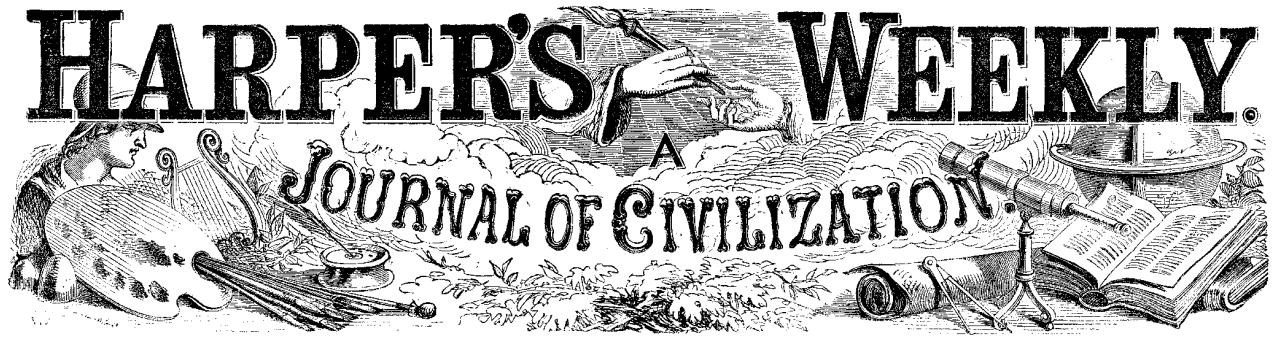


HARPER'S WEEKLY

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



VOL. VII.—No. 343.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

[SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT ("UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" GRANT).—FROM A NEW PHOTOGRAPH JUST RECEIVED FROM VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 48.]

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:
 Dear Sir.—Conrad Smyth and I went down to Concord
 the other day, being as it was the glorious Fourth, to attend
 the Democratic meeting. But I guess they made a mis-
 take in making of it, for there wasn't a single Jackson man
 to be seen for love nor money.

The funniest part of the show was where they spoke of
 the war. Why, Mr. Editor, I declare I began to think
 there wasn't no rebellion at all! And they talked about
 was Lincoln's despotism, and how he wouldn't let 'em
 speak their minds (though I thought they didn't seem very
 fearful so to express of their sentiments). They
 passed a lot of resolutions about the war in the North
 and our Southern brethren, and ex-claiming was rather
 curious sayings for Democrats, I thought I'd just rite of
 the substance of 'em for your benefit. They say there never
 was such a tyrant as Lincoln, and that we air a down-
 trodden people. Why don't they go and live with these
 Southern brethren?

But I will now close with a poem:
POEM.
REPRESENTATION OF THE CONCORD, N. H., "DEMOCRACY"
 (SO CALLED, NOT IN HONOR OF
 GENERAL JACKSON, DEDICATED TO THE
 FRENCHMAN FERRIER, THE HERO OF MEXICO,
 AND CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.)
Resolved.—This nation's pain to ruin—
 Old Abram Lincoln's bound to strand it.
 There's sum awfired mischief brewin'
 We Dimeykrats can't no way stand it!
 We make a vaan, from this time forth,
 To stop awl warfare in the North.

Resolved.—That Lincoln's a usurper—
 An awful skeery wun et that—
 He shall not lead us wun step farther
 Than we've a mind to go—thet's that!
 We luv the Government of the nation,
 But go agin its administrashun.

Resolved.—This war shoold be conducted
 Most vigorous, by the laws of peace.
 Thet nigger folks may be abducted
 Whereas our Southern brethren please,
 And where'er a tremblin' slave is,
 He shoold be given to Jeff Davis.

Resolved.—The stones we've thrown in Dixie
 Nev brought us to an orful pass.
 We let our dander rise too quickly;
 We shoold hev gone on throv'n grass.
 We b'lieve Vallandigham a traitor!
 Vos to the man who sez he ain't!

Resolved.—We will rekord the story,
 Thet in this war we've acted wun;
 It's true, the South fired on "old glory,"
 But didn't we go and hoist it just?
 We might hev missed the war's mischances
 If we hed hoisted olive branches!

Therefore we form a resolutashun,
 To make all Lincoln's anders void—
 To put his ginerals to konfushun,
 So thet our own shan't be annoyed;
 And fortify our strong position
 By firing guns on abollition!

We'll grasp the fiery southern cross,
 And bid sich fev'er ez Butler bet it!
 We'll kover our defeat and loss
 With treason's garb (now Davis wears it).
 We scorn deceit, detest hypocrisy—
 Make way there fur the Peace Dimeykrassy!
CHARBY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
 SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

THE DRAFT.

THE attempt to enforce the draft in the city
 of New York has led to rioting. Men have
 been killed and houses burned; worst of all, an
 orphan asylum—a noble monument of charity
 for the reception of colored orphans—has been
 ruthlessly destroyed, and children and nurses
 have lost every thing they had in the world.

The event should cause no surprise. It
 should have been anticipated. It was not reason-
 able to expect that the operatives of this
 large city—who have never been forced to realize
 the obligations of citizenship—should at once
 realize what is thoroughly understood by the
 people of almost every European town. It will
 take time to make them understand that every
 government must, for its own protection, enjoy
 the power of compelling its citizens to perform
 military service. And it will take still more
 time, reflection, and information to satisfy them
 that the Conscription Act passed at the last ses-
 sion of Congress is in reality fair, liberal, and
 humane; that it is far more generous to the
 operative class than the conscription laws of Eu-
 rope, inasmuch as it tenderly guards orphans,
 widows, and aged parents from being deprived
 of their natural support, while it exempts very
 few indeed of the wealthy class. Every work-
 ing-man who reflects will readily understand
 that the \$300 clause was merely intended to
 regulate the price of substitutes so as to pre-
 vent speculation in conscripts by the bar-
 ter who traded so successfully in volunteers; and
 that men of wealth, whose business affords live-
 liness to scores of people, would have obtained
 substitutes through this clause had never been
 acted. Still it was natural enough that the
 operative class—especially that of so turbulent
 a city as this—should misconstrue the act;
 should imagine themselves aggrieved by the ex-
 ception of wealthy men on payment of money;
 and should attempt to resist the enforcement of
 laws both new to them and unquestionably un-
 pleasant in their application. Even if these

ideas had not occurred to them spontaneously,
 the leading organs of the Opposition took care
 that they should be reminded of their "wrongs."
 For many days past the newspapers which are
 said to speak the views of the Democratic lead-
 ers have denounced the conscription as unequal,
 unjust to working-men, tyrannical, and out-
 rageous. The writers of these articles probably
 knew perfectly well that, in the present circum-
 stances of the nation, a conscription act was ab-
 solutely necessary, and that, on the whole, our pre-
 sent act was as fair a one as could be devised. But,
 in their malignant partisanship, they thought
 of nothing but the opportunity of making politi-
 cal capital against the Government. They sym-
 pathized with the working man in the oppression
 under which he groined. They denounced Mr.
 Lincoln as a reckless and imbecile tyrant. They
 denounced the war as a needless, fratricidal,
 and abolition war. And they wondered at the
 calm with which the operatives of New York
 submitted to the execution of a law which they
 declared to be utterly intolerable.

Under these circumstances who can wonder
 at riots breaking out? No man likes to be torn
 from his family and forced to serve in the ranks.
 If the individuals sentenced to undergo this fate
 can persuade themselves that the sentence is un-
 just, the law unconstitutional, and the authori-
 ties arbitrary, who can be surprised at their re-
 sistance?

Large cities, too, have their peculiar require-
 ments, and one of these is periodical riots.
 Every large city has them. In Paris they occur
 once in every generation, and are called
 revolutions. In London they used to be more
 frequent than they are now; the authorities
 have learned how to deal with them, and now
 they are generally checked in the bud by an
 overwhelming display of military and constabulary
 force. Here they are a new thing. The
 Astor Place Riot is almost the only example on
 record; for the Dead Rabbit riots were sup-
 pressed almost before they had broken out.
 The affair of Monday last bore a closer resem-
 blance to a European riot than any thing we
 have ever had here. The leaders and principal
 actors in the affair were boys—beardless youths
 of fifteen to eighteen. Behind these, and seem-
 ingly operating as a mere reserve force, was a
 body of men—operatives in foundries and fac-
 tories, laborers, stablemen, etc.—who did the
 murdering of policemen, the gutting of houses,
 the firing of dwellings, etc., after the boys had
 opened the battle with volleys of stones. In
 all the crowds there was a fair sprinkling of
 women, not young, but married women, who were
 probably roused to fury by the fear of having
 their husbands taken from them by the draft.
 This kind of mixed crowd, though often good-
 humored and apt to be easily managed by a
 skillful leader, is likewise prone to the wildest
 excesses of passion and brutality. The boys and
 men invariably get drunk at an early stage of
 the proceedings; the women appear to become
 equally intoxicated with excitement; and all
 together commit crimes from which every in-
 dividual in the crowd would probably shrink if
 he were alone. Such crowds are so cowardly
 that a handful of disciplined troops will scatter
 them like chaff; and so blood-thirsty that they
 will tear in pieces an individual against whom
 their fury happens to be directed, or burn a
 building in which women and children are situ-
 ated without chance of escape.

There was nothing peculiar to New York, or
 to the Irish race in this riot of Monday. Pre-
 cisely similar mobs have been seen in Paris, Lon-
 don, Vienna, Naples, and Canton. They are
 explosions of the volcanic element which lies
 dormant in the heart of every large city. Nor
 does the riot imply, as some of the papers try
 to have us believe, any such general disapproval
 of the Conscription law as should lead to its
 alteration or suspension. Though the draft was
 the original cause of the riot, it soon took the
 more familiar direction of an anti-negro demon-
 stration, such as used to occur in this city at
 intervals of ten years or so before the Revolution
 of 1776, similar in kind to the no-pottery riots
 of Lord George Gordon, in London, and the
 Jacobin riots in Paris during the revolution.
 Toward the close of the day, the rage of the mob
 was exclusively directed against colored people,
 who had no more to do with enforcing the Con-
 scription Act than the Pope of Rome.

The question now is—have we a government
 capable of suppressing mobs? If we have, the
 demonstration of Monday will, after all, not prove
 our elements the duty of abiding the laws in
 future. If we have not, it is high time that we
 altered our present system, and established a
 government which could protect us.

The rioters of Monday took advantage of the
 absence of the bulk of our city militia to com-
 mit acts which they would not have attempted
 had the Seventh and Seventy-first been here.
 But there are still thousands of able-bodied men
 in the city who can and ought to bear arms in
 turn out. We have seen how they will
 turn out. We have several army officers of ex-
 perience, who understand the scientific rules of
 street warfare; we shall see the dispositions they
 will make.

There are just two principles which should
 govern the conduct of our city authorities. The
 first is, that the law must be carried out what-

ever it may cost; if we give way to the mob
 there will be an end of law and order in this
 community, and life and property will hence-
 forth be held at the pleasure of the leaders of
 the mob. And, secondly, all experience shows
 that, in dealing with mobs, the most severe
 methods are the most humane. Mob violence,
 threatening life and property, and burning or-
 phan asylums, can only be radically cured by
 grape and canister. All other remedies aggra-
 vate and protract the disease.

THE LOUNGER.

THE QUESTION.

The slaveholders in this country having waged
 a desperate war against the constitutional govern-
 ment of the people for the sole purpose of perpetu-
 ating slavery, and having come to grief, it is now
 proposed by some excellent jesters that the victori-
 ous people of the United States shall agree to per-
 petuate slavery. Having seen a social and politi-
 cal system plunges us by its necessary develop-
 ment into war—having seen the war destroy the
 system, and the country emerge from the field vic-
 torious, these witty persons propose that we give
 the enemy all that they have been fighting for, and
 consent to re-establish slavery.

But for what purpose? Why should we do it?
 That the slaveholders may make no more trouble.
 But did they not have slavery before, and did they
 not make trouble? Oh yes, but they were afraid
 it would be meddled with. And will they be any
 less afraid hereafter? And if before they rebel-
 led and showed their true colors, slavery was so
 meddled with that they tried to destroy us, now
 that we have seen exactly what slavery is and have
 repulsed their efforts, are we likely to hold our
 tongues?

It is not a question of wishing to marry negroes,
 or having negroes for Presidents and Governors,
 or liking negroes in the abstract. The question is
 simply whether the loyal people of this country,
 after the experience and revelations of this war,
 and the long, bitter disgrace of our latter subserv-
 ience to the insolent dictation of slaveholders for
 the purpose of keeping the peace, are inclined to
 submit to that subservience and dictation again,
 after they have subjugated the Dictator. Subser-
 vience to slavery could not prevent the war. That
 is clear. Is subservience to it likely to keep the
 peace hereafter?

That is the question which offers itself for a
 settlement. And the jesting gentlemen ought to re-
 member that the people have evidently made up
 their minds that the war is no jesting matter.
 They have already answered the question. The
 Government, which is the Constitutional expres-
 sion of the popular will, has already emancipated
 most of the slaves. By the act of the United States
 those people become not our sons-in-law, nor our
 bosom friends, nor our rivals in labor, nor voters,
 but they become citizens of the United States.
 What State law, then, can enslave them?

REBEL EXULTATION.

The rebels' feeling of their plucked and perilous
 condition is curiously revealed by the fierce and
 frantic exultation of their papers upon the supposed
 "magnificent victory" of Lee at Gettysburg. The
 wild stream of delight with which they hailed the
 news was like that of a flock of madmen and starv-
 ing men on a lion's carcass. It was the violent
 outcry of reaction. The fury with which they
 gloat over the probable desolation of the Free
 States is the indirect testimony of the disaster and
 despair which they knew must be at hand if they
 did not win the battle in Pennsylvania.

Inspired by the glittering delusion of a victory,
 they shout that Pennsylvania is now to be laid
 under contribution. Philadelphia is to pay millions
 for its ransom. Washington, "that foul den of
 thieves, is expiating the righteous vengeance of
 Heaven for the hideous crimes that have been done
 within its walls." Which remarks, considering
 that Washington has been the head-quarters of
 the slave-drivers, who are now rebels, for the last
 thirty years, are a clear case of fouling one's own
 nest. "Lincoln and his rascal ministers are turn-
 ing pale." "Cincinnati would, we are assured,
 burn well...peopled by as God-abandoned sons
 of Yankee as ever killed a hog." "Ohio has
 towns to ransom, and fertile plains to sweep of
 flocks and herds."

And as for the prisoners which Lee took at Get-
 tysburg, the forty thousand Yankees, they must
 not be suffered to eat the food which rebels re-
 quire. Let the guard that attends them on the
 march be supplied largely with cartridges and a
 few light guns, "so that, on the first sign of insub-
 ordination, the prisoners may be slain without
 mercy." And let the Yankee captives bring their
 own food with them. And let their captors be encamped
 in the mountains with batteries commanding them,
 "and as it is summer weather they will need no
 shelter." In the same spirit a Southwestern rebel
 paper asked in the middle of June:

"Why not hang every Dutchman captured? We will
 hereafter hang, or shoot, or imprison for life all white men
 taken in command of negroes, and enslave the negroes
 themselves." This is not too harsh. No human being
 will assert the contrary. Why, then, should we not hang
 a Dutchman, who deserves infinitely less of our sympathy
 than Sambo? The live masses of beer, krait, tobacco,
 and rotten cheese, which, on two legs and four, on foot
 and mounted, go prowling through the South, should be
 used to manure the fertile plains and barren hillsides of
 Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia. Whenever a Dutch
 regiment adorns the limbs of a Southern rebel during
 cavalry raids into the South shall cease. President
 Davis need not be specially consulted; and if an accident
 of this sort should occur to a flourishing bond like that
 captured by Forrest, we are not inclined to believe that
 our President would be greatly disgraced."

In the midst of all these frantic flourishes ar-
 rived the address of Lee to his troops, announcing

that they had failed; also the news of the retreat
 of Bragg; also the fall of Vicksburg; also the
 Union victory in Arkansas. The whole horizon
 flamed with disaster. By the ghastly light
 the rebels have already read the words of the exultant
 Richmond *Inquirer* in a new and appalling
 sense: "Peace will come to us only in one way—
 by the edge of the sword."

GENERAL BUTLER UPON RECONSTRUCTION.

At the late loyal meeting in Concord, New
 Hampshire, when the Postmaster-General Blair
 made a very foolish speech, Major-General Butler
 made a very wise one. It was a concise and con-
 clusive review of the situation; and throughout
 remarkable for that tranquil common sense which
 annihilates sophistry and seizes the heart of the
 matter; a characteristic which made a Louisiana
 slaveholder and Unionist, who until a few weeks
 since was never upon free soil, say that if General
 Butler had been left in command at New Orleans,
 Louisiana would already have returned to the
 Union as a free State—a result which the gentle-
 man considered speedy, inevitable, and desirable.
 Although a slaveholder and by no means of great
 faith in the willingness of colored men to work
 without the lash, it was clear, he said, that if the
 Union meant to restore itself, the war meant em-
 anicipation. And the views of this gentleman are
 quite as valuable as those of Mr. Cottman and his
 two friends, who recently asked the President to re-
 establish slavery in Louisiana.

It is refreshing to hear the earnest expression of
 the earnest loyalists from rebel States; and Gen-
 eral Butler exactly represents them and their views.
 We extract a few passages from his Concord speech.
 First, as to "Democracy":

"If there is a Democrat here—and thousands I doubt
 not there are—to him I say, I am a Democrat, after the
 strictest sort of that political religion have I lived a Phar-
 ise. And when we point to the past for a record—I say
 it here, in this bright sunlight—there is no better Demo-
 cratic record than mine; and he who claims better, let
 him show it."

Then as to Slavery:

"And now let me tell you here, as my deliberate judg-
 ment, founded on observation and reflection, and the
 question of negro slavery to-day is as much a dead issue of
 the past as the United States Bank. That thing is ended.
 Whatever may be the future of this country that thing is
 ended, and no man except those who go back to pick up that
 which is behind need trouble himself about that issue."

Finally, as to settlement:

"First, drive out the military power that now holds the
 States, the five hundred thousand men there. Drive out
 the leaders; send them to Mexico, if you choose, to make
 a proportion of Louis Napoleon's army; send them who
 have; get rid of them. My friends, there are too many
 who have a right to hang them, but many things that
 are not right are not expedient. Send them away; get
 rid of them; extinguish them so far as the land is con-
 cerned. It must be so; because we could not live with
 them in peace when they were friends, and can we live
 with them as enemies? And when setting the loyal
 men ask to come into the Union to become a portion of
 this great empire, we can admit them precisely as we have ad-
 mitted Western Virginia, and as I hope we shall soon do
 Louisiana. Having got rid of those men who assume to be
 leaders, we can reconstruct the Union, and my word for
 it, my friends, bear with me or against me, as the case
 may be in the future, in that way only is there to be any
 reconstruction of the Union. And when the nation is re-
 constructed, when its laws are extended over all that great
 territory again; when instead of having our attention di-
 vided and driven now as it is to the question of war, we
 can bring the whole energy of the public mind and the
 whole talent of the public statesmen of the country to this
 question, then will be the time when we can deal with and
 settle, in the providence of God, to our satisfaction and to
 His, this great question of what is to be done with the Af-
 rican race. Before that time, in my judgment, it is of
 little consequence to speculate upon the negro question in
 any shape. Drive Lee and his myrmidons away from the
 gates of the capital, and then look after the African. You
 see I am ending as I began—and the rebellion, and get rid
 of the suspension of habeas corpus; end the rebellion, and
 get rid of military arrests; end the rebellion, and get rid
 of military power; end the rebellion, and become re-
 united; end the rebellion, and then settle the question of
 the African. (Applause.) Let me be understood—and I
 think it is best—if it is the best way to use the African
 for the purpose of getting rid of the rebels, use him. (Ap-
 plause.) But deal with him not as the enemy, but as a
 man; not as a result, but as an instrument in our hands,
 placed there by God, for the protection of this country in
 this hour of her peril." (Continued applause.)

GENERAL GRANT.

A FRIEND in St. Louis writes: "Grant is a
 working man. Years ago he married in St. Louis,
 resigned his situation in the army, turned farmer,
 and drove his own team into St. Louis with wood.
 In his recent march (in May) he was three days
 on foot, with his rattans and baggage, leading his
 men, not being willing to delay until his horses
 should come up. Such a man must succeed."

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

THE admirable London correspondent of Child's
 Publishers' Circular, in his copyist's avowry of
 new books, writes of Mrs. Kemble's Journal, just
 published by the Harpers:
 "Last, but not least, is 'Journal of a Residence
 on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39,' by Frances
 Anne Kemble—a book which will do more to dam-
 age the cause of the South in this country than
 any thing that has yet appeared. It is the narra-
 tive of a truth-loving, kind-hearted English gentle-
 woman; and without attempting to paint slavery
 in its true colors, and without being drawn to mis-
 blacker than it is, such a picture is drawn of mis-
 ery, degradation, and cruelty, that one shudders
 to think that beings calling themselves Christian
 men and women can for a moment misquote their
 Bibles to uphold such a devilish institution."

**SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE
 GANDER.**

Down to the very day of Lee's defeat the cor-
 ruption, incompetency, and hopeless inability of
 the Washington authorities were incessantly de-
 cried and denounced. Presaging disaster, the Cop-
 perheads, who wear a mask of loyalty, took care

in advance to hold Washington intermeddling, stupidity, and treachery responsible. Washington influences had spoiled every thing. They had demoralized the army. They had caused the defeat of McClellan on the Peninsula, and of Burnside and Hooker at Fredericksburg. They were the ruin of the cause, and nothing was to be hoped until they were expelled.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought and won. Now if that bugbear, and paralysis, and incarnate blunder, the "Washington authorities," were responsible for all the Virginia campaigns, they are not less responsible for the campaign in Pennsylvania under their very noses. If the disaster is their fault in the one case, the success is their glory in the other. If they are to be the scape-goats of McClellan's failure, they must likewise be crowned with Meade's triumph.

The truth is that it is idle to hold any man or influence solely responsible for the event of a campaign. Certainly no battle has been more splendidly fought, and no success is more vital than that fought and won at Gettysburg. It has brought to the attention of Mr. Grant the young Irish gentleman who periodically moves in Parliament for the recognition of the rebels. Mr. Lindsay is largely interested in Southern trade; and Mr. J. Spence—the inevitable Mr. Spence—is the Liverpool commercial agent of the rebels.

REBEL AFFECTIONS.

It is said by the Richmond Dispatch that "Vice-President Stephens" was going to Washington to inform the Government of his country that if the private property of rebels was not respected the rebels would retaliate. Now, considering that "Vice-President Stephens" is a ring-leader of rebels who stop, seize, and burn defenseless ships upon the high seas, which, in every code, is pure piracy—and considering that the same rebels have announced their intention to hang without delay the officers of certain national regiments because they don't like the color of the soldiers, it is tolerably good for them to talk of the retaliation to which they will be forced by our cruelty.

But this assumption of dignity and scrupulous regard for the rights of war is part of the game of the rebels and their Northern Copperhead allies. These gentry, who have outraged all public and private honor, and have plunged their country into civil war for the purpose of securing immunity in their cruel outrage of the simplest human rights, are peculiarly fond of invoking the Divine name, and of endeavoring to give a religious lustre to the tragical crime in which they are engaged. But now and then the pious veneer is worn away for a little while, as when that eminently religious personage, Jefferson Davis, whose dignity and gravity enchain John Bull, forgets that his cue is calm superiority, and raves fiercely about preferring hyenas to Yankees.

When you remember that these men were so firmly persuaded that there could be no higher merit for public or private action than the truest selfishness, and that they relied exclusively upon the utmost meanness of human nature for success in a bloody and desolating war, waged for the purpose of hopelessly oppressing the unfortunate, their sneivels of piety and affectation of regard for deencies and rights become as ludicrous and contemptible as the object for which they are a cloak is inhuman and loathsome.

COPPERHEAD STATESMANSHIP.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of our successes the Copperhead papers of every hue broke into a cry for "magnanimity," and expatiated upon the "noble opportunity" of offering terms and making peace forthwith. Last week the conduct of the war, in their opinion, was imbecile and treacherous, leading only to disunion and anarchy; while the rebels were strong, able, desperate, and following the greatest of generals. Horror, blackness, and death were all that this nation had to expect from the contest. Every disaster was magnified by the amiable Copperheads; every weakness jeered, as Governor Seymour jeered at the Academy the taking of Vicksburg, which, he said, "had been promised us for the 4th of July." The ruin of public credit, general prostration, desolation by invading armies, conquering marches, as of Caesar in Gaul, and of Alexander in Persia—these were the pleasing pictures that gushed profusely from the Copperhead pencil.

A battle was fought and won by the loyal soldiers of the country. Presto! Instead of the most forlorn, abject, and conquered of people, we were at once superior and invincible; that conscience and honor compelled us immediately to tell the enemy that he was overwhelmingly subdued, that he could not hope to struggle with us, and that therefore, with sentiments of the most distinguished consideration for the bravery of men who tried to overthrow their government when they thought it utterly unable to resist, and for no cause but to establish a gallant nation of gentlemen who could whip women at their leisure, we begged them to take command of us in future as they had always had it in the past.

This is the logical and natural counsel of the statesmanship of Vallandigham and his friends. The key of their position, in all they say or do, is the status quo ante bellum; the Democratic party of the free States serving the slaveholding oligarchy of the South, doing the bidding and thankfully receiving the cold pieces of their masters. These gentlemen want last year's strawberries. They want the earth before the deluge. They gravely expect an intelligent, honest, and patriotic people, whose eyes have been opened to an abyss from which they have barely escaped, to shut their

eyes tight again and play that there is nothing there. When those people do shut their eyes and open their mouths, Copperhead statesmanship may give them something to make them wise—but not before.

A STATUE BY JOHN BULL.

This rebel organ in London announces that a statue of Stonewall Jackson, seven feet high, is to be made, by Foley, and presented to Virginia, to be placed in the capitol at Richmond. The Committee who have it in charge is composed of "distinguished gentlemen"—five of whom are not unknown to us in this country. Sir James Ferguson is a Scotch baronet who ran through the slave States in the first weeks of the rebellion, and being an extreme British Tory, was delighted to see, as he supposed, that we were undone—a fact upon which he has patiently insisted ever since. Mr. Beresford Hope is also of the most antiquated school of British toryism, which would hail Jackson as a human benefactor, merely because he did what he could to destroy the hope of free popular government. Mr. Gregory is the young Irish gentleman who periodically moves in Parliament for the recognition of the rebels. Mr. Lindsay is largely interested in Southern trade; and Mr. J. Spence—the inevitable Mr. Spence—is the Liverpool commercial agent of the rebels.

These gentlemen are sufficient to indicate the character of the Committee. The object of agitating for the statue is to secure the British interests involved, by prolonging sympathy for the rebellion. Of course it is the sublime character of the great hero which impels them in the advertisement; but, bitter as the grief may be, and profound the admiration, the disconsolate widow still continues the business at the old stand.

We miss, however, one illustrious name from the list. Where is Hartington? He, too, has seen the greatness of the new nation; and he has actually done something to serve it, as none of the others have. He wore the rebel colors in the chief city of the Government, the rebels striving to destroy, and in the very presence of some of the highest military officers of that Government; and although he was called to account by a brave and honorable youth, who burned with the insult offered to his country, he was unrebuked by his host, who warmly reproved the youth for making a fuss in his house. Here was a service of daring and sagacity: first, in wearing a rebel badge within the loyal lines; and second, in exposing the fact that it could be worn there without rebuke from the person who should have been the first to resent the insult of an enemy's offender. The excellent Hartington should certainly be honorary chairman of the Committee, and who knows that he might not give another triumph to the rebel cause by securing a subscription from his quondam host?

LITERARY.

"HARPER'S European Guide-Book," by W. Pembroke Petridge, is an indispensable companion for every American traveling in Europe. It is the only one published in the United States, and the only complete one in a single volume in the language. It is truly valuable not only for its general information, but for its minute directions even to the details of cities, etc., which are always so annoying to the traveler.

"Eastman's White Mountain Guide" (E. C. Eastman, Concord, New Hampshire) is issued this year in a complete form. It is a full and accurate hand-book of the various approaches to the White Mountains from New York, and detailed and picturesque descriptions of the scenery from various hands, with the most ample directions as to routes, tours, excursions, and "sights." It is neatly and conveniently bound in flexible leather.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SPOKEMAN, less expert than extravagant, was seated with his servant on a dock, consulting themselves under the fatigue and disappointment of unsuccessive pursuit. "The master says," "Well, Pat, this is expensive work. I've been calculating the average cost of these little ones about 22." "Falls your Honor," says Pat, "throwing a dash of humor into the sympathizing simplicity of his tone, 'I'm sorry for that, but it's lucky there's no more of them.'"

A modest-looking young lady coming one day into the Rooms at Bath, when Nash was master of the ceremonies, he attempted to confuse and put her to the blush by his effrontery. "Well, miss," said he, "you have just come from school, I suppose, and I dare say you have read your Bible; pray can you tell me what is 'Thou'st dog's name?'" "Nash, Sir," replied she, "and a sassy dog he was."

Friends of the day are like a melon. Why? Because you may a dozen melons try Before you can find one that's fit to eat; And a true friend is just as rare a treat.

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. "Yes, Sir," said the witness, "and so are women; and if you get any thing out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer. "Very well," said the witness; "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave officer. "Never fear, my dear, the longer you are away in your country, the better the dearer I shall like you."

"They tell me wine gives strength," said Fox, one day; "and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, can not keep myself on my legs!"

A little girl showed her cousin, about four years old, a star, saying, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it ain't," said he, "it's just like it." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?" replied he.

It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues. Innocence is no security against temptation; it is exactly what temptation counts upon.

AMULETUM OF CONSUMPTION.—Two thin shoes make one cold, two cold one attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one cough. There is a good deal of hop in a gallon of ale, but there is none steeper in a pint of whiskey.

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-tree near a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

"Rents are enormous," as the poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

Many a man's tongue is a two-edged sword—one of the edges cutting his friends and the other himself.

When a ship makes port does the crew get any? At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities?—At the point of the bayonet.

Why are sailors in a leaky vessel like a dancing-master?—Because they depend on their pumps.

Why is a female who sells her trinkets like a fish-woman?—Because she vendors her wares.

Why is an old dog like a shipwrecked mariner?—Because he has lost his bark.

"This is dangerous ground," as the fly observed of the tract.

"Coming," as the rheumatism said to the traveler.

The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

Why is an attorney like a clergyman?—Because he studies the law and profits.

"If you beat me I will call out the soldiers," says the drum.

What tables are most used throughout the world?—Vegetables.

It is easy enough to tell a hard drinker—his offense is always brought to the end of his nose.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP? Loss my first, and all that's left is not worth a straw; My second gives importance to physic and law; Not to mention divines; but my whole cares for neither, Eat fruit, and scares ladies in the summer weather.

Why are ladies like churches? There is no living without them; There is many a spire (aspirer) to them; They are all devoted; And they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

What small animal is turned into a large one by being teased?—Foxes.

By well employing my second, You will never regret my first.

When is a pointer like a plowshare? When he is used to point swines (quadriceps).

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it, remains a word of two syllables?—Plague—ague.

How would a whip's servant announce her carriage? Four troyweight (which is at door).

What are the anchors like the anchors? Because they are attached to their buoys (boys).

My first is a carriage of war; In my second great treasures are found; My whole's used by many a fair, Then it don't to their credit (red) Car-mine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RIOTS IN NEW YORK. A RIOT, first commenced in this city on the morning of Monday, July 13. At first it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which had been commenced on Saturday the 11th. The meeting of the names was continued on Monday morning. A crowd, gradually increasing, gathered around the office, but the drawing went on until about 60 additional names had been drawn, when a riotous attack was made by the mob. The wheel was destroyed, the papers scattered, and the building set on fire. The excitement spread through the city; crowds of riotous soldiers, as first with no apparent common object. But in a short time the aim of the leaders in the riot appeared to be an indiscriminate attack upon the entire business and upon those who were supposed to be in any way connected with the draft or with the Republican party. Several buildings were sacked and burned. The Police office was attacked, and only saved by the heroic efforts of the police; negroes were hunted down, several were murdered under the most revolting circumstances. The house of the Mayor was sacked, that of the Postmaster burned to the ground, railroad tracks were torn up, and for a while it seemed that the city was under control of the mob. Their most dastardly performance was the sack of the office of Colored Captain Isham, who owned some hundreds of children were provided for. This was sacked, and finally burnt to the ground. The riot raged throughout the whole of Monday and Tuesday.

General Moore telegraphs, July 14, "My cavalry new corps Fighting Waters, having overtaken and captured a brigade of infantry 1500 strong, two guns, two caissons, two battle flags, and a large number of small-arms. The enemy are all across the Potomac."

THE ENEMY ACROSS THE POTOMAC. According to accounts, deemed reliable, this stronghold was surrendered to General Banks on the 6th of July, with 15,000 prisoners.

ATAK UPON CHARLESTON. Charleston has been again attacked. The attack commenced on the 10th of July by an attacking force of 10,000 men. The enemy obtained possession of the southern portion of Morris Island. Four monitors engaged battery Wagner, and the battery at Cummings' Point all day without damage or casualties, but the losses in opposing the landing were severe. Three hundred were killed and 1,000 wounded, including sixteen officers. The enemy's loss is evidently heavy.

GENERAL LEE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG. The following general order of General R. E. Lee to the rebel army, issued from Hagerstown on Saturday, was found when General Kilpatrick entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDER—No. 16. HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 13, 1863.

After the long and trying march, endured with the fortitude that ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and repelled the defenses of the enemy. You were engaged in the invasion of Ohio. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic and gallant spirit which has characterized the soldiers of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again old wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and hapless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of our country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the noble deeds of heroism for which we contend; and, invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your God is on my side before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

General Commanding.

A CAVALLY FIGHT. A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock near Hoensober, between the Union cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry in large force, under Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Jones. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought gallantly, but were forced to retire to Hoensober in the night, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy back three miles.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED. Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle-field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harburg, making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG. The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, recounting the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations may be gathered from the fact that the batteries fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats fired four thousand five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shells were fired from the gun-boats on shore, and over six thousand were supplied to the different army corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, besides about four thousand non-combatants, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. Two thousand five hundred rebels have been killed, and the rest since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier-Generals, and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There were five thousand six hundred men in the hospital, half of whom were wounded. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule flesh. Ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETRAIT OF BRAGG. Dispatches from Tallahassee represent the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River. While retreating, they were defeated at the battle of Chickasaw, and the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

STEPHENS'S PRISON MESSAGE. The following is the prison message relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Gold at Fortress Monroe:

ADMIRAL LEE'S DISPATCH TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. FORTRESS MONROE, July 4, 1863. UNITED STATES STEAMER "TERRIBLE"—2 P. M. Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The following communication is just received from Mr. Stephens, who is in the bag-of-truce boat anchored above. I shall inform Mr. Stephens that I await your instructions before giving him an answer.

S. H. LEE, Admiral, etc.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE ADAMANT DENIED. NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 4, 1863. Acting Rear-Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads:

The request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels of communication for all needed military communication and conference between the United States forces and the insurgents.

Secretary of the Navy MORGAN'S RAID. The raid of the rebel Morgan into Indiana, which he seems to be pursuing with great boldness, has thoroughly alarmed the people of that State, and Ohio to some sense of their danger. On 13th General Burnside declared martial law in Cincinnati, and in Covington and Newport on the Kentucky side. All business is suspended until further orders, and all citizens are required to organize in accordance with the direction of the State and municipal authorities. There is nothing definite as to Morgan's whereabouts, but it is supposed that he will endeavor to move around the city of Cincinnati and cross the river between there and Mayville. The militia is concentrating, in obedience to the order of Governor Tod.

whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again old wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and hapless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of our country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the noble deeds of heroism for which we contend; and, invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your God is on my side before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

General Commanding.

A CAVALLY FIGHT. A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock near Hoensober, between the Union cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry in large force, under Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Jones. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought gallantly, but were forced to retire to Hoensober in the night, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy back three miles.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED. Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle-field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harburg, making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG. The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, recounting the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations may be gathered from the fact that the batteries fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats fired four thousand five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shells were fired from the gun-boats on shore, and over six thousand were supplied to the different army corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, besides about four thousand non-combatants, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. Two thousand five hundred rebels have been killed, and the rest since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier-Generals, and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There were five thousand six hundred men in the hospital, half of whom were wounded. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule flesh. Ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETRAIT OF BRAGG. Dispatches from Tallahassee represent the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River. While retreating, they were defeated at the battle of Chickasaw, and the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

STEPHENS'S PRISON MESSAGE. The following is the prison message relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Gold at Fortress Monroe:

ADMIRAL LEE'S DISPATCH TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. FORTRESS MONROE, July 4, 1863. UNITED STATES STEAMER "TERRIBLE"—2 P. M. Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The following communication is just received from Mr. Stephens, who is in the bag-of-truce boat anchored above. I shall inform Mr. Stephens that I await your instructions before giving him an answer.

S. H. LEE, Admiral, etc.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE ADAMANT DENIED. NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 4, 1863. Acting Rear-Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads:

The request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels of communication for all needed military communication and conference between the United States forces and the insurgents.

Secretary of the Navy MORGAN'S RAID. The raid of the rebel Morgan into Indiana, which he seems to be pursuing with great boldness, has thoroughly alarmed the people of that State, and Ohio to some sense of their danger. On 13th General Burnside declared martial law in Cincinnati, and in Covington and Newport on the Kentucky side. All business is suspended until further orders, and all citizens are required to organize in accordance with the direction of the State and municipal authorities. There is nothing definite as to Morgan's whereabouts, but it is supposed that he will endeavor to move around the city of Cincinnati and cross the river between there and Mayville. The militia is concentrating, in obedience to the order of Governor Tod.

GENERAL LEE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG. The following general order of General R. E. Lee to the rebel army, issued from Hagerstown on Saturday, was found when General Kilpatrick entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDER—No. 16. HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 13, 1863.

After the long and trying march, endured with the fortitude that ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and repelled the defenses of the enemy. You were engaged in the invasion of Ohio. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic and gallant spirit which has characterized the soldiers of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again old wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and hapless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of our country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the noble deeds of heroism for which we contend; and, invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your God is on my side before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

General Commanding.

A CAVALLY FIGHT. A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock near Hoensober, between the Union cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry in large force, under Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Jones. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought gallantly, but were forced to retire to Hoensober in the night, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy back three miles.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED. Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle-field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harburg, making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG. The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, recounting the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations may be gathered from the fact that the batteries fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats fired four thousand five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shells were fired from the gun-boats on shore, and over six thousand were supplied to the different army corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, besides about four thousand non-combatants, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. Two thousand five hundred rebels have been killed, and the rest since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier-Generals, and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There were five thousand six hundred men in the hospital, half of whom were wounded. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule flesh. Ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETRAIT OF BRAGG. Dispatches from Tallahassee represent the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River. While retreating, they were defeated at the battle of Chickasaw, and the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

STEPHENS'S PRISON MESSAGE. The following is the prison message relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Gold at Fortress Monroe:

ADMIRAL LEE'S DISPATCH TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. FORTRESS MONROE, July 4, 1863. UNITED STATES STEAMER "TERRIBLE"—2 P. M. Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The following communication is just received from Mr. Stephens, who is in the bag-of-truce boat anchored above. I shall inform Mr. Stephens that I await your instructions before giving him an answer.

S. H. LEE, Admiral, etc.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE ADAMANT DENIED. NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 4, 1863. Acting Rear-Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads:

The request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels of communication for all needed military communication and conference between the United States forces and the insurgents.

Secretary of the Navy MORGAN'S RAID. The raid of the rebel Morgan into Indiana, which he seems to be pursuing with great boldness, has thoroughly alarmed the people of that State, and Ohio to some sense of their danger. On 13th General Burnside declared martial law in Cincinnati, and in Covington and Newport on the Kentucky side. All business is suspended until further orders, and all citizens are required to organize in accordance with the direction of the State and municipal authorities. There is nothing definite as to Morgan's whereabouts, but it is supposed that he will endeavor to move around the city of Cincinnati and cross the river between there and Mayville. The militia is concentrating, in obedience to the order of Governor Tod.

GENERAL LEE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG. The following general order of General R. E. Lee to the rebel army, issued from Hagerstown on Saturday, was found when General Kilpatrick entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDER—No. 16. HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 13, 1863.

After the long and trying march, endured with the fortitude that ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and repelled the defenses of the enemy. You were engaged in the invasion of Ohio. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic and gallant spirit which has characterized the soldiers of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again old wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and hapless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of our country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the noble deeds of heroism for which we contend; and, invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your God is on my side before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

General Commanding.

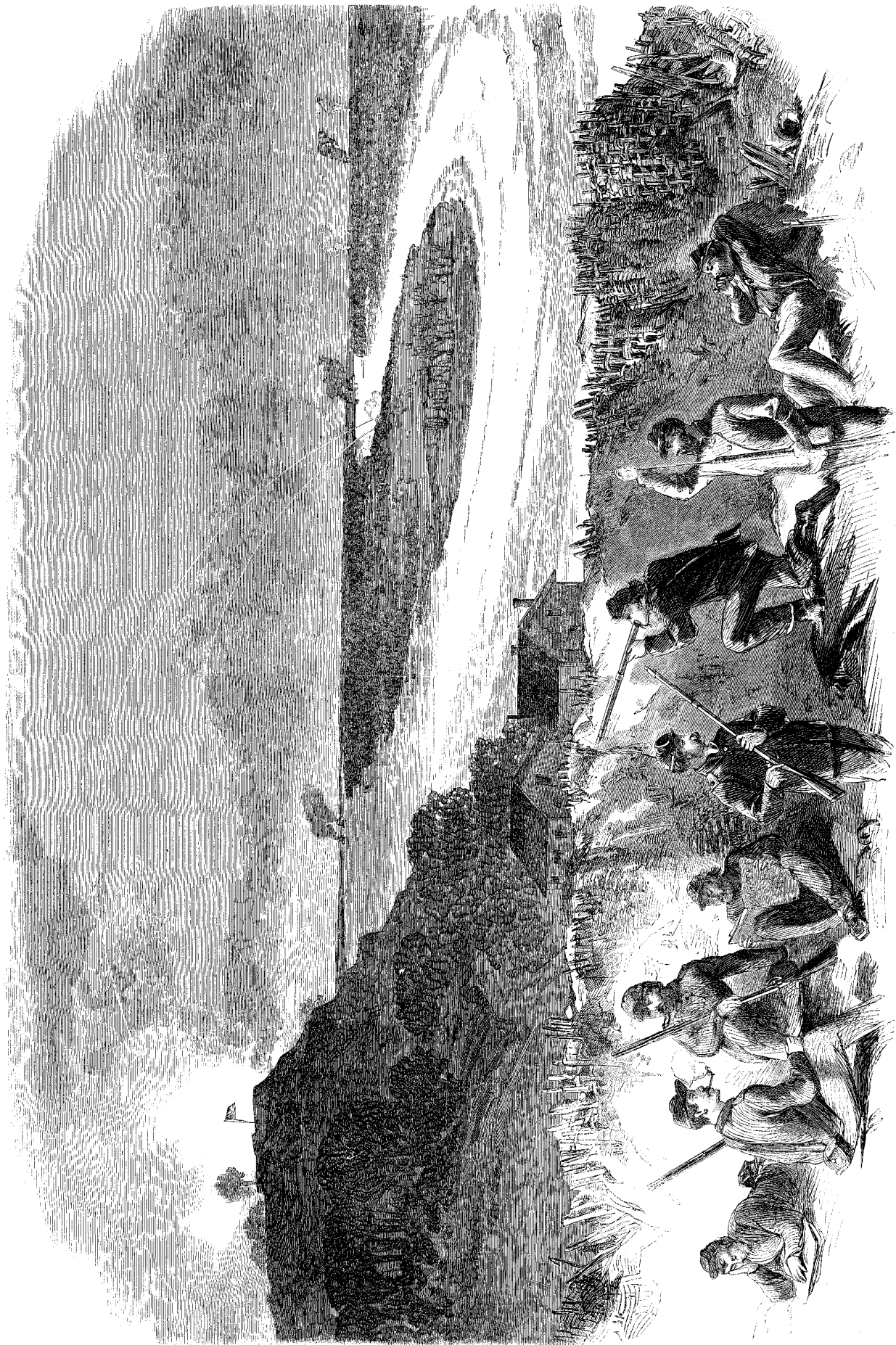
A CAVALLY FIGHT. A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock near Hoensober, between the Union cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry in large force, under Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Jones. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought gallantly, but were forced to retire to Hoensober in the night, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy back three miles.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED. Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle-field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harburg, making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

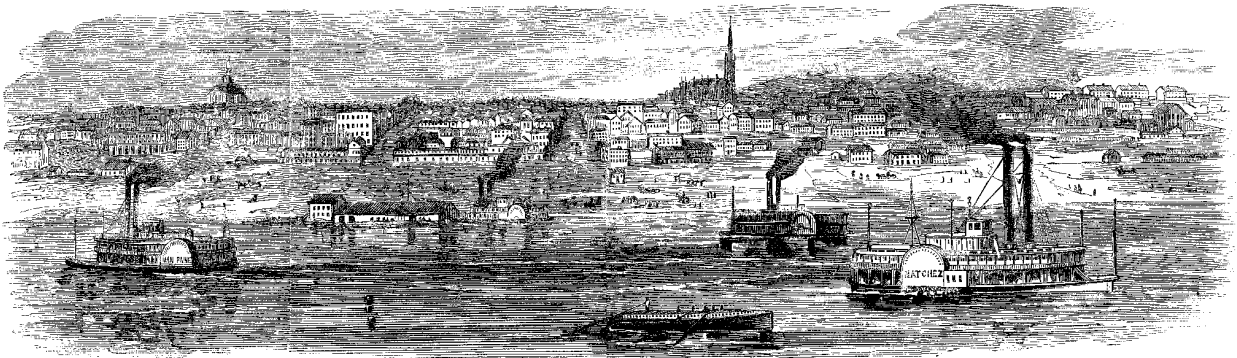
WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG. The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, recounting the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations may be gathered from the fact that the batteries fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats fired four thousand five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shells were fired from the gun-boats on shore, and over six thousand were supplied to the different army corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, besides about four thousand non-combatants, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. Two thousand five hundred rebels have been killed, and the rest since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier-Generals, and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There were five thousand six hundred men in the hospital, half of whom were wounded. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule flesh. Ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETRAIT OF BRAGG. Dispatches from Tallahassee represent the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River. While retreating, they were defeated at the battle of Chickasaw, and the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

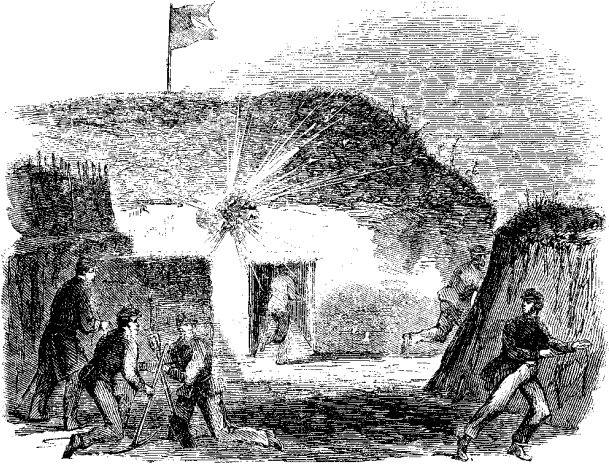
STEPHENS'S PRISON MESSAGE. The following is the prison message relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Gold at Fortress Monroe:



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—VIEW UPON THE EXTREME RIGHT, SHOWING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER ABOVE AND BELOW VICKSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



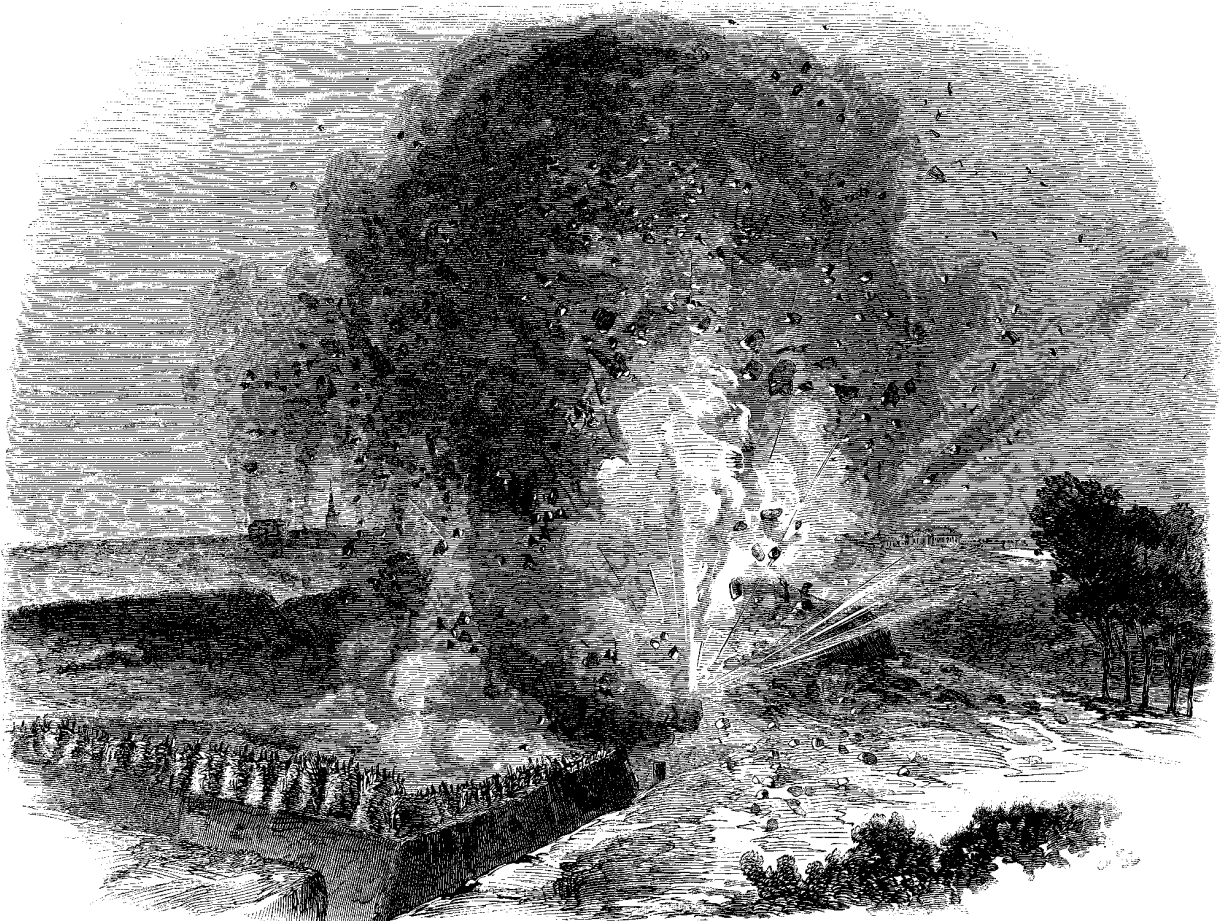
THE CITY OF VICKSBURG BEFORE THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



ENTRANCE OF THE MINE UNDER FORT HILL.—REBEL HAND GRENADE EXPLODING.



UNDER FORT HILL.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—BLOWING UP THE REBEL FORT HILL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

THE CHARMER CHARMED.

1.

EMILY M'LEAN stepped from the coach to the piazza of the Ocean House with a sigh. She was tired, and heated, and so depressed. This was her own reasoning to account to herself for the blue feeling that assailed her.

Her veil lifted by the wind as she passed in, and disclosed to the three or four young men who sat three feet away down the piazza a pale face, neither youthful nor old, with pale brown hair and exhausted-looking brown eyes, from which all lustre seemed to have departed. The lips, too, were pale, just the faintest pink to suggest a sometime color.

"Well, that isn't a very brilliant face, I must say," observed one of the three.

"Not one to—"

"To make a cavalier sigh, swear, or pray," remarked another, indifferently.

"I have seen plainer faces than that," wound up the third, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I dare say," replied the second speaker, smiling; "but you didn't fall in love with it at first sight I presume?" with a pleasant, conclusive air.

"I did, though."

The two listeners wheeled nearer.

"What, you mean it, Alayne?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"All for love, and the world well lost," hummed Lawrence King for comment.

"How did you gild the face? Was it real gold-leaf?" sneered Marchmont, knocking ashes out of his mersmann.

Alayne's honest, sweet eyes looked grave, reproachful.

"What's the use of talking in that style to me, March. I might call it unkind if I chose, for cynical as you are, you know I am not hypocritical or self-deceived. Did you mean to make sport of me?"

Marchmont's sallow cheek tinged with red a moment. A moment more, and he reached over and handed his pipe to Alayne.

"Alayne, you are a faithful dog," he said. The only true, unworshipful, simple soul I know. You might have lived in Arcadia. I spoke from habit, old fellow, so let us smoke the pipe of peace. We'll not quarrel over the feminine. I like you better than any woman, Robert Alayne. There goes the little Queen Mab, King Lawrence—away with you, and see if you can't finish up last night's flirtation before we have that game of billiards. You were in too much of a hurry yesterday—no eyes or ears for any thing but a hat with a blue feather, and a girl's giggle."

"King Lawrence" rose laughing, lifting his hat to a small sylph in a white morning muslin, wearing on a golden head a hat with a blue feather. There came a swift smile and a blush into little Queen Mab's face.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence, have you seen my sister? Have there been any arrivals?" in a breathless way.

Mr. Lawrence looked down with an *opsis* air into the upturned face, and answered, all of a fact: "There has been an arrival, but I fancy not your sister."

"Oh, but you don't know Em; we are not in the least alike."

Lawrence bit his lip: was this innocence or affectation? "Then why did you ask me, if I am not supposed to know your sister, Miss Mabel?" laughing a little.

"I asked you if there had been any arrivals. I forgot at first you didn't know," putting in a childish way, which aroused her companion still more.

"And I told you there had been one, and that I could not fancy the lady your sister," impressively, watching this girl's face curiously.

"Why, why?" impatiently.

He bent down a little nearer to the girl face and murmured a soft, subtle compliment of comparison, with as reverent an air as if he were approaching a patron saint.

His hearer flushed a tender rose. If Lawrence King had been less overlaid by the false worldly estimates he prided himself upon, he would have known what that blush meant. As it was he did her injustice, as such men will. But a moment again, and she said, "It could not have been Em; Em is lovely."

They walked up and down the piazza, he bending toward her with that air of reverent emotion in which he excelled, and which made his name famous among women as a *preux chevalier*; she listening with downcast eyes and changing color, or replying with a pretty air of mock assurance.

"Look at Lawrence now, will you?" growled Marchmont. "Was there ever such a hypocrite! That girl thinks he is in earnest. So did Miss Eliza Ripley last month; and so did Caroline Smythe last night. Look at him! What's that little thing's rightful guardians, if she's got any, come and carry her off? That's the way these people go on—trusting a girl to such noodles as the Windlows!"

"You don't think King in earnest?"

"Alayne, you are a simple sort of a fellow, but you have got common sense. You don't believe Lawrence King's airs, do you?"

Alayne laughed. "Well, I don't."

But here he stopped. A lady wished to pass out. He had somehow, in his talk, swung his chair from its first limit an angle aside. He barred the doorway. He rose, bowing and begging "your pardon"—not like Lawrence King, who made even "your pardon" sound a grace, but with a moister reality of concern and a half shy manner. The lady—the very one whose pale face just now called out their comment, the new arrival—bent her head for acknowledgment and smiled. Then a voice said, "Thank you!" and she stepped out.

"Em, it is you."

And Mabel M'Lean left Lawrence King to run to her sister. Mr. King was for running off too, chagrined at his blunder; but Mabel called him,

and introduced him with an air that plainly and quite triumphantly said:

"There, you see, you were mistaken. She is lovely."

A fresh toilet and a smile had changed Miss M'Lean. But she wasn't yet a beauty. The strange eyes observing her now did not see any loveliness. "A delicate person," that was all even Alayne thought, who liked plain women well enough to fall in love with them at first sight.

Mabel stood before her holding the skirt of her dress as if she feared her escaping, looking as if she would like to hold by the skirt of Mr. King's coat, too, in the quick nervous way in which she continually addressed him. But Mr. King had no intention of escaping. He liked the quick appealing glance. He liked the beautiful peach-blush blush. He liked the eager, excited manner, because it was all for him; because he knew that he evoked it just as a skillful player evokes new strains and chords upon his instrument.

Farther down Alayne and Marchmont observed this. They saw at first the utter absorption of the elder in the younger. Her face bloomed, her eyes grew bright, her smile came frequent and sweet. They thought her not so plain after all. Clear meantly they saw a change. The bloom and sweetness, the light and life in some unspoken moment had died away. Something in their stead, cold and pale as a snow-wreath, had come, and the eyes that just now were tender with expression were chill with *hætuor*.

Whatever it was, the influence was as subtle as the change. King, five minutes since, basked in sunshine, seeing only the brilliant beauty of Mabel M'Lean blooming for his pleasure, observing only of the sister, as a naturally courteous man would be of any woman, and she, the background of his picture. Suddenly he felt uncomfortable, *distrait*. The bright face of Mabel was still bright, still hanging out its most alluring colors. Still she wanted him. What was it then? Suddenly he had forgotten his trick of speech, of smile, his air *déroué*. A feeling of self-consciousness was stealing over him, a little sense of shame, as if he were making himself ridiculous. He drew himself up and bent again to make *adieu* with her. Her clear voice addressed him in some social form of commonplace. A voice clear and distant in its tone of reserve as a fine and far steel bell. For the first time he felt the presence of Emily M'Lean.

He stopped, lifted his hat from his head, and looked at her as she went down the piazza beside her sister.

Marchmont, seeing all, laughed in triumph.

"Good!" he muttered. "The sheep-dog has come. She's a match for even you, King Lawrence."

This was not addressed to the young man in question, for he had joined already a cluster of ladies, and was now the centre of their regard.

That night the Windlows, No. 3 or 4, one of the many branches who did not stay at the Ocean, but had their cottage down the avenue, gave a small party. The Ocean Windlows and their friends were bidden. Marchmont, King, and Alayne were three of the friends. They went in together, and together were presented to Miss M'Lean.

"I have had the honor of meeting Miss M'Lean before," and Lawrence King smiled, with something defying and audacious in his eye. It leaped forth when he said, directly, "And your sister? I do not see her. I hope she is to be here. We should miss too much without her."

A flush rose to Miss M'Lean's temples. A sense of wounded pride, of invaded dignity, gleamed in her expression. In a second she saw his ground. She saw herself regarded as the sheep-dog; a doguena to be defied. What was to be her ground? She knew she had read this man correctly. She knew what he was doing as well as Wilkie Marchmont; and she knew her sister better than either. But now she felt the flush die away, and answered, quietly:

"Mabel is in the garden with her cousin. She will be with us directly."

And directly she came, while King quoted:

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late, she is late.'"

His face, dark, handsome, and exultant in some strangely defiant way unusual to his accustomed mood, seemed to express still more. He looked as if he thought, exultantly:

"She is coming, my dove, my dear." She came straight to her sister, blushing vehemently as she saw her companion, and deeper yet as he bent and murmured, "What did you go into the garden for, to shine out."

"To the flowers and to be their sun?"

And a moment later, Emily M'Lean had the satisfaction of seeing this gallant gay Lothario moving down the room beside her young sister, more *opsis* than ever in his manner.

She was sitting alone a while later, and they were her observation. Some one else was observant too. Some one who did not know of Miss M'Lean's proximity. And as they passed, King drooping gracefully to the little figure clinging to his side, this some one half sung, half said with deep significance,

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."
Some one else said, "What are you humming that lovely child-song here for?"

"For? For Lawrence King. Don't you think it fits. Look at him."

"Oh, you think that of him? The young lady seems to understand it, however."

"She? She is seventeen. He is thirty. That is his pastime."

They talked of other things, but Emily M'Lean heard no more. Only that line, so significantly applied,

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung," haunted her.

She was sitting by some tall tropical plants, and as she fell into thought she drew back behind the leafy covert looking out, and making conclusion,

conviction doubly sure, as she still saw those two sauntering past, the dark exultant face bending above the younger and fairer.

As last rose from her observation, came out of her brown study, speaking unconsciously to herself aloud,

"I have the power, and I will use it."

And there is one thing to be said just here. Emily M'Lean was one of those persons, rare in this world, who knew herself, her power, and her weakness, consequently she never made arrogant estimates. Coming out of her brown study, there was color on her cheek and a sparkle in her eyes; the power she had invoked from some inner depths of that quiet controlled nature breathed subtly out. Half-way across the room the cynic Marchmont met and joined her. They walked through the rooms, or in the softly lighted hall, engaged in never-flagging conversation. They sat down together and Alayne joined them. The talk became more diffusive, but animated. By-and-by, Eastman, the sculptor, formed one of the group, and then that finest talker of all, Landler.

Still walking up and down, Lawrence King regards the group with curiosity. At last, out of curiosity, he too, with pretty Mabel still on his arm, drew into the circle to find the fascination. Where was it? What was it? He looked at Miss M'Lean. She seemed to be talking little: now and then a low-toned word to one and another—a brief, quiet phrase—but it claimed attention, and entered into the general tone. But the fawn-colored silk she wore was not quieter and softer than the hue of her eyes.

These eyes, that so lately had turned stone-cold glances upon King—glances of suspicion and severity—now beamed with gentleness. There was warmth and sweetness in her face, and her aspect was cordial. He wondered if she would change as suddenly from warmth to cold for him. He addressed her. She answered him with kind indifference. He entered into the conversation, which was interesting to him, because it was upon Ruskin, and he admired and believed in Ruskin. And here he met nothing but the soft, kind manner as before. He saw her King, however, as she saw him.

He knew he saw one now, and he felt half ashamed of his defiant ground. So he fought half with a new sensation for this young gentleman—a sense of humiliation. It was good for him.

II.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

Emily M'Lean woke from her sleep with that line singing in her head, that line which the sweetest of poets never thought to be so applied. She awoke with a shiver and a sigh. She thought of her depression as she arrived. She was not given to be fanciful, but she asked herself if it were not a presentiment.

Mabel, on the contrary, woke up to gayest anticipations. The day was set to music for her. A drive with the Windlows to the glen, with Lawrence King for a *vis-à-vis*, and in the afternoon a seat beside him in his own beach-wagon—the Windlows again making it propriety. She let this brilliant plan out to her sister while she was dressing.

"And in the evening?" coolly asked Emily.

"Oh, the hand plays here to-night."

Emily knew the evening would be spent like the day. The charmer at her side, while the hand breathed of Mendelssohn, and the soft summer night wooed to the long cool ranges of piazza. She said nothing, however—offered no suspicious advice or opposition; but thought, "I must wait until to-night; then you or I, Lawrence King."

She waited until night. She saw Mabel flutter before the glass for half an hour between the merits of a Tudor hat with a blue feather and a drooping brimmed, with sprays of meadow grass, ere she went out upon her drive. She saw her come back, her eyes like dark fires, her cheeks a rosy flame, and exclaiming enthusiastically and innocently that she had had a splendid day.

All Emily M'Lean could think of was

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."
That night she took as much pains with her toilet as Mabel, though she knew her strength did not lie there. It helped her to express herself, however.

This toilet is worth describing. It was a cool sea-shore night, and she changed her vapory muslin for a silk. The hue was pearl gray, an opaline lustre softening the plain smooth surface. There was a flowering of fine lace at the throat, and through the slashed sleeve it drifted out and bordered the slender wrist. Around her brown head, whose outline was lovely from where the hair waved in a rippling curve from parting to ear, she had wound three times, following the natural line, a fine thread chain of seed pearl. And a pearl held the lace at her throat, large and transparent in its silver socket, another shone softly upon almost as white a finger, and a cluete of them beamed and shook clear rays of light near the wrist border of lace. It was the dress of a lady, and to any thoughtful observer it would at once have suggested the wearer's character. It expressed much in Emily M'Lean, both of mood and temperament.

Mabel was too actual a beauty to be made or marred by what she wore. She offered a striking contrast that night to her sister with her gay colors, her ruffles, and general air of bizarre piquancy which she could well afford.

They went down together, a contrast, but not one to make either lose.

And there, listening to the music already, were the three—Alayne, Marchmont, and King.

Marchmont, who had a cynical way of treating women, either brusquely or disdainfully, anticipating the rest by wheeling a chair for Miss M'Lean, and seating himself beside her. There was neither brusquerie nor disdain in his manner, but a grave respect. His friends stared. But he seated himself composedly and began talking to her. He half frowned when Landler came up and brought forth the Ruskin topic again. King, perhaps, was tired of Ruskin, or of the number. It was one of his theories that he could only talk with one; and

he proved it by sauntering off with little Queen Mab.

Marchmont saw his companion's face change at this. Her eyes wandered, following the sister. They returned to him full of meaning, of mute appeal. Strange of all men she should look to him, but her instincts were true. Marchmont had the power where others only had the will to do sometimes. He had both now. Her look in that involuntary glance said: "Take me away from these people; let me go to my sister."

He rose, made some remark, she never knew what, and gave her his arm. She thanked him with another glance, and then her face brightened.

Lawrence King, standing beating time with a little fan, and saying soft nothings, which in his tone might mean every thing, was suddenly surprised by a clear, even voice, full of conscious strength, but very sweet, and a little arch, saying,

"Mr. King, if I ask you to give my sister up to Mr. Marchmont, whom I wish to tell her about a friend of ours he has met abroad (Martin Wilman, Mabel), will you give me your attendance in the interval?"

A glance at Marchmont, but it was not needed. He understood.

In three minutes, before King knew what he was about, Mabel was going down the room with Wilkie Marchmont, and her sister stood in her stead.

Was he angry? For he too understood. He thought he was. But immediately Emily M'Lean began taking.

What was it she talked of? Nothing beyond what any body might have said at such a time and place. The season there, the climate, and the people; but with all her words there was a sweet decor of thought perceptible. There was the charm of interest in what she said, too, old and usual topics enough, but freshened at her touch.

He found himself listening, replying. He found himself feeling a sense of shame, of folly. He dimly felt that he might have been acting a little absurdly; that he might have been playing with a little school-girl as this woman talked. This woman? There was the difference. In her presence his gay gallantry, his air *déroué*, had lost its availability. It was out of place. He had wasted his time so long upon these exterior things that, thrown aside from them, he felt awkward. Marvel of marvels! He, the elegant, the *preux chevalier*!

But as she talked he found that other self of his, the man without the conscious graces and hypocrisies. Once more in his life he grew simple and outspoken, such as he might, perhaps, be to Robert Alayne on occasions. Then the talk grew brilliant, a little merry. In all she was so natural, yet so self-poised, he followed her *bête*, natural himself.

Mabel, meanwhile, handed over to her *bête noir* that gruff dragon Wilkie Marchmont, whom she never knew how to meet, and was so desperately afraid of. Mabel, poor child! literally trembled in her small shoes. What had this huge, black-bearded woman-hater, this giant, to tell her of Martin Wilman? She was a little sore at heart, too, a little disappointed. Em had interrupted such a nice conversation. Forster Wilman, some body at home; a picture every body admired, and that a prince wanted to buy, but which Martin wouldn't sell. It was a girl with yellow hair, in place of the Italian's darker locks; but it had her violet eyes, and he called it *Mabelle*, looking significantly at Queen Mab. By this time Mabel was interested, and Marchmont supremely bored. All the time he was thinking:

"Miss M'Lean's mind must be rapid in its deductions to lay this trap and bait. It is such an appetizing bit of cheese as Master Wilkie, from my three or four sentences about him last night."

Then he raged inwardly over what he had undertaken. Oh, agony of Boredom! when should he be released?

"I found a rational being a while ago," he murmured, under his breath, "and she slips through my fingers for this small doll."

At this climax he abandoned his post to Alayne, whom he hailed as a deliverer, and by-and-by found himself in the vicinity of his "rational being."

But here was a dilemma Lawrence King had no idea of relinquishing. The less so as he saw Marchmont's desire.

To have what Marchmont wanted! It was a position of possession which elated him with surprise and ambition. Perhaps it raised the value of his position too. At all events his spirits rose, and he forgot how he had been placed where he was, forgot Mabel M'Lean, for the time at least, and triumphantly carried the day, or the night, from Marchmont, the cynic and the autocrat.

And Mabel, that night in her chamber as she stood pulling out the little gold combs from her hair, her hand was languid, her face a little wan. Emily noted it, but wisely held her peace.

Presently an attempt at great carelessness, and the child says:

"I thought you and Mr. King would get on nicely together, Em—Don't you like him very much?"

"I don't know him very much," answered Em, with better feigning than her sister. "He is an admirer of yours, however. I plainly see, dear. I hope I shall like him very much if you wish it."

"Oh dear, no," and all the yellow hair was pulled into great snarls about the flushing face, and the little hands were trembling. "Oh dear, no; he is only a friend—like an elder brother, you see. He is older than I, and tells me I remind him of his sister; and that I must consider him as my most devoted brother. It is very nice; makes me feel so much at home with him."

So that was the guise this *preux chevalier* took! These the Platonic theories he urged, to give himself liberty to roam.

"Selfish!" inaudibly ejaculated Miss M'Lean, as she made these conclusions. "Sleeping upon it did not alter her opinion, and all the following days proved her conclusions—and her power."

STRAIGHT from the dining hall went Lawrence King to the parlor. There with the Windlows and their friends, he found what he sought; and it was not many minutes before he was standing before Mabel M'Lean talking with *expresement*. Then breaking in upon this came her sister, and Lawrence King was satisfied. Apart stood Marchmont, savagely biting the end of his mustache, and looking out of lowering brows at the *preux chevalier*. How many times had just this thing happened? Just when he had commenced a sensible conversation with Miss M'Lean up starts that puppy of a King, and by stratagem wiles her away. It was very true; day after day had 'this thing' happened. What did it mean? Was Lawrence King for once modest of his own attraction, and doubting if it did he resort to stratagem, or was it a little touch of malice to foil the cynic, the sometime autocrat? What did Lawrence King care for so plain a person as Miss M'Lean, when the first beauties of a season were ready to smile at his approach? It must have been the latter of these two propositions, then. And yet how long his malice held! How absorbed he grew as he listened or talked! There was stratagem at least of some sort, and Emily M'Lean herself was the last to see it. But she did see it, though *at last*. She saw it when she suddenly one day aroused to the fact that Lawrence King was using her sister as a lure; that he was more than content when it proved successful, and transferred her from his side. She had meant to do not quite so much. She had put herself up as a shield. She had set herself as a barrier, conscious of a power that, actively employed, would accomplish her desire. She only desired to *avert*.

How much else had she accomplished? Suddenly brought to suspicion, Miss M'Lean let this wily sister see that she did not interrupt, she waited, apparently deeply absorbed with the cynic. In vain he "charmed and sung." She came not near him. Once, twice, thrice he tried this. When he found that it was unsuccessful, as that savage Marchmont said, "played out," he came over and disputed the field in open, resolute warfare. This was better than the other. Marchmont himself gave him credit for manly courage. Miss M'Lean, too, saw him in sterner mood.

"But Mabel! Yes, the play was played out. The fine theories no longer heeded. No longer needed Lawrence King a sister."

"Why does Lawrence King follow up Miss M'Lean so persistently?—she isn't a beauty or a belle, like her sister, though Marchmont and his friends do pay her homage," asked an observer of the somebody who had quoted:

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."
 "Perhaps because Marchmont and his friends follow her. It would be like Lawrence King to want what other people value."
 "The little M'Lean seems to have consoled herself for his neglect."
 "Alayne's worth two of him; I don't wonder."
 "Alayne never looked at a pretty woman before."
 The other laughed.
 "No; that is the reason why a pretty woman is pleased with him. She thinks he must see something beyond her beauty, that every body can see."

So they were discussed. Those who discussed them looked to see Lawrence King flag in his pursuit and turn to another. But no, the days went by. A new face appeared upon the scene; beauty and fortune and fashion all in one. Still he clung to the plainer, with neither fortune nor fashion. At first Lawrence King says to himself: "Why do I like the society of this Miss M'Lean? Is it that she makes me use all my energies of mind—makes me think? Or am I envious of success where Wilkie Marchmont thinks it worth while to show esteem? What is it? I don't want to flirt with Emily M'Lean. I never think of saying a fine thing to her; but in her presence I am surprised into a higher estimate of my capabilities than I feel with others. Always at my best, is that it? And yet I am a more modest man with her. She does not flatter me with smiles or blushes. What is it?" One day he found out the secret. He carried it with him for days, for weeks, until the autumn came, and the time for the breaking up of all this summer campaigning.

It was a brilliant meeting, King at the last of September, and Lawrence King came in from a solitary walk to find a solitary occupant of the piazza. It was Emily M'Lean. She was walking up and down in the sunshine.

He looked at her as she came toward him. Her dress was of the hue of late violets, and she had struck carelessly in her bosom somebody's morning offering—a bunch of cardinals.

"How lovely she is!" he thought. Then it flashed across him the memory of a morning when she had come up the same piazza a stranger, and their comments about her. He understood now what little Queen Mab had meant when she said, "It couldn't have been Em; Em is lovely." There was neither bloom nor regularity of outline, he confessed; but a soft, subtle charm of presence, a grace, of motion, of expression, that you felt was the expression of a royal womanhood. Lawrence King felt it now as he went to meet her. He joined her not fluent, as usual, but silent, distrustful. What was on his mind? In the royal presence did he feel the weight of his misdoing? Did he feel that he had sinned against her and hers? And was he about to make confession?

He made confession, but not for absolution. He confessed, not of penitence, but of passion. He loved her. She was the only woman in the world

to him. And telling her so, he asked her to marry him.

Remembering little Queen Mab, you think that now was Emily M'Lean's hour of just retribution; that she turned upon him with scorn and withering reproach; that her eyes flashed, that her cheek flamed, and that she asked him "how he dared?" etc. No; this was not Emily M'Lean's way. She must have had some deeper test of nature than most persons—some well-spring of tenderness for every human being.

She waited before she replied, looking out toward the sea, with her somewhat sad face growing sadder as she pondered. At length she said, gravely, "I have been waiting for words that will most kindly express what I wish to say—"

"No, no!" he interrupted, vehemently, putting away, as it were, the rejection he anticipated, with a gesture of his hand.

"I am sorry," she went on, "to give any one so much pain. I had not looked for this end, you may be sure; but I can not marry you, Mr. King."

He caught eagerly at these last words. She had not said, "I do not love you." Perhaps—and with ardor he urged his suit. He would wait. And as a special claim he said:

"I have never loved a woman before, Miss M'Lean."

She looked at him a moment before she replied: "I should know that. To have loved makes us tender of others, fearful of inflicting suffering. I knew it when you amused yourself with my little sister, Mr. King."

His face changed. "Ah, you will judge me hardly there, but consider. I met your sister as the young beauty of the season. She received my attentions; my society in the manner of all young belles. She was arch, gay, and piquante—some might have said coquetish. I think we understood each other."

"Mr. King, my sister is seventeen. You can judge how much chance she has had for judging the world, and to understand men of society like yourself. Last year she left school. In six months she finds herself in the midst of five people who, instead of speaking to her with the serene simplicity of a conventional Penicemonia, meet her with subtle compliment of word and manner. Her own manner, which you suggest as coquetish, is perfectly unlearned—the merest natural result of a young and imaginative mind. You are mistaken if you suppose she understood you, Mr. King. I will tell you frankly—because I think it is better for her dignity and for your experience to know—that when my sister blushed at your name when alone with me, it was not for vanity. It is a grave and solemn thing to stir the conscious depths of a young girl's heart; for though she may outwardly accept any version of Platonism which those older and wiser in the world's ways may suggest, it is only outwardly. The sensibility of her own nature contradicts such theories."

A vivid color suffused her listener's face as she spoke. He remembered himself in this suggestion. How meanly at this moment of real feeling did his own past conduct appear! In this clear and noble presence how wasted seemed his former days!

"At least," he said, after a short pause, "I have not permanently disturbed your sister's heart. Alayne—"

"Mr. King, you have taught Mabel her first lesson of unbelief. She has learned from you the meaning of 'trifling.' It was a shock which might have proved fatal to her nature, making her the heartless, unbelieving coquette which you prematurely presumed her to be; but in the reaction Mr. Alayne's simple truth of character convinced her that her ideal was not altogether illusive. I am happy to say, Mr. King, that she accepted Robert Alayne last night. I am sure you will be glad to know this."

"I am sincerely glad. I hope you will believe me to this extent. But—but if you would but allow me to convince you too that my life may not be so far apart from yours; that I may at some time—"

"Pardon me, Mr. King, for what I am going to say; but love does not grow by waiting. I have seen two such lives as yours and mine. You are thirty; I am twenty-six. Since I was twenty-five I have been to me costly and sacred. To you—forgive me if I seem harsh—it has been a play, an amusement, which often palled upon you. You have lived exteriorly, I interiorly. Do not think I arrogate any thing to myself; but we are unfit for each other. You have it in your power to do much that is fine and splendid; but your place is in the world—mine is not—"

"And you will not—"

"I can not." She held out her hand. "Will you forgive me for what I have said! Trust me that I did not say it easily or unkindly."

He took the hand, held it a moment, then said, in a low voice,

"I am glad to have known you, Emily M'Lean. I shall never forget you."

He never did. His place was in the world, as she had said. He was always where life ran in fashionable circles; but no one ever quoted for him after this.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."
 The charmer was charmed into finer charming. He never forgot her nor the lesson that she taught him. And Marchmont, too—Marchmont, the cynic and the autocrat.

In early life he had learned the lesson of distrust that came so near poisoning the life of little Queen Mab. He learned it from a woman; therefore he hated women; therefore he earned the title of cynic and autocrat. Emily M'Lean revealed to him his long mistake; proved to him

"How divine a thing a woman can be made."
 And when he said, "I love you, Emily M'Lean," she who had so subtly perceived the character of another recognized as well the real goodness that lay beneath the rough mask of cynicism.

"And Marchmont wins," says the shrewd observer, who has watched the summer's campaign. And Marchmont wins.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"First waltz? let me see; with much pleasure!" She handed her fan to her aunt.

How we whirl'd to the dext-temp's swift measure,
 I fain would describe; but I can't.

An carsman would say that we "spurred;"
 A sportsman, we "went like a bird;"
 I shall merely remark that we flirted
 In a manner extremely absurd.

And when all my twirling was over,
 And I and my pipe were alone,
 My heart, I began to discover,
 Had ceased to be wholly my own.

As Paddy would say, "More by token,"
 Our hearts must be made of tough clay,
 For mine's been made of those broken,
 And here it is beating to-day!

And now I sit here in my attic,
 Alone, with a cold in my head,
 And think, although somewhat rheumatic,
 Of dancing in days that are dead.

A waltz, and but one! 'twas but little
 To live in my memory so long;
 But, at twenty, one's heart is as brittle
 As one's love of sensation is strong.

I picked up a bow net which, drooping,
 Our fall from the clouds had grazed;
 At present, just fancy me stooping,
 I'm over four feet round the waist!

The programme which held her sweet surname,
 I gazed on with tenderest looks;
 Just now, I am certain that her name
 Would move me far less than my cook's.

It comes to us all, that sad season,
 When a man has his waistcoats made wide,
 And his wife ceases strumming the keys on,
 And carries her keys by her side;

When we will go to sleep after dinner,
 And end perhaps at odd times in the day;
 When the hat upon one's back is getting thinner,
 And our beard and our whiskers get gray;

When we can't hold our horse with a snaffle;
 When our waltzing's no longer our forte;
 These sad recollections I'll baffle
 With a bumper of crated old Port.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

ON pages 472 and 473 we publish two fine illustrations of the BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG from drawings by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. The best description of the battle which we have seen is the following from the Philadelphia Age, and we do not think our readers will be sorry to have it in full, though it is:

On Wednesday morning, July 3, General Reynolds, with twenty-five thousand men, the advance of the Federal Army, approached Gettysburg from the southeast and began to occupy the field upon which it was fought. Here was a peculiar one. The South Mountain, a long ridge several miles west of Gettysburg, is the great landmark, and the ridge upon which the hill upon which stood the anti-Unionist but famous cemetery. Gettysburg is situated in a valley. Two ridges, a mile apart, parallel to the ridge on the right, the one being toward the east. It was upon these ridges that the battle was fought, the confederates advancing and retreating through the town, and across the valley above and below. There is but one stream of water on the field—a narrow, swampy one, a mile south of Gettysburg, which runs zigzag down the valley toward the Monocacy. The lines of battle formed by the two armies were upon these ridges, and resembled two horsemen, one inside of the other.

The Federal line rested on the top of the Cemetery Hill. It is a short distance south of the town. In front there is a rather steep declivity to the valley, then a gentle ascent covered with heavy timber and pieces of rock to the Cemetery Hill, a mile distant. Here was the Confederate line. As the gaze stood amidst the broken tombstones he could see the entire field. The valley, parallel to the great declivity and from right to left, almost a semicircle. He could look over the trees-top and little patches of wood, and passing his eye up the hill on the right to the Cemetery Hill. The Federal line was along a rocky ravine, then ascended the Cemetery Hill, and so on in a semicircle over one round-topped wooded hill after another until it was lost on the right in the maze of a thick forest. Meade's line was about five miles in length, and in the battle, besides the higher ground, he had an advantage, and a friendly country. His headquarters were on a wooded knoll a mile east of the cemetery.

Away off behind the Confederate line, and curving around the larger ridge still, was the South Mountain. In all the contests, excepting the opening one, the enemy attacked. On Wednesday morning General Reynolds, with the Federal advance, approached the town from the southeast, the enemy evacuating it on his arrival. He passed through and out on the west side toward Chambersburg. He marched in a strong force, and after a slight contest was compelled to retreat. The enemy pushed him very hard, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going along every available road, and rushing out on the east side, closely followed by the enemy. One of his brigades came along the "Tape-worm" with a Confederate brigade on the right. The Federal troops did not chase the enemy as hard as they could—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the centre, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every step. The Federal line was broken, General Reynolds was killed, and the Federal troops were lost; but the Federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery Hill and the enemy pursued. At night the enemy camped in the town, and the Federal troops on the hill.

During Wednesday night and Thursday morning the two armies were concentrating on the two ridges, which were to be the next day's line of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of 50,000 men at his disposal. Then began the great artillery contest, the Federal on both sides cranking and wheeling forward guns and in rifle-pits. The Federal soldiers in the cemetery laid many of the tombstones on the ground to prevent injury to that many escaped. The Confederates were in the valley fighting on Thursday, and neither party in the other town erected batteries, and their sharpshooters posted in every available spot, picking off Federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The Confederates were fierce and incessant, and shells from both sides flew over and into the devoted town, causing a great amount of killing, breaking trees and shattering houses, and making a awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the result of the battle. Both sides fought with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Thursday night, fearing that the enemy had drunk parties which might turn his rear, General Meade had serious intentions of retreating, and he called a council of war. The advice of some of his generals, however, and the capture of the courier with dispatches from Richmond, from which it was learned that the enemy could receive no reinforcements, made him decide to remain.

On Friday morning General Lee did not desire to make the attack. He saw the superiority of the Federal position, and wished to entice them out of it, and down into the valley. With this design he withdrew his forces from the Cemetery Hill and infantry from Gettysburg. The deserted town lay there a very tempting bait, but General Meade's men hid quietly behind his fences and trees, and banks upon the hills. They could look down into the valley, and see what was going on in progress. They saw the enemy march out and retire to the cemetery, but made no advance, and the Confederates gained nothing by the movement. A partying salute of musketry, however, from a knoll north of the cemetery, accelerated the Confederate retreat. For some time the town had scarcely any Federal troops. A few of dead and wounded men and horse, with broken weapons, bricks, stones, timber, iron clothing, and abandoned accoutrements, lay there. The frightened inhabitants peered out of their windows to see what the army was doing, to come such a fall, and almost afraid of their own shadows, they hastened away and crowded in corners and cellars at the sound of every shot or shell.

General Lee's evacuation had no effect. Meade was neither to be enticed into the town nor into the valley. Though dead losses lay in the field, he was not to give him warning of what happened to poor Reynolds two days before, and he wisely determined to stay where he was and let events shape themselves. He was not to be impatient. They could wait no longer; and after much solicitation from his subordinates, General Lee permitted General Longstreet to send his grand division on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal troops were on the alert. They were hid behind their embankments, some kneeling, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate artillery opened. It was as fierce a cannonade as the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, every shell was thrown at the cemetery. Expectations were soon dashed, and the firing was confined to a portion of the Federal line the cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Confederates, a sharp salute by Federal shot was heard. The artillery of the Confederates in hand, coughed in the little ditches dug behind their cannon. With arms loaded, the infantry awaited the charge. It soon came. From the woods of short timber, rocks, and the rocks near the cemetery there rose a yell. It was a long, loud, unrelenting, hideous scream from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal cannon opened. Soon the enemy's columns emerged from the woods. They came on a rush down the hill, waving their arms and still screaming. They climbed the fence, and ran along, each one bent upon getting first into the cemetery. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and shrapnel came full thick among them. Still they rushed onward, their flags falling out of the line. They were not to be deterred by the Federal troops. Then the small arms began to rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring to get a cannon in front of the low bank in front of the rifle-pits, the Federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, turning and firing, as they went along. It was a hand to hand fight. Every man fought by himself and for himself. Myriads of the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the valley, and toward the cemetery. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, and charging, and rushing up to their pieces. The enemy's shells flew over the hill up to the Federal artillery on the hills above. These attempts disorganizing the storm which raged in front of the Federal line. Every available cannon on the Cemetery Hill, and on the right and left, threw a constant fire into the valley. The fight was terrible; but despite every effort the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight was fiercer, fiercer and fiercer. One moment the enemy would be on the ridges of the cemetery; then a rush from the Federal soldiers would drive them down into the valley. Then, with one of their horn charges, they would force them up to the hill again into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day, and hundreds were slain there. Reckless of their lives, they will not always succeed. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful; and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded in their tracks, the enemy's forces slowly retreated upon their own hill and into their woods again.

They were not routed. They can scarcely be said to have been driven. They have made an attack and been repulsed, and after renewed attempts, feeling that it was useless to try any more, they retreated. It was now General Meade's turn to make an attack. He had not done so lately, his soldiers felt elated. They saw now of a victory, and were ready to do almost any thing to secure it. Although there had been a great deal of fighting at Gettysburg, yet the town was as quiet and as much deserted as ever. Shells flew over it, and now and then one of its houses would have a wall crumpled in by a shell, but neither force possessed it. General Meade turned his attention there.

The day was waning and the battle had lulled, and as determined, if possible, to drive the enemy out of the cemetery. His troops were placed in order, and changed down the hill and into the town. They ran along every street, chasing a few of the enemy, still his there. Let them. They came out upon the west side, along the "Tape-worm," and the Emmetsburg and Chambersburg roads, and ascended the enemy's hills amidst a storm of grape and shell. At the seminary the Confederates were not very strong. They laid weakness that portion of the line to make their attack further up the hill, and into the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they related some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary.

The Federal troops did not chase the enemy. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grassy fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The Federal line was in the low of the hill proper, and the Confederates were Federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the Confederates having retired about a mile to the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little street.

During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded on all parts of the field were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning General Meade expected another attack; but, instead of making it, the enemy retreated farther, abandoning their entire line of battle, and the place reported that they were in retreating at the foot of the hill, and into the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they related some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary.

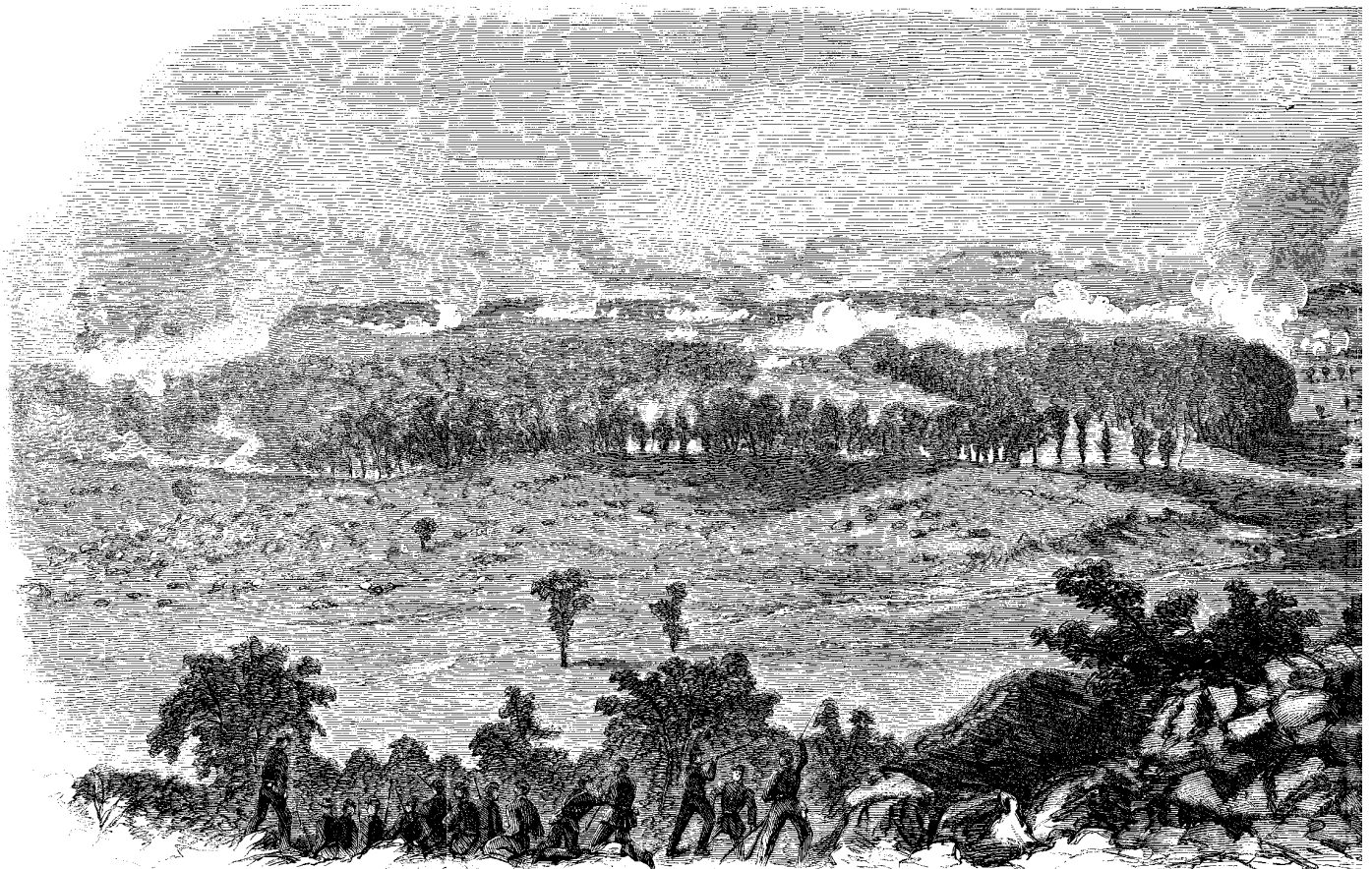
The Federal troops did not chase the enemy. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grassy fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The Federal line was in the low of the hill proper, and the Confederates were Federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the Confederates having retired about a mile to the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little street.

During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded on all parts of the field were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning General Meade expected another attack; but, instead of making it, the enemy retreated farther, abandoning their entire line of battle, and the place reported that they were in retreating at the foot of the hill, and into the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they related some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary.

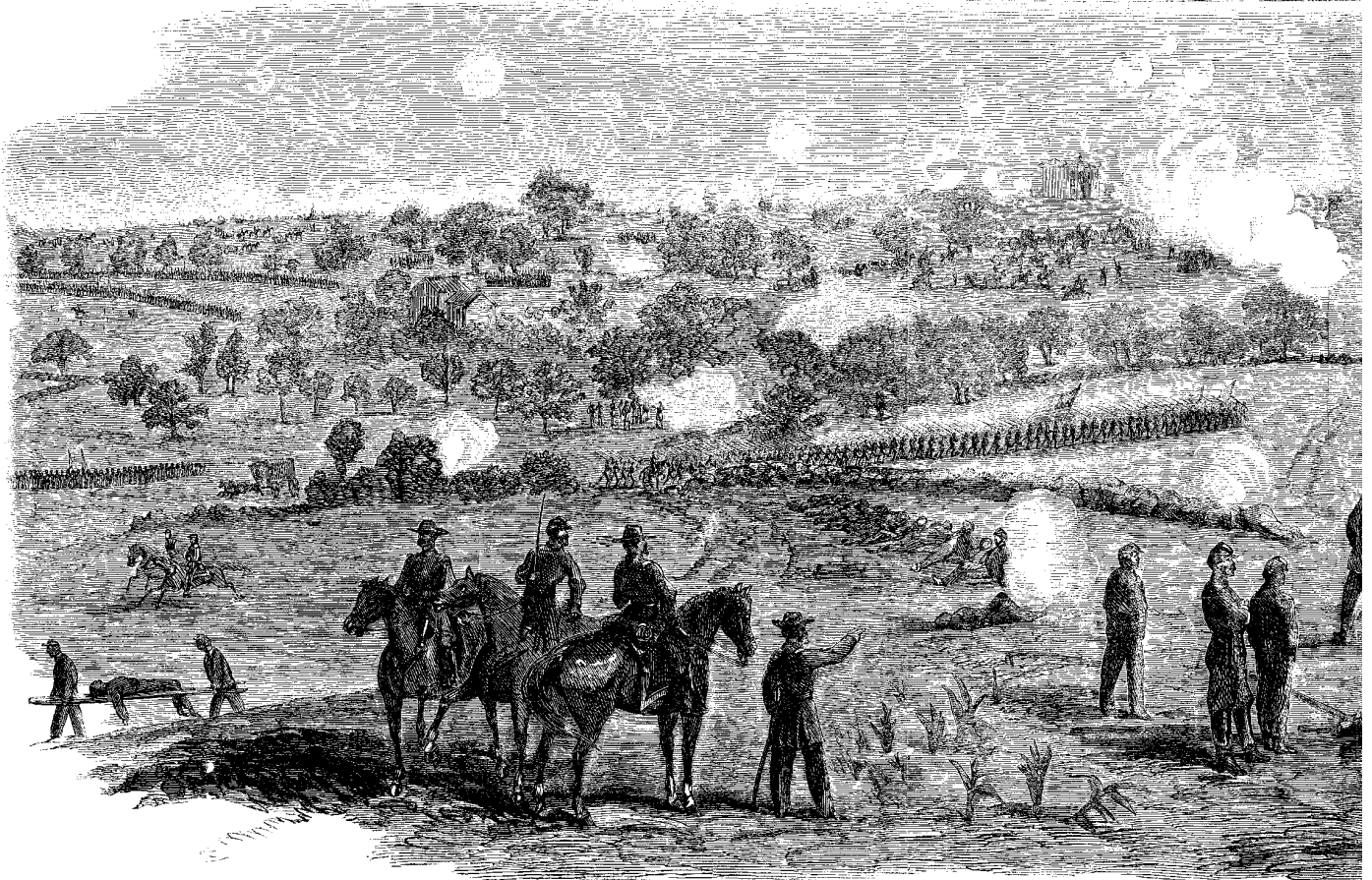
The Federal troops did not chase the enemy. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grassy fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The Federal line was in the low of the hill proper, and the Confederates were Federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the Confederates having retired about a mile to the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little street.

During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded on all parts of the field were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning General Meade expected another attack; but, instead of making it, the enemy retreated farther, abandoning their entire line of battle, and the place reported that they were in retreating at the foot of the hill, and into the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they related some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary.

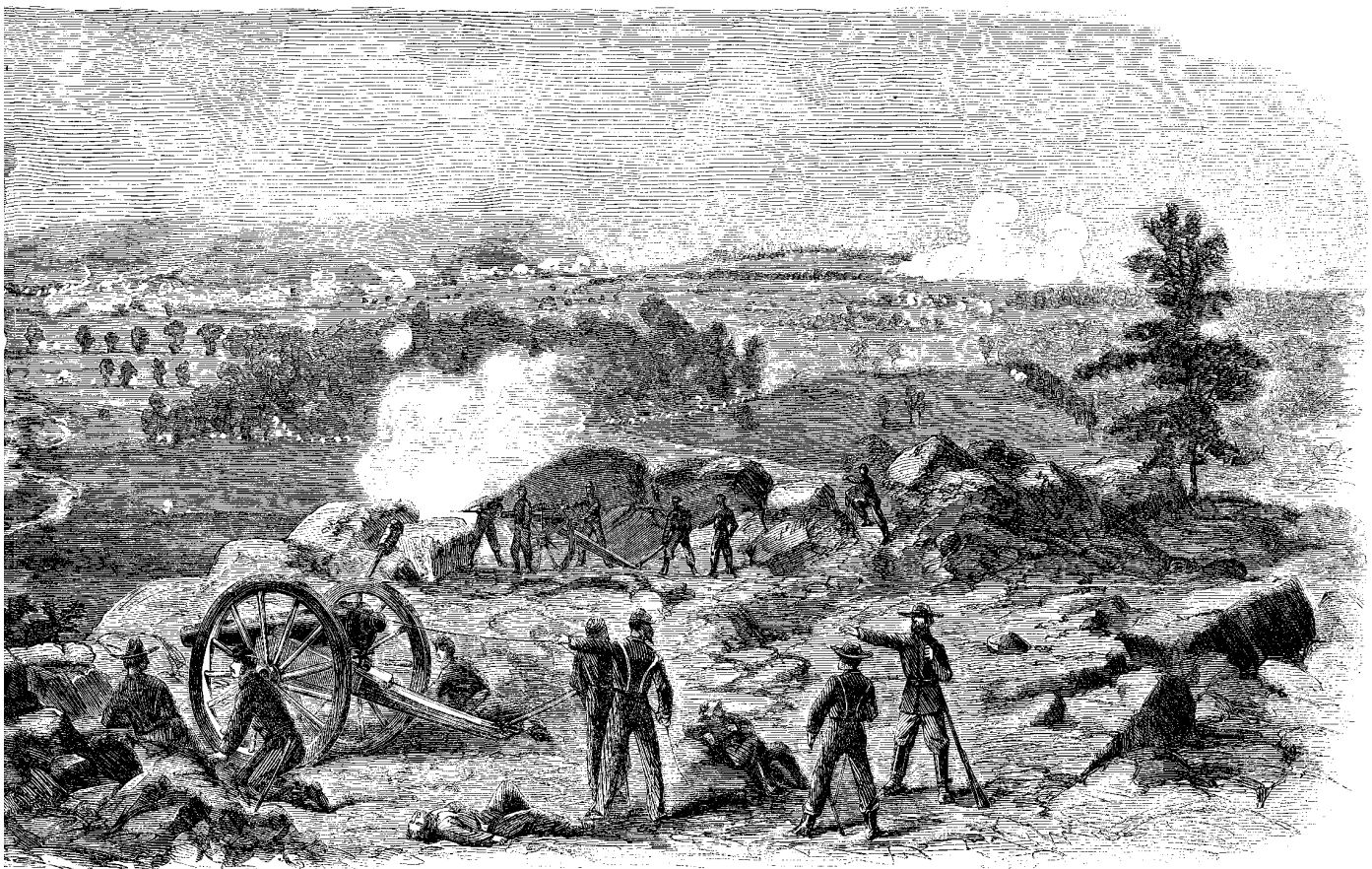
The Federal troops did not chase the enemy. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grassy fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The Federal line was in the low of the hill proper, and the Confederates were Federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the Confederates having retired about a mile to the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little street.



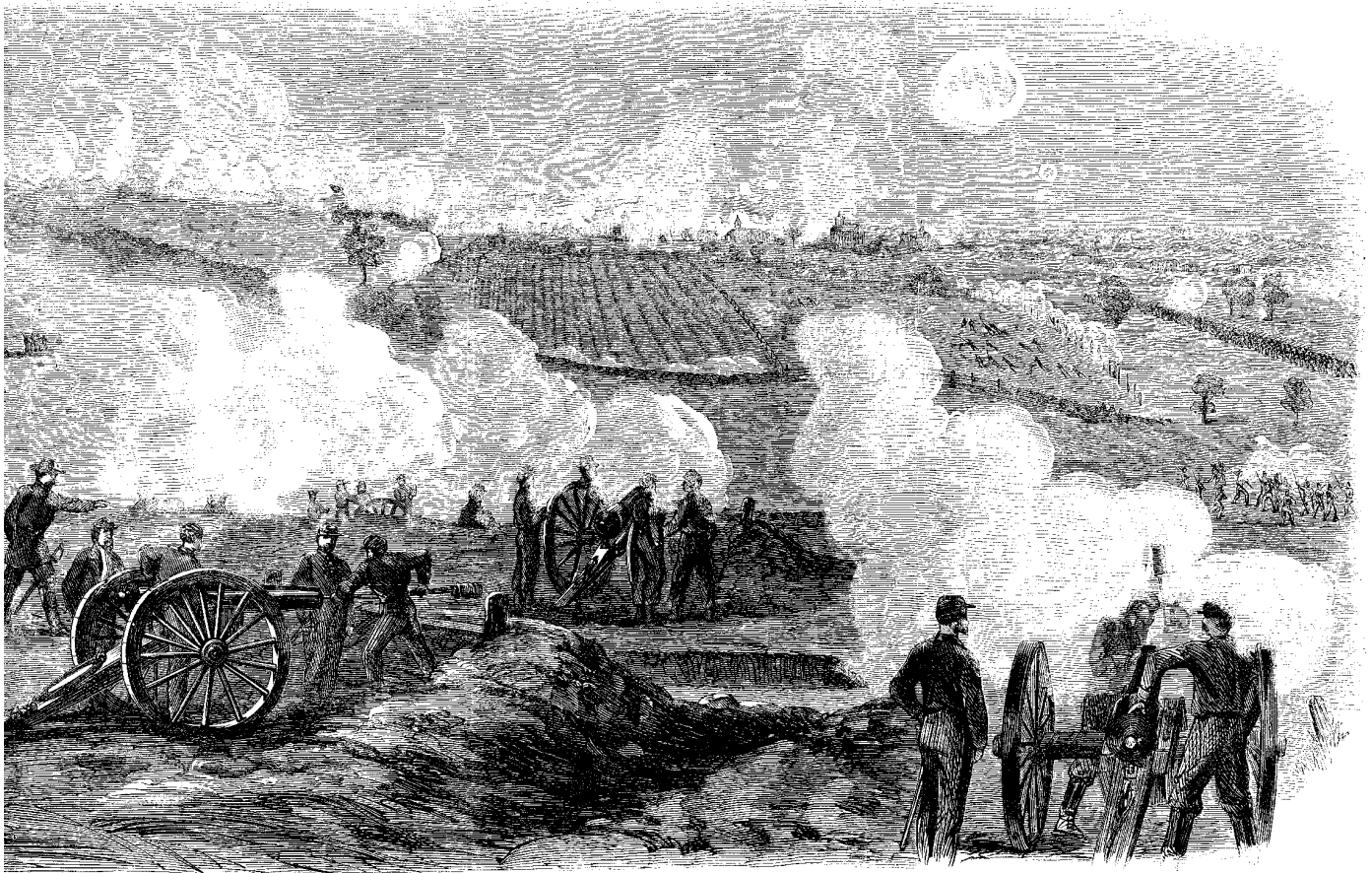
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—HILL ON THE LEFT OF THE UNION POSITION



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—UNION POSITION NEAR THE CENTRE—GETTYSBURG IN



ON—HAZLITT'S BATTERY IN ACTION.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



IN THE DISTANCE—CEMETERY ON THE HILL.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Long ring the bells from many a tower;
The year is eighty-three;
A father by the window sits
With a child upon his knee,
And hears the gladsome notes proclaim
The birthday of the free.
The banner which our fathers loved,
And which their sons shall prize,
With not a single star effaced,
Floats proudly to the skies—
The emblem of a nation's strength
No foeman dare despise.
"Dear father," now with earnest voice
Outspeaks the eager son,
"My teacher told me yesterday
What glorious deeds were done
In the war that burst upon the land
In eighteen sixty-one.
"She told me with what patient hearts
Our noble soldiers bore
The toilsome march, the frugal fare,
The hardships of the war;
The greatest—so my teacher says—
That History ever saw.
"I wish I had been living then,
I'd be a soldier too,
And help defend the noble flag
From all the rebel crew;
I'd be ashamed to stay behind;
Dear father, wouldn't you?"
Upon the listening father's face
A painful flush there came;
The patriot-soldier's mood of praise
He could in novice claim,
And the question of his little son
Smote him with sudden shame.
Young men, your country calls to-day
For loyal men and true;
She has enough of earnest work
For earnest men to do.
Give heed, lest in the coming days
Your children blush for you.

GERVAISE.

The roses and honey-suckles, twined thick about the porch, stirred on a sudden; the rugged, wood-cut hills, holding up waving fields and thick, crowding trees on their mighty sides, and looking down on the cottage like solemn yet kindly guardian angels, began to dim and veil themselves with mist; and the breeze, coming freshly up from the water, filled out the long muslin curtains, and swept through halls and piazzas with a pleasant murmur. At that Aunt Helen, napping just within the window, rose, shivering, and went for a shawl and tea, but the rest of the party abode as they were; the girls, Madge and Ethel, on the lower steps of the piazza, Madge holding her book even closer than usual in the dim light to her near-sighted eyes, Ethel idly twisting sprays of pink honeysuckle into a wreath; while a little to the right sat Phil smoking, and Dr. Toussaint— Well, speaking after the manner of men, there had been intermission for the last ten minutes; but if we observe the spirit rather than the letter of the fact, then all that time Gervaise Toussaint had been saying something to Ethel over and over again.

A something like the honey-suckle breath, subtle, sweet, felt rather than understood; part, as it seemed, of the restless odorous night; of the scarlet flaming sky, of the plash and ripple on the beach, of the song of the bird swaying on the drooping boughs of yonder Norway spruce, yet distinct from them all, asserting itself as a thought, not an emotion, and forcing her into sudden question and doubt of herself; for if honor, and truth, and right were any thing, then Gervaise Toussaint should have had as much share in such thinking and questioning as the column against which she leaned, no more.

The wreath dropped from her nerveless fingers, and the gale, catching a spray of honeysuckle from her lap, drove it full against Gervaise's broad breast.

"Fate, or rather its emblem," he said, seizing it, and pressing it to his lips.
"Use some other word," returned Madge, without looking up from her book. "Fate is the excuse of a coward, the shield of crime or weakness."

Ethel's pale cheek flamed at once, but Gervaise answered, coolly,
"Truth's ears cowardly and bad men often."

"Truth!" Madge laid down her book, and prepared for combat.
"A truth, call it what you will: a law, circumstance, force of character—it exists under any and all of these names. Why, in this very thing that you call love? Given in two persons certain conditions of temperament, education, habit of thought, attraction, and let the rest be as it will. So surely as they meet they are drawn together—find their chief good in each other; and before this mysterious sympathy, this all-potent attraction, the things you call laws and duties, if they chafe to be opposing, are brushed away like cobwebs. I style this Fate. The individuals are irresponsible. The cause propitious of the effect as surely as this bud of the flower."

"The convenient creed of a man who has found the weakness of human will, and discovered nothing stronger or higher," retorted Madge, coldly.
Philip threw away his cigar, roused himself from a state of semi-doze, and assumed the air oratorical.

"Philosophers' philosophers (out on the gallynality of a language that forces me to coin the word)! As you are discussing cause and effect, remember that colds and coughs are apt to be the effects of a damp night breeze, and come in."

"In a moment," answered Ethel, with effort, as if asleep or numbed.
Gervaise, who had walked to the other end of the piazza, came suddenly back.
"It is too cool; you must go in, Ethel."
Before it had always been Miss Mason. She remembered that, angrily, even while she obeyed. He had turned away again as if forgetting her, but he stood in the long window through which she must pass, looking at the wall of black cloud that had built itself up in the stormy sky. Ethel hesitated, then made a move to go around the house.
"Stop," he said, quickly; "you have not pronounced yet on my creed. Will you dare to deny Fate also?"

"You are too mystical for my comprehension."
"Your evasion is a tacit acknowledgment."
"No, no!" she cried, hastily, trying to withdraw the hand that he had seized; but he held the slender fingers fast, saying, with a smile,
"Why struggle? soft flesh against iron sinew can but bruise itself."

Ethel made no answer, and they crossed the drawing-room in silence. It was but a moment; but she took no measurement of time—she only knew that the strong arm held her fast, that in some forceless way he was making her feel what he had dared to think, and that she had found in herself no indignation—scarcely surprise! Worse than that, he had read her only too clearly, and that from henceforth she must cast aside her mask of unconsciousness, and must act and speak with intelligence of his meaning; and with all this hinted, not thought out in her brain, she came from the darkness into the light and warmth of the supper-room, where people were chatting over their tea as if the world was going on very much as usual—as if a demon had not trailed itself at her shoulder, and turned her wild and ghastly with its whispering.

Had she heard such whispering? Or was it a dream? a hateful remembrance of some unhealthy novel? The honest fire-light made it monstrous; the home air knew of no such noxious growth. Gervaise was calm enough. He was talking with Philip now, resting his powerful hand lightly on Phil's womanish fingers. Such things had been done. Lily Harleigh broke Frank Derwent's heart; but that was a tragedy. These were all simple, quiet folk sipping tea out of clear, old-fashioned china, under an old-fashioned roof that had never known dishonor.

Was there stuff for tragedies? Only the other day she was feeding dolls from acorn cups. Could she break a heart?

Madge, seeing her wan looks, came over to her. Madge, Phil's sister, who some day would be her sister also, sat down by her, stroked back the fair hair, patted her cheek, twined fingers in hers, purred about her, in short, after a fashion common to kindly girls. At that Phil sagaciously concluded that something was the matter, and came over with his notion of a lemonade in the shape of a cup of tea. Ethel pouted at the tea; but Phil was obstinate and insisted—fed it to her by the tea-spoonful, looking, Madge declared as she left them, like some awkward, blinking owl, with a heart in the right place, doing the good Samaritan to a stray canary-bird.

Gervaise's eyes began to sparkle dangerously at this pretty by-play; the red lips closing on the spoon; the soft face upturned to Phil's worshipping look; the tucking of a handkerchief over her chin; his eyes sought Ethel's face, persistently averted, frayed anxiously, then imperiously; and presently, though the face never once turned toward him, a faint color began to rise and deepen in her cheeks, the downcast lids quivered, rose slowly, and then, as if by an irresistible impulse, she turned half-way, and for one fleeting moment met Gervaise's glance.

She pushed the cup away hastily.
"I had enough. I am better."
"See now," answered Philip, the unobtrusive.
"Another proof that my lily only needs my tending. Ethel, why not decide that long mooted question now? Tell me when I shall have you always in my charge. You need such care as only I can give. When shall I have the right?"

He had begun sportively, ended seriously. Ethel drew quick breath. From this question she had always shrunk, not with mere girl's timidity, but a secret reluctance difficult to explain even to herself. But now evil was upon her, danger besetting her; and here was the safe, the honorable, the only way of escape. Philip, Madge, all would rejoice, and she should be happy. With a sigh she murmured something low in Philip's ear.

He turned radiant, joyous, exclaiming, before she could seal his lips with her hand:
"Madge, Aunt Nellie, I invite you to a wedding!"

Ethel has, in consideration of my patient waiting, given me carte-blanche, and I pronounce that it shall be three weeks from this date. Gervaise, I claim our promise. You are to be groomsmen."
"Oh you delightful, lovely child!" This was Madge, rushing at Ethel as if to devour her, but relenting on second thoughts and only kissing her. Gervaise nodded and went on talking with Aunt Helen; but presently amended the nod on this wise:
"I said yes. If I am here, that means. You know we are expecting marching orders."

Ethel's heart stood silent a moment, then bounded as if it would burst from her breast. Her eyes brimmed with tears, deadly shuddering and faintness seized upon her.

Within the arch of the folding doors stood a piano, and Gervaise, sitting down, began to trifle with the keys, and sing half under his breath, as if to himself:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me;
And I am glad, yes, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever; cancel all our vows;
And when we meet as may some time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies—
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if ye would, when all have given him over,
From death to life then might'st yet him recover."

The words were quaint, the strain eerie as the moaning and murmuring of the wind, beating up now in strong, regular sweeps against the windows. But Aunt Nellie was asleep again; and Philip and Madge, jesting by the fire, heard neither song nor storm. Gervaise had his shrinking auditor to himself; and seeing that, from the half-tender, half-defiant strain, he glided to "Aillean Aroon." Every word he inhaled with his own relentless will, with tenderest entreaty, with passionate persuasion.

For her there was no Philip, no Madge, no promise. Gervaise was good, and with him would go all the savor and sweetness of life. The long days would drag on aimlessly, and she would pray for speedy death, lest she should meet him again and go mad, as she was now. When unable to bear more she stole quietly away. The music seemed to pursue her, up the stairs, into her dark and quiet room—to sound in her ears, spite of door shut fast and head bowed at her bedside.

She tried to pray, and listened instead—to the music, then to talking faintly heard, to the drawing of bolts, and "good-nights" on the stairs, and steps passing her door, and merry fingers tapping thereon as they passed, and last, the gentle stir in the various rooms, dying away into the quiet and hush of a sleeping house.

Then Ethel stole out like a ghost. Let those rest who could, sleep was not for her. It was utterly dark in the halls, but she easily found her way down to the supper-room, so glowing and bright when she left it, so dark and silent now. As she entered a violent gust of wind met and almost drove her back. With singular carelessness she had left open the glass door leading on the piazza. She went to close it, but groping about in the dark her hands touched other hands; not ghostly, but warm and human. And growing a little accustomed to the shadow, she descried a still figure looking out at the angry night.

"Fate again," said Gervaise's voice.
Ethel could hardly repress a shriek.
"I did not think of finding you here," she said, trembling.

"I dare be sworn that, else you would not have come; but perhaps you will acknowledge now that destiny is not yours to mould; fate not yours to guide."

"It is late, I must go to bed," said Ethel, hastily.

"I have something to say to you."

"To-morrow."

"You know that I can not speak to you to-morrow."

"I must go."

"Not till you have heard me."

"I will."

She was moving away, but with a rapid stride Gervaise intercepted her, reached the door first, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"So much for your will," he said. Then going to the table he found the lamp and lighted it, turning the flame low.

"Gervaise, is this fair? Is this manly?" asked Ethel, much agitated.

"He came and sat down beside me."

"Foolish child," he said, softly, "do you not know that we could never part so? Though it called down the thunders of Heaven, I must say that I love you."

"Gervaise!"

"Oh, I know. You are betrothed. You are to marry Philip. He is a good fellow, and in honor and decency you ought to love him, but you can't. The pale flame that you thought love has gone out altogether in the blaze of new possibilities that have dawned upon you. You have found out what it is to love with heart and brain, and though you may wish to deny the existence of the sun, it will shine on in spite. Act out your moral falsehood if you will; body and soul will revolt, and the revolt will be life-long. Choose whether you will make the misery of three or only one."

Five minutes before Ethel had been nerveless, helpless, but now the very desperation of the crisis roused her to unwonted energy of will, quickness of thought.

"Whom you this day whom you will serve," she murmured, "Jehovah or Baal. Baal's service is pleasant, but the wages are bitter."

"You were saying—"

"That the wages of sin is death."

"A truce to preaching. I am in earnest."

"Gervaise," said Ethel, suddenly, "an experience of this sort would, I should think, enlarge the moral vision; impart to it quite a telescopic clearness. For if I should discover that after all it was only a fixed star, and that the veritable sun was blazing away in another direction? It seems to me that such discoveries could scarcely fail to be common in the path you propose."

Gervaise regarded her for an instant with a curious mixture of surprise and indignation, then suddenly stretching out his arms:

"Oh, Ethel, love! darling!" he cried. "Come. Oh! I love you with every thought, with every wish, with all my strength, with all my heart and soul."

Ethel trembled, drew back. He leaned nearer to her, put away her feeble opposing hands, drew her close to his heart.

"You love me also," he whispered, kissing her over and over again.

Ethel answered by tears.

"Dear little tender heart," he murmured, "don't you see that no flame attaches to you? Do you think that I care nothing for Philip my friend, or that, could you have made each other's happiness, I should ever have said what I have to-night?"

"I find no love," returned Ethel, wringing herself from his arms, "bidding us do evil that good

may come, and I can hardly see how lasting happiness can be based on so unstable a foundation as treachery. No, hear me, as he eagerly tried to speak, "I do love you, even as you said, Gervaise Toussaint. Only to be with you is a rest, a peace, a joy so keen that it is sometimes half like pain. I have no pleasure without wishing you a partner in it; I have no pain without thinking of you as consolation; no wish that I would not rejoice to sacrifice; not even strength to resist you as I do now; were it not given me from God. If there is love, it is what I feel for you; but it is based on our wrong, and what would have been our happiness, did we dare seize it now, would only prove a curse. I shall never marry Philip. I could not with your kisses on my lips, but neither will I ever be your wife."

And by that declaration she abode. Philip and Gervaise marched to the war together; and only to-day I heard kind Mrs. Grundy discussing that sad flirt, Ethel Mason, who had drunken her engagement with Philip to flirt with Gervaise Toussaint. "This last, however," added my charitable friend, "was not to be so caught, but marched gayly off with Philip, leaving her to wear the willow; and, poor thing, she is so out up about it, she looks wretchedly pale and worn," concluded sapient Mrs. Grundy.

IN HOSPITAL.

With the wearying round of the hours, which tardily While the pulses flicker low, and life struggles long and hard,
While the phantoms of Sambre fears round my restless pillow play,
I lie in the solemn chambers of Shadow—'s Hospital Ward.

There are ghastly faces around me, and dim and glassy eyes;
There are painful writhings and groanings, and wrappings in Death's embrace;
The air that I breathe is burdened with gaspings and sighing sobs;
And the horrors of grim Disease flit ever around the place.

The skies of the southern June hang invisible overhead,
Through the blind a wayward sunbeam has fallen across the floor;
From the street a hollow marmour comes faintly up to my bed—
A token, perhaps, of action and life I may know no more.

Let me still my brain for a moment, and think, How happen I here—
I, who have been a soldier, and long wooed Death for my bride?
Where is my company now—the regiment—Is it near?
Ah! I remember at last—that stinging pain in my side.

Let me recall the scene. 'Twas long, ere the break of day
When the silent column fled through the winding path in the wood,
Seeking the chosen haunt where the sheltered rebel lay,
Ready to stain his soil and his soul with loyal blood.

Through the sleeping forest, and up the dark ravine,
Beyond fixed and gleaming spectrally in the dawn;
Just before us an ominous breast-work—and between
Darkly silent, a ditch lay dim in the rising sun.

Flashed forth a murderous fire, an irregular, deadly line,
Gleaming and glowering red all along the parapet;
Yet again and again, till the life-blood flows like wine,
Spilled at Death's own banquet, warm in its crimson gleam.

"Charge with the bayonet—charge!" and a fiercely vengeful yell
Burst from our lips as the column rushed on the rebel line;
Wheeled, and charged again—and before those flames of hell
Reached to the hopeless shock in mute, heroic despair!

O my brothers who lie with me here in the hospital ward,
Stealing your noble hearts to the agony of your pain,
Ours is the loss and the labor, long, hard-breaking, and hard.

Yet as God and our country live, shall ours be the gain.
O my men than brothers—my lovers, who fell that day,
Sweetening the bitter cup of defeat with your life's best blood.

Hands in visible reaching down through the glorious gray
Gave you the amaranthine chaplet of martyrhood!
JAMES F. FITZES,
Captain 14th New York Volunteers.
St. JAMES'S HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS, JUNE, 1862.

VERY HARD CASH.

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

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES MAXLEY came out of the Bank that morning with nine hundred and four pounds buttoned up tight in the pocket of his leather breeches, a joyful man; and so to his work; and home at one o'clock to dinner.

At 2 p.m. he was thoughtful; uneasy at 3; wrecked at 3.30.
He was gardener as well as capitalist: and Mr. Hardie owed him thirty shillings for work.

Such is human nature in general, and Maxley's in particular, that the 4900 in pocket seemed small, and the 30s. in jeopardy, large.
"I can't afford to go with the creditors," argued Maxley: "divided on thirty shillings? why, that will be about thirty pence; the change for a hard half crown."

He stuck his spade in the soil and made for his debtor's house. As he came up the street, Dodd shot out of the Bank radiant, and was about to pass him without notice, full of his wife and children; but Maxley stopped him with a right cordial welcome, and told him he had given them all a fright this time.

"What, is it over the town already, that my ship has been wrecked?" And Dodd looked annoyed.

"Wrecked? No; but you have been due this two months, ye know. Wrecked? Why certainly, you haven't ever been wrecked?" And he looked at him all over as if he expected to see "WRECKED" branded on him by the elements.

"Ay, James, wrecked on the French coast, and lost my chronometer, and a tip-top sextant.

But what of that? I saved it. I have just landed it in the bank. Good-by: I must cheer off; I long to be home."

"Stay a bit, captain," said Maxley: "I am not quite easy in my mind; I saw you come out of Hardie's; I thought in course you had been in to draa; but you says different. Now what was it you did leave behind you at that there shop, if you please: not money?"

"Not money? Only fourteen thousand pounds. How the man stares! Why it's not mine, James; it's my children's: there, good-by;" and he was actually off this time. But Maxley stretched his long limbs, and caught him in two strides, and gripped his shoulder without ceremony: "Be you mad?" said he, sternly.

"No, but I begin to think you are."

"That is to be seen," said Maxley, gravely. "Before I lets you go, you must tell me whether you be jesting, or whether you have really been so simple as to drop fourteen—thousand—pounds at Hardie's?" No judge upon the bench, nor bishop in his stall, could be more impressive than this gardener was, when he subdued the vast volume of his voice to a low grave utterance of this sort.

Dodd began to be uneasy: "Why, good Heavens, there is nothing wrong with the old Barkington Bank?"

"Nothing wrong?" roared Maxley; then whispered: "Holt! I was laad once for slander, and cost me thirty pounds: nearly killed my missus it did."

"Man!" cried Dodd, "for my children's sake tell me if you know any thing amiss. After all, I'm like a stranger here; more than two years away at a time."

"I'll tell you all I know," whispered Maxley: "'tis the least I can do. What (roaring), do— you—think—I've forgotten you saving my poor boy out of 'at scrape, and getting him a good place in Canada, and—why he'd have been put in prison but for you, and that would ha' broken my heart and his mother's—and—" The stout voice began to quaver.

"Oh, hush! all that now," said Dodd, impatiently. "The Bank! you have grounded me on thorns."

"Well, I'll tell you: but you must promise faithful not to go and say I told you, or you'll get me laad again; and I likes to laa *them*, not for *they* to laa me."

"I promise, I promise."

"Well, then, I got a letter to-day from my boy, him as you was so good to, and here 'tis in his own pocket—Laws! how things do come round *surely*: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and I be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I woul," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookee yander now; if there ain't his answer—Laws! how things do come round *surely*: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and I be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I woul," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookee yander now; if there ain't his answer—Laws! how things do come round *surely*: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and I be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I woul," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookee yander now; if there ain't his answer—Laws! how things do come round *surely*: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and I be?"

He drew him aside into the passage, and gave him the letter. Dodd ran his eye over it hastily, uttered a cry like a wounded lion, dropped it, gave a slight stagger, and rushed away.

Maxley picked up his letter and watched Dodd into the bank again; and reflected on his work. His heart was warmed at having made a return to the good captain—Laws! how things do come round *surely*: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and I be?"

His head suggested that he was on the road which leads to libel.

But he had picked up at the assizes a smattering of the law of evidence; and so coolly tore the letter in pieces. "There now," said he to himself, "if Hardies do laa me for publishing of this here letter, why they pours their water into a sieve. Ugh!" And with this exclamation he started, and then put his heavy boot on part of the letter, and gaud it furiously into the mud; for a light breeze had settled on his shoulder, and a keen young face was close to his.

It was Alfred Hardie, who had stolen on him like a cat. "I'm laad," thought Maxley.

"Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, in a voice as coaxing as a woman's, "are you in a good humor?"

"Well, Master Alfred, sight of you mostly puts me in one, especially after that there srych-ine job."

"The tell me," whispered Alfred, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming, "who was it you were talking to just now?—was it?—wasn't it?—who was it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE Dodd stood lowering in the doorway, he was nevertheless making a great effort to control his agitation.

At last he said, in a stern but low voice, in which, however, a quick ear might detect a tremor of agitation: "I have changed my mind, Sir: I want my money back."

At this, though David's face had prepared him, Mr. Hardie's heart sank; but there was no help for it: he said, faintly, "Certainly. May I ask?"—and there he stopped; for it was hardly prudent to ask any thing.

"No matter," replied Dodd, his agitation rising even at this slight delay: "Come! my money! I must and will have it."

Hardie drew himself up majestically. "Captain Dodd, this is a strange way of demanding what nobody here disputes."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said Dodd, a little awed by his dignity and fairness: "but I can't help it."

The quick, supple Banker, saw the slight advantage he had gained, and his mind went into a whirl: what should he do? It was death to part with this money and gain nothing by it:

sooner tell Dodd of the love affair; and open a treaty on this basis: he clung to the money like limpet to its rock; and so intense and rapid were his thoughts and schemes how to retain it a little longer, that David's apologies buzzed in his ear like the drone of a beetle.

The latter went on to say, "You see, Sir, it's my children's fortune, my boy Edward's, and my little Julia's: and so many have been trying to get it from me, that my blood boils up in a moment about it now.—My poor head!—You don't seem to understand what I am saying; there then, I am a sailor; I can't go beating and tacking, like you landmen, with the wind dead astern; the long and the short is, I don't feel it safe here: don't feel it safe any where, except in my wife's lap. So no more words: here's your receipt; give me my money."

"Certainly, Captain Dodd. Call to-morrow morning at the Bank, and it will be paid on demand in the regular way: the Bank opens at ten o'clock."

"No, no; I can't wait. I should be dead of anxiety before then. Who not pay it me here, and now? You took it here."

"We receive deposits till four o'clock; but we do not disburse after three. This is the system of all Banks."

"That is all nonsense: if you are open to receive money, you are open to pay it."

"My dear Sir, if you were not entirely ignorant of business, you would be aware that these things are not done in this way: money received is passed to account, and the cashier is the only person who can honor a draft on it; he stops; if the cashier is in the Bank, we may manage it for you yet: Skinner, run and see whether he has left; and, if not, send him in to me directly." The cashier took his cue, and ran out.

David was silent.

The cashier speedily returned, saying, with a disappointed air: "The cashier has been gone this quarter of an hour."

David maintained an ominous silence.

"That is unfortunate," remarked Hardie, "But, after all, it is only till to-morrow morning: still I regret this circumstance, Sir; and I feel that all these precautions we are obliged to take must seem unreasonable to you: but experience dictates this severe routine; and, were we to deviate from it, our friends' money would not be so safe in our hands as it always has been at present."

David eyed him sternly, but let him run on. When he had concluded his flowing periods, David said, quietly: "So you can't give me my own, because your cashier has carried it away?"

Hardie smiled: "No, no; but because he has locked it up; and carried away the key."

"It is not in this room, then?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"What, not in that safe of yours, there?"

"Certainly not," said Hardie, stoutly.

"Open the safe; the keys are in it."

"Open the safe? What for?"

"To show me it is not in the right-hand partition of that safe; there: there."

And David pointed at the very place where it was.

The dignified Mr. Hardie felt ready to sink with shame: a kind of shudder passed through him, and he was about to comply, heart-sick; but then wounded pride, and the rage of disappointment, stung him, and he turned in anger.

"You are impudent, Sir; and I shall not reward your curiosity and your insolence by showing you the contents of my safes."

"My money! my money!" cried David, fiercely: "no more words, for I shan't listen to them: I know you now for what you are; a thief. I saw you put it into that safe: a liar is always a thief. You want to steal my children's money: I'll have your life first. My money! ye pirate! or I'll strangle you." And he advanced upon him, purple with rage, and shot out his long threatening arm, and brown fingers working in the air.

"D'ye know what I did to a French land shark that tried to rob me of it? I throtled him with these fingers till his eyes and his tongue started out of him; he came for my children's money, and I killed him so—so—so—as I'll kill you, you thief! you liar! you scoundrel!"

His face black and convulsed with rage, and his outstretched fingers working convulsively, and hungering for a rogue's throat, made the resolute Hardie quake; he whipped out of the furious man's way, and got to the safe pale and trembling. "Hush! no violence!" he gasped: "I'll give you your money this moment, you ruffian."

While he unlocked the safe with trembling hands, Dodd stood like a man petrified; his arm and fingers stretched out and threatening; and Skinner saw him pull at his neck-tie furiously, like one choking.

Hardie got the notes and bills all in a hurry, and held them out to Dodd.

In which act, to his consternation, and surprise, and indignation, he received a back-handed blow on the eye that dazzled him for an instant; and there was David with his arms struggling wildly, and his fists clenched, his face purple, and his eyes distorted so that little was seen but the whites; the next moment his teeth gnashed loudly together, and he fell headlong on the floor with a concussion so momentous, that the window rattled, and the room shook violently; while the dust rose in a cloud.

A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.

And then there was an awful silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN David fell senseless on the floor Mr. Hardie was somewhat confused by the back-

handed blow from his convulsed and whirling arm. But Skinner ran to him, held up his head and whipped off his necktie.

Then Hardie turned to seize the bell and ring for assistance; but Skinner shook his head and said it was useless; this was no faint: old Betty could not help him:

"It is a bad day's work, Sir," said he, trembling: "he is a dead man."

"Dead? Heaven forbid!"

"Apoplexy!" whispered Skinner.

"Run for a doctor then: Lose no time: Don't let us have his blood on our hands. Dead?"

And he repeated the word this time in a very different tone; a tone too strange and significant to escape Skinner's quick ear. However, he laid David's head gently down, and rose from his knees to obey.

What did he see now, but Mr. Hardie, with his back turned, putting the notes and bills softly into the safe again out of sight. He saw, comprehended, and took his own course with equal rapidity.

"Come, run!" cried Mr. Hardie, "I'll take care of him; every moment is precious."

"(Wants to get rid of me!)" thought Skinner. "No, Sir," said he, "be ruled by me; let us take him to his friends; he won't live; and we shall get all the blame if we doctor him."

Already egotism had whispered Hardie, "How lucky if he should die!" and now a still guiltier thought flashed through him: he did not try to conquer it; he only trembled at himself for entertaining it.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

A good deal of this was unintelligible to Alfred; but the advice seemed good; advice generally does when it squares with our own wish-

es: he thanked Maxley, left him, made a hasty toilet, and ran to Albion Villa.

Sarah opened the door to him; in tears. The news of the wreck had come to Albion Villa just half an hour ago, and in that half hour they had tasted more misery than hitherto their peaceful lot had brought them in years. Mrs. Dodd was praying and crying in her room; Julia had put on her bonnet, and was coming down in deep distress and agitation, and go down to the quay and learn more, if possible.

Alfred saw her on the stairs, and at sight of her pale, agitated face, flew to her.

She held out both hands piteously to him: "Oh, Alfred!"

"Good news!" he panted. "He is alive; Maxley has seen him—I have seen him—He will be here directly—my own love—dry your eyes—calm your fears—He is safe; he is well: hurrah! hurrah!"

The girl's pale face flushed red with hope, then pale again with emotion, then rosy red with transcendent joy: "Oh, bless you! bless you!" she murmured, in her sweet gurgle so full of heart; then took his hand passionately with both her hands, as if she was going to kiss him; uttered a little inarticulate cry of love and gratitude over him, then turned and flew up the stairs crying "Mamma! mamma!" and burst into her mother's room. When two such Impetuosity meet, as Alfred and Julia, expect quick work.

What happened in Mrs. Dodd's room may be imagined; and soon both ladies came hastily out to be freed, and he found himself in the drawing-room seated between them, and holding a hand of each, and playing the man delightfully, soothing and assuring them; Julia believed him at a word, and beamed with unmixed delight and anticipation of the joyful meeting; Mrs. Dodd cost him more trouble: her soft hand trembled still in his; and she put her question upon question. But, when he told her with his own eyes had seen Captain Dodd talking to Maxley, and gathering from Maxley he had been shipwrecked on the coast of France, and lost his comonomer and his sextant, these details unmanoeuvred credit; bells were rung: the captain's dressing-room ordered to be got ready; the cook put on her mottle, and Alfred invited to stay and dine with the long-expected one; and the house of mourning became the house of joy.

"And then it was he who brought the good news," whispered Julia to her mother; "and that is so sweet."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dodd, "he will make even me love him." The £14,000! I hope that was not lost in the wreck."

"Oh, mamma! who cares? when his own dear, sweet, precious life has been in danger, and is mercifully preserved. Why does he not come? I shall sold him for keeping us waiting; you know I am not a bit afraid of him, though he is papa; indeed, I am ashamed to say, I govern him with a rod of no matter what. Do, do, do let us all three put on our bonnets, and run and meet him. I want him so to love some 'old the very first day."

Mrs. Dodd said, "Well: wait a few minutes, and then, if he is not here, you two shall go. I dare hardly trust myself to meet my darling husband in the open street."

Julia ran to Alfred: "If he does not come in ten minutes, you and I may go and meet him."

"You are an angel!" murmured Alfred.

"You are another," said Julia, haughtily. "Oh, dear, I can't sit down, and I don't want flattery, I want papa. A waltz! a waltz! then one can go mad with joy without starting propriety; I can't answer for the consequences if I don't let off a little, little, happiness."

"That I will," said Mrs. Dodd; "for I am as happy as you, and happier." She played a waltz.

Julia's eyes were a challenge: Alfred started up and took her ready hand, and soon the gay young things were whirling round, the happiest pair in England.

But in the middle of the joyous whirl, Julia's quick ear, on the watch all the time, heard the gate swing to: she glided like an eel from Alfred's arm, and ran to the window. Arrived there, she made three swift vertical bounds like a girl with a skipping rope, only her hands were clapping in the air at the same time; then down the stairs, screaming: "His chest! his chest! he is coming, coming, come."

Alfred ran after her.

Mrs. Dodd, unable to race with such antelopes, slipped quietly out into the little balcony.

Julia had seen two men carrying a trestle with a tarpaulin over it, and a third walking beside. Dodd's heavy sea chest had been more than once carried home this way. She met the men at the door, and overpowered them with questions: "Is it his clothes? then he wasn't so much wrecked after all. Is he with you? is he coming directly? Why don't you tell me?"

The porters at first wore the stolid impassive faces of their tribe; but, when this bright young creature questioned them, brimming over with ardor and joy, their countenances fell, and they hung their heads.

The little sharp-faced man, who was walking beside the other, stepped forward to reply to Julia.

He was interrupted by a terrible scream from the balcony.

Mrs. Dodd was leaning wildly over it, with dilating eyes, and quivering hand that pointed down to the other side of the trestle: "Julia! Julia!"

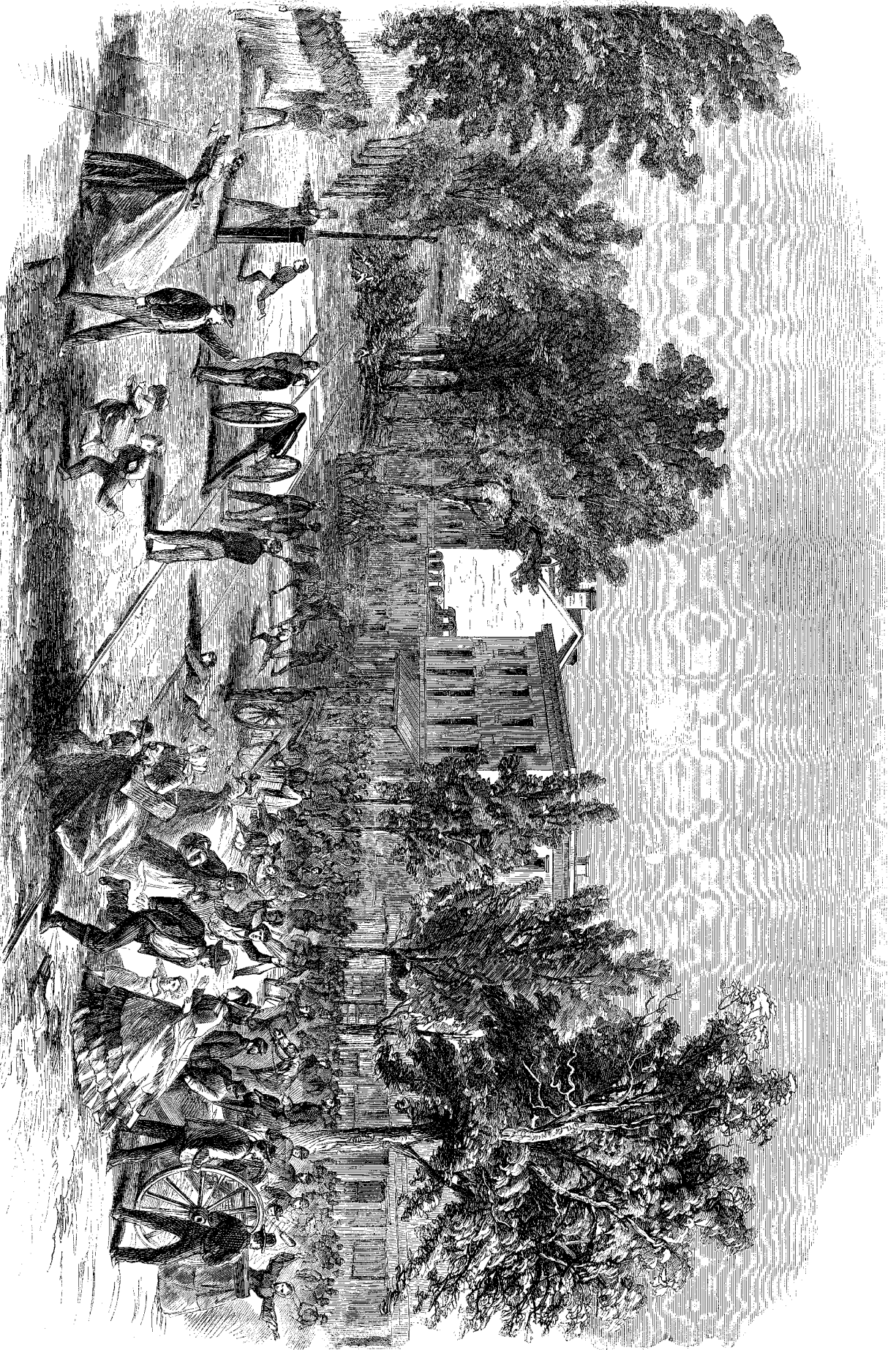
Julia ran round, and stood petrified, her pale lips apart, and all her innocent joy frozen in a moment.

The tarpaulin was scanty there, and a man's hand and part of his arm dangled helpless out.

The hand was blanched: and wore a well-known ring.



THE SIEGE OF FORT HUDSON—BIRD-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY, THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE REBEL CITADEL.—[SEE PAGE 475.]



THE REBELS SHELLING THE NEW YORK MILITIA IN THE MAIN STREET OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

LAST WORDS.

He knelt beside her dying bed;
'Speak, daughter, speak!' the old man said;
And she, "The dark; where is he—where?
I ain would smother his way hat."

THE TAKING OF VICKSBURG.

We publish on page 465 a new portrait of Major-General Grant, the hero of Vicksburg. Most of the portraits in existence represent him as he was at the commencement of the war, with a flowing beard.

On page 468 we reproduce a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, showing the rebel works at Vicksburg from our extreme right, with the Mississippi above and below Vicksburg.

THE VIEW FROM THE RIFLE-PITS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.

"The scene at this point embraces so much that the public is familiar with, that has been mapped, sketched, and written of, that the present sketch must be of interest to many. It shows the very commanding position passed so often by our fleets, the lower batteries that sunk the boat of the gallant Bache—the Cincinnati—Young's Point, etc.

On page 469 we give a view of Vicksburg as it was before the war; and three pictures from sketches by Mr. Davis, showing the operation of mining a hostile work. Mr. Davis thus describes them:

MINING THE REBEL WORK FORT HILL.

"At this moment we have effected a lodgment in the work known as Fort Hill. This has been done by blowing up a portion of the work, when it was speedily converted into a bastion work for two guns.

"I have sketched the effect of a hand grenade in the trench, showing, at the same time, the entrance of the gallery leading to the mines.

"I have also sketched the miners busily at work far under the rebel wall. The different mines (four in number) were exploded at the same moment. The dust and smoke had not cleared away when a portion of General Logan's division dashed into the saps and trenches, from which they had been withdrawn prior to the explosion.

"By way of completing the history, we append the following particulars of the surrender. A dispatch dated Head-quarters General Grant, near Vicksburg, July 3, 8 P.M., said:

"At eight this morning flags of truce appeared before A. J. Smith's front, when Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery were led blindfolded into our lines. They bore a communication from General Pemberton of the following purport:

"Although I feel confident of my ability to resist your arms indefinitely, in order to stop the further effusion of blood, I propose that you appoint three Commissioners, to meet three whom I shall select, to arrange such terms as may best accomplish the result."

"Grant soon replied substantially in these words: 'The appointment of Commissioners is unnecessary. While I should be glad to stop any unnecessary effusion of blood, the only terms which I can entertain are those of unconditional surrender. At the same time, myself, and men, and officers of this army, are ready to testify to the distinguished gallantry with which the defense of Vicksburg has been conducted.'

"At eleven o'clock the messengers returned. This afternoon General Grant met General Pemberton between the lines, and after an hour's consultation settled the surrender. General Pemberton was paroled here, to be paroled here and furnished rations to carry them to their flag; in view of the bravery they have displayed, and the advantages of the plan, General Grant consented.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives the following account of the interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton:

General Pemberton then solicited a personal interview, which was granted by Grant at 3 P.M. The latter, with his staff, appeared on the hills where our advance works were. Here the party halted, until General Pemberton appeared, accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. On the crest of the opposite hills were rifle-pits and forts, crowded with men. In the space in a grove of fruit trees of figs, peaches, and the commanding herce, Thousands of soldiers looked upon this strange scene. Two

men who had been lieutenants in the same regiment in Mexico now met as foes, with all the world looking upon them. The one his country's glory, the other his country's shame.

When they had approached within a few feet there was a brief silence. Colonel Montgomery spoke: "General Grant, General Pemberton." They shook hands politely. It was evident Pemberton was mortified. He said: "I was at Monterey and Buena Vista. We had terms and conditions there. General Grant took him aside. They sat down on the grass and talked more than an hour. Grant smoked all the time. Pemberton played with the grass and pulled leaves. Grant finally agreed to parole them, allowing the officers each his horse.

It was a polite thing. The dread of going North, and the fear of harsh treatment, had prevented them from capitulating sooner. He proved his magnanimity, and saved thousands upon thousands of dollars in the way of transportation and rations. They feared the Fourth of July. Our men would call out at night that the Fourth would finish them, and it was so arranged. By this we have saved thousands of lives. Both armies are gratified with the result. Our men treat them with kindness, giving them coffee, which some of them have not tasted for a year.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat says: At ten o'clock A.M. of the 4th, General Smith's division marched into and garrisoned the city. The hands played the national airs of the contending forces. The scene was witnessed by thousands of Federal and rebel soldiers, who for the first time in weeks showed themselves with impunity above the rifle-pits; and during all these weeks the men within yards of each other.

General Grant came slowly to the place of rendezvous, smoking a cigar, and apparently the only unexcited person in the vast assemblage. The Herald correspondent telegraphs by way of Cairo: General Pemberton received the formal surrender. The terms allow the officers not to be paroled here, but to remain to retain their side-arms and horses and personal property. They will be escorted beyond our lines and furnished with three days provisions from our stores.

General Logan's division marched into the city at eleven o'clock, and at noon Lieutenant-Colonel Strong located the Stars and Stripes over the Court-house. Colonel Wilson is Provost-Marshal of the city, and General Logan is commander of the post.

We have taken over 27,000 prisoners, besides about 400 non-combatants, 100 field pieces, thirty siege guns, 50,000 stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors.

Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major Generals S. Stevens, Smith, Ferrel, and Bowen; fourteen Brigade-Generals and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There are 5500 men in the hospital, half of whom are wounded. Only one hundred and fifty of the garrison are reported fit for duty. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating refuse.

Of ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply, but for field-guns and musketry they were short. Light caps to a man were allowed. They had an excess of sugar, molasses, and rice, and these were all the supplies they had, except a little underground corn.

THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY AT PORT HUDSON.

We present our readers on page 476 with a birds-eye view of the great river battery erected by our forces for the reduction of Port Hudson, and which is placed at the extreme left of our line, close upon the Mississippi River. Our correspondents as follows describe it: "I rode out yesterday afternoon (the 21th June), in company with Major G. B. Halsted, General Angus's Adjutant-General, and Colonel Prince, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, to visit the great battery at our left, which I knew had been for days past in active preparation. Passing by General Dwight's head-quarters, and the long range of abandoned rebel batteries, we plunged into the woods leading toward the river, and after mounting a steep wooded ascent came suddenly upon this magnificent work, close to the river-side.

"The scene presented was very striking—and, indeed, astonishing, considering the time in which these enormous works had been constructed.

"This battery was not commenced until Tuesday the 16th, and was finished by the evening of Tuesday the 23d, under the immediate supervision of that able and indefatigable officer, Major J. Bailey, of the Fourth Wisconsin, acting Engineer officer General Sherman's staff. By the time he had three companies of Louisiana Engineers (First Engineers of the Corps d'Afrique), under Major Robinson, and two regiments of Illinois' brigade, making about 1400 negroes in all, who were kept at work night and day—two parties of 700 relieving each other alternately.

"The battery mounts one 9-inch navy gun, three 24-pounders, two 30-pound Parrotts, three 20-pound Parrotts, two 8-inch howitzers, and six Napoleon guns; there are, besides, three mortars and one 8-inch howitzer in a separate battery along-side. The magazine compartment is most complete; and away on the left of the picture, down the declivity of the hill toward the river, a magnificent series of rifle-pits have been constructed. The breast-works are formed of cotton-bales and sand-bags covered with earth; and the whole presents one of the most splendid pieces of scientific engineering ever seen.

"What most astonished me on arriving at these works was to see our men carefully standing on the parapets; and the more so when mounting them myself. I saw how dreadfully near we were to the rebel batteries in front, on which the enemy were also standing and gazing listlessly at us. They were only 300 yards off, and it really looked as if we could have thrown stones at each other. On our ramparts was proudly floating the good old flag, and right in our teeth the Confederate rag. The first coup d'oeil, as the whole scene burst upon me—with the little intervening ravine, the calm river, and wooded shore beyond—was one never to be forgotten.

"On inquiring how it was that the enemy did not fire at us, or we at them? the soldiers told me that, by some tacit understanding among themselves, the two sides had ceased worrying each other for days past. What the object of the rebels can be in permitting us undisturbed to erect such formidable works under their very noses passes the comprehension of every one.

"The large rebel battery near the river, and over which their flag is planted, is called the 'Citadel,' and is the highest and strongest work in Port Hudson. We are also on equally good ground,

and our battery quite as lofty as theirs, although it may not appear so in the picture, owing to the elevated point of view it was necessary to select for seeing the surrounding country.

"Although not playing on our breast-works, the rebels—while I was busily sketching—fired several times down the ravine toward the river, at the negroes who were still busy in the lower intrenchments. In spite of all I had heard of this 'tacit understanding' between us and them, their music was unpleasantly near and suggestive. When these two batteries open in earnest their thunder against each other the struggle will be terrific."

OUR MILITIA AT CARLISLE.

We publish on page 477 an illustration of the SHERILLING OF THE TOWN OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, BY THE REBELS, from a sketch by our special artist Mr. Thomas Nast. Our militia, comprising, among other regiments, the 22d and 57th, both from this city, marched from Harrisburg on 30th June, and arrived at Carlisle next morning, after some skirmishing with the rebels. That evening the rebel commander sent three several summonses to the commanding officer at Carlisle, demanding a surrender; but old General Smith had no notion of the kind, and refused in terms more peremptory than polite. The rebels then, at 10 P.M., began to shell the place. Our troops were partly in Main Street and partly in the outskirts of the town, lying quiet in the dark, unable to reply and exposed to the shells. Yet not a man wavered or skulked; and by good Providence no one was killed, though some were slightly wounded by contusions. Next morning our boys moved, and the rebels skedaddled.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Diary of the American Revolution. By Frank Moore. Editor of the "Rebellion Record."

One Volume, Large 8vo, 1100 pages. Illustrated with 12 Steel Plates. \$3.50. Published exclusively for Subscribers. AGENTS WANTED!!!

Address, for terms, &c., the Publisher, CHARLES T. EVANS, 418 Broadway, N. Y.

MUSQUITO ALL NETS. MUSQUITO NEW NETS. MUSQUITO RINGS NETS. MUSQUITO PATENT NETS. MUSQUITO COFFEES NETS. MUSQUITO SHIELDS. MUSQUITO SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelly's Curtains. LACE No. 250 Broadway. CURTAINS. HOLLAND & GOLD WINDOW SHADES. HOLLAND & GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering Colmet and destructive minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of "Bleeding," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of Medicine, which would then become empirically THE HEALING ART.

I have for thirty years taught that no diseased action could be cured by mercury or tartar emetic. That the human body could only be "made whole" by "vegetable food"—animal food being, in fact, condensed vegetables. BRANDRETH'S PILLS is used in every Military Hospital. These Pills cure BILIOUS DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY, and all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels, sooner and more surely than any medicine in the world. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in these cases should be taken night and morning. Read Directions and get new style.

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON. Dr. B. Brandreth—New York:

Sir: I was a private in Co. F, 17th regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had sick because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health. Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire Company would sign.

I am, respectfully yours, ROSCOE K. WATSON, Sing Sing, JUNE 28, 1863. SOLD AT NO. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by all respectable dealers. PRINCIPAL OFFICE NO. 294 CANAL ST.

The Ladies' Gem \$5 Sewing Machine. Sent free on receipt of price. Great inducements to Agents. For particulars, specimens of sewings, &c., send stamp for return postage. Address A. PALMER, No. 41 Green Street, New York City.

"THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY," PART I—NOW READY. Price 10 Cents.

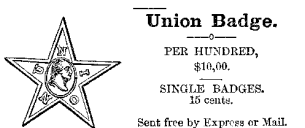
"THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY," comprising thirteen quarto pages, is published on the 15th of every month. Each number will contain some

THIRTY PORTRAITS OF THE MOST PROMINENT PERSONS OF THE DAY!

With carefully prepared and authentic Biographies. Specimen Copies 10 Cents each, to be found at the News Depot.

Subscription Price \$1 per annum. The New York Illustrated News and "THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY," together, furnished to Subscribers at \$4 per year. Published by THOS. B. JEGGETT & CO., 30 Beekman Street, New York.

J. W. EVERETT & CO., METROPOLITAN PURCHASING AGENCY, 111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614 NEW YORK CITY.



Union Badge. PER HUNDRED, \$1.00. SINGLE BADGES, 10 CENTS. Sent free by Express or Mail.

We will also forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Art Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city. We are also on receipt of 35 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, M'CALLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, ROBERTSON, SIGT., BAKER, SHERMAN, HALLGREN, SLOCUM, SICKLES, ADMIRALS FROST, FROTH, DUNTON, or any of the leading OFFICERS in the ARMY AND NAVY.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East.

Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PENNINGTON FENNER. With a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above countries, and a new Railroad Map. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Large 15mo, Cloth, \$3.00; Leather Tucks, \$3.50.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline of routes through the principal cities in Europe, to give the cost of travelling the different routes, the names of the best hotels, the principal "Sight" and Works of Art in the leading cities, the fees exacted by custodians, &c. By a careful attention to the rules laid down, the traveller will find himself the gainer by fifty per cent. The remarkable success of Harper's Hand-Book, first published last year, has fully realized the expectations of the publishers, the instance being very rare where a traveller has crossed the Atlantic without a copy in his possession. The work is so evident, that it is the only complete book published in the United States, and the only complete one in a single volume in the English language. The entire work is revised by the author, who went to Europe for that purpose. Those who have visited Europe, as well as those unable to go, will each and all derive much information from a perusal of this useful work. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Send by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$3.50.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE For August, 1863.

CONTENTS: SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812—III. HARRISON AND PERRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Put-in-Bay.—Green Clay.—Ruins of Fort Miami.—Peter Navarro.—Turkey Point.—Leslie Combs.—View from Maumee City.—George Croghan.—Site of Fort Snodgrass.—Perry's Head-Quarters.—Oliver H. Perry.—Stephen Champlain.—The Burial-Place.—Perry's Statue.—Issac Shelby.—Dobson's View on the Thames.—Johnson's Monument.—Battle-ground of the Thames.—Harrison's Tomb.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. (Continued.) ILLUSTRATIONS.—Nicholas.—Street Musicians.—Christmas-Trees.—Der Gemahl.—Village Festival.—Pleasant Family going Home.—A Child on Ice.—Falling in Love.—Letters from America.

RELIABLE. CELEBRATED. THE BATTLE AND TRIUMPH OF DR. SUSAN. PART I.

SIR GUY OF BRITTANY. MY HEART AND I. ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER LVII. Why Tito was Safe. CHAPTER LVIII. A Real Understanding. CHAPTER LIX. Pleading. CHAPTER LX. The Scaffold. CHAPTER LXI. Drifting away.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The old Palace.—Drifting away. THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON. CHAPTER XXXVII. The Board. CHAPTER XXXVIII. John Eames returns to Burton Crescent.

CHAPTER XXX. Is it from him? ILLUSTRATIONS.—Before the Club-House.—The Board.

MAKING A WILL. OUR ARTIST AND. ARTIST.—PHILOSOPHER—LOVER. CAPTAIN CHARLEY.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS. LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S MASSY CHAIR. GIBBY'S DRAWING. FOURTH OF JULY EXPERIENCES OF THE BRITISH LION.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sets out for a Walk.—Assailed by Young America.—More Scared than Hurt.—Pounced upon by the Eagle.—Forced to hear an Oration.—Taken to Dinner.—Got Elevated.—Treated to a Bath.—Set up as a Target.—Sent up Sky-high.—Blown up.—The Lion at 11 P.M.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home Toilet, Figure 1.—Home Toilet, Figure 2.

T. E. R. M. S. One Copy for one Year \$3.00 Two Copies for one Year \$5.00 An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at \$2.50 each, or 11 Copies for \$25.00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, \$5.00. HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



The two Conflicting South DRAFTING TERMS OF PEACE with the Federal Government. (See Richmond Papers, July 6, 7, 8.)

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily \$15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNUSUAL, and unlike all the old styles, containing all New Articles and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Licenses of Heroes, Comp. Companions (for the Army), Rich sets of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over \$1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp cannot act as Agents, and make none!* (Test. A SPLENDID WATCH, presented as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents. Packages in railroad carriers and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. See "15 per day Easy" on inside page.) S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 109 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Price Package House in the World.

S-T-1860-X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate. They create a healthy appetite. They are an antidote to change of water and diet. They remove effects of disipation and late hours. They strengthen the system and enliven the mind. They prevent malarial and intermittent fevers. They purify the breath and activity of the stomach. They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. They cure Diarrhea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus. They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache. They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are estimated among the great restorers. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Callesya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

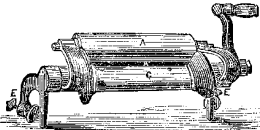
P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

Amalgam Bells.



STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the London Exhibition. For new Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address B. C. L. MEARS, 27 West 2nd Street, New York. P. O. Box 3076.



"EUREKA CLOTHES SQUEEZERS."
Simple, durable, best in market, self-adjusting. No. 1, price \$5.50; No. 2, \$9.00; No. 3, \$7.00; No. 4, \$8.00. Sent to any part of the country, free, on receipt of retail price. (Agents wanted.)
M. J. CLUFF, Agt., 8 India Street, Boston, and 206 Pearl Street, New York.

The New Book for Boys.

"The Drummer Boy" is making a great stir among the boys, who say it is as good as *Merrie Bon's* best. Elegantly illustrated. Price \$1.00. New ready at all book stores. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

A Beautiful Complexion, free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be prepared by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Agents Wanted in every Regiment and Hospital.

Army Corps and Division Pins.
I will send to any soldier, on the receipt of \$1, either a Keenay Cross Pin or a pin emblematic of either Corps or Division of the Army, Red, White, or Blue, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Spring Locket, or New Style Neck Chain, or Seal Stone Ring, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, and for 50 cts. I will send a New Style Union League Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4576, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by having House-keeping Articles at E. D. BASSOLD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

New Albums for Ferrvotypes.

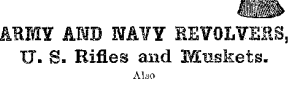
Or Triptychs, just ready. Samples, with clasp, furnished by mail, on receipt of 75 cents. Orders and lists sent on receipt of stamp. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 377 Canal Street, WARREN WARD.

\$7. WATCHES. \$7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail in mail case, for only \$7. A Solid Silver, same as above, \$7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVERS, U. S. Rifles and Muskets.

Also Pocket Pistols of Approved Patterns. Manufactured by **B. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilica, N. Y.**

U. S. Army Regulations.

Revised Edition, with Additions. One Volume Octavo, \$1 50. Send Orders Early.

Forwarded free on receipt of price.
GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher, 628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philada.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Lithographers to the United States Government Coast Survey. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to copper-plate printing at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to.

\$22. WATCHES. \$22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for \$22; usual price \$35 to \$45.

\$22. Genuine. \$22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for \$22; worth \$35 at retail. Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers. J. L. FERGUSON, JEWELER OF WATCHES, 208 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mailed Ladies' Prize Package. 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. \$15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CAPELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

BENJ. FRANKLIN, Manufacturing Jeweler,
173 Broadway, New York.

Also Agent for **H. M. Richards Jewelry Co.**
Photographic Album Clasp, Rims, and Ornaments.
Military Trimmings, and Fancy Metal Work of every description constantly on hand or manufactured to order.

For Spring and Summer.

For Dyspeptic and Bilious Complaints, Headaches, Constipation, Piles, &c., as a gentle and efficient Purgative; as a refreshing and invigorating Draught; suitable for all ages and sexes, and may be taken at all times.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient has the approbation and preference of the Best Foreign Courts, over Mineral Waters, Scudlitz Powders, Pills, and harsh Purgatives.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by **TARRANT & CO., No. 275 Greenwich St., N. Y.**



Made to Measure at \$24, \$30, \$36 & \$42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.



ENAMELED WHITE. Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily changed in one minute. To military men or travelers they are invaluable. Price \$1 each; sent by post on receipt of \$1 75. Wholesale and retail.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 287 Broadway, New York. A liberal discount to dealers. Agents wanted throughout the country.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS. THE GENUINE CLOTH LINED PAPER COLLAR, As Wholesale and Retail.



Gents' Finishing Goods. I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.
SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER. The price of my establishments. In this department, I have nothing but experienced hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.
NO FIT! NO SALE! Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on application. **CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD, 675 Broadway, N. Y.**

Artificial Legs and Arms, Solph's Patent,

516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.
To Consumptives.
The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address **REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, WILLIAMSBURG, KING'S CO., NEW YORK.**

INSURE YOUR LIFE WITHOUT DELAY For the Benefit of your Family.

THE WASHINGTON Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York.

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States. Its prominent features are as follows: A permanent Capital Stock of \$1,200,000, now largely added to by accumulation. Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock. Policy-Holders receive ALL THE PROFITS, WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY. The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the advantages and security of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their separate disadvantages.

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited. Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberal and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims. All reasons are granted to Members to enable them to keep their policies in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums. Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTISS, President. CLAYTON NEWBY, Vice-President. W. A. BREWSTER, Jr., Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms. Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS. To all wanting Farms, Thieving Settlements, Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

"The Movement Cure"

in every Chronic Disease. This little work, important to all who are, or may become invalids, is sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address GEO. H. TAYLOR, M.D., 67 West 58th Street, New York.

A FORTSHEM CURE, also DAILY MADE OF Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Throat, and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest, by Dr. TOMAS'S Venetian Linctum. It is warranted superior to any other. Sold by the Druggists everywhere. 25 and 50 cents.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS. Also, a full assortment of **Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods. Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y., 15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris, 47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.**

Shults' Oguent. Warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. Shults, Troy, N. Y.



BALLOU'S Patented French Vests SHIRTS.

Warranted to FIT, and to be **CHEAPER** for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city. Circular containing drawings and prices sent free. For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States. **BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.**



The American Parlor or Floor Shoe. Hand Made. Superior. Anti-Friction. Frederick Stevens, 215 Pearl Street, New York, 68 Riving Street, Boston.

Reproduced from the original by Applewood Books P.O. Box 505, Bedford, MA 01730 www.applewoodbooks.com