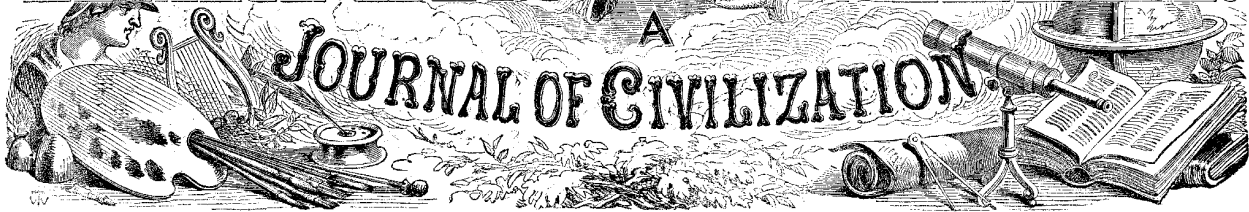


# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. VII.—No. 314.]

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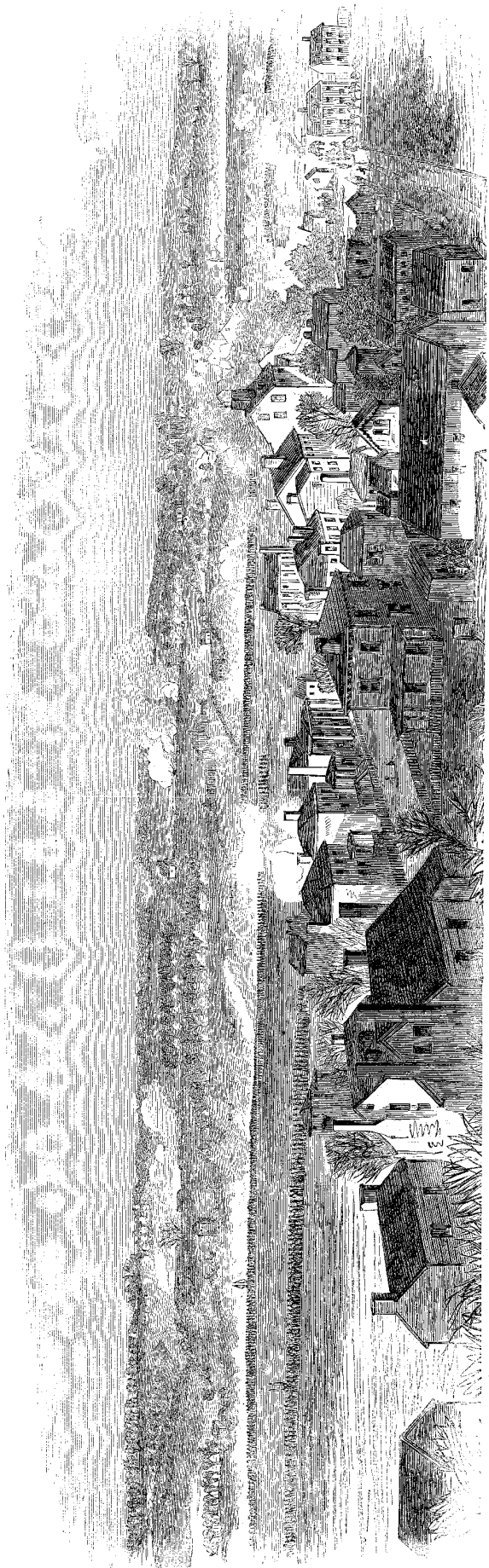
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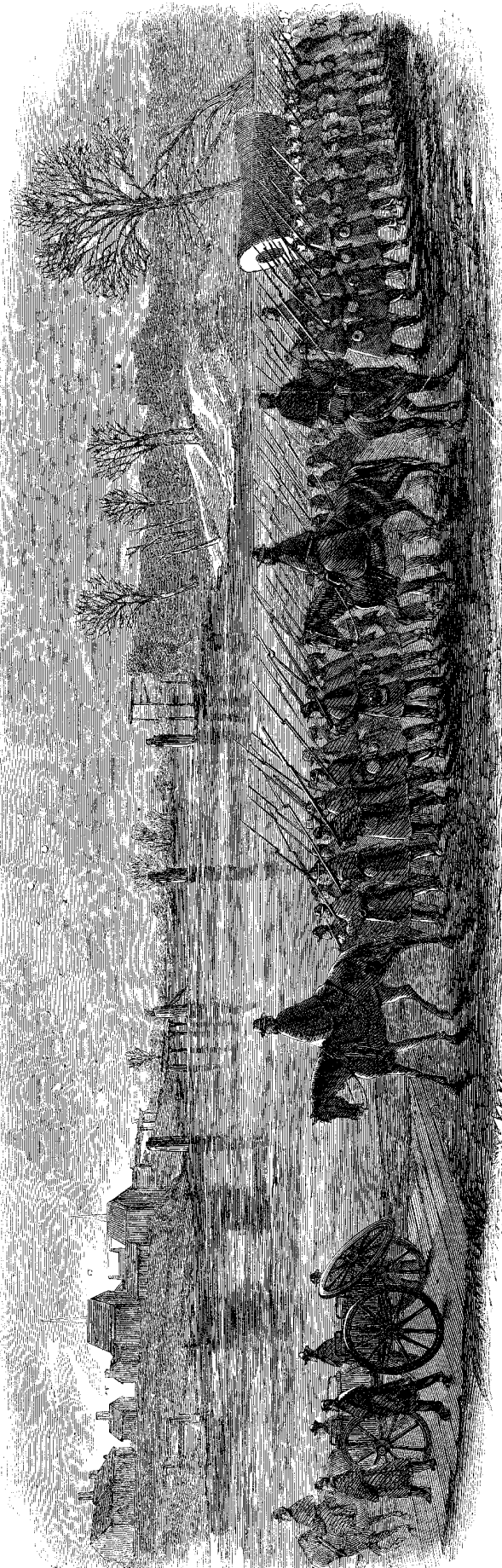
SANTA CLAUS IN CAMP.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



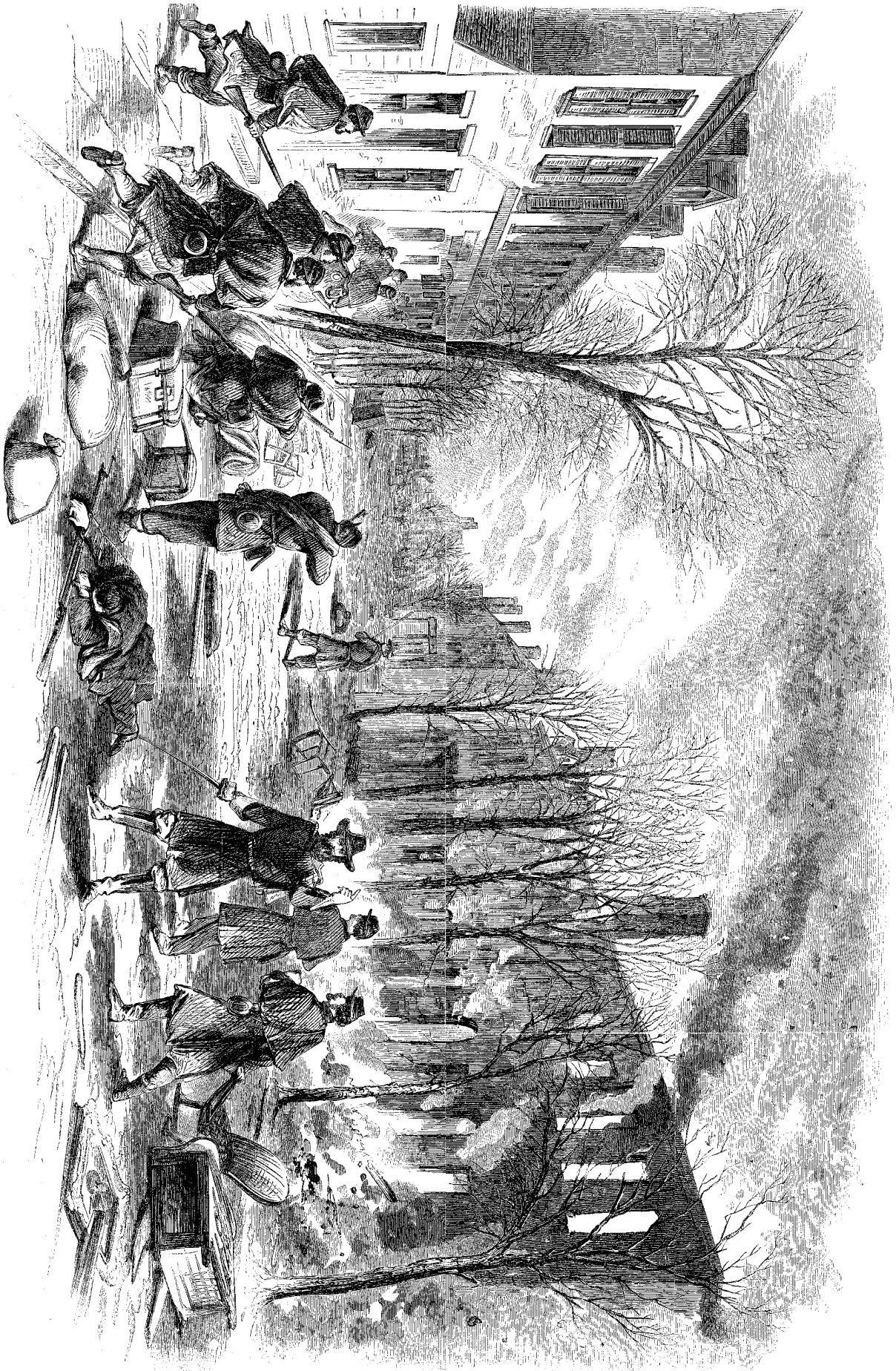




THE ATTACK ON THE REBEL WORKS AT FREDERICKSBURG BY THE CENTRE GRAND DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, ON DECEMBER 19, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



FREDERICKSBURG ON THE NIGHT OF 11TH DECEMBER, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



OUR SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.—DRAWN BY MR. A. F. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



OUR MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The accompanying MAP will enable our readers to understand the recent movements of our armies in North Carolina. General Foster has taken the little town of Kinston, North Carolina, on the Neuse River, and was at latest dates en route for Goldsborough, and perhaps Weldon. On the other side, the army of the Blackwater, which is commanded by General Dix, made a strong reconnaissance toward Zuni, evidently aiming at the same point—Weldon. We presume that time will develop this important strategical plan, and that the Generals in charge will be enabled to carry it out successfully.

THE PORTER COURT-MARTIAL.

On page 12 we illustrate the COURT-MARTIAL ON GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, which is now being held at Washington. The accused is being tried on various charges, the joint of which is disobedience of the orders of his commanding-officer, Major-General John Pope. General Pope charges that General Porter, by failing to move to his support at the hour mentioned, enabled the rebels to defeat him, and prevented his destroying them, as he would otherwise have done. General Porter claims that he did all that he could, and is in no wise answerable for the disasters of Pope's campaign. Additional interest is imparted to the trial by the circumstance that General Porter is identified more or less with the McClellan interest, and General Pope has enjoyed, and may still enjoy, the confidence of General Halleck. The members of the Court are Major-Generals Hunter, King, Hitchcock, and Casey, and Brigadier-Generals Ricketts, Garfield, Prentiss, Buford, Slough, and Lord. Judge Holt is Judge-Advocate. The accused is assisted by his counsel, Reverdy Johnson. General Pope is present watching the proceedings in citizen's dress.

ONLY.

ONLY another sword  
Dripping with human blood;  
Only another drop  
Swelling the crimson flood.  
Only another tear  
Wiped from the face of time;  
Only a brother dear  
Lost in his manhood's prime!  
Smoothly the garments fold  
Over the silent breast.  
Only another soul  
Gone to its dreamless rest!

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

"Every young man ought to enlist—every one!"  
Letty Dallas flashed the blue light of her eyes, half smiling half scornful, upon Mr. St. Mayne as she spoke. A straight, lithe maiden, with black ripples of shining hair, and blue eyes, full of shadow, like late-blossomed violets, it was not the countenance of any male individual to endure her sprightly badinage unmoved. Yet Marcy St. Mayne only smiled as he stood quietly watching her.  
"Are you so very anxious to secure volunteers, Miss Letty?"  
"Anxious? of course I am! Come, Mr. St. Mayne, follow your brother's example, and turn soldier!"  
St. Mayne smiled with provoking coolness.  
"Oh, if I could only inspire you with a spark of my enthusiasm!" said Letty, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "What sacrifice wouldn't I make for the Banner of Stars?"  
"Would you really sacrifice much?"  
"Any thing—every thing!"  
St. Mayne lifted his long dark lashes, and looked her full in the face with an expression she could hardly comprehend!  
"Am I beginning to make some impression on that feeble nature of yours?" she laughed. "What bounty shall I offer? A ribbon? a smile? or a bouquet?"  
"Letty!" said St. Mayne, calmly and deliberately, "I do require bounty—a bounty beyond money and beyond price!"  
"What a solemn preface!" said Letty, lightly.  
"Well?"  
"I will be your soldier, Letty, and fight as man never fought before, until your own lips bid me lay down the sword, if you will reward me, some day, with your own sweet self. That is the bounty I require!"  
The deep crimson which had dyed her face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness—she leaned against the carved marble cupids of the mantle, that he might not see how she trembled.  
"No, no! I can not! I can not! Any thing but that!" broke from her quivering lips.  
"Pardon me!" said St. Mayne, "I see I have overestimated the amount of the sacrifice you are prepared to make for your country. You are willing that we men should baptize with our blood the steps that lead to Freedom's altar, yet you can not give up one idle dream, one girlish fancy, in its behalf. Do I seem harsh?" he added, as her eyes were raised appealingly to his face. "Nay, I did not mean it. There, Miss Letty, our negotiations shall be forgotten!"  
"Stop, Mr. St. Mayne!" she said, folding her little hands so tightly together that the pink-tipped nails turned to rose leaves. "You are right in speaking bitterly of idle fancies. I accept your proposition—go, as my representative, on to the battlefield!"  
His face lighted up with sudden brilliance.



MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FIELDS OF OPERATIONS OF GEN. FOSTER AND THE ARMY OF THE BLACKWATER.

"And then?"  
"And then—your devoirs shall not be unrewarded."  
He took the cold hand tenderly in his.  
"I will lay down my life, if need be, in token of my thanks," he said.  
Over—it was all over! She had given up all that a woman holds dearest for her country's sake, yet she hushed the sobs that struggled up from her breaking heart, and tried to think she had done right. And then she took a tiny-folded paper from her bosom—only a playful note about some japonicas that Walter St. Mayne had once written her, and burned it, without daring to read its contents over.  
"I can not lay down my life for the good cause," she moaned, "but I can yield up my life's happiness. When a soldier falls, shot through the heart, the pain is over; but oh! mine will ache on forever. Yet I should not repine—it is for my country."  
White and silent, she sat there, while the sunset flamed through the silken purple folds of the curtains, and touched the dark old paintings with gold. Sweet, faint odors rose from the marble vases of heliotrope and roses in the bay-window—to Letty they seemed like the scent of those pale flowers that grow in cemetery shadows. And the gray, gray twilight came at last.  
The night before the battle! St. Mayne never forgot the stary silence of the heavens without—the peculiar aromatic odor of the pine cones crackling on the stone hearth of the rude Virginia cabin—not even the ragged crevices in the log wall. He remembered them all as long as memory and life endured.  
There was a light, elastic step on the threshold, a clink of spurs against the floor, and a tall, brown-faced officer stood beside him, laying a careless hand on St. Mayne's shoulder.  
"Writing letters, Marcy? Don't lay them aside—there are no secrets between brothers."  
"You are right," said St. Mayne; "there should be none. I am writing to my engaged wife."  
Walter St. Mayne held out his hand in smiling congratulation.  
"Engaged, old fellow! And never told me? But who is the lady?"  
"Miss Dallas—our lovely little Letty."  
"Dallas! Letty Dallas!"  
Walter St. Mayne's head fell on his folded arms, both resting on the rude camp-table, and a low groan broke from his lips.  
"Walter, are you ill?"  
"No, no, sir, I'm stammered the young man, in a stifled voice. "Only I am tired, and these pine-cone fires have such a suffocating smell. Don't be uneasy. I shall be better soon. Go on writing to—to Letty Dallas."  
St. Mayne looked at his brother's drooping head with a keen, agonized gaze. He asked no questions, but quietly folded away his papers, and sat regarding the fire until Walter St. Mayne looked up again.  
"We are to fight to-morrow, they tell me, Walter," he said. "Well, I'm glad of it. But, Walter, if—" He paused a moment, then resumed, "if I fall, you will not forget the brother who loved you far better than his own life. Promise me that!"  
And Walter promised, with his forehead resting on Marcy's shoulder, where it had often, often lain when they were both boys.  
But Marcy St. Mayne did not fall. By his side, through all the din and tumult of battle, walked his unseen guardian-angel; and when he bore his young brother from the red field, a sabre-wound across his brow, the shout of "Victory!" sounded like a pean in his ears.  
The purple curtains were drawn to shut out the storm and darkness—the gilded clock ticked softly

on the mantle of the room where Letty Dallas sat all alone, her dimpled cheek resting on her hand, while the unshed tears sparkled on her lashes brighter than any diamonds.  
Suddenly the door was opened, and a servant announced "Lieutenant St. Mayne!"  
She started up, pale and trembling; then he was come at last to claim her troth.  
How changed he was as he stood before her—how the calm, steadfast brightness of his eyes perplexed her!  
"Letty," he said, "by all the rules of love and war I am your captive."  
She stood spell-bound in the magnetic light of his glance. "But," he added, "I wish to effect a change of prisoners."  
"A change of prisoners?"  
"Even so, dearest; and here is your other captive!" He stepped back, and Letty's wondering eyes fell on a tall young soldier, who had lingered in the shadow of the door-way—a handsome fellow, whose brown curls hid the fresh scar on his brow—her old lover, who had never dared to tell his love. Ah! he had grown braver now.  
Well, true love is not exactly selfish but self-absorbed, and it was not until Walter rose to take leave, at the chimes of midnight, that they remembered that Marcy had slipped away long since.  
The next day Letty received a little note, containing only the following words in Marcy St. Mayne's handwriting:  
"By the time you receive this, my dear little sister-elect, I shall be en route for camp once more, feeling sure that I may safely leave Walter to your nursing. Let me add that I have fought one battle for you, and I hope to fight many more for my country."  
M. St. M."  
And in the sunshine of her great happiness Letty Dallas never knew the everlasting eclipse that had come over Marcy St. Mayne's life!

SCALE OF MILES  
0 10 20 30













Hunter,      King,      Hilditch,      Hancock,      Garfield,      Slough,      Prentiss,      Lord,      Foster,      Burdett,      Balfour,      Brevard Johnson,      Hild, Judge Advocate,      Pope.

COURT-MARTIAL ON MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, HELD DECEMBER, 1862, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.—(FROM AN ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPH.)

THE PIRATE SEMMES.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous pirate RAPHAEL SEMMES, now in command of the British pirate-ship Alabama. This man was once in our navy, and acquired an unenviable reputation for bad conduct, which prevented his rising in the service. At the outbreak of the rebellion he cast his lot with the insurgents, and was appointed to command the Semmes. In that famous craft he successfully ran the blockade of the Mississippi, and escaped to sea. For some months he made the civilized world ring with the fame of his exploits over unarmed merchantmen, which he robbed and burned. He always refused to fight a ship-of-war, and had hard work, at one time, in escaping the United States gun-boat Froquois at Martinique. We published in a recent number an account of his cruise, written by one of his officers. The Semmes was fairly mailed at last in the British port of Gibraltar; there her crew left her, and there she lies still, under the friendly protection of British guns.

Semmes forthwith proceeded to England, where he took the command of the British pirate Alabama, and went to sea on 29th June last. His subsequent exploits are fresh in the memory of our readers. He burned ten whalers off the Azores; half a dozen merchantmen between New York and Liverpool; and some small trading craft in the West Indies. At latest dates he was coaling at Martinique, and the San Jacinto and other vessels of Commodore Wilkes's squadron were watching him. It is to be hoped they will catch him.

Semmes's family are residing in Philadelphia; one or two of his daughters are at school there.

SANTA CLAUS'S BALL; OR, A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

SANTA CLAUS had appointed this November night as a dress-rehearsal for Christmas. It was an occasion when not the Dolls only, but many merry others, denizens of Toyland, were expected. All, in fact, who could make it convenient to attend felt it to be a duty to do so. In fact, the invitation was almost peremptory. Santa Claus expected to hear from his spies, the Old Dolls, full accounts of the conduct and behavior of his little friends the Children, in order that he might know who deserved his rich prizes, and who might merit the traditional "rod in the stocking" the penalty of their misbehavior. He also expected to hear from the same reliable sources what all the mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins were doing with reference to assisting him; and for this information he was accustomed to rely entirely upon the Dolls. They are a very intelligent race of little beings, if one did but know it, and they always sleep with at least one eye open. Consequently, when the Children have gone to bed, and the Dolls set in order in the nursery, and the hidden work is taken out, and the mysterious plans of the family talked over, the Dolls have the best possible chance to see and hear it all, and of course their sympathies are all interested in the Children, and all that concerns them.

Santa Claus was accustomed to hold this annual festival preparatory to Christmas, in order to know exactly what to do, and what to depend upon.

The gala was held in Santa Claus's favorite winter palace, an immense snow-cave in the side of Mount Hecla. Santa Claus found the climate to agree better with his health than a more southern

situation, and likewise he found here, in this sequestered spot, the quiet and seclusion so necessary to the mystery in which he is accustomed to invest his good deeds.

The palace was all of a glow with warmth and light from numerous fires in huge fire-places, whose vent was none less than the great crater of Hecla himself. The cheerful blaze illumined the glittering ceiling and sparkling walls, and mellowed the atmosphere to almost tropical geniality; while, to restrain the melting of snow and ice, which naturally would have ensued, and which would have greatly incommoded the guests, the palace was placed under a perpetual spell or charm by a certain witch. This witch when young had been a famous beauty, and a great favorite of the good saint, who was a gray bachelor in those days.

Of course she could not preside publicly at his entertainments; but it was more than surmised in Northern circles, that his domestic ménage owed much to her occasional care. It was positively asserted that if she chose she could tell what had become of a certain Geyser, which had mysteriously disappeared of late, and there were not wanting dark hints that it had been placed in his kitchen by her agency, in order that he might enjoy a perpetual supply of hot water for his punch, of which it was feared he was becoming very fond.

It is certain that he has been known to lay his finger aside his jolly red nose, wink oracularly,

and indulge in a silent inward laugh and chuckle when the subject has been broached to him. But it is not my business to pry into the domestic concerns of these excellent people, but to give an account of Santa Claus's ball.

The dancing-hall was brilliantly illuminated by certain Northern Lights, which had generously volunteered their services for the occasion, and a great number of Shooting-stars were engaged to act as deities and torch-bearers to convey the guests to and from the scene of the festivities. It was expected that this evening would witness the debut of many of the belles and beaux of Toyland, and no pains or expense was spared to make the ball "the affair of the season."

Santa Claus had dispatched his numerous reindeer teams over the American continent to collect his guests; and, lest these accommodations should fail, several Lapland witches had benevolently loaned their broomsticks for the use of such of the company who might prefer them. Jack Frost had done himself more than justice in the upholstery and finishing of the palace, which he could well afford to do, having had the contract from time immemorial. The tables were abundantly spread with viands suited to the tastes and appetites of the guests; while Boreas was engaged to furnish music, assisted by a large deputation of Tin Trumpets and Painted Drums, who were expected to arrive somewhat later in the evening.

Santa Claus had to bear with communications his emissaries might have for him, and this must be attended to before dancing, of course.

The apartments were decorated with hemlock boughs and garlands, brought thither with infinite pains. Ash-berries and holly, with the ancient mistletoe, were tastefully arranged over the walls, and huge sparkling icicles glittered among them in pure and beautiful contrast to the rich dark-green of the evergreens.

The reception-room was thickly carpeted with Iceland moss for the benefit of rheumatic old Dolls, and to enable imprudent young lady Dolls who might have overreached themselves with dancing to resort thither and save themselves a pulmonary attack by inhaling its health-restoring fragrance.

And now, as every thing had been properly attended to, and the arrangements were to his entire satisfaction, the old gentleman, in his best suit of furs, with his pipe laid aside for once, in compliment to the ladies, stood before the great fire-place in the reception-room, with his back to the fire and his coat-tails judiciously drawn on each side, awaiting the arrival of his visitors. He did not have to wait long; for the tinkle of his reindeer's bells were now heard, and the first installment of Dolls soon entered the apartment.

As he expected, they were the invalid guard of the ball, the battered and disabled ones, who had stood one year, at least, of the Nursery campaign, and their battered noses, cracked crowns, and shattered or missing limbs bore evidence to the hard service they had seen.

Polly, the oldest Doll, opened the conversation with grumbling and complaints. She was a very old Doll. Lambs and dilapidated, with one arm and a foot gone, and her frock torn half off her shoulders, and her garments soiled and tattered generally, she presented but a sorry appearance.

After extending a courteous welcome to the lame, halt, and blinded party, he lent a listening ear to her grievances.

"If your highness could only know of the goings on in our nursery. Now I don't come here to complain of neglect or ill-usage like some, though I was once a very handsome china Doll, and was dressed and petted as much as the best. Nor do I complain of my broken arm;" and she sadly held up the stump of her once plump and snow-white arm.

"But it is not myself," she went on, wiping her remaining eye with a soiled rag of a handkerchief; "it's the Children I'm so sorry for. Why, their mother never comes into the nursery more than once a day, and often not that. Sometimes

she sweeps in in splendid carriage-dress just ready for a drive, and just touches the children, with 'There, there! don't touch my dress!' and off she goes, while the Children stand at the window and cry themselves sick to see the carriage go off, in which they very seldom have a ride, and never with mamma, unless she goes to fit them with clothes and hats.

"And when little Mary had the scarlet-fever, she left some tiny pills with Kate, the Irish nurse, and told her to give them so often, and the child would be well enough in the morning. But Mary worried and fretted for mamma, who was away at a grand party, and Katy was sleepy and tired, and she muttered to herself—'I heard her—'What's the use o' loitering wi' the like of this thrash! I'll just be giving the poor thing a drop o' strasin' to bring the saps to her eyes.' And she did give her something out of a bottle, and Mary never woke up out of that sleep. And they carried her away, and I never saw her again. Mary had me in her little bed all the time, and I know all about it."

"How many children are there left?" asked Santa Claus, blowing his nose very hard.

"Two," answered Polly; "another girl and a teething baby. I know just how many teeth he has, for he tries 'em all on me, and I know the minute one is through."

"Poor little things!" sighed the good saint; "I really do not see how I can help them. Is there no aunt or cousin in the house?"

"Yes. Aunt Sophia and Cousin Bell; but they are entirely taken up with Aid Societies, and Lint Circles, and Hospital visiting, and they have no time for the poor children. Mrs. Harvey, the mamma, is wiser. She gave ten dollars to escape the trouble."

"Not so bad! not so bad!" exclaimed the host.

"I rejoice that my friends the soldiers are to fare so well. May the shirts be warm and the turkeys fat that I bring, that is all! I don't suppose there is much chance that my juvenile friends are being calculated upon at all, is there?"

"Not much. I fancy the Soldiers' Christmas box engrosses all their time and attention, and the children always come off second to the public in that house."

"The poor children! the poor children!" put in another doll. "Now where I live there are four little children, and not a rag of new clothes have those poor young ones had this fall or winter, and no prospect of them. And not for lack of money either. Mamma is away to the Hospital, or the Aid Society, or the Lint Company, or what not, as soon as she gets her breakfast, and Tommy's face isn't washed, nor Lizzie's hair curled until the middle of the afternoon, when Betty is all done her work. The cook hasn't made a seed-cake this fall, and every thing nice of jollies or fruit, or whatever there is, goes to the soldiers. The children don't know what a kiss or a story is hardly, it's so long since they heard one; and Charlie's shoes have gaped for patches this month, and Molly's hat is a sight to behold."

"Well, but," interposed the saint, "the soldiers are proper subjects for care and kindness. They need jollies and the children don't; and, poor fellows! they have no mothers to wait upon them."

"Small loss if they are like some mothers I know; but if these mothers don't train and love their own little soldiers at home, there will be another great rebellion one of these days."

"Just my notion," mumbled an old nut-cracker.

"If the Southern mothers had only cared for their children when they were little instead of always threatening to send them to convents or boarding-schools—and finally doing it to get rid of the trouble they ought themselves to take—some North Carolina never would have succeeded, and Master Peyton wouldn't have served my neck off with rage when he heard of the victory of Fort Donelson."

There was another loud jingle of bells, and a merry load of the aristocrats of Toyland were joyfully ushered in. They were accompanied by a



SANTA CLAUS'S BALL.







COLUMBIA. "Where are my 15,000 Sons—murdered at Fredericksburg?" LINCOLN. "This reminds me of a little Joke—" COLUMBIA. "Go tell your Joke at SPRINGFIELD!"



THOSE GUILLOTINES.—A LITTLE INCIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE. SERVAUNT. "If ye please, Sir, them Gilliteens has arovo." MR. LINCOLN. "All right, MICHAEL.—Now, Gentlemen, will ye be kind enough to step out in the Back Yard?"

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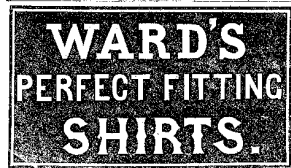
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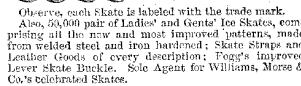
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