet.—24. Shim Creek.—25. Rebel Batteries on James Island.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL GILMORE'S OPERATIONS.—[SEE PAGE 519.]



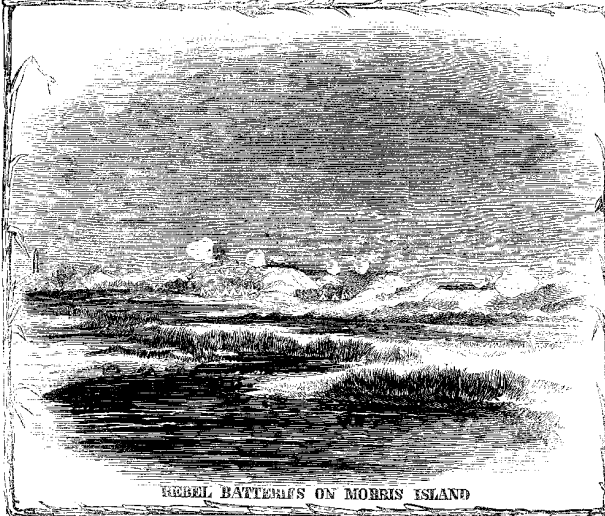
LAGOON ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



LANDING-PLACE.



OUR BIVOUAC ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



REBEL BATTERIES ON MORRIS ISLAND



KIAWAH AND SEABROOK ISLANDS.

BELLE'S FAIRY PRINCE.

Some are born to sewing, some achieve sewing, and some have sewing thrust upon them. Margery Grant, sitting by the window opening on the little garden, achieved sewing, not as an occupation or an amusement, but rather as the development of some function, as natural and as much a part of her as the beating of her heart. A nun-like figure, with a self-communing face, looking off occasionally at shivering boughs or sparkling river, but only as if finding there the completion or the development of her thinking; sitting in an absolute quiet that extended itself even to the dead black folds of her widow's weeds.

Belle, younger sister of Margery, clearly was of those who have sewing thrust upon them. Her very air of solemn and conscientious incapacity betrayed her. She showed a bird-like restlessness, a butterfly impatience, under the linen yoke on which she was working. She took occasional stitches, with long pauses between them, in which she made solemn pretenses of holding her work up and judging of the effect. Then she quarreled with the cotton, and plunging into the depths of her work-basket, was there beset by various slips of newspaper which she felt it her duty to read. She kept a watchful eye on the road, and if so much as a bird chanced to run along the fence she spied it. Presently she shook off the yoke altogether, measured it with her finger, and cheated (there was just an eighth, and she informed herself that she had accomplished three sixteenths), folded it, bestowed it in her work-basket, cut off a rose-bud peering in at the window and put it in her bosom, went over to the piano, struck a few notes, took up an open book lying there, and read out.

"Coax, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated Fairy Prince."

Or, if you have none, as the article is said not now to be in market, oblige us with a Giant, Messieurs, or even an Ogre with two heads," added the young lady, dancing up to her sister. "I am wearied of vegetating; so much embroidery, so many pages, a walk to the river, a muslin wrapper in the morning, and a silk dress at dinner, through the long crawling year. Why, I would welcome even Pain to be sure that I still a soul."

"You may welcome Pain, but you must wait long to bid it farewell," returned Margery, calmly.

Belle started and looked about her:
"Margery, where is May?"
"In the hall or on the piazza."

"No, I have not seen her there for an hour."

Margery put down her work hastily. May was her only child—her three-year-old darling. Belle ran down the walk to the gate, calling, "May! May!" The call rang on the loudness of her still summer air, but Belle heard no hisping voice in answer, and caught nowhere a glimpse of a white frock and little toddling feet. Margery came down to the gate after her.

"Do you see her? I have searched the house, and she is not there. The child is surely strayed away. My poor lost lamb!"

Belle kissed her sister.
"No need fretting yet, Margery. She may have run up the hill. Do you see while I look for her on the road. She can not have gotten far."

But all the while her heart was sinking within her, for only a few yards beyond was the river, and Margery was a widow, and lived only in her child.

"I prayed for pain," she thought; "but let it not be that of my sister's, O merciful God! If such prayers are answered let it be mine!"

Came toward her at that moment a stranger—a gentleman with close, curled hair, and wearing an eye-glass, that gave him, in Belle's eyes, very much the air of a grandfather. This gentleman carried in his arms something fat, white, and sweet, with little shoes, golden curls, and blue sash ribbon. "May!" cried out Belle, running up to him flushed and panting. "Oh, Sir, please give her to me! That is our baby."

Geoffrey Horton looked down smiling.
"I am very glad to have found you. Will you let me carry her for you? You see we are very good friends."

So Belle met her fairy prince: a grave gentleman with eye-glasses, and several years her senior, whose visits she received very much as she did air or sunlight, or any other comfortable thing, and about whom she occasionally jested with Margery, who had kissed his hands on the day that he brought her back her child. Margery always received such jesting calmly.

"Laugh as you like, Belle. He is a man. There are not too many in this odd world."

A year went on. Mrs. Horton, Geoffrey's mother, and Norah, her daughter, at Geoffrey's request had called on Margery, and from that, coming to know and like each other, they had fallen into various pleasant neighborly ways. Geoffrey's house stood next theirs, standing a little back, and uplifted on a hill; and on summer mornings Belle had a fashion of tripping up the shaded path to read with Norah, or Norah brought her work and lunched with Belle and Margery; or Mrs. Horton came in, and crossed solemnly with Margery, who seldom visited. Then as the summer went on, Margery grew into a fondness for putting May to bed herself; and when she had lapsed into her prayers, would nestle down beside her on the pillows, and kiss and cuddle her till she fell off into sleep, and then lie watching the black eyelashes, and the dimpled hands, and perfect peace of mouth and brow all through the short evening, leaving Belle very much to herself.

At such times Belle passed the evening at the Hill, and Geoffrey came with her back to the gate; and it was noticeable that, at twilight, Belle got a way of rolling her hair afresh, and fastening a fuscia in the heavy coils at the back, or a little knot of bright ribbon at her collar. Margery saw it, and smiled to herself.

One evening, when the summer was half over, standing before her glass, and knotting a fiecey thing called a "twilight" under her chin, seized

her on a sudden a presentiment—a thing that gave her a sinking of the heart and a chill in place of the pleasant flutter with which in ordinary she professed such visits. She had a mind not to go; but she had not seen Norah that day, and could not get on with the sack that she was knitting for May till Norah showed her the stitch. That decided the matter; but the question, you see, in the light of duty. So she went; and Presentiment, finding itself unheeded, followed her, gave her a second chill, by way of remembrance, at sight of Mrs. Horton, Norah, and a strange lady on the piazza, and no Geoffrey. Strangers were her pet aversion; and when before had Geoffrey been absent? She hardly knew how to trust him. The strange lady was Mrs. Hayward. So much she learned. And then Norah, after the fashion of girls, drew her away where they could work and talk a little apart.

Mrs. Hayward followed her with a slow, soft glance.

"I have heard rumors," she said, "but hardly credited them, Geoffrey seemed always such a hopeless bachelor. She is truly lovely, however. Can't you wonder that we never saw Geoffrey in town?"

Mrs. Horton was taken off her guard.

"Geoffrey! Oh, you mistake—quite. This is Norah's friend, a very nice girl, sister of a widow, our neighbor. Nice people—the nicest people in the world."

So Mrs. Hayward knew that, let Geoffrey think what he would, Geoffrey's mother by no means regarded the nicest girl in the world as eligible. That lady, meanwhile, was ruminating, laboring with an idea, in fact, S. Mrs. Hayward, who had learned all she wished, and bided Mrs. Horton at the same time. Belle was pretty, and men were fools, and always ready to rush plump on their own destruction, if ever let loose from feminine leading-strings. When she next spoke to Belle something hard and cold sounded in her tone, that helped on Belle's presentiment to another little lumpish chill.

Horse hoofs rang out on the carriage-way; a gay voice a woman's voice, and a velvet new carriage under the old trees that lined the road, and coming out from her shade, Belle saw, in the doubtful light, a slender figure sitting easily in the saddle, a perfectly poised head, a dark sparkling face, half hidden by the brim of her hat and its drooping plume, and—Geoffrey Horton.

"There!" quoth Presentiment, "I told you so."

"That is Gretta Hayward," said Norah, very low—and, Belle, I think Geoffrey is *gone*. She is one of those pleasant people who are so exceedingly civil, and always make you feel snubbed. She isn't pretty, and always looks better than any one else. She has no heart, but plenty of brains. Fears having a patent damper and perpetual extinguisher for a sister-in-law."

Belle gave Norah's hand a little squeeze, and pretended not to see the outstretched hand of Geoffrey. This was surely unreasoned. She had never even asked herself what Geoffrey's presence or absence meant, and beheld her now laughing with a sudden sense of injury! Gretta eyed her curiously, and Belle, feeling the scrutiny, returned it steadily. The sparkling face was not handsome on inspection, but it was glowing, changing, forever taking you by surprise. The pout of her crimson lip, the deepening light of her eyes, the surge and retreat of color, the sweep of her eyelashes, manner, motion, look, all puzzled, tantalized, and charmed. In that moment's silent looking was had been declared those two natures were antagonistic, and would have flamed into dislike even on neutral ground.

Belle turned away to Norah and her work-basket. Miss Hayward swept past them into the drawing-room, where they presently heard her singing. At that Geoffrey, who had hesitated, went in also.

Belle put up her work.

"I have a headache. I am going home."

Norah looked up surprised.

"Oh! but wait for Geoffrey."

"Why? there is no danger. Good-night."

And she and Presentiment went down the hill together. Margery, when she came to bid her good-night, looked keenly at her.

"Child, you are wan. What ails you?"

"I have a headache, and I was vexed because I went to-night. There were some stupid people there, the Haywards, I think, and you know I abhor strangers."

Margery was a wise woman and held her peace, but she opened her eyes.

In the morning Geoffrey rode past with Gretta Hayward. Her mother, Mrs. Horton, and Norah followed in the family ark. There was space for a fourth; indeed Norah had suggested Belle, but Mrs. Horton objected, on the score of crowding the carriage. On seeing this Belle colored to the temples; not that it mattered to her, but what would Margery think? What could she think, but that it was a pastoral and pleasant sight? Certainly, not that the spectacle of a respectable family taking their morning's airing was a dagger in the tender heart of her poor little sister. The afternoon made it worse. Going down with Margery to the river they met there the party of the morning. Geoffrey came to Belle about some book of which they had talked together. He had it at home and should have brought it, but Miss Hayward—

Belle put up her little head.

"I pray give yourself no trouble about it, Mr. Horton, and walked away."

Margery, seeing suspicion in Mrs. Horton, triumphing in Gretta, and something inexplicable in Geoffrey, came out from her world of shadows and set herself to study her sister; not that it needed powers of divination to understand this poor child! She drooped miserably, and had heart for nothing. She still went to the Hill; for she would not have it said that she had visited Geoffrey, but her pride cost her dear, for there every look between the two, from whom she could never turn her eyes, was a

fresh stab, every low-whispered word food for bitter thinking and miserable remembrance.

Norah was openly indignant, but dared not frame her thoughts in words held back by something in Belle's pale face. Only once, looking after Gretta and her brother going to hunt wild flowers, she dropped the hot words that, like most fools, Geoffrey was cruel also.

"Why?" asked Belle, promptly. "Because he keeps Miss Hayward so long at her angling?"

But for all this bold front Margery grew daily more anxious about Belle.

"I shall send you to Aunt Steele's," she said at length. "You can drink cream and roll on the hay there if you like. At any rate I shall not see you more."

Belle would have preferred torment where she was to peace in Paradise; but her death would be another blow to Margery, and it seemed but a poor mission to die for somebody who didn't care a fig about it; so she ordered down her trunks and began clear-starching her muslins, which in country-reading means a journey. Hotly, their little maid, carried the news to the Hill that Miss Belle must be going on a visit, and in half an hour it had reached her own domestic telegraph, whence she rejoiced. She had now a test for Geoffrey, and at supper she tried it. "Mother, Belle is going away to visit her aunt; Margery thinks that her health is failing."

Here she glanced from under her eyelashes at Geoffrey. He was whispering to Gretta.

"Very sensible; it will be an excellent thing for her," responded Mrs. Horton, oracularly, and the subject dropped. Norah, however, watching like a hawk Geoffrey, just as twilight, going down the hill, and astonished Gretta by instantly turning around and kissing her, without the smallest provocation.

Belle, wearied out, had nestled down on the lounge in the parlor, and there fell asleep, her cheek resting in her little soft palm, and wearing the patient, grieved look about mouth and eyes that you see sometimes in children. So some one found her, and, sitting down beside her, called himself superfluously and bad names, as he watched her. Once, half an hour, and he dared to take it, at which Belle woke up in a fright, and, seeing who was there, got up, crimson to the temples. Geoffrey was quite ready for confession, and would even have pleaded for pardon, but Belle would not understand. Geoffrey grew desperate.

"Belle, if you have a mind to be miserable, so have not I."

"A prudent resolve on your part; but what have I to do with that?"

"Don't say hypocritical, but pray hear me out, and forgive me."

"That implies that I have reason to complain. I know of none."

Dangerous ground this, quaking under his feet; the Scylla of cowardice on the one hand, the Charybdis of insufferable coxcombry on the other. "Oh, these women!" he groaned, and was going, when he saw Belle shiver, and caught something like a sob. With that he gathered courage, and, sitting down beside her, said, softly,

"Belle, I have loved you ever since you first came to me, claiming May, in such a pretty tremor of delight."

And so this tigress melted at once into tears, confessing all her sins, specially that of loving Geoffrey Horton, and ending,

"But how could you find it in your heart to go on so?"

"How?"

"With Miss Hayward."

"Surely that might find it in your heart that you loved me. I knew it, but could hardly tell you so."

"You had nearly lost by it, Sir."

"You would have come to terms."

"You think so?"

MAUD.

EVERYBODY had voted the day too warm for any exercise more active than breathing, and had given themselves over to *tête-à-tête* and *jeand-water* in cool halls and recessed windows. Maud curled her lip at them all, and came down presently in walking costume—braided Nankin dress, marvelous little boots, and garden hat. A jaunty little figure enough! Seeing her thus equipped, Paul, who had been lounging on the steps, volunteered to go with her.

She was thirty, Maud eighteen, and in his society apt to entertain an unpleasant sensation of being quizzed. Now, however, Mark Farquhar was looking on from the piazza, where for the last hour he had been flirting with Esther Varian; so she was not altogether vexed. Mark had just tied Esther's little blue silk cravat in a sailor's knot, and fastened it with his own scarf-pin. His fingers had touched her white throat, his black curls brushed her clear brown cheeks.

Maud tied her own garters, and kept her cheeks from such sunny neighborly looks; therefore she looked with becoming indignation at Esther Varian, and went with Paul, talking very fast, till they were well out of hearing of the house, when suddenly she fell from the height of volubility flat to a languid monosyllabic mood. Paul smiled to himself, and was quiet also. It was a part of his creed to give his fish plenty of line.

So they walked in silence over the sunny road. The breeze came fitfully from the river, showing almost painfully bright between tree and house-tops; vineyards on either side looked sultry and Southern in that glowing air—made one think of putting hours and of the fierce suns that must bring them to their autumn purple; and the mountain, a solemn wooded form, stretching up before them like the huge portal of some mystic land of delight, seemed to recede as they advanced, as lands of delight always do.

Maud flagged and grew weary, and Paul, looking about for a seat, discovered a stone-wall topped

by some logs, and seated her thereon, under a spreading walnut-tree. She was a little creature, slender, and lithe in her movements, and just now pale with fatigue, and perhaps a little sorrowful, as she took off her hat and leaned against the tree-trunk, looked less a woman than some sweet child whom Paul might take in his arms without blame and hush into quiet. All about her was daintily pure and neat; the edge of snowy skirt showing as she sat perched upon the logs, the little ruffle at her throat, the handkerchief peeping from the braided pocket of her dress, even as became such a little lily sprite. She was deft too in her ways; what she touched fell naturally into its place, as though her little fingers were a deacon's of order—a veritable home fairy, that would sit naturally by a man's hearth and nestle lovingly in his arms and heart, thought Paul; and, so thinking, he looked at her with a light in his dark eyes that brought the blood redly to her cheeks.

"Why are you so silent? Tell me what you were thinking about," she said, hastily.

"If I did you might be in the plight of Aladdin, who rubbed an old lamp and summoned a genii."

"What do you mean?"

"Or like the people who, digging for a well, struck on the gate of Herculaneum."

"Provoking! I don't like to be teased."

Her eyes were sparkling, her color beginning to rise. "Good," thought Paul, letting out his satisfaction, however, only in a swift gleam from his eyes.

"Or perhaps," he drawled, "you would think, if you knew of what I was talking, the simile of the dead man who revived on touching the property of his more appropriate."

"What are you saying?"

"Something impertinent."

Maud gave herself a little peevish shake.

"I will not be so teased. What were you thinking of?"

"It is fortunate that a prophet's bones are not to be found in every grave," pursued Paul, his eyes dancing. "Fancy the Salters receiving their father back to life in that style."

"What next into a laugh, then, came back to the subject, for she was a persistent little thing."

"Mr. Drysdale?"

"Miss Maud."

"I am not to be evaded. I shall proceed to extremities," holding up her little hand.

"I defy you."

The hand descended on his ear as if so much thistle-down had lighted there; but Paul caught the fingers, and when she tried to withdraw them, held them fast, looking straight into her eyes in a way that brought the long lashes swiftly down on her flushing cheeks, and made her silent for a moment. (I'll bet she had seen him with her eyes and heard him with her ears, but had never taken him in mentally. Now she recognized his individuality with a subtle thrill and tremble incomprehensible to herself. Paul still held the passive hand, still watched the downcast eyes and changing face.)

"I was thinking of you," he said, softly.

"What of me?"

"I will not tell you now."

"Why, then, did you make me curious?"

"Are you curious?"

"Very."

"You shall know it, then, in two weeks."

"That is a long time," returned Maud, in some surprise. ("A short one," thought Paul, "for what I have to do.") "You will not forget?"

"I never forget."

They came voices down the road, and Maud saw a Magenta parasol, a white plume, a trimly belted morning-dress, a mass of yellow hair, a face dazzling white—Esther Varian, in short, and with her Mark Farquhar. Esther nodded toward them with a little air of triumph. Mark put up his glass. Maud colored with anger. It was not enough to pain and wound her. It must be done openly, that the world might know that she suffered. He was privileged to say with look and action what, as a gentleman, his tongue might not utter—what, as a woman, she must endure in silence.

She had quite forgotten Paul; but now he made her look at him, though how she scarcely knew, as he had released her hand, and certainly had not spoken. Than his face, nothing could well be more quiet; but his eyes, nothing steeper; but in that very quietness she found in some way strength and reassurance, and in that deep calm something of command to which she yielded. Her color died away to paleness, the sparkle to a look of weariness.

"Please take me home," she said, putting out a little hand, to be helped down.

They walked back almost in silence. Maud was questioning herself. That morning Paul had lounged by her side, and she had thought of him very much as of the bird skimming before them, or of the view—something entirely external to herself. She had known Paul a year. What had he said or done in this short hour that must make him henceforth a part of her thinking? Why should she feel herself in some way conquered? What did he mean? What did she mean?

Esther and Mark were already back on the piazza. They had taken a short-cut across the fields.

"Plainly a scouting party," said Paul.

Maud looked at him for answer, and sat down upon the steps, her brown eyes full of soft light, her cheeks flushed into the pink of a rose-shell, and her hair, wherever it could escape the restraint of comb and net, falling naturally into waves and ripples. At that moment she was lovely.

"We were talking of you," said Esther. "When we passed you Mr. Farquhar would have it that you were Rochester and Jane Eyre, only that Rochester should have been on the fence and Jane was not pretty. It was an effective tableau, however."

"To be sure," said Paul, with perfect gravity. "A coincidence! In my heart I have often likened Miss Maud to little Jane. There must exist a resemblance in character."

Esther bridled.

"Don't thank him, Maud. It is a libel. Jane Eyre was most unwomanly."

Paul's eyes began to sparkle.

"Your reason, Miss Varian."

"The book itself. As an example, the scene in the garden where she confesses her love to Mr. Rochester. Till a man confesses himself, I think it unbecoming even to have questioned one's self about him; but to love while yet unasked is, to my thinking, impossible for a true woman, though, of course, I don't speak *ex cathedra*."

"It is then an exchange, in which the lady is specially cautious of being cheated."

"I deny it," broke in Maud. "There is no law that says a woman shall not dare to reverence, to admire, to love, whatever is pure and noble, spontaneously, involuntarily, as does a man. Pride, delicacy, instinct, will indeed control and mask its expression, lest the thought of her should be profaned in the heart of some man who knows not properly how to reverence her; but to sit cowardly down, and when a heart and hand are offered, affect surprise and take it, as of gratitude, or expediency, or because convinced by reasoning, is not womanliness, but hypocrisy or self-deception. For it is scarcely possible that man should love, and woman should be unconscious. Even if too weak to dare ask the verdict of our heart, if we find a thing lovable we love; if strength, or rest, or knowledge we crave, we take it in virtue of the very necessity of our nature. We draw in light and air without reasoning, and involuntarily our moral nature also takes its light and life. Right, honor, possibility, external circumstances determine its expression; but its receiving or its rejection is not of ourselves, or within our province, or subject to any law but that of God."

"Bravo!" said Paul.

"Maud thinks best to define her position," returned Esther, with a world of scornful meaning.

"By way of contrast," returned Paul, softly.

Esther colored to the temples. Mark came and sat down by Maud.

"Have I offended? You have scarcely looked toward me to-day."

"It must have been that you were not within my range of vision."

"Be it so. You are in arrears, then, for a whole morning's kindly notice. Will you come and play chess?"

Maud rose, and in so doing dropped her gloves. Paul picked them up and placed them in his breast.

"I will keep these as hostages," he said, significantly.

Then came now a time of much self-questioning and self-communing with Maud; for certain it was that, do or speak what or with whom she would, the consciousness of Paul attended her: not always strictly expressed in her thought, but always felt; besetting her in the morning, and going with her through the day; and thus submitting to a stronger will and a fixed purpose, masked under an almost womanish gentleness, she stood afraid, dreading this new frame of mind a moral monotony, and blamed herself; and when she detected in herself a relish for this submission she despised herself and rebelled, only to be conquered anew. So wise was she in theory, so simple in practice!

All this fighting in secret wore on her, and just as the two weeks came to an end one of her headaches seized upon her. Now Maud's headaches were not affairs of *en cas de Cologne*, and a few hours, so finding one at hand she at once relinquished all thought of the mountain party, so long discussed, and sat quietly down to suffer. Paul came to her in the library, where she had ensconced herself as the coolest and most quiet spot, and seeing her face white and drawn with suffering, was moved with compassion.

"Poor child! let me stay with you," he said, earnestly. "You look as if you needed nursing."

But she motioned him away.

"By no means. You can do nothing; and I am better alone."

He stood a moment, looking obstinate, and as if about to content the point.

"Go, please, go!" she urged.

He went at that, and her countenance fell; for all the while she wished him to stay, as he might have known. He could be inflexible enough when he chose. What made him, on a sudden, so yielding? He had chatted much with Esther Varian of late. Perhaps she coupled the facts together and fretted over it; that as it may, her headache grew upon her.

About noon, as she sat there, propped against pillows and her hands pressed hard over her temples, some one opened the door quietly, and coming to her side laid a palm cool as ice upon her forehead. At that she opened her eyes. "Mr. Drysdale! I thought that you had gone!" And then the sudden start and speaking cost her such a throb of pain that, spite of herself, she cried out. Paul went for Cologne and tea-water, brushed back the soft hair, and bathed her temples, saying:

"It is very disagreeable to deprive you of your pleasure."

"I give you no thanks for such consideration. I did not choose to be so deprived, and so remained at home in spite of you."

Maud was silent.

"Are you better? Does your head pain less?"

"Yes," she whispered, trying to remove his hands, for it had occurred to her that Paul might not be the most fitting nurse, and that she should have suffered martyrdom in the name of propriety rather than his attentions.

"What is it I am awkward? don't I help you?" asked Paul, affecting stolidity.

"Oh, no; but—"

"Hush, then; you are talking yourself into a fever. Your cheeks are flushing already."

He was quiet a little longer, then made another effort.

"I am better now, thank you."

"Well enough to hear me talk?"

"Oh! quite!"

"Have you remembered that to-day I am to tell you of what I was thinking under the old walnut-tree?"

"Yes," very faintly, and turning her head quite away, till only the tip of a little ear was visible.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you choose."

"Then you are no longer curious?"

"No."

"I conclude, then, that you have divined it. Is it so?"

She was silent.

"Tell me," he said, bending over her and speaking earnestly, "I knew you thought that, looking at you that day, I knew that the liking I had always felt for you had ripened into love, so that as you trembled when I held your hand, that I was vowing to myself so one day to hold it and call it mine? If so, then you already know what you were so curious to hear that day."

Maud answered only by nestling her head deeper in the pillow.

"Are you angry? shall I go away?" he asked.

"She put out her hand, and, taking his, laid it under her soft cheek. That was her answer, and Paul desired no better.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

We publish on pages 520 and 521 a group of pictures from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the recent Maryland campaign. That campaign, though now over, is so recent, and was so eventful, that the public will be glad to see it more described by the pencil. Mr. Waud writes:

"The first sketch shows the pass through Thornton's Gap, in South Mountains, with the New York militia hurrying home on the news of the riots. The next one, a view looking up the Potomac River at Williamsport, showing where the rebels forded with their wagons. The little sketch on the right, 'Pontoon Bridge' at Falling Waters; not a miserable bridge as has been reported, but a very well-built one of boats like ours, painted lead-color.

"Prisoners Marching. Eyewitness' describes itself. As these fellows marched in by thousands, great excitement was produced in Frederick City and neighboring country.

"The charge of the 6th was a very gallant affair up a hill and over the rifle-pits and ditches of the enemy's rear-guard. A major, other officers, and a number of men were killed and wounded, but they took a large number of the enemy's soldiers.

"The bridge over the Monocacy, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was destroyed last year by the rebels. In their recent raid into Maryland the Stuart cavalry did not venture to approach it.

"The sketch of Emmettsburg shows the burned district, and the rebels driving herds of captured horses through the town.

"On the field of battle it is a common thing for the rebel wounded to get up, and holding up their hands in token of submission, run into our lines to get attended to by our surgeons, which they do not intend to do. They are very fond of trying to experience the tender mercies of their own."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

We publish on page 516 a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF CHARLESTON, showing the sea-levels on which Gilmore's army is contending with the enemy; and on page 517 a number of views on Morris, Seaboard, and other islands where our troops are encamped.

The following extract from the *Herald* correspondence will enable our readers to form an idea of the present condition of affairs on Morris Island:

There is a continual and uninterrupted heavy artillery duel going on night and day between Fort Sumter, Fort Johnson, and the new batteries erected near it, the work on Cumming's Point called Battery Gregg, and Fort Wagner, and our batteries, aided by the iron-clads, occasionally exchanging a shot with Sumter.

The new rebel batteries on James Island, which have either been built within the past fortnight or have long been masked, now occasion us at times a little annoyance, but do not interrupt the steady advance and progress of our works. They have several large sea-coast mortars in position and they manage to explode their shells high in the air and not far from them, but very rarely, inflict injuries on our gallant troops who hold their spade and pick as well as they have the musket. Fort Wagner, when not kept silent by the iron-clads and our mortar and rifle batteries, directs a sharp fire of canister and grape on our working parties, making the air above them vocal with the nondescript missiles they favor us with. The rebels seem to have a peculiar relish for broken bottles and glassware, old bits of crockery, rusty nails, fragments of cooking utensils and all sorts of odds and ends which may inflict wounds, and these missiles they pour into our lines with an intense zest and no little spite. Some of our men have been wounded by these novel projectiles, and in a few instances quite seriously. The rebel stock of iron is quite limited, we must infer from the above facts, or they have chosen to use substitutes for the ordinary missile which render wounds more serious and more difficult to cure eventually. In either case the show is not at all favorable to the rebels.

Our lines were advanced a few days since several hundred yards, and our extreme point is now within less than five hundred yards of Fort Wagner, and our chain of works are now so close to the rebel work that they pick off any gunner who attempts to level the large pieces bearing on our trenches.

The rebels in Wagner closed up the embrasures on the southern face of the work three days ago, and have remained silent until this morning at daylight, when they cleared the embrasures and developed the fact that they had five guns in position, two of them being new ones, from which they opened a hot fire on our working parties, and occasioned no little annoyance. Our batteries replied instantly, and a sharp contest ensued. The rebels kept up the fire with great warmth, and not until one of the Monitor and the iron-clads had shelled them thoroughly did they desert their guns and take to their bomb-proofs, where they now lie secure. Our work then went on as rapidly and quietly as ever.

Of Fort Wagner the same correspondent writes:

Fort Wagner is an irregular bastioned work, situated on the northern end of Morris Island, two thousand five hundred yards distant from Fort Sumter. It is composed entirely of sand, which, beyond doubt, is the best material for a fortification of the kind. Its armament is six guns; but three guns have recently been mounted on the sea face to annoy the Monitor. On the southern face of the work all the obstructions that engineering skill can devise have been placed so as to annoy our troops in case of an assault.

On the northern side of the work there has been erected a musketry parapet, which not only commands the approach from the northward, but enables its garrison to be sheltered in event of our troops gaining an admittance to the interior. It has its ravines, galleries, and communication ways, and upon the whole is a very formidable work. The magazine is situated in the southern centre of the seaward front, and is well exposed to the fire of our iron-clads. It is well built as to defy the projectiles which have already struck it.

CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, of the *Wheaboken*, whose portrait we give on page 523, is the son of that gallant and distinguished officer, Commodore John Rodgers, one of the fathers of the American navy. A native of Maryland, he entered the navy at an early age, in 1828, and from the first exhibited that zeal and ability for which he has since been so distinguished. He saw much service in the grades of Midshipman and Lieutenant; and for two years was engaged in active boat service on the coast against the Seminole Indians, and in the Coast Survey. In 1852 he was appointed second in command of the North Pacific and Behring Straits Exploring Expedition, and succeeded to the command on the return to the United States—in consequence of severe illness—of his superior officer, Captain (now Commodore) Ringgold. He performed the arduous duty that devolved upon him in a manner creditable to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Government, taking his vessel the *Finian* farther into the Arctic region than a ship of war had ever before penetrated. On the return of the expedition, in 1856, Commander Rodgers, who had been promoted during his absence, was engaged in preparing the charts and report of his explorations. When in 1858 we had a threatened difficulty with England, in consequence of the boarding and searching of American vessels in the West Indies and Gulf, Commander Rodgers immediately applied for active service, and was appointed to the *Wheaboken*, and proceeded to the Gulf. The difficulty, however, was arranged, and Commander Rodgers returned to his Arctic charts. When the rebellion broke out he again promptly applied for active service, and, with other officers both of the army and navy, was sent to Norfolk, to attempt saving the vessels there. Too late for that, Commander Rodgers, with Captain (now General) Wright, of the Engineers, was assigned to the difficult and dangerous duty of blowing up the Dry Dock. After making the necessary preliminary arrangements, the detachment that had accompanied them was sent back to the boats, and the two officers, with a single sailor, remained to apply the match on the appointed signal. Commander Rodgers told the Lieutenant who took back the men that he thought there was but little chance of escape for those that remained, owing to the distance from the boats and the intervention of the ship-houses, which, when in flames, would cut off the escape from every front. He was right, and but the two officers escaped by the land route, and with their solitary seaman seized a small boat and attempted to pull down the harbor, but a heavy fire of musketry from the shore compelled them to surrender, and they were sent to Richmond as prisoners; where, however, they were kindly treated and soon released, as Virginia had not then passed the secession ordinance.

On his return to Washington Commander Rodgers was appointed to the important and highly responsible duty of creating a naval force on the Western coast of Florida in the way of buying, building, arming, equipping, and organizing land to be done, and he entered on this duty with all the zeal of a man whose soul was in his work. The purchased gun-boats, properly prepared, were already in active service, and the iron-clads rapidly progressing to completion, when he was relieved by Captain (the late and lamented Admiral) Foote. This change was made at the request of General Fremont, who so eloquently expressed great regret, saying that he regretted the day he had accepted the services of contractors, and he urged Commander Rodgers to accept the place on his staff of executive officer for naval affairs connected with his movements. This was declined, and on his return East he was appointed to the steamer *Flag*, then off Charleston, and sailed in Admiral Du Pont's flag-ship, the *Wabash*, on the Port Royal expedition. He commanded a flotilla sent up to reconnoitre the harbor before the action, which was engaged with Fort Mifflin, Fort Moultrie, and the batteries of the Port Royal. The services of Commander Rodgers were alluded to by Admiral Du Pont in the warmest terms; and as a mark of distinction he was sent ashore to ascertain if the forts had surrendered, and with his own hands hoisted the Union flag on the soil of South Carolina for the first time since it had been torn down at Sumter.

Proceeding in the *Flag* to Savannah River, he ascertained the rebels had left Tybee Island, and landing there he took possession of it, and handed it over to the army. He again himself hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the soil of Georgia, for the first time since the act of secession. Several hazardous and daring night boat expeditions placed Commander Rodgers in possession of much valuable information connected with Fort Pulaski, and the data he furnished greatly aided General Gilmore in the capture of that important fort.

The *Flag*, needing repairs, was ordered to the North; and while those went on, rather than be idle, Commander Rodgers, at the request of General McClellan, joined his staff to assist in embarking and landing his troops for York River. He was then appointed to the *Galena*, an iron-clad of a new model, but which proved to be a lamentable failure. In command of the James River flotilla, composed, among other vessels, of the original *Monitor*, he was ordered to proceed to Richmond. After attacking and silencing several forts on his way he reached the obstructions just above Fort Darling, on Drury's Bluff, consisting of three miles of sunken vessels, secured by pile and chain. The *Monitor* could not elevate her guns to reach the batteries, and had to drop down for nearly a

mile, and the fire was thus concentrated on the *Galena*, which sustained the unequal fight for three hours and a half, and when she retired had but five cartridges left for her great guns, and not a loaded shell. This was one of the severest, if not the severest, fight of the war. In the late capture of the *Atlanta* she surrendered after five shots; but the *Galena* was pierced by forty-six of those heavy shot and shells, was greatly cut up, and had fifteen of her crew killed outright, besides the wounded. Among the latter was Commander Rodgers, slightly, from two pieces of shell. Though pronounced unseaworthy by a survey, the *Galena* remained in the river, and during the fight of Malvern Hills she took part in that contest, firing by signal among the rebel troops, and rendering most essential service, as was warmly acknowledged by General McClellan in his official dispatch.

Transferred to the new iron-clad *Wheaboken*, and promoted to the rank of Captain, he, on his passage from New York to Fortress Monroe, encountered one of the most severe storms ever experienced on our coast. Fearing for the safety of his tow, a side-wheel steamer, he cast her off, and ordered her to make a harbor at Delaware Breakwater, which she reached with difficulty; but the *Wheaboken*, though having the same place of refuge, continued on, and came safely to Hampton Roads, to the agreeable surprise of all who knew she was out in that storm. This proof of the sea-going qualities of that class of vessels gave great satisfaction to the Navy Department, being considered of as much importance as a naval victory; for it restored the confidence of officers and men in those iron-clads as sea-going vessels which had been destroyed by the then recent foundering of the *Monitor* in a much less violent storm.

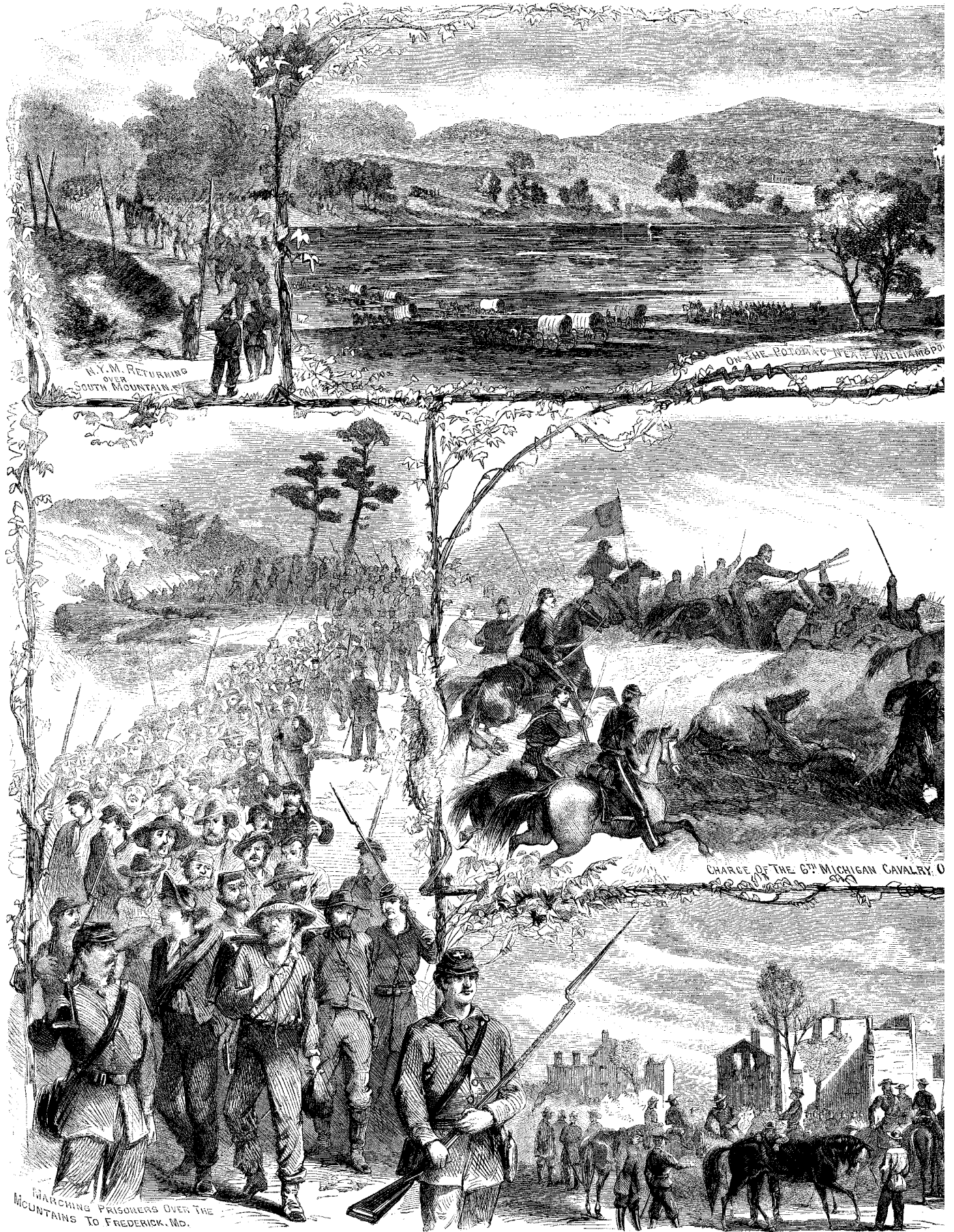
Attached to the squadron of Admiral Du Pont, he was selected to lead the iron-clads in the attack on Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the other batteries at Charleston. The little squadron, with the *Wheaboken* in the van, was allowed to proceed unmolested until that vessel reached a certain buoy, on which point all the rebel guns had been trained; and then, at the same instant, three hundred of the heaviest cannon opened upon the devoted vessel. Such was this furious attack that the spray thrown up hid the hull of the *Wheaboken* from the sight of the spectators, who at that moment thought she was sunk; but she bore it all, and with her consorts continued to return the fire, calmly and steadily progressing on till she reached the sunken obstructions, through which he vainly attempted to find a possible passage. The general fight was continued until the recall signal was made, and as the *Wheaboken* was bringing up the rear while retreating Fort Sumter complimented her by two or three parting shots; and, not to be outdone in courtesy, the *Wheaboken* shortly turned round, and approaching nearer, gave the fort a 15-inch solid shot, which was the last gun fired on either side. Never before were any vessels exposed to such a fire; and what that little fleet of iron-clads sustained would have utterly destroyed in half the time the immense fleet that Nelson had at Trafalgar.

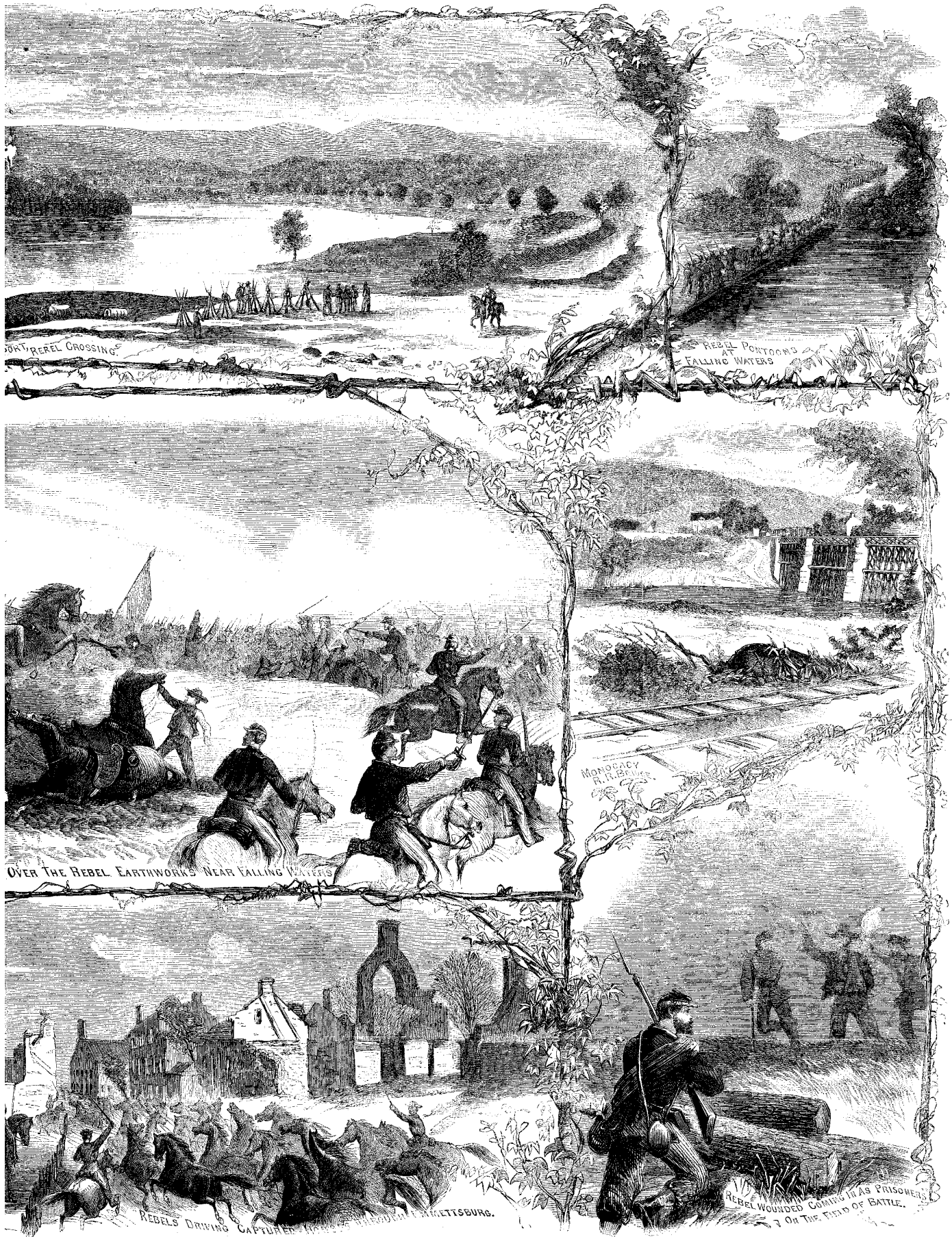
The next service of Captain Rodgers was the recent capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta*. This vessel of 2000 tons, formerly the *Fingst*, had been prepared with great care and at immense expense, on the plan of the *Merrimac*. For months she had been a thorn in the side of Admiral Du Pont, fearing a raid upon our wooden blockaders. Hearing she was positively coming out, the *Wheaboken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Commander Downes, were sent to watch her. The *Atlanta* came out in full belief and expectation of capturing both vessels, and suddenly appeared upon them in the first gray of the morning, and at once opened her fire. The *Wheaboken* did not return it till within 300 yards, when, as the *Atlanta* rounded to fire her broadside, the *Wheaboken* opened with her 15-inch gun, throwing a solid shot of 450 pounds. Only five shots were fired when the *Atlanta* surrendered, before the *Nahant*, who was gallantly trying to get close alongside, had fired a shot. The first shot from the *Wheaboken* virtually settled the result. Though the *Atlanta* presented an angle of only about thirty degrees, the shot did not glance, but penetrated it, and threw an immense quantity of iron and wooden splinters among the crew, prostrating forty men, some by the splinters, and some by the mere concussion; another shot killed one man and wounded seventeen.

This capture was one of the most important of the war; for not only was the vessel a most damaging loss to the rebels, but, had she got out and joined the two iron-clads in Charleston harbor, there is no estimating the consequences that might have resulted by the necessity of keeping our iron-clads concentrated, and leaving our wooden blockaders, or even some of our Northern sea-ports, exposed to their ravages.

We close this notice with the following extract from the highly complimentary letter addressed to Captain Rodgers by the Secretary of the Navy:

Your early connection with the Mississippi flotilla, and your participation in the projected construction of the first iron-clads on the Western waters; your heroic conduct in the attack on Drury's Bluff; the high moral courage that led you to put to sea in the *Wheaboken* upon the approach of a violent storm, in order to test the sea-going qualities of these new craft, at the time when a safe anchorage was close under your feet; your heroic and daring manner in which you, with your associates, pressed the iron-clads under the concentrated fire of the batteries in Charleston harbor, and there tested and proved the endurance and resisting power of these vessels; and your crowning successful achievement in the capture of the *Pingst*, alias *Atlanta*, are all proofs of a skill, and courage, and devotion to the country and the cause of the Union, regardless of self, that can not be permitted to pass unrecorded. To your heroic daring and persistent moral courage, beyond that of any other individual in the country indebted for the development, under trying and varied circumstances on the ocean, under enormous stress of sea and in successful and repeated operations, of a formidable floating antagonist, of the capabilities and qualities of attack and resistance of the Monitor class of vessels, and their heavy armament, I have the honor to say that I have presented your name to the President, requesting him to recommend that Congress give you a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore in the American Navy.





IGN.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. HARDIE was surprised for once, and had not a word to say; but looked in his son's face, mute, and gazing, as a fish.

During this painful silence his children eyed him inquiringly; but not with the same result; for one face is often read differently by two persons: to Jane, whose intelligence had no aids, he seemed unaffectedly puzzled; but Alfred discerned, beneath his wonder, the terror of detection rising, and then thrust back by the strong will: that stoical face shut again like an iron door; but not quickly enough: the right words, the "open sesame," had been spoken, and one unguarded look had confirmed Alfred's vague suspicions of foul play; he turned his own face away; he was alienated by the occurrences of the last few months, but Nature and tender reminiscences still held him by some fibres of the heart: in a moment of natural indignation he had applied the touch-stone; but its success grieved him; he could not bear to go on exposing his father; so he left the room with a deep sigh, in which pain mixed with shame; he regretted he wandered out into the silent night, and soon was leaning on the gate of Albion Villa, gazing wistfully at the windows, and sore perplexed, and nobly wretched.

As he was going out, Mr. Hardie raised his eyebrows with a look of disinterested wonder and curiosity; and touched his forehead in Jane, as much as to say, "Is he disordered in his mind?"

As soon as they were alone, he asked her coolly what Alfred meant. She told him she had no idea. Then he examined her keenly about this fourteen thousand pounds; and found, to his relief, Alfred had never even mentioned it to her.

And now Richard Hardie, like his son, wanted to be alone, and think over this new peril, that had risen in the bosom of his own family; and for once, the company of his favorite child was irksome: he made an excuse and strolled out in his turn into the silent night. It was calm and clear; the thousand holy eyes, under which men prefer to do their crimes, except when they are in too great a hurry to wait—looked down and seemed to wonder any thing could be so silly as to sin; and beneath their pure gaze the man of the world pondered with all his soul. He tormented himself with conjectures: through what channel did Alfred suspect him? through the Dodds? were they aware of their loss? had the pocket-book spoken? If so, why had not Mrs. Dodd or her son attacked him? But then perhaps Alfred was their agent: they wished to try a friendly remonstrance through a mutual friend before proceeding to extremities; this accorded with Mrs. Dodd's character as he remembered her.

The solution was reasonable; but he was relieved of it by recollecting what Alfred had said, that he had not entered the house since the bank broke.

On this he began to hope Alfred's might be a mere suspicion he could not establish by any proof, and at all events he would look it in his own breast like a good son; his never having given a hint even to his sister favored this supposition.

Thus meditating, Mr. Hardie found himself at the gate of Albion Villa.

Yet he had strolled out with no particular intention of going there. Had his mind, apprehensive of danger from that quarter, driven his body thither?

He took a look at the house; and the first thing he saw was a young lady leaning over the balcony, and murmuring softly to a male figure below, whose outline Mr. Hardie could hardly discern, for it stood in the shadow. Mr. Hardie was delighted. "Aha, Miss Juliet," said he, "if Alfred does not visit you, one else does. You have soon supplied your peevish lover's place." He then withdrew softly from the gate, not to disturb the intrigue, and watched a few yards off; determined to see who Juliet's nightly visitor was, and give Alfred surprise for surprise.

He had not long to wait; the man came away directly, and walked, head erect, past Mr. Hardie, and glanced full in his face, but did not vouchsafe him a word. It was Alfred himself. Mr. Hardie was profoundly alarmed, and indignant: "The young traitor! Never enter the house; no; but he comes and tells her every thing directly, under her window, on the sly; and when he is caught—defies me to my face." And now he suspected female cunning and malice in the way that thunder-bolt had been quietly prepared for him and launched, without warning, in his very daughter's presence, and the result just communicated to Julia Dodd.

In a very gloomy mood he followed his son, and heard his firm though elastic tread on the frosty ground, and saw how loftily he carried his head; and from that moment feared, and very, very, nearly hated him.

The next day he feigned sick, and sent for Osmond. That worthy prescribed a pill and a draught, the former laxative, the latter astringent. This ceremony performed, Mr. Hardie gossiped with him; and, after a detour or two, glided to his real anxiety. "Sampson tells me you know more about Captain Dodd's case than he does; he is not very clear as to the cause of the poor man's going mad."

"The cause? Why Apoplexy."

"Yes, but I mean what caused the apoplexy?"

Mr. Osmond replied that Apoplexy was often idiopathic.* Captain Dodd, as he understood,

* Arising of itself. † Term rather hastily applied to disorders the coming signs of which have not been detected by the medical attendant.

The birth of Popsy was idiopathic—in that learned lady's opinion.

had fallen down in the street in a sudden fit; "but as for the mania, this is to be attributed to an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma."

"Not bled enough! Why Sampson says it is because he was bled too much."

Osmond was amused at this; and repeated that the mania came of not being bled enough. The discussion was turned into an unexpected quarter by the entrance of Jane Hardie, who came timidly in and said, "Oh, Mr. Osmond, I can not let you go without telling you how anxious I am about Alfred. He is so thin, and pale, and depressed."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Mr. Hardie, "have we not all cause to be dejected in this house?" But she persisted gently that there was more in it than that; and his headaches were worse; and she could not be easy any longer without advice.

"Ah, those headaches," said Mr. Osmond, "they always made me uneasy. To tell the truth, Miss Hardie, I have noticed a remarkable change in him, but I do not like to excite apprehensions; and so he mopes, does he? seeks solitude, and taciturn, and dejected?"

"Yes. But I do not mind that so much as his turning so pale and thin."

"Oh, it is all part of one malady."

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"I think I do; and yours is a wise and timely anxiety. Your brother's is a very delicate case of a hyperæsthetic character; and I should like to have the advice of a profound physician. Let me see, Dr. Wycherley will be with me to-morrow, or may bring him over as a friend?"

This proposal did not at all suit Mr. Hardie; he put his own construction on Alfred's pallor and dejection, and was uneasy at the idea of his being cross-questioned by a couple of doctors.

"No, no," said he, "Taff has fancies enough already; I can not have you gentlemen coming here to fill his head with many more."

"Oh, he has fancies, has he?" said Osmond, covertly. "My dear Sir, we shall not say one word to him; that might irritate him; but I should like you to hear a truly learned opinion."

Jane looked so imploringly, that Mr. Hardie yielded a reluctant assent, on those terms.

So the next day, by appointment, Mr. Osmond introduced his friend Dr. Wycherley: bland and bald, with a fine head, and a face naturally intelligent, but crossed every now and then by gleams of vacancy; a man of large reading, and of tact to make it subserve his interests. A voluminous writer on certain medical subjects, he had so saturated himself with circumlocution, that it distilled from his very tongue; he talked like an Article; a quarterly one; and so gained two advantages: 1st, he rarely irritated a fellow-creature; for, if he began a sentence hot, what with its length, and what with its willingness, he was apt to end it cool: item stabs by polysyllables are pricks by sponges. 2dly, this fobbed earned him the admiration of fools; and this is as invaluable as they are innumerable.

Yet was there in the mouth-tongue, he despised one germ of a word he vastly admired; like most quarterly writers. That charming word, the pet of the polysyllabic, was "or."

He opened the matter in a subdued and sympathizing tone well calculated to win a loving father, such as Richard Hardie—was not.

"My good friend here informs me, Sir, you are so fortunate as to possess a son of distinguished abilities, and who is at present laboring under some of those precocious indications of incipient disease of the cerebro-psychical organs, of which I have been, I may say, somewhat successful in diagnosing the symptoms. Unless I have been inadvertently misinformed, he has, for a considerable time, and only with slight intermissions, experienced persistent headache of a cephalalgic or true cerebral type, and has now advanced to the succeeding stage of taciturnity and depression, not unaccompanied with isolation, and, probably, constipation; but as yet without hallucinations, though perhaps, as in my experience of the great majority of these cases would induce me to say, probably, he is not undisturbed by one or more of those latent, and, at first, trifling aberrations, either of the intelligence, or the senses, which in their preliminary stages escape the observation of all but the expert nosologist. In that case, Sir, as assuredly you have acted the part of a wise and affectionate parent in soliciting the opportune attention of a psychological Physician to these morbid phenomena at present in the initial process of incubation."

"There you see," said Osmond, "Dr. Wycherley agrees with me; yet I assure you I have only detailed the symptoms, and not the conclusion I had formed from them."

Jane inquired timidly what that conclusion was.

"Miss Hardie, we think it one of those obscure tendencies which are very curable if taken in time—" Dr. Wycherley ended the sentence—"but no longer remediable if the fleeting opportunity is allowed to escape, and diseased action to pass into diseased organization."

Jane looked awe-struck at their solemnity; but Mr. Hardie, who was taking advice against the grain, turned satirical: "Gentlemen," said he, "be pleased to begin by moderating your own obscurity; and then perhaps I shall see better how to cure my son's; what the deuce are you driving at?"

The two doctors looked at one another inquiringly; and so settled how to proceed. Dr. Wycherley explained to Mr. Hardie that there was a sort of general unreasonable and superstitious feeling abroad, a kind of terror of the complaint with which his son was threatened; and which, instead of the most remediable of disorders, is looked at as the most incurable of

maladies: it was on this account he had learned to approach the subject with singular caution, and even with a timidity which was kinder in appearance than in reality; that he must admit.

"Well, you may speak out, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Hardie, with consummate indifference.

"Oh yes!" said Jane, in a fever of anxiety; "pray conceal nothing from us."

"Well then, Sir, I have not as yet had the advantage of examining your son personally, but from the diagnostics, I have no doubt whatever he is laboring under the first foreshadowings of cerebro-psychical perturbation."

Jane and her father stared at him: he might as well have recited them the alphabet backward.

"Well then," said he, observing his learning had missed fire, "to speak plainly, the symptoms are characteristic of the initiatory stage of the germination of a morbid state of the phenomena of Insanity."

His unprofessional hearers stared another inquiry.

"In one word, then," said Dr. Wycherley, waxing impatient at their abominable obtuseness, "it is the premonitory stage of the precursive condition of an organic affection of the brain."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hardie, carelessly: "I see; the boy is going mad."

The doctors started in their turn at the prodigious boldness of a tender parent.

"Not exactly," said Dr. Wycherley: "I am habitually averse to exaggeration of symptoms. Your son's suggest to me 'the Incubation of Insanity,' nothing more."

Jane uttered an exclamation of horror: the doctor soothed her with an assurance that there was no cause for alarm. "Incipient aberration" was of easy cure: the mischief lay in delay.

"Miss Hardie," said he, paternally, "during a long and painful professional career, it has been my painful province to witness the deplorable consequences of the non-recognition, by friends and relatives, of the precedent symptoms of those organic affections of the brain, the relief of which was within the reach of well-known therapeutic agents if exhibited seasonably."

He went on to deplore the blind prejudice of unprofessional persons; who choose to fancy that other diseases creep, but Insanity pounces, on man; which he expressed thus neatly; "that other deviations from organic conditions of health are the subject of clearly defined though delicate gradations, but that the worst and most climacteric forms of cerebro-psychical disorder are suddenly developed affections presenting no evidence of any antecedent cephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or by incipient symptoms."

This chimera he proceeded to confute by experience: he had repeatedly been called in to cases of mania described as sudden which invariably found the patient had been cranky for years; which he condensed thus: "His conduct and behavior for many years previous to any symptom of mental aberration being noticed, had been characterized by actions quite irreconcilable with the supposition of the existence of perfect sanity of intellect."

He instanced a parson, whom he had lately attended, and found him as constipated and convulsed as John the Baptist engaged to the Princess Mary as soon he.

"But upon investigation of this afflicted ecclesiastic's antecedent history, I discovered that, for years before this, he had exhibited conduct incompatible with the hypothesis of a mind whose equilibrium had been undisturbed: he had caused a number of valuable trees to be cut down on his estate, without being able to offer a same justification for such an outrageous proceeding; and had actually disposed of a quantity of manna equally as sudden which clearly he never would have parted with had he been in any thing resembling a condition of sanity."

"Did he sell the land and timber below the market-price?" inquired Mr. Hardie, perking up, and exhibiting his first symptom of interest in the discussion.

"On that head, Sir, my informant, his heir-at-law, gave me no information: nor did I enter into that class of detail; you naturally look at morbid phenomena in a commercial spirit, but we regard them medically; and, all this time, most assiduously visiting the sick of his parish and preaching admirable sermons."

The next instance he gave was of a stock-broker suffering under general paralysis and a rooted idea that all the specie in the Bank of England was his and ministers in league with foreign governments to keep him out of it.

"Hm," said the doctor, "I discovered to have been far more guilty of conduct entirely incompatible with the hypothesis of undisturbed mental functions. He had accused his domestic population, and had initiated legal proceedings with a view of prosecuting in a court of law one of his oldest friends."

"Whence you infer that, if my son has not for years been doing cranky acts, he is not likely to be deranged at present."

This adroit twist of the argument rather surprised Dr. Wycherley. However, he was at no loss for a reply. "It is not insanity, but the incubation of Insanity, which is suspected in your intelligent son's case; and the best course will be for me to enumerate in general terms the several symptoms of 'the Incubation of Insanity':" he concluded with some severity, "after that, Sir, I shall cease to intrude what I fear is an unwelcome conviction."

The Parent, whose levity and cold reception of good tidings he had thus mildly, yet with due dignity, rebuked, was a man of the world; and liked to make friends, not enemies; so he took the hint, and made a very civil speech, assuring

Dr. Wycherley that, if he ventured to differ from him, he was none the less obliged by the kind interest he took in a comparative stranger; and would be very glad to hear all about the "Incubation of Insanity." He added, "The very expression is new to me."

Dr. Wycherley bowed slightly; and complied: "One diagnostic preliminary sign of abnormal cerebral action is Cephalalgia, or true cerebral headache; I mean persistent headache, which is not accompanied by a furred tongue, or other indicia significant of abdominal or renal disorder as its origin."

Jane sighed. "He has had headaches."

"The succeeding symptom is a morbid affection of sleep. Either the patient suffers from Insomnia; or else from Hypersomnia, which we subdivide into *opos, carus, and lethargus*; or thirdly from *Kakosomnia*, or a propensity to mere dozing, and to all the morbid phenomena of dreams."

"Papa," said Jane, "poor Alfred sleeps very badly; I hear him walking at all hours of the night."

"I thought as much," observed Dr. Wycherley; "Insomnia is the commonest feature. To resume; the insidious advance of morbid thought is next marked by high spirits, or else by low spirits; generally the latter. The patient begins by moping, then shows great lassitude and ennui, then becomes abstracted, moody, and occupied with a solitary idea."

Jane clasped her hands, and the tears stood in her eyes; so well did this description tally with poor Alfred's case.

"And at this period," continued Dr. Wycherley, "my experience leads me to believe that some latent delusion is generally germinating in the mind, though often concealed with consummate craft by the patient: the open development of this delusion is the next stage, and, with this last morbid phenomenon, incubation ceases and insanity begins. Sometimes, however, the illusion is physical rather than the mental; the sense rather than of the intelligence. It commences at night: the incubator begins by seeing nocturnal visions, often of a photopsic character, or hearing nocturnal sounds, neither of which have any material existence, being conveyed to his optic or auricular nerves not from without, but from within, by the agency of a disordered brain. These the reason, hitherto unimpaired, combats at first, especially when they are nocturnal only; but being reproduced, and becoming diurnal, the judgment succumbs under the morbid impression so produced so repeatedly. These are the ordinary antecedent symptoms characteristic of the incubation of insanity; to which are frequently added somatic exaltation, or, in popular language, physical excitability—a disposition to knit the brows—great activity of the mental faculties—or else a well marked decline of the powers of the understanding—an exaggeration of the normal conditions of thought—for a reversal of the mental habits and sentiments, such as a sudden aversion to some person hitherto beloved, or some study long relished and pursued."

Jane asked leave to note these all down in her note-book.

Mr. Hardie assented, adroitly; for he was thinking whether he could not sift some grain out of all this chaff. Should Alfred blab his suspicions, here were two gentlemen who would at all events help him to throw ridicule on them.

Dr. Wycherley, having politely puzzled Jane Hardie to note down "the preliminary process of the Incubation of disorders of the Intellect," resumed: "Now, Sir, your son appears to be in a very incipient stage of the malady; he has cerebral Cephalalgia and Insomnia—"

"And, oh doctor, he knits his brows often; and has given up his studies; won't go back to Oxford this term."

"Exactly; and seeks isolation, and is a prey to morbid distraction and reverie; but has no palpable illusions; has he?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Hardie.

"Well but," objected Jane, "did not he say something to you very curious the other night; about Captain Dodd, and fourteen thousand pounds?"

Mr. Hardie's blood ran cold: "No," he stammered, "not that I remember."

"Oh yes he did, papa; you have forgotten it; but at the time you were quite puzzled what he could mean; and you did so." She put her finger to her forehead; and the doctors interchanged a meaning glance.

"I believe you are right, Jenny," said Mr. Hardie, taking the cue so unexpectedly offered him: "he did say some nonsense I could not make head nor tail of; but we all have our crochets; there, run away, like a good girl, and let me explain all to our good friends here; and mind, not a word about it to Alfred."

"When she was gone, he said, 'Gentlemen, my son is madly in love; that is all.'"

"Oh, Erotic monomania is a very ordinary phase of insanity."

"His unreasonable passion for a girl he knows he can never marry makes him somewhat crochety and cranky; that, and overstudy, may have unhinged his mind a little: suppose I send him abroad? my good brother will find the means; or we could advance it him, I and the other trustees?—It comes into ten thousand pounds in a month or two."

The doctors exchanged a meaning look. They then disengaged him earnestly from the idea of Continental travel.

"Collum non animam mutant qui trans mare eunt," said Wycherley, and Osmond explained that Alfred would brood abroad as well as at home, if he went alone; and Dr. Wycherley snatched up thus: "The most advisable course

* Lullulorum.

* Anglice, "accompanied."

† Anglice, "disturbed."

is to give him the benefit of the personal superintendence of some skillful physician, possessed of means and appliances of every sort for soothing and restraining the specific malady."

Mr. Hardie did not at first see the exact purport of this oleaginous periphrasis. He knitted his brows. Presently he caught a glimpse: but said it was a home thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly disconcerted, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw. Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonable beasts, Sir, you ever saw or heard tell of: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stoop my head to do no work for them, Sir. Bless your heart, if I was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as slugs on cabbage: why, 'twas but yestere'en I tried to hoe a bit, and up come the fearfullest great fiery sarprint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and laid on an property: presently I escomed to come out of a sort of a kind of a red mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favorite hen; I had been and killed her for a sarprint." He sighed; then, after a moment's pause, lowered his voice to a whisper. "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre-at bloody dragons I do see at odd times, I might do him a mischief, you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh doose take and have me locked up, gentlemen, doose now: tellie I ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the Union."

"What, make a pauper of me?" "I can not help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was settled at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible; the asylum is so full; and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, Sir: I don't know what I'm a looking after or doing. Would I ha' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for unold gold; and I be fond of that too; used to be, however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, sarcastically, "you must go to the work-house; and stay there till you see a pauper; take him for a crocodile, and kill him; then you'll get into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the routine, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had spoken at him, and not to him. As for poor Maxley, he was in sad and sober earnest, and could not relish nor even take in Alfred's irony; he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man," said he, trembling with emotion. "You robbed me and my missus of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill you 'twould only be clearing scores. 'Steard of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. 'No, says you, 'go to the work-house! Be you in the work-house? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus? With this he went into a rage, took a pocket out of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred saw his game, stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the dexterity of a wicket-keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's that, Umpire?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—do keep up appearances: He then put the notes in his pocket, and said, quietly, "I shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You won't be quite so mad as that I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Dr. Wycherley, inspecting him like a human curiosity, "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demencie." "Nec parvum sine mixtura stultitie," retorted Alfred in a moment; and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come," said he, "prescribe for this poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a work-house: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and good-nature: you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Mr. Alfred," said Osmond, heartily; and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had made short work of a great many serpents, and dragons, and not a few spectres and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman thanked him graciously, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guinea, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his conduct was worth imitating by all persons similarly situated; and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeutics."

"Or, as Porson would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly snatched away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"Why not, Sir? You have had a handful of money of me; the other gentlemen han't had a farthing. They owes me no service, but you does: nine hundred pounds' worth, if ye come to that."

There was no malice in this; it was a plain, broken-hearted man's notion of give and take; but it was a home thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly disconcerted, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw.

Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonable beasts, Sir, you ever saw or heard tell of: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stoop my head to do no work for them, Sir. Bless your heart, if I was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as slugs on cabbage: why, 'twas but yestere'en I tried to hoe a bit, and up come the fearfullest great fiery sarprint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and laid on an property: presently I escomed to come out of a sort of a kind of a red mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favorite hen; I had been and killed her for a sarprint." He sighed; then, after a moment's pause, lowered his voice to a whisper. "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre-at bloody dragons I do see at odd times, I might do him a mischief, you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh doose take and have me locked up, gentlemen, doose now: tellie I ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the Union."

"What, make a pauper of me?" "I can not help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was settled at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible; the asylum is so full; and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, Sir: I don't know what I'm a looking after or doing. Would I ha' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for unold gold; and I be fond of that too; used to be, however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, sarcastically, "you must go to the work-house; and stay there till you see a pauper; take him for a crocodile, and kill him; then you'll get into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the routine, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had spoken at him, and not to him. As for poor Maxley, he was in sad and sober earnest, and could not relish nor even take in Alfred's irony; he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man," said he, trembling with emotion. "You robbed me and my missus of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill you 'twould only be clearing scores. 'Steard of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. 'No, says you, 'go to the work-house! Be you in the work-house? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus? With this he went into a rage, took a pocket out of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred saw his game, stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the dexterity of a wicket-keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's that, Umpire?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—do keep up appearances: He then put the notes in his pocket, and said, quietly, "I shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You won't be quite so mad as that I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Dr. Wycherley, inspecting him like a human curiosity, "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demencie." "Nec parvum sine mixtura stultitie," retorted Alfred in a moment; and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come," said he, "prescribe for this poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a work-house: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and good-nature: you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Mr. Alfred," said Osmond, heartily; and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had made short work of a great many serpents, and dragons, and not a few spectres and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman thanked him graciously, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guinea, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his conduct was worth imitating by all persons similarly situated; and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeutics."

"Or, as Porson would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly snatched away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"I never saw a plainer case of Incubation," remarked Dr. Wycherley, with vast benevolence of manner.

"Maxley's?" "Oh, no; that is parochial. It is your profoundly interesting son I alluded to. Did you notice his supercilious departure? And his morbid celerity of repartee?"

Mr. Hardie replied with some little hesitation, "Yes; and, excuse me, I thought he had rather the best of the battle with you."

"It is certainly so," replied Dr. Wycherley: "they always do; at least such is my experience. If ever I break a lance of wit with an incubator, I calculate with confidence on being unhorsed with abnormal rapidity: and rare, indeed, are the instances in which my anticipations are not promptly and fully realized: by a similar rule of progression the incubator is seldom a match for the confirmed maniac, either in the light play of sarcasm, the concessions of wit, or the severer encounters of dialectical ratiocination."

"I am, indeed, a madman," said Maxley, "I know a madman from a madman." "By sending for a psychological physician."

"If I understand the doctor right, the two things are not opposed," remarked Mr. Hardie.

Dr. Wycherley assented, and made a remarkable statement in confirmation: "One half of the aggregate of the genius of the country is at present under restraint; fortunately for the community; and still more fortunately for itself."

He then put on his gloves, and, with much kindness but solemnity, warned Mr. Hardie not to neglect his son's case, nor to suppose that matters could go on like this without "disintegrating or disorganizing the gray matter of the brain. I admit," said he, "that in some recorded cases of insanity the brain on dissection has revealed no signs of structural or functional derangement, and that, on the other hand, considerable encephalic disorganization has been shown to have existed in other cases without aberration or impairment of the reason: but you are to be considered as pathological curiosities, with which the empiric would fain endeavor to disturb the sound general conclusions of science. The only safe mode of reasoning on matters so delicate and profound is a priori; and, as it may safely be assumed as a self-evident proposition, that disturbed intelligence bears the same relation to the brain disordered respiration does to the lungs, it is not logical, reasoning a priori, to assume the possibility that the stolidity or other mental habits of a phrenologist, and gifted youth, can be reversed, and critic monomania germinate, with all the morbid phenomena of isolation, dejection of the spirits, and abnormal exaltation of the powers of wit and ratiocination, without some considerable impairment, derangement, disturbance, or modification, of the psychical, motorial, and sensorial functions of the great cerebral ganglion. But it would be equally absurd to presuppose that these several functions can be disarranged for months, without more or less disorganization of the medullary, or even of the cineritious, matter of the encephalon. Therefore—dissection of your talented son would doubtless reveal at this moment either steatomatous or atheromatous deposits in the cerebral blood-vessels, or an encysted abscess, probably of no very recent origin, or, at the least, considerable inspissation, and opacity, of the membranes of the encephalon, or more or less pulpy disorganization of one or other of the hemispheres of the brain: good-morning!"

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"Somehow, I don't know why, he is coolish to me."

"He does not understand you, as I do, my own papa."

"But he is affectionate with you, I think."

"Oh yes, more than ever: trouble has drawn us closer. Papa, in the midst of our sorrow, how much we have to be thankful for to the Giver of all good things!"

"Yes, little angel: and you must improve Heaven's goodness by working on your brother's affection, and persuading him to this continental tour."

"Thus appealed to, Jane promised warmly: and the man of the world, finding he had a blind and willing instrument in the one creature he loved, kissed her on the forehead, and told her to run away, for here was Mr. Skinner, who no doubt wanted to speak on business."

Skinner, who had in fact been holding respectably aloof for some time, came forward on Jane's retiring, and in a very obsequious tone requested a private interview. Mr. Hardie led the way into the little dining-room.

"They were no sooner alone than Skinner left off fawning, very abruptly, and put on a rugged resolute manner that was new to him: "I am come for my commission," said he, sturdily.

Mr. Hardie looked an inquiry.

"Oh, you don't know what I mean, of course," said the little clerk, almost brutally: "I've waited, and waited, to see if you would have the decency, and the gratitude, and the honesty, to offer me a trifle out of it; but I see I might wait till doomsday before you would ever think of thinking of any body but yourself. So now shell out without more words or I'll blow the gaff." The little wretch raised his voice louder and louder at every dissection.

"Hush! hush! Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, anxiously, "you are under some delusion. When did I ever decline to recognize your services? I always intended to make you a present, a handsome present."

"Then why didn't you do it without being forced? Come, Sir, you can't draw the wool over Noah Skinner's eyes; I have had you watched, and you are looking toward the U. S., and that is too big a country for me to hunt you in. I'm not to be trifled with: I'm not to be palavered: give me a thousand pounds of it this moment, or I'll blow the whole concern and you along with it."

"A thousand pounds?" "Now look at that!" shrieked Skinner. "Sever me right for not saying seven thousand. What right have you to a shilling of it more than I have? If I had the luck to be a burglar's pal instead of a Banker's, I should have half. Give me this moment or I'll go to Albion Villa and have you took up for a thief; as you are."

"But I haven't got it on me."

"That's a lie: you carry it where he did; close to your heart: I can see it bulge there, Job was a patient man, but his patience went last." With this he ran to the window and threw it open.

Hardie entreated him to be calm. "I'll give it you, Skinner," said he, "and with pleasure, if you will give me some security that you will not turn round, as soon as you have got it, and be my enemy."

"Enemy of a gent that pays me a thousand pounds? nonsense! Why should I? We are in the same boat: behave like a man, and you know you have nothing to fear from me: but I would not—go halves in a theft for nothing: would you? Come, how is it to be, peace or war? Will you be content with thirteen thousand pounds that don't belong to you, not a shilling of it, or will you go to jail a felon, and lose it every penny?"

Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, but there was no help for it. Skinner was on sale; and must be bought.

He took out two notes for five hundred pounds each, and laid them on the table, after taking their numbers.

Skinner's eyes glistened: "Thank you, Sir," said he. He put them in his pocket. Then he said quietly, "now you have taken the numbers, Sir, so I'll trouble you for a line to make me safe against the criminal law. You are a deep one; you might say I robbed you."

"That is a very unworthy suspicion, Skinner; and a childish one."

"Oh, it is diamond cut diamond. A single line, Sir, just to say that in return for his faithful services you have given Noah Skinner two notes for £500 Nos. 1084 and 85."

"With all my heart—on your giving me a receipt for them."

It was Skinner's turn to hesitate. After reflecting however on all the possible consequences, he saw nothing to fear; so he consented.

The business completed, a magic change took place in the little clerk. "Now we are friends again, Sir; and I'll give you a piece of advice; mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

* So noxious sitting at a conjuror's table take a wedding-ring, and put it in a little box before a lady, then cross the table with another little box, and put that before another lady: "They presto! pass!" in box 2 is discovered a wedding-ring, which is instantly assumed to be the ring on this their green mate are fixed, and with this sham business done: Box 1, containing the real ring all the time, is overlooked; and the confederate, in liver or not, does the trick with it: impostors fit in an orange for the good of his health.

So poor Argan, when Euricant enumerates the consequences of his omission, says: "I say!—I see the result by the threatened disorders, which succeed to each other logically enough, all the absurdity being in the first link of the chain; and from that his mind is diverted."

flustered, ye see. But I said, 'I'd look at the books; but I didn't think his deposit was any thing like that.' 'You little equivocating humbug,' says he; 'and which was better, to tell the truth at once and let Captain Dodd, which never did me any harm, have his own, or to hear it told me in the felon's dock?' those were his words, Sir; and they made my blood run cold; and if he had gone on at me like that, I should have split, I know I should; but he just said, 'there, your face has given your tongue the lie: you haven't brains enough to play the rogue.' Oh, and—another thing—he said he wouldn't talk to the sparrow-hawk any more, when there was the kite hard by; so by that I guess your turn is coming, Sir; so mind your eye. And then he turned his back on me with a look as if I was so much dirt. But I didn't mind that; I was glad to be shut of him at any price."

"This intelligence discomposd Mr. Hardie terribly: it did away with all hope that Alfred meant to keep his suspicions to himself. "Why did you not tell me this before?" said he, reproachfully.

Skinner's sharp visage seemed to sharpen as he replied, "Because I wanted a thousand pounds first."

"Curse your low cunning!"

Skinner laughed. "Good-by, Sir: take care of yourself and I'll take care of mine. I'm afraid of Mr. Alfred and the stone-jug, so I'm off to London, and there I'll un-Skinner myself into Mr. Something or other, and make my thousand pounds breed ten." And he whipped out, leaving his mark all over the dismay.

"Onwitted even by this little wretch!"

"He was now accountable for fourteen thousand pounds, and had only thirteen thousand left, if forced to reimburse; so that it was quite on the cards for him to lose a thousand pounds by robbing his neighbor and risking his own immortal jewel: this galled him to the quick; and although his equable temper began to give way; it had already survived half the iron of his nerves. He walked up and down the parlor chafing like an irritated lion. In which state of his mind and the one enemy he now feared and hated walked quietly into the room, and begged for a little serious conversation with him.

"It is like your effrontery," said he: "I wonder you are not ashamed to look your father in the face."

"Having wronged nobody, I can look any body in the face," replied Alfred, looking him in the face point-blank.

At this swift rejoinder Mr. Hardie felt like a too-confident swords-man, who, attacking in a passion, suddenly receives a prick that shows him his antagonist is not one to be trifled with. He was on his guard directly, and said, coldly, "You have been lying to me my very clerk."

"No, Sir: you are mistaken: I have never mentioned your name to your clerk."

Mr. Hardie reflected on what Skinner had told him, and found he had made another false move. He tried again: "Nor to the Dodds?" with an incredulous sneer.

"Nor to the Dodds," replied Alfred, calmly.

"What, not to Miss Julia Dodd?"

"No, Sir: I have seen her but once, since—I discovered about the fourteen thousand pounds."

"What fourteen thousand pounds?" inquired Mr. Hardie, innocently.

"What fourteen thousand pounds!" repeated the young man, disdainfully. Then suddenly turning on his father, with red brow and flashing eyes: "the fourteen thousand pounds Captain Dodd brought home from India: the fourteen thousand pounds I heard him claim of you with curses: ay, miserable son, and miserable man, that I am. I heard my own father called a villain; and what did my father reply? Did you hurl the words back into your accuser's throat? No; you whisperec. 'Hush! hush! I'll bring it you down, by and by, a hail shame is it!'"

Mr. Hardie turned pale and almost sick; with these words of Alfred's fled all hope of ever deceiving him.

"There, there," said the young man, lowering his voice from rage to profound sorrow: "I don't come here to quarrel with my father, nor to insult him, God knows: and I entreat you for both our sakes not to try my temper too hard by these childish attempts to blind me: and, Sir, pray dismiss from your mind the notion that I have disclosed to any living soul my knowledge of this horrible secret: on the contrary, I have kept it gnawing my heart, and almost maddening me at times. For my own personal satisfaction I have applied a test both to you and Skinner; but that is all I have done: I have not told dear Julia, nor any of her family; and now, if you will only listen to me, and do what I entreat you to do, she shall never know, oh, never."

"Oho!" thought Mr. Hardie, "he comes with a proposal: I'll hear it any way."

He then took a line well known to artful men: he encouraged Alfred to show his hand; maintaining a complete reserve as to his own; "You say you did not communicate your illusion about this fourteen thousand pounds to Julia Dodd that night: may I ask then (without indiscretion) what did pass between you two?"

"I will tell you, Sir. She saw me standing there, and asked me in her own soft angel voice if I was unhappy. I told her I must be a poor creature if I could be happy. Then she asked me, with some hesitation I thought, why I was unhappy. I said because I could not see the path of honor and duty clear: that, at least, was the purport. Then she told me that in all difficulties she had found the best way was to pray to God to guide her; and she begged me to lay my care before him, and ask his counsel. And then I thanked her, and bade her good-night, and she me; and that was all passed between us two unhappy lovers, whom you have made miserable; and even cool to one another; but not hostile to you. And you played the

spy on us, Sir; and misunderstood us, as spies generally do. Ah, Sir! a few months ago you would not have condescended to that."

Mr. Hardie colored, but did not reply. He had passed from the irritable into the quietly vindictive stage.

Alfred then deprecated farther discussion of what was past, and said abruptly: "I have an offer to make you: in a very short time I shall have ten thousand pounds; I will not resign my whole fortune; that would be unjust to myself, and my wife; and I loathe and despise injustice in all its forms however romantic or plausible. But, if you will give the Dodds their £14,000, I will share my little fortune equally with you; and thank you, and bless you. Consider, Sir, with your abilities and experience, five thousand pounds may yet be the nucleus of a fortune; a fortune built on an honorable foundation. I know you will thrive with my five thousand pounds ten times more than with their fourteen thousand; and enjoy the blessing of blessings, a clear conscience."

Now this offer was no sooner made than Mr. Hardie shut his face, and went to mental arithmetic, like one doing a sum behind a thick door. He would have taken ten thousand; but five thousand did not much tempt him; besides, would it be five thousand clear? He already owned Alfred two thousand five hundred. It flashed through him that a young man who loathed and despised injustice—even to himself—would not consent to be diddled by him out of one sum while making him a present of another; and then there was Skinner's thousand to be reimbursed. He therefore declined in these terms:

"This offer shows me you are sincere in these strange notions you have taken up. I am sorry for it: it looks like insanity. These nocturnal illusions, these imaginary sights and sounds, come of brooding on a single idea, and often usher in a calamity one trembles to think of. You have made me a proposal: I make you one: take a couple of hundred pounds (I'll get it from your trustee) and travel the Continent for four months; enlarge and amuse your mind with the contemplation of nature and manners and customs; and if that does not clear this phantom £14,000 out of your head, I am much mistaken."

Alfred replied that foreign travel was his dream; but he could not leave Barkington while there was an act of justice to be done.

"Then do me justice, boy," said Mr. Hardie, with wonderful dignity, all things considered. "Instead of brooding on your one fantastical idea, and shutting out all rational evidence to the contrary, take the trouble to look through my books; and they will reveal to you a fortune, not of fourteen thousand, but of eighty thousand pounds, honorably sacrificed in the struggle to fulfill my engagements: who, do you think, will believe, against such evidence, the preposterous tale you have concocted against your poor father? Already the tide is turning, and all, who have seen the accounts of the Bank, pity me; they will pity me still more if ever they hear my own flesh and blood insults me in the moment of my fall; sees me ruined by my honesty, and living in a hovel, yet comes into that poor but honest abode, and stabs me to the heart by accusing me of stealing fourteen thousand pounds: a sum that would have saved me, if I could only have laid my hands on it."

He hid his face, to conceal its incongruous expression; and heaved a deep sigh.

Alfred turned his head away and groaned. After a while he rose from his seat and went to the door; but seemed reluctant to go; he cast a longing, lingering look on his father, and said, beseechingly: "Oh think! you are not my flesh and blood more than I am yours; is all the love to be on my side? have I no influence even when right is on my side?" Then he suddenly turned and threw himself impetuously on his knees; "Your father was the soul of honor; your son loathed fraud and injustice from his cradle; you stand between two generations of Hardies, and belong to neither; do but reflect one moment how bright a thing honor is, how short and uncertain a thing life, how sure a thing retribution is, in this world or the next: it is your guardian angel that kneels before you now, and not your son; oh, for Christ's sake, for my mother's sake, listen to my last appeal. You don't know me: I can not compound with injustice. Pity me, pity her I love, pity yourself!"

"You young viper!" cried the father, stung with remorse but not touched with penitence. "Get away, you amorous young hypocrite; get out of my house, get out of my sight, or I'll spit on you and curse you at my feet."

"Enough!" said Alfred, rising and turning suddenly calm as a statue: "let us be gentlemen, if you please, even though we must be enemies. Good-by, my father that was."

And he walked gently out of the room, and, as he passed the window, Mr. Hardie heard his great heart sob.

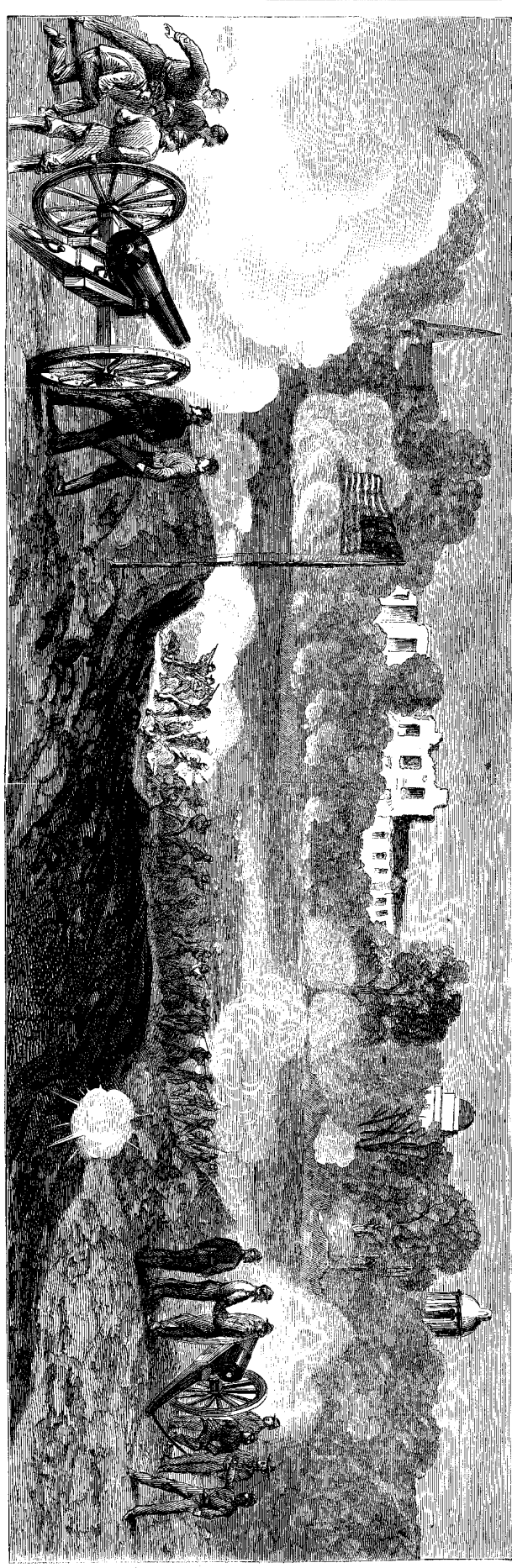
He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "A hara tussle," thought he, "and with my own unamused, ungrateful, flesh and blood; but I have won it; he hasn't told the Dodds; he never will; and, if he did, who would believe him, or them?"

At dinner there was no Alfred; but after dinner a note to Jane informing her he had taken lodgings in the town, and requesting her to send his books and clothes in the evening. Jane handed the note to her father; and sighed deeply. Watching his face as he read it, she saw him turn rather pale, and looked more furrowed than ever.

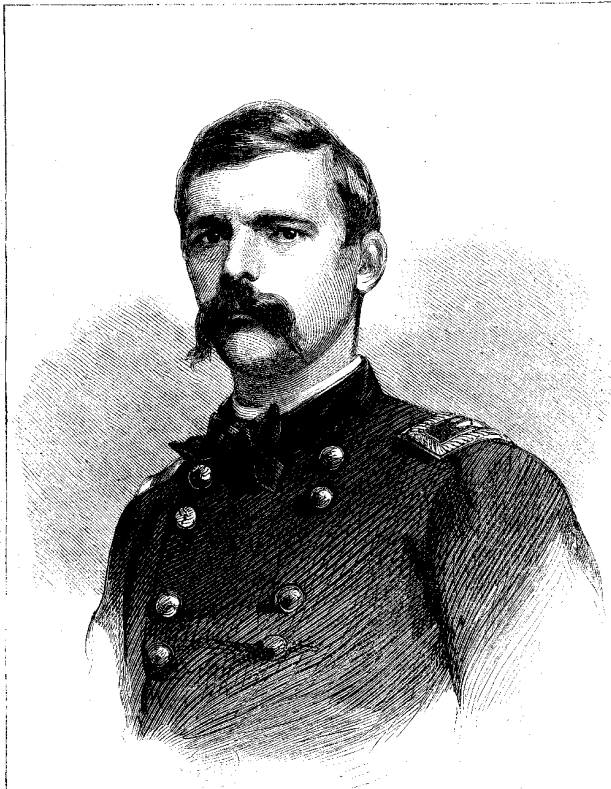
"Papa!" said she, "What does it all mean?"

"I am thinking."

Then, after a long pause he ground his teeth and said, "It means—WAR."



OUR WORKS BEFORE JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—SCENERY BEFORE THE EVACUATION BY CAPTAIN ADAMS OF THE NINETEENTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.

We publish on this page a portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of the late GENERAL STRONG, who died in this city on 30th ult., from the results of a wound received in the recent attack on Fort Wagner.

George C. Strong was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1806, entered West Point in 1823, and graduated in 1827. He entered the Ordnance Department, and on the outbreak of the rebellion was in command of the Watervliet Arsenal. He applied for active employment, was placed on the

staff of General McDowell, and served in that capacity at the battle of Bull Run. He served for a short time on the staff of General McClellan, but was soon transferred to General Butler, and proceeded to organize the Butler expedition. He was stationed for some time in Boston and vicinity, and sailed for the Gulf, arriving at Ship Island March 24, 1862. When New Orleans was taken he removed his office to that city, and transacted the business of the Department of the Gulf. The labor and exertion attendant upon his position nearly cost him his life, which for some time was despaired of, but a compulsory visit to the North restored him to health. As chief of General But-



THE LATE COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ler's staff he conducted several expeditions to Biloxi and up the Mississippi, and thus betrayed a character for gallantry that only wanted the opportunity to develop itself.

He returned to the North with General Butler, and after a brief period of inactivity was, at the request of General Gilmore, placed in command of a brigade in the Department of the South. He had previously been appointed Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of General Butler. The following, from the Herald correspondence, will show how he commenced his work:

During the early part of the army movements under General Gilmore to General Strong's brigade was award-

ed the post of honor, as may be gathered from the following extract from general orders:

SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 2.

July 9, 1863.

The attack on Morris Island will take place to-morrow morning at break of day, by opening our batteries at the north end of Folly Island. General Strong's brigade will move to the right, and hold itself in Folly Island Creek ready to move forward, and at the proper time occupy the south end of Morris Island.

The brigade landed in due order, and, with General Strong and staff at their head, the advance kept on long after they got under the rebel fire. The General, who had fallen into the water, after he got his ducking pulled off his riding-boots to pour out the water, and was too eager to get on to stop and put them on; so he headed the charge with only stockings on, and in that state led the troops



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARRIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, OF THE 9TH WISCONSIN.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

on over hot sand-ridges, up the beach, across shell-banks and oyster-beds, enjoying the style of foaling. This conduct pleased the troops amazingly, and the column moved on slowly to the right, but no one could tell the way any one till they arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, when a charge was ordered.

General Strong went to the men at the proper moment and said, "Fire low, and trust in God! Forward, the Connecticut Seventh!" And away they went at a double-quick, with their General at their head. The fort opened with three heavy howitzers, heavily charged with grape and canister. Another and a third round plowed among them; but still the survivors pressed on, passed the ditch, and stood on the parapet with the same situation.

For the gallantry of the charge the following was added to the Commanding General's congratulatory order:

Special thanks are due to Brigadier-General George C. Strong and his command for the heroic gallantry with which they carried the enemy's batteries on Morris Island, this being the first instance during the war in which powerful batteries have been assaulted successfully by a column disembarked under a heavy artillery fire.

He was placed in command of the troops on Morris Island, and given charge of the column which was to assault Fort Wagner on the evening of 18th. The correspondents say that before the attack General Strong addressed the troops in a few words of fire, which inspired them so that they felt "like tigers in the attack." The *Herald* correspondent thus narrates the fearful struggle:

Strong's brigade marched in column up past the right of our batteries, then deployed and advanced in line a short distance, then dashed up the beach and landed in close column. Fort Sumter saw the movement, and pitched her shells over among the troops. When the brigade, led by their General, moved forward, the distance to the fort rebels in Fort Wagner came out in full strength. A thousand muskets flashed almost together, and poured a deadly fire into our troops. The guns were brought to bear on our ranks, and the shells rained down upon them. With a shout they advanced, at a word from the General, on a double-quick, unflinchingly, directly up the beach to the fort. Sumter's shells burst all around them, bullets whistled, canister hummed, grape plowed along the ground, the fort was lighted up almost constantly with the fire from howitzers, rifles, and muskets—not in fitful flashes, but with steady, gleaming sheets of flame. They never staggered—never wavered—did not stop for the many who fell or listen to the moans of the wounded. They crossed the ditch and crossed it—some on planks, some running down in salt tiding up, some seeking a better entrance to the left, where the ditch was, however, not so deep. As they were making the crossing howitzers in the bastions kept up a raking fire, prostrating many bodies, but not deterring the mass.

Over they went, and they crossed the ditch on the parapets; but the grape not them every where, sweeping the ditch, the curtains outside, the parapets above; and the rebel infantry, seeing all but unseen themselves, appeared then in volleys and rows to no small effect officially. The majority of the troops struggled on manfully and charged down over the parapet, driving all before them. There was a certain danger, for the feeling uncertain danger in staying or advancing. The rebels had been driven from one corner or a traverse, and the Sixth Connecticut's colors were planted on the parapet.

Just as the parapet was gained, a shot struck General Strong in the head and fell. He was carried to the rear of the light by his men, and sent to hospital. Thence transferred to a steamer he was brought here; but the wound was more severe than his enfeebled constitution could bear. On his arrival here he was attacked by lock-jaw, and died on 30th ult.

In him the country has lost one of her noblest and best soldiers.

THE LATE COLONEL SHAW.

We publish on page 525 a portrait of the late COLONEL SHAW, who was killed at the head of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers (colored), in the recent attack on Fort Wagner.

Robert G. Shaw was a son of Francis G. Shaw, of Staten Island, and was twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment. On their return home he obtained a commission in the Massachusetts Second, and took part in all the battles in which that fighting regiment was engaged. Twice—at Cedar Mountain, and again at Antietam—he narrowly escaped a severe wound. On the formation of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Colored Regiment the Colonel was tendered to Captain Shaw by Governor Andrew; and the universal report is that no finer regiment in the country has ever seen the thousand men whom he led to war. Colonel Shaw took part in the first attack on Morris Island, which secured us command of most of the Island. His subsequent performance is so well described in the following letter from Mr. Edward L. Pearce to Governor Andrew that we give it entire:

When the troops left St. Helena they were separated, the Fifty-fourth going to James Island. While it was there, General S. received a letter from Colonel Shaw, in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the Fifty-fourth to General S.'s brigade. So when the troops were brought away from James Island General S. took this regiment into his command. It left James Island on Thursday, July 16, at 9 A.M., and marched to Col's Island, which they reached at 4 o'clock on Friday morning, marching all night, most of the way in single file, over swampy and muddy ground. There they remained during the day, with their back and coffee to the sea, and this only what was left in their haversacks, not a regular ration.

From 11 o'clock of Friday evening until 4 o'clock of Saturday they were being put on the transports, the *General Hunter*, in a boat, which took about fifty at a time. There they breakfasted on the same fare, and had no other food before entering into the assault on Fort Wagner in the evening.

The *General Hunter* left Col's Island for Folly Island at 8 A.M., and the troops landed at 10 A.M. The boats were 9 A.M., and thence marched to the point opposite Morris Island, reaching there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They were transported in a steamer across the inlet, and at 4 P.M. began their march for Fort Wagner. They reached Brigadier-General Strong's quarters, about mid-way on the island, about 6 or 6 1/2 o'clock, where they halted for five minutes. I saw them there, and they looked weary and weary.

General Strong expressed a great desire to give them food and stimulants, but it was too late in the day to lead the charge. They had been without tents during the pattering rains of Thursday and Friday nights. General Strong had been impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers, and he wished to assign them the post where the most severe work was to be done and the highest honor was to be won. I had been his guest for some days, and he had seen me march across the beach, and was very wearisome. The regiment went up fifty or sixty buildings, and then, not going along the beach, where the marching was easier.

When they had come within 600 yards of Fort Wagner they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first

and the Major the second battalion. This was within musket-shot of the enemy. There was little firing from the enemy, a solid shot falling between the battalions, and another falling to the right, but no one could tell the point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiments, the Sixth Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and others remained that afternoon. The regiment was addressed by General Strong and Colonel Shaw. Then at half past seven or three-quarters past seven o'clock the order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, and when on some distance on.

The intervening distance between the place where the line was formed and the fort was run over in a few minutes, and the men of the two hundred yards of the fort a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them along the entire line, and with deadly results. It tore the ranks to pieces and disconnected some. They rallied again, went through the ditch, in which was some three feet of water, and then up the parapet. They raised the fort on the parapet, where it remained a few minutes. Here they melted away before the enemy's fire, their bodies falling down the slope and into the ditch. Others will give a more detailed and accurate account of what occurred during the attack of the conflict.

Colonel Shaw reached the parapet, leading his men, and was probably killed. Adjutant Jones saw him fall. Private Thomas Burgess, of Company I, told me that he was close to Colonel Shaw; that he raised his sword and cried out, "Onward, boys!" and, as he did so, fell. Burgess fell, wounded, at the same time. In a minute or two, as he rose to crawl away, he tried to pull Colonel Shaw along, taking hold of his feet, which were near his own head, but there appeared to be no life in him. There is a report, however, that Colonel Shaw is wounded and taken to his country and to mankind. Brigadier-General Strong (himself a noble spirit) said in his report in a message to his parents: "I had but little opportunity to be with him, but I already loved him. No man ever met more gallantly into battle. None knew him but to love him."

I parted with Colonel Shaw between six and seven on Saturday evening, as he rode forward to his regiment, and he gave me the private letters and papers he had with him to be delivered to his father. I had no opportunity to see him, but he had had no testimony in relation to the regiment to be communicated to you. These are his precise words, and I give them to you as I noted them at the time.

"The Fifty-fourth did well and nobly, only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with the confidence of a better force."

One who knew him well wrote of him, most truthfully:

It was that rare quality that commands at once the love and obedience of men that peculiarly fitted Colonel Shaw for a commander. Of a most genial and kindly nature, of manners as gentle as a woman's, of a native refinement that brooked nothing coarse, of a clear moral insight that no evil association could tarnish, of a strength of purpose almost availing as noble ends, of a courage quiet but cheerful, and of a most striking beauty of countenance which attracted, and at the same time moulds all others brought under their influence. Even this was observed of him only only second-hand. He was a member of the Massachusetts; how much more has it been shown in the Fifty-fourth! This country has lost in him one of its best soldiers, and one of its most promising men.

GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.

We publish on page 525 a portrait of GENERAL GILMORE, the commander of our army near Charleston, from a photograph by Lieutenant Haas.

General Gilmore was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of 43 members. He was appointed to the Engineers, and was promoted to a First Lieutenant in 1856, and to a Captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications at Hampton Roads; from 1852 to 1856 he was instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, and during this time he designed the new Riding School on the crest of the Hill. He served from 1856 to 1861 as Purchasing Agent for the department in New York, and made many friends here. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Port Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers—a rank which the President made haste to confirm. General Gilmore had entire charge of the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and it is to his skill that the success of the bombardment is due. It was very truly said of him: "The result of the efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honor on the engineering skill and self-reliant capacity of General Gilmore. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed him. Success, which in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward."

That award he won. On the failure of Admiral Du Pont's first attack on Charleston he was superseded by Admiral Dahlgren, and General Hunter by General Gilmore. The latter at once commenced his attack on Charleston, proceeding to land on Morris Island and advance on Fort Wagner with his customary energy and caution. How well he has succeeded our news is there to tell. He believes that he will take Charleston, and those who know him best are satisfied that he will not be disappointed.

THE CAPTURE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

We publish on page 524 an illustration of our works before Jackson, Mississippi, with the rebel works in the background. The sketch by Captain Achenbach of the Ninety-seventh Illinois Volunteers. As every one knows the place was evacuated within forty-eight hours after our picture was taken. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the appearance of the place after we entered:

It would beggar description to attempt to portray the appearance of Jackson after the rebels retreated. Destroyed buildings, broken down houses, and the first visit to Jackson, destroyed much valuable property; and, to complete the catalogue, the rebels burnt up fifty or sixty buildings, and then, not going along the beach, where the marching was easier, the ground of military necessity, to accomplish the destruction of large quantities of army stores which they were not able to transport in their retreat. The day was

unlucky, scarcely a current of fresh air being felt, and the smoke from the ruins of the fires curled along through the principal streets, making a trip through the city decidedly uncomfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AWFUL AND MISTY.—A gentleman (?) and his wife, on lodgings some time since in a street not far from Broadway. One morning the gentleman went out, apparently alone, and did not return. On subsequently searching the room, the landlady was horrified on discovering that her lodger had taken his better-half with him, and left his quarters. Surgical aid was called in, but too late to be of any assistance.

ART MANUFACTURERS.—The other day a gentleman holding an official position gave a rising young modeler his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the mug for drinking purposes.

EDUCATION.—It is the part of a virtuous government to give good instruction to vice. In the great metropolis we are often taught a moral lesson by the sight of a young child being brought up by a policeman.

SATISFIED BY A GAMBLER.—A Polish friend of ours declares that the discovery of the source of the Nile would be the Dark Ages have been called an act of robbery.

A GOOD THING FOR THE WINDY WEATHER.—Running into the Bank and inquiring if they can oblige you with change for five cents.

SONGS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—THE MAT.

Be good enough to wipe your shoes, I'll thank you, for it's wrong
To splash those marks injurious which arise,
Remember where the mat is placed, the prejudice is strong
In favor of the friction it supplies.
But then, scrub them.
Your boots, run at your club then,
Imagine you can take your mud up stairs before our eyes.
So be good enough, etc.

THE TARTAN QUESTION.—Has she much to it?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Wakenup.—Of course; he was a very rude man, indeed, to pass a sleepless night without even nodding.
Molly Cottle.—Standing on your head in a pail of boiling water may be condoning, but is hardly to be recommended except in extreme cases.
Pope.—Want to know if, when distance lent enchantment to the view, the loon was ever returned? We hardly think so; most probably it was left a loon.

NOVEL DISEASES.—The gentleman who caught a train is recovering.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor, "This must be a healthy place for chickens."
"Why do you say so, brother?" "Because I never see any dead one hereabouts."

A man, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the river. Verdict, "Fondly employed."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

What is drinking?—Stultice of the mind.

"After you," as the tea-kettle said to the dog's tail.

"More work and less noise," as the lady's watch said when it beat St. Paul's.

A secretary being asked by an intimate friend why he did not promote merit, aptly replied, "Because merit did not promote me."

Admirer.—Philosophical physis, pleasant to eye but unpleasant to taste.

Pistol.—The mist that vapors round insignificance.

"By your leave, gentlemen," as the winds said to the trees in autumn.

Why would you tie a slow horse to a post improve his pace?—Because it would be a way to make him fast.

"I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room. "And pray, Sir," inquired a woman behind him, "since you saw the wind and the storm, why didn't you get up?" "The wind blew and the storm rose," was the ready rejoinder.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he could say his lesson.

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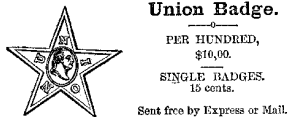
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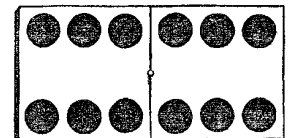
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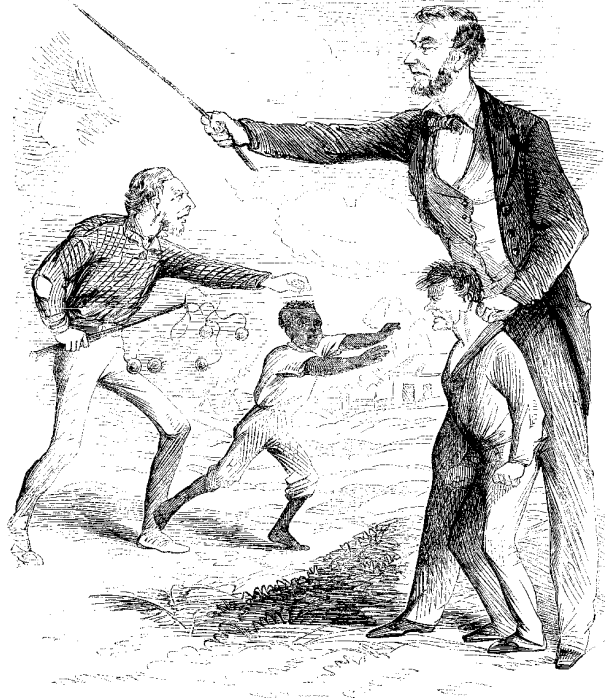
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