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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

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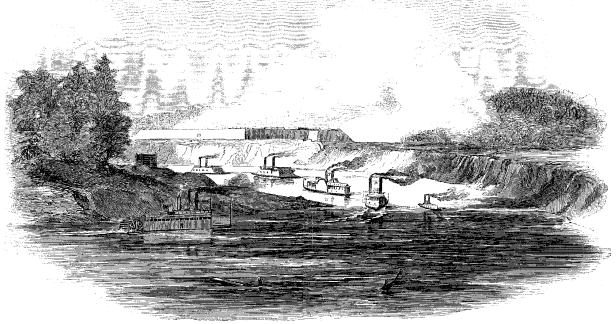
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REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. FORTER, COMMANDING MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 24.]



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND,--Photographed by Brady,--[See Page 94.]



BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS, JANUARY 11, 1863.—Sketched on the Spot,—[See Page 91]

LINES THE JEFF DAVIS.

"Our trials have been converted into blessings."

JEFF DAVIS'S Message.

So yu kaount yure trials blessins? Why thet's jest what we hev told yu! Evry lickin gi'n a rebbel is a blessin in dis-

giso.

Yu air set up as a sort ov mark fur the wurld tu behold yu.

And ponder the reward ov those whu scoff et good advice.

When yu tore your starry banner frum the flag-

staff and the steeple,
And raised a pesky rebbel rag tu be a guide

And raised a pesky rebbel rag tu be a guide insted,

Did yu think yu'd meet no warfare frum the hands ov homest peeple?

Had yu no feer ov the livin? no thorts ov the pattriot dead?

Trials, hev yu? I shood like tu see yu git along withaout 'em!
Theyll flock araound yure path es thick es 'skeeters flock in June.
Ef yu keep up yure present kourse yu'll uevver be withaout 'em;
They'll be the deth ov yu, in short, unless yu change yure tune!

Yis, yure trials air a blessin! Yu was rite in that, Jeff Davis, But 't strikes me in annaouncin it ya've bin amszin slow.— See Freedom's solgers shout burrar whereso a

traitor's grave is, And yu'll find the North agreed with yu a long, long while ago!

CHARLETY GRIMES

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

WALL STREET.

THAT famous mystic spot, Wall Street, is going through one of those fevers which render it so terribly enchanting to persons of a speculative turn of mind. Stocks have risen enormously within a month, and fortunes have been made and lost as if by enchantment. Gold has advanced twenty per cent. in a few weeks or days, and the hook-nosed, long-bearded schpeccays, and the nook-nosed, long-certain scape-culaders in the commodity have swelled their leetle monish accordingly. "Tis a period which occurs but once in a century—perhaps but once in a couple of centuries.

Alison tells us that when the Bank of En-

gland suspended specie payments at the close of the last century speculation received a tremen-dous impetus. The business of the London Stock Exchange quadrupled in extent, and rendered it necessary for the members to seeme additional accommodation. Fortness were made by magic, and lands and stocks changed hands as universally as if the kingdom had passed through a revolution. The Normans swooping down on the fair fields of Kent and Devonshire, grasping whatever suited them best, and driving the Anglo-Saxon boors out to work or starve, did not cause more extensive mutations in the ownership of property. Creditors were cheated, debtors were relieved. Bankrupt corporations once more raised their head, and saw their stock at a premium. The battle raged flercely, and, to superficial observers, with doubtful results;

to superficial observers, with doubtful results; but in the end victory rested with the debtor class, and creditors went to the wall.

History does but repeat itself. What England experienced in 1787-1815 we are now going to attempt. There is this difference in our case. The Bank of England, under supension, did not materially increase its paper issues. Our Bank—which is the United States Government-has already issued as much paper as there was afloat in the whole country in 1860 and is going to issue an indefinite number of hundreds of millions more.

We are witnessing the commencement of the new era. Gold has risen to 155. Stocks have risen 100 @ 200 per cent. The broker class has doubled in numbers. Instead of one board we have two, and each transacts far more business than was ever done in old times on the legitimate stock exchange. Speculators in stocks have increased in the ratio of the square of the brokers. If the latter have doubled, the former have quadrupled. In this era of newspapers, rail-roads, and telegraphs, intelligence is transmit-ted rapidly throughout the country: our stock exchange represents not this city alone but the

whole country.

One of the largest operators of the day lives in Wisconsin, and operates by telegraph. in Wisconsin, and operates by telegraph. We deem him to be a quiet, thoughtful man, who never reads any thing in the papers except the facts, and religiously declines to notice editorial comments and opinions. He is one of the few men of the present day who do their own thinking. He does not live in a city, and probably hears few opinions on current events. Hence his views are based on pure theory, and though the accomplishment of his predictions may be delayed, it arrives, sooner or later, with the unerting certainty of fate. He began business (in stocks) with a cargo of corn as his capital; he has already realized over a quarter of a million has already realized over a quarter of a million dollars. For, you see, he has this advantage

over city operators—that he is not swayed by the temporary and deceptive currents of Wall Street, arrives at his conclusions on abiding principles of political economy, and steadily ad-heres to them until they are realized. Very different has been the course of our smart friend Whiskerandos. His misfortune has been that he knew too much. He had pri-vate advices from Mr. Seward that the "waning shallion" well collapse in a four mocha and

vate advices from Mr. Seward that the "waning rebellion" would collapse in a few weeks, and operated accordingly. He was confidentially told by General Halleck that a million bales of cotton would be liberated by New Year, 1863, and sold gold short at 133 in enormous amounts. He was, from private friendship, allowed to know that old Jeremiah—the leading director of the great Painted Post Railway—was going to sell his stock, and he hastened to improve the information by putting out short contracts in Painted Post stock. What is the consequence? Whiskerandos is a bankrupt. He placed his trust in Seward, in Halleck, in our pious old friend Jeremiah, and the consequence is that all the money which he made last year, and which led to his being so generally envied in Wall Street, has vanished in smoke, and he is left a "lame duck." Or si non norit!

There is a man in "the street" who, three

months ago, had a horse, and nothing more. Calumny alleges that the horse was spavined. One fellow hints that he was broken-winded likewise. Spavined or no, broken or sound winded, he proved a treasure to his master, who, desiring to purchase a hundred shares of Eric, put up the horse as margin, and deposited him at his broker's stable. The adventure proved profitable; was succeeded by others, equally successful: with increase of means, ventures increased; and so, at last, the owner of the spavined horse found himself, for the first time in his life, in possession of \$20,000. You see, he had no private sources of information, and no sympathies.

Nothing is more fatal in Wall Street than empathies. Jones had a brother a Brigadier-General in the Army of the Potomac: was con sequently confident of victory because he wanted victory; operated on the confidence, and was so thoroughly used up in August, 1862, after the thoroughly used up in August, 1662, after the battles of the seven days—which were not quite so brilliant things in victories as he expected—that he was glad to enter the office of Smith as book-keeper. Smith was a man of a different stamp. His father, his brothers, and his cousins were in the rebel army. He had a sister who was a rebel in New York, an aunt who was a rebel at Philadelphia, and an uncle who was a rebel at Baltimore. The uncle communicated, by rebel post, with a relative at Richmond—seuth him letters, pins, needles, opium, and quinine—and received intelligence in return—Smith paying the bills. This intelligence was quickly ing the bills. This intelligence was quickly transmitted to the female rebel relative at Phila delphia, and by her to the other female reberelative at New York, and so Smith had a monopoly, the possession whereof tempted him so to operate that in a few months he smashed to pieces. His sympathies and his private exclusive information always led him to expect that Stonewall Jackson would be in New York, or at least in Washington, on the Monday morning following; and, operating accordingly, he met his fate.

One remarkable fact about the late-or haps, we should say the present—fever in Wall Street, is that the old experienced kings of that region have not profited by it. The patriarchs of Wall Street—whose experience dates back to the deluge—have always seen a risc followed by a fall. When the December rise occurred, they said to each other confidentially—wagging their wise old heads—there will be a fall in January! and acted accordingly. January has passed, and prices are considerably higher than in December. The wise men have gone home wiser and poorer; they had never seen a paper-money era before; and the fools—or, perhaps, we should say the new men who appreciated and realized the situation-have become mushroom million

will this end? Echo answers To make money by buying stocks and selling them at an advance corresponding to the de-preciation of the currency is really not to make preciation of the currency is really not to make any money at all. Prices must eventually adjust themselves to the gold standard, and the "purchasing power" of \$100 of paper-money with gold at par will ultimately prove the same as the purchasing power of \$150 with gold at 150. The boy who thought he had made a sharp bargain by exchanging one \$5 note for five \$1 notes—his stock of paper having been quintupled—was not sillier than the Wall Street of the part o operators who fancy they are making money when they sell at 90 a stock they bought at 85, gold having, meantime, advanced ten per cent.

We must see, however, how the new financial scheme of Congress will affect Wall Street. That measure was designed to check speculation in gold and stocks, and was calculated to produce that end by creating a temporary stringency in the money market. If it succeeds, not a few of the nouveaux riches will realize the proverb about riches having wings. If the ingenuity of Congress can evade the inexorable law of political economy which declares that issues of irre-deemable paper must cause that paper to depreciate steadily, and prices to advance in a corresponding ratio, a triumph of no mean import will have been won.

THE LOUPIGE,

RUSSELL'S DIARY.

RUSSELL'S DIARY.

THE Diary of Mr. Russell, "our own" correspondent of the London Times, which is just republished by the Harpers, is not a reprint of his letters written in this country, but literally his diary, his daily comments upon men, scenes, and affairs, as he moved rapidly through the country. His shrewd and observing eye, trained by most various experience, and a pachydermatous organization, which is invaluable to a special newspaper correspondent, because it enables him to bear and to repeat many things which a more sensitive nature could not, have given us a book full of value to the historian of the war. His Irish blook keeps him in the best humor possible under the circumstances. He sees for himself, and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although being a product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly decrease and the season of the service and although the season of the service and although the season of the service and although the season of the season product of the civilization of Ircland, he clearly do spises the civilization of America; and although have ing seen the humanity and justice and national right of the British Government in India and the Crim

ing seen the humanity and justice and national right of the British Government in India and the Crimen, he is profoundly convinced of the absurdity of the American Government's effort to maintain its supromacy over its own domain, yet his book is sure, although not so intended, to reveal the real character of the rebellion, and so to attract the sympathy of all friends of civilization and human liberty to the cause of the United States.

Mr. Russell was unfortunate in his first impressions of the country, and he never recovered from their influence. Upon his arrival in New York he fell into the hands of certain persons who breakfasted him and dined him, who had wealth and a certain social position; some of whom were foreign born and others Americans "in theory." In seeing these persons he had a right to suppose that he saw a fair representation of the general sentiment of substantial and respectable Americans in regard to the situation of their country. Had he come to Loudon when the integrity of the British empire was threatened by an insurrection in Wales, which put forth no other manifest than that the right of universal freebooting was in danger of suppression by law, and the progress of society and civilization, and had been invited to breakfast and dine with the would naturally have been confounded to hear that the country was gone to the deuce—that Lombardy and Cheapside could not think of allowing the anthe country was gone to the deuce—that Lembardy and Cheapside could not think of allowing the auand Cheapsuc could not think of allowing the au-thorities to maintain order—and that although ev-ery donkey in every rubbish cart in London had the right of kicking when a fly bit his leg, the Government of the British empire-had no right and no power to lift a finger to save itself from destruc-tion

no power to lift a finger to save itself from destruction.

This was the airy doctrine which Mr. Russell heard in hewilderment from the persons who hastened to call upon him, and to feast him upon his arrival in America. He did not then understand it, but History will explain it. These persons almost, if not entirely, without exception had been the recent political allies of those who were beginning the war. During the Presidential canvers just ended they had given their money and devoted their influence to the support of their parry friends, who openly threatened to destroy the government if they did not carry the election. It was not carried, and those friends began their war. It had not, when Mr. Russell arrived, yet come to actual battle. The hope of the Southern leaders and of their Northern friends was, as Mr. Hunter, Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Masón privately stated in Washington—a hope publicly supported by their organ in New York—that the revolution would be peaceably accomplished; that the Government would quietly succumb without a blow; and that a new government would be constructed from the ruins which should secure a perpetual immunity for slavery, and leave New England outside, or admitted a single State with two Senators. It was of the last importance that Europe should suppose that the Government must yield; that the mit her as a single State with two Senators. It was of the last importance that Europe should suppose that the Government must yield; that the revolution was already in fact, if not yet in form, accomplished. To that end rebel emissaries had already poisoned the European mind with falsehod; and the official representatives of the Government virtually renounced it, and prophesied the inevitable dissolution of the existing Upion. The point made was that the nature of the Federal bond, as it was called, did not allow the foreible coercion of a State. The sophistry and falsehood of the position were perceived by few Americans resident abroad, however patriotic; and the political argument went against the country, despite the noble effocts of Mr. Motley in England and a few others. But that there might be no doubt whetever reefforts of Mr. Motley in England and a few others. But that there might be no doubt whatever remaining in foreign public opinion, it was essential that Mr. Russell, who was to speak to Europe through the London Times, should report that the revolution was already virtually successful, and had the assent of the better population of the free States. The allies of the conspiracy in the North hoped in this way to avoid two results—the appeal to force, in which case, as Mr. Barlow's letter to a Southern Senator, published last year, plainly shows, they were not so confident of the consent of the North to national ruin; and, secondly, the light that seuch an appeal must throw upon, the real light that such an appeal must throw upon the real character of the Federal bond which they had so carefully misrepresented. These persons, there-fore, took possession of Mr. Russell upon his ar-rival; reiterated the senseless doctrine of Mr. Bunival, reiterated the senseless doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's Message, that the Government had no right to save itself; and, says Mr. Russell, "although they admitted the Southern Isaders had meditated 'the treason against the Union' years ago, they could not bring themselves to allow their old opponents, the Republicans, now in power, to dispose of the armed force of the Union against their brother Democrats in the Southern States."

These persons secured their point. Mr. Russell wrote that the Union was virtually dissolved. Europe sneered "Told you so!" and arrayed her-

self more confidently and contemptuously than ever against this country. It is a result which the country owes, in great part, to those who successfully labored to prove to a foreigner that their country had neither a decent perception of honor, nor manliness, nor common sense, nor knowledge of the nature of its own government. But certainly it is not surprising that those who worked with the Southern leaders, after their plain declarations during the canvass, should have both hoped and believed in the utter pusillaminity of their follow-citizens. Nor is it wonderful that the same persons, whose idea of nationality was the support of an oligarchy, which then used them as tools, should now, under the plea of conservatism, counsel submission to that oligarchy in rebellion, which now spurns them as cowards.

The opening chapters of this book are thus full of humiliation and shame for every honorable and earnest American. Mr Bussell was compelled to

of humiliation and shame for every honorable and earnest American. Mr. Russell was compelled to accept the character and opinions of the clique into whose hands he fell as those of the Northern people. That there was a true-hearted, clear-headed, patriotic people in this country which would accept the war, endure all its necessary reverses in the beginning, lavish its blood and money, and wage the war until the aristocracy was overthrown and the Constitution maintained and perpetuated in its original spirit—how could the bewildered Irishman suspect in the soft drawing-rooms where pretty ladies lisped disdain of the howwid vulgar wail splitter, or in the profuse dining-rooms where upon the very brink of a fearful civil war which must involve their lives and their fortunes, bankers and lawyers, "all men of position in New York society had the same dilettante tone, and were as little anxious for the future, or excited by the present, as a party of sæans chronicling the movements of a magnetic storm." Taking them as the representatives of the American people, the correspondent of the Times justly inferred that the destruction of the Government was already accomplished, and that the great Republic was an ignominous and farcical failure.

From New York he moved southward to Washington, and pressed on to New Orleans. His description of the general condition of society in the States unhappily cursed by slavery agrees with that of every intelligent observer. He saw to many partos and sentrics to guard against slave visings; he heard too many curfews to warn the slaves home; he heard too much of the "happiest and most contented race in the world" not to know the truth. His account of the extreme laxury of the truth. accept the character and opinions of the clique into whose hands he fell as those of the Northern peo-

and most contented race in the world" not to know and note contended rates in the world not to know the truth. His account of the extreme laxury of the life of the great planters, and the utter squalor, misery, and barbarism of the rest of the population, is not new, but it will help open the eyes of thought-ful Europeans to the necessary state of a society which rests upon the glorious "corner-stone" of slavery. The London Atheneum, in alluding to this part of the book, remarks: "Deep drinking, swearing, incessant duelling, loud swagger concerning ancient pedigrees, are the ordinary characteristics of men whom it is the growing fashion of England to romance about as the descendants of the old English cavaliers. * * * Of New Orleans," continues the Atheneum, which has been bitterly hostile to us from the beginning, "Mr. Russell speaks in terms which lead us to helieve that its present state, under the iron rule of General Butler, His account of the extreme luxury of speaks in terms which lead us to believe that its present state, under the iron rule of General Butler, must be an improvement on its former condition.

* * Well may Mr. Russell exclaim, 'Shame and horror to a Christian land!' Such is the special correspondent's picture of the South—such his description of the Southemers whom Mr. Spence, a few months since, was publicing as refuned and chiraling entenene, anxious to till their ancestral acree in pastoral simplicity and be at peace with all the world."

world."
Of course the reader will understand that Mr.
Russell cordially dislikes us all, North and South.
He believes that the Union is hopelessly severed, and that the free States will be greatly the gainers by the dissolution. But it is for his observators by the dissolution. But it is for his observa-tion of life, not for his political speculations, that his book is valuable. It is also very instructive. It reveals the true character of men and parties It helps us to decide who is and has been national in this country; who had been and are Conservative. It shows the oligarchy at the South politically claiming to be democratic and sighing for a foreign prince; and it exposes their allies at the North—with the affectations, but without the character of an aristocracy—also professing a fellow-democracy, and spurning the Irish "mob of the city," upon whose votes they rely for political power. The book shows very clearly, but quite unconsciously, that the war is truly a struggle of right against privilege—of the many against the few—of man against men—of Liberty and the people against Slavery and an oligarchy. It helps us to decide who is and has been national nle against Slavery and an oligarchy

THE NECESSITY OF SUCCESS.

"Dear Lounders,—I have been pondering your last week's article upon 'Reaction.' I observe that you mere-ly state facts, you do not express an opinion. Let me sak, then, whether you doubt the issue? Do you think the re-action will prevail?"

cetion will prevail?"

Certainly not. For the war is controlled by fundamental principles, chief of which is the character of the Saxon race. If that is modified by the large Celtic element, it is again reinferced by the German which, like the Saxon, is Teutonic.

The tradition of that race is personal Liberty.

"""!! howe free tournets, free pens, and free hands. will have free tongues, free pens, and free hands. Against that instinct nothing can stand. Thus in England, when Charles I., in 1628, began the inva-sion of those rights, the civil war began, and it England, when Chartes 1, in 1628, began the mix-sion of those rights, the civil war began, and it lasted for sixty years, until, in 1688, the Bill of Rights settled the question and gave peace to En-gland. Meanwhile there were the wildest and most stupid reactions; but the course of civilization could not be withstood, and every thing was un-certain until the guarantees of those rights were

secured.

Now in our own war it is clear that, if the rebels will yield to reunion at all, it will be only upon condition of the amplest security for the slave sys-

tem. It is equally clear that that system requires for its maintenance absolute silence. A free press, free discussion of the right and wrong, of the principle or the policy of slavery, is totally inconsistent with its existence. Free speech is to slavery what a spark is to gunpowder. Consequently the mouth, and, if possible, the mind must be muzzled in a society where the system prevails. The ready Putching, the mobiling, the hanging, and outlawing of anti-slavery men in the Southern States, is a logical necessity of their condition. The Planting Society is a pretty palace over a valut of powder, and whoever scratches a match is a deadly enemy. If, then, we are to remulte, it can only be upon condition that the discussion of this question shall be absolutely forbidden. But it is a question of personal Liberty—and its discussion, or the right of free speech, is the very fundamental right which is the security of peace in a political community of the Saxon race. You might as well hope to prevent the sun from rising as to deny the utmost freedom to the tongue of the free people of the free States of this Junion. Nobody knows it better than Davis. He is perfectly honest in scorning Vallandigham's obsequious offers; for he is an older man and a wiser man than Vallandigham; and he is perfectly aware that, even if the attempt should be made to force a gag into the mouth of the North, the consequences would be armihilating to his cause. Therefore faith in the national success is rooted immutably in human nature. Reactions, of whatever force or extent, are only ripples upon the surface of affairs. A necessity beyond its control urges the cause of the Union to victory—not this month, indeed, nor this year, necessarily, but none the less surely. Whatever means are essential to success the people will surely accept. There may be such fatigue of the stress of war, such mortification at apparent incompetency, such apprehension of enormous expense and possible commercial rain, that for a time the basest demagogues, under a c

pled men, is but a smooth name for snarely. Such a such as attend the meeting of the Pennsylvania and New York Legislatures will be understood by thousands who, from various reasons, were defluded into voting with men whose only hope of personal advantage lies in the common ruin. Those who voted for "conservative" and idates did not mean to vote for anarchy; and they will learn that, as peace is the first necessity of a truly conservative interest, whoever in war wishes for a speedy peace must use all warlike means to secure it or be destroyed.

A SIDE-LIGHT.

EVERY year there is published in Paris a work called "Annuaire des Deux Mondes," or a universal history of events for the past year. In the issue for the year 1861 the attentive reader will find an allasion to the visit of M. Mercier, the French Minister, to Richmond. M. Mercier, the Will be remembered, is not a friend of the United States Government, but is a particular friend of the chief rebels:

"The French Minister, M. Mercier, in a rapid visit to Richmond, had not concealed from Mr. Jefferson Davis that the evacuation of the town would inflict the most fatal blow on the cause of the South in the opinion of Europe, which would be South in the opinion of Europe, which would

would inflict the most fatal blow on the cause of the South in the opinion of Europe, which would look upon such a measure as an avowal of impo-nency. The Confederate Government understood the necessity of saving its capital at any price; and willie it gave up the defense of the coast, and called in all the corps which could be brought by rail to Richmond, and even part of Beaurogard's forces, the Confederate army, stopping its retreat, began to dispute the ground foot by foot with MClellan." Should this extraordinary statement—which is intrinsically of the utmost probability—prove to

Should this extraordinary statement—when is intrinsically of the utmost probability-prove to be true, it is not a pleasing revelation. It is not Louis Napoleon's fault that his Minister at Washington was a boon companion of traitors. But it will certainly be the fault of our Government if a confidential adviser of the rebels is tolerated in an afficial medition at the againt or the the pair of the rebels in the confidential adviser of the rebels is tolerated in an afficial medition at the again. official position at the capital.

THE REBEL DISPATCHES.

The intercepted correspondence of the rebel leaders with their emissaries in Europe, lately published, is very amusing, and shows several things. First, that Louis Napoleon may have some designs upon Texas. But the French policy in regard to this continent is still merely subject of speculation. Second, the correspondence shows conclusively

speculation.

Second, the correspondence shows conclusively that the blockade is as effective as any blockade ever instituted. It takes the dispatches of the rebelagents some seven months to come to hand, and the rebel Sceretary of State naïvely mentions to one of his emissaries that his No. 2 has arrived, but that Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are still missing. The postal arrangements of the new nation do not seem to be anyte perfect.

but that Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are still missing. The postal arrangements of the new nation do not seem to be quite perfect.

Third, the correspondence reveals the fact that Earl Russell is cold to the "Honorable" Mr. Mason of Virginia—who sat in the Senate of the United States pocketing the money of a Government against whose existence he was plotting. The Earl was so cold, indeed, that the "Honorable" Mr. Mason thought of withdrawing; but his confederates urge him to remain, and to continue to the snubbed, in the hope of helping to lay the corner-stone of the new nation.

Fourth, the correspondence discloses the interesting fact that when the Confederate emissary left Maddid, he put his books and papers in charge of the agent of the Rothschilds, showing the position which the great bankers compel their agents in every country to hold in regard to the rebellion, and, of course, indicating the kind of value which is to be placed upon the support given to treason by any such agents, whose birth, training, sympathics, and interests are entirely foreign.

Fifth, the correspondence informs us that Mr.

James Spreas, which have vited as local in the control of the control of the control of American and Control of the Control

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On 98th January Major-General Burnside turned over the command of the Army of the Potomac to Major-General Good Index, who came to the head-quarters of the cump for that purpose. As soon as the change became overflowed the army as considerable number of the control outperflowed the army as considerable number of the partial place of the wind that the control of the co

BURNSIDE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The following is the address of General Burnside to the

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, JUREARY 26, 1863. GENERAL ORDERS-No. 9.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 9.

By direction of the President of the United States, the Commanding General this day transfers the command of this army to Major-General copie Hookor.

The short time that he has directed your movements has not been frinkind of victory no ray considerable advancement of our line; but it has again demonstrated an amount of course, positionee, and endurance that, under more fyemble discussions, would have accomplished great results.

omble circumstances, would have accomplished great results.

Continue to exercise those witnes, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have seven to
maintain, give to the brave and skillful General who has
now to command you, your full and corrilat support and
cooperation, and you will deserve success.

Cooperation, and you will deserve success.

Leaves of the
server, from which be separates with so much regret, may
be paradoust if he bids an especial farewell to his long oul
tried avsociates of the Kinth corp. He prayers are shat
dod may be with you and grant you continual ancess until the rehellion is crushed. By command of
Leaves Richards and the server of the
Leaves Richards and Leaves To The Lakey.

HOOKER'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

The following order has just been published to the army:

The following order has just been published to the army:
GENERAL O.RDERS—No. I.

Hand CLARISHO OF THE ADD OF THE PROPOSE

CAMP SEAR PRESCULT, Ann. 49, 1883.

By direction of the President of the United States, the endecipined assumes command of the Army of the Potomeo,
He enters upon the discharge of the dutics imposed by
this trust with a just appreciation of their responsibility.

Since the formation of this army he has been identified
Since the formation of this army he has been identified
and the second of the proper of the duties in the second of the control of the second side of the second

comething to the renown of our arms and the success of our cause.

To secure these ends your commander will require the cheerful and zeolous co-operation of every officer and redder in this army.

In equipment, intelligence, and valor the enemy is our inferior. Let us never hesitate to give him battle wherever we can find him.

The mudersigned only gives expression to the feelings of The moderation in economy so our late commander, Major-General Purposite, the most cordial good wishes for his future.

General Butterns, as a month of the fature,
My staff will be announced as soon as organized,
Joseph Hooker,
Major-General, Commanding Army of the Potomac.

Major-General, Commanding Army of the Potentas.

Mode VICTOMES IN AUKANSAS.

The Linion expedition on the White River has not with a beillint success. Admiral Potent elegraphs from Menaphis that on the 29th Inst. be had taken the three river, St. Charles, St. Charles, Duval's Blief, and Des Art. He says:

"The light draughts are over three hundred miles above the mouth of the White River. The DeKing, Lieutenant of the control of the White River. The DeKing, Lieutenant game, with carriages, ammunition, etc.; two hundred field rikes, and three platform cars, and at Des Are we captured thirty-nine prisoners and a quantity of arms and summunition."

REBEL PRISONERS CAPTURED.

IMBRET PRIMONERS CAPTURED.

Among the prisoner captured at Arkanass Post were one general, ten colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, one hundred captains, nearly two hundred lieutenants, and a lot of adjustus, quarier-masters, surgeors, end stiff officers. Affi Davis will probably now builing to exclange, instead of putting in force the threats contribed in his proclamation.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORK ASSIMENT.

In the Assembly the long, narry, and tempestrous struggle for the Speakership was on 28th, after three weeks continuance, brought to a termination. On assembling a proposition was made by a Democratic member to elect a proposition was made by a Democratic member to elect a proposit was overrinch, and constituentle discussion this proposal was overrinch, and collicot, the candidate of the Republicans, received '11 votes, and Mr. Trimmer, Democrat, 50. Mr. Callicot was the structure of the proposition of the proposition

dress, thanking the members for the honor conferred.

A Febch RAL GUN-ROAT SUNK.

A rebel steamer, supposed to be the Alabama, the Oreto, or the Harried Lans—which of the three it is hardwrith the United States gun-box Hatteras, which attempted to stop the pirate, and sunk her by a heavy fire. The Brooklym and Saiota, upon hearing the fring, went to the relief of the Hatteras, but only in time to pick up a boat's crew, and discover that the Hatteras was sunk in nihe fathoms of water. The pirate represented himself to be found to the Hatteras power at tremendous fire into het, with the fatal results above recorded.

ESCAPE OF THE "ORETO."

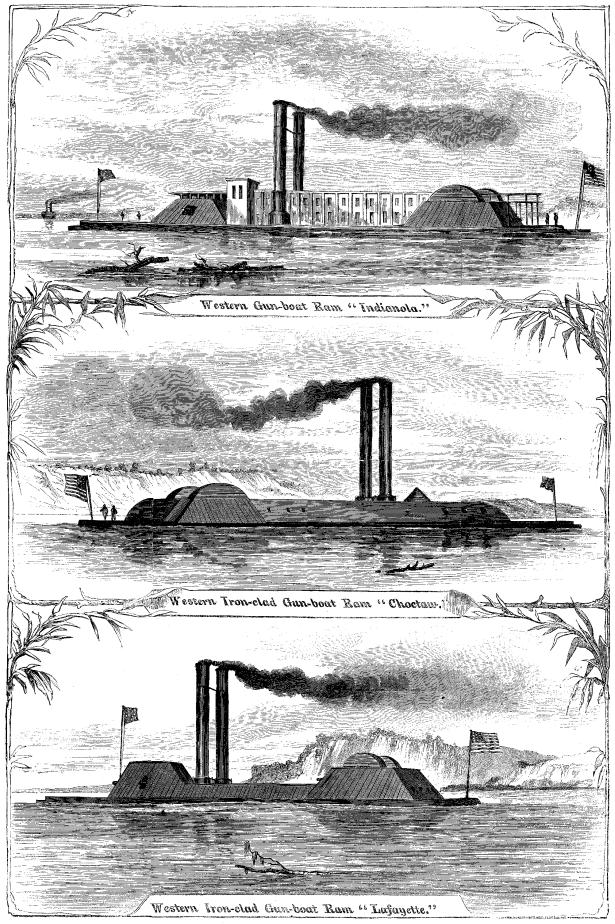
We learn of the escape of the robel steamer Oreto from Mobile, notwithstanding the vigiliance of the blockader. She is reported to have reached Havans with upward of a thousand bates of cotton on board, and having encounter-ed and sunk a Boston brig, name unknown, on the way.

FOREIGN NEWS.

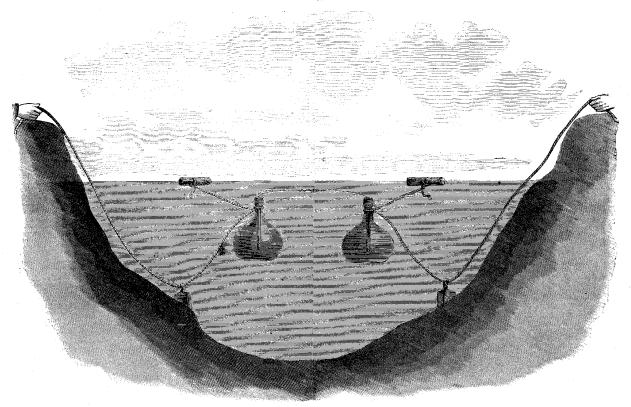
FRANCE. EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

ITHE EMPEROU'S SPEECH.

Is the course of his speech to the Legislating the Emperor said: "To reduce our expenses, the army and navy fine of the course of the speech of the course of the speech of the first of the desired duth has been reduced, and by the success achieved by the conversion of the rente as great step has been taken toward the settlement funification; of that debt. The indirect revenues show a continual increase, from the simple toward the settlement funification; of that debt. The indirect free properties of the continual increase, from the simple toward the settlement funification; of the war in America had not dred upone of the most fruitful sources of our industry. The forced stagnation of labor has calved in many district an amount of lectifulion which deserves all our solicitude, and grant will be asked from you feel and on the settlement of a misfortune which it is not in our power to put a stop to. Nevertheless, I have made the attempt to send beyond the Atlantic advices incipited by a sincer sympathy; but the great maritime Powers not having thought it advisable portoons to a nore suitable opportunity the offer of mediation, the object of which was to stop the effusion of blood, and to prevent the exhaustion of a country the future of which can not be looked upon with indifference."



OUR NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.-[From Shetches by an Occasional Correspondent.-[See next Page.]



TORPEDO IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.—Sketched by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 95.]

THE NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.

WE publish on page 84 portraits of three of the NEW WESTERN GON-BOATS, which will shortly be heard from. They will form part of Commodore Porter's follila. The following descriptions will explain the pictures:

"INDIANOLA."

The Indianola, Lieutenant Commander George Brown, is a vessel of the following dimensions: Length, 170 feet; beam, 60 feet; depth of hold, 7

feet; and will draw when ready for action about six feet of water. She is propelled by four independent engines, two attached to the wheels and two to the propellers. She has four high-pressure boilers, and, with this great steaming power, it is expected that she will run against the current about thirteen miles per hour. She is covered with two-inch rolled plates. She has one stationary turret with stoping sides. She carries two II-inch Dahlgren guns in the turret, and several 2t-pounder guns in broadside. She has also a powerful ram; and with her great-power she will no doubt prove a very destructive boat among the robel craft.

"CHOCTAW."

The Choctaw is another vessel of the ram class, with a turret on the bow, and a few broadside guns at the stern of the vessel. She is more extensively mailed than the Incidencia, but in other respects she is not far from being identical with her.

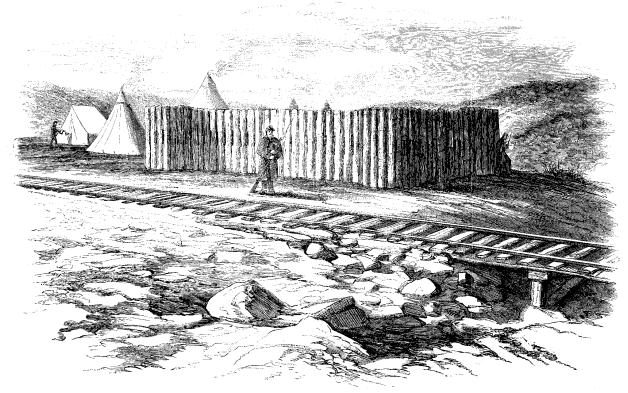
"LAPATETE" On "FORT HENRY."

The Fort Henry is a ram vessel without a furret, having instead a heavy casemate forward, in which are six 11-inch guns. She has great power and speed. She was built from plans furnished by Commodore W. D. Porter, United States Navy, and was known as the Fort Henry.

STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

On this page we reproduce a sketch sent us by our special artist in Tennessee, Mr. Frank Beard, representing one of the numerous STOCKADES crected on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for the protection of the track. Every bridge of consequence is guarded by one of these stockades, and most of the stations likewise. Carrisoned by a few disciplined troops, these stockades can resist the attack of a very large force indeed. What a picture of grim war these stockades conjure up 1



STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.-[Sketched by Mr. Frank Beard.]

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Ir was just before the last fierce charge, When two soldiers drew their rein,
For a parting word and a touch of hands—
They might never meet again.

One had blue eyes and clustering curls-Nineteen but a month ago—
Down on his chin, red on his cheek;
He was only a boy, you know.

The other was dark, and stern, and proud; If his faith in the world was dim, He only trusted the more in those Who were all the world to him.

They had ridden together in many a raid, They had marched for many a mile, And ever till now they had met the for With a calm and hopeful smile.

Unt now they looked in each other's eyes With an awful ghastly gloom, And the tall dark man was the first to speak: "Charlie, my hour has come.

'We shall ride together up the hill, And you will ride back alone; Promise a little trouble to take For me when I am gone.

"You will find a face upon my breast-I shall wear it into the fight.

With soft blue eyes, and sunny curls,
And a smile like morning light,

"Like morning light was her love to me; It gladdened a lonely life, And little I cared for the frowns of fate When she promised to be my wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone, And send back the fair, fond face; Tell her tenderly how I died, And where is my resting-place.

"Tell her my soul will wait for hers, In the border-land between The earth and heaven, until she comes: It will not be long, I ween."

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy-His voice was low with pain:
"I will do your bidding, comrade mine,
If I ride back again.

"But if you come back, and I am dead,
You must do as much for me:
My mother at home must hear the news—
Oh, write to her tenderly.

"One after another those she leved She has buried, husband and son;

was the last. When my country called,
She kissed me and sent me on.

"She has prayed at home, like a waiting saint, With her fond face white with woe: Her heart will be broken when I am gone: I shall see her soon, I know."

dast then the order came to charge-For an instant hand touched band, lye answered eye; then on they rushed. That brave, devoted band.

Straight they went toward the crest of the hill. And the rebels with shot and shell Flowed rifts of death through their toiling ranks, And jeered them as they fell.

They turned with a horrible dving vell From the heights they could not gain, And the few whom death and doom had spared Went slowly back again.

But among the dead whom they left behind Was the boy with his curling hair, And the stern dark man who marched by his side Lay dead beside him there.

There is no one to write to the blue-eyed girl. The words that her lover said; And the mother who waits for her boy at home. Will but hear that he is dead,

And never can know the last fond thought

And never can know the last fond to That sought to soften her pain, Until she crosses the River of Death, And stands by his side again.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

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

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

A Few days afterward Ellinor's father bethought himself that some further communication ought to take place between himself and his daughter's lover on the subject of the approval of the family of the latter to the young man's engagement, and he accordingly wrote a very renlemanly letter, saying that of course he trust-d that Ralph had informed his own father of is engagement; that Mr. Corbet was well known to Mr. Wilkins by reputation, holding the position he did in Shropshire, but that as Mr. Willins did not pretend to be in the same station of life, Mr. Corbet might possibly never even lave heard of his name, although in his own county it was well known as having been for cenerations that of the principal conveyancer and land-agent of ——shire; that his wife had been a member of the old knightly family of Holsters, and that he birnself was descended from

a younger branch of the South Wales De Wintons or Wilkins; that Ellinor, as his only child, would naturally inherit all his property, but that in the mean time, of course, some settlement upon her would be made, the nature of which might be decided nearer the time of the man-

ige. It was a very good straightforward letter, and It was a very good straightforward letter, and well fitted for the purpose to which Mr. Wilkins knew it would be applied—of being forwarded to Mr. Ralph Corbet's father. One would have thought that it was not an engagement so disproportioned in equality of station as to cause any great opposition on that score; but, unluckity, Captain Corbet, the heir and eldest son, had the formed clarible argregard with Voly Me. any great opposition on that score; but, unlucking, Captain Corbet, the heir and eldest son, had just formed a similar engagement with Lady Maria Brabant, the daughter of one of the proudest earls in —shire, one who had always resented Mr. Wilkins's appearance on the field as an insult to the county, and ignored his presence at every dinner-table where they met. Lady Maria was staying at the Corbets at the very time when Ralph's letter, inclosing Mr. Wilkins's, reached the paternal halls, and she merely repeated her father's opinions when Mrs. Corbet and her daughters naturally questioned her as to who these Wilkinses were; they remembered the name in Ralph's letters formerly; the father was some friend of Mr. Ness's, the clergyman with whom Ralph had read; they believed Ralph used to dine with these Wilkinses sometimes along with Mr. Ness.

Lady Maria was a good-natured girl, and meant no harm in repeating her father's words, touched up, it is true, by some of the dislike she herself felt to the intimate alliance proposed, which would make her sister-in-law to the daughter of an "upstart attorney," "not received in the county," "always trying to push his way into the set above him," "claiming connection with the De Wintons of — Castle, who, as she well knew, only laughed when he was spoken of, and said they were move rich in relations than they were aware of"—"not people papa would ever like her to know, whatever might be the family connection."

These little speeches told in a way the girl who uttered them did not intend they should.

over like her to know, whatever might be the family connection."

These little speeches told in a way the girl who uttered them did not intend they should. Mrs. Corbet and her daughters set themselves violently against this foolish entanglement of Ralph's; they would not call it an engagement. They argued, and they urged, and they plended, till the squire, anxious for peace at any price, and always more under the sway of the people who were with him, however unreasonable they might be, rather than of the absent, even though the latter had the wisdom of Solomon or the prudence and sagacity of his son Ralph, wrote an angry letter, saying that, as Ralph was of age, of course he had a right to please himself, therefore all his father could say was that the engagement was not at all what either he or Ralph's mother had expected or hoped; that it was a degradation to the family just going to ally themselves with a peer of James the First's creation; that, of course, Ralph must do what he liked, but that if he married this girl he must never expect to have her received by the Corbets of Corbet Hall as a daughter. The squire was rathers stiffed with his production, and took it to show it to his wife; but she did not think it was strong enough, and added a little postseript:

"Dear Ratru.—Though, as second son, yon are estitled to Breadery at my death, yet I can do must to make

sating enough, and anothe a more posiscript:

"Dear Rath—Though, as second con, you are estitled to Bronley at my deeth, yet I can do much to make
the estate worthers. Hitherto regard for you has prevented my taking steps as to sale of timber, etc., which
would materially increase your sister's portions; this just
measure I shall infallibly take if I find you persevere in
keeping to this stilly engagement. Your father's disapproval is always a sufficient reason to allege."

proposal is always a sufficient reacen to allegy.

Halph was annoyed at the receipt of these letters, though he only smiled as he looked them up in his dosk.

"Dear old father! how he blusters! As to my mother, she is reasonable when I talk to her. Once give her a definite idea of what Ellinor's fortane will be, and let her, if she chooses, cut down her timber—a threat she has held over me ever since I knew what a rocking-horse was, and which I have known to be illegal these ten years past—and she'll come round. I know better than they do how Reginald has run up post-obits, and as for that rulgar high-born Lady Maria they are all so full of, why she is a Flanders mare to my Ellinor, and has not a silver penny to cross herself with, besides! I bide my time, you dear good pepple!

to cross horself with, besides! I bide my time, you dear good people!"

He did not think it necessary to reply to these letters immediately, nor did he even allude to their contents in his to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins, who had been very well satisfied with his own letter to the young man, and had thought that it must be equally agreeable to every one, was not at all suspicious of any disapproval because the fact of a distinct sunction on the part of Mr. Ralph. Corhet's friends to his engagement was not communicated to him.

not communicated to him.

As for Ellinor, she trembled all over with hap-As for Ellinor, she trembled all over with happiness. Such a summer for the blossoming of flowers and ripening of fruit had not been known for years: it seemed to her as if bountiful loving Nature wanted to fill the cup of Ellinor's joy to overflowing, and as if every thing, amate and inaminate, sympathized with her happiness. Her father was well, and apparently content. Miss Monro was very kind. Dixon's lameness was quite gone off. Only Mr. Danster came creeping about the house, on pretense of business, seeking out her father, and disturbing all his ledisure with his dust-colored parchment-skinned careworn face, and seeming to disturb the smooth current of her daily life whenever she saw him. saw him.

she saw him.

She saw him are the Hamley assemblies, but with less celat than either her father or her lover expected. Her beauty and natural grace were admired by those who could discriminate; but to the greater number there was (what they called) "a want of style"—want of elegance there certainly was not, for her fig-

nre was perfect, and though she moved shyly, she moved well. Perhaps it was not a good place for a correct appreciation of Miss Wilsins; some of the old dowagers thought it a piece of presumption for her to be there at all; but the Lady Holster of the day (who remembered her husband's quarrel with Mr. Wilkins, and looked away whenever Ellinor came near) resented this opinion. "Miss Wilkins is descended from Sir Frank's family, one of the oldest in the county; the objection might have been made years ago to the father, but as he had been received she did not know why Miss Wilkins was to be alluded to as out of her place." Ellinor's greatest enjoryment in the evening was to hear her father say, after all was over, and they were driving home.

driving home,

"Well, I thought my Nelly the prettiest girl
there; and I think I know some other people
who would have thought the same if they could

who would have thought the same if they could have spoken out."
"Thank you, papa," said Ellinor, squeezing his hand, which she held. She thought he allided to the absent Ralph as the person who would have agreed with him had he had the opportunity of seeing her; but no, he seldom thought much of the absent, but had been rather affattered by seeing Lord Hildebrand take up his glass for the apparent purpose of watching Fillinor.

his glass for the apparent purpose of watching Ellinor.

"Your pearls, too, were as handsome as any in the room, child; but we must have them reset; the sprays are old-fashioned now. Let me have them to-morrow to seal on the watch and the watch them to-morrow to seal of the watch and the watch a

allowed himself for the length of his visits. And even these short peeps were not frequently taken. He was working hard at law; fagging at it tooth and mail; arranging his whole life so as best to promote the ends of his ambition; feeling a delight in surpassing and mastering his fellows—those who started in the race at the same time. He read Ellimor's letters over and over again; nothing elso besides law-books. He perceived the repressed love hidden away in subdued ex-

pressions in his mistress's communications, with

[February 7, 1863.]

pressions in his mistress's communications, with an amused pleasure at the attempt at concealment. He was glad that her gaycites were not more gay; he was glad that she was not too much admired, although a little indignant at the wast of taste on the part of the —shire gentlemen. But if other admired had come preminently forward he should have had to take some more decided steps to assert his rights than he had hitherto done; for he had caused Ellinor to express a wish to her father that her engagement might not be too much talked about until nearer the time when it would be prudent for lime to marry her. He thought that the knowledge of this, the only impuradently hasty step he ever meant to take in his life, might go against his character for wisdom if the fact was known while he was as yet only a student. Mr. Wilkins wondered a little; but acceded, as he always did, to any of Ellinor's requests. Mr. Ness was a confidant, of course; and some of Lady Maria's connections heard of it, and forgot it again very soon, and, as it happened, no one else was sufficiently interested in Ellinor to care to ascertain the fact.

All this time Mr. Ralph Corbet maintained a very quietly decided attitude toward his own family would take a more reasonable view of things, and be willing to receive her as his wife with all becoming respect or affection. This was the substance of what he repeated in different forms in reply to his father's ancry letters. At length his invariable determination made way with his father; the paternal thunderings were subdued to a distant rumbling in the sky; and presently the inquiry was breached as to how much fortune Miss Wilkins would have; how much down on her marriage; what were the eventual probabilities. Now this was a point on which Mr. Rahph Corbet wished himself to be informed upon. He had not thought much about it in making the engagement; he had been too bis father, adroitly suggesting that a letter containing certain modifications of the inquiry, which had been rathe

The desired letter came, but not in such a form that he could pass it on to Mr. Wilkins; he preferred to make quotations, and even these quotations were a little altered and dressed before he sent them on. The gist of his letter to Mr. Wilkins was this; He started that he hoped soon to be in a position to offer Ellinor a home; that he anticipated a steady progress in his profession, and consequently in his income; but that contingencies might arise, as his father suggested, which would deprive him of the power of earning a livelihood, perhaps when it might be more required than it would be at first; that it was true that, after his mother's death, a small estate in Shropshire would come to him as second son, and of course Ellinor would receive the benefit of this property, secured to her legally as Mr. Wilkins thought best—that being a matter for after-discussion—but that at present his father was anxious, as might be seen from the extract, to ascertain whether Mr. Wilkins could secure him from the contingency of having his son's widow and possible children thrown upon his hands by giving Ellinor a dowry; and if so, it was gently insinuated what would be the amount of the same.

When Mr. Wilkins received this letter it The desired letter came, but not in such a

widow and possible children thrown upon his hands by giving Ellinor a dowry; and if so, it was gently insinuated what would be the amount of the same.

When Mr. Wilkins received this letter it startled him out of a happy day-dram. He liked Ralph Corbet and the whole connection quite well enough to give his consent to an engagement; and sometimes even he was glad to think that Ellinor's future was assured, and that she would have a protector and friends after he was dead and gone. But he did not want them to assume their responsibilities so soon. He had not distinctly contemplated her marriage as an event likely to happen before his death. He could not understand how his own life would go on without her; or, indeed, why she and Ralph Corbet could not continue just as they were at present. He came down to breakfast with the letter in his hand. By Ellinor's blushes, as she glanced at the handwriling, he knew that she had heard from her lover by the same post; by her tender caresses—caresses given as if to make up for the pain which the prospect of her leaving him was sure to give him—he was certain that she was aware of the contents of the letter. Yet he put it in his pocket, and tried to forget it. He did this not merely from his reluctance to complete any arrangements which might facilitate Ellinor's marriage. There was a further annoyance connected with the affair. His money matters had been for some time in an involved state; he had been living beyond his income, oven 'reckoning that, as he always did, at the highest point at which it ever touched. He kept no regular accounts, when he had a steady income coming in from his profession, as well as the interest of a good sum of money left him by his father; and when his expenditure, living in his own house near a country town where provisions were cheap, for his small family—only one child—could ever amount to any thing like his incomings from the above-mentioned cources.

rare fruit-trees, and a habit of purchasing any book or engraving he might take a fancy to, irrespective of the price, run away with the money, even though there be but one child. A year or two ago Mr. Wilkins had been startled into a system of exaggerated retrenchment—retrenchment which only lasted about six weeks—by the sudden bursting of a bubble speculation, in which he had invested a part of his father's savings. But as soon as the change in his habits, necessitated by his new economics, became irksome, he had comforted himself for his relapse into his former easy extravagance of living, by remembering the fact that Ellinor was engaged to the soon of a man of large property; and that though Ralph was only the second son, yet that his mother's estate must come to ling, yet that his mother's estate must come to ling. yet that his mother's estate must come to him, as Mr. Ness had already informed Ellinor's fa-ther, on first hearing of her engagement. Mr. Wilkins did not doubt that he could easily

yet that his mother's estate must come to lun, as Mr. Ness had already informed Ellinor's father, on first hearing of her congagement.

Mr. Wilkins did not doubt that he could easily make Ellinor a fitting allowance, or even pay down a requisite dowry; but he doing so would involve an examination into the real state of his affairs, and this involved distasteful trouble. He had no idea how much more than mere temporary annoyance would arise out of the investigation. Until it was made he decided in his own mind that he would not speak to Ellinor on the subject of her lover's letter. So for the next few days she was kept in suspense, seeing little of her father; and during the short times that she was with him she was made aware that he was nervously auxious to keep the conversation engaged on general topics rather than on the one which she had at heart. Mr. Corbet had written to her by the same post as that on which he sent the letter, of which I have already spoken, to her father; telling her of its contents, and begring her (in all those sweet words which lovers know how to use) to urge her father to compliance for his sake—his, her lover's—who was pining and lonely in all the crowds of London, since her loved presence was not there. He did not care for money, save as for a means of hastening their marriage; indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage; indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage; indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage in the small possessing from the cause of the distense of the

with a certain wistful auxicity; but the instant she saw this he pulled himself up, as it were, and would begin talking gayly about the small topies of the day.

At length Mr. Corbet grew impatient at not hearing either from Mr. Wilkins or Ellinor, and the wrote urgently to the former, making known to him a new proposal suggested to him by his father, which was, that a certain sum should be paid down by Mr. Wilkins, which should be applied, under the management of trustees, to the improvement of the Bromley estate, out of the profits of which, or other sources in the elder Mr. Corbet's hands, a heavy rate of interest should be paid on this money, which would secure an income to the young couple immediately, and considerably increase the value of the estate upon which Ellinor's settlement was to be made. The terms offered for this laying down of ready money were so advantageous that Mr. Wilkins was strongly tempted to accede to them at once; as Ellinor's pale cheek and want of appetite had only that very morning smote upon his conscience, and this immediate transfer of ready money was, as a sacrifice, a soothing bain to his self-reproach, and laxiness and dislike to immediate unpleasantness of action had its counterbalancing weakness in impredence. Mr. Wilkins made some rough calculations on a piece of paper—deeds, and all such tests of accuracy being down at the office—discovered that he could pay down the sum required; wrote a letter agreeing to the proposal, and before he sealed it called Ellinor into his study, and bade her read what he had been writing, and tell him what she thought of it. He watched the color come rushing into her white face, her lips quiver and tremble, and even before the latter was ended she was in his arms, kissing him, and thanking him with blushing caresses rather than words.

"There, there!" said he, smiling and sighing; "that will do. Why, I do believe you took me for a hard-hearted flather, just like a heroine's father in a book. Yon've looked as wobegone this week past as 0 Ophel

"Oh, papa! I was only afraid you were an-

gry,"
"Well, if I was a bit perplexed, seeing you look so ill and pining was not the way to bring me round. Old Corbet, I must say, is trying to make a good bargain for his son. It is well

for me that I have never been an extravagant

for me that I have never been an extravagant man."

"But, papa, we don't want all this much."

"Yes, yes; it is all right. You shall go into their family as a well-portioned girl, if you can't go as a Lady Maria. Come, don't trouble your little head any more about it. Give me one more kiss, and then we'll go and order the horses, and have a ride togother, by way of keeping holiday. I deserve a holiday, don't I, Nelly?"

Some country people at work at the roadside, as the father and daughter passed along, stopped to admire their bright, happy looks, and one spoke of the hereditary handsomeness of the Wilkins's family (for the old man, the present Mr. Wilkins's father, had been fine-looking in his drab breeches and gaiters, and usual assumption of a yeoman's dress). Another said it was easy for the rich to be handsome; they had always plenty to eat, and could ride when they were tired of walking, and had no care for the morrow to keep them from sleeping at nights. And in sad acquiescence with their contrasted lot, the men went on with their hedging and ditching in silence.

And vet, if they had known—if the poor did

ditching in silence.

And yet, if they had known—if the poor did know—the troubles and temptations of the rich; if those men had foreseen the lot darkening over the father, and including the daughter in its cloud; if Mr. Wilkins himself had even imagined such a future possible...... Well, there was truth in the old heathen saying, "Let no man be envied till his death."

Ellinor had no more rides with her father; no, not ever again; though they had stopped that afternoon at the summit of a breezy common, and looked at a ruined hall, not so very far off, and discussed whether they could reach it that day, and decided that it was too far away for any thing but a hurried inspection, and that some day soon they would make the old place into the principal object of an excursion. But a rainy time came on, when no rides were possible; and whether it was the influence of the weather, or some other care or trouble that oppressed him, Mr. Wilkins seemed to lose all wish for much active exercise, and rather sought a stimulus to his spirits and circulation in wine. But of this Ellinor was innocently unaware. He seemed dull and weary, and sat long, drowsing and drinking after dinner. If the servants had not been so fond of him for much previous generosity and kindness, they would have complained now, and with reason, of his irritability, for all sorts of things seemed to annoy him.

"You should get the master to take a ride with you, miss," said Dixon, one day, as he was putting Ellinor on her hörse. "He is not looking well. He is studying too much at the office," But when Ellinor named it to her father, he arise hastly replied that it was all very well for women to ride out whenever they liked—men had something else to do, and then, as he saw her look grave and puzzled, he softened down his abrupt saying by adding that Dunster had been making a fuss about his partner's non-attendance, and altogether taking a good deal upon himself in a very offensive way, so that he thought it better to go pretty regularly to the office, in husband's roof.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

Is vindication of the series of pictures on pages 88 and 89, which illustrate Southern chivalry, we present below a few extracts from the history of the war. Joff Davis, in his proclamations, has constantly endeavored to make it appear that whereas the warr was waged with chivalry and gentleness by the South, it was carried on with every circumstance of atrocious savagery by the Union troops. Here are a few examples of the chivalry of which the rebel boasts.

BARBARITIES AT MANASSAS.

The Senate committee, appointed to inquire how the rebels had treated our dead on the field of Ma-

the reducts and treated our dead on the lieut or Als-nassas or Bull Run, say in their report:

The rebels manifested a fendish spirit in their treatment of our dead. Bodies were pried out of their grows, and Mrs. Pierce Butler, who lives near the place, said that she had seen the rebels boiling portions of the bodies of our

dead in order to obtain their bones as relies. They could not wait for them to decay. She said the had seen frumsticks made of Yunkee shinbones, as they called them. She had seen as skull that one of the New Ordens Artillery had, which he said he was going to send home and have mornied, and that he intended to drink bready punch out mornied, and that he intended to drink bready punch out manufactured into finger rings.

The outrages upon the dead will revier the recollections of the cruelities to which savage tribes subjected their prisoners. They were buried, in many cases, naked, with their barries of the cruelities to which savage tribes subjected their prisoners. They were buried, in many cases, naked, with their barries had been as the same triber to the savage tribes subjected their prisoners. They were buried, in many cases, naked, with their barries being the same triber to observe the same triber to the

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED. A dispatch from Murfreesboro, dated December

A dispatch from Murfreesbore, dated Docember 31, says:
The enumy during yesterday harmseed our rear with their cavairy, and caputed some of our wounded men near Nolinsville. Robel guerrilla bands stacked and burned our army wagons, ambuleness, etc., and acted most congeously, throwing the sick and wounded into the reads to die.
Major Stoumer and Captain King, who were being conveyed away wounded from the battle-field in an ambulance were captured by the robels, taken four inlied away, and their parcels and throw are do to the road.

The Medical Director of General Grant's army, an official report dated at Holly Springs on 30th December, says :

The Medical Director of General Grant's army, in an official report dated at Holly Springs on 30th December, says:

I received the assurance by General Van Dorn's Adjutant that the Armory Hospital should not be burned, but that it should be protected by a guard. Satisfied with this, the same of blankets, sheets, and hed-sacks, was soon in sales.

In the same of the same of the same of blankets, sheets, and hed-sacks, was soon in sales. In the same of the same of blankets, sheets, and hed-sacks, was soon in sales. But this was not all. In all tempt was made to destroy the General Hospital, located on the main square, and which at the time contained over 500 sleet. See not said the same of the s

A newspaper correspondent writes:

A newspaper correspondent writes:

One of the enemy's cavalry role up to a wagon containing a wounded German soldier of Captain Languerchy's cotypany, Second Wiscondur regiment, and, dragging him out by the hair of the head, plereing him through the hotwith his sevol, yelling, "I'll tend you de-d black the him of the head, plereing him through the hot-with his sevol, yelling, "I'll tend you de-d black the him of his adventure and; several the man's head from his body, and he fell lifeless among his horses.

At the battle of Bull Run, an Ohio surgeon de-tailed for day in a hospital, testified that it was as-siduously shelled by the rehels while the wounded of both armies were being cared for in it. The Philadelphia Inquirer contained the follow-ing, shortly after the battle:

A lieutemant of an Ohio regiment, now in this city, and who was at the battle of Bull Kun, states that he saw several of our wounded bayoneted and having their throats cut by the members of the Alabama and Geogra regiments. The pror fellows begged for their lives, but their pleadings were disregarded, and with an oath the death-wound was

MURDERS OF DEFENSELESS MEN

The following account of the murder of General Robert M'Cook is in point:

The following account of the murder of General Robert M'Cook is in point:

On Tneeday last General Robert L. M'Cook, who was at the time very sick, was in an antihulance hear Salera, Alcotton, and the sale was an analysis of the sale of the sale

Commissary Packham, of Piatt's Zouaves, com-municates the following narrative of the murder of two members of that regiment by rebel guerril-las in Western Virginia:

A few days ago John Cortallo and John Cerbe, Company

D, with a loyal Virginian named Collins, attached to Company G as guide, were sent after a detachment of the Second Joyal Virginia Cavalry, whom cur colonel destreit to be nearer our lines. When about 16 miles from eamp they suddenly came upon a party of reble militin, who fired, wounding the Virginia guide. Costello and Gerbe instead, were overpowered and taken to a Mrs. Gilkinson's. For morning the rebels consulted upon the disposal of their prisoners. Some were for sending them to Richmend, some to their own head-quarters at Legan Court House, dispersion of Southern and Mrs. Gilkinson's into the eigenstallagena of Southern and Mrs. Gilkinson's manner, communicated to me by It. Mays, in our horpital, a short time before he disch, from a wound he had just received while at the case of the control of t

A correspondent from the West says,

The Committee under the resolutions of inquiry are re-ceiving testimony from Pea Ridge, showing incentestibly that there our dead were not only scaled by the rebels Indian allies, but in other respects outraged.

Another writes:

Another Wittes:
You will of course have heard of the fact that the rebals had some three thousand Indians under the command of Alter Pine. Also that some theory of our men who full Alter Pine. Also that some theory of our men who full and under General Davis on Saturday, and had the mistorium to be left on the field, were forlily and fiscalishly enalped, murdered, and robbed by these red-skinned witches.

CONTRABANDS DRIVEN SOUTH OR SHOT,

A correspondent from Murfreesboro writes:
All "contrabands" captured by the robels on the Federal wagon-trains are immediately shot. Twenty thus killed are lying on the Murfreesboro Pike.

The Times correspondent says:

The Times correspondent says:

While at Addie, on Thursday last, two citizens, named Moore and Ball, came within our lines and were detained Moore's flour came within our lines and were detained to the same that the same two the same that done nothing," so they said, and were nother bush-whackers nor soldiers, and were surprised as their gleast education of the same that their house, from which coloredy they admitted that they had just come from the James River, and finally owned up that they had not come from the James River, and finally owned up that they had not many for same the same same that they had have one from the James River, and finally owned up that they had heen running of "ingegers," having just taken a large gang, belonging to themselves and neighbors, southward in chains, a understand, from various courses, that the owners of this species of property, throughout this section of the State, are moving it off toward Richmond as fast as it can be spared from the plantations, and the slaveholders hosat that there will not be a negro left in all this part of the State by the 1st of Jamuary next.

Anot 'er correspondent says:

Anot' er correspondent says:

The rebels in Secessia are hually engaged Just now in register. A Union man, just from below Guipepper, says that he saw drives of negroes and while men on the road afficient polities, all already guarded. He dees not exactly know which excited his pity most, the white or black men.

The following are a few extracts culled from army letters:

army tetters:

Every day new barbarities perpetrated by the rebols come to light. This week two soldiers who had straggled from the ranks on the march from ——were found, it is reported on credible authority, by the roadside with their throats cut from car to car.

Here the rebols were cuitty of barbarous strecities. Many of the dead had their throats cut, and presented a horrible spectacle. One man was brought in who had had his eyes picked out by their beyonds. In short, they evinced the most unrelenting fury on finding this way of retreat cut off to them.

Numbers of our men were found with their throats cut and some had their eyes picked out. One was found tie to a tree. But enough of these horrors—I must conclude.

To what depths of inhuman wickedness men, or fiends, can descend! Prisoners taken by the rebels were afterward deliberately murdered, and the fingers of our dead cut off to secure rings. We grow wiser every day.

One man says: They kept bayoneting me until I received fourteen wounds. One them left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up shet him in the breast, and he fell dead. I say on the ground until ten o'clock next day.

The fellow at first made no reply, but, stooping down, seized the dead man by the hair and dragged him partially out of his grave, in order to get at the buttom on he clocked for trophics.

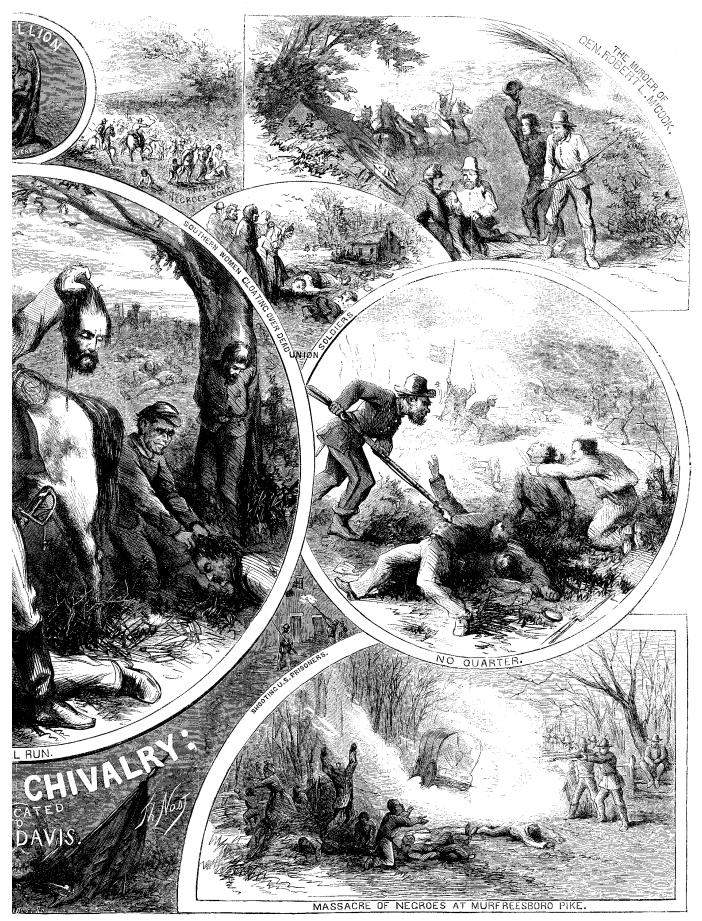
Another saw the brains of the wounded being beaten out by clubs, thus confirming the previous newspaper reports.

by clubs, thus continuing the previous "weapuper reports.

There is enough in these extracts to bear out the pictures on pages 88 and 89, horrible as they are, and to serve as a complete refutation of Jeff Davis's claim to superior chivalry. Will the foreign journals, who have made such an outery about Butler and M'Neil, be so good as to let their readers hear of a few of these cases?



HISTORIC EXAMPLES OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY, ILLUSTRATED #



BY THOMAS NAST—DEDICATED TO JEFF DAVIS.—[See Page 87.]

THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

I.
"I MET young Weymer down town this morning, and invited him to eat his Christmas dinner with us, Alice."
"Weymer?"

"Robert Weymer's son; have you forgotten him? He went to Europe directly after his father's death, and arrived in New York yesterday. He has no near relatives in the city, you know, and I thought be might find our home pleasanter to-day than his hotel."
"Yes exercise".

than his hotel."
"Yes, certainly, I am glad you invited him; he must feel lonely:" and then Alice Rosemere, after giving a servant an order to lay another plate, dismissed "young Weymer" from her mind, until—"My daughter, Mr. Weymer."
Alice was standing in the milet of uncles, aunts,

and cousins, dispensing her graciousness with that pretty stateliness which became her as sole mis-tress of the house; for Mr. Rosemere had never iven her a step-mother, since her own mother died,

given her a step-mother, since her own mother due, ten years ago.

Standing in the midst of uncles, aunts, and cous-ins, she looked up to greet "Mr. Weymer," hardly noticing his personnel in the merry confusion about her, but saying politely, with a sense of his being

a stranger,
"We are very glad to have you with us to-day,

"And I am very glad to be here. It is a pleas-anter 'coming home' than I anticipated, Miss Rose-

re. 'He has a fine voice,'' thought Alice, in whose "He has a fine voice," thought Alice, in whose ear her cousin Frank was rattling his good-natured nonsense in those immature tones of his; and then they went in to dinner, and she thought only of her duties of hostess, unconsciously shining as she never shone at ball or party, as she sat there at the head of her father's table, her usually brilliam face subdued by its rather unusuall expression of kindly care for all these young cousins, with their evident expectation of being "looked out for" by such a splendia" "Cousin Alice."

Cold and haughty and self-absorbed as most pople, specially her own sex, thought Alice Rose-

ple, specially her own sex, thought Alice Rose mere, to her credit be it said, that she never shirked these small requirements of her, which many persons of far more amiable reputation make a point of doing. Perhaps her accusers might have said that it was a mere matter of pride that she didn't.

of doing. Terhaps her accusers might have said that it was a mere matter of pride that she didn't. That she smilled upon you, or any other young fool if you came in her way, in that courteous manner, simply because she had set herself above all evasions of social grace, as a lesson of lotty pride.

The Rosemeres were ladies and gentlemen through a long line of gracious lineage, and it was said that this last representative of the name had higher notions than any of her predecessors concerning that title of "a lady." Be this as it may, we will not find fault with the quality of pride when it produces such results as in the present instance, that of fitting herself to the pleasures of these "younger folk" who look up at her so admiringly.

But at last the complex wheels are moving smoothly. Shy Lucy has found her voice under the gay patronage of that rattling Frank. Awkward Tom has forgotten his huge hands and feet in telling his college stories to sympathetic little Jenny, and the elders are safely lausched in old-time talk.

So Alice once more retires into herself for a little

so Alice once more retires into herself for a little

So Alice once more recires into mercel, and a pulet.

She was absently crushing the soft almond shells in her white fingers, gazing the while into her glass of "trare old wine," with a gaze that told of dreams and fancies far outside of the scene before her. As she looked into the purple-tinted wine glowing and small fancies with its

beaded bubbles winking at the brit was she thinking of the

"——Iands where the olives grow,
Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row?"

If she was, somebody spoke just then who carried

If she was, somebody spoke just then who carried on the fance.

"I had come straight through from Italy—from Rome, where the winter is so kind that people are more out of doors than in; and a month ago, only a month—it seems odd now when I glance out of these windows upon the ice and snow—a month ago I came up from Malta, where the grapes were hanging in the sun, and the olives lay yellow on the walls, and the air was heavy with the cdors of each. I have shut my eyes since then many times, and fancied I could seem the tragrance."

What voice was this so full of Italy? She lifted her head.

her head.

her nead.

It was Mr. Weymer, talking to her cousin John,
John Maynard, who bated college because he wanted to be an artist and go to Italy. The younger
man's face was charmed from its commonly petuman's face was charmed from its commonly petu-lant expression as he listened. It took-but a few eager questions of his to lead Mr. Weymer on to further talk of artists and pictures there, for Robert Weymer, Jun, loved Italy too, as the very tones of his voice lingering over her sweet, lingering names

And while he talked on, he had another hearer than he was aware of; Alice sitting there, crush-ing the almond shells between her fingers, and for the first time since he had entered, seeing '4'young

Weymer."

She found a man who matched the voice.

She found a well-made fellow, with a hea great shouldered, well-made fellow, with a head of dark hair not cut too closely, and falling a little over a bronzed forehead whose color s quently of Campagna wanderings. And there rest in the brown eyes as if they had been lately

g at
"The champaign, with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses every where!
Silence and passion, Joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease."

And between the full flowing beard of warmer brown than the hair and eyes, the red mouth stirred

with a slow screnity of movement, as if it were keep-ing time to the soft car-dips in the canals of Ven-

Alice was pleased. She liked enthusiasm, carnestness, and it was agreeable to meet a person who had forgot to "hurry," and who had delivered him-self over to such artistic influences.

When they had entered the drawing-room again When they had entered the drawing-room again, and while the others were engaged in their Christmas merriment, Alice'crossed over to her guest, who was standing quite alone by the great wood-fire that crackled and blazed on the hearth—crossed over, her mind tinged with the tone she had caught at the table. But the elegant air which mee her struck back her genial impulse. It smacked of Paris solons and New York drawing-rooms, not of Italy. Where was the dreamy youth she had seen hending over his glass and discoursing eloquently of quently of

"____the lands where the olives grow?"

Perhaps if she had glanced at herself in the mirro Pernaps, it sae had granced at hersett in the mirror as she crossed the room, she would have been aware that the fashionable-looking young lady, in her stiff purple silk, her ruffles of lace, and her glittering jewels, was not the object to suggest

" ___the lands where the clives grow."

If Robert Weymer had looked into her eyes, he might have seen possibly where her dreams had been; but he did not look into her eyes, only down that trailing splender of silk which swayed down that training spiender of sik which swayed gracefully to the proud step. So he made his best Paris bow, and began talking to the splendid young lady about what he thought she would like to hear. The French theatre, the French soirées, and her neighbor, Charley Goodwyn, whom he had met there, and who spoke of her several times he was sure.

sure.

To all this Alice bent her head graciously, inwardly bored to death. She didn't care a sou for French theatres, French soirces, or Charley Goodwyn; and what ailed this fine fellow to talk to her in this way? Her quick perception got at the reason at last, or at least a glimpse of it. He was flying on over a batch of brilliant gossip, when she

brought him up standing, as the phrase is, by:
"Mr. Weymer, forget I am a New York girl, with
sixteen yards of silk to my gown, and corresponding follies of chains and ornaments, to declare me

ing follies of chains and ornaments, to declare me non compos montis, and talk as you talked to my cousin John, over your wine."

Here was something new and strange—originality and independence, with nothing "fast" about it. A lady speaking freely, quite as she meant, and losing none of her reticence in the speaking. He started at first, then a little delicate laugh of appreciation broke heartily through the brown heard

"I like this," he thought, and he almost said so; and from that they fell into conversation of an en-tirely different description from what he had at tirely different description from what he had at first essayed, though certainly not such as he had carried on with her cousin. It was an odd, what most of her contemporaries would have called an out-of-the-way talk; but in it, Robert Weymer, who knew something of men and women, found that he had met a new specimen of her sex; at least new to his experience. He had been making himself agreeable as she whised, by falling into a natural, simple expression of his thought and travel to her, and there had come a brief pause; when she broke it by saying abruptly, evidently in response to some inward reflection on what had passed:

passed:
"If only a woman could feel, when she meets a man who is companionable and interesting, that she might be free and cordial as her nature should man who is companionable and interesting, that she might be free and cordial as her nature should dictate, without provoking the thought, as Charles Reade, I believe it is, asys, that she is 'after him', how much finer it would all be! Ah," with an absent, weary air; "one gets tired and humiliated by the false positions which society's corruptions place one in. But it can't be helped, I suppose. I believe that oven the simplest and most modest of your sex would think that a girl was 'after him,' should she treat him with the frank and innocent cordiality which she extends to a woman like herself, and with precisely the same innocent cordiality which she feels for the woman; and that from no fault of his, but from the accepted state of things. The root of the mischief lies far below the present; but still women are much to blame now for carrying on this felly by all sorts of artifices. If men could only believe that there are women like her who said:
"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him,

like her who said:
"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him,
how could I marry him?"
And here this "out-of-the-way" conversation was
brought to an end. Cousin Frank came running
up with a petition that Alice would sing; and
Alice, breaking off her thread of talk, moved, smiling, away, convoyed by that marphot of a Frank,
with no expression in her face to betray that she
was not having her own highest pleasure in her
compliance; though Robert Weymer could have
sworn that she liked their talking ten times better;
and yet she gave no sign.

and yet she gave no sign.

He could not make her out. Was she screne and calm because of some chill currents in her blood? How clearly and coolly she had spoken to him, a stranger! Undeniable truths, and he adto him, a stranger! Undeniable truths, and he admired her for the speaking; but from what experience had she arrived at these conclusions? Had more love been poured out at her shrine than she could understand? Had it become distasted to her from that prodigality? and more the artist than the woman in her nature, did she desire only man's friendship? It looked like this, for how coldly, though intensely, had she spoken! On the other hand, perhaps she had yearned for the strength and support of manly sympathy, but knowledge of life had held her back; to op proud to risk misunderstanding, she had intrenched herself in this glacial dignity. He doubted if there was much warmth either way. That calm, clear face, that passionless manner! But how she had said those words: vords:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him, how could I marry him?"

He had arrived at this point in his speculations, when the gay songs that Frank had been calling for, with their brilliant accompaniments, suddenly gave place to a soft but happy strain, and a voice, the same, yet not the same, came gushing and fervent down that Irish "Welcome."

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning, Come when you're looked for, or come without warning; Kisses and welcome you'll find here better you, And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you."

Weymer slipped round into a curtained niche Weymer slipped round into a curtained niche where he could see the singer as this first verse reached him. And he saw a face full of tender meaning. Was it merely the artist's rendering of the song, or was it—? But wait—the tune changes. There is a cluster of slow-woven chords, a braiding of major and minor tones, which he wonders where he has heard before, and then he would fancy himself back in some Roman palazzo, listening to a dark-cyed Signorina, were it not that, often as he bud heard this passionate heart-break of Torquato Tasso sung by Italian women as they can sing, never had he felt its intense pathos, its repressed et overwhelming ardor, so surely rendered until yet overwhelming ardor, so surely rendered until this moment.

He leaned forward, and cangult the lustre and He leaned forward, and caught the lustre and hus of her eyes as she sang. The icy mask was down, the lights shining clearly out. What a fool he had been—he who believed his intellect and intuition infallible in reading human character. She, with those "golden eyes," those thrilling tones, that vainly-tried control; cold, wanting in warmful. She sang on, and he forgot the place and the hear. The icy mask was

hour. Still looking into those "golden eyes," he recalled an olden dream. Vague and impossible, a little time since, seemed that vision of his youth. And here just a breathing space, and he finds the phantom, the impossible no longer, but possible.

He realizes—
"No, I can not sing any more now, Frank; my throat—" A quick disdain of her subterfuge; then clearer toned: "This song exhausts me, that is all." But she can not lose the glance that struck into her soul just now. She can not escape that haunting look, and she knows all subterfuge with him who gave that glance is vain.

But still can be only a first which we have a subterfuge with him who gave that glance is vain.

But still gay Frank rattles on,
"Oh, come, Alice, give us a bright little thing
now, to carry off that Italian affair."
Weymer walked out from his nook,

Weymer walked out from his nook.
"Talking of bright things," he said, "you should hear the Roman boys whistle and sing their scraps of songs, as they saunter the streets."
Frank turned, interested, and asked a hundred questions; and Alice left the piano and went down the room, quite conscious of the consideration that gave her such respite.
Half an hour later her strange guest came to bid her good-night.

her good-night.

He thanked her in some simple, sincere phrase, though conventional, for the pleasure of the even-ing. Their cheerful Christmas cheer had robbed

though conventional, for the pleasure of the evening. Their cheorful Christmas cheer had robbed
his lonely coming bome of half its sadness, etc.
She put ont her hand at this; and it was then, as
he clasped it, that he said, after a brief hesitation,
and a little lower of fone;
"Will you let me come and talk to you about
Italy sometimes? I think you would fore Italy."
She looked up into his waiting face. Golden
eyes; but the lights were lowered now; he could
not get beyond that outer radiance; yet very genty she answered him, giving graceful assurance
of welcome.

welcome.
Then her father approached—that gracious gentleman, who had been his own father's closest friend in times past. His cordial words, his hearty hand-pressure, were pleasant things for Robert Weymer, returning to a desolate home after four years of wandering; but there was still another pleasure—the mystery of those "golden eyes."

It was a pleasant picture. That old dining-hall at Holly Hill, with its quaint dark wainscoting, its floor of French tiles, and narrow oval windows, now curtained with bright dsmask, and the whole room shining with the Christmas preparations. Wreaths and fastoons of December greenery, ianging all about over door and window, and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the ing all about over door and window, and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the guests. A pleasant picture enough to warm any lonely man's heart, and Robert Weymer, who was a lonely man enough, Heaven knows, realized all that this pleasant picture meant; but as he lifts his glass of sherry to his lips there escapes a low but deep sigh through the brown beard, and he turns a wistful gaze toward the windows, all softly shrouded against the dark and stormy night. It was just here that pretty Kate who sits beside him asks, in a very soft tone, "Cousin Robert, why did you say when you came to-night that you thought it soon enough for such a blue old fellow as you? and why were you so reluctant any way when I first invited you?" He still held the glass of sherry in his hand, and gazing into its amber depths, said, slowly, "Kate, a year ago to-day I met, to lose, the dearest friend I ever had. And when I sit at feasts now, I think of another feast whose flowers will never bloom again. And I had said to myself:

now, I think of another feast whose flowers will never bloom again. And I had said to myself: "This year I will keep the day in solemn remembrance, as we keep all remembrances of the dead."

The tears were in Kate's dark eyes as she listened to these sad and simple words."

"Oh, Robert," she cried, softly, "how good you were to me; how unselfish to come!"

"No, not good, nor unselfish, but merely not quite so self-indulgent as I meant to be. Let it pass, dear. I am glad if my coming gave you pleasure—it gives me pleasure too, Kate; believe that."

Kate Marsden, not withstanding her gay and will-Kane harsteat, now instanting ner gay and win-ful temper, was full of tender tact; and though her heart was full, she let it pass, and left him to the silence she knew he coveted; turning aside from him all necessity for talk by some adroit appropria-tion; repaid by the single glance of confidence

which he gave her, as he led her from the table to

the drawing-room.

But back in the drawing-room, standing by the blazing yule-log, and watching its brilliant flames with that same absent auxious look, he hears words which move him to the very core of his heart Plunged in his absent reverse a voice breaks through

Plunged in his absent reverie a voice breaks through with that magic name:

"Rosemere? Where is Rosemere new?"

"That is what many people ask, and no one can answer. He disappeared after the failure, and not even his own, or his wife's family—he is the last of the Rosemeres, I believe—know any thing of him. It was a perfect crash, you see—atter ruin; and he, the proudest man alive."

"But why, in the name of sense, didn't he begin argain—eef. some office or something? He had

again-get some office or something? He had

again—ges some once or sometining? He had friends enough surely for any influence."
"Well, this is the saddest part of it. A stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his right arm. What could he do? Then, if you had known Henry Rosemer, you'd see at once how difficult it would be for him to accept favors. I think he'd rather die."

would be for him to accept favors. I think he'd rather die."

"And his daughter, that Lady Alice as we used to call her, what became of her?"

"Oh, she went with him. By-the-way that reminds me of something my Harry spoke of the other day. He said he was passing down Broadway, just at nightfall about a month ago, and he could have sworn that he saw Alice Rosemere go by, leaning on her father's arm. He thought she looked changed, and Rosemere, he said, was a mere wreek of what he was. However, he might have been mistaken. Harry is a little near-sighted, and doesn't always get things right."

The flame that suddenly burst red and glowing from the heart of the yule-log was not more flery than the red glow the passionate heart of Robert Weymer sent burning to his check at this moment.

"My God!" he murmured beneath his breath.

"My God!" he murmured beneath his breath.
"Have I searched all these weary months for her
in vain while she may have been passing my very

But again his attention is arrested.

"And this house, you say, once belonged to him?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Marsden: "the old Rose-"Yes," answered Mr. Marsien: "the old Rose-mere homestead. It passed into the creditors' hands, and I bought it. It was for sale just as I got back from Europe. An odd old place it is, and full of interest. They say that he never came here much, and rarely spoke of it, for his wife died in one of the rooms, and was buried from the house. Rowly, who had the settling of affairs, declared that the only time he saw Alice Rosemere break down, or evince in fact any emotion, was when she found this place must go." this place must go."
"Sad! sad!" muttered the other, shaking his

"Sad! sad: "nutreen the other, shaking its head, regretfully.
Sad! It was wasting desolation and despair. It was constant corroding anxiety, and hungry sortow to more than those two of whom they speak. Even to him—to that gallant fellow, who leans against the oaken mandle with all the absent wist-fulness in his expression changed to fresh determination.

tuiness in his expression changed to resin determination.

Long after the guests had retired Robert Weymer kept troubled vigil. Again his mind went back to last year's Christmas-tide, when he had left that fair presence with the germ of a feeling which ere long hlossomed into perfect flower. And she—he was sure she loved him as he loved her.

Ah, why had he not spoken?
Three months—only three months, and in that time the dreams of his youth were being realized.
Three months, and at the end—ruin and desolation

He recalled the last time he had seen her. It was at a brilliant ball. He had danced with her; and down the floating measures, to the entrancing sweetness of divine music, he had led her into the fairer, dimmer regions of flower and shrub, in the deserted conservatory. And in that softer light how surely he felt that their spirits stood confessed to each. But why had he not spoken? Why? It was one of those moments that seam fit only for silence. Her presence, the glance of her cyes, her hand upon his arm, rapt him in a trance for the time. Then the breaking of alien voices approaches from without, and—"the good minute goes." He had said to himself: I will see her to-morror. He recalled the last time he had seen her.

manu upon ms arm, rapt mm in a trance for the time. Then the breaking of alien voices approaches from without, and—"the good minute goes." He had said to himself: I will see her to-morrew. That night the breaking of a trace, as he was whirling home to his hotel in a hackney-coach, broke up all his plans for "to-morrow." For two weeks he was a prisoner to his room. At the first moment of release, still lame and weak from bruise and sprain, he sought her presence. But instead of finding Aliee Rosemere he found the house closed and deserted. What did it mean?

Coming down the stately steps he met young Sayle—her cousin Frank.
"Where are the Rosemeres?" he asked.
"Heard? No! What is it? Thave been ill—thrown from a carriage. I know nothing. For God's sake, what is it?" he exclaimed, in his feverish innestence.

' Oh, it's horrid!—not so much the failure; but

"(0), it's horrid!—not so much the failure; but to lose Alice, to have her father's pride sever every thing—"began Frank, in a horror-struck, irrelevant way.

"Lose Alice!" repeated his companion. "Frank, stop! Tell me the plain facts."
And Frank told him.

"The day after the Bowdoins' ball the crash had come. The greatest failure for years. Resemere gave up every thing; refused all offers of assistance; and went away, no one knows where, with his daughter. Only once had he been heard from. An old acquaintance, out of the fullness of his pity, made some communication through the columns of a paper, where a post of book-keeper was offered in made some communication through the columns of a paper, where a post of hook-keeper was offered in one of those blind ways to H. R., etc., by D. M. With his unerring sagacity Mr. Rosemer discovered his correspondent, and a swift reply was sent back. A reply written in Alice Rosemer's graceful chirography, but in her father's clear and cold phrase—thanking the donor, but refusing the offer with the simple intelligence of its uselessness to

one who had but just found his right arm paralyzed for work; courteously intimating, with that un-bending pride, that for the present, at least, Mr. Rosemere and his daughter preferred to remain in

bending pride, that for the present, at least, Bir. Rosemere and his daughter preferred to remain in utter seclusion.

"Those who knew Henry Rosemere did not dream of disregarding this hint. A simple phrase enough; but from him it said: 'I have shat my door against friend or foe; let none dare enter.'

"As proof and invincible in his defeat as in his triumphs, there was none hardy enough to intrude after this decree. And now neither friend nor foe could tell of his whereabouts."

These were the facts which Frank Sayle gave him, in his own indignant, boylsh phrase.

From that day Robert Weymer commenced his search. A patient, sorrowful investigation, which he felt sure in the end would be successful. In the first pang of grief at Frank's revelation he bitterly deplored the fate that kept him silent on the last night that they had met. Through hope or despair he never lost this bitterness; and pacing his room there at Holly Hill, as he reviews all this weary past—these eight months and more—of vain watching and waiting, he exclaims, hoarsely, "If I had but spoken!" And again he fancies that proud spirit stung by his absence, by his silence, in that fearful time when he lay stricken and helpless, and denying himself with his characteristic reserve from any chance visitor, who would have given him earlier information, perhaps, which might—"Ah, might!" He struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he walked there, with this ever-recurring thought for maddening company. And this was the termination.

And this was the termination.

No! He rose up with new energy again, as he strode the room that night at Holly Hill. What he had heard hours ago in that evening gossip had only quickened the never-dying fire.

And pacing the floor he muttered: "I will never give up my search until I find her, and may God help me!" And then again:

"Her home too. How strange that I should find myself within its walls so unwittingly! And this night of all others. There is some Fate in it. I take it for an omen. Another year and she shall reign here."

A sudden smile lightened the alexandler.

gn here." A sudden smile lightened the gloom of his face. A sudden smile lightened the gloom of his face. He had uttered these words with more passion than thought, but as they left his lips he thrilled; they sounded like prophecy, and under this brighter intenence he fing himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and slept.

The next day was wild and stormy. Why should he return to the city? "Stay and I will show you the house from top to toe. Strangers say it is worth seeing, though I think it a dreadfully dreary old cranty."

nny. Thus pleaded Kate.

Thus pleaded Kate.

He who had been so unwilling to come but yesterday now yielded readily to this proposition.

This house had once been Alice's home. It was the closest association he could form with her. And he

closest association he could form with her. And he determined, what you will see.

Kate had shown him the house from top to toe, and he had thought it worth the seeing; not because it belonged to a past age, and revealed quaint wainscoting, and specimens of architecture which the old Dutch builder had brought over years ago from his native land, but because it had once been

HER home.
"Kate, I like this house," he said; "I have

"Kate, I like this house," he said; "I have never seen one that I like better. Is your father much attached to it, do you think?"
"He likes it, I know; but we have only lived here for a few months. There are no associations connected with it to make him specially attached.

tion. Then he answered,
"I told you, Kate, last night that I had lost the
dearest friend I ever had. I should never marry

y other. Again Kate evinced her wisdom by keeping si-

Again Kate evinced her wisdom by keeping si-lence. She asked him no questions.

After dinner that day Mr. Marsden sat smoking with his wife and nephew in the little left-hand parlor. They had been talking about the place, its advantages and disadvantages, when Weymost suddenly astonished his uncle with the words, "I wish you would sell to me." "To you! This place! What can you want of it?"
"It suits me. I want to live here."

"It suits me. I want to live here."
The other bent forward. "You are not going

"No, no," the younger man interrupted quickly.

"No, no," the younger man interrupted quickly.
"I have taken a fancy to this house, and am tired of hotel life. I med Mrs. Kinly, my father's old housekeeper, the other day, and she is ready to take me in charge again. It would seem like home once more."
"But why not go back to Fernden? The distance from the city is less, the surrounding country mora agreeable, and the house not only handsomer but more commodious. You have there the benefit of all modern improvements. I should much prefer it."

"Should you? Then let us make an exchange,

uncle."
"Yes; that would be a good joke," Mr. Marsden

No; I am in earnest, Uncle Ben."

His host dropped his cigar.
"In earnest! You don't mean to say, Robert, that you are in earnest when you suggest exchang-ing Fernden, with all its natural and artificial ad-vantages, for this out-of-the-way neglected estate of Holly Hill?"

of Holly Hill?"
"I do mean to say that I never was more in earnest in my life. Look here, Uncle Ben. I appreciate in Holly Hill just what you don't care for. Its oddity, its possible romantic history, and especially its age, which suggests a long line of hereditary descent, whereat you laugh. What is Fernander of the state of th

den to me, new and splendid-two things which I

don't care for."

"But, Robert..."

"I know all you would say, Sir; that, if you should entertain the idea of this exchange, it seems like unfair advantage, etc., of my romantic folly. My dear uncle, it is a folly I have had all my life, and which I call a taste. I have never desired to possess a home like Fernden because it was modern and fine. I have always desired to possess just such a queer old ancestral affair as this. It is a mere difference in taste between us. Come, what do you say?"

one, what do you say?" Mr. Marsden had very little to say. He looked upon Fernden as the most desirable place he knew. It was in every way more advantageous to him than Holly Hill, which he had bought as the only available residence then in the market, on his return from abroad.

turn from abroad.

So the thing was decided, and Robert went up to town, much happier than he went down, caring very little that the matter-of-fact Mr. Marsden thought him a romantic young fool.

Yes, happier than he had been for a long time. One step second taken toward his object. Why, he could scarcely have told; but to live in the house she had once lived in, to tread the floors she had once trod, seemed a link between her and him.

III.

III.

It was early morning: bright and clear the sun shone on the snow-covered roofs, the wide, lonely street, and the tall, ice-glittering masts down the bay. In this wide, lonely street—a street in the outskirts of the city, where it was neither fashionable nor mean, but simply respectable—there stood an old time-stained house, which had never been other than it looked now, plain and unpretending. The faded paint, the rusty blinds, the sunken gate at the garden entrance, only gave it an air of decay which touched it with a dignity it had never worn in its green and white freshness.

In this early morning hour a lady stands at one of the windows gazing down upon the still street with a pensive, abstracted air.

The face is youthful enough and full of subtle beauty, but there are marks of trial and experience in it. Yet hope and courage still shine from her eyes. Though obscured, her spirit is brave, and her imagination fresh and ardent.

The room wherein she stands is very plain and simple, almost shably. Only the most ordinary necessaries furnish it—a worn and faded carpet, three chairs, a table, and a stove. The table is spread for breakfast. The cloth is snowy white, and the few dishes are of delicate old china. But it would not need this to tell any one that the occupant of the room was a woman born to better fortune than surrounds her now. Her very presence makes the carpet look less faded, the furniture less shabby, and lends a softer aspect, which is almost grace, to the poor apartment.

Presently her head turns from the window, and

ture less shabby, and lends a softer aspect, which is almost grace, to the poor apartment.

Presently her head turns from the window, and she leaves it altogether to meet the person who enter—a man, slender and pale, with a figure once erect, now somewhat bent and twisted by disease. But the face was a strange one. It was furnowed by pain, and care, and disappointment; by loss, and desolation, and bitterness; but over it all was flung a smilling mask of endurance. The blue eyes were undaunted at ill fortion, at physical suffering. The firm mouth held a screnity which you felt was habitual. It was the endurance of pride and louely courage, the serenity of disadin, which said, "Though defeated, I scorn to complain."

There was a morning greeting, simple enough.

and, "Inough deteated, I scorn to compani."
There was a morning greeting, simple enough,
ret tinctured with the flower of a courtesy which
would have graced a palace as it did that poor

yet incurred with the nower of a courtesy which would have graced a palace as it did that poor room.

And then a little maid entered with a steaming tray, and Alice Rosemere poured her father's coffee, while he talked to her now and then in as gracious a manner as he had ever done in the old brilliant times. But in their conversation there never mingled allusions to the past society they had kept. Tacitly, by that mutual understanding which fine sympathy gives, they avoided all painful topics, yet with no appearance of avoidance. The inexhaustible subjects of books, of art, and even science—for Alice Rosemere had been associated with her father too closely not to have caught something of the spirit of his favorite study—these subjects were enough to fill the days, and to hanish others less congenial. And this first picture of their mode of life was the picture of every day. They rose carly, sometimes breakfasting at surrise in the shorter days; and afterward, while Alice attended to household cares, assisted by this one little maid—she who had been served all her life by half a score—her father read and looked over piles of papers. Then, while it was yet too early for any possible meeting of former associates, they took their daily walk. And returning, as invariably, a small desk was wheeled out from an inner room, and the day's occupation begun—that of author and amanuensis.

Sitting there by the window which looked into an obscure side-graden of tameled weeks, his oara-

and amanuensis.
Sitting there by the window which looked into
an obscure side-garden of tangled weeds, his paralyzed right hand and arm lying helpless upon an
arm of the chair, with his other, Mr. Rosemere now and then, by eloquent gestures, kept pace with the brilliant and startling thoughts that flowed from his lips in a low but untiring voice. Opposite him, Alice rapidly transferred these thoughts in him, Alice rapidly transferred these thoughts in phonographic characters to paper, her own face lightening as his lightened, with pride, or earnestness, or aspiration.

But one day the work was finished. Alice looked up with the words:
"When will it he out, father?"
"On Christmas-day."
A shade fitted momentarily across her face, and she shrank a little as if something had hurt her. Then immediately:
"I am glad it is so soon."
He smiled, a musing, triumphant smile, and said, absently:

absently:
"Yes; I think it must succeed."
Succeed! She smiled too.

"It must succeed with such heralding. Read this, father;" and as she spoke she handed him a newspaper and pointed to a paragraph. It was one of those paragraphs that say so little

imply so much. We understand from the publisher of the so

and so magazine, that he has in press a work from the pen of the author of those brilliant papers which have from time to time appeared under the

which have from time to time appears that titles, etc., etc."

Then it darkly hinted at the probable authorship hidden under the modest nom de plume. A hint of course widely astray. Rosemere's face flushed with satisfaction, but at the same time a sarcusm was on his lip as he want

read.

And Christmas-day came round again. It was
ushered in with bright skies and life-giving airs,
but to Robert Weymer, sitting at his lonely fireside in the dark oak parlor at Holly Hill that
morning, there was little of brightness.

Where were his prophecies, his plans of last
year? Alas, "Man proposes, but God disposes."
And he muttered this half aloud, as he looked out
with the district learness their half aloud, as he

And he mattered this half aloud, as he looked out with that old wistful gaze upon the ice-bound country. Vainly had he sought her whom he loved. He had spent time and energy, and used every means in his power, and to no purpose. Where was she, oh, where was she? While he dwelt under her roof amidst luxury and ease, she might be suffering poverty's sharpest stings. How often had he thought of this as he had sat in these rooms for the past year. But this day at least he would keep fitly for her sake. He would sit at no feast; only slenderest fare and loneliness should be his portion.

Mrs. Kinly in vain tried to rebel. She would have had him dine sumptiously. But no. "Have

what you like for yourself, Mrs. Kinly, but I wish to be alone, that is all."

to be alone, that is all."
Mrs. Kinly was anxious.
"Whatever could all the young gentleman?"
But by-and-by she was a little relieved. One
of his friends had come to see him, and she ushered
him into the presence of her master with a secret

delight.

Robert Weymer was not specially glad to see this visitor—his good-natured cousin, Harry Marsden; and he asked,

"What brings you here to-day, Harry?"

"Oh, I was riding up from the valley, and though! I'd look in apon you. It's rather shabby of you, Bob, not to come over to us for dinner. Kate 'll be with us, you know. Hulle! So you've got this book that all the big-wigs are needing their heads over!" taking up a book that lay upon the table.

the table. Robert looked up in some surprise at his cousin, who cared little for such literature as this—a strange new book of philosophical and scientific

strange new book of philosophical and scientific essays.

But Harry explained.

"Dickey Lane was over last night. Dickey's uncle is the publisher of this, you know; and he told us what a time they've had over the mystery of the affair."

"Mystery?"

"What! You know nobody can find out who the author is even now, don't you?"

No; he knew nothing. And Robert settled himself wearily to hear a story about which he felt no interest, yearning for silence, for solitude, to shut out these careless, light-hearted tones, which brought no answering light-heartedness to him. "Well, it's the oddest thing," Harry went on. "The whole correspondence conducted through the post, up to this time, under the name of Ross; but nobody believes it's Ross, you know. And then the handwriting—a woman's! Dickey gave me a scrap of a letter his uncle let him have. See. It's graceful, but bold enough. I say it's a man's. What do you think?"

Weymer took the slip of paper carelessly; but as his eyes feld your the descrept he are evaluated.

graceful, but bold enough. I say it's a man's. What do you think?"

Weymer took the slip of paper carelessly; but as his eyes fell upon the characters be was suddenly transformed. A burning flush rose to his check; then sudden palior succeeded. He rose, went to the window, stood with his back toward his cousin for a few moments, then turning, asked, in his ordinary tones, with no trace of his strange emotion:

"Will you lend me this a while, Harry?"

"I'll give it to you. I don't care for it. Dickey seemed to think he was offering me 'great things,' so I took it'!' the young man answered, laughing. "But, bless my soul! is your clock right? I must be off in a hurry! So you won't come with me and eat of our Christmas turkey, Robert?"

"Not to-day. Good-by!" And Robert Weymer closed the door after his great with a deep breath of relief. Then he turned to the window again with that scrap of paper.

with that scrap of paper.

That handwriting! Well he knew that in his That handwriting! Well he knew that in his desk there lay a note whose graceful but bold chiregraphy could match this, line by line. The mystery so dark to others was clear to him. He knew Mr. Rosemero's tastes. He knew something of his deep yet brilliant mind. And plainly rose before his inward vision those two working together. The father with his paralyzed right arm, bidding defiance to poverty and misfortune in the presence of such true and tender aid.

And now surely he would make himself known. He would come forth from his obscurity to receive the praise which awaited him!

Then Robert Weymer's heart stood still. No, no, he must find her before this acknowledgment of the world had found them, else he might be misjudged. They knew nothing of his long search.

of the world had found them, eise he might be mis-judged. They knew nothing of his long search. He must find her! When? "Now! This very day! This very hour! There was no time to lose." As he said this, all the passion, all the fervor, all the power of the last two years seemed to pass into his soul. It mounted to his brain. A dizziness overcame him, and for momentary relief he flung birned down when the event.

overcame him, and for momentary rener ne nung himself down upon the couch. Softly as night falls over the weary day did sleep descend upon him then. Brief slumber, but a lifetime seemed compressed within its limits. He awoke with an eager start, an exclamation—the next minute, cool and clear, recollection came.

Down the mystic reaches of slumber where had

He had seen a wide and lonely street, and over-looking it a lonely bouse, old, and faded, and shabby. He had seen himself walking along the de-serted pavement. He had seen at the window of this lonely house a face look out and smile upon HER face!

this lonely house a tace look our and smite upon him. Har face!

Where was this lonely street? Where this lonely street bild it exist only in the strange phantasy of a dream? But no, he had surely beheld that sandy point of shore to the right, he had surely observed that view of the bay, the masta, the spars and rigging, lying darlely outlined against the sky! Suddenly it flashed upon him. He remembered that unfrequented portion of the city, where the street, sandy and bleak, went winding off to shore. He remembered the desolate appearance of its dwellings. And peripas this lonely house was inclosed among them. Perhaps that face at the window—he sprang up. The old clock over the mantle struck the half hour. He had yet time to gain the station, to take the train for town. the station, to take the train for town

Alice had just read the letter from the publisher Alice had just read the letter from the publisher her father had brought in so late last light. It was cordial and flattering, but it was curious. It pressed politely yet pointedly the mutual benefit of personal acquaintance. She looked un, smilling. "Well, will you—" "Not yet, not yet," he interrupted, meeting her thought.

She looked up, smiling. "Well, will you."
"Not yet, not yet," he interrupted, meeting her thought.
"No"—and he bent musing over the fire, a smile of soft scorn wreathing his firm lipe—"no, I am not ready to meet them yet."
As he mused the soft scorn melted away, and the expression his face wore when lost in contemplation resumed its place. Once or twice he glanced about the room with a look which seemed to say, "This life, so solitary and so simple, has its charms for me. It is the life of a student; and I am reaping its results."
Alice herself seemed to reflect something of this feeling as she slowly turned the leaves of that belowed book with which she had become so identified. But there were times when wistful pain came into those golden eyes, and the proud lips yielded to passionate regret. It came now as the far sound of Christmas chimes floated in to her. Closing the book she turned her face away from her father's possible observation; but it was unnecessary. In a few moments he rose and went out for his solitary walk below the bend of the hill, where the shoreward path led over deserted plains and trackless wastes, which suited well his thoughtful moods. walk below the bend of the hill, where the shoreward path led over deserted plains and trackless wastes, which suited well his thoughtful moods. And left alone she gave herself up to the memories those chiming Lells suggest. Memories that a few faltering words betray, dropped half unconsciously through quivering lips:

"That he should have failed me!" And as she spoke the hells clanged mournfully in tones of Cross and Passion.

Lost in these reveries she does not bear that unusual parley below with the little maid whose amazed voice denies the existence of any Miss Rosemere within those walls.

Lost in these reveries she does not hear that unusual parley below with the little maid whose amazed voice denies the existence of any Miss Rosemere within those walls.

"My mistress's name is Ross, Sir.—Miss Ross." But the visitor pushes past her.

And Alice does not hear the opening door, nor note her guest, until, through all the clanging bells, the tide of memory, that voice—the voice of him she thought had failed her—meets her ear. In what burning words does he explain the past, does he tell the cloquent tale of his dovotion? By what tender phrase has he soothed her pain, her weariness, has he so suddenly summoned back the mystic light within those golden eyes? Oh, spirit of Love, make answer! She only knows the earth is fair again, that faith and hope are singing on throughout the world, and Heaven is very near. When Mr. Rosemere returns even his impassible face shows evidence of amazement as the perceives this unbidden guest. Then he listens to a story which awaken still deeper wonder: a story told simply enough, in a few manly under the distribution of the distr



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE STORM OF 20th JANUARY.-[Ser Page 95.]

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

We publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSPH HOOKER, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in lieu of General Burnside.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the retel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevested Licentant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointors who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first of the old West Pointors who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first of the old Mext Pointors who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first of the old Grider-Generals of Volonteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1801; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to anuse them with their river blockade while MClellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of

CENTREVILLE, MD., Sept. 17, 1869

CENTRYLLE, No., Sept. 17, 1882.

Major-General M-Clellan:
A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious.
I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carrange has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded, for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot.

J. HOOKEE, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of one of the three grand Divisions into which it was distributed. He commanded his Division at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the dight.

fight.
The Herald gives the following memoranda of him:

In person General Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of

great physical endurance, of a light complexion, a fresh, raddy countenance, full, clear mild croe, intellectual head, brown heir, slightly tinged with gray—and alcogether nos of the nest commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humbest personage who approaches bin. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storn of battle has arrays himself in the stern and folly aspect of the commanding military chiefatin.

Porhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained then now the trip hand of the blooker. On one consisten,

toric name of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had distin-

guished themselves for their fighting qualities, thus adding to the fune of their commander, a dispatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies sanonucing the fact. One of the principal agencies sanonucing the fact. One of the copyies, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "Fighting Joe Hocken." Of course this heading went to meanly every invapaper effice of the country, through the wardon segment of the control of th

of that principles and caution without which no general can be great. General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a fundamental monomial in romembrance of his past serv-ices. It is a rword of the finest steel, with belt thickly studied with diamonds, a scabbard of solid study, beavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of this magnifi-cent sword will be between \$4000 and \$5000. The inscrip-tious are as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

ALBORI-OF.MEAL JOSEPH HOOGER,
FROM HIS PELLOW-OFFICENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,
December 25, 1862.
Williamsburg—Pair Oaks—Glendalo—Malvern Hill—
Bull Run—Germantown—South Mountain—
Autictam.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ONE of our correspondents, Mr. Oertel, has illustrated one of the few amenities of war, the INTERCIANCE OF CIVILITIES ELEVINES TWO MOUNTED PECKETS on the Upper Republishmook. When the war first broke out the pickets on either side used to fir at each other on sight, and it gave our officers a good deal of trouble to check the murderous practice. The rule is now the other way. The pickets no scouer and themselves within hailing distance then they begin in converse, and the practice. The rule is now the other way. The pickets no somer find themselves within halling distance than they begin to converse; and the chat generally ends in an interchange of rations, liquor, and newspapers. This custom is severely reprobated by most of our Generals, but is very common nevertheless. Mr. Oertel writes: "During the recent engagement at Fredericksburg it was a most sessential precaution to guard against a flank neovement by the enemy, and the fords above on the river were vigilantly watched. This important duty was assigned to the Sixth New York Cavalry, who by former experience knew all the fords and roads thereabout well, and they were thore by special order of General Burnide, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M-Vicar. They are at the post atill. The duty is arduous, and one of danger, being at the extreme right, and in sight and within easy reach of the enemy. The pickets sometimes uncert, by special agreement, in the middle of the river, dist laying down their arms at their respective shores, and in this wise they friendly converse, and exchange such commodities as tobacco and newspapers."



MEETING OF UNION AND REBEL PICKETS IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK .- [SKETCHER BY MR. OEBTEL.]

OUR HISTORY.

ABROAD in the breeze waves our starry flag. Beneath its folds toil we. While other nations their harvests reap, And some are at play, and some asleep, We are writing our history.

But thousands hold the pen. Delicate youth and hoary age Leave a record upon the page, Fair women and stalwart men.

What does our history speak about, What story does it tell? It tells of struggles, of hopes, and fears,
Of heavy losses, and bitter tears
(The world knows the lesson well!);

Of gallant deeds to make one thrill, And perils by land and sea: Of children leaving their mother's side To strike one blow, in their childish pride, For the country of the free.

Oh! seornful world, watching without, "Stricken of God!" ye say? Nay, through the cloud as our fathers trod, are marching onward to meet our God, His promise our only stay.

What though the sword from its scabbard leap, And cannon the echoes wake! Though thousands are falling beside us-- Still We follow boldly, for 'tis His will That we suffer for Freedom's sake!

O not one star from our flag shall fade! There our Father bade them be, And said if we kept them free from stain They should form forever a golden chain To bind us to Liberty.

And so, though foreign foes would beguile. And traitorous voices call; Though armed hosts meet us at every turn, On bended knees an oath we have sworn, That our banner shall never fall!

There is hardly a house where every chair Is filled as it might have been, Were there no blank sheets in our history, To be filled ere another year we see-And faster travels the pen.

It matters not, O doubting world! That our labor be hard or long, For never by man was a good work wrought But angels first with the devil fought, Yet Right will conquer Wrong.

Float on in the breeze, thou flag of hope! Bravely beneath toil we! While other nations their harvests reap, With glorious deeds for memory's keep, We are writing our history.

POOR PHIL!

To was a mystery to me; why Bob Lyons should fight so shy of Nellie Waterman, the prettiest girl in the place, I couldn't for my life imagine! He had been badly hit at Fredericksburg, and was home on sisck-leave; and every day her carriage stopped at Mr. Lyons's door (by-the-way, it was worth the waiting for, to see the foot and ankle that she showed in getting out) with a basket of hot-bouse fruit, or flowers that she had arranged herself (and she did those things like a French woman), or the last feuilleton, for Lieutenant Lyons. But though Bob could hear her well enough, from the little room at the head of the stairs that he called his den, he never took the smallest notice, except to growl out something very like an oath from under his mustache, or, if in the parlors, to hobble away as fast as possible, for fear of meeting her. The flowers he wouldn't let into his room, but left them to wither in the outer hall; the truit he rear the children. It becket he tare in fruit hobble away as fast as possible, for fear of meeting her. The flowers he wouldn't let into his room, but left them to wither in the outer hall; the fruit he gave the children; the books he tossed over to his sisters with a contemptuous grunt. In short, if Nellie Waterman had been the cholera, instead of a handsome, stylish girl, he could hardly have avoided her more persistently, obstinately refusing to give any other reason for his unaccountable conduct than that it was his whim.

Nothing, however, is quite so hard to prison as secrets. Relax your vigilance ever so little, and the things will be on the house-top in spite of you. And so one day out popped Bob's skeleton, like a Jack-in-the-box, and he told me all that was in his heart.

heart.

It was in answer to some remark of mine about
Nellie Waterman, who had just passed. Bob turned his back squarely to the window, and sent his

cigar savagely into the fire.
"I had as lief see a toad," he said—"rather, for "'I had as lief see a tond," he said—"rather, for it wouldn't be necessary to be civil to the spotted animal. Do you remember what Jule was reading the other night-something of Ruskin's, I think, about girls with spots of blood on their ball-dresses, and grave-weeds twined in their wreaths? Well, I swear I never see this one without thinking that her dainty hands are red with blood, and that her beautiful bright hair is thick-twisted with the willow that shades Phil Seidon's grave. Poor dear old Phil! he were her false face over his heart

when he went down. Worthless as he had proved her to be, he could never quite give her up. I had known her from a child, and warned him of his danger, and the only shadow that ever fell on our friendship came between us then. There never was a man more thoroughly infatuated. He thought her pink and white face the incarnation of purity; her downcast looks he took for modesty; and it was useless to tell him that, besides her pretty face, she was simply tight lacing, flounces, and French novels.

"She was, in his idea, womanly perfection—physical, mental, and moral. And she threw him over, of course—flirted with him till she was tired, then dropped him. When he insisted on some reason for this wrecking of his hopes, closed her doors against him by way of answer. He came back looking like a ghost. Could you have seen him, you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our

you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our old sunshiny Phil.

you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our old sunshiny Phil.

"I hate women when I think of it. Leave out my mother and sisters, and all the crinoline and grimacing in the world are not worth his dear old face, though he never looked cheerful after that, unless he was on some specially dangerous service—some risky recomotifring or picket duty, affording him an excellent chance of being killed. Then he used to light up with a sort of grim satisfaction, because, he told me once, the excitement left him no time to think; adding, mourafully, that he should be dubbed the greatest coward in the regiment could it but be known with what dread he looked forward to his long, sleepless nights, and those listless days when only the ordinary routine was going on.

was going on.
"We were before Fredericksburg — or rather,
"We were before fredericksburg — or rather, "We were before Fredericksburg—or rather, the river that separated if from us. Phil had just come back from —, where he had been sent on a secret mission, having also improved his short furlough to come on here, and get himself stabbed to the heart afresh. He had seen Nellle; she had received him coldly at first-scarcely spoken to him, in fact; but relenting by degrees, suffered him to plead his cause again, and raised his hopes only to dash them more fatally to the ground.
"He came hade, uttently degreests. We were

in fact; but relenting by degrees, suffered him to plead his cause again, and raised his hopes only to dash them more fatally to the ground.

"He came back utterly desperate. We were getting ready for the bombardment, and he threw himself into the preparations with the zeal and spirit of twenty men. Every thing was as peaceful as if Nature was holding her breath to watch us. The sky looked down on us so solemnly that, though I don't know what ever put it in my head at such a time, I could think of nothing but that other winter's night when it was bright with angels praxing God, and proclaiming peace on earth. The water seemed to hush itself, as if afraid to ripple. In the stillness we could hear the barking of their dogs and the melancholy chiming of the town-look sounding out the hour; while on our side the only noise was the rumbling of artillery as we got the batteries into position, and the heavy roll of the pontoou trains going down to the river-bank. It sounded like thunder in our ears; but they kept as dead silence as if they were all in an enchanted sleep till our men had pushed off and fairly gotten the bridge under way. Then—"I don't know whether they suspected what we were at or not, or whether it was a part of their cursed strategy to get as many targets as possible under fire; but when they did at last commence they made sharp work of it, as well they might, since, comfortably stowed away in cellars and houses on the bank, they had only to cut us down at their lesiure. Shot and shell from our batteries proved unavailing; the city indeed was fixed, but the foxes were not unearthed, and three times our brave fellows were beaten back, and brought their dead and wounded up the bank to fill the floors of the Lacy House.

"By this time it was morning, and we had pro-

were not unearthed, and three times our brave fellows were beaten back, and brought their dead and wounded up the bank to fill the floors of the Lacy House.

"By this time it was morning, and we had procured a train with solid shot from Aquia; the rebels, who had stopped firing, commenced again, and the light struggling up showed up, as the sulphurous fog cleared away, Fredericksburg burning like a second Moscow. The solid shot plunged through brick and stone like so much paper, but a fresh effort to lay the bridge proved also unavailing, the rebel sharp-shooters dropping our men like so many uine-pins. "Then it was that Burnside called for volunteers, and that the Seventh Michigan and our regiment (the Nineteenth Massachusetts) responded. As we marched out, Phil came quickly up to Mark Gifford, his borther-in-law, who was at my side.

"'You have a wife and little child to leave,' he said. 'I have none, and never shall. Let me go in your place; wait (as Mark was going to refuse) and hear me. If you are obstinate I will still go; I swear it, even if I swim after the boats; so there will be simply two to mourn for in the homestead if you persist.'

"He was an such desperate earnest, and the time was so short, for the regiment was already moving on, and Mark, never as resolute a man as Phil, was so taken by surprise that he stepped back, and Phil took the place by my side and rushed on with us. As said Captain Ward at Bunker Hill, when we went down that bank I no more dreamed of ever coming alive out of that rain of fire than of going to heaven in Elijah's fiery chariot. As we crouched behind the boats and the plies of lumber the balls came in among us like halistones. Phil got a slight scratch, and a bull carried off my cap as if it had come expresely for it. Not that we left all the firing to the robots and the plies of lumber the balls came in among us like halistones. Thil got a slight scratch, and a bull carried off my cap as if it had come expresely for it. Not that we left all the firing to the boats, sot i

ment as I felt on landing with my head still on my shoulders.

"I panted out something of this sort to Phil, who "I panted out something of this sort to Phil, who answered with a stern smile and something about the ides of March, only half heard, as we rushed up the bank and after the rebels scampering out of every rifle-pit, and from behind every stonewall, springing up as if they had been a sort of langus growth of legs warrantes to make good time before Yankee bayonets.

"Most of them escaped, but some either couldn't or wouldn't run. One of these fellows Phill started. A surly brute, just showing his grizzly head out a cellar dor, and evidently meaning to die game. I called out as I saw the man taking deliberate sim at Phil, coming straight to him; but he just turn-at Phil, coming straight to him; but he just turn-

I called out as I saw the man taking deliberate nim at Phil, coming straight to him; but be just turning his head in answer, and showing me the same strained, reckless look that he had worn all that day, went on one step further—got the ball in his heart; for he was dead when I reached him.
"I was on his murderer before he had time to load again, and I think I should have beaten him down as I did then had he been Samson; rage and grief made a giant of me. But, after all, what was his worthless life? It can never comfort those who weep for Phil in the old homestead, where he lies buried, done to death—poor, loving, generous heart!—by that woman, whom I long, every time I meet her, to call Murderess!"

CAPTURE OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

WE publish on page 81 an illustration of the Bombardment of the Bombardment of the Post of Arkansas on the Arkansas River, by Admiral Porter's fleet, on January 11. Our picture is from a sketch transmitted by the correspondent of the Herald, and kindly placed at our disposition. We also give portraits of Admiral Poeters and General M'Cleenand, the boroes of the office.

of Admiral Pouter and General M'Cleenand, the heroes of the affair.

On 10th January the land forces, under the command of General M'Clernand, and the flotilla, under Admiral Potter, ascended the river, and the former disembarked with a view of surrounding the work. During the might the gum-boats fined a few shots at the work, and next morning, the troops being in position, the work commenced in earnest. The Herald correspondent says:

THE BOMBARDMENT.

The Herald correspondent says:

THE BOMEARIMENT.

It was five minutes past one when the gun-boats Baron DeKalb, Cincinvati, and Louisville, all iron-cluds, steamed up to within about three hundred yards of the fort, and opened fire upon it. Just so soon as the gun-boats bove in eight of the same of the sa

THE LAND ATTACK.

The first gun from the fact was the signal for the soldiers to move, and Morgan and Sherman immediately pushed forward their meu, and were met by a fierce fire from the rebel works. The Hevald correspondent thus describes the crisis and end of the fight:

met by a lierce fire from the rebel works. The Hearld correspondent thus describes the crisis and end of the fight:

The troops in front were now sharply engaging the rebels in their works, while our artillery, and their field-pieces behind the breast-work near the fort, were blazing away at each other with great rapidity. In one instanct the rebels galloped the horses up to the parapet with a gun, and when the breast-work near up to the parapet with a gun, and when the horses whoeled with it, in order this the breast-work and the transpose of the control of the parapet with a gun, and when the horses whoeled with it, in order that the horses in het traces, and the artillerists scampered off in an instant and left their gun. At a shot from one of our Parrotz guns, which knocked one of the thouser from the breast-work, at least a hundred rebols ran away from behind the intrachment into the bactioned fort. Our coils the minutes past three most of Morgan's men were in line, and the remainder were forming in columns in the rear. In five minutes more they were advancing with vigor. Sharp muskedry and artillery fring was kept up all three times. At twenty minutes past three a heavy column, and the remainder were fortune in the rear heavy column, and and the remainder were fortune in the rear and any any and any and any any any any and any and any any any any any any

them into and over the intrenchments. The fort had sur-

TAKING POSSESSION.

He adds:

The mement the licutement in the tree had regarded the cheering along the libe and had conclude with 1-1 deleted the fort has surrendered," Gengral McGermind 1-1 deleted fashed off, and were soon in the enemy's intrendments, surrounded by thousands of the men. When the flag was shown on the river side the joily Jack Tars had jumped aslore and were soon in the fart, followed by Arbniral Fortest and were soon in the fart, followed by Arbniral Fortest and the following the fort." General Churchill, commander of the fences, soon appeared with his staff, and our transfer delivers, said General for meet you under such circumstances, said General for meet you under such circumstances, said General to meet you meet you under such circumstances, said General to meet you meet you under such circumstances, said General to meet you had been such that the facility of the facility of

POST OF ARKANSAS.

He thus describes the place:

He thus describes the place:
Post of Arkansas is the oldest settlement in the State.
Nearly two centuries ago there was a Spanish town in the immediate vicinity, and I believe a small Spanish that the intermediate vicinity, and I believe a small Spanish arkansas River, about fifty miles from its month, and one hundred and seventeen miles from Little Rock, the applied of the State. It was settled in 1958 by the Acadian French, and was the trading-post for furs from the capital of the State. It was settled in 1958 by the Acadian French, and was the trading-post for furs from the vicinity of the Arkansas overflows during the vicinity of the Arkansas overflows during the vicine and the spring. There is now no town at Post of Arkansas, only a few stores, and then at intervals for a Arkansas, only a few stores, and then at intervals for a Arkansas, only a few stores, and then at intervals for a Carlon of the Arkansas overflows during the outer of the Arkansas overflows during the contract of the Arkansas overflows and produced parts of the contract of the Arkansas overflows and the other of the Arkansas overflows and the other of the Arkansas overflows and the contract of the Arkansas overflows and the

ADMIRAL PORTER.

The following sketch of Admiral Porter, who commanded the gun-boat attack, will remind the reader who he is:

The following sketch of Admiral Porter, who commanded the gun-boat attack, will remind the reader who he is:

ACTIVE REAL-ADMIRAL DAYED D. POETER, the Commander of the Missiseippi Flutila, is the out of the famous Commolore David Poeter of the Easer, and was born about the year 1814. In 1829 he entered the nay as midablyman on board the Constellation, and erved six years on that ship and the Critical States. In 1835 he passed him on the Coast Survey. In 1841 he was commissioned a lieutenant, and served with that rank on hoard the Congress for four years. After a brief period of service at the Observatory at Washington he was placed on active duty took a leading part in the naval operations of the Mexican war. In 1845 he was allowed to take command of one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, and remained served years in the service of that Company. While he conversely the service of that Company. While he conversely was a fine to the service of that Company. While he conversely was the time. In 1846 Company will be converted years in the service of that Company. While he converted years in the service of that Company. While he converted years in the service of that Company. While he converted years in the time. In consequence of the Rack Warrior affirir the Spanish Government had refused to permit any United States weeked to extent the port of Hayam. Run United States weeked to extent the port of Hayam. Run to the promptly replied that he carried the United States flag and the United States mails, and, by the Eternal, he would go in; and he did, the Habancros fearing to five upon him. We said affective to fine the Cost Survey on the Pacific, but, fortunately, he will be also a survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he will be also a survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he did not be a survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he did not be a survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he did not be a survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he did not be survey of the Pacific, but, fortunately, he did not b

MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLERNAND,

MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLERNAND,
MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLERNAND is a lawyer by
profession, and has figured prominently as a leading Demcratic political from Illinois. He was a leading Demcratic political from Illinois. He was a leader of the
Dougles Democrats, and did battle for them valiantly at
Charleston. At the outbreak of the war he fook side manfully for the Union, and shortly afterward was nominated
in Brigadier-deneral of Volunteers. In the Balmont fight
he manifessed that he possessed very good military causedty, and during his administration of military datalets
(Airo he secured the good-will of the men under his command. In the reconnoiseance in the near of Guimbus,
during the derance page Fort Henry, and at the grant
battle before Fort Douglem, Guinetal Medicanad mani-

fested superior military ability. For his gallautry on these occasions he was, on the 21st of March, made by Congress Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tomessee River toward Savannah, At the battle at Pittsburg Landing he desinquished tilm-self exceedingly. On 26 January he superished discussion Sherman in command of the army which was lepthed at Vicksburg, and processed immediately to attack the Peat of Arkansas se married above.

TORPEDOES IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.

Through the politeness of an officer in the navy we are enabled to lay before our readers, on page 85, the picture of a REBEL TORPEDO in one of the Western Rivers. All the substantial of the Western Rivers. 85, the picture of a Kerrel Touredo in one of the Western Rivers. All the tribularies of the Mississippi are filled with these destructive implements of warfare, and the rebels seem to be improving in their manufacture. A year ago our sailors used to laugh at them, and the harmlessness of torpedoes became proverbial. Since the destruction of the Cuiro in the Yazoo River there have been fewer josts on the subject. These torpedoes are fired off in various ways—some by electricity, from a concealed station on shore—but more of them by friction, as in the sketch. A vessel passing over the torpedo we have illustrated, and scraping one of the floats with her bottom would ignite the two demijohns of powder, and knock a hole in her hull which would cause her to sink in ten minutes. The business of seeking for torpedoes The business of seeking for torpedoes and fishing them up is one of the most exciting and perilous duties of our Western sailors.

THE "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE GALE.

WE illustrate, on page 92, the new Monitor "Weehawkers" in the gale of 20th. Her performance on that occasion was admirable, and set at rest the apprehensions which find been raised by the loss of the original Monitor. She proved that she was a sea-worthy vessel, and actually behaved better than the tug which had been sent to take care of her. Her captain, John Rodgers, late of the Galena, sent the following telegram to Captain Ericsson on his arrival at Fortress Monroe:

Ericsson on his arrival at Fortress Monroe:

Voznares Nozos, January 33, 1861.

We have arrived safely, and all well. On Tuesday, about two P.M., lad to cast off from the Bozzdama for her safety; weather very threatening. She ran back toward the Dichward Prosekwater. Hal a hard storm from the Dichward Prosekwater. Hal a hard storm from the Vessel made excellent weather and very little motion. When the Bozzdaman left I reflued a tor from the Forquois.—I am now sure wisely. Xesterday, when the gale had abaded, took a tow-line from the Forquois. Denaged her machinery, cast off and came in alone. The Froquois came in under telema, and is not. Journ 1000-2008.

Jour Rodgers, Captain iron-alad Weekawken.

HOMELESS.

HOMELESS.

Jussus, as I came home to-day, I saw
That crippied man upon the flags, we have
So often seen—who moves our pily so.
I watched him crawl along its annuarity of the state of the

BURTON ON DU CHAILLU AND GORILLAS.

CAPTAIN BURTON has written a letter, as follows, which we find in the London Critic:

CAPTAIN BURTON has written a letter, as follows, which we find in the Londen Critics:

Six.—Arriving—nolons, not volcas—in this unpleasant land by the last West African mail, I was stohished to find in your columns my name cited by a private correspondent, and passages from one of my private letters quoted to the detriment of M. Paul du Chaillu. As this is hardly fair in the writter, perhaps you will allow me room for a few lines of explanation.

M. du Chaillu and I differ upon many points. He may be right, or vice versal, but that is still a question. Unviling, however, to trouble your readers with a discussion touching particulars, I will briefly state that, after a residence of about three weeks in the Gabon country, during which I walked to Cape Lopez, and explared the southeastern fork of the river beyond any former traveler, my opinion of M. du Chaillu's book is higher than it was before visiting the land of the gorilla.

The Miponge matrice give "Maplo"—i. c., the "big man," their corruption of M. Paul's name—the highest outstands higher than the way were the period contact the highest contact the high

self—have falled.

And with thanks for your kindness, and with a selemn promise, under any and all circumstances, to be deaf and dumb upon the "gorilla controversy" nutil 1 do beg a portal are two, I subscribe myself, Sir, your obsdient servant, Riom. F. Bezros, F.R.G.S.

14 Monrago Pract, Monrago Squarz, Re. 122.

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