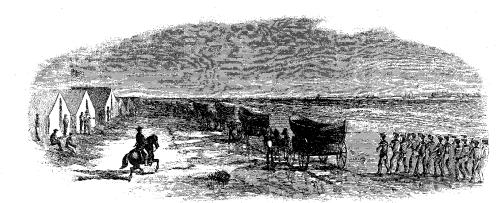
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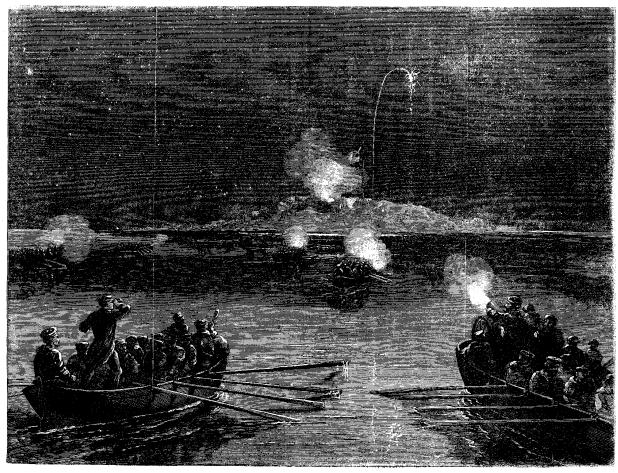
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THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE BOATS FOR THE ATTACK OF GREGG GN THEIR, WAY.

From a Skeich by Mr. Theodorb B. Davis.—[Seu Paul 620.]



THE SEGR OF CHARLESION-ATTACK ON BATTERY GREGG, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868,—From a beston by Ma, Incodosa R. Total.
[1822 Figs 806.1]

### THE GHOSTLY FIGHT.

By the Rappahannock's moonlit wave Thousands are lying in quiet graves But under its ever-throbbing breast Are two that never shall taste of rest.

They stood at night on the opposite banks, They stood at might on the opposite rains, Deathly foes in the hostile ranks, And challenged each by the moon's wan light To meet in the stream in mortal fight.

Naked they awam through the water cold, That shuddered with horror as it rolled; And the gleam of their white limbs through the tide Struck the faces pale that watched beside.

They met where the stream is still and deep, Where the river-spirits float asleep With faces turned to the moon's cold beams, And the occur rocking through their dreams.

A cry went to through the shuddering air As they wildly closed in the death-fight there, And the dashing waters shrank with dread From the scattered foam that was tinged with red.

Then stillness fell on the air and stream, White under the waters a spectral gleam Sunk with their white forms sinking slow in a knotted clash to the depths below.

And now and ever, night after night, They close again in a ghostly fight: Two white wraiths gleam through the throbbing flood, And the Yeam around has the hue of blood.

Forever they close in the death-fight grim, Though their cry is faint and their forms are dim; And the sentinel knows 'neath the river's breast Are two that never shall taste of rest.

### HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

### WILL THE SOUTH SUBMIT?

OUR foreign friends, unable any longer to deny the successes of the Union arms, now If dony the successes of the Union arms, now take refuge in the general assertion that, whip them as we may, the rebels will not submit. The ery is re-echoed by the Copperhead organs Korh; they are satisfied that the more we beat the enemy the stronger will grow his aversion for us and for the Union. And the same song is sumg by the rugged rebel officers whom we are lodging at Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, and other degrees of detailed for the same song and other degrees of detailed for visiting and and other places of detention for prisoners of war. They have stopped bellowing about the last ditch. It is now the last man who is to die before the stars and bars sink into oblivion. They may be beaten, decimated, driven from house and home, but they will never submit. It would be easy to show that this is the inva-

It would be easy to show that this is the invariable talk of angry belligerents. The British were never going to aubmit to the independence of the colonies; so said the King and a dozen of his ministers. The French were never going to submit to be ruled by a Bourbon again; yet Louis XVIII. was crowned quite quietly, and ate hinself to death in peace. Austria was never going to submit to the loss of Lombardy; ut she gets on year well low with the capture. never gauge to shown to the loss of Lombardy; yet she gets on very well now with the regulartuomo. Russia was never going to submit to the loss of Schastopol; still she bore the event with fortitude when the time came. The "last ditch and last man" talk is almost always indulged in by the leaders of a belligerent army up to a certain point, mainly for the sake of keeping up the spirits of their followers. But keeping up the spirits of their followers. But it is never carried into practice. The most ardent and the most obstinate combatant will surrender when he can't do any thing else. There are no more obstinate men in the South than George the Third was, and certainly no more bitter pill can well be offered to any one than the one that monarch gulped when he received by Adams as United States Ministra. ceived Mr. Adams as United States Minister Plenipotentiary: yet he swallowed it with a

To careful observers there are not a few indi-To careful observers there are not a few indications already, both of the preparations of the South for submission, and of the manner in which they propose to submit. These are especially noticeable along the Mississiph River. When the war broke out the rebels held the river from within twenty miles of Cairo to the mouth, and it is fair to presume that, with a few isolated exceptions here and there, the inhabitants of the Valley sympathized with the rebel caus. We have now conquered the Valley, and driven off or scattered the insurgent armies. The rebels have resorted to their only remaining resource—generilla warfare But it is obvious at a glance that the victims of this warfare are not the Northern people or the Northern armies, but the few remaining Southern planters armies, but the few remaining Southern planters and their families. A guerrilla band, with what-ever purposes it may originally be organized, becomes of necessity a mere band of robbers. toms of necessity a finere and of robots. To plander safely, it must attack, not military posts or regiments, but isolated houses and defenseless non-combatants. Plander leads naturally to murder, rape, and arson, and thus the establishment of a system of guerilla warfare, such as the robe deficis have authorized in the Mississippi Valley, simply indicate under the plant of the power power in their own records. fliets upon their own people, in their own country, the most horrible sufferings, without injury as in the least. What is the result? We have seen within a week a letter from the largest

slaveholder in the State of Mississippi, stating that the outrages of the guerrillas are intolerable, and that "iff President Lincoln would only recall the decree of emancipation, and annul the Confiscation Act," the people of that region would return to their allegiance commasse. Newsparse conversed acts. all tell the cape story would return to their allegiance et masses. Newspaper correspondents all tell the same story. The country is devastated, the people frantic; only let them have their slaves, they say, and they will become our best friends. It is pretty clear that after a few months or weeks more discipline under the régime they created, they will say no more about conditions, but will beg for protection.

Further south, in Louisiana, the same result is being reached by a different process. In that State the guerrillas have not gained much head-way. But several enterprising Northern men State the guerrines now to always. But several enterprising Northern men have "squatted" on abandoned plantations, hired negro labor, and, though exposed to repeated attacks from the rebels, and drafts upon their laborine force by the Union generals, have done exceedingly well. We hear of one young man who has made \$50,000 in a single season; of others who have realized \$20,000, \$25,000, and \$30,000. The soil will yield as handsome harvests of cotton or sugar to a squatter as to harvests of cotton or sugar to a squatter as to the owner of the fee, This sort of thing natu-rally extends itself. There are plenty of Southerners who will become Union men for the sake of a fat plantation, even if the original owner will not. And to us of the North it matters very little who owns the land, so long as he behaves

httle who owns the land, so long as he behaves himself loyally.

The best guide, however, to the change of sentiment which is going on at the South may be found in Missouri and Kentucky. In those States, though they never actually seceded, the Pro-slavery sentiment was as dominant at the outbreak of the war as in Tennessee and Arkansas; and the difference between pro-slaveryism and rebellion is only one of degree. In these and rebellion is only one of degree. In those days an Abolitionist was about as safe at Richmond or Charleston as in Kentucky or Missonri. Now mark the difference. The Missonri papers are full of appeals for merey from the remnant of the pro-slavery men. It is they who are down now, and the foot of the anti-slavery men presses pretty heavily on their necks. The slave-owners of Western Missouri are being proslave-owners or western Missouri are being pro-tected against the bloody rengeance of the oppo-nents of slavery by regiments of Kansas troops, recruited from the Free State men, whom, five years ago, these very Missouri border-ruffians did their best to exterminate. In Kentucky it is becoming quite respectable to be an Aboltion-ist, and the slave-owners are rapidly becoming ist, and the slave-owners are rapidly becoming afraid of their position, and nervous if our generals do not leave troops near them. A leading Kentuckian assured a gentleman in this city within a few days that, if the Union party had imagined they could elect Bramlette by 50,000 majority, they would have run straight-out Emancipationists, and would have elected them. At the next election in Kentucky slavery will proceive its death blow. We say that this abouter receive its death-blow. We say that this change of sentiment in Missouri and Kentucky supplies the key to the way in which the rebels of the further South will submit; because it is eviden at a glance that if you remove slavery, you abol-ish the only substantial ground of difference be-tween us and the rebels, and it then becomes more their interest than ours to restore the

We must not delude ourselves about the end of the war. It has not come yet, and we have hard work before us still—reverses as well as victories, long marches, cruel privations, disap-pointments, and trials of patience. The rebels have still powerful and veteran armies, which must be beaten and scattered before our work can be pronounced complete. But we have made great, glorious progress since the spring, and, however distant the end may be, it is much more certain than it ever was.

### THE BRITISH PIRATES

LAIRD'S Anglo-Rebel rams are not going to sea without a struggle. On 8th September Earl Russell informed Mr. Adams that the Government would take the responsibility of de-taining them, and would send the case into the courts. Public opinion, it seems, had at last compelled the tricksters in the British Govern-ment to make a show, at all events, of enforcing their laws,

their laws. We must not be too precipitate, however, in assuming that the rams will not get to sca. The latest Anglo-Robel printer—the Georgia—was also arrested by the Government and held for trial. Sho was, however, suffered to escape, and her armament was supplied her by another British vessel, which met her off the ceast of France. In that case the presumption and the acidence In that case, the presumption and the evidence In that case, the presimption and the evidence as to the destination of the vessel were as strong as they wil! probably be in the case of the iron-clads. Every body concerned in the trial knew perfectly well what the Japan, alias Georgia, was intended for. Yet she escaped—simply because British officials were unanimous in their with to see our converse deturned for the wish to see our commerce destroyed for the benefit of that of Great Britain.

The fate of the iron-clad rams will depend, not on the evidence adduced on the trial, but on the probable capacity and readiness of this country to punish England if they are permitted to

go to sea. If we seem willing and prepared to make England responsible for these rams, they will be detained, with or without evidence. if the progress of the war appears to foreshadow rebel successes, and a probable unwillingness or incapacity on our part to try conclusions with a foreign power, the rams will be released, after going through the form of a trial. It is impossible to read the English papers without discovering that it was the astonishing capture of the Atlanta by the Weehawken, after fifteen minutes' fight, that created that public opinion in England to which alone we owe the present detention of Laird's ships.

### THE LOUNCER.

BORDER STATE POLICY.

The Copperbead journals try to plume them-lves upon Governor Bramlette's election in Kenselves upon tucky, and have plenty to say of Kentucky con-servatism. Now as Mr. Wickliffe was the cauditucky, and have plenty to say of Kentucky con-scrvatism. Now as Mr. Wickliffe was the caudi-date of the anti-war and anti-administration party, and was hopelessly defeated, it is pretty clear that Kentucky decides for the war. How vigorously she wishes the war waged, Governor Braulette's message shows—a paper which has not been very widely circulated in Copperhead circles. It may be cited as an exposition of the present Border State policy.

policy.

Upon the great question of the war itself the Governor says: "We will not sanction acts violative of constitutional right, but we will not therefore the way of every necessary means to fore neglect the use of every necessary means to protect and defend the Constitution against rebel efforts to destroy it, merely because somehold does not understand or regard its provisions as we do. ...Because we furnish the means we do not con-... Because we furnish the means we do not commit ourselves in favor of the mode of applying them.... It is our duty to supply the means; the duty of others to apply them.... Our objection (to arming negroes) is not to the power, but to the policy. For this, as well as other evils resulting from the rebellion, we will... appeal to the ballotbox as the corrective."

All this is intelligible, and not less so is the following paragraph in which Governor Braulette shows just how far he sympathizes with Copperheads. "We can not too strongly condemn the factious opposition of those who assail, not to correct, but for the purpose of weakening the loyality

rect, but for the purpose of weakening the lovalty

rect, but for the purpose of weakening the loyalry of the citizen, and fettering the movements of the Government. We condemn, as treasmable, the efforts of those who attempt to organize, under pretense of opposition to obnoxious war measures, a party whose real purpose is not to correct the ceils complained of but use them as a pretense for withholding the necessary supplies and aid for our defense, and thus aid and assist the rebellion.\(^{1}\)

Two years ago the Border State policy was to be let alone. Now it is an overwhelmig support of the war against rebellion by every means, and objecting to the black regiments merely as a matter of expediency not of right. Two years hence, or sooner, it will be emancipation.

### A WAR TICKET.

Is the Seymour ticket in the New York election, the ticket for which he spoke, and which his friends nominated, the ticket which be spoke, and which his friends nominated, the ticket which every shade of Copperhead supports, and whose success every reled chief ardently desires—if this ticket, which Fernando and Benjamin sustain, because, although not what they wanted, it is the best they could get—is a "war ticket," why is it that its great advocate, Governor Seymour, and his friends have always been such indifferent friends of the soldiers? Last winter the citizen voters of this State who are in arms for their country were deprived of their votes by Governor Seymour and his friends. On the 4th of July, when it was known that at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg the soldiers were fighting and failing in the most sacred cause, the friends of the Governor held a meeting at the Academy of Music, and the Governor himself smilingly sneered at our military operations; and while he defamed the Governor hand the loyal States, and deliberately hinted at a mob, had not a single word of sympathy for his fellow-citizens in the field.

A little later, when the rebellion was sorely smitten, and our own forces were returning in such numbers as to make an immediate increase of the army most desirable for us, in order to follow up the blows we had struck, and who for the same reason, an appearance of hearty unity and resolution at the North would have been of itself a finishing blow, Governor Seymour and his friends were coquetting with a brutal, sanguinary mob, and by every means dealying the advance of reinforce coquetting with a brutal, sanguinary mob, and by every means delaying the advance of reinforcements.

ments. The friends of the soldiers smile as Governor Seymour and his "friends" ask their votes for the "Seymour war ticket." A Seymour war, they have learned, is not waged against rebels, but against the Government.

### TWO POINTS OF VIEW

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is called a shrewd man. Let us see. He sends an army to Mexico. The General declares that his only object is to protect the people in choosing a Government to please themselves. Having beaten the Mexican armies and bombarded the Mexican cities, he appoints a commission of persons whom Mexico distrinsts, and this commission names a trimivariate of nea whom the Mexicans late. This anthority, appointed and sustained by French arms, changes the government to an empire, and offers the crown to an Austrian Prince, and, if he declines, to Louis Napoleon's Paristan organ inquires what the United States will probably say; and answers its own question by remarking, "Unless he would deny to the Mexicans the right of managing their own affairs the

Washington Secretary of State would be obliged to accept as legitimate the return of Mexico to Monarchy."

Let us now put the boot upon the other foot. If the United States should send an army to Ituly, and having defeated the Italians in the field, should install Mazzini as Dictator, and he should decree a Republic, unless the French Emperor would deny to the Italians the right of managing their own affairs, he would be obliged to accept as legitimate the establishment of the Republic in Italy.

If Louis Napoleon is a shrewd man, he is certainly not very shrewdly defended.

### FEE, FAW, FUM.

FEE, FAW, FUM.

THE most manly, frank, fair, and honorable of New York newspapers, in the same way that Benedict Arnold was the most patriotic of our Revolutionary herees, asks whether Andrews, the rioter, was not "sent on here to get up a riot, in order to have a pretext for declaring martial law in New York?" Of course he was; and it was only another instance of "Gorilla Lincoln's utter disregard of the Constitution. It was part of the nefarious plot by which he called all the milliar regiments out of the city in order that Andrews might have full swing. It belongs to the same scheme by which Lincoln procured the escape of Lee's army in order to have a fresh excuse for invading Virguia and shooting our innocent brethren of "the South." In fact, it is equally notorious with his getting up the riots that Old Ale put Jeff Davis up to rebellion in order to have an excuse for raising an army and navy to exterminate every vesup to rebellion in order to have an excuse for raising an army and navy to exterminate every vestige of Constitutional right and trample upon all the liberties of every citizen; and then to found an Oriental despotism upon our ruin, change his name from Abe to Tamerlame, and grind our bones to make his bread.

### A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

A DANILL COME TO JUDGMENT.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Professor of History at Oxford, and one of the noblest and most faithful of our friends in England, made a speech last April urging the British Government to prevent the sailing of pirates from British ports. The London Tames denounced the meeting and the speeches, and branded as "traitors" those who demanded that the duties of neutrality should be more strictly performed.

that the duties of neutrality should be more strictly performed.

Mr. Smith has now written a letter recalling these facts, quoting the spirit of the speeches and the comments of the Tones, and then citing extracts from the late articles of that paper upon the subject in which his sown couclusions are urged, although upon meaner grounds, and he concludes: "After this, Sir, I think we are entitled to ask, who are the 'traitors' to the honor of England, those who in April last counseled her to listen to the voice of justice, or those who, having at that time counseled her to be deaf to the voice of justice, now counsel her to listen to the voice of fear?" Goldwin Smith is one of the English names which will be very precious to us hereafter.

England of Bright and Cobden, Cairnes and Mill,

England of Bright and Cobden, Cairnes and Mill, You are the England of John Milton still.

WHO IS THE DEMOCRAT? A COPPERHEAD authority complains that Vice-President Hamlin lately addressed "small polit-ical gatherings at the cross-roads and in the tav-erns of the rural districts of Maine." The critic ical gatherings at the cross-roads and in the taverns of the rural districts of Maine." The critic claims, of course, to be peculiarly Democratic. But he has yet to learn that at just such cross-road, and district school-room, and tuvern-parlor meetings the public opinion is educated and formed which governs the country. And it is the glory of our system that no office exalts a man beyond his duties as a citizen, one of the first of which is the instruction and enlightenment of his neighbors. When John Quincy Adams, having then President, goes to Congress as a Representation, he illustrates perfectly the truly democratic character of our institutions. And when Mr. Hamlin, being Vice-President, confers with his fellow-citizens upon their public duty in a time of great national peril, it is dent, confers with his fellow-citizens upon their public duty in a time of great national peril, it is a signal example which every faithful American will emulate. It is not those who cry "Lord, Lord," who are most religious. Nor is it those who call themselves "Democratis" who are most democratic. It would be hard to find in our his-tory two men more simply, honestly, and entirely democratic than Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hannib

### LITERARY.

"THE Bivouse and the Battle-Field," by Cap-"The Bivouse and the Battle-Field," by Captain G. F. Noyes (Harpers), is one of the personal memoirs upon which the historian of the war will depend for his most picture-que and animating passages. It is a record of the personal experience of one of General Doubleday's first staff in Virginia, told so simply, nimbly, and graphically, that the reader who gives up in despair the elaborate and scientific accounts of military life and movement will at once comprehend the daily routine of a soldier in active service. It is full of anecdott, of incident, and of striking descriptions, and is a most delightful and instructive volume.

"Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861," with an appendix containing the changes and laws affecting army regulations and Articles of War to June 25, 1863. (G. W. Childs, Philadelond naws are one and provided the plant of the plant of the plant. This seems to be a complete body of military details. The duties of officers and men, volume of the plant o

"The Capital of the Tycoon," a narrative of a three years' residence in Japan, by Sir Rutherford Alcock. This is the story of the British Minister in Japan, and it is the most comprehensive survey of Japanese life and institutions that we have had. The detailed descriptions and the copious illustrathe dealest descriptions and not options managed thous, with fac-similes from Japaness drawings, give it a curious interest. Sir Rutherford kept his eyes open constantly, and does not omit the smallest details. He tells us that the Cape jasmine is one of the few flowers in Japan that are fragrant, and that the wheat is never sown broadcast. His descriptions of social life are valuable; and from his account it is clear that there is the same kind of fierce, barbarous hate of foreigners in Japan that there is of men who love liberty in our southern country. As to the vexed question of the treaties between Japan and Great Britain, Sir Rutherford clearly inclines to the opinion that the Japaness should be strictly held to their agreements. The chief difficulty lies in the disposition of the Dzinios, a kind of regal aristocracy. But tions, with fac-similes from Japanese drawings, ments. The enar dimently ness in the disposition, a kind of regal aristocracy. But he says that the Government represents and controls elements of strength and order independent of them, and with that Government a firm and friendly policy is desirable. It is a most timely work. (Harper & Brothers.)

### BLOWING HOT AND COLD

Of all political slop the drivel of what is called "Conservatism" is the poorest.

### MUSIC.

Our winter prespect of music is most excellent. Max Maretzek, the best operate manager we have had, will direct the Academy with Medori, whose success in Norma and the grander rôles was very decided. It announces fresh operas and good singers, and the public has learned that he keeps his word. He has established, by long and faithful service, a feeling of interest in the public heart which is a part of his capital; and every frequenter and lover of the Opera heartily bids him welcome again and God-speed.

Mr. Gottschalk, also, begins a series of concerts in the city immediately. He has no superior for popularity in the concert-room, and his manipulation of the piano is marvelous. No man executes such astonishing towarder force as Gottschalk, and yet, in certain impassioned pieces of Chopin, he is as Tigorously exact as the most purely classical per-Our winter prospect of music is most excellent.

rigorously exact as the most purely classical per-former. It is a constant surprise and pleasure to hear him, and he has mastered the secret of suc-

### AN OLD SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE.

The excellent Governor Seymour says, in his last speech, "I am not disposed to criticise the President's recent letter unkindly." Probably not. rresident's recent letter unkindly. Probably not. His Excellency's success in criticising and answering the Prevident's letters has not been simil. The same remark may be made of his Excellency's similar efforts with the letters of General Dix. It is a wise old saw that says, "A burned child fears the fire."

### THE MODEL CONSERVATIVE.

THE MODEL CONSERVATIVE.

Let every man whose support is claimed for the anti-administration ficket reflect, that the chief authority which declares that the Government will be defeated in this State by fifty or sixty thousand majority insists that Fernando Wood should be made noxt Speaker of the House, because "be can best serve the Conservative cause in that position."

The ex-Mayor and hero of the Pence meeting, who regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels, is presented as the model "Conservative." And justly so. Of what is now called "Conservatism"—a policy for the success of which feff Davis prays—he is a perfect representative.

atism"—a policy for the success of which Jeff Davis prays—he is a perfect representative.

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Lounger has received several letters informing him that Mr. Seymour is the purset of patriots and the greatest of statement. He has also received several stating that Mr. Lincoln is an appearance of the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct in the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct in the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct in the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct in the lounger has the bonor in the conducted this war to lis present conditions are appeared by the lounger has the bonor in the lounger has the bonor in the conducted this war to lis present conditions are appeared by the lounger has the bonor in the lounger has the lounger has the lounger has the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct has the lounger has the bonor in the lounger has the bonor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correct has the lounger has the lounge

purest of patriots; nor a Governor who calls bloody rioters his "friends" the greatest of statesmen.

### HAWTHORNE'S LETTER TO PIERCE.

HAWTHORNE'S LETTER TO PIERCE.

That Mr. Hawthorne should cling to his college friends is natural. That he should feel kindly toward the man by whose influence he went to Europe, and saw '' our roll Home,' '' is simply human. That after that man had shown himself in his official career the most pliant of tools for the basest of purposes, and in his subsequent retirement the most shanneless abettor of bloody war upon the Union Mr. Hawthorne should be anxious to declare his friendship, is a kind of friendly generosity which is yet intelligible. But that he should gravely say of Franklin Pierce that ''no man's loyalty is more steadfast,' can be explained only by the fact that the letter to Pierce is dated on the 2d of July, while it was not until the 4th of July that Pierce made his Concord speech, and not until September that his letter to Jeff Davis was published, in which the ex-President assures his exSecretary that the North would support his rebelion even to blood. lion even to blood.

Mr. Hawthorne owes it to himself-to every Mr. Hawthorne owes it to himself—to every friend of his who loves liberty and ma—to his country, and to the name of loyalty which he pro-fanes by coupling it with so dishonered a name as Franklin Pierce—to explain in a subsequent edition that the final proof of Pierce's infamy bad not then been spoken or printed, and was unknown to him.

### ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS,
GREEN, ILLAMON is fast recovering from his late protruscial though not serious indisposition, through all of
which his official labors have been pursade visit that inexorable industry which is one of his main characteristics.
He is at his head-quarters every morning at hule, and remains at work until four in the aftermon, when he returns to his residence on Georgicony Heights. His labors are again resumed at eight in the evening, and continues without intermission until the last time of the day's
work is disposed of—often not ceasing until the "wee
and boars" after midsight.

General Benjamin F. Butler will enter immediately into the canvass in Pennsylvania in favor of the re-elec-tion of Governor Curtin. His first speech will be made at Harrisburg.

Harrisburg.

Lieutenant-Commander James F. Jonere is detached from the command of the R. R. Cuyler, and ordered to the command of the Schage.

Annual was commune of the K. K. Ctypter, and ordered to the command of the Schago.

Among the casualties in the recent battle of Chattanooga are the following:
Colonel HEG and Colonel BRADLEY, commanding brigades, wounder, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and Colonel Joses, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and Colonel Joses, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and Latentania, wounded.

Litentenant Joses, of Company A, Tenth Indiana regiment, killed, Litentenant-Colonel Huwr, of the Fortieth Kentucky regiment, and Heustenant-Colonel Huwr, of the Fortieth Kentucky regiment, and Heustenant-Colonel Huwr, of the Fortieth Kentucky regiment, wounded.

Litentenant Forty, of Buttery I, Futh Artillery, wounded. Licentenant Froys, of Buttery I, Futh Artillery, wounded. Licentenant Froys, of Buttery I, Futh Artillery, and Capatan Baows, of the Thirty-first Illinois regiment, wounded.

Capatan Except, Assistant Adjutant-General of Syaras-wastrane's brigade, killed.

Quantum muster-Ceneral Matios departed last week on

waxruser Surgade, killed.

Quartor master-General ME0S departed last week on his inspection tom through the several military departments. Colonel Tuoxas, of Philadelphia, is Acting Quartermants. Terminal this Control that General Toxarus is also about to set out upon a mission similar to that of General Mixos.

also about to set out upon a mission similar to that of General Biasos.

An insisted from the mission similar to that of General Biasos.

A comparison of the mission similar to that of General Biasos.

A comparison of the mission similar to the filling prison and the mission of the mission

regatory to Colone Davis's character as a brave and useful officer.

Commander RIED WORDEN has been ordered to havy-yard at Philadolphia.

Lieutenant-Commander R. V. Scorr is detached from the South Atlantic Blockading squadron, sick, and walting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander CLARK WELLS is detached from the Navy-yard at Philadolphia and ordered to the command of the degrater Philadolphia and ordered to the command of the degrater Philadolphia and ordered to the consequence of the Command of the degrater Philadolphia and ordered to some reasons to believe the proof on 11th. Place is come reasons to believe that the shot was fired by a descriting control believe that the shot was fired by a descriting control to the control of the c

A letter from Cairo says; Some changes have taken place in this vicinity since last I wrote you. They are as follows:

golden W. F. Lynger, of the Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry, is to command the post of Cairo, vice General A. B. Buyon, who is ordered to Helena.

Captain J. R. Ferrers, of Pennsylvania, late with General Moxygonery, is Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Moxygonery.

have a leave of absence, or be assigned some equally important duty with that he has been relieved from.

The following assignments of medical officers have been

The following assignments of medical efficient have been made:

Assistant Surgeons S. S. Holman and Exocut Pranch.

I. S. Volunteer, recently appointed, to report to Major-General Mands, commanding Army of the Petonuc.

Assistant Surgeon Keyelland, and the Petonuc.

Assistant Surgeon Keyelland, and the Petonuc.

Assistant Surgeon Keyelland, and the Petonuc.

C. Guapper, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Fobers, commanding Department of North Carolina.

Posters, commanding Department of North Carolina.

Posters, commanding Department of North Carolina.

Borsey, Commanding Department of North Carolina.

Assistant Surgeons H. W. BURSHT, JERMAND SAITA, and ROMERT, SAITA, and ROMERT, SAITA, and ROMERT, SAITA, and ROMERT, SAITA, SAITA,

Missouri. Surgeon Enward Skipper, U. S. Volunteers, now on duty in the Army of the Potomac, will report without delay to Surgeon W. S. Kins, U. S. Army, Medical Director Department of the Susquehama, to relieve Surgeon Part B. Gomann, U. S. Volunteers, in charge of the South Street General Hospital, Philadelphia.

Street General Hospital, Philiadelphia.

Commander Jours C. Howesta. has been detached from
the command of the Metacomet and ordered to the command of the Nerveus.

Commander T. G. Comits has been detached from the
Navul Academy and ordered on ordinance duty in the
Fhiladelphia Navy-yard.

Philadelphia Navy-yard.

Commander Donald Man. Faurax has been ordered to the Navel Academy as commandant of midshipmen. Lieutenant-Commander P. Lowky has been ordered to the command of the Metacomet.

Captain Jacon S. Sybetcu, Provost Marshal for the Third district of Pennsylvania, has been dismissed.

anne unstruct or Pennsylvania, has been dismissed.

General Bursums, the Washington Republican says, tendered his resignation not on account of any personal or political grievances, but from a defect to attend to his private affairs. Heving finished his campatign in Tennessee, lee thought he might be relieved from service. The President thought otherwise; and at his request General Bursons has particularly consented to remain at the head of his command.

Four hundred men, belonging to Colonel Tryns's caval-ry regiment, arrived at Philadelphia on 21st from Fort Delaware. They were originally captured rebels, who refused to be exchanged, took the eath of allegiance, and joined the Union service.

Subscriptions for MCLELLAN testimonials are passing through the Army of the Potomac. One of these, proffer-ed to an officer, was headed by General Sylkes with a sub-scription for \$20.

scription for \$20.

Major-General Dix, commanding the Department of the East, is about to visit Boston on a tour of inspection. He will be accompanied by General TOTIEN of the Engineer Corps.

COTPS.

Governor Topp has sent James M. Edwards (Rep.) and.
Colonel William Mexicas (Den), to General Grand's army to canvase the votes of the soldiers. He has also arranged to record the votes of the Colins soldiers in other armics.

armies.

The rebel ram Atlanta arrived in Philadelphia last week, in tow of the United States steam-frigate Powhatton. The Atlanta will be fitted up for sea in such manner as may seem best to the naval authorities.

### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOGA.

A VERY important and bloody battle was fought near Chattanoga on Saturday, 18th, and Smiday, 28th Sopk.

A VERY important and bloody battle was fought near Chattanoga on Saturday, 18th, and Smiday, 28th Sopk.

Let be seen the seen of the seen

rowing account is consumed, from the washington Star, and is supposed to be official.

DEGINING OF THE FIGHT.

On Saterday, the 19th, a demonstration was made by the robels in strong force, which appears to have been repelled by the force under General Thomas, with the advantage on the Union side.

For the force under General Thomas, with the advantage on the Union side.

The first run was first at this A.M., but no considerable firing took place until ten. Frevious to ten of deck General Rosecans rote the whole length of our line. Soon after the battle commenced.

General Rosecans rote the whole length of our line. Soon after the battle commenced.

General Rosecans rote the whole length of our line. Soon after the battle commenced.

The second line of reinforcements were then sent to him, and M40ok's whole corps, which was on the right and as reserve in the centre, was sent to his assistance. General Word, we for the causious aboved that the enemy's force was the first of the causious aboved that the enemy's force was "Their paces were filled by Davis and Sheridan, of Gen." Their paces were filled by Davis and Sheridan, of Gen.

inry of the camounds showed that the enemy's force was messed.

Their places were filled by Davis and Sheridin, of Gen-Their places were filled by Davis and Sheridin, of Gen-Their places were filled by the distribution before their places in the time, which had the distribution of the control of the contr

### THOMAS CHANGES POSITION.

General Thomas, finding himself cut off from the right, brought his division into position for independent righting, fix line assuming the form or a horse-shoc atong the form of the right of the right

down until the enemy was close upon them, when sudden-ly they rose und delivered their fire, with such effect that the assaulting olumns fell back in contains, leaving the ground covered with killed. When night fell this body of herors stood on the same ground occupied by them in the morning, their spirits being unbroken. Their losses are not yet estimated.

the morning, their spirits being unbroken. Their losses are not yet estimated.

\*\*SET RESULTS.\*\*

General Thomas teleprophe (Monday forenoon) that the troops are in high spirits for the brought off all his wounded. Of the sick and woman teleprophe (Monday forenoon) that the troops are in high spirits he would be a single of the side of the

nie whether he would be able to reach Chattanooga last night.

There were indications that the enemy were contem-plating a demonstration on another part of our line last evening,

plating a demonstration on another part of our line last evening.

We have received the full details of the recent cavalry fight with the rebels near to, at, and bayond Culpepper Court-House. The Union forces were miner the chief command of General Pleucanton, with Generals Enforce, Kilpatrick, and Gregg as division commanders. The galactic control of the command of General Pleucanton, with Generals Enforce, Kilpatrick, and Gregg as division commanders. The galactic control of the command of General Susart, and the vebel accounts of the fight acknowledge the loss of the three pieces of artillery next in the Union secondus as having been captured from them. The rebels took redupe in the houses of Culterial Control of the Control of

arting amendarity on the order generalizes are sim operacamp lines and along the railroads.

REPULSE AT SABINE PASS.

We have particulars of an expedition under General
Frankin to the mouth of the Sabine River, Texas, which
do the the mouth of the Sabine River, Texas, which
do for the understand the Sabine River, Texas, which
do for the understand the sabine respective to the morally
nature of the ground and excessively shallow
water. Upon the gun-bast SC(Flow, Sachen, and Arizona, therefore, devolved the whole task of attacking the
batteries, and they came galantly up to the work. The
statement of the ground and excessively shallow
water. Upon the gun-bast self-analy up to the work. The
statement of the ground and excessively shallow
statement of the ground state of the state
in which they were aided by a fieed of three cottonclad steamers and a sectioner further up the river. At
first the fire from our gun-boats was more accurate than
the advantaget, that unfortunately the Sachen grounded
broaded to the rebel fleet, and very soon also was riddled
and left an utter wreek. The Arizona's greater draft of
water would not admit of her neaver approach to the latteries, and the Cliffon was compelled to essay the task of
skiening them contained. In the galant "stempt she also
ing a fate similar to the Sachena's. Capital Crocker, her
commander, made a heroic effort to save his vessel, but
seeing the mankingry in pieces and effectually design of the similar to the Sachena's. Capital Crocker, her
commander, made a heroic effort to save his vessel, but
seeing the mankingry in pieces and effectually design of the similar to the Sachena's. Capital Crocker, her
commander, made a heroic effort to save his vessel, but
seeing the mankingry in pieces and effectually decommander,

OCCUPATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

The following dispatch has been received at the head-quarters of the army at Washington:

### DISPATCH FROM GENERAL STEELS.

DISTATCH FROM BENERAL STEELE

Major-General H. W. Indices, General-n-Chief;
We have just ever a constant of the following state of the fo

der to overpowering numbers.

GRABLESTON.

At latest dates General Gilmore was very busy mounting heavy gune on the tupper part of Morriz Island for the purpose of bombarding Charleston, and, although Fert Sunter was still held by the reicks, the siege was progressing favorably. General Gilmore has issued an eloquent placed in the hands of every living officer and soldier who has participated in the Campaign on Morris Island. On the morning of the 15th fast, the magazine of one of the robe latteries on Sund Point, near Four Johnson, exploited gruns, etc. Oes hundred relab prisoners, taken on Morris Island, came North in the McClellen.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

THE REBEL RAMS TO BE DETAINED.

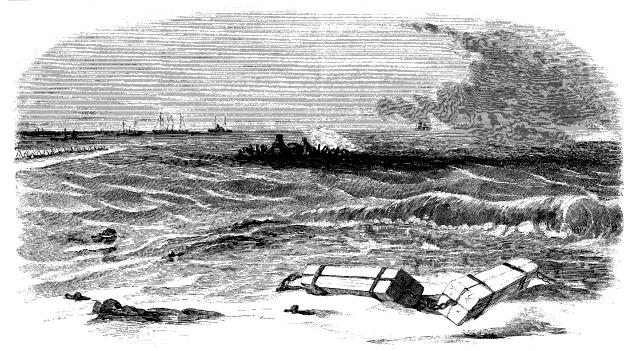
Wz have the very important information that the Brit-ish Government has decided to detain Laird's rebel fron rams. This fact has thrown a decided gloom over the rebels and their sympathizers in England.

THE NEW MEXICAN UNPEROR.

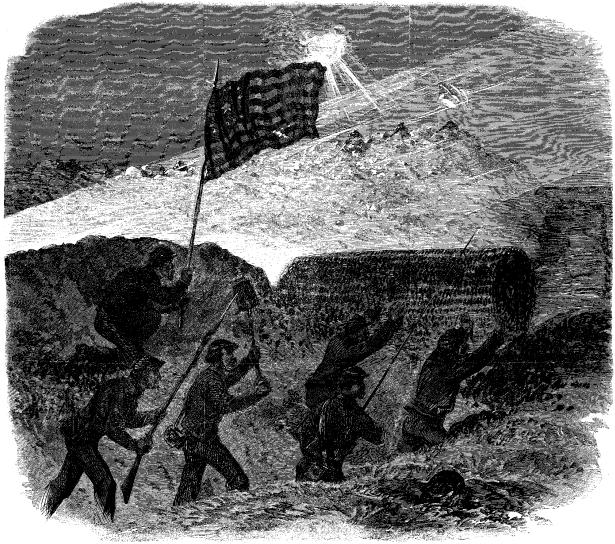
These mushers of the Mexican deputation dispatched to tender the cown to the Avelduke Maximilian have arrived in Paris. Although five of their colleagues were still at sea, it was reported that the offer had been made and accepted, the Cabinet of Spain, with the King of Belgium, approving of the decision at the Archduke. It was said that he subjusted for two conditions only, vize, "A maniform special subjusted for two conditions only, vize, "A maniform special coloration of the Western Powers in the establishment of a respected and stable Government."

### SEWARD'S CIRCULAR

Secretary Seward's recent circular has caused some ill-feeling at the French Court. The Mondeto, with all the official journals of Paris, in publishing the paper, print the article of the London Threes, in which it is analyzed and condenned, side by side with it.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON--PORTION OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR, WASHED ASHORE ON AN ISLAND.
FROM A SECTUL BY SURGEON ROBINSON, ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PERMSTLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 650.]



THE STREET OF THE EAST OFFICE PARTY PROJECT THE MANNEY THE WALL DE THE PARTY FROM A BROSEN OF THE INCOME. DEVICE [See Faou 6/2]

### CHARLESTON.

WE continue in this We continue in this number our series of il-lustrations of General Gilmore's campaign ke-fore Charleston, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. T. R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"REPULSE AT GREGG.

"REPULSE AT CREGO.
"Head-quarters, Morriss Bleads, Sop. 16, 1892.
"The attempt to capture Battery Grogg by boat attack, though a failure, hastened, without doubt, the congé taken by the rebels of Morris Island on the night of the 6th ult.
"This I premise, that he real importance of the event may be more perfectly understood, and the daring exhibited in the attempt, though unsuccessful, may be more thoroughly appreciated.

ciated.

"The scene upon the beach when, just at twilight, the bears that were to bear our gallant men upon their dangerous mission were being transported upon wagons to a point from whence a successful starting could be accomplished was full of suggestion. Would they be successful; or would the same boats be on the morrow shuttered wrecks, each splinter stained with blood, telling of the sacrifice freely offered for our country's Union?

"Then waiting with more than eager eye and breathless anxiety stood to their guns the brave men, who watched from the different batteries for the sirst fash that would tell of a successful landing or the disposory in the part of the successful landing or the disposory in the successful landing at the successful lan ciated.
"The scene upon the

tell of a successful land-ing, or the discovery by an alert foe.
"Could we have cap-

"Could we have cap-tured Battery Gregg a few more of the 'Tchiv-ulree' would now be at Hilton Head, awaiting their transportation to the land of 'Uncul-psalm."

"The sketch of Fort Moultrie and the bat-teries upon Sullivan's Island gives the scene which was witnessed by the sturdy Jack Tars who manued our iron-clads in their last attack upon these works, and upon these works, and which was hailed by them with cheer after

cheer
"The Weehawken had just grounded upon a shoal near Morris Isl-and, and the concentra-



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SOLDIERS EXPLODING TORPEDOES BY THROWING PIECES OF SHELL ON THEM FROM THE SAPS. FROM A SERTON BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

ted fire of the rebel batted fire of the rebel batteries was being hurled against her, when, by a fortunate accident, a shell from one of her monster guns blew up the magazine of Fort Moultrie. Just at this time, too, Moultrieville was in flames, the smoke hanging in grand masses over the angry scene.

629

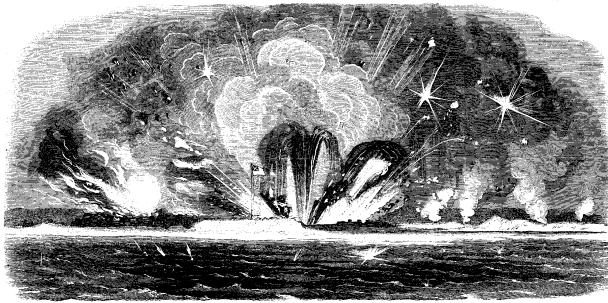
"THE HEAD OF THE SAP AGAINST WAGNER.

"Words seem to fail

"Nords seem to him me as I pen the account of this seeme. The General had said, 'The head of the sap must be in the ditch of Wagner cre morning, that our men may enter and carry the fort from it.' The desperate labor of long weeks was nearly ended. Foot by foot our flag, advanced by its sturdy bearer, neared the rebel strong-hold. A brilliant glare from the calcium light, flooding Wagner, gave us the advantage of seeing without being seen. Just as the 'sap roller,' a huge 'gabion' (or basket) filled with 'fascines' (bundles of fagots), had reached the ditch, a deserter came to us telling of the rebel flight.

"'A word may here said of the splendid work performed in these saps by enjineer officers. Lieut. M'Guive, after finishing the labor assigned to him upon the Left Batteries, was put upon the work of the san, and the exceeding ability and gallantry displayed by him will not soon be forgotten by those who tock part in the capture of Morris Island. He is now intrusted with the important work of rendering Battery Gregg all that a sand-work can be, and a sore place for the Charlestonians to look upon, as they are acon to discover. Captains Siess and Wulker, too, are in every way worthy of the

"REEEL TORPEDOES. "In traveling through the saps one often enjors a quiet laugh at the manner in which the soldiers are amusing themselves. A few days since, having nearly reached Battery Wagner, I heard in a sap near some of the boys calling, 'That's going to hit it; look out, boys!' and the next moment an explosion that shook "In traveling through



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON-EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE AT FORT MOULTRIE. - FROM A SERFCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

the ground for vards around. Reaching the spot the ground for yards around. Reaching the spot from whence came the noise, I found a number of the 'braves' tossing into the air big pieces of shell— to drop, if possible, upon the rebels—of the half-haried torpedoes.

"Now and then one would strike the mark, and the roars of laughter that greeted the explosion told of the manner in which it was appreciated by the how?"

boys."
On page 628 we reproduce a sketch, by Surgeon Robinson, of the One Rundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, representing a

### PIECE OF THE CHAIN

used by the rebels to obstruct the entrance to Charleston Harbor. A few links got broken somehow, the other day, and came ashore on one of the islands, where it was found by our men. It consists of bars of railroad iron, connected by shorter links about eighteen inches in length. Around each bar of iron are fastened heavy pine logs, squared, and bor id together with heavy straps of iron. This chain the navy has yet to overcome.

### A WHISPER.

THERE was never a day so sad and long But it wore at length to even-song; There was never a life so full of grief But death came at last to its relief.

There was never a soul so wholly sad But it found some moment to be glad; There was never a heart so full of care But it had one hope to cheat despair.

There was never a winter dark and dream But changed to spring in the early year; There was never a summer, welladay! But it sloped through autumn to decay.

### WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

EVER so many years ago, when the few people who wrote letters were still hardly used to dating their compositions with "18—" instead of "17—" there lived, at the flourishing sea-port town of Filiby, in Yorkshire, one Jonathan Gale. Mr. Gale was employed in one of the seven dock-yards that Filby then maintained. Filby, and was eminently well-to-do and respectable. At the time of this narrative Mr. Gale must be supposed to have prospered in this life for some forty years, and to have been married somewhere about half that time. Such a hypothesis is necessary in order that there may be no difficulties in the way of introducing Miss Patience Gale, Jonathan's daughter, as a bright, lovable, English girl of seventeen.

of seventeen.

Of the many ships "of Filhy" one good brig was the property of Master Henry Harborough, a kindly and prudent seaman. The skipper of the Camilla brig could not have been more than ten years younger than Mr. Jonathan Gale; but for all that he had won the heart, and a promise of the hand, of Patience. Patience was one of those natures who love to cling to something stoutly set. The quiet earnestness and unobtrusive self-reliance of her friend outweighed the more boisterous attractions of a soore of younger wooers. Besides, cortain whaling adventures in the South Seas had made Harborough somewhat of a hore. A hero with a frank fearless face, strong and tender, and withal steady and sober, is no bad match for any girl, though he be forty instead of thirty. We have high authority for believing that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It can not be unreasonable to hold that the same phenomeno may be observed. Of the many ships "of Filby" one good brig was hold that the same phenomenon may be observed

hold that the same phenomenon may be observed in a young woman.

Let none, therefore, deem it an exaggerated impossibility that the afore-mentioned Henry and Patience should be described as meeting in the rulus of the old abbey of Filby, on an evening in the May of 18—t, to discuss their matrimonial prospects. Let none, however, imagine, from the mention of a meeting in a ruin, that the alliance under consideration was in the least degree clandestine. Henry and Fatience had walked holdly forth from the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, with the full consent and approbation of that worth counse. consent and approbation of that worthy couple. So far from Jonathan's being a too stern parent, he was possibly too lax. Nevertheless in one matter he was stern, or firm, or obstinate. Patience Gale should never be Patience Harborough, with his willing blessing, until Henry, the bridegroom, should be able to show fifteen hundred gaineas side by side with the dowry he intended for his daugh-

by side with the dowry he intended for his daughter.

These fifteen hundred guineas formed one subject of the lovers' talk in the ruined abbey. As yet their existence was only a possibility. Henry did not despair of acquiring them; but he was of opinion that their acquisition would be easier if he were cheered in his work by the smiles of a wife. Patience by no means disagreed with him. But her father was immovable. Harborough must make more than one other voyage on garcon; and this was the eve of his departure. The moon, and the ruin, and the far sea make up a fine set scene for a parting lovers' dialogue. The reader may fill tup at his or her pleasure, only remembering that Henry and Patience really and honestly cared a great deal for one another.

'Patience,' said her lover, pointing over the

great deal for one another.

Arience, 'said her lover, pointing over the rippling sea, marked with a long tapering stripe of moonshine, "it looks very bright and kind. It will bring me back to you."

At last it was time to part. The saitor led the lady to her father's door.

Good-by, Henry."

A close quick embrace and a smothered sob, and Captain Harborough was off to his boat. The Casulla was bound for the South Seas again. With Patience at home the days and the nights went

slowly by. Her thoughts were in the Pacific. When the wind howled over Filby, she trembled for the Camilla. When the sun shone down on a calm sea, she remembered that there were storms elsewhere. Still she did her duties without com-plaint. And she was not without consolation. Her father fell ill, and grew poevish and fretful. But an old uncle of Harborough's died, and left the captain two thousand pounds. At first old Gale declared that this should make no difference in the sum to be earned; but he was induced at last to say that, as far as he was concerned, the wedding might take place on the day after Harborough's

inght take pace of the day after ratrorough seturn. So Patience worked and waited. She was gentle to her cross-grained father. She was the kindly friend of scores of the poor. She prayed at church. And she sat a great many more hours that was necessary with a black profile portrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. than was necessary with a black profile portrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. Icebergs, French cruisers, whales, South-Sea Islanders, filled her heart with a thousand terrors. So nine months went by. Then came a letter, Harbrorough had prospered, and was unscathed. So far from the French having been a cause of loss to him, they had been a gain. He had encountered her successfully. He should sail homeward within three months of the date of his letter. "And being sure of your true love, I hope and pray you will be safe when I come to you. The very day after we are home again, Patience, I shall claim you as my wife. Good-by, dearest. Mark Elling, of the City of York, carries this for me. So momore from yours till death. H. HARDROROUGH." These precious lines of great round-hand writing shared the attentions of Miss Gale with the black profile and several other letters from the same writer.

The paper grew worn with perpetual fingering. But Patience had now an occupation immediately connected with her hero. If she was going to be married to him in three months she must be properly supplied with raiment and household linen. So mother and daughter toiled diligently at the fashioning of garments which, were they worn nowadays, would at once mark the owners as candidates for Colney Hatch. And when Patience was busy neither with her outfit nor with her peor pensioners, she would wander forth with the secont of her diminutive maid, and hadlug in found retrospect and anticipation under the suggestive shadow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed

spect and anticipation under the suggestive shad-ow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed ow of the above run. The fight that streamed invoke the narrow openings of the long lancet indows seemed to figure to her the hope that life to wind all life. And as she gazed over the far sea she thought again and again of her lover's words uttered on that very spot: "It will bring me back to you."

to you."
She had perfect faith that these words would be

She had perfect faith that these words would be fulfilled.

At last the time arrived when the \*Camilla\* might be daily expected home. Every thing was ready for the wedding. Patience was of opinion that it would be unnecessary for her Henry to go to sea again. His little property would go far to maintain them; and he could no doubt obtain occupation in the dock-yards. There was a very charming little house just vacared that she was confident would exactly suit such a couple as that of which she hoped soon to constitute the better half. Of course Captain Harry would agree with her. On that point she never felt any doubt. Of course the statement of that person that he should claim his "wife" on the day of his arrival was an amatory exaggeration. Sundry forms, as well ecclesiastical as civil, must be complied with. But the day was to be postponed for as short a time as possible. So Patience had every hope that before the lapse of a month, at most, she would be a happy bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the

bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the abbey now became more frequent. Every speck that broke the line of the horizon was watched with the intenses interest. At last the long watch was rewarded. On a sunny afternoon in June a brig was descried making for Filip, which knowing ones declared to be the Camilla. Patience watched its. I have partner worked here growing ones uccurred to be the Canalda. Patience watched it—I beg pardon—watched her growing and growing, her white sails scarcely bowed by the gentle summer breeze. Patience did not wish to exhibit before the loungers of the bill-ton the arginometric state. bill-top the excitement which she could not repress. From the roof of her father's house she could see the advancing brig. Thither she repaired in company with an old telescope of her father's, and glued her eyes on the sea. The Camilla sailed on till she was within some mile and a half of the shore. The sheets of canvas suddenly rose in thick folds. The brig hove-to under—but perhaps Patience was not learned in the terminology of rigging; it is her emotions which are being described; there is therefore no obligation that the technical details of the heave-to should be given. But let none think this omission is the result of the author's ignorance. Of course not. Well, the Camilla hove-to. There was great signaling between the brig and the shore. Dates were given. The state of the tide was told. It may be presumed that Harborough should have known that on such a day he could not enter Filipy harbor at such an hour. But it may also be presumed that he was anxious to hear news of folks at home as soon as possible. The peace of Patience's mind did not depend only on the signal of "All Well." By the lep of the big telescope she could distinctly see her Henry commanding on his deck. Ills tall stalwart figure was easily distinguished among the rest; and if only Miss Gale had been as severely educated as are many of the young ladies of the present day, she might have quoted:

Eξογον 'Αργείων κεφαλήν τε καὶ ελρέαε δριονε. hill-top the excitement which she could not re-press. From the roof of her father's house she

she might have quoted:
Εξοχος 'Αργείων κεφαλήν τε και εὐρίας ἄμους.
Not that it would have added to her happiness.
That was now supreme. There was Henry, safe and sound. The good girl thanked God for this mercy vonclisafed to her, and a joyful tear impeaded the use of the glass. But what was this? The canvas curtains were dropping again, and filling with the lazy wind. The tide would not

allow of the Camilla's coming into Filby till the next morning. Patience liked her friend all the better because he would not leave his ship and his men, even for her. Still, she had half-expected to see a loast put off from the brig; she had thought that she might hold her treasure in her arms that very day. It would be more tantalizing to wait very day. It would be more tantalizing to wait those eight or ten hours than it had been to wait those eight or ten hours than it had been to wait long mouths. To see him, and see him sail out of her sight! For the Comilla was moving seaward. It was evident that she was going to stand off for the night. Smaller and smaller grew the moving figures on the deck. Then there was nothing to be seen but hull and sail. The sun set behind the hills. The Camilla was nothing but a darker shadow against the dark bank of eastern clouds. Patience came down into the house.

"Mother, dear, I think I shall go to bed. I must be up very early, you know. They can be

must be up very early, you know. They can be in by six o'clock; and I should like to watch them

from the down.

from the down."

So the happy girl shut herself up with her thoughts—that night the pleasantest possible companions. The profile portrait met with little attention. The image suggested by the telescope was far more satisfactory. The letters were turned over once again, and confided to their resting-place with a happy kiss. Of course Patience could not sleep. She lay in a dreamy reverie, her thoughts wandering backward and forward between that brig at sea and the outlines and the noises of her room and the night. The rumble of each rare vehicle seemed very loud. The cries of reveling sailors seemed shriller than on other nights. The sea surely sounded more harshly than it did an lour ago. The low grating murmur of the calm seemed to have given place to the quicker, angrier noise of taller breakers. And hark! What was that? The shutter, too loosely fastened back to the wall, banged suddenly on the window-post and shook the little panes. The wind was rising. But it was bardly likely to be much. It was so still at sunset. And perhaps it would bring in the Comilla all the more quickly. Patience dozed. She was unconscious for an hour and a half or two hours, and then was roused again. There was more noise now. The wind was shricking up the street, and the roar of the sea was deep and loud. The girls prung from her bed and looked from the window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of the gale was enough to drown every sound of So the happy girl shut herself up with her window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of passers-by. But the street was deserted; more deserted than the streets of a sea-port usually are, even in the dead of night. The men of Filby were

even in the dead of might. The men of riny were all down at the port.

Patience grew very white. A strange terror numbed her limbs. Then she went to the door of her parents' room, and, as she walked gently in, she said:

she said:
"Mother, do you hear the wind?"
"Hush! my child; don't wake your father. I hear. We must be still and wait, dear. Let us hope the best. Is it very wild outside?"
"Mother, I am going out; I shall—"
"Out, child? you can not! You must—"
"No, mother, I can not wait. Hark! Peggy can go with me to the port. I must see and hear for myself."

Mrs. Gale rose from her hed and tried her hest

Mis. Gale rose from her bed and tried her best to move her daughter's will. But a weird resolution had set the lines of that gentle face. It was very white, and very sad, but very firm. The two girls went bravely down to the port; it was dark; a thin rain hissed along with the gale. Fishernen, salicos, dockyardmen, and many less professional inhabitants, were grouped along the quays. Nor were women wanting to the crowd; but their wan and tearful faces told of something more than curiosity as the motive of their coming. What was the latest news? Two fishing-houts had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the what was the meast fews? I'wo hishing-loads had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the dawn would soon be breaking. Had any thing been heard of the Camilla? Nothing. The men looked on Patience with a tender and respectful interest. More than one knew why she was out on that angry night. The men line light spread over the east, and the fury of the storm abated. When the sun rose over the horizon, it seemed to struggle to burst the black bank of clouds. Wider and wider grew the clefts of blue. At five o'clock the scene was one of the fairest that is to be belief any where—a storm dying in sunshine. Great piles of white clouds, thick, massive, and of evershifting shape, rolled over the heaven. Nearer the horizon the same mighty mountains of vapor rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong, joyous life. rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong, joyous life. They swelled up tall and bulky before the wind, their green summits gladly housing the sunlight. At the top of their triumphant rise they broke into a thousand columns of foam and spray, tossing their glittering drops high into the clear air. All over their surface great circling lines of floating foam marked the commotions that raged below. And ever and anon it seemed as though the coarsing waves lost the order of their flying march; they jostled one another; and then the crash of force and force, and the roar with which each water-mountain strove to overtop his neighbor was glorious to hear and see. On they surged in swift succession to the shore, some soaking the crags for many yards above the beach; some trying hard to rend the plank of the jetty from its huge cramps, and force it upward. All nature seem to shake with boisterous laughter. Of what account in the face of such a scene of life were the half-dozen corpses from the fishing locate broken in the bay? Or the dull, stupefying misery of one young girl?

corpses from the fishing boats broken in the bay? Or the dull, stupefying misery of one young girl?

For where was the \*Comilla?\* The \*Camilla was nowhere to be seen.

Patience had watched the dawn of day and the sinking of the tempest. She stood on the port stiff and cold, and watched for four weary hours. Rough men, who knew her father and herself, stood round her as a little body-guard, kindly and seasonably offering such comfort as they could. There was danger, no doubt; but there was hope. Har-

borough was a skillful seaman. It was by no means impossible for him to have kept his vessel clear of the shore. The Camilia was perhaps quite "afo. Patience looked up with listless, uninterested eyes. Something at her heart told her that the Camilia was lost. She did not know. There w.s no certainty. But she dared not hope. The hours wore on, and Patience was induced to go home. It was now eight o'clock. Not a ship was to be seen at sea. The Camilia must be either safe, or lost out of the reach of the Filby seamen.

men.
While Mrs. Gale was lovingly tending her poor
child—tending her with comfort both physical and
mental—three men passed the parlor window and
stopped before the Gales's door.
"Mother, they are come to say he's dead."
"Nay, child, we don't know that. Don't think
tha worst."

the worst."

The mother went out to speak to the strangers. The mother went out to speak to the strangers. One of them was a farmer from a village some four miles from Filby. The other two were Filby men. Patience was not far wrong. The Camilla had gone ashore on the rocks close to this neighboring village. The cottagers were some unwilling and all unable to be of any material service to the crew. The rocks were far spread and dangerous. The brig went to pieces before any communication could be established between her and the shore. The old yeoman's eyes showed two big tears as he narrated the scene of desolation when the morning broke.

broke.
"When a knew 't were t' Camilla, a coomed to

withen a knew 't were t' Camilla, a coomed to t' Master Gale. A knew 't lass and skipper 'yon—" But here he fairly broke down; for out of the doorway of the inner room the white face of Patience glared with a fixed gaze of piteous intensity. "Mother, I am going to Rilcar. Master Kirby, will you take me back with yon?" The old man shock his gray head "Nowt can coom on't noo." ("But I must go. I must see where he was killed. Perhaps they will find—" She shuddered, and, with little opposition from her parent, set off or the scene of the wreck.

The little cart rolled roughly over the road. Patience sat very still, her eyes fixed straight before her. Her conductor knew better than to trouble her with a word of pity or encouragement. They traveled in silence.

At last the scene of the wreck was reached. The title was high, and the surf curied over the crags almost at the foot of the steep cliffs. Many yards to seaward the brig had struck and gone to pieces. Riven timbers were still seen floating on the surface. All that remained together of the see.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers

ill-fated vessel was hilded nuder the waters of the sea.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers from Filby were gathered here and there on the narrow ledge of rock below the down, that the sea had not yet covered. They pointed every where, and then with strange significance to a fisherman's hut hard by. There were laid the battered remnants of what had once been men. Seven bodies had as yet been washed on shore. Patience did not even ask if that of her betrothed were there. She still gazed wistfully out to sea. For, like the plaintive refrain that runs through some melody in a minor key, one sentence sounded and sounded again in her ears. "It will bring me back to you."

"It will bring me back to you."

Presently all heads were turned in one direction. A dark something was seen among the coming surf. The something came nearer and nearer—now rolled high above the waves, now sucked back again into the hissing water; tossed at last on a shelving stone. They met at last, after so many months of separation, those two faithful lovers. The sea had not violated the pledge taken in its name. It brought the bridegroom back to his mistress. Bruised and bloody, the crisp hair dank and matted over the forehead, the frank eyes dimmed forever, that face was once more shown to her who loved it best.

Patience looked upon it very calmly. She fol-

loved it best.

loved it best. Was duck more shown to her who loved it best. Patience looked upon it very calmly. She followed the men who bore the body reverently out of the reach of the "cruel crawling foam." She looked, and that was all. If only she could have wept! But that was impossible. Old Kirly led her to his cart. He would have conducted her through the village to his kindly wife to be comforted with loving sympathy, but the sorrowful girl pointed so steadfastly toward home that he did not like to offer the smallest opposition. Patience went home, fell into her mother's arms, and then at last burst into a long passion of tears.

The story is done. The most melancholy part of it is that, in substance, it is but a simple record

of facts.

The story is done; or rather, we should say the incident of the story is done. Good orthodox novels always leave their hero and heroine on the point of setting out on their wedding tour. In this sad tale there is no such event with the details of which to weave a peroration. And perhaps the most useful part of this true story is the end come to by the principal character. It is no end invented to point a moral. It is what really happened to the real Patience.

ed to point a moral. It is what really happened to the real Patience. She went home. She west. She did not die. She did not go mad. She did not become another man's mistress before the end of six months. She never married; but she did not live a peevish and useless old mad.

never married; but she did not live a peevisa and useless old maid.

As long as her parents lived she nursed them patiently and assiduously. When they were laid not far from Henry Harborough in the grave-yard attached to the old abbey, she was not left all alone. Certain cousins of her own, and certain nephews and nieces of the dead sailor, had a tender interest in "d annt Patience."

Loving and loved by poor and rich alike; never nevry, but always cheerful; Patience Gale was Partience Gale to the day of her death.

Strangers who saw a grave elderly woman wandering alone and apparently purposeless and dreaming round the ruins of Filby Abbey, fancied that

the poor baty was a little wrong in her head. They who had heard her story knew far etherwise. Patience was still thinking of the old words written on every wave of the shifting sea. It will bring him lack to me. So often did she gaze and think that the great deep seemed an image of a Great Love, deep and infinite, a Love on which she traistef she was being borne up, a Love which in her firm faith she believed would one day bring back—not dead, but alive—all that she head loved and lost. and lost,

### HUMORS OF THE DAY.

curves from Gilmore's gallant army contains the fol-

being a non-sensor squama army contains the fol-body and past explained Moreis Island, and I think that we are did the f-ving of filiarity that follows a quickly succe-sful engagement more throughly personal a mass of mens-addiens shouting, singing, happy. The stardy set? Tars, in quest of adventure or abundoned 'book,' set Tars, in quest of adventure or abundoned 'book,' set Tars, in quest of adventure or abundoned 'book,' set Tars, in quest of adventure or abundon's think-part in splist, came upon the stublect of my years. A broaza blue-jacket had pertured a mufe, and, not without difficulty, mounted it, perching himself as near the unitarity till as three was as showed or do amone—the mufe out of the properties of the start of the properties of the out of the properties of the properties of the properties of the out of the properties of the

"Jack, alt more amidships," said Hardy, the first en-gineer of the Weck-refore, "and you'll tile on io..." "Captain," quoth old Saity, "libis is the first craft that I was ever in command of, and it is a pity if I can't stay on the guarter-deck."

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marrier, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty fredly afterward. "There was a time when I al-most magnied she had none." "Yes," said the hus-bend, with a sigh, "but it's very long sine."

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you can never tell what will turn up.

We wonder if any body ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

O'Brien said to Horne Tooke, on the hustings, "So I understand you have all the blackgoards in London with you." "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority."

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. Just give me your hand." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are:"

EPITAPH ON A MR. MORE.

Here lies one More, and no more than he; One More, and no more, how can that be? Why, one More and no more may well lie here clone; But here lies one More, and that's more than one.

WHAT DAVID MUST HAVEDONE INS. JILAND.—A Sortch minister, very hour ly in his address, chose for his text a gessage from the Palma.—It said in my have, All men are liars. ""Ay," premised his revenence by way of intoluction, "ye add it in your laste, David, idl ye," Gin ye had been here ye might have said it at your leisure, mon."

What is every body doing at the same time?—Growing older.

A gentleman replied to a female Irish vagrant who accosted idin that he never gave to bergars in the street. "If I knew where your Honor lived." quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldur linefree with your arrangements."

A country youth, who had returned home from Lendon, was asked by his anxious father if he had been gravided in his conduct while there. "On yes," was the reply, "I was guarded by two policemen part of the time."

A wag says that in journeying laidly he was put into an omnibus with a dozen persons of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a courser shortly after, however, the omnibus was upset; "and then," said he, "I found them all out."

A Quaker, upon being asked why he did not venture to go to an election, at which the proceedings were very riot-ously conducted, and give his vote, replied: "Fried and do not see why I should endarger my own poll to benefit another man's."

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a newspeper beying good Ann Bersy. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for all of me—I've nothing agin 'em."

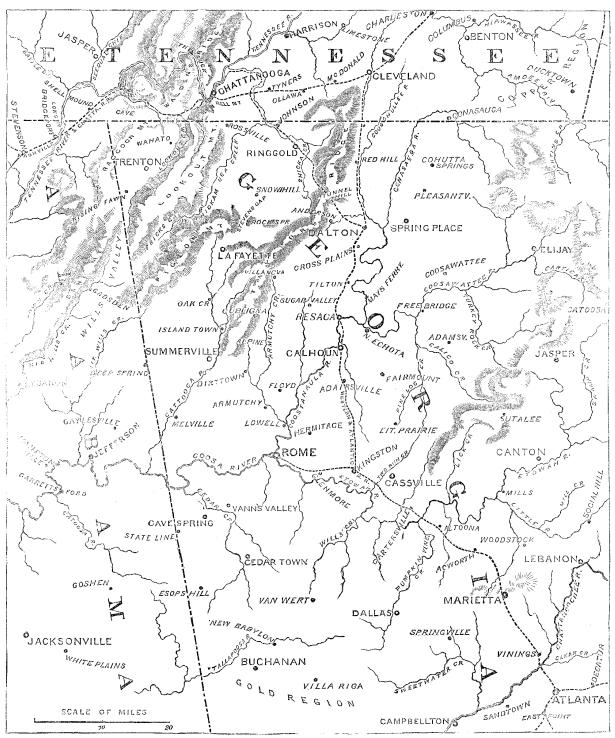
A windy center one get up a diseid. "Six after much reflection, conditionate, are exemination. I have a lonk, and deliberate, and exemination. I have a lonk, and deliberate, and extractive concludent, that in three cities since the population is very large, there are a greater number of me, whence, and children than in cities where the population is lose."

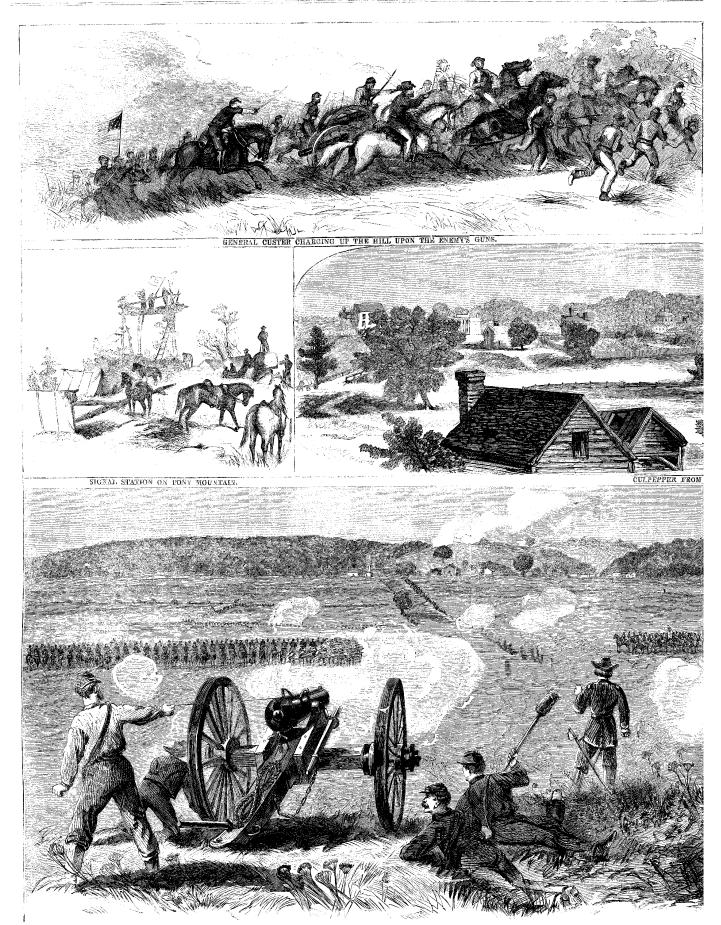
"What do you mean, you little reveal?" excludined an individual to an impadent youth that had school bin by the ness in the street. "Oh, nothing; only I amorphy out to see he of the street in the reveal of the result of school before the street of school of the first thing that there also not be stire to school of the first thing that there also provide the first thing that the content of the street of th

A lady who prided lervelf upon her extreme somitility, said one day to be hat batcher, "How can you if the town little innecent banks? All I have can you if it the town little innecent banks? "All I have can you if it the town little innecent banks?" "All I have can you if it is to town little innecent banks?" "All I have can you if it is considered by check, "would you prefer cooking that a live?"

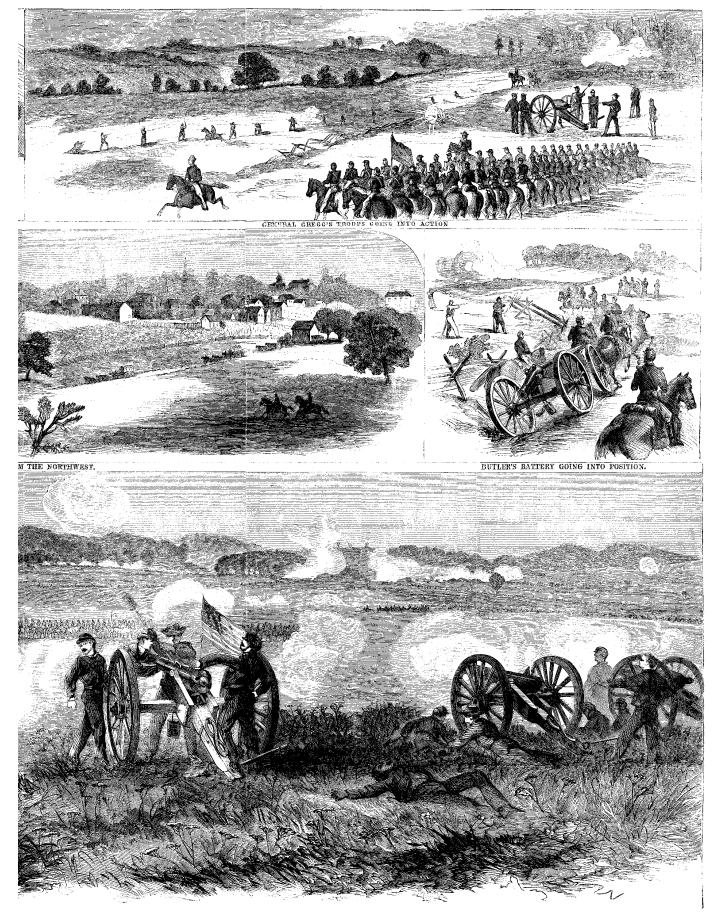
I remember (easy a reliabulatoreds)) the core of an woman at the back of Bidaposate Street, who level i bones part oppeling a mily-hole; and when I question her as to the smell, she recibed: "No, xir, there is is smell; three has been a deal of sickness shout, and the lost my son; but I am manured to it, and don't min is

What part of speech is kissing ?-it is a conjunction.





THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC-GENERAL BUFORD ATTACKING THE ENEMY A



AT RACCOON FORD, SEPTEMBER 14, 1868.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 685.]

### ve**ry ha**rd cash.

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

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At two o'clock an attendant stole on tip-toe to the strong room, unlocked the door and peeped cautiously in. Seeing the dangerous maniac quict, he entered with a plate of linkewarm beef and potatoes, and told him bluntly to eat. The ernshed one said he could not eat. "You must," said the man. "Bat!" said Alfred; "of what do you think I am made? Pray put it down and listen to me. I'll give you a hundred pour dis to let me out of this place; two hundred; three."

A coarse laugh greeted this proposal. "You might as well have made it a thousand when you was about it."

"So I will," said Alfred, cagerly, "and thank you on my knees besides. Ah, I see you don't

was about it."

"So I will," said Alfred, eagerly, "and thank you on my knees besides. Ah, I see you don't believe I have money. I give you my honor I have ten thousand pounds: it was settled on me by my grandfather, and I came of age last week."

"Oh that's like enough," said the man, carelessly. "Well you are green. Do you think them as sent you here will let you spend your money? No, your money is theirs now."

And he sat down with the plate on his knee and began to cut the meat in small pieces; while his careless words entered Alfred's heart, and gave him such a glimpse of sinister motives and dark acts to come as set him shuddering.

"Come, none o' that," said the man, suspecting he shudder, he thought it was the prologne to some desporate act—for all a chained madman does is read upon this plan; his terror passes for rage, his very sobs for smalls.

"Oh, be honest with me," said Alfred, imploringly: "do you think it is to steal my money the wretch has stolen my liberty?"

"What wretch?"

"What wretch?"

"I know nothing about it," said the man, sul-

"What wretch?"
"My father."
"I know nothing about it," said the man, sulcally: "in course there's mostly money behind, when young gents like you come to be took care of. But you musch't go thinking of that, or you'll excite yourself again; come, you car your virites like a Christian, and no more about it."
"Leave it, that is a good fellow; and then I'll try and eat a little by-and-by. But my grief is great—oh Julia! Julia!—what shall I do? And I am not used to eat at this time. Will you, my good fellow?"
"Well I will. now you behave like a gentle-

ood fellow?"
"Well I will, now you behave like a gentle-an," said the man.
Then Alfred coaxed him to take off the hand-offs. He refused, but ended by doing it; and cuffs. He : so left him.

cuils. He refused, but ended by doing it; and so left him.

Four more leaden hours rolled by, and then this same attendant (his name was Brown) brought him a cup of tea. It was welcome to his parched throat; he drank it, and ate a mouthful of the meat to please the man, and even asked for some more tea.

At eight four keepers came into his room, undressed him, compelled him to make his toilet, etc., before them, which put him to shame—being a gentleman—almost as much as it would a woman: they then hobbled him, and fastened his ankles to the bed, and put his hands into maffles, but did not confine his body; because they had lost a lucrative lodger only a month ago, throttled at night in a strait-waist-cont.

cause they had not a intent in a strait-waist-cont.

Alfred lay in this plight and compared with anguish unspeakable his joyful anticipations of this night with the strauge and cruel reality. "My wedding-night!" he cried aloud, and burst into a passion of grief.

By-and-by he consoled himself a little with the hope that he could not long be incarcerated as a madman, being sane; and his good wit told him his only chance was calmness. He would go to sleep and recover composure to bear his wrongs with dignity, and quietly buffle his enemies. Just as he was dropping off he felt something crawl over his face. Instinctively he made a violent motion to put his bands up. Both hands were confined, he could not move them. He bounded, he flung, he writhed. His little persecutors were quiet a moment, but the next they began again: in vain he rolled and writhed, and shuddered with loathing inexpressible. They crawled, they smelt, they bit.

slanddered with loathing inexpressible. They crawled, they smelt, they bit.

Many a poor soul these little wretches had distracted with the very sleeplessness the mad-house professed to cure, not create. In conjunction with the opiates, the confinement, and the gloom of Silverton House, they had driven many a feeble mind across the line that divides the weak and nervous from the unsound.

When he found there was no help, Alfred clenched his teeth and bore it:—"Bite on, ye little wretches," he said; "bite on, and divert my mind from deeper stings than yours—if you can."

my mind from deeper stings than yours—if you can."

And they did; a little.
Thus passed the night in mental agony, and bodily irritation and disgust. At daybreak the feasters on his flesh retired, and utterly wornout and exhausted he sank into a deep sleep.
At half past seven the head keeper and three more came in, and made him dress before them. They handeuffed him, and took him down to breakfast in the noisy ward; set him down on a little bench by the wall like a naughty boy, and ordered a dangerous maniac to feed him.

The dangerous maniac to feed him.

The dangerous maniac obeyed, and went and sat beside Alfred with a basin of thick gruel and a gr. at wooden spoon. He shoveled the gruel down his charge's throat mighty superciliously from the very first; and presently, falling into some favorite and absorbing train of thought, he fixed his eye on vacancy and handed the spoonfuls over his left shoulder with such rapidity and recklessness that it was more like sowing

"Looked me full in the face, and smiled at me."

"Oh that is your test, is it?"

"Yes it is. You try it on any of those mad beggars there and see if they can stand it."

"Who invented gunpowder?" said one of the insulted persons, looking as sly and malicious as a magpie going to steal.

Jammy exploded directly: "I did, ye rascal, ye liar, ye rogue, ye Baconian!" and going higher, and higher in this strain, was very soon handcuffed with Alfred's hench and tied to two rings in the wall. On this his martial ardor went down to zero: "Here is treatment, Sin," said he, pitcously, to Alfred. "I see you are a gentleman; now look at this. All spite and jealousy; because I invented that invaluable substance, which has done so much to prolong human life and alleviate human misory."

Alfred was now ordered to feed Jemmy; which he did: so quickly were their parts inverted.

Directly after breakfast Alfred demanded to

rerted.

Directly after breakfast Alfred demanded to

Answer: doesn't live here.

The Doctor then.
Oh, he has not come.

Oh, he has not come.

This monstrosity irritated Alfred. "Well, then," said he, "whoever it is that rules this den of thieves, when those two are out of it."

"I rule in Mr. Baker's absence," said the head

"I rule in Mr. Baker's absence," said the head keeper, "and I'll teach you manners, you young blackguard. Handcuff him."

In five minutes Alfred was handcuffed and flung into a padded room.

"Stay there till you know how to speak to your betters," said the head keeper.

Alfred walked up and down, grinding his teeth with rage for five long hours.

Just before dinner Brown came and took him into a parlor, where Mrs. Archbold was seated writing. Brown retired. Thie lady finished what she was doing, and kept Alfred standing like a school-boy going to be lectured. At last like a school-boy going to be lectured. At last she said, "I have sent for you to give you a piece of advice: it is to try and make friends with the attendants."

"Me make friends with the scoundrels!

with the attendants."

"Mo make friends with the seoundrels! I thirst for their lives. Oh, madam, I foar I shall kill somebody here!"

"Foolish boy; they are too strong for you. Your worst enemies could wish nothing worse for you than that you should provoke them." In saying these words she was so much more kind and womanly that Alfred conceived hopes and burst out, "Oh, madam, you are human then: you soem to pity me: pray give me pen and paper, and let me write to my friends to get mo out of this terrible place; do not refuse me."

Mrs. Archbold resumed her distant manner without apparent effort: she said nothing, but she placed writing materials before him. She then left the room and locked him in.

He wrote a few hasty ardent words to Julia, telling her how he had been entrapped, but not a word about his sufferings—he was too generous to give her needless pain—and a line to Edward imploring him to come at once with a lawyer and an honest physician, and liberate him. Mrs. Archbold returned soon after, and he asked her if she would lend him scaling-wax: "I dare not trust to an envelope in such a place as this," said he. She lent him sealing-wax:
"Easily: there is a box in the honse; I will show you."

She took him and showed him the box: he put

show you."
She took him and showed him the box: he put his letters into it, and in the ardor of his gratitude kissed her hand: she winced a little and said, "Mind, this is not by vuy advice; I would never tell my friends I had been in a mad-house; oh, never. I would be calm, make friends with the servants—they are the real masters—and never let a creature know where I had been."

"Oh you don't know you belt in the common the common the common that we had been."

never let a creature know where I had been."

"Oh, vou don't know my Julia," said Alfred;
"she will never desert me, never think the worse
of me because I have been entrapped illegally
into a mad-house."

"Hlegally, Mr. Hardie! you deceive yourself; Mr. Baker told me the order was signed
by a relation, and the certificates by first-rate
limner doctors."

"What on earth has that to do with it, madam when I arm as some arm are 200.

"What on earth has that to do with it, madam, when I am as sane as you are?"
"It has every thing to do with it. Mr. Baker could be punished for confining a madman in this house without an order and two certificates; but he couldn't for confining a sane person under an order and two certificates."
Affred could not believe this, but she convinced him that it was so.

Then he began to fear he should be imprisoned for years: he 'urned pale, and looked at her so pitconsly, the 'to soothe him she told him sane people were aver kept in asylums now; they only used to be.

'How can they?' said she. "The London asylums are visited four times a year by the com-

"How can they?" said she. "The London asylums are visited four times a year by the commissioners, and the country asylums six times, twice by the commissioners, and four times by the justices. We shall be inspected this week or next; and then you can speak to the justices: mind and be calm; say it is a mistake; offer testimony; and ask either to be discharged at once or to have a commission of lunacy sit on

than feeding. Alfred cried out, "Quarter! I can't cat so fast as that, old fellow."

Something in his tone struck the maniae; he looked at Alfred I colk at Alfred I colk at a him in return, and smiled kindly but sadly.

"Hallo!" cried the maniae.

"What's up now?" said a keeper, fiercely.

"Why this man is sane. As sane as I am." At this there was a hoarse laugh.

"Samer," persisted the maniae; "for I am a little queer at times you know."

"And no mistake, Jemmy. Now what makes you think he is sane?"

"Looked me full in the face, and smiled at me."

"Oh that is your test, is it?"

not their crime," said Mis. Archbold, just like a matronly sister admonishing a brother from school.

She then whistled in a whisper for Brown, who was lurking about unseen all the time. He emerged and walked about with Alfred, and, by, and-by, looking down from a corridor, they saw Mrs. Archbold driving the second-class women before her to dinner like a fleck of animals. Whenever one stopped to look at any thing, or ry and gossip, the philanthropic Archbold went at her just like a shepherd's dog at a refractory sheep, caught her by the shoulders, and drove her squeaking headlong.

At dinner Alfred was so fortunate as to sit opposite a gentleman who nodded and grinned a lim all dinner with a horrible leer. He could not, however, enjoy this to the full for a little distraction at his elbow; his right-hand neighbor kept forking pieces out of his plate and substituting others from his own; there was even a candency to gristle in the latter. Alfred remostrated gently at first; the gentleman forbore a minute, then recommenced; Alfred laid a hand very quiedly on his wrist and put it back. Mrs. Archbold's quick eye stuprised this gesture: "What is the matter there?" said she. "Oh, nothing serious, madam," replied Alfred: "only this gentleman does me the honor to prefer the contents of my plate to his own."

"Mr. Cooper," said the Archbold, sternly. Cooper, the head keeper, ponneed on the offender, seized him roughly by the collar, dragged him from the table, knocking his chair down, and bundled him ont of the room with ignominy and fracas, in spite of a remonstrance from Alfred, "Oh, don't be so rough with the poor man."

Then the novice laid down his knife and fork, and at ne more. "I am grieved at my own ill."

poor man."

Then the novice laid down his knife and fork, and ate no more. "I am grieved at my own illnature in complaining of such a trifle," said he,

when all was quiet.

when all was quiet.

The company stared considerably at this remark; it seemed to them a most morbid perversion of sensibility; for the deranged, thin-skinned beyond conception in their own persons, and alive to the shado of the shade of a wrong, are stoically indifferent to the woes of others.

Though Alfred was quiet as a lamb all day, Though Alfred was quiet as a lamb all day, the attendants returned him to the padded room at night, because he had been there last night; but they only fastened one ankle to the bedpost: so he encountered his Liliputians on tolerably fair terms—numbers excepted; they swarmed. Unable to sleep he rose and groped for his clothes. But they were outside the door, according to rule.

He had no resource but to walk about instead of living doors.

of lying down.

Day broke at last: and he took his breakfast

the consist. of lying down.

Day broke at last: and he took his breakfast quietly with the first-class patients. It consisted of cool tea in small basins, instead of cups, and table-spoons instead of tea-spoons; and thick silecs of state bread thinly buttered. A few patients had gruel or porridge instead of tea. After breakfast Alfred sat in the first-class patient's room and counted the minutes and the hours till Edward should come. After dinner he counted the hours till tea-time. Nobody came; and he went to bed in such grief and disappointment as some men live to eighty withdisappointment as some men live to eighty with

out ever knowing.

But when two o'clock came next day, and no But when two o'clock came next day, and no Edward, and no reply, then the distress of his soul deepened. He implored Mrs. Archbold to tell bim what was the cause. She shook her head and said gravely, it was but too common; a man's nearest and dearest were very apt to hold aloef from him the moment he was put into an asy-law

leun. Here an old lady put in her word. "Ah, Sir, you must not hope to hear from any body in this place. Why, I have been two years writing and writing, and can't get a line from my own daughter. To be sure she is a fine lady way but the place proposed to prove the transparence of the state. ing and writing, and can't get a nine rrom iny own daughter. To be sure she is a fine lady now, but it was her poor neglected mother that pinched and pinched to give her a good education, and that is how she caught a good husband. But it's my belief the post in our hall isn't a real post: but only a box; and I think it is contrived so as the letters fall down a pipe into that Baker's hands, and so then when the postman of the state of the stat

comes—"
The Archbold bent her bushy brows on this chatty personage. "Be quiet, Mrs. Dent; you are talking nonsense, and exciting yourself: you know you are not to speak on that topic. Take

The poor old woman was shut up like a knife; The poor old woman was shut up like a knife; for the Archbold had a way of addressing her own sex that crushed them. The change was almost comically sudden to the mellow tones in which she addressed Alfred the very next moment, on the very same subject: "Mr. Baker, I believe, sees the letters: and, where our poor patients (with a glance at Deut) write in such a way as to womed and perhaps terrify those who are in reality their best friends, it is not always sent. But I conclude your letters have gone. If you feel you can be calm, why not ask Mr. Baker? He is in the house now; for a wonder."

der."

Alfred promised to be calm; and she got him
an interview with Mr. Baker.

He was a full-blown pawnbroker of Silverton

town, whom the legislature, with that keen knowledge of human nature which marks the British senate, permitted, and still permits, to speculate in Insanity, stipulating however that the upper servant of all in his asylum should be a doctor; but omitting to provide against the instant dismissal of the said doctor should be go and rob his employer of a lodger—by caving a patient.

As you are not the British legislature, I need not tell you that to this pawnbroker insanity mattered nothing, nor sanity: his trade lay in calching, and keeping, and stinting, as many lodgers, sane or insane, as he could hold.

There are certain formulae in these quiet retreats, which naturally impose upon green-horrs such as Alfred certainly was, and many visiting justices and lunacy commissioners would seen to be. Baker had been a lodging-house keeper for certified people many years, and knew all the formulae is some call them dodges; but these town, whom the legislature, with that keen knowl-

for certified people many years, and knew at the formulæ: some call them dodges: but thes

to be. Baker had been a lodging-house keeper for certified people many years, and knew all the formulæ; some call them doeges; but these must surely be vulgar minds.

Baker worked "the see-saw formula:"
"Letters, young sentleman?" said he: "they are not in wy department. They go into the surgery, and are passed by the doctor, except those he examines and orders to be detained."
Alfred demanded the doctor.
"He is gone," was t.e reply. (Formula.)
Alfred found it as hard to be calm, as some people find it easy to say the words over the wrongs of others.

The next day, but not till the afternoon, he caught the doctor: "My letters! Surely, Sir, you have not been so cruel as to intercept them."
"I intercept no letters," said the doctor, as if seandalized at the very idea. "I see who writes them, and hand them to Mr. Baker, with now and then a remark. If any are detained, the responsibility rests with him."
"He says it rests with him."
"Not at all, Sir. One thing is clear; my letters have been stolen either by him or you; and I will know which.
"You must have been either by him or you; and I will know which."
"All Alfred obtained by this interview was a powerful opiate. The head keeper brought it him in bed. He declined to take it. The man whistled, and the room filled with keepers.
"Now," said Cooper, "down with it, or you'll have to be drenched with this cow-horn."
"You had better take it, Sir," said Brown; "the doctor has ordered it you."
"He is gone."
"He never ordered it me," said Alfred. Then fixing his eyes sternly on Cooper, "You miscreants, you want to poison me. No, I will not take it. Murder! murder!"
The never ordered it me," said Alfred. Then fixing his eyes sternly on Cooper, "You miscreants, you want to poison me. No, I will not take it. Murder! murder!"

The censue a struggle, on which I draw a weil: but numbers won the day, with the help of handcuffs and cow-hord.

Then ensued a struggle, on which I draw a veil: but numbers won the day, with the help of handent's and cow-born.

Brown went and told Mrs. Archbold, and what Alfred had said.

of handentis and cow-born.
Brown went and told Mis. Archbold, and what Alfred had said.

"Don't be alarmed," said that strong-minded lady: "it is only one of the old fool's composing draughts. It will spoil the poor boy's sleep for one night, that is all. Go to him the first thing in the morning."

About midnight Alfred was seized with a violent headache and fever: toward morning he was light-headed, and Brown found him loud and incoherent: only he returned often to an expression Mr. Brown had never heard before—"Instifiable particide. Justifiable particide in consult Mrs. Archbold about this one. After the delay inseparable from her sex she came in a morning wrapper; and they found Alfred leaning over the bed and bleeding violently at the nose. They were a good deal alarmed, and tried to stop it; but Alfred was quite sensible now, and told them it was doing him good. "I can manage to see now," he said: "a little while ago I was blind with the poison." They unstrapped his ankle and made i in comfortable, and Mrs. Archbold sent Brown for a cup of strong ceffee and a glass of brandy. He tossed them off, and soon after fell into a deep sleep that lasted till tea-time. This skep the poor doctor ascribed to the sedative effect of his opiate. It was the natural exhaustion consequent on the morbid excitement caused by his cursed opiate.

"Brown," said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey

cursed opiate.
"Brown," said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey

"Brown," said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey prescribes again, iet me know. He shah't square this patient with his certificates while I am here." This was a shrewd but uncharitable speech of hers. Dr. Bailey was not such a villain as that. He was a less deprayed, and more dangerous, animal; he was a tool.

The furrage he had administered would have done an excited maniac no good of course, but no great harm. It was dangerous to a sane man: and Alfred to the naked eye was a sane man. But then Bailey had no naked cyc left: he had been twenty years an M.D. The certificates of Wycherley and Spears were the green spectacles he wore—very green ones—whenever

spectacles he wore—very green ones—whenever he looked at Alfred Hardie.

Perhaps in time he will forget these certificates, and, on his spectacles dropping off, he will see Alfred is sane. If he does, he will publish him as one of his most remarkable cures.

Meanwhile the whole treatment of this ill-

Meanwhile the whole treatment of this ill-starred young gentleman gravitated toward in-sanity. The inner mind was exasperated by barefaced injustice, and oppression; above all by his letters being stopped; for that convinced him both Baker and Bailey, with their sec-saw evasions, knew he was sane, and dreaded a visit from honest, understanding men: and the mind's external organ, the brain, which an asylum pro-fesses to soothe, was steadily undermined by art-ificial sleeplessness. A man can't sleep in irons

till he is used to them: and when Alfred was till he is used to them: and when Alfred was relieved of these, his sleep was still driven away by biting insects and barking dogs, two opiates provided in many of these placid Estreats, with a view to the permanence, rather than the comfort, of the lodgers.

On the eighth day Alfred succeeded at last in an object he had stendily pursued for some time, he eaught the two sees aw humbugs together. "Now," said he, "you say he intercepts my letters, and he says it is you who do it. Which is the truth?"

They were staggered, and he followed up his

letters, and he says it is you who do it. Which is the truth?"

They were staggered, and he followed up his advantage: "Look me in the face, gentlemen," said he. "Can you pretend you do not know I am sane? Ab, you turn your heads away. You can only tell this barefaced lie behind my back. Do you believe in God, and in a judgment to come? Then, if you can not release me, at least don't be such scounded as to stop my letters, and so swindle me out of a fair trial, an open, public trial."

The doctor parried with a formula. "Publicity would be the greatest misfortune could befall you. Fray be calm."

Now, an asylum is a place not entirely exempt from prejudices: and one of them is that any sort of appeal to God Almighty is a sign or else forerunner of maniacal excitement.

sort of appear to you Almignty is a sign of efforement of maniscal excitement.

These philosophers forget that by stopping letters, evading public trials, and, in a word, cutting off all appeals to human justice, they compel the patient to turn his despairing cyal and lift his despairing voice to Him, whose cya alone can ever really penetrate these dark shodes

Accordingly the patient who appealed to God above a whisper in Silverton Grove House used to get soothed directly. And the tranquilizing influences employed were morphia, croton oil, or

The keeper came to Alfred in his room.

"Doctor has ordered a blister."

"What for? Send for him directly."

"He is gone."

This way of ordering torture and then coolly going irritated Alfred beyond endurance. Though he knew he should soon be powerless, he showed fight; made his mark as usual on a no snowed ngur; made his mark as usual of a couple of his zealous attendants; but, not hav-ing room to work in, was soon overpowered, hobbled and handcuffed: then they cut off his hair, and put a large blister on the top of his head.

The obstinate brute declined to go mad. They began to respect him for this tenacity of purpose; a decent bedroom was allotted him; his portmanteat and hag were brought him, and he was let walk every day on the lawn with a keeper, only there were no ladders left about, and the trap-door was locked; i. e. the iron gate.

On one of these occasions he heard the gate-bearer whigh three times consecutively. his

On one of these occasions he heard the gate-keeper whistle three times consecutively, his attendant followed suit, and hurried Alfred into the house, which soon rang with treble signals.

"What is it?" inquired Alfred.

"The visiting justices are in sight; go into your room, please."

"Yes, I'll go," said Alfred, affecting cheerful compliance, and the man ran off.

The whole house was in a furious bustle. All the hobbles, and chains, and instruments of restraint, were hastily collected and bandled out of sight, and clean sheets were being put on many a filthy bed whose occupant had never slept in shoets since he came there, when two justices arrived and were shown into the drawing-room.

During the few minutes they were detained there by Mrs. Archbold, who was mistress of her whole business, quite a new face was put on every thing and every body; ancient cobwebs fell; soap and water explored unwonted territories; the harshest attendants began practicing pleasant looks and kind words on the patients, to get into the way of it, so that it might not come too abrupt and startle the patients visibly under the visitors' eyes: something like actors working up a factitious sentiment at the wing for the public display, or like a race-horse's preliminary canter. Alfred's heart beat with joy inexpressible. He had only to keep calm, and this was his last day at Silverton Grove. The first thing he did was to make a careful toilet.

The stinginess of relations, and the greed of mad-house proprietors, makes many a patient During the few minutes they were detained

The stinginess of relations, and the greed of mad-house proprietors, makes many a patient look ten times madder than he is, by means of dress. Clothes wear out in an asylum, and are not always taken off, though Agriculture has long and justly claimed them for her own. And when it is no longer possible to refuse the Reverend Mad Tom or Mix. Crazy Jans some new ruimont, then consanguineous munificence does not go to Poole or Eise, but oftener to paternal or maternal wardrobes, and even to the ancestral clest, the old oak one, singing:

"Poor things, they are out of the world: what need for them to be in the fashion!" (Formula.)

ula.)
This arrangement keeps the bump of self-es teem down, especially in women, and so co-operates with many other little arrangements to perpetuate the lodger. Silverton Grove in particular was supplied

operates with many other little arrangements to perpetuate the lodger.

Silverton Grove in particular was supplied with the grotesque in dress from an inexhaustible source; whenever money was sent Baker to buy a patient a suit, he went from his lunacy shop to his pawnbroker's, dived headlong into unredeemed pledges, divesded his patient as gentlemen are dressed to reside in cherry-trees; and pocketed five hundred per cent, on the double hausaction. Now Alfred had already observed than many of the patients besked madder than any were—thanks to short in west ane bufficular, holey glaves, care-cutting sofut-e-dairs, frilled hosoms, shoes made for, and declined by, the very infantry; coats short in the waist and long in the sleeves, coal-scuttle bonnets, and

grandmaternal caps. So he made his toilet with care, and put his best hat on to hide his shaven crown. He then kept his door ajar, and waited for a chance of speaking to the justices. One soon came; a portly old gentleman, with a rubicund face and honest eye, walked slowly along the corridor, looking as wise as he could, cringed on by Cooper and Dr. Balley; the latter had arrived post-haste, and Baker had been sent for. Alfred came out, touched his hat respectfully, and begged a private interview with the magistrate. The old gentleman bowed politely, for Alfred 5 dress, address, and countenance left no suspicion of insanity possible in an unprejudiced mind.

diced mind.

But the Doctor whispered in his ear, "Take

are, Sir. Dangerous!"

Now this is one of the most effective of the formulæ in a private asylum. How can an inexperienced stranger know for certain that such a statement is a falsebood? and even the just do not love justice—to others—quite so well as they love their own skins. So Squire Tollett very naturally declined a private interview with Alfred; and even drew back a step, and felt uneasy at being so near him. Alfred implored him not to be imposed upon. "An honest man does not whisper," said he. "Do not let him poison your mind against me; on my honor I am as same as you are, and he knows it. Pray, pray use your own eyes, and ears, Sir, and give your-self a chance of discovering the truth in this strong-hold of lies."

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Hardie," put in the Doctor, parentally. (Formula.)

"Don't you interrupt me, Doctor; I am as calm as you are. Calmer; for, see, you are pale at this moment; that is with fear that your wickedness in detaining a same man here is going to be exposed. Oh, Sir, "said he, turning to the justice, "fear no violence from me, not even angry words; my misery is too deep for irritation or excitement. I am an Oxford man, Sir, a prize man, an Ireland scholar. But, unfortunately for me, my mother left me ten thousand pounds, and a heart. I-love a lady, whose name I will not pollute by mentioning it in this den of thieves. My father is the well-known banker, bankrupt, and cheat, of Barkington. He has wasted his own money, and now, care, Sir. Dangerous!"

Now this is one of the most effective of the

known banker, bankrupt, and cheat, of Barkington. He has wasted his own money, and now covets his neighbor's and his son's. He had mo covers his neighbor's and his son's. 'He had me entrapped here on my wedding-day, to get hold of my money, and rob me of her I love. I appeal to you, Sir, to discharge me; or, if you have not so much confidence in your own judgment as to do that, their I demand a commission of lanaey and a public inquiry."

Dr. Bailey said, "That would be a most undesirable exposure, both to yourself and your friends." (Formula.)

"It is only the guilty who fear the light, Sir," was the swift reply.

Mr. Tollet said he thought the patient had a legal right to a commission of lanaey if there was

Mr. Tollet said he thought the patient had a legal right to a commission of lunacy if there was property, and be took note of the application. He then asked Alfred if he had any complaint to make of the food, the beds, or the attendants. "Sir," said Alfred, "I leave these complaints to the insane ones: with me the gigantic wrong drives out the petty worries. I can not feel my stings for my deep wound."

"Oh, then, you admit you are not treated unkindly here?"

"I admit nothing of the kind, Sir. I merely decline to incumber your memory with petty injuries, when you are good enough to inquire into a monstrous one."
"Now that is very sensible and considerate,"

grifes, when you are good enough to inquire into a monstrous one."

"Now that is very sensible and considerate," said Mr. Tollett. "I will see you, Sir, again before we leave."

With this promise Alfred was obliged to be content. He retired respectfully, and the justice observed it, and not aware that this smile was a formula, as much so as a prize-fighter's or a ballet-dancer's, began to doubt a little: he reflected a moment, then asked who had signed the certificates.

"Dr. Wycherley for one."

"Dr. Wycherley for one."

"Dr. Wycherley? that is a great authority."

"One of the greatest in the country, Sir."

"Oth then one would think he must be more or less deranged."

"Dangerously so at times. But in his lucid intervals you never saw a more quiet, gentlemanly creature." (Formula.)

"How add!"

"Very. He is my most interesting patient (Formula), though terribly violent at times. Would you like to see the medical journal about him?"

"Yes; by-and-by."

The inspection then continued: the inspector

(Formula), though terribly voient at times. Would you like to see the medical journal about him?"

"Yes; hy-and-by."

The inspection then continued; the inspector admired the clean sheets that covered the beds, all of them dirty, some filthy; and asked the more reasonable patients to speak freely and say if they had any complaint to make. This question being with the usual sagacity of public inspectors put in the presence of Cooper and the Doctor, who stack to Tollett like wax, the mad people all declared they were very kindly treated: the reason they were so manimous was this; they knew by experience that, if they told the truth, the justices could not at once remedy their discomforts, whereas the keepers, the very moment the justices left the house, would knock them down, beat them, shake them, strait-jacket them, and starve them: and the Doctor, less meeriful, would doctor them. So they shook in their shoes, and vowed they were very comfortable in Silverton Grove.

Thus, in later days, certain Commissioners of Lunacy inspecting Accomb House, extracted nothing from Mrs. Turner but that she was happy and comfortable under the balignent sway of the told the mild—there present. It was only by a mirade the public learned the truth; and miracles are rare.

Meantime, Alfred had a misgiving. The

plausible Doctor had now Squire Tollett's ear, and Tollett was old, and something about him reminded the Oxonian of a trait his friend Horace had detected in old age:

Vel quod res omnes timidé gelidé que ministrat. Dilator, spe longus, inere, etc.

Vel quod ros omnes timidà gelidà que ministrat. Dibtor, spe longus, inem, etc.

He knew there was another justice in the house, but he knew also he should not be allowed to get speech with him, if by cunning or force it could be prevented. He kept his door ajar. Presently nurse Hannah came bustling along with an apronful of things, and let herself into a vacant room hard by. This Hannah was a young woman with a pretty and rather bebyish face, diversified by a thick biecep muscle in her arm that a blacksmith need not have blushed for. And I suspect it was this masenline charm, and not her faminine features, that had won her the confidence of Baker and Co., and the respect of his female patients; big or little, excited or not excited, there was not one of them this bicipital baby-face could not pin by the wrists, and twist her helpless into a strong room, or handeuff her unaided in a moment; and she did it too, on slight provocation. Nurse Hannah seldom came into Alfred's part of the house; but, when she did meet him, she generally gave him a kind look in passing; and he had resolved to speak to her, and try if he could touch her conscience, or move her pity. He saw what she was at, but was too politie to detect her openly and irritate her. He drew back a step, and said, softly, "Nurse Hannah! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here," said she, sharply, and came

there?"
"Yes, I am here," said she, sharply, and came out of the room hastily; and shut it. "What do you want, Sir?"
Alfred clasped his hands together. "If you are a woman, have pity on me."
She was taken by surprise. "What can I do?" said she, in some agitation. "I am only a severat."

do?" said she, m some agnasson.
servant."

"At least tell me where I can find the Visiting Justice, before the keepers stop me."

"Hush! Speak lower," said Hannah. "You
have complained to one, haven't you?"

"Yes. But he seems a feeble old fogy.
Where is the other? Oh, pray tell me."

"I mustn't; I mustn't. In the noisy ward.
There. run."

Where is the other? Oh, pray tell me."

"I mustn't; I mustn't. In the noisy ward. There, run."
And run he did.
Alfred was lucky enough to get safe into the noisy ward without being intercepted, and then lie encountered a sumburnt gentleman, under thirty, in a riding-coat, with a hunting-whip in his hand: it was Mr. Vane, a "Tory squire and large landowner in the county.
Now, as Alfred entered at one door, Baker himself came in at the other, and they nearly met at Vane. But Alfred saluted him first, and begged respectfully for an interview.

"Cortainly, Sin," said Mr. Vane.

"Take care, Sir; he is dangerous," whispered Baker. Instantly Mr. Vane's countenance changed. But this time Alfred overheard the formula, and said, quietly: "Don't believe him, Sir. I am not dangerous; I am as sane as any man in England. Pray examine me, and judge for yourself."

"Ah, that is his delusion," said Baker. "Come, Mr. Hardie, I allow you great liberties, but you abuse them. You really must not monopolize his Worship with your fancies. Consider, Sir, you are not the only patient he has to examine."

Alfred's heart sank; he turned a look of silent

examine."

Alfred's heart sank; he turned a look of silent agony on Mr. Vane.

Mr. Vane, either touched by that look, or irritated by Baker's pragmatical interference, or perhaps both, looked that person coolly in the face, and said, sternly: "Hold your tongee, Sir, and let the gentleman speak to me."

### THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA."

"OSLIABA."

On page 637 we publish an illustration of the Russian Fricate "Osliaba," now lying in our Bay. This is the first Russian man-of-war that ever visited the United States, and her advent has created considerable stir. Her officers have been officially invited to accept the hospitalities of the city; and Mrs. Lincoln, General Dix, commanding the Department, and other leading personages have visited her. We condense the following account of the Oslaba from the Herald report:

The Oslaba from the Herald report.

The Oslaba from the Herald report.

The Oslaba from the Herald report.

The This of the Comment of guns. She carries at present thirty-three S-inch guns (4-pounders), one of which is retinfered with more metal than the other guns, but is considered with more metal than the other guns, but is carried to the section of naval gunnary, the Russians

the same calibre.

In regard to the science of naval gunnery, the Russians ave adopted what is known in this country as the "Unit Plattery;" that is, all the guns in a vessel are of the me calibre, and consequently, in time of action, there is commission arising from a variety of cartridges and processing the processing

jectiles.

The risging and sparring of the Osliaba do not materially differ from vessels of the same class in our own any. She looks taut and tirm, and good scamanship is every where displayed. The ship herself is well built, and looks as if she might stand a deal of hard fighting. Among her various appointments we noticed that she has a benight little stem served handle, which is a very valuable acquisition to the ship. It saves time and much hard work for the men.

men.
Russian navy has been for some time past in pro-

The Russian navy has been for some time past in process of reconstruction, rendered necessary by the strides of naval progress, which are so rapid and so different from a The latest date of the maral Porce of Ruesia say she has in the Baltie, Antone River, White, Caspian, and Blacker, and Lake Ural, one hundred and twenty-two vessels—nine being ships-of-the-line, and thit teen frigates. To the contract of the ships of the latest and the teen frigates. To the contract of the ships of the latest and the latest Since the Crimean war Russia has been live to improve-ments in her navel force. Mr. Webb, of this city, has built for them one of the finest screw frigates affent, and they have added largely to their navy by vessels built at their own navy-yards. The iron-clad excitement in this country aroused Russia, and she is now engaged in building a fleet of frondada. In March of this year no less than four million that the state of the year no less than four million. The personnel of the Russian navy includes sixteen admirals, thirty vice-admirals, thirty-nine rear-admirals, one hundred and cleven first-class captions, interly-dive second-class captains, two hundred and fifty-seven licutance-quadres, six hundred and seven licutances, and and cleven first-class captains, six hundred and seven licutances, and and the seven seven for the person seven and the seven s

locking set, and no doubt will be the Home of our barbor for some days to combate. The following is a list of the efficers of the ship: Coptains—Boutstoff, Valletaky, De Lieutennies—Striet, medice, Emolaioff, Valletaky, De Lieutennies—Striet, medice, Sub-Lieutennies—Amosoff, Kasherinioff, Foodoesleff. Midshir men.—Groundstrom, Milonkoff, Browtzin, El-chanimoff, Tuden, Stramboff. Li. Lieutennie of Artillery—Becchanoff. Nangoon—Hymnerickin Holst. Soond Master—Trapenckoff. Assistant—Barshanchikoff. Engineers—Folicarpoff, Tilanoff, Teteshoff, Ivanoff, Murray.

### THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote pages 632, 633, and 636 to the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Wand, the author of the sketches which we reproduce, writes:

"Your artist was the only person connected with newspapers permitted to go upon the recent advance to the Rapidan. An order of General Meade's sent all the reporters back. It was a very wet and uncomfortable trip part of the time. I did not get dry for two days; and was shot at into the bargain, at Raccoon Ford, where I unconsciously left the cover and became a target or "bout twenty of the sharp-shooters. Luckily I was not touched; but I did some tall riding to get out of the way. We have doubts here whether we shall advance further. Meade keeps his own counsel; but the general idea is against moving further on this line.

"ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE FORMAC.

"ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POPOMAC

"ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"On Sunday, September 18, 1863, soon after our troops advanced from the Rappahannock, they became engaged with the enemy. Skirmishing on toward Culpepper, that place was captured after a short engagement, General Custer, by a brilliant charge up hill, taking three of the rebels' guns. We came very near capturing a railroad train, with, it is said, Stuart or Hampton aboard. About four miles from Culpepper the fighting ceased for the night, but early in the morning the advance was pushed to the Rapidan, and at this river the rebels prepared with infantry and guns in earthworks to resist our further progress. General Buford made an attack to unmask their force at Raccoon Ford, while another cavalry division was doing the same at Somerville Ford; since which time shelling and sharp-shooting has been constantly kept up on the river banks. General Custer charged right up a hill to the enemy's battery, taking three guns and a number of artillerymen.

"General Gregg's division was very hotly engaged at the point shown in the sketch. The rebels threw their shot and shell with great precision, dismounting some of the General's escort, and badly wounding some of the Guneral's escort, and badly wounding some of the Guneral's secort, and badly wounding some of the Guneral's escort, and badly wounding some of the gunners in Butter's battery of light twelves before they were defeated. Butter's and Wollaston's battery is shown in the view

ies of light twelves in the service. Both did good service. Wollaston's battery is shown in the view of Raccoon Ford.

of Raccon Ford.

"The signal station on Pony Mountain was built by our officers with Pope last year. It was occupied by the signal officers in advance of our lines in the recent engagement."

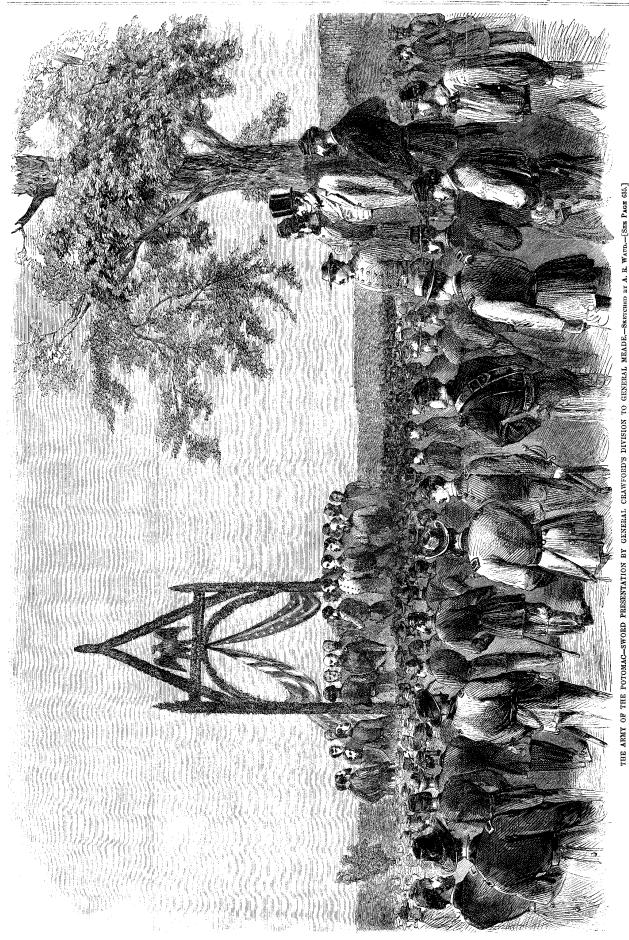
On page 636 we illustrate

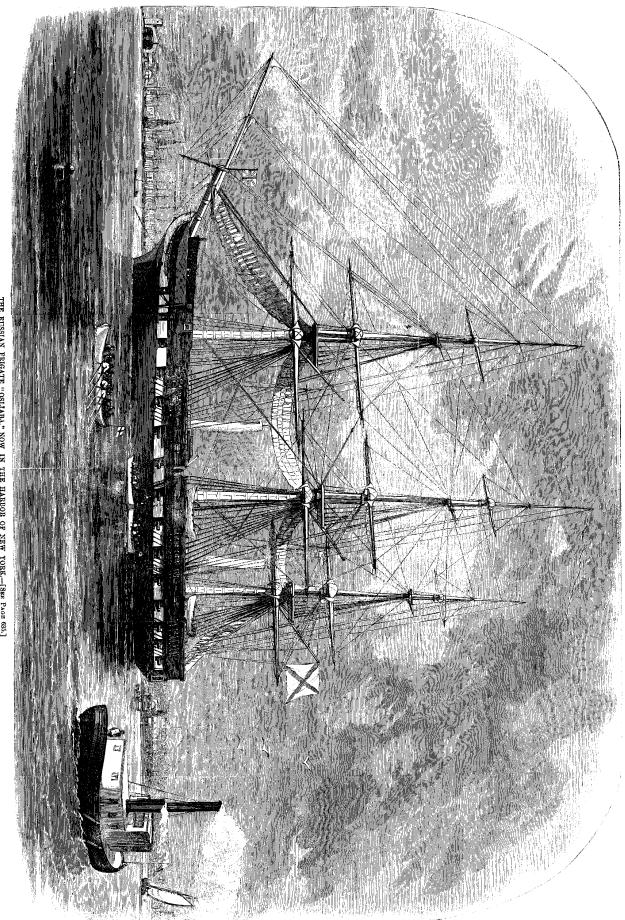
A SWORD PRESENTATION TO GENERAL MEADE.

A SWOED PRISENTATION TO GENERAL MEADL. Mr. Wand writes: "S ord presentations, during the occupation of N xico by our troops, were reduced to a system, th present being quite a secondary matter, its or!, object the bountiful collation and attendant spree for which it afforded an excuse. Field-officers gave swords to their generals, the line-officers did the same for the field, and the rank and file for the line. In the latter case the opening of a barrel of whisky was considered the right thing. It is on record, indeed, that one gentleman did actually invite all his friends—no small assemblage—to an affair of this kind. one gentleman did actually invite all his friends-no small assemblage—to an affair of this kind, when, in a neat speech detailing his manifold vir-tues and good qualities, he presented himself there and then with a handsome sword, and further, did return thanks in a most feeling manner for the same!

and then with a handsome sword, and further, did return thanks in a most feeling manner for the same!

"With no desire to draw any comparison between the above and the presentation made to General Meade, which was a well-deserved compliment to one of our best officers, it may not be out of place to ask why so much money—the sum variance of the state of the state of the sum variance of the state of the sta





THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA," NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.-[See Page 685.]

### GOLDEN HATE.

GOLDEN HAIR.

"You are no better to-night, Harry?"

"No botter, Aliss Ariel."
Ariel King bent thoughtfully over the low pallet bed, with her slight finger on the sick man's resiless pulse, and her long amber curls almost touching the coverlet that stirred with the uneven laboring of the breast leclow. While the frosty October sunset, drawing lines of moving gold athwart her rough plaster of the walls, lingered lovingly around the soft shining hair and violet eyes, transfiguring her almost to a saint's strange beauty.

"He seems weak and languid," she said, softly. "Wine, and cordials, and fresh fruit, are what he needs, Marian."

"And that's just what the doctor told me," said a dark, bustling little woman, who was concerting some mixture over the sickly fire. "But, bless you, Miss Ariel, how are we poor folks to get wine and fruit? No, no; he must just get well on arrow-root and gruel: they don't cost much."

She tried to speak smilingly, this poor Marian Becker, but there were tears in her dark eyes as she pushed the wet hair back from her husband's hollow temples.

"It isn't altorether that Miss Ariel" said Har.

"It isn't altorether that Miss Ariel" said Har.

"It isn't altorether that Miss Ariel" said Har.

w temples.

she pushed the wet hair back from her husband's hollow temples.

"It isn't altogether that, Miss Ariel," said Harry, uneasily. "I think I should got stronger if it wasn't for fretting about the rent. Old Keene is a hard landlord—one who wouldn't hesitate to turn a man into the street if he were dying. I don't so much mind it for myself—I shall soon be beyond all trouble, but Marian—Triel lifted her grave, shocked eyes—this was a new revelation of want and wee.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have no money left?"

"None, Miss Ariel."

She bent her head on her hands with a sort of

"None, Miss Ariel."

She bent her head on her hands with a sort of passionate shudder.

"And this is the way our country rewards the soldiers who for her sake have dared the perils of deadly battle-field and fever-breathing swamps! She gives them 'an honorable discharge'—a discharge to creep away into some hole or corner and die as soon as possible! She promises them 'bounty' at the end of the war—as well say at the end of the world! I st his right? is it justice?"

"Nay, Miss Ariel," said the young soldier, "it is partly my own fault; if I had chosen to remain in hospital I should have incurred no expenses. Only I fancied that Marian could nurse me better, and—"

Only I fancied that Marian could nurse me better, and—"
"And so you committed the unpardonable sin of preferring home to a hospital barrack, and this great and good country washes her hands of you accordingly. Oh, Harry, if I had but one tithe of my uncle's wealth!"
"Miss Aric!," said the young man, earnestly, "don't feel so grieved about it. I know you are hart at your uncle's refusal to help me; but you must remember that he disapproved of my enlistment from the very first—still more of the idle flancy, as he termed it, of my coming home. But oh, Miss Ariel, if he could have known the bitterness of the home-sick pangs that come when you are sick in a strange place! He said in that note that the mere fact of my having once been a clerk in his employ gave me no claims on him. And he was right, Miss Ariel, only—"

He turned his face to the pillow, with a low, choking sob. Ariel watched him, with a strange, troubled light in her eyes, to see a human creature drifting slowly out of the world, and have no power to help or rescue him.
"How much is the rent?" she asked, after a

er to help or rescue him.
"How much is the rent?" she asked, after a

brief silence.

"Twenty dollars, Miss Ariel: it is for three months.

Twenty dollars! and she had but ten in her lit-

Twenty dollars! and she had but ten in her little silk purse. For Ariel King, a portionless or-han, had literally nething of her own: the very watch at her girdle, the spot of opal fire that fastensher collar, were her uncle's. And to him she well knew how vain would be any application. She sighed deeply as she rose up to go, and once more came the eager wish, the passionate longing, that she were rich!

The gra-lamps were beginning to quiver like lines of fire down the long, tunultuous streets as she set out on her homeward way, and with instinctive timidity she drew down her veil and folded her simple scarlet shawl closer round her shoulders, quickening her steps as she did so ders, quickening her steps as she did so.

ders, quickening her steps as she did so, "Can's cross there, young woman! wait till them carts and carriages has got by!"

Ariel started in affright as the good-humored old policeman drew her back, and then smiled at her own timidity. But, as she stood waiting on the corner for something like a break in the apparently endless string of carts and omnibuses, her eye fell on a brilliantly-lighted window close at her side, and she mechanically read, emblazoned on the glass, "HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HUMAN HAIR."

She booked down on the long auburn curls that

on the glass,
"HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HUMAN HAIR."
She looked down on the long auburn curls that lay on her shoulders with a strange, sudden thrill of joy. For the moment she nos rich—she had something which she might call her very own, to keep or to sell as she pleased. Harry Becker's needs might be partially succored yet.
Without pausing for reflection she laid her hand on the latch, and entered the perfumed realm of Macassar and false curls. A dashing little French-woman advanced behind the counter.
"In what may we have the happiness of serving madame?"
'I wish to sell my hair," murmured poor Ariel, her cheeks all aflame, as if she had been doing a guilty thing.

gailty thing.

"Ah! certainly," said the little woman, in a

6 Ah! certainly," snot the fittle woman, in a done one or two degrees less conciliatory, "Will madame please to lay aside her bonnet?" With trembling fingers Ariel mitted the strings and removed the straw bonnet: like a cataract of shining, rippled gold the long soft curls fell around her shandlers.

snotuners.
'Ciel!' ejaculated the little woman softly, with

upraised eyebrows and clasped hands, "the hair is fine, vraiment, it must be near three feet long! For what price do you wish to part with it, ma-

dame?"
"I must have ten dollars," said Ariel, taking

courage at the other's evident admiration.
"Ten dollars!—that is too large a sum."
"Then I must try elsewhere," said Ariel, taking up her bonnet.

her bonnet. 'Wait—stay!" said the woman, meditatively.

up her bonnet.

"Wait—stay!" said the woman, meditatively.

"It is long and thick, moreover it is of a good color. Please walk into the other room, madame. Fanchette shall cut it off in half a second!"

Poor Ariel, as she sat flushed and half frighted, and in the little gas-lighted den at the back of the shop, with "Fanchette's" gleaming scissors flashing through her curls, she would have given almost any thing to have retraced the sudden step. The bright, silken trosses she hab brushed, and caresed, and twined with flowers so many, many times—the curls—oh, how could she ever have forgotten!—that Colonel Tylney had admired so much—that he had said were like coils of sunshine! An involuntary sob welled up from her hear!

voluntary sob welled up from her heart.
"Did you speak, Mademoiselle?" said Fanchette,

suspending the seissors in mid-air.

Ariel shook her head; she could not answer in

Ariel shook her head; she could not answer in words. There they lay, a soft, shining heap, full of golden lights, and tender brown shadows—her curls no longer!

"Please give me one to keep," she pleaded, with wistful eagerness. The Frenchwoman smillingly tossed one across the counter; she was in good-humor with herself; she had made a decided bar-

And Ariel, not even daring to look in the glass, crept away; the hard-carned money in her pocket, and the curl held to her heart as if it had been a

and the curl held to her heart as if it had been a living thing. "Is he asleep, Marian?"
"Miss Ariel—Is it possible that this is you?"
"Myself, Marian! Hush! don't wake him; here are the twenty dollars. Don't detain me, pray, it's late."

"But Miss Ariel how\_where\_\_ Oh! I see "But, Miss Ariel, how—where— Oh! I see now—your hair, your beautiful brown curls are gone. Oh, Miss Ariel, how could you?"
"Pooh!" said Ariel, lightly, "hair will grow again. Do you suppose I value my silly earls beyond poor Harry's life and strength?"
And before Mrs. Becker could find words to exures the cratitude Ariel was come.

press her gratitude Ariel was gone.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Priscilla Vinaigre,
"this is quite a new freak of caprice on Miss King's
part. What will not a girl do to keep up with the

part. What will not a giri do to seep ap fashion?"

Colonel Tylney looked quickly up from the phonomer leaves he was slowly turn-Coionel Tylney looked quickly up from the pho-tographic album whose leaves he was slowly turn-ing over. Yes, Miss Vinaigre was quite right, that was Ariel King, with her flushed check shadowed with tiny brown rings, and her eyes bent down-ward with timid shine.

ward with timid shine.

Colonel Tylney shut the album with considerable emphasis. Fashion! he hated the sound of the name. What were our girls dreaming about fashion for, when the nation was grouning with the agony of regeneration? Yet he had fancied Ariel King far superior to these foolish whims; well was it for him that disenchantment came cre it was to place.

it was too late.
"And she knew how much I admired that lovely golden hair!" was the next thought. "It shows how much she cares for my likes and dislikes. Well, she is just like the rest of her silly sex, and I shall go back to Washington next week cured of

I shall go uses come absurd fancy."

And Ariel sobbed herself to sleep that night because Frank Tylney passed her with such a frigid

bow.

Harry Becker had an unexpected visitor the next morning—the Colonel of his regiment, who came in with a bright, encouraging smile, and a kindly grasp of the hand that seemed to throw new life into the invalid's worn frame.

"Why, Becker, where have you been hiding yourself? Why didn't you let us know where you were? It was but the merest chance in the world

It was by the merest chance in the world

I stumbled upon you now!"

Becker's pale cheek reddened. "I did not like

Becker's pale cheek reddened. "I did not like to trouble others with my distress, Colonel."
"Then allow me to inform you that you are a foolish fell.w. What can I do for you?—nay, don't hesita.! I have not forgotten how you risked your lite for me at Malvern's Mills."
"Thank you, Colonel. We have been in sore straits, my wife and I; but Miss Ariel King, my former employer's niece—"
"King—Ariel King—I know her."
"Then, Sir, you know the sweetest young lady in the world. Well, Sir, she has aided us with her little means—my wife used to be a seamstress in the family; and last night, to crown all, what do you suppose she did to help us with the rent that was behind?"
"I am sure I do not know."

"I am sure I do not know."

'She sold her hair, Sir-her beautiful golden

"She sold her hair, Sir—her beautiful golden hair, that she was as proud of as any woman could be—all to assist a poor dying soldier!" And Harry turned his head aside to hide the big drops on his lashes. He need not have been so careful, there was a dimness in the Colonel's dark

"I have been a fool!" he ejaculated, striding

"I have been a fool!" he ejaculated, striding out into the open sir—"a mund, insensate fool!" And he went straight to the little parlor where Ariel was sitting at her work, crying a little between whiles, and confessed all his sins at the shrine of her saintly beauty. "And now, Ariel, now that you know what a suspicious, credulous, doubting villain I have been—can you give the priceless treasure of your love into my keeping?"
She answered him, seriously and tenderly, with soft, shy blushes, "Yes."
What more have we to say? Nothing, save that Harry Becker and Marian his wife are doing well, and the latter predicts that by Ariel's wedding-day her cruls will have grown out again, long and golden as of yore.

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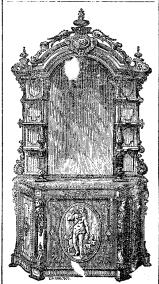
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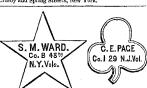
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