

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

We publish on this page a portrait of REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, the hero of the day, from a photograph just taken by Mr. Brady.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT was born near Knoxville, Tenn., about the year 1803, and is now sixty years of age. His father was an officer in the army, well known to and much esteemed by General Jackson. When only nine years of age little David determined to be a sailor, and was taken by Commodore PORTER on board the *Essex* as midshipman. He shared the fortunes of that famous craft in her memorable cruise in the Pacific, and took part in the battle off Valparaiso. A person who is familiar with the facts tells the following story of the boy's behavior on that occasion:

He was ordered by the Commodore, while the contest was at its height, to below and bring up some friction-tubes that were needed for the guns. While descending the ward-room ladder the captain of the gun directly opposite was struck full upon the face by an 18-pounder shot. He fell back against FARRAGUT, and they both tumbled down the hatchway. The man was a stout, heavy fellow, and it was fortunate for the young midshipman that his full weight did not fall upon him as they reached the deck. As it was, the lad was severely stunned; and recovering, as if awakening from a dream, he ran upon deck. Commodore PORTER, seeing him covered with blood, inquired, "Are you wounded?" "I believe not," was the reply.

"Then where are the tubes?" asked the Commodore.

The words brought him to his senses, and he immediately went below and got them. When at last it was determined to surrender the brave little brig the Commodore sent FARRAGUT to throw overboard the signal-book, in order that the enemy should not come into possession of our code, it being reported that the signal-master could not be found. After a protracted search the lad discovered the book upon the sill of one of the ports, and at once threw it overboard. A few minutes afterward the recalcitrant signal-master appeared, and excused himself for being absent from his post by stating that he had been over the side to extricate the book from the wreck, where it had lodged; but the falsehood cost him dearly.

During all this time young FARRAGUT bore himself like a man, never shedding a tear until he saw the American colors hauled down, and then he sobbed like a child. From this heavy grief he was soon aroused, however, by hearing an English midshipman shout to his men, "Prize-oh, boys! here's a fine granter, by Jove!" He knew the young reader alluded to a young prizee that had been petted by himself and all the sailors, and had helped to begonia away many a weary hour; therefore he energetically laid claim to the animal. "But," said the Englishman, "you're a prisoner, and your pig too." "We always respect private property," said FARRAGUT, and he seized the squealing bone of contention, asserting that he should retain possession until compelled to yield to superior force. Here was sport for the older officers, who called out, "Go it, little Yankee; and if you can thrust 'Shanty' (a sobriquet for English midship) you shall have your pig." "Agreed," said FARRAGUT; and the lads went at it in pugilistic style. "Shanty" soon failed to come to time, and the victor walked off with the pig under his arm. He afterward remarked that he felt, in mastering the young Englishman, that he had wiped out the disgrace he was placed in command of a prize-vessel, when only thirteen years of age. The original captain of the prize became very turbulent, and threatened to interfere with the navigation of the ship.



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

gation of the ship. FARRAGUT reported him accordingly to the *Essex*, upon which the man excused himself by saying that he only meant to "frighten the boy."

"Ask him, Sir," replied FARRAGUT to his captain, "how he succeeded."

The boy resumed command of the prize and took her safely into port.

At the close of the war young FARRAGUT was sent to school, and thence into the navy. His life, for the next forty years, was the usual routine of a sailor's life in peace-time, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. He spent some time in South America, and, it is believed, took part in some of the revolution-

ary contests which are indigenous to that continent. He married, too, his wife being a Southern lady, and settled at Norfolk, Virginia, where he purchased some little property. The rebellion found him living there, surrounded by Southerners whose sympathies were all with the rebels. How he left Norfolk the following extract from the *Times* tells:

On the 18th of April he left Norfolk, just the night before the Navy-yard was burned, and no better proof of his loyalty can be given than the fact of his presidential attack upon the Navy-yard at Norfolk being kept a secret from him. The morning before leaving Norfolk he was expressing very decidedly his opposition to the course of the Southern people, when he was told by some of the leading men and naval officers, residents of the place, that he could not remain there with such sentiments. "Then

I will go where I can live with just such sentiments," was his reply; and he accordingly went home and notified his family that they must get ready to leave for New York in a few hours. He arrived in Baltimore to learn that the track had been torn up the day before, and had great difficulty in getting a passage for himself and family in a canal-boat. This was accomplished, however, after a few hours' delay, and they managed to arrive safely at New York. He immediately sought a cottage at Hastings, upon the Hudson, in which to place his family, removed from the excitement of the times, so that he could be assured of their safety when he was called upon to go forth and battle for his country. With that same firmness of feeling and devotion that he possessed when a midshipman on board the *Essex* he obeyed the call. Had Admiral FARRAGUT remained in Norfolk one day longer he would have been imprisoned, as was the fate of one Union officer, to whose allegiance he is said, that after remaining a few hours in prison, he yielded to the Southern coercionists and joined their navy. The Admiral says he does not deserve so much credit for his prompt action in this matter, as having had so much experience in the revolutionary countries of South America, he was well posted as to what might be expected from revolutionary times.

We believe that his anger at the loss of the *Merrimack* was freely expressed to every one he met, and that he told the Government that he (FARRAGUT) could have saved her, and would have done so had he received orders, even if the effort had cost the whole town of Norfolk. There is only too much reason to believe that one man of FARRAGUT'S nerve might have saved us the *Merrimack* and the Navy-yard, the consequences of which upon the course of the war can hardly be overestimated.

For some months after the outbreak of the war Captain FARRAGUT was without a command, partly because the Department had no vessels. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to lead it. He entered the Mississippi River early in March, 1862. On 17th April PORTER'S mortar-fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on 24th Commodore FARRAGUT, with his entire fleet, ran past the forts, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats, including several iron-clads, fire-rats, obstructions and torpedoes innumerable. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers, who had been to New Orleans, laughed outright at the

in characteristic sneers at the insanity of the project. Commodore GOLDSPENCER first heard the news from a newspaper correspondent, who boarded the *Missineote* at Fortress Monroe, on his way north with dispatches. The conversation is said to have run somewhat in this wise:

REDFORTER. "Commodore, I have the pleasure of informing you that Commodore FARRAGUT has run past Forts Philip and Jackson with his fleet, and taken New Orleans."

COMMODORE. "Run past the batteries?"

REDFORTER. "Yes, Sir."

COMMODORE. "It's not true, Sir—it's a lie! It couldn't be done."

laughter of the

And exit Commodore in great wrath.

It was done, however, as every one knows; and at a late hour on 25th April, 1862, the Commodore anchored off the city of New Orleans, and sent word ashore that all rebel flags must come down.

From that time to the present the Admiral (for he was immediately promoted to that rank) has been intensely active. He has run almost every rebel battery on the Mississippi, silenced a large number, and only left the river when there were no more to silence. The part he took in the reduction of Port Hudson was most important. He came here, in fact, when his work was done; and in the hope that the Administration would find him new fields of glory.

Of all our naval commanders he ranks, without question, as the first—the naval hero of the war.

His arrival here was a scene of great excitement. A crowd assembled to welcome him; the foreign vessels in the bay and the forts thundered glad salutes, which were grimly returned by the old *Hartford*; the city tendered him civic hospitalities; the Government sent him to thank him personally for what he had done for his country. If any man should feel proud at this day it is David G. FARRAGUT.

One who knows him well writes of him:

From his childhood Admiral FARRAGUT has been remarkably self-reliant and determined, and although of very amiable disposition, never would consent that others should do for him what he could perform for himself. Industry is a decided trait in his character. When not on active duty he has always been a student, and while in foreign ports never neglected to acquire the language of the people. At one time he spoke the Spanish, French, Italian, and Arabic with great fluency—the latter language he acquired when he was eighteen years of age, during a residence of nine months in Tunis. In connection with his Arabic the following anecdote is related. On approaching some islands in the Mediterranean, the Captain of the ship remarked on deck that he did not know how they were to converse with the people, as they had no interpreter. At that moment a boat came alongside with some of the natives, and an officer replied, "Captains, we have an officer on board who speaks all languages intuitively; he is doubtless in league with the 'old boy,' but suppose you send for him, and see if he can not communicate with these people." So Lieutenant FARRAGUT was called for, and told in a peculiar manner that he must show if what he was accused of was true. He looked into the boat, and seeing an old Arabian he immediately commenced conversing, and translated for the ship all the trading. Imagine the surprise of all on board, as FARRAGUT did not tell them that it was Arabic he was speaking, and so he kept up the joke for some time, amused to hear them often repeat "that he was indebted to the devil for such a gift."

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THE DRAFT.

THE "revolution in the North" which, in the opinion of the journalists at London and Richmond, was to counterbalance our successes on the Mississippi and the retreat of Lee, is at an end. The draft has been, or is being enforced every where, including the city of New York, and there is no longer any question as to whether the people will submit to it. Within a fortnight from this time all the drafted men will either have taken their place in the armies of the Union, or have paid their \$300 to Government.

The notion that the people of the United States would not submit to be drafted was the last plank to which the enemies of the Union clung. It was realized at Richmond and in England that, with our present vantage-ground, the suppression of the rebellion was a mere question of time, if only we could keep our armies up to a proper numerical strength. Hence the hysterical delight of the Richmond papers over the anti-draft riot in New York, and the ponderous disquisitions of the London press upon the impossibility of enforcing a conscription among the Northern masses. In this, as in so many other cases, the wish was father to the thought; but the event has disappointed both.

We shall commence the Fall campaign with our armies fully recruited to the war standard, and with such advantages over the enemy in point of numbers, material of war, position, prestige, and experienced leadership as to render our success reasonably certain. Mobile, Charleston, and Chattanooga ought to be in our hands before Christmas.

And—what is scarcely of less importance—we shall have made a precedent for all future time that may save us many a war. No political or any standing will dare hereafter to question the right of the Government to the armed service of all citizens; and foreign nations which quarrel with us will understand that they have to deal with a Power which can place five millions of soldiers in the field.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The election of Mr. Bramlette as Governor of Kentucky by a majority of some 60,000 or more may be considered as settling the disputed question as to the opinion of that State on the issues of the day. Notwithstanding the President's proclamation, and notwithstanding the fact that almost every large household in Kentucky has some young member or friend in the rebel army, the majority against secession and in favor of Union is unprecedented in the electoral history of the State. It is true that the successful candidate, Mr. Bramlette, declared himself opposed to the emancipation proclama-

tion. But he just as decidedly declared himself opposed to all unconstitutional or revolutionary opposition to any law of Congress or legitimate act of the Executive; and he pledged himself merely to seek the reversal of the policy of the President by peaceful constitutional action. In view, therefore, of the probable anti-slavery majority in the House and the decided anti-slavery majority in the Senate, to say nothing of the pretty well determined anti-slavery views of the President, we may fairly infer that Mr. Bramlette, the Governor elect of Kentucky, is prepared to yield a cheerful acquiescence to the anti-slavery policy of the Government, as soon as he ascertains that he can not reverse or alter it by peaceful constitutional opposition. And this, we think, is very considerable progress. When the war began the Kentucky Senators and the Governor, together with so many of the people that Generals Sherman and Anderson pronounced them a decided major party, were on the side of the rebellion. After he war had commenced Kentucky wanted to be neutral, and notified the General Government it not to invade her territory. After a year or two Kentucky took her side squarely, if not readily, on the side of the Union. And now, after two years of war, she elects a Governor, who, though naturally opposed to abolition, has nevertheless placed himself upon the record as ready to acquiesce in the emancipation policy of the Government. The next step in the progress will be a peremptory demand for abolition by the people of the State. This will probably take another year.

Missouri is about twelve months ahead of Kentucky. Before the war, though St. Louis contained a number of far-seeing merchants who were in favor of emancipation, the general sentiment of the State was as unequivocally pro-slavery as that of South Carolina. It was from Missouri that the "border-ruffians" hailed, who strove to force slavery on Kansas with fire and sword. No more ardent advocates of slavery ever went to Washington than Acheson and Green. When the war broke out the Legislature of Missouri was not only devoted to slavery, but was so closely allied in sentiment to the other slave State Legislatures that, but for the hero Lyon, we might have had to take St. Louis and Jefferson City as we took Nashville and Memphis. After the proclamation of Frémont the anti-slavery sentiment made great progress, especially among the Germans, and a Governor was elected—Mr. Gamble—who, though far from being an abolitionist, believed that there were other interests in Missouri besides slavery. When Congress adopted the President's recommendation to pay for emancipated slaves the anti-slavery impulse in Missouri received a further impulse, and a Convention was held in June last, at which it was determined to abolish slavery in eight years. This resolution, which would have seemed revolutionary and monstrous three years ago, has not satisfied the people of Missouri. They are not content to wait eight years for immigration and high prices for land. Accordingly another Convention will be called by the next Legislature, which will undoubtedly abolish slavery at once. This is very fair progress.

In Maryland the development of anti-slavery views has not, as yet, made its appearance on the surface of the political arena. But the tone of leading newspapers, and the price of slaves—a large slaveholder the other day had his entire stock assessed at \$5 a head—indicate plainly enough that within a short period Maryland will, of her own free action, get rid of the incubus of slavery.

It is possible that the Border States, rapidly as they are improving in public sentiment, may yet be outstripped in the race toward freedom by some of their more Southern sisters. The destruction of slavery, as an economic and productive institution, is complete on the sea-coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in nearly half of Virginia, in more than half of Louisiana, and in the Mississippi Valley. No other system of labor has yet been substituted. In some localities all the adult male negroes are taken for the army. In others they are hired out, sometimes by their old masters. But as a general rule, wherever slavery has been abolished by military rule chaos has succeeded, and desolation rules the plain. Now it is obvious that this state of things can not last long. An intelligent and industrious nation of twenty-five millions of whites will not long permit fertile land to lie idle when cotton is worth 65 cents, sugar 8 cents, and tobacco 18 cents. Sooner or later pride, prejudice, and passion will yield to the dictates of interest, and attempts will be made to reorganize labor. There have already been such attempts, spasmodic and partial, in Louisiana. When the Fall campaign has firmly secured to us the entire productive area of that State, together with the western part of Mississippi, and the valleys of Arkansas, we may feel assured that those attempts will be renewed, and on a general plan. This will be General Banks's work. And there are those among his friends who are not without hope that, as early as next winter, a delegation of regularly-elected Congressmen from Louisiana will present themselves at Washington with a free State Constitution in their hand, and a platform of principles which will

render them co-workers with the delegations from Massachusetts and Illinois.

For the world will keep moving. Here, in the great commercial metropolis, where every man who is not engrossed in making money is engrossed in spending it, we have lineal descendants of Galileo's Judges, who deafen us with daily eulogies of slavery as it was, and denounce all progress as the work of the devil, or the radicals—which means the same thing. But the world does not stop for their croaking, and planters in Louisiana and Mississippi, when placed in the dilemma of choosing between free negro labor on the one hand, and no labor at all on the other, will not feel much sympathy with Northern politicians who are so enamored of slavery that they would rather see planters starve than negroes free.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

The practical sagacity of the President is daily justified. His impulses are wiser than the wary plans of more cunning men. It is true that, in writing the letter to the Albany Committee, he was fairly accused in some quarters of want of dignity. But both the resolution to write and the time of writing were most happy illustrations of his shrewdness, while the letter itself is unanswerable, and will henceforth be a constituent part of the body of Constitutional interpretation. His replies to Governor Seymour are not less excellent in their way.

In fact, from the moment of his inauguration it will appear that he has fulfilled every duty of his great office with an ability not less remarkable than his honesty. The desperate effort to make him seem to be a partisan has utterly failed. He has aimed only at the maintenance of the Government; and to secure that end he has no more hesitated to adopt a policy which his own party approved than he has to take measures which the party opposed to him applauded. He has filled the chief posts of command with men of all political views. Yet he has been most sharply denounced from the beginning of the war no less by his old party friends than enemies. The consequence is, that, at this moment, he stands a little outside of all parties even among loyal men. The rebels, and their tools the Copperheads, of course, hate him. The War Democrats doubt some points of his policy. The Conservative Republicans think him too timid in the hands of the radicals; while the ordinary Republicans think him too slow, yielding, and half-hearted. And yet, without doubt, the more thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties can not but see how time confirms his wisdom, and were a President to be named to-morrow they would declare for Mr. Lincoln.

So calm is his temperament, and so patriotic his policy, that the emancipation act from his hands could not seem, and never has seemed, to be a partisan measure. From the beginning he did not doubt the right of emancipation as a military measure. But he carefully declared the object of the war to be the maintenance of the Government. When Frémont and Hunter issued their orders he quietly revoked them, not, as he said, because such measures were wrong, but because in his view the time for them had not come, and when it came, he must exercise the power. When it did come, he warned the rebels last September that he had never doubted the possible military necessity might arise that a military measure so grave and so long adhibited should not be summarily adopted; that he admonished them, if they feared the consequences of such a measure, to escape them by submission to the laws; and that if they did not submit within three months the measure would become a part of the policy of the Government.

The rebels sneered, and their allies the Copperheads organized. The disastrous failure of McClellan's and Pope's campaigns, with the retirement of the army to the Potomac, the long inaction of the autumn, and the removal of McClellan, dispirited many and disaffected some to the war. The consequences were seen in the elections. Mr. Horatio Seymour is a specimen of the result. But the President did not waver. The country was to be saved, if at all, by a policy which was not approved by the virtual friends of the rebellion. The opposition of such gentlemen as Mr. Seymour and his managers was the conclusive argument for that policy. Therefore, on the 1st of January, the order of emancipation was issued and all persons held on that day as slaves within specified limits were freed.

To that order, and the policy which dictated it, every sincerely loyal man accedes. For it was clearly not an act of the President, as a partisan Republican, but as Commander-in-Chief, sworn to defend the Government by every military resource. The loyal men who sustain it to-day are of all the late political parties and of all shades of opinion in regard to Slavery. The order was not issued by the Commander-in-Chief, nor is it supported by the loyal country, because slavery is wrong, but because it helps the enemy. Doubtless the conviction that it is the root of the war has made many assent with more alacrity to the act of emancipation; but the President adopted it as a military and not as a moral measure. The way in which it was done, and the time, are both indications of the practical wisdom of the Chief Magistrate.

History will vindicate the President, even if our impatience should be unjust to him. It will show that succeeding to the executive head of the Government at a moment of most complicated military and political peril, and when national salvation seemed almost impossible, he displayed such simplicity, earnestness, honesty, patience, and sagacity—neither overwhelmed by disaster, nor confounded by treachery, nor disquieted by the distrust of friends—that he may be truly called a Providential man.

OUR GOVERNOR.

If we were to speak of Mr. Seymour in the language of the circus, we should say that that favorite performer Horatius had undertaken his celebrated equestrian act of darning in simultaneously riding two horses, the well-known old stander War-Democracy and the vicious young Gily Copperhead. As they go in different directions, the point of interest is the fate of the rider.

If it should be roundly asserted that Mr. Seymour is a rebel, there might be a plausible denial made. If it should be said that he is not heartily loyal, that also might and would be denied; but not plausibly. His last year's elaborate accusation of the free States as responsible for the war—his previous declaration that he preferred to see the Union destroyed rather than slavery—his speech on the 4th of July, at the Academy, in which he sneered at the soldiers, declaring that we "were promised Vicksburg for the 4th of July," and his threatening the Government with a moi—his subsequent address to that mob, giving them an excuse, and prostrating himself before them, and his correspondence with the President, insisting upon delay at a time when the rebellion gnaws for it and must succumb without it—all these things are susceptible of a kind of explanation, for Mr. Seymour is too adroit a politician not to choose his phrases; but they all leave one deep and permanent conviction, and it is, that if the country should be compelled to make peace with the rebels upon their own terms, Mr. Horatio Seymour would not be sorry. If we do him any injustice it is an involuntary wrong. If he has any where or at any time expressed a hearty abhorrence of the rebellion, or a sincere desire that the Government should be maintained by every honorable means of war, he has any where spoken in such overwhelming censure of rebels lately belonging to the Democratic party as has of the Republican party, to which he is politically opposed—we have not seen the speech, and yet we have very carefully read every thing he has written and said.

That he soberly thinks he can take the State of New York into rebellion, we do not suppose; but that he wishes to propitiate the faction in the State which hopes for the success of the rebels, is clear. If, therefore, under pretense of State Rights, he can encourage disaffection to the prosecution of the war—if by fomenting opposition to the General Government he can perpetuate a vague terror of civil war at the North, without openly instigating it, so that people may become weary and insist upon negotiating with the rebels, he will have done what the interests of his ambition require without having openly opposed the war.

It is a profound pity that at this epoch the Governor of the Empire should be so far from the representative of the unconditional loyalty of the great majority of its citizens; called to the position only because the loyal people, who had armed for the common defense, were not heard at the polls, he can truly claim that he has done his little all to chill the ardor with which the great State of New York supported the war for the Union, and that in the darkest hour of peril his country ever saw he turned his back upon her and apologized for her enemies.

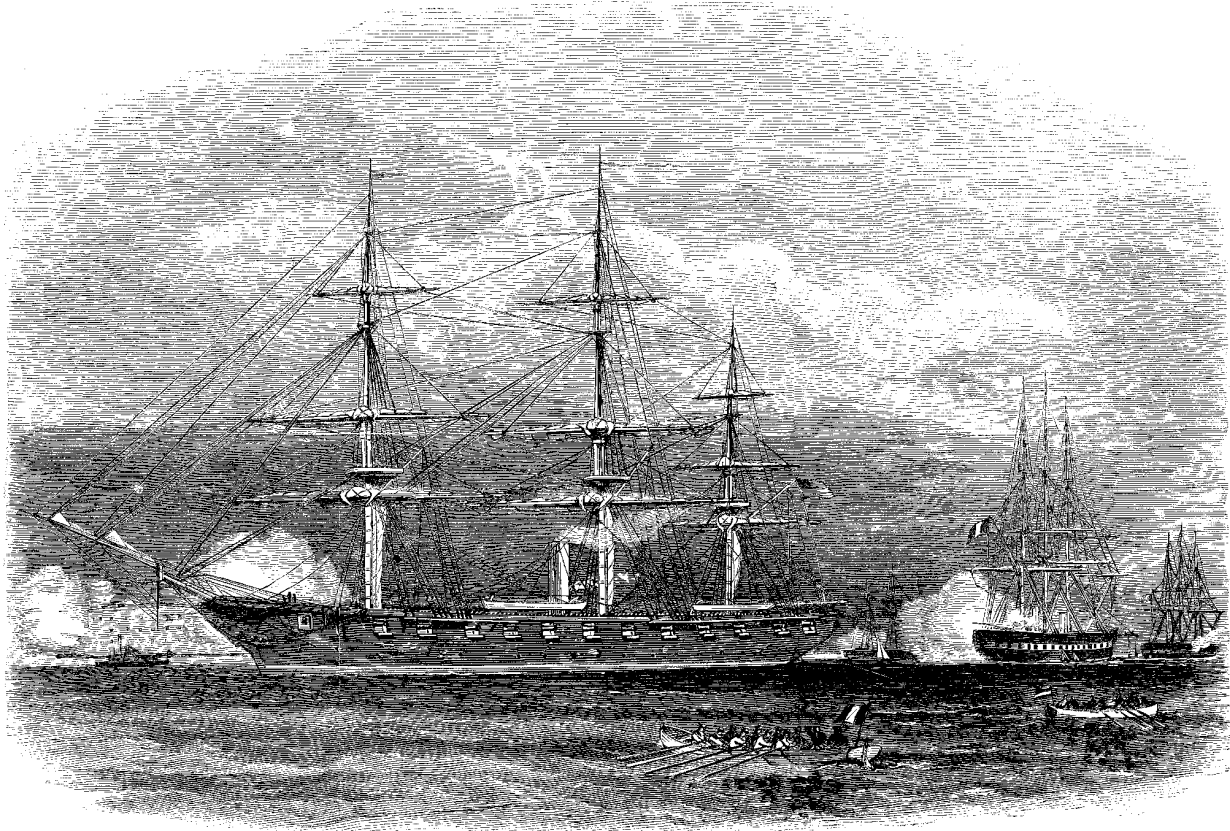
A LOST LEADER.

It is useless to deny the great pain inflicted by Mr. Carlyle upon his sincerest friends and most intelligent admirers in this country by his "American Iliad in a Nutshell." And it is a complicated pain, for the squib in *McMillan's Magazine* shows not only moral apathy but intellectual feebleness. Among the many strange things that might have been expected from Carlyle, was not a simply silly performance the last to be looked for. To all a system of chattel slavery, in which babies are bred for sale, "hiring servants for life," is so shallow a trick that every man who has honored Carlyle must needs hang his head. It is a mean infidelity to human nature of which Legree would have been ashamed.

But the mind to which that wretched old tyrant and fool, the father of Frederick the Great, seems a hero and a king, is released from the ordinary canon of criticism. When the name of a man has ceased to feel and honor moral power and worship brute force only, Genghis Khan will always be a finer spectacle than the Apostle John, and a Devon bull a nobler type of force than Florence Nightingale.

If Carlyle's squib be a specimen of the value of his judgment of the real meaning of historical events, what a charlatan he is! If he knew no more of the English rebellion and its significance than of this which goes on before his eyes, his "Oliver" is no better portrait than his "Peter of the North"; and "Peter" is simply the vision of a dyspeptic egotist. The only wonder in this lamentable performance is that he did not represent Peter and Paul as quarreling about a United States bank. For why he should have dropped a single grain of truth into his melancholy mess is not apparent. We are fighting about slavery; and that is the very reason that Carlyle should have omitted all allusion to the fact upon the half page of nonsense he has written about us.

It is useless to be angry—it is folly to regret. But the brave hearts in this country that long ago hailed the earnest friend of Robert Burns as a friend of all men, and a lover of justice against all odds, can not now see his reverence and sympathy offered exclusively to bullies and slave-traders without a pang. It might well make a greater man than Carlyle hesitate when he saw that his view of any subject was applauded by the meanest of instances and the worst of men. There is not a woman, whipper in the land who will not chuckle with delight over this squib. There is not a man in the country whose friendship Carlyle would value who will not wonder at its foolishness while he smiles at its falsity. There are disillusion enough in life, but few of us who have truly loved and honored him are likely to know a sadder day than that on which we write among the lost leaders the name of Thomas Carlyle.



THE "HARTFORD," ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, ARRIVING AT NEW YORK AND RETURNING THE SALUTES OF FOREIGN FRIGATES.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

A TORPEDO IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish below an illustration of the explosion of a torpedo under the gun-head *Commodore Barney*, in the James River, on 4th August.

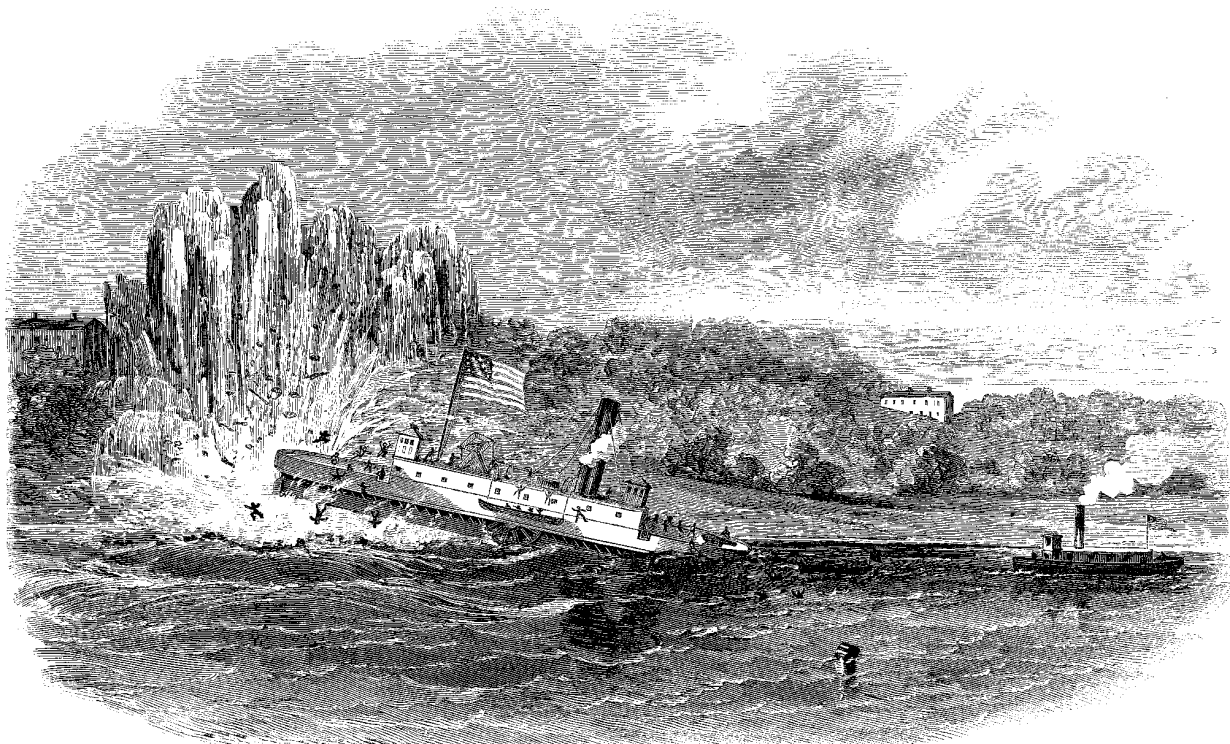
General Foster was making a reconnaissance up the river with the *Commodore Barney*, the *Saugamon*, and the *Cohasset*. They had already been

fired upon by riflemen on the river-bank. The *Herald* correspondent goes on to describe the event illustrated in our picture:

No other incident of an exciting nature transpired until the fleet had reached a point on the river within six miles of Fort Darling. Here, as usual, the *Barney* bore the brunt of the misfortune. A torpedo was exploded under her starboard bow. The effect of this explosion was terrific in appearance, but, luckily, did not turn out so bad

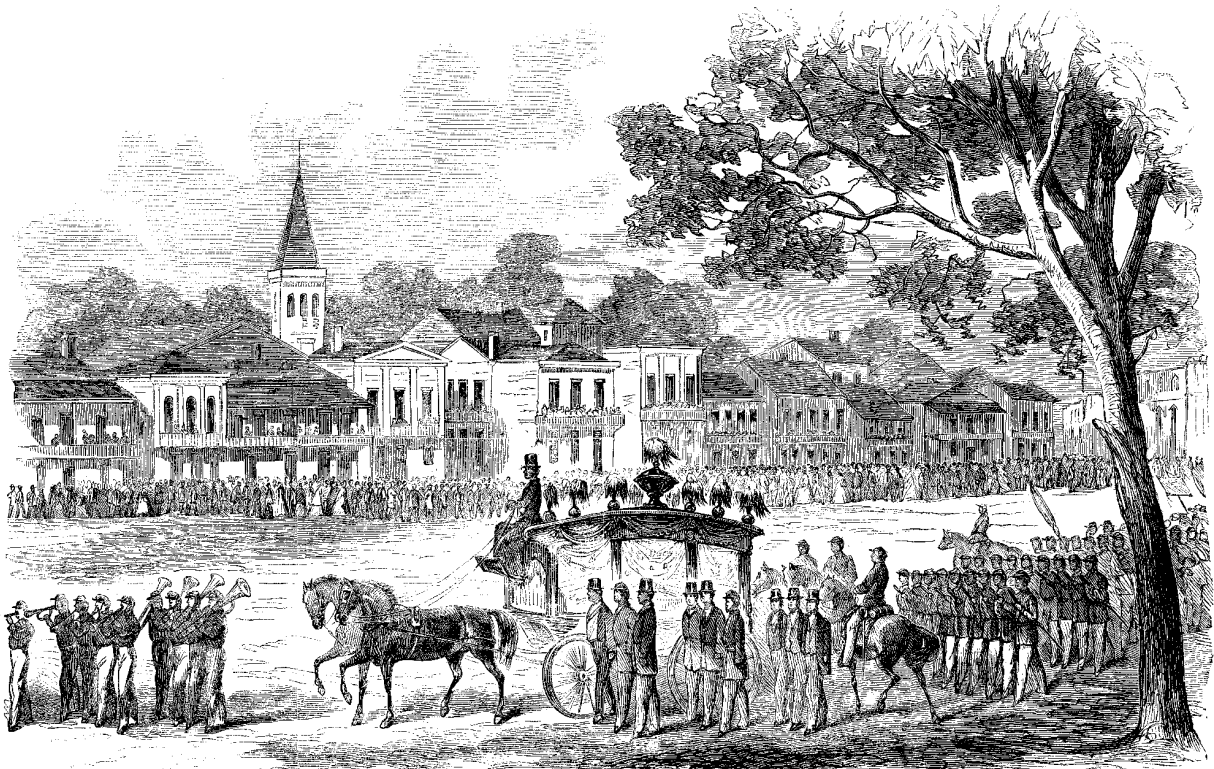
after all. The vessel was lifted by the shock upward of ten feet out of water, and an immense jet of water was hurled from her bow fifty feet in the air at least, falling over and completely drenching her, and washing overboard thirty men. Notwithstanding the desperate condition of affairs boats were immediately manned, and the unfortunates were rescued by their faithful brethren from a watery grave. Two of these men only, named Martin Kroetz, seaman, and J. Gamble (peters) were drowned. The rest were picked up. Two or three swam ashore.

It was now discovered that the *Barney* was badly injured, so much so that it was found necessary to point her head for the shore. The *Cohasset*, however, took her in tow shortly, it being found that her engines were completely disabled. A further advance was now considered useless, inasmuch as the men seen on shore were there, doubtless, for the purpose of exploding the torpedoes beneath our vessels as they attempted to pass. So the expedition returned to Dutch Gap, where anchors were dropped for the night.

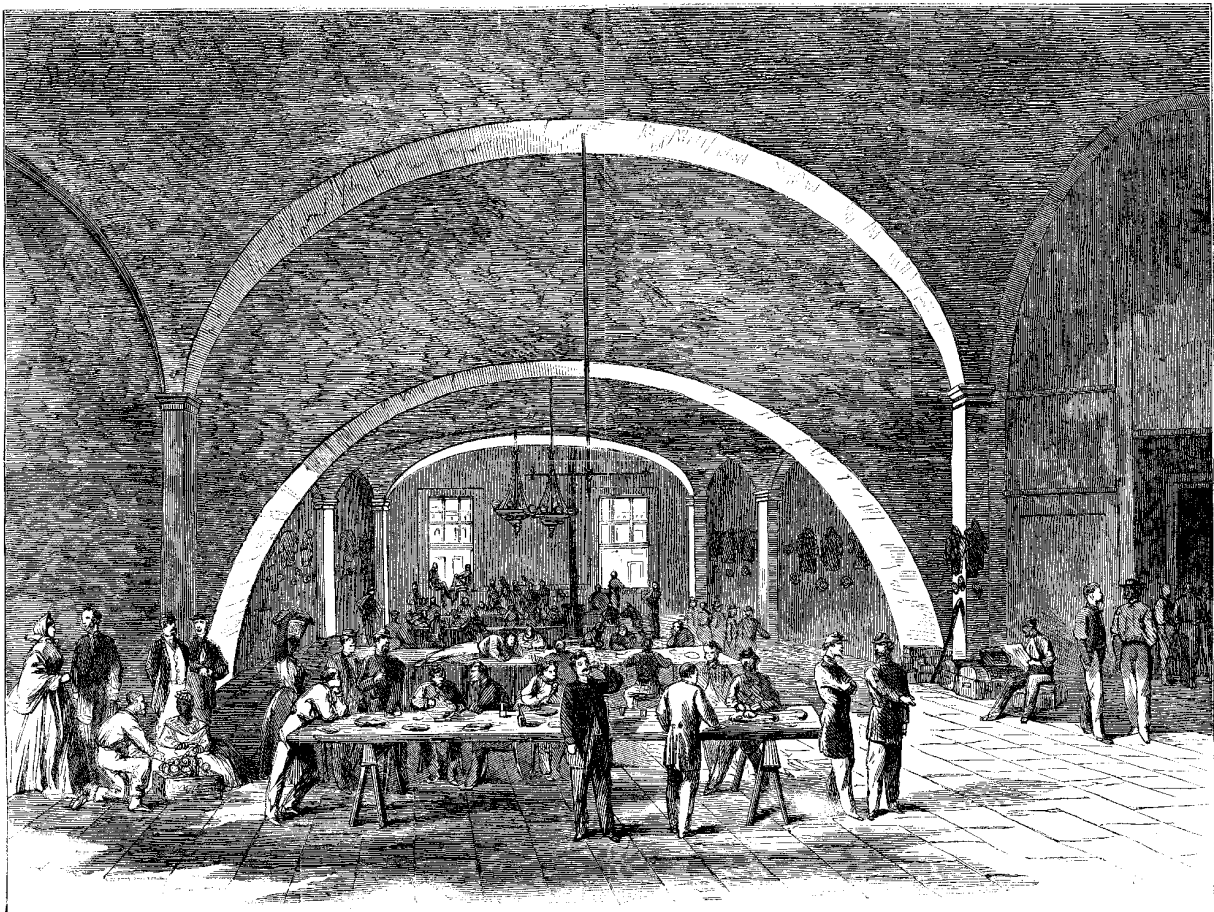


EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO UNDER THE BOW OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY," IN THE JAMES RIVER.

[SKETCHED FROM THE "COHASSET."]



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN CAILLOUX, FIRST LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS (COLORED).—SKETCHED BY A NATIVE GUARD.
[SEE PAGE 551.]



REBEL PRISONERS IN THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.
[SEE PAGE 551.]

MEXICO.

ANOTHER THRONE!

Through twice two thousand years
The earth has answered man's unending groan
With, "Draw ye not enough of tears
The cursed thistle's leaves to wet,
But ye must pile upon my weary breast
The weight of kingly thrones,
To keep my children from their rest
With digging hard among the basement stones
The tap roots lengthened downward by my sweat?
Ah! free is man; a crown has little weight,
Although of purest gold its orb be made;
But from it such long rays of chains go out
To every pair of wrists beneath its shade,
That I am damp to bear their weight about,
And ye are damper with the hopeless spade."

ANOTHER THRONE

On fallen Montezumas, Itrubide's,
Upfilled by the wizard name that guides
The destinies of Europe, and its own.
What vulture eagles o'er the sea have flown,
Smelling the death-heaps from afar,
Watched by a younger brood,
And settled with slant, northward eyes to tear
Dead paler far than those, whose blood
Could quench no thirst, did not the fiercer scream
O'er those death-heaps bid even thirst beware!
The light is broad upon the midnight dream
That haunts the despot's brain:
A crown is there, but it shall cast in vain
Its poisoned shadow toward the free,
As on the desert toward some fertile plain
Falls the short shade of a dead upas tree.

O CORSEAN!

Whose life second life was stilled
In dark suspicion near the Hapsburg throne,
While broken lines of kings with fictions flired
The gaps that bore no name except thine own—
Seest thou the line strong to fulfill thy shame,
Too weak to share the glory of thy name;
The Hawk's-nest brood from Alpine height,
Whose wings flapped out a horrid night
From Euro's Gate to Zuyder Zee,
And wild through steppes and hills of Germany,
And foated down the Danube's waves
Past wild-eyed Hungarians' countless graves,
And blackened sunny Italy—
Seest thou that line
Whose "right divine"
Of priest or demon blotted thine
Groped backward, led by one of thy strong race,
Its own through empty urns of kings to trace,
And whisper as it whispers it "This mine,"
Till o'er the western waves
It claimed for it the Latician blood
That long has crept through soft barbaric veins,
Until is left of its inhuman flood
Nought but the crimson stains,
And there to lengthen out earth's roll of slaves
Is found a throne beside old Aztec graves?
Perhaps thy gorgeous tomb
May be full payment, if demand be made
Even yet, for every scorn upon thee laid
Perhaps the Litter doon
Of powerless kingship leaning on an arm
Most hateful, that derives from thee its charm
Of power may satisfy thy soul,
If any deed of man might roll
Away the gloom that on Helena's Isle
Went with thee through the gates of death,
And move thine iron lips again to smile
The death-crowned brood beneath,
Twere setting up a puppet thing
Of the hated line to be called a King
By thy magic name—a thing for show,
Scorned even by fallen Mexico.

THE SACRED TRIBE

Who lay on bended heads their pious hands
Like millstones, whose broad feet keep back the
lands
From toll, except the bribe
Leave children footless; the high lifted caste
Whose yellow hands to take and keep are bold
From memories of Spain's ill-gotten gold;
The priest and noble mark unblushing hands
To bring the orb and sceptre, wheel and fail,
For sheaves whose growing was another's waste,
Whose taking leaves another famine pale.

ANOTHER THRONE

Built on the western world;
The years shall see some fragments hurled
To earth that once were an uplifted shape
Like to a crown, and wondering folks shall gape
At the base tinsel soon with moss o'ergrown.

THE STATION-MASTER AT LONGLEY.

I sat not an old man, you say? Well, you are
right there: one is not usually considered old at
the age of forty-five. Why am I so bald, then?
Ah, friend, you may well ask. Men do not usually
lose their hair so early in life; and my scalp was
polished, in this shining fashion, some fifteen years
ago. It took only one grim night to do it all.

A story? Yes, comrade, there is a story aent
this same poor bald pate of mine; and, if you wish
to hear it, I will tell it you. It is an old story now,
and over-familiar to our friends about here, for I
fear I have gabbled it somewhat too often when
the bottle has been going round; but, as you never
heard it before, you will find it as good as new.
The up-train is not due for a full hour yet; and
perhaps my story may help as well as any thing
else to kill time. Fill your glass, then, and draw
nearer to the fire; for that drifting snow outside
does not make this winter night too warm.

You say you knew at once, when first you saw
me, that I had served. Well, no doubt the soldier
who has been in active service always bears the
stamp of his profession about him. I have smelled
powder on more than one field. I was nine years
in the—th Fusiliers. I served in Canada; and,

after reaching the grade of sergeant, I was dangerously wounded in a rencontre with the Greys at the Cape, and was sent home with a pension. The restoration of health brought back my constitutional antipathy to idleness; and, after knocking about in sore discontent for some time, I at last succeeded in procuring occupation as ticket-clerk at the Longley station on this line.

You don't know the country about Longley? No. You lose nothing thereby; for a more miserable district of bleak hills and wild barren moor is not to be found from this to John's Groat; and the population, rude and churlish, are as little attractive as the country they dwell in.
Among the few acquaintances I made during the one year I spent there was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy sheep-farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was—the real manager of the farm—and on market-days, and such like, he was a frequent traveler on our line. Young Carston and I had come to be great friends, and more than one pleasant holiday I spent with him (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up among the hills, bleak and barren as they were. I dwell upon all this (rather tediously, perhaps) because it was to Frank Carston I owe this bald crown.

It was a cold, cheerless winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail train from the north, which was a little behind its time. There was no passenger from Longley; the train would not wait two minutes, and my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet night by my own fireside, with a hot cup of tea and the London morning paper, when the train came dashing in and pulled up with a shriek, and a head was thrust out from one of the carriages, while the familiar voice of my friend Carston hailed me.

"Ned, old fellow," he said, "I hurried up to him, "I want you to do me a great favor. You see this bag; it contains two hundred sovereigns. To-morrow is rent-day, and I got this cash for the old man this morning. You know the craze he has for paying in gold. I am going through to London on urgent business, and what I want you to do for me is to take charge of the money and this letter, and carry them out to our place. Get any sort of conveyance and drive out; don't mind the expense—I'll settle all that. I know that, as a friend, you'll do this carefully for me. Tell father I'll be home to-morrow night, if possible."

Off went the train, and before I could utter a word I was left alone on the platform with the heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commission with which I had been so unexpectedly intrusted was a very disagreeable one; the bleak winter night; but it would be churlish to disappoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got some tea, loaded a small double-barreled pistol (an unusual precaution suggested by the thought of the gold), put it in my pocket, and wrapped my great-coat round me. It was no easy thing to get carriage, fly, or gig in a little place like Longley at that hour; and what was a walk of four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass of something warm and a good bed that night, and a pleasant canvas-covered sure-footed nag back to the station in the morning.

The night, though cold, was dry, and the moon was up. To be sure, some ominous clouds were gathering round her, and she was not rising, but steadily sinking, and would soon be hidden behind the hills. No matter: I should be far on my way before her light was gone, and those clouds, I thought, were not likely to change into what they promised—a sleet-shower—ill, was a pleasant canvas-covered by old Carston's hospitable fireside. All went well enough for the first half hour; and as the brisk walk made the blood course warmly through my veins, I thought how much pleasanter this was than to be jolted and bruised in some such crazy lumbering old vehicle as the Longley Inn was capable of supplying, over that rough, wild, mountain road. But my anticipation of the weather proved sorely deceptive. Before the half hour had well gone by the snow-storm came down fierce and fast, and the moon's rays were lost in the mire. There was no help now, however, but all the more need to get to my journey's end as soon as possible; so I clutched my stick with a firmer grasp and quickened my pace. But the thick, steady fall of snow so darkened the air that I could not see twice my arm's length before me; and I had not been walking many minutes when the apprehension stole upon me that I was fast losing my way. It was a dangerous locality I was in; for just then in the midst of that snow-storm; for the road wound over hill and moor, without wall or fence; and, where the snow was rapidly covering heath and path alike, to trace my route with accuracy became impossible. Human life had been sacrificed more than once, amidst the snow-drift, on that wild moorland, and sheep innumerable had been lost. To make my danger greater, the place was full of pits and hollows, where mining speculators had tried to sink shafts in former years. I should wander off the beaten track the chances were I might meet a broken neck in one of those confounded holes.

I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utterly; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had been suddenly set down bound and blindfolded in the middle of the moor. I was making my way, surely, as best I could, through the snow-drift; but, all at I knew, I might be going in any direction but the right one. Was I on the beaten road, or was I on the heath? Another moment, and I was falling. Another step more—and my foot found no rest; and I fell headlong into a broad, deep pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy, I tried at last to regain my feet, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm; the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suffered was indescribable; yet my first thought was to feel for the bag of gold, which was still safely suspended from my

neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on chance more slowly this time, though, and cautiously, for the terror of those vile holes, was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should swoon upon that moor—my head was giddy and my limbs unsteady already; what but a dreadful death would the fast-falling snow awaited me? At this horrible thought a cold sweat suffused my whole body; and my parched tongue clove to my palate: to my last hour I shall not forget the horror of a picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, strange to say, even with the grim terror of death before me, a wild desire began to creep over me to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt my last sleep would have followed. But luckily just then a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and with the eagerness of awakened hope I hastened toward it. In a few minutes I found myself at the open door of a woodshed cabin, on the hearth of which a wood fire was burning.

"Hallo!" was the greeting I received from a rough voice, "who the— are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this?"

The wood which burned on the hearth was fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odor. It took some little time to discover in the far corner from which the voice proceeded the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and bald-headed, raggedly clad, with dark scowling eyes, and bullet-head covered with coarse, black, matted hair. I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed toward me the stool on which he had been seated.
"Sit you down, man," he said, somewhat less roughly; "you look weak, and a broken arm is no trifle. Though what we can do for you, hang me if I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this?"

"I was going from Longley, on important business," said I.
"From Longley to old Carston's?" he exclaimed.
"Whew! Why, man, you chose a very roundabout way to get to your journey's end."
"Roundabout? What do you mean?" I asked.
"I mean that Carston's is nearly in the opposite direction," was his answer. "And you have been steadily walking away from it for the last half hour at least."

"And how far am I from it now?"
"Some four good miles at least."

"How was I to discover that? What was to be done? I asked the man to guide me to Carston's, and offered to pay him well."

"Not for all the money they say old Carston has in the bank," he answered, "would I attempt to go over the moor to-night. Why, man, the snow is falling so thick you couldn't see a yard before you. It would be as much as our lives are worth. Men have met their doom upon that moor outside, before now, on such a night as this."

All this time the pain of my arm was growing intolerable, and help of any kind was longable there. What was I to do? Stay in this wretched place till morning, and endure my agony till daylight should bring the chance of aid? There was no alternative.

"All you can do," said the man, "is to keep where you are to-night, and be thankful that you have the shelter of even these miserable walls on such a night as this is. It will be well, even, if this infernal snow-storm does not bury the cabin itself before morning. If you want any thing to eat, you can have a crust of bread, if you have—and in that room inside you may lie down on the straw till morning comes. But you do look horribly beaten up. Here, Sally, up with you, lass, and get us the black out."

I turned to the other corner, beside the fire, to which these words were addressed, and now beheld, for the first time, a young woman sitting beside a child that lay asleep upon the ground. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me with a strange eagerness. She was miserably clad, and looked sickly and thin; yet to my face showed the traces of much personal beauty. She was delicately fair; every feature was beautifully moulded; and her long, disheveled hair, of a golden tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire. But what struck me most about her was the hungry, wolfish glare of her eyes, so unaturally large; fastened as it was upon me, that wild, eager look made my heart sick with a vague feeling of dread and dislike. The woman did not speak; but she went to a large chest at the other end of the room (almost the only article of furniture in the place, except a rickety deal table and a couple of stools), and took from it a large black bottle and a broken cup.

"Come," said the man, taking the cup and the bottle, and pouring some of the contents of the one into the other; "you did not expect, perhaps, to see any thing like this in a shepherd's hut on the moor. No matter; it came to us some way. Try it; the brandy is good, and you could not take better post to-night."
Most gratefully I did I seized the cup and drank off its contents; and never was cordial more welcome. The blood came coursing warmly through my shivering frame again, and for a while I even forgot the excessive pain of my broken arm. Declining the bread which the man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I took the pistol from my breast-pocket and laid it on the ground beside me; and as I stooped to do this the bag of gold struck against the stool with a musical clink of the coins which attracted my attention. The next moment my head, I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish than before. I was startled, and (almost mechanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She turned away, muttering something about my bed, and went into the other room of the cabin. In the mean time the man sat down at the other side of the fire, where the child was sleeping, and he had taken some of the brandy, and was less rough and more communicative now) began to talk about the

snow-storm, the probable loss of sheep it would cause, and the similar visitations of former years. In about a quarter of an hour the woman came to the door of the other room and called him to her. He went; and, for several minutes after, I heard them conversing in low, eager tones. Their words I could not catch; but the woman seemed to be vehemently urging something upon her companion, while his answers were brief and hesitating. Gradually the voices grew confused—a drowsy feeling crept over me—and I remembered no more. Whether one minute or an hour had passed I know not, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hoarse voice sounded in my ear.
"Come, friend, you're tired, I see; you had better throw yourself on the bed inside, and sleep till morning."

I started up, and was soon recalled to perfect consciousness by the sharp pain of my broken arm. The man was standing beside me.

"My wife has shaken out the straw," he said, "as softly as possible; and I mistake it, after to-night's tramp, you don't find it as pleasant as a bed of down. But take this by way of a night-cap before you go."

I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few words of thanks, was turning away, when he stopped me.
"See," he said, "you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you."

I did so, and, bidding them good-night, went into the other room. My bed was a heap of straw covered with a piece of coarse sack; but had it been of choicest feathers it could not have been more welcome to me. I stretched myself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. But sleep brought with it confused and distressing dreams, with which the glare of those wild, hungry eyes were strangely mingled. I awoke with a sense of pain intolerable, and found that I had turned over on my left side, pressing my wounded arm under me. How long I had been sleeping, of course, I could not tell; but the first sound that fell upon my ear was the confused murmur of voices from the other room. Immediately the voices grew more distinct, and some words reached me that speedily brought me to a terrible consciousness of my position. One of those words was "gold;" and, at the sound, my hand searched for the bag; it was there safe. With a grim terror at my heart I rose and crept toward the door. Through a chink between the shrunken boards I could see the man and woman seated at the fire. The latter, whose face was almost completely turned toward me, sat with her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on her palms. Those eyes of hers were fixed upon the man, and they glowed with a hellish fire. I sickened at the look of that face, so handsome, so delicate, so fiend-like. The man was speaking at the moment; and as the sound of his voice drew my eyes toward him, I beheld beside him an object that made my blood run cold—a large, shining hatchet or cleaver.

"I can't help it, lass," he was saying; "I don't like the job; and I wish the thing could be done some other way. About taking the gold I'm not particular to a hair, and in a downright tussle I should be, much mind knocking a fellow on the head. But to murder a man in his sleep—dang me, but it goes against my kidney."
"But those beautiful golden coins, Bill dear," the tempting fend rejoined; "the lovely gold that would take us out of this hell at once. What is one miserable life compared to that? And who will know about it? The snow-storm is most lucky. We can put him deep down beneath the piled-up snow in one of those holes outside, and we should be many a hundred miles from this—ay, across the Atlantic itself—before any trace of him is found."

How my blood curdled and my hair grew stiff with horror as I listened to the words of this female devil, and watched the Gorgon-like glance of her eye, and the hideous smile that curled her lips. I have been in deadly peril of life and limb in more than one fierce fight, as these metals show. I remember once when the knife of a gigantic Caffre was at my throat, and I thought all was over with me, till a cunning ruse brought that savage down. But never, in deadliest hour of danger, did I feel any thing like the sickly terror and loathing which crept round my heart as I listened that night to the murderous words that woman uttered.

"It's all the same," replied her companion; "isn't the danger of discovery I'm afraid of? 'Tis the job itself I don't like; the murder of a sleeping man in cold blood—iph!"

With fury flashing from her eyes she sprang to her feet and seized the hatchet.

"'Tis all the same," she hissed, "do you call yourself a man? You see your wife and child starving before your eyes, and you have not the method to do the deed which will save them from the death of dogs! I will do it myself."

"Easy, lass," he said, catching her by the wrist, and drawing her back to her seat again. "You're a plucky girl, Sal, but d'ye think I'd let a woman do what I had not the courage to attempt myself? I told you I did not like the job; but I didn't let her get at the money any other way; but I didn't tell you that I wouldn't do it. Sit you down, and let's talk it over. The chap is fast asleep now—the fatigue and the brandy have done for him, and you can hear him moaning as he sleeps. This ugly bit of steel may be useless after all. A cloth upon his mouth and my hand upon his wind-pipe may be enough. There will be no signs of blood; and when they do find him after the snow melts they will say he perished in the storm."
"Nay, Bill," said the woman, with a horrid show of admiration, "you talk like a man, and a wise one. I begin to know you again."
"Well, lass," he said, "consider the thing as done. Just give me the bottle."

He took it, raised it to his lips, and drank a deep draught. With trembling hand I felt up the door for bolt or lock. I pushed a wooden bolt only. Gently and silently I pushed it home, then crept back to my bed and searched for my money; and I determined to sell my life dearly. I got the pistol; drew back

the hammers and felt the nipples: the caps were gone! I tried the barrels: they were drenched with water. I saw it all; the pistol had been dealt with while I slept at the fire; and I was now utterly at the mercy of those fiends. But I had little time to waste in thought, for the next moment the door was shaken by a heavy hand. I lay back and moaned and snored like one in a troubled sleep. "The door is bolted on the inside," I heard the man whispering; "the fellow fastened it before he went to sleep."
"Then burst it open," said the woman.
"No," was the rejoinder, "that would waken him up, and he might show fight. We must adopt some quieter course."
"There's the window," she said; "can you not get in through that?"
"Quite right, lass: I had forgotten."

I looked to the window: it was an aperture some two feet square or more, with a crazy sash of four panes, every one of which was broken. I crawled toward it and felt the sash: the hand of a child might have pulled it out. What was I to do? What chance of a struggle had I now? Pained and weary with that broken arm, what resistance could I offer to this man of gigantic strength? Crushed by the prospect of my inevitable doom, I staggered back from the window and fell against a projection of the gable-wall. I thrust out my right hand to save me from sinking to the ground: it did not touch the projection, but stretched far into some hollow space. A pang of hope shot through my heart: here was a large open chimney like that at the other end of the cabin; and I felt the snow, which had fallen down through it, crackling under my feet. Could I escape through this? We there still a chance of life? I stopped under and thrust up my head. The aperture was wide and deep, and the large stones of the rude masonry projected on every side. These were steps by which it was easy enough to climb. To think of all this, and to act upon my thought, occupied less time than I have taken to tell it. In spite of the helplessness of my left arm, and the excruciating pain I felt from it, I was up through the chimney and out on the roof before I heard the first splash below forced in. To slide to the ground was easy enough; and, blessing God for my deliverance, I crawled round to the other end of the cabin, and from this starting-point I hurried away across the moor as fast as my feeble limbs could bear me. Looking back, I saw the glare of light from an open door of the cabin, and heard the shout of a fierce, angry voice. The snow-drift had almost ceased to fall, and the whitened ground gave out some faint light through the smoking darkness. What I longed for now was some pit or hollow to creep into and burrow there till immediate danger was over. I was not long in finding one. I slid down into it, and with my right hand gathered the snow around me. Not ten minutes had I lain there when I heard a heavy footstep crunching the snow above. It was my pursuer, the intending assassin; and I could hear his muttered curses as he passed on. In a few moments more I heard him coming back again, and then all was silent and still as death. At length he crept out from my hiding-place, with cramped and aching limbs. I knew no more in what direction to turn now than I had known before I had entered that accursed cabin; but I struck right ahead, knowing that there must be a human habitation somewhere before me, should I only have strength enough to reach it.

I was fearfully exhausted, and I dragged my feeble limbs along as if they were weighted with lead. For a time the consciousness of danger, and the excitement of the fearful scene I had gone through, sustained me; but by-and-by strength and reason alike seemed to desert me, and I staggered along like one in the delirium of fever. How long this continued I can not tell, for I made no count of time that terrible night; but I remember how, at last, in utter exhaustion, I fell prostrate on the snow.

As I lay there, unable to rise and unable to move a limb, a long piercing shriek, the horrible import of which I knew too well, rang in my ears. I looked up: the glare of the fire was over those between which I lay. The snow had prevented me from distinguishing the one from the other; but had I had strength enough to crawl in the direction I had intended the engine and carriages would have inevitably passed over me, and left me there a mangled corpse. It was my utter weakness which saved my life. The joy of my delivery from a horrible death was followed by a natural reaction. I sank back in a swoon; and when consciousness came back to me again I found myself weak and wasted, in my own bedroom, and in my own bed, where (they told me) I had lain for eleven days in raging fever. It seems that, in the morning, one of the railway porters found me lying insensible in the snow; and thus I was, a third time within a dozen hours, saved from death. But this bad pate was the price I paid.
"But the bag of gold?"
Was found suspended from my neck, and, with the letter from me in my pocket, was delivered in the proper quarter.

"And the intending assassins?"
I know nothing of them. They did not belong to that part of the country. They had disappeared from the cabin on the moor several days before I recovered from my fever, and, therefore, before suspicion could have fallen upon them; and they were never heard of after.

"The Carstons, I hope, were grateful?"
Do you see where that light is burning faintly, in that window across the line there? Frank Carston's sister is sleeping (peacefully, I should hope) in that room. She is mother of three of the finest young Britons in this big shire, and I am their father. But here comes the mail train, and it makes no long stay here. You had better look after your luggage.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

O'er, my darling! my darling! never to feel
Your hand going over my hair!
Never to lie in your arms again—
Never to know where you are!
Oh, the weary miles that stretch between
My feet and the sunset-ground,
Where all that is left of my dearest lies
Lies under some yellow mound!
It is but little I might have done
To lighten your parting pain;
But 'tis bitter to think that you died alone
Out in the dark and the rain!
Oh, my hero love!—to have kissed the pain
And the mist from your forehead ere
To have saved one only passionate look
To sweeten these memories!

And thinking of all, I am strangely stunned,
And can not believe you dead,
You loved me, dear! and I loved you, dear!
And your letter lies there unread!
You are not dead! You are not dead!
God never could will it so—
To craze my brain and break my heart—
And shatter my life—I know!
Dead! dead! and never a word,
Never a look for me!
Dead! dead! and our marriage-day
Never on earth to be!
I am left alone, and the world is changed,
So dress me in bridal white,
And lay me away in some quiet place
Out of the hateful light.
HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN ANDRE CAILLOUX.

We illustrate on page 549 the FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ANDRE CAILLOUX, of the First Louisiana Volunteers, who was killed at Port Hudson. Captain Cailloux was one of the bravest soldiers in our country's service, though a colored man. The following account of his funeral we take from the *New Orleans Era*:

By far the largest funeral procession that has been seen on our streets since the burial of Colonel Charles Drew, the first Louisiana officer that was killed in this war, was that of Captain Andre Cailloux, of the First Louisiana Native Guards. This brave man and gallant soldier met his death on the 31st of May last, while leading his company in a charge against the rebel works at Port Hudson. From the time he fell, within a few feet of the enemy's parapet, until the surrender of this place to General Banks, on the 4th of July, the body of this brave man lay exposed to all weathers, and so completely covered by the rebel sharpshooters that his friends found it impossible to carry it from the field.

Immediately on the truce being declared his body was taken possession of, and sent to this city, in charge of a guard of honor, composed of men of his own regiment, who had been wounded during the siege, and under command of Adjutant T. A. Sears. The body arrived in this city on Saturday last, and since that time has been lying in state in the hall of the "Friends of the Order," of which society Captain Cailloux was a leading member.

The body, as before mentioned, lay in state in the hall of the "Friends of the Order" in the center of the room. The coffin was draped in the American flag, on which was placed his sword and belt, and uniform coat and cap. Around the coffin flowers were strewn, and the greatest profusion of candles were kept continually burning. All the rites of the Catholic Church were strictly complied with. The guard paced silently to and fro, and although it presented as solemn a scene as was ever witnessed.

In due time the band of the Forty-second Massachusetts Regiment made their appearance, and discoursed the customary solemn airs. The officiating priest, Father Le Maître, of the church of "St. Rose of Lima"—who we are glad to see has paid not the least attention to the ex-communication and denunciations issues against him by the Archbishop of this diocese—then performed the Catholic service for the dead. After the regular services he brought to the hall on the shoulders of eight soldiers, escorted by six members of the society and six colored retainers, who acted as pall-bearers. The corpse was conveyed to the hearse through a crowd composed of both white and black people, and in silence profound as death itself. Not a sound was heard save the mournful music of the band, and not a head in all that vast multitude but was uncovered.

The procession then moved off in the following order: The hearse containing the body, with Captain J. W. Ringgold, W. B. Barrett, S. J. Wilkinson, Eugene Mallier, J. A. Glover, and A. St. Leger (all of whom, we believe, belong to the Second Louisiana Native Guards), and six members of the "Friends of the Order," as pall-bearers; about a hundred consecutive sick and wounded colored soldiers; the two companies of the Sixth regiment, a large number of colored officers of all Native Guard regiments, the earriest containing Captain Cailloux's family, and a number of army officers, including upwards of a large number of private individuals and societies.

After moving through the principal down town streets,

the body was taken to the Bienville Street Cemetery, and there interred with military honors due his rank.
Captain Cailloux was a native of this city, aged 43 years, and one of the first to raise a company under the call of General Butler for colored volunteers. In conclusion, we can not do better than quote from the *Union*, of this city. It says:
"In respect to bearing his gentlemanly deportment, his amiable disposition, and his capacities as a soldier—having received a very good education—he became the idol of his men, and won the respect and confidence of his superior officers. He was a true type of the Louisiana. In this city, where he passed his life, he was loved and respected by all who knew him."

"In respect to the cause of the Union and freedom for the colored race, the integrity of the sacred cause of Liberty, vindicated his life from the operations with which it was charged. He leaves a wife and several children, who will have the consolation that he died the death of the patriot and the righteous."

The correspondent who sends us the sketch from which our picture was taken mentions a curious incident in connection with the funeral. Father Le Maître, the officiating clergyman, could not get any other priests or church servants in the diocese to assist him to perform the ceremony, in consequence of the prohibition of the archbishop. He had heard, however, that Colonel Stafford of the First Louisiana Native Guards had said that so many trades and professions were represented in his regiment that he could build a town in the prairie in sixty days; and to him he applied for aid. Two privates instantly volunteered, and assisted in performing the services according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. At the grave-yard again a private of the regiment left the ranks to perform the duties of bricklayer.

THE REBEL PRISON IN NEW ORLEANS.

We reproduce on page 549 a sketch by our special artist, Mr. J. R. Hamilton, illustrating the place of confinement of the rebel officers who recently surrendered at Port Hudson. Mr. Hamilton accompanies his sketch with the following remarks:

"I required to go through a certain amount of form before being able to obtain the above sketch for you, as the strictest guard is kept upon the prisoners. I first had to apply for permission to General Bowen, who, having no personal objection, gave me a note of introduction to Captain Stearns, Provost-Sheriff at the Custom-house, expressing his willingness that the Captain should permit me to sketch, provided that no offense should be given to the officers in prison." I thought this was showing an amount of regard toward rebel sensibilities that they are not always in the habit of reciprocating; but it spoke well for General Bowen's feelings as a gentleman.

"On arriving at the Custom-house Captain Stearns received me very politely, and at once conducted me through the various wards, communicating with each other, in which the rebel officers were confined. This was in the northern portion of the building, in which over 250 prisoners—all officers—are now located. But as there was no point from which I could take a *comp. detail* of the whole I have selected the largest apartment in which the greater number are congregated.

"I found these officers all scattered about, moving from one room to the other, chatting and laughing, and trying to take things as pleasantly as they could under the circumstances. They are a fine-looking set of men, and were dressed, some in uniform, some in civilian's costume, and others again in nothing but their shirt-sleeves.

"I did not think it necessary to make any formal queries as to whether my sketching would be disagreeable or not; and so, as soon as the Captain left me, I out with my sketch-book and fell to work.

"Are you making portraits, Sir?" asked one of two or three who came to overlook me.

"Not necessarily," I replied, "unless some handsome officer puts himself in the fore-ground on purpose."
"Don't forget, in your sketch," said a smart young geyser, "these horrible mosquitoes that annoy you all night."
"And the delicious fare we have to live on," chimed in another.

"Your treatment here is not unusual, I hope, Sir," I said, inquiringly, turning to a middle-aged officer near me.

"Oh, no, not at all; we have nothing to complain of. So large a number of men suddenly congregated creates some temporary inconveniences, but we are allowed every thing we can expect under the circumstances."

"This concession was made in a very gentlemanly tone, and, indeed, my own eyes had already made me aware of the fact. On a long table I saw fruit, plenty of ice going to and fro, and one or two suspicious-looking bottles that seemed as if they might contain something far more sparkling than water. Besides that, I had met in the ante-room that good Samaritan, Mrs. Brandt; and it is well known that no Confederate soldier can lack any thing within the reach of womanly care and kindness while that lady is near."

"As I gazed on this scene I could not help making some comparisons highly favorable to our section, in spite of Mr. Bull Run Russell's audacious assertion that this war is 'fast brutalizing the North.' I could not help wondering if our poor fellows taken in Tennessee, Missouri, or Texas, were, at that moment, faring as well in rebel hands as the officers then before me; or if poor Montgomery, when just about to be hanged as a felon, could have seen a scene so good as that of his treatment as the one I above alluded to. As I looked toward the end of the room, and saw two youths seated on the window-sill, and gazing carelessly under the street below, how could I forget that, if they were Union officers in the Libby Prison at Richmond, a murderous bullet from some sentinel below would be aimed at their hearts?—unless matters are changed in Richmond with what they were."

"The few officers with whom I conversed on this occasion were, as usual, men of much intelligence and refinement. I left them with one selfish wish in my heart, and that was, that instead of having to portray them in the character of mortal enemies, my pencil could have caught the features of so many friends and brothers, enjoying again with us the sweets and amenities of social life."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

We devote pages 552, 553, and 556 to illustrations of the operations of General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren against Forts Wagner and Sumter in the Bay of Charleston—from sketches by several correspondents on the spot.

One of the correspondents, writing from the *Catchkill*, says:

"The few officers with whom I conversed on this occasion were, as usual, men of much intelligence and refinement. I left them with one selfish wish in my heart, and that was, that instead of having to portray them in the character of mortal enemies, my pencil could have caught the features of so many friends and brothers, enjoying again with us the sweets and amenities of social life."

"We were struck sixty-four times—our smoke-stack being thoroughly ventilated with shot-holes, and our terror and dock well punched, but not materially damaged."
"About midnight on the 19th July a large iron side-wheel steamer, having escaped the fire of the guns of the outside blockading fleet, was just crossing the bar when Captain Rodgers arrested her progress by two shots from our 11 and 15 inch guns. The vessel ran ashore near Sullivan's Island, took fire, and became a total wreck—a warning to all Anglo-Rebels to keep away from Charleston during the present siege."
"Another correspondent, to whom we have been indebted for sketches more than once, writes:

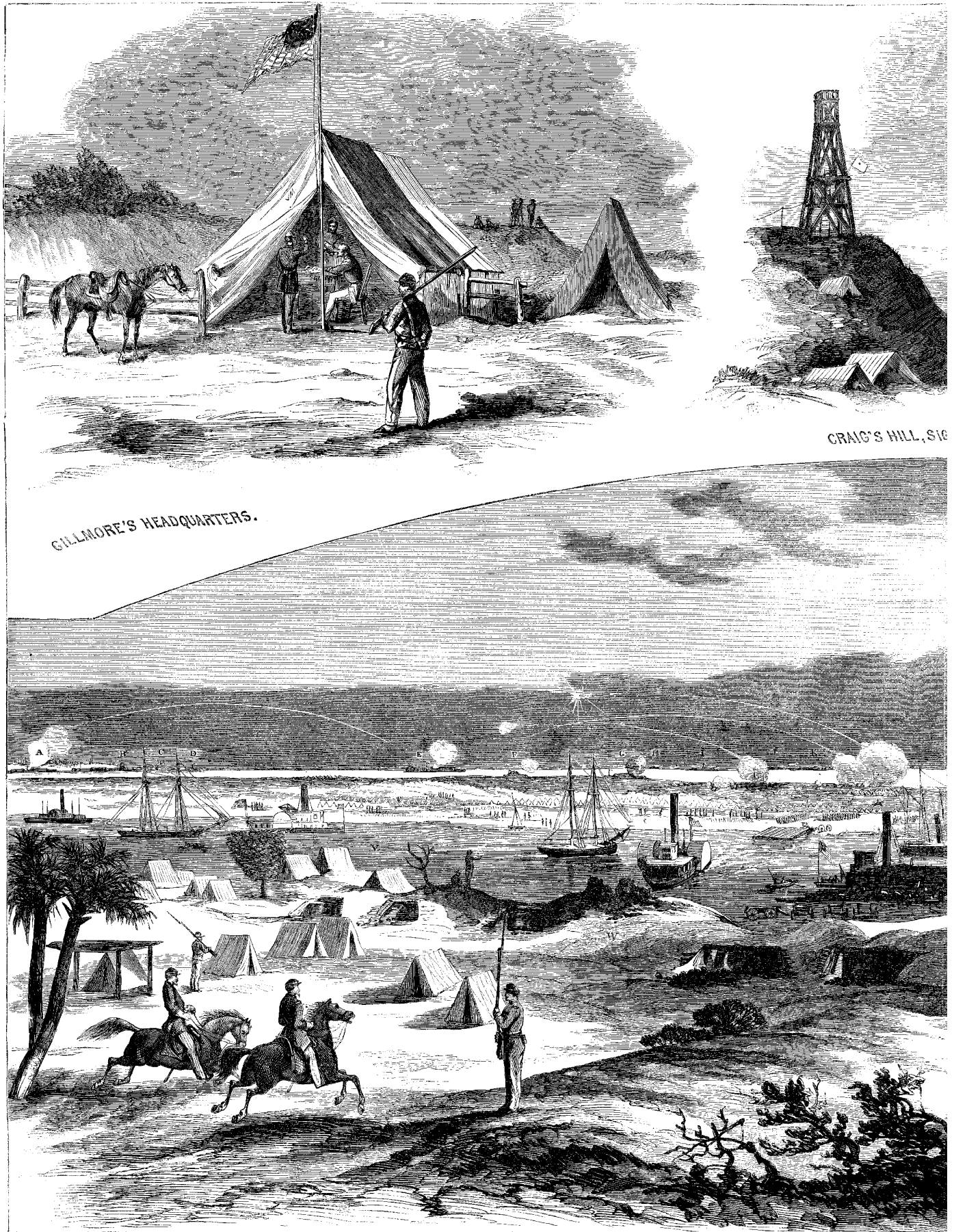
"I herewith transmit a sketch of the exchange of wounded prisoners at the buoy off Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, July 24, 1863. While the *Ironsides* and the *Monitors* were pouring into Fort Wagner a terrific rain of shot and shell, and occasionally Sumter and the Cumming's Point battery assisted in the reply, a beautiful steamer of English build (the *Albion*), and painted the color of our own cruisers, came down past Sumter and communicating with one of the *Monitors*; the *Crosspollen*, a rebel steamer, which was anchored along the fleet below, started and met her at the buoy off Fort Wagner. Immediately upon the sight of the flag of truce all firing stopped on both sides for the rest of the day. The iron-clads were covered with their crews, who appeared to be curious spectators of the handsome blockade-runner which the rebel authorities had chosen to display to our fleet by daylight—the first instance of the kind on record."
"The flag-staff on Fort Wagner was shot away during the first days of the bombardment, and they do not now pretend to fly the symbol of the Confederacy. Our batteries for the breaching of Fort Sumter are established in lines in advance of the house upon the beach shown in the sketch. The new rebel batteries on James Island, in the rear of Sumter, which have been erected since we commenced the siege, explode shell over our workmen in the trenches day and night, but do not hinder the progress of the great work."

"General Gilmore proposes to demolish Sumter by firing over Fort Wagner and Battery Bee on Cumming's Point, leaving them to fall into our hands subsequently. We shall hurl against her brick walls 21 wt. of shell from the heaviest rifled guns at every discharge of our battery."
The other pictures, the GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND, showing the rebel works and our own, General Gilmore's head-quarters, the work in the trenches, etc., etc., explain themselves. The *Harald* correspondent writes:

"Operations on this island have pursued the even tenor of their way. We have the usual amount of artillery firing daily, and occasionally a casualty on our side, but at long intervals, and our work goes on with as much regularity and order as if we were in the rear of the batteries (which the rebels built to blockade the Potomac) on Quantico Creek, it became the depot and head-quarters of the blockading forces. It has been the scene of many a savage skirmish; the heights on the north afford a fine position; and last winter the Union cavalry intrenched the position. When the Rappahannock line was vacated last June a large portion of the army, and nearly all of the train, passed through this town."
"The Military Railroad Bridge over the Potomac Creek has been destroyed by the rebels since the evacuation of Falmouth, as well as the greater part of the track from Aquia to Falmouth depot. It was a very handsome structure, erected in place of the temporary and somewhat unsafe concern first thrown over the Creek. Its height was between 70 and 80 feet, and redoubts were thrown up for its defense; but when the army left no force could be spared for the preservation of the railroad and depots."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

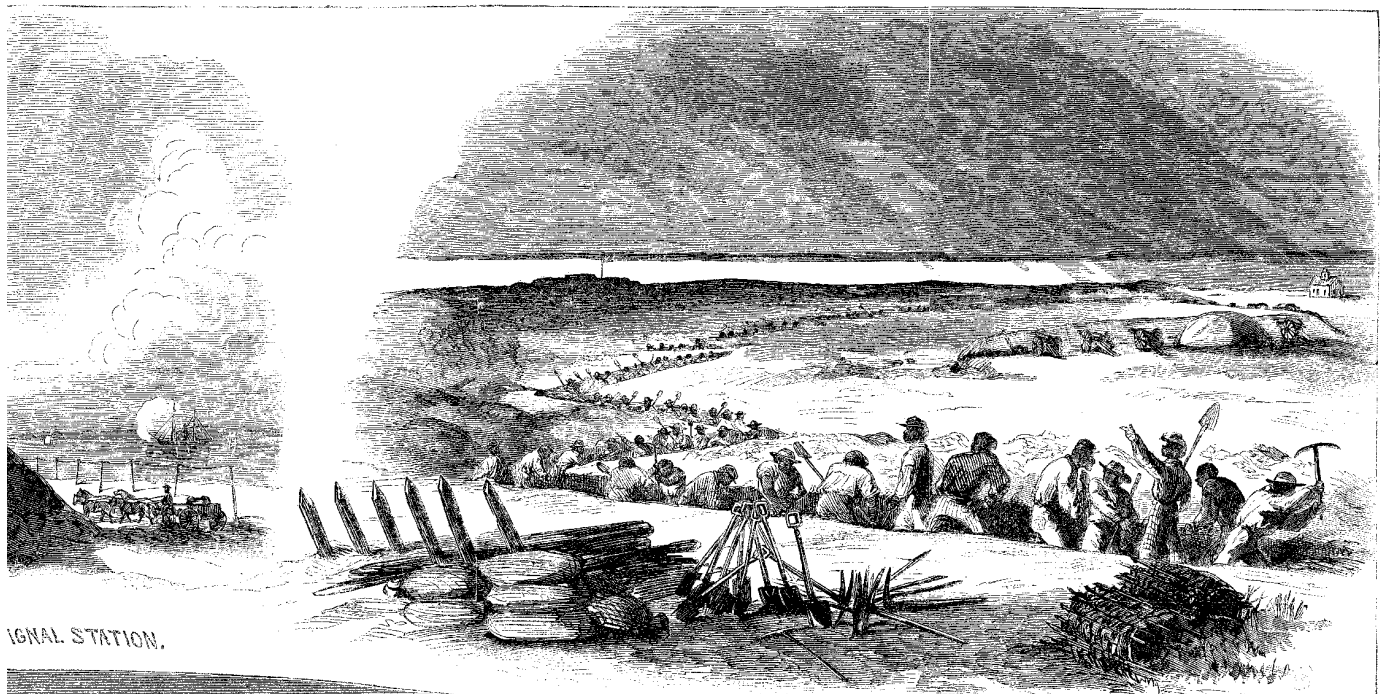
We reproduce on page 557 two drawings by our special artist, Mr. Waud; one of them representing the little town of Dumfries, now said to be threatened by the rebels; and the other, GENERAL HAUP'S MILITARY BRIDGE OVER POTOMAC CREEK, lately destroyed by the rebels. Mr. Waud writes:
Dumfries is an interesting place in the history of the war. Being a mile or two in the rear of the batteries (which the rebels built to blockade the Potomac) on Quantico Creek, it became the depot and head-quarters of the blockading forces. It has been the scene of many a savage skirmish; the heights on the north afford a fine position; and last winter the Union cavalry intrenched the position. When the Rappahannock line was vacated last June a large portion of the army, and nearly all of the train, passed through this town."
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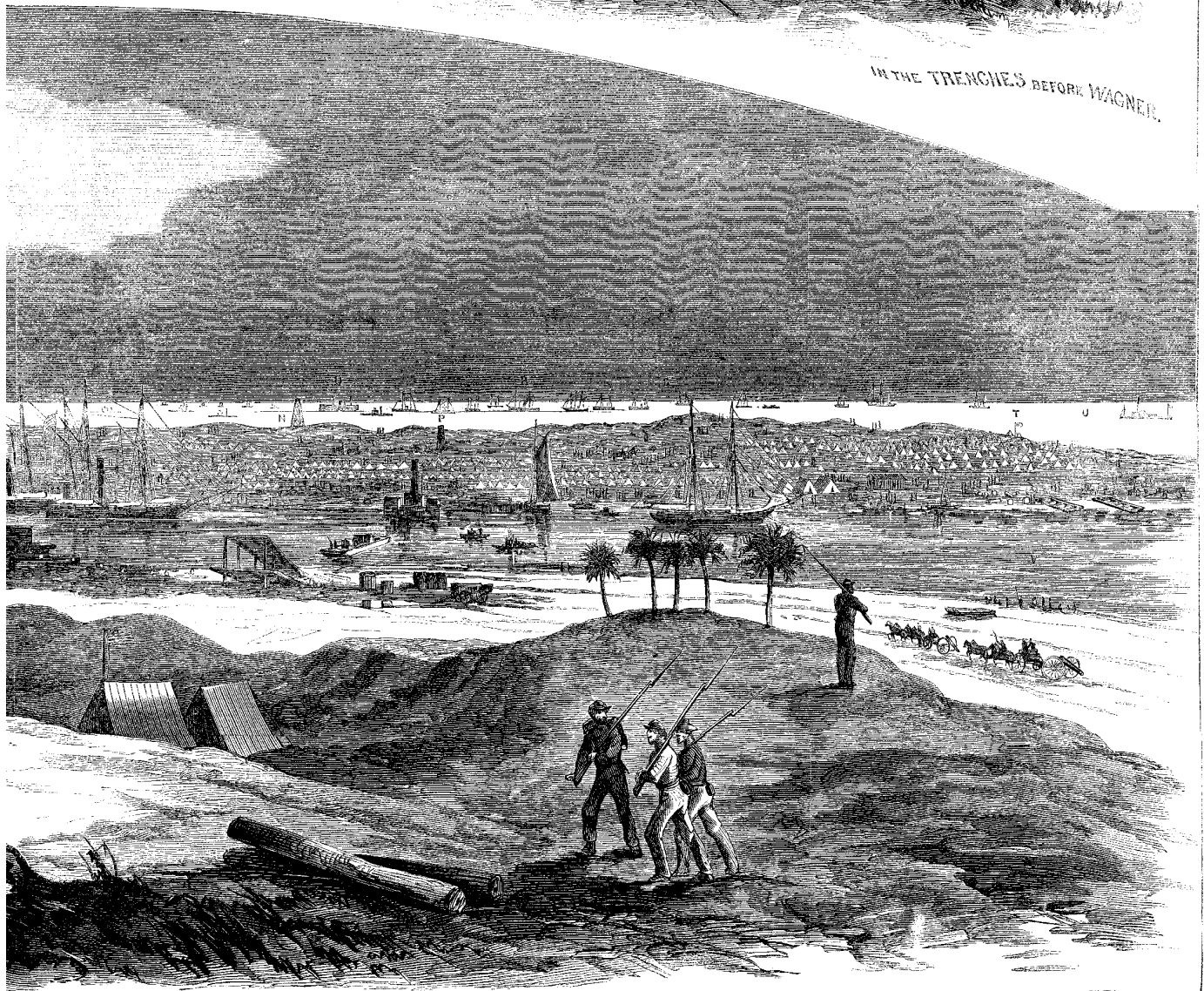
GILLMORE'S HEADQUARTERS.

CRAIG'S HILL, S.I.C.

A, New Rebel Works on James Island.—B, Rebel Lock-out.—C, Fort Johnson.—D, Rebel Iron-clad.—E, Fort Sumter.—F, Battery Gregg.—G, Fort Wagner.—H, Battery Bee.—I, Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island.—J, B
GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND.—UNION CAMPS AND REBEL WORKS—FORT JOHNSON—THE LOWER HARBOR OF



SIGNAL STATION.



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE WAGNER.

Battery Beauregard.—K, Moultrie House.—L, M, Union Batteries.—N, Union Look-out.—O, "New Ironsides."—P, Ruined Light-house.—R, Flag-ship.—S, Union Fleet.—T, Gilmore's Head-quarters.—U, The Ocean.

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ETC., ETC.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT FROM FOLLY ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

...entailed Matthew vii. 1, Mark x. 7, and Ezek. viii. 20, on my wall. And he found my diary, and has read it, not to profit by, alas! but to scoff."

[Specimen of Alfred's comments. N.B. Fraternal criticism:]

A. Nolo Episcopari.

B. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

D. The old trick; picking one text, straining it, and ignoring six. So then nobody who is not born married must get married.

E. Receipt. To know people's real estimate of themselves, study their language of self-depreciation. If even when they undertake to lower themselves, they can not help insinuating self-praise, be sure their humility is a puddle, their vanity is a well. This sentence is typical of the whole Diary, or rather lary; it sounds Publican, smells Pharisee.

X. How potent a thing is language in the hand of a master! Here is sudden death made humorous by a few incongruous phrases neatly disposed.

F. Excuse me; there is still a little market for the Liquefaction of Holy Writ, and the Perversion of Holy Writ; two deathless arts, which meet in your comment on the song you ascribe to Solomon.

Z. And more than Mrs. Plummer does, apparently.

G. Apotheosis of the British public. How very like profaneness some people's Piety is!

C. H. Faith, with this school, means any thing the opposite of Charity.

I. You are morally truthful; but intellectually mendacious. The texts on Solomon's Song! You know very well there is not one. No grave writer in all Scripture has ever deigned to cite, or notice, that coarse composition; pellucrum deliciae.

J. Modest periphrasis for "I like it." Motto for this Diary: "Ego, et Deus meus."

K. In other words a good, old-fashioned, sober, humble Christian, to whom the daring familiarities of your school seem blasphemous.

M. Here I recognize my... somewhat spoiled by a detestable sect; but love... nature (which she is forever abusing); and... always amiable, when off her guard."

March 28th. Mr. Crawford the attorney called and told papa his son had instructed him to examine the trust-deed, and to draw his marriage settlement. Papa treated him with the greatest civility, and brought him the deed. He wanted to take it away to copy; but papa said he had better send a clerk here. Poor papa hid his distress from this gentleman, though not from me; and gave him a glass of wine.

Then Mr. Crawford chatted, and let out Alfred had asked him to advance a hundred pounds for the wedding presents, etc. Papa said he might do so with perfect safety.

But the moment he was gone his whole manner changed. He walked about in terrible anger and agitation; and then sat down and wrote letters: one was to Uncle Thomas; and one to a Mr. Wycherley; I believe a brother of the doctor's. I never knew him so long writing two letters before.

Heard a noise in the road, and it was Mr. Maxley, and the boys after him booting; they have found out his infirmity; what a savage animal is man, till grace be sent him! The soul had a stick, and now and then turned and struck at them; but his tormentors were too nimble. I drew papa to the window, and showed him, and reminded him of the poor man's request. He answered impatiently what was that to him? "we have a worse case nearer hand. Charity begins at home." I ventured to say yes, but it did not begin and end at home."

March 31st. Mr. Osmond here to-day; and, over my work, I heard papa tell him Alfred's blackening his character in the town, with some possible story about fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Osmond very kind and sympathizing; set it all down to illusion; assured papa there was neither malice nor insincerity in it. "But what the better am I for that?" said poor papa; "if I am slandered, I am slandered." And they went out together.

Papa seems to feel this engagement more than all his troubles, and, knowing by sad experience it is useless to expose to Alfred, I wrote a long and faithful letter to Julia, just before luncheon, putting it to her as a Christian whether she could reconcile it to her profession to set a son against his father, and marry him in open defiance.

She replied 3 p.m. that her mother approved the marriage, and she owed no obedience, nor affection either, to my parent.

3.30. Sent back a line rebuking her for this quibble.

At 5 received a note from Mrs. Dodd proposing that the correspondence between myself and her daughter should cease for the present.

5.30. Retorted with an amendment that it should cease forever. No reply. Such are worldlings! Remonstrance only galls them. And so in one afternoon's correspondence ends one more of my Christian friendships with persons of my own sex. This is the eighth, to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal.

In the evening Alfred came in looking very red, and asked me whether it was not self-righteous and uncharitable of me to condemn so many estimable persons, all better acquainted with the circumstances than I am. I replied with the fifth commandment. He bit his lip and said, "We had better not meet again, until you have found out which is the worthiest of honor, your father or your brother." And with this he left abruptly; and something tells me I shall not see him again. My faithfulness has wounded him to the quick. Alas! Prayed for him; and cried myself to sleep."

"April 4th. Met him disguised as a common workman, and carrying a sack full of things. I

was so shocked I could not maintain my resolution; I said, Oh, Mr. Edward, what are you doing? He blushed a little, but told me he was going to sell some candlesticks and things of his making; and he should get a better price in that dress: all traders looked on a gentleman as a thing made to be pillaged. Then he told me he was going to turn them into a bonnet and a wreath; and his beautiful brown eyes sparkled with affection. What egotistical creatures they must be! I was quite overcome, and said oh why did he refuse our offer? did he hate me so very much that he would not even take his due from my hand? No, he said, nobody in our house is so unjust to you as to hate you; my sister honors you, and is very sorry you think ill of her; and, as for me, I love you; you know how I love you. I hid my face in my hands; and sobbed out, Oh, you must not; you must not; my poor father has one disobedient child already. He said softly, Don't cry, dear one; have a little patience; perhaps the clouds will clear; and, meantime, why think so ill of you? Consider, we are four in number, of different dispositions, yet all of one mind about Julia marrying Alfred. May we not be right; may we not know something we love you too well to tell you? His words and his rich manly voice were so soothing; I gave him just one hand while I still hid my burning face with the other; he kissed the hand I yielded him, and left me abruptly.

If Alfred should be right. I am staggered now; he puts it so much more convincingly."

"April 5th. A letter from Alfred, announcing his wedding by special license for the 11th.

Made no reply. What could I say?

Papa, on my reading it out, left his very breakfast half finished, and packed up his bag and rushed up to London. I caught a side view of his face; and I am miserable. Such a new, such a terrible expression; a vile expression! Heaven forgive me; it seemed the look of one who meditated a crime."

VAINCUE.

AWAY at the further end of the long drawing-room Paul Logere was playing softly, sending out deep, full-chords, flying elfish measures, into the shadow deepening about him; and in the bow-window, lighted by the single scarlet gleam left in the sky, sat Lillian and John Daere.

Lillian was of a race that grew pale, not red, with passion; and in moments of anger lowered, rather than raised, the voice. Her lap was filled with flowers massed together—purple and wax-white fuschias, geraniums, broad-leaved pansies, and sweet heliotrope; and it might have been thought that the deft little fingers placing them in the tall vase before her trembled a little, or that the full scarlet lips had paled somewhat. Be that as it might, she gave no other sign of indignation. John bent over her grieved, half-imploving—imploving, not in weakness, but very consciousness of strength, knowing the immutability of his resolve. If she would not yield he could not, for right was with him, and not even for his best-loved Lillian would he bend the truth; and profoundly conscious of this, and seeing with clearer ken than she what suffering her obstinacy must cost them both, as yet he resisted.

But she made answer.

"You can not but know I love you well, since I have once confessed it; but I possess the instinct common to all free-born things. I abhor tyranny—more, I will resist it; and till I am your wife, at least, will dress, dance, talk as I list, and with whom I will."

"Lillian, how much have I sacrificed for you? Can you relinquish nothing?"

"I entreated you. You command me."

"It is my right. You are mine, Lillian—pledged to me, not to Paul Logere. I am jealous for you, not of you. You should hold yourself too costly to be held in his thought, a thing to be won with the seeing, spite of faith and truth. More than that, his misapprehension of you touches my honor; his insult of his careless comment will scathe me also."

He was growing more earnest; she a little paler. She had hung the last honey-suckle over the marble ledge of the vase, and now she was slipping up and down her finger a ring—a great opal, set about with diamonds, and holding imprisoned a tongue of blood-red flame. John marked the action, and knew its meaning.

"Lillian," he said, again, "we must find an end for this. I should not wish you, as my wife, to yield to a legal force what you had refused to love. I can not retract with honor and self-respect. Your own honor and self-respect both demand of you submission. Will you give it?"

"Think, Lillian. We must be miserable apart."

"No."

Out from the shadow commenced to sound a steady, throbbing waltz-beat, and a wild, wailing strain.

"Think," murmured John, "while that goes on, for at its close you must have decided for us both."

She answered not so much as by the lifting of an eyelash, but sat a listening statue. The eerie strain grew more involved, deepened all about her with the darkening sky. She heard the coming woe all about her, fancied it every where—in the shadow, in the sickening fragrance of the flowers, in the dreadful music—knew that later she must feel it, but could not now, for very pride and stoniness of heart. The waltz grew in fire and passion. It sounded out loudly, and inwove with itself strange and unimaginable harmonies; but through it all throbbed the steady waltz-beat, like the pendulum of some merciless clock, counting off the moments between her and adversity.

On a sudden she turned hastily, thinking that John had spoken. He was looking earnestly at her, all his great love and tenderness springing up

in his set, stern face, passionate entreaty in his eyes. The waltz went back to the first low throbbing, died away shuddering, and was silent.

"Do you like that, Lillian?" asked Paul from the shadow.

"Your answer!" demanded the low voice in her ear.

Something dropped into his hand. He held it close to the window, and in the fading light flashed out the fitful flame of her opal ring—her betrothal ring; and, brushing past him, she had gone over to Paul, saying something lightly in praise, and he had answered in an undertone, and was playing it again, she, meanwhile, calmly listening.

At that John, stung into life and motion, dropped the ring from the hand in which she had left it and ground it under his heel.

Later on, when they had brought in lights, Paul caught the sparkle of something on the carpet, and picked up fragments of gold and an opal broken in two.

The Pina exclaimed:

"Why, Lillie, it is your ring! What an omen! Child, how could you be so careless?"

Paul, remembering the twilight sitting in the window, and a certain odd light in Lillian's eyes as she stood by him, handed her the fragments, with a steady meaning look that could not be misunderstood. The blood flushed redly up in her cheeks.

"You do not understand," she said, coldly, putting her arm in Lillian's as she walked away.

In the morning the House found itself doubly bereaved. Lillian had gone to visit Mrs. Grant Baracole. John Daere had returned to the city; and there were found people who mentioned the facts together, and linked them with the finding of the broken ring. But House was too busy with present flirting much to heed that of the past.

Grant Baracole, returning after two weeks' absence with a friend on whom he had stumbled in the streets, found his home seemingly deserted. The doors stood wide, showing the broad river from one piazza, overhanging wooded hills from the other; but a fragrant rustling breeze had hall and drawing-room quite to itself. A work-stand, on which was a child's little braided frock, stood near the window, and on the open piano lay a little purple glove. Otherwise it might have been a mansion dropped out of that itinerant city of the Eastern poets, or one of those little houses over the mountains old, where good children find refuge with dwarfs and beas, and of an amiable disposition.

"They are below," said Grant, "bent on some mischief, doubtless. Let us go and surprise them."

At that very moment Mrs. Baracole was saying to Lillian:

"How we shall astonish Grant! He has a tradition, you know, that I am not practical."

"Are you?" asked Lillian, absently, tossing the Baby (the ladies had given the kitchen a holiday, and were playing at housewifery).

The friends, who were a couple of very flouncy hands from a large yellow bowl that her appearance of understanding itself perfectly, and made a pass at Lillian, who held up Baby as a shield, whereupon Baby broke into a crow, inciting the two ladies thereby to a furious onslaught on its mouth, neck, nose, arms, and hands, till Lillian, breaking into a sort of Tilly Slowboy chant of "Did its naughty mamma mean to eat its precious, like a dragon as she is!" broke away from the scene.

Mrs. Baracole's grasp, and danced to the door, and, as a consequence, into Grant's arms, who was just entering thereby.

Grant seized the Baby, flung it high toward the ceiling, and, catching Lillian with his other hand, swung her around face to face with his companion.

"My two pets must know each other. Lillian, this is John Daere."

Lillian gasped and recoiled. John, grown ashy pale, said, in a harsh, grating voice, unlike his own:

"I thought you knew. We are already acquainted."

Grant and Hesperia looked at each other in dismay.

"What is it all about?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I understand nothing of it."

Lillian had disappeared. She could go down later with a cold, impassive face, but this at her heart must first find its way forth. He was looking so miserable, pale, and worn, and she had stimed against him! She was starving for his love, and he would forgive her, for she knew him. He would disdain all pettiness of feeling; but then submission must come first, and that was impossible. If he had the gift of obstinacy so had she.

At this point came Hesperia with some fuschias for Lillian's hair. A rare woman was Mrs. Baracole. She said nothing about red eyes and the bottle of rose-water that she quietly placed on the dressing-table near the flowers. A little addition—consciousness was she told to whatever she might have thought or suspected.

John, too, had his relents. Lillian had looked such a dainty little figure, flushed and laughing, with her wide sleeves fastened back at the shoulders, her muslin skirt pinned about her trim waist, her little slippers with their wide heels and pointed bows; and she had so trembled and turned pale on seeing him. After all, she was not stone; but even as his heart was warming to the recollection, sitting there alone in the little fragrant drawing-room, came in Lillian, pale and frozen in look, and sat down at the piano, the reddest means of avoiding a *clou-à-clou*; but once there some evil demon prompted her to play the waltz that had scented the knell of their loving. John got up hastily and went out on the lawn, and Lillian triumphed after the fashion of women who are fond of stabbing themselves to the heart, where there is a reasonable hope of distressing thereby some friend or lover. At supper, however, her triumph was over. He came back serene as of old.

There was the first that looked toward her, no bitterness of tone or manner; only hateful kindness; so Lillian chose to term it.

In the evening her evil angel sent her aid in the shape of Paul Logere, who had followed her to Grant. Lillian met him with both hands outstretched; talked with him apart in the shadow of the piazza; sang with him, suffered his crisp curls to brush her cheeks, his fingers to rest here, John saw, and divined what he did not see, for love makes us seers; revenged himself with a single pained and plying look that haunted Lillian all night.

The following evening Grant came back from the city alone. John was trying a new horse, and thought best to drive up by himself. "He had no fancy," he said, "for risking a neck about which wife and baby were clinging."

The night set in stormily, and no John. The hills looked dim ghosts, the sky low and lead-colored, water sullen and motionless. Grant could not hide his uneasiness. Lillian sat in the window in utter silence, straining her eyes out into the growing darkness. Hesperia came once and took her hand, but she drew it away quickly.

"There is no need," she said, haughtily.

The clock struck nine, and as the last stroke rang out from the mantle wheels came crashing up the gravel.

"He has come!" cried Grant, starting up, but Hesperia held him back, for Lillian had left the window, and was through the hall and down the steps like a spirit, crying out:

"John, is it you? Are you quite safe? We have been in such dread."

Her voice trembled, her eyes were brightening. In her excitement she had gone straight up to John and laid her hand on his arm; but when, though scarcely able to credit his senses, he joyfully seized the hand and carried it to his lips, she pulled it from him angrily.

"You mistake, Sir. You are a human being, and therefore I rejoice that a brute has not dashed out your brains with his heels; but I am not come to lay down my arms."

Her voice rang out clear with scorn and anger on the still air, and Hesperia passing the door could not but hear. Coming in with sore heart, Lillian went to her to put her arms about her, but Mrs. Baracole drew back.

"No, I am too vexed with you. I lose all respect and liking for you, when I see you bartering your own peace and a worthy man's love for such poor pride and spite. No, I will not kiss you, coax as you may. I have no patience with you."

Now Mrs. Baracole's mantle of charity was of so ample a pattern that, as a rule, it covered all her neighbor's shortcomings. Lillian therefore was the more dismayed by this thunder-bolt falling from a smiling sky. The next day she was so penitent that Hesperia found it hard to be austere. She fortified herself at such times with the thought of John's wretched face at breakfast. All that day it lowered, and in the evening it stormed, but Grant and Hesperia must needs fulfill a peremptory engagement, leaving John and Lillian alone. Lillian would have gone to bed, but with her foot on the carriage step Hesperia had said to her:

"I am mortified at leaving Mr. Daere. You will be so kind as to remain with him till we come back."

Lillian therefore of a necessity took her work into the library. To tell the truth, she was over-awed by Mrs. Baracole's sudden development as a shrew.

John had a book and read in it, not as a feat, for Lillian watched him, but with real interest. He smiled occasionally to himself; sometimes read a passage. He could not have done so had his heart ached like hers. Magnetized by her looking he glanced up. At that down went her eyes demurely. The clock ticked steadily; the minutes, the only ones that they might ever spend together, were flying.

After a while,

"Shall I read out?" he asked. "Will it interest you?"

Lillian smiled sweetly,

"Oh, certainly!"

So he read to her about the Gelachians, and explained the diagrams, and she wondering more and more at his hardness of heart, felt her own softening rapidly. At last she laid her head down upon the table. At that John stopped.

"Does your head ache?"

"No."

"Are you sleepy?"

"Oh no!"

The note sounded stifled, and as if issuing from the depths of a handkerchief.

"Let me show you this diagram, then," pursues this stolid John.

"Thank you, I think that I understand them all."

"But this is a new one, and curious."

She must see that her lips were quivering, her bosom heaving, her eyelashes wet and glistening. At that he laid down his book and looked steadily at her till spite of herself, she glanced at him for an instant. He held out his hands toward her. She did not give him hers, but she did not turn away. So he took possession, and after a while kissed them, this time unreprieved. At last, stooping, he kissed her forehead.

She nestled close to him and laid her head down on his shoulder.

"Oh! John, I will do as you ask. I think myself in the wrong. Won't you take me back?"

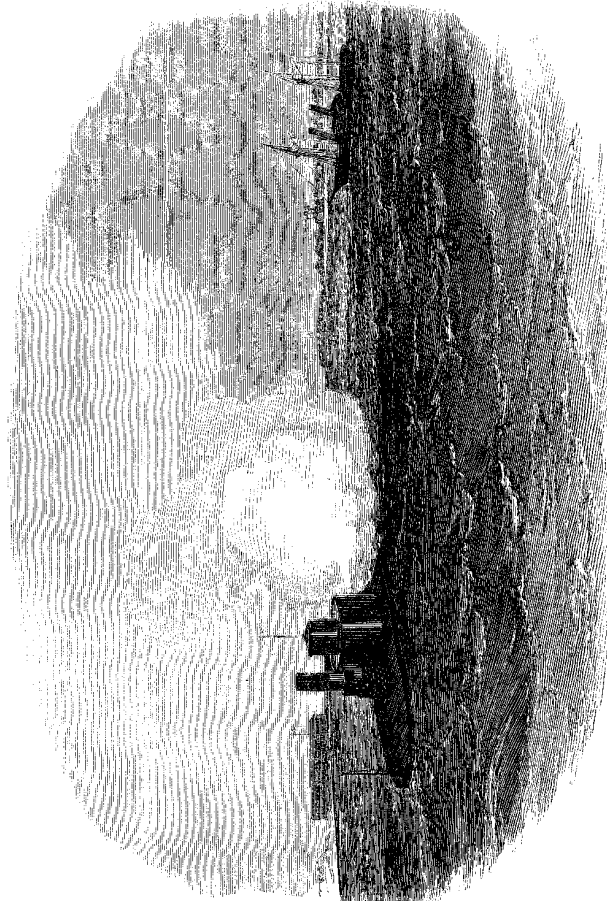
John answered by a caress, and just then Grant and Hesperia came home, looking very arch. Some time after Hesperia told Lillian a secret.

"My dear, on that famous evening we drove to the back of the house and spent the evening in the kitchen. You can't think how cheery it was; there is something so wondrously cozy in bright tins, a purring cat, and a steaming kettle. Grant wished for a lover's quarrel every week."

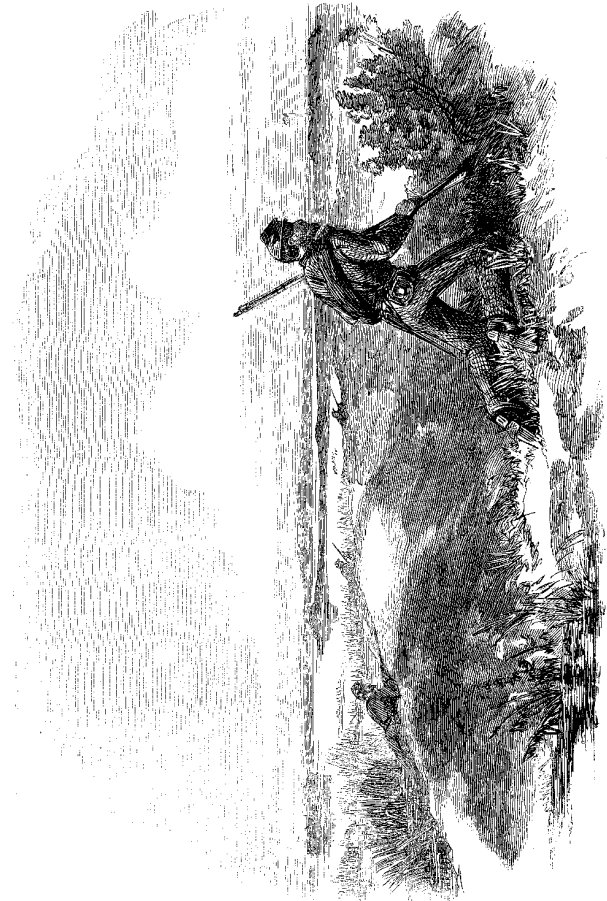
"And John knew it."

"Of course. It was going away, and we persuaded him to make one more trip. You see you were so miserable that we were all sorry for you."

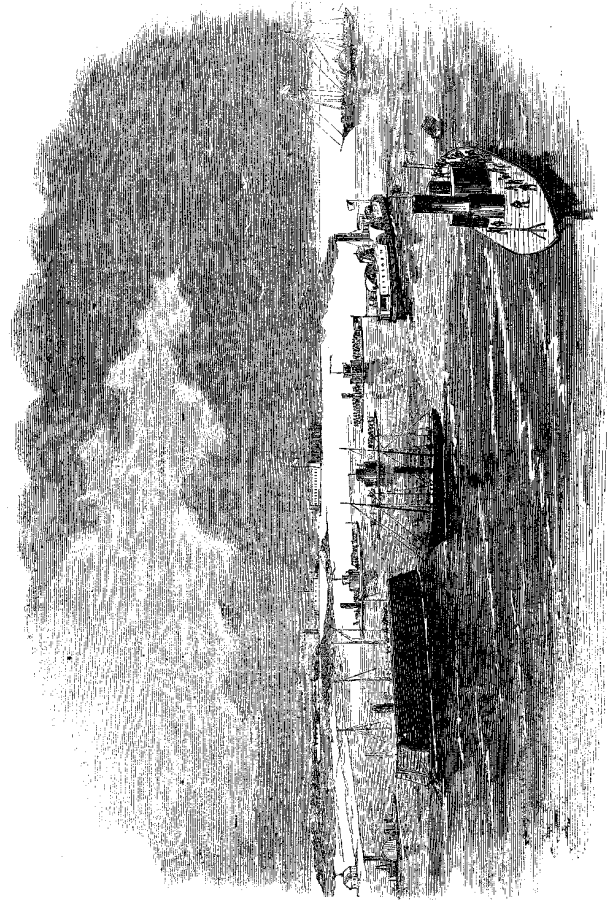
Lillian pouted, but then what could she do?



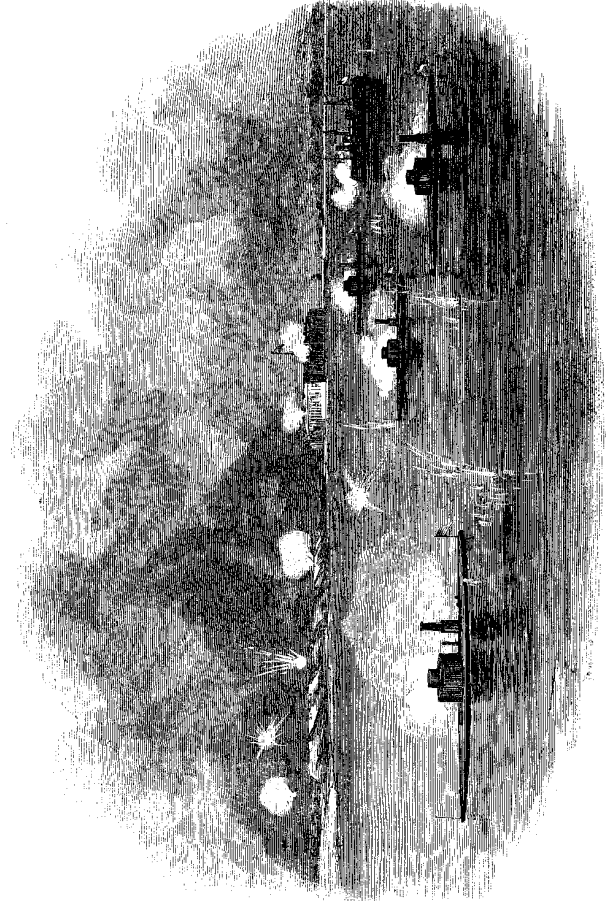
THE IRON-CLAD "CATSKILL" SINKING A BLOCKADE RUNNER UNDER SUMTERS GUNS, JULY 18, 1863.—[See Page 551.]



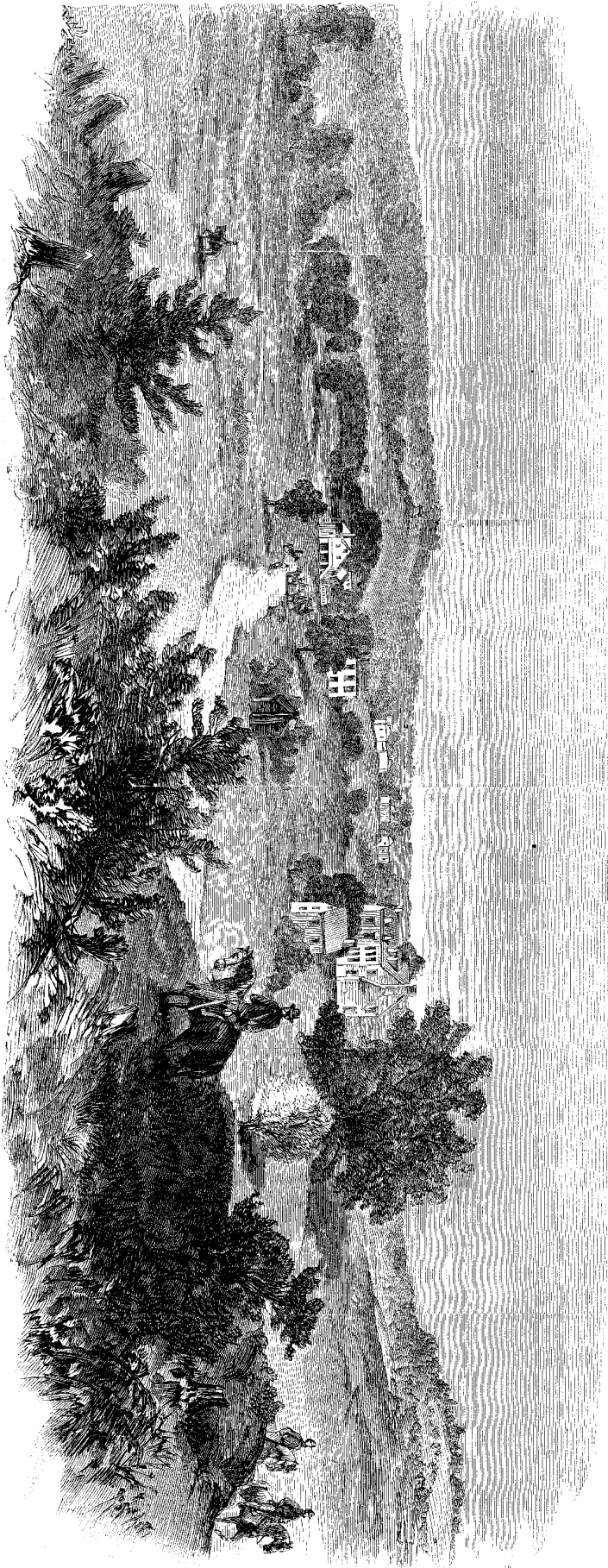
UNION SHARP-SHOOTERS IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 551.]



EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, CHARLESTON HARBOR, JULY 24, 1863.—[See Page 551.]



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 551.]



DUMFRIES, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

GENERAL HAYTT'S BRIDGE OVER POTOMAC CREEK, VIRGINIA, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.





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