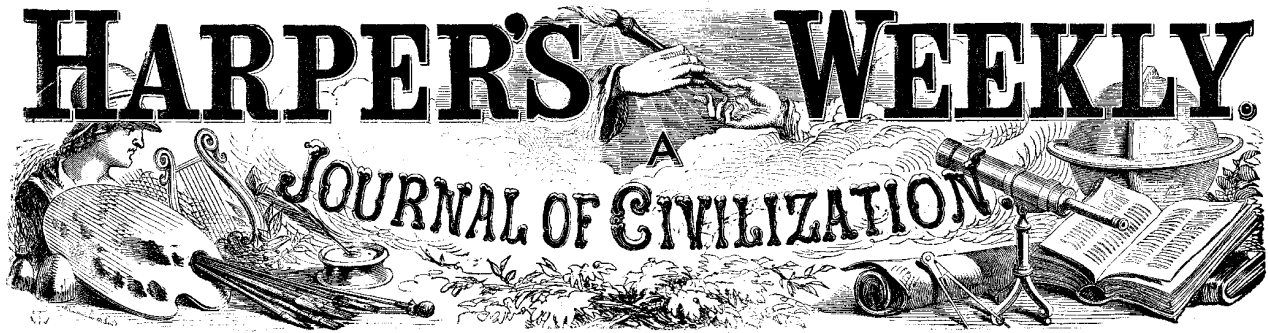


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

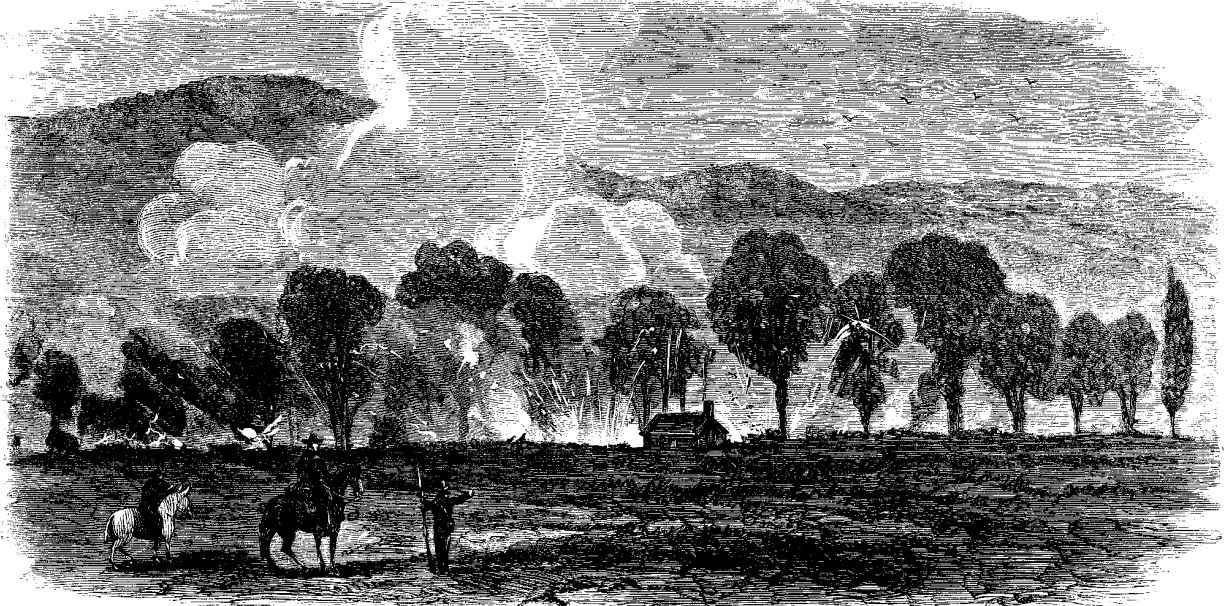


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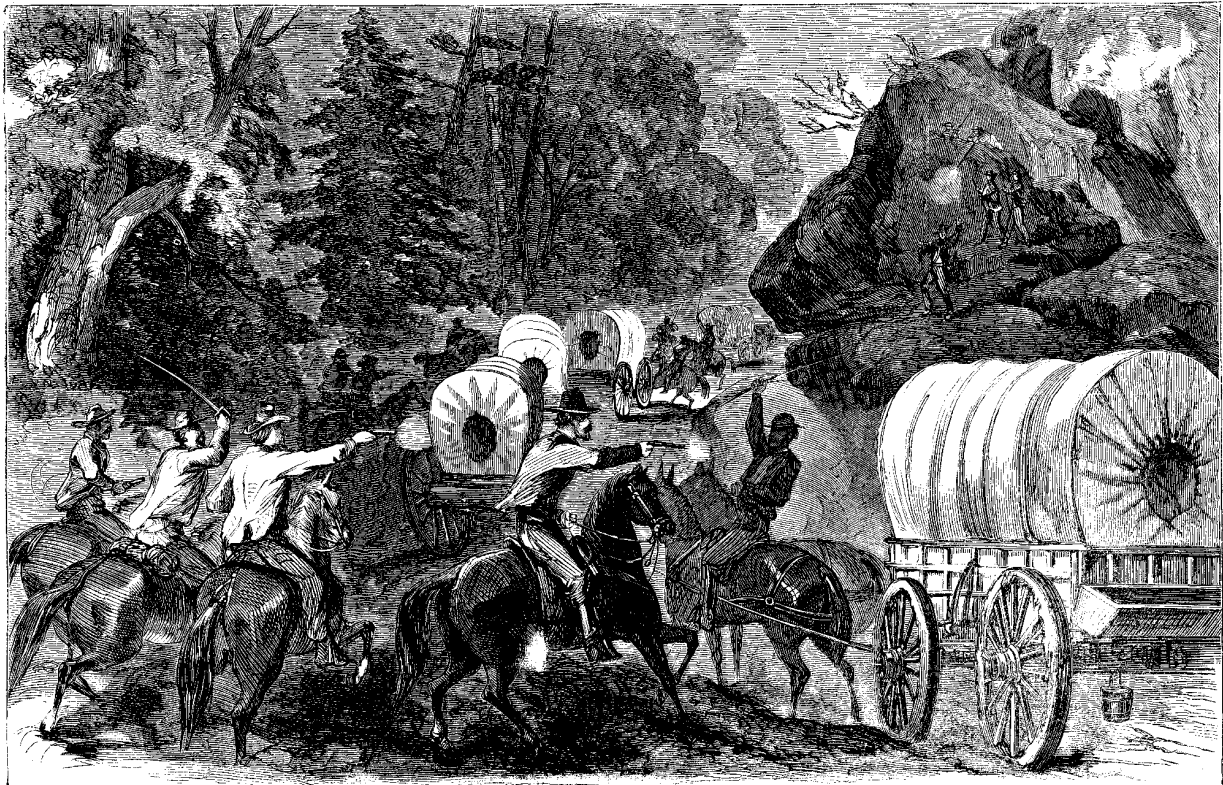
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THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES WAGONS BY REBEL CAVALRY, OCT. 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE K. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—REBEL ATTACK UPON WAGONS IN ANDERSON'S GAP.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE K. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

**THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.**

WE devote pages 689, 692, 696, and 697 to illustrations of the Army of the Cumberland. On pages 696 and 697 will be found a fine battle scene, which will convey an idea of the gallant stand made by General Thomas's heroes against the rebel advance at the battle of Chickamauga, when they saved the day and covered themselves and their leader with glory.

On pages 689 and 692 we reproduce three illustrations of the cavalry operations which followed the battle, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who writes:

*HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, October 7, 1863.*

Arriving at Bridgeport during a pelting rain-storm, and at night, I remained until morning under a railroad platform that seemed to comprise the town.

The morning came, and out I crawled, findings after much inquiry, that "the way to reach Chattanooga was to walk, of course;" and "the distance by the safe route was only sixty miles." "But," quoth my informant, "General Wheeler, with all the cavalry of Bragg's army, is on that route now." My bunk-mates of the previous night (there had only been a regiment under the platform) now extended sympathy and hand-trucks.

Very soon I heard of Colonel E. M'Cook, with a portion of his division of cavalry, would start at once to attack the raiders. Excellent! I at once volunteered my valuable services, and the next morn'g of which I unexpectedly found myself proprietor.

The combined forces started at once, the rain pouring in torrents. We rounded a sharp mountain-side, and then, which means, or did in our case, to pour the water out of one's boots and crawl under a rail shanty. Dawn found us on the march, and when within a few miles of Anderson's Gap we saw a dense smoke, caused by the burning of a large wagon train by the rebel cavalry.

At three o'clock we came up with the enemy, charging them at once; the whole force being under Colonel M'Cook's charge, dashing down the road, while the Second Indiana charged through the field to the right, Major Presdee at their head. The whole force being under Colonel M'Cook's command.

The rebels drew up in line, fired one volley, then turned and ran, dropping their plunder as they went. Reaching a very strong position they again drew up in line, and only to break in disorder as our men came upon them in a sabre charge.

At every commanding position they drew up in line only to stand for a moment, then their course of our men being demoralizing in the extreme.

In one of these charges General Wheeler had a very narrow escape. Colonel La Grange had a narrow escape. Wheeler's staff, run his trusty blade through another, and dashed at Wheeler, whom he had nearly reached, when the rebel jumped his horse over a fence, which the horse of the gallant Colonel refused.

Just at this time Major Presdee had gotten so far in advance of his men that a number of the rebels had surrounded him, when a second of his regiment rushed to his rescue, spilling on his way the pates of several of the rebel cavalry. During the charges Captains Mitchell and Pratt, of Colonel M'Cook's staff, were killed, and several others in the fray. When the fight ceased at night we discovered, by questioning prisoners, of whom we had quite a number, that we had fought a very tight and bloody battle, and that we had lost two regiments, or less than half their number—we have prisoners from 11 different regiments.

The Fourth Indiana cavalry, under Major Lampson, had now come up, and were heeled for an advance at the earliest moment of daylight.

The next morning came, but with it a fog so dense that it was impossible to move, and eleven miles distant from the place we had intended to go, we had to return, as it was practically to advance. Then after them we went, recouping a large number of mules that they had stolen from our wagons, and then they were sent to the rear.

Finding now that the continuance of my stay with the pursuing cavalry would carry me too far from Chattanooga, I returned to Anderson's Gap—finding at that place the Brigades of Colonel Mitchell and Wilson. Near the Gap and scattered for some distance along the road, were the smoldering wagons, the destruction of which had been complete. Over twenty thousand mules had been destroyed, and hundreds of mules shot. Some of the wagons had been fired without taking the mules from them.

**THE NEW CALL FOR MEN.**

**By the President of the United States.**  
A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The term of service of part of the volunteer forces of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas, in addition to the men raised by the present draft, it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers, to serve for three years or the war—not, however, exceeding three years.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby issue my proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted into the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.

I further proclaim that all the volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted shall receive advance pay, premium, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department, through the Provost-Marshal General's office, by special letters.

I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited, shall be duly credited and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.

I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made in said State, or on the district of said State, for their due proportion of said quota, and said draft shall commence on the first day of January, 1864.

And I further proclaim that nothing in this proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or with those which may be issued for the present draft in the States where it is now in progress or where it has not yet been commenced.

The quotas of the States and districts will be assigned by the War Department, through the Provost-Marshal General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished, whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting will be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been or may be issued by that department.

In issuing this proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their cheerful, willing, and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needed military operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountains of sedition in a civil war.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of October, in the sixth year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

By the President: **ABRAHAM LINCOLN,**  
**WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.**

**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

**THE REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.**

GENERAL ROSECRANS has been removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, appointed in his place—General Grant taking the supreme command of all the armies on the Mississippi and in East and Southern Tennessee. The announcement has taken every one by surprise. But whereas, some months ago, the removal of a popular general from his command would have been a signal for a popular uproar, now even the Copperheads can barely get up a feeble hiss at the change; and the public at large, fully satisfied that the President knows what is required by the emergency, and is doing his duty faithfully, accept the event without murmur.

Whatever may have been the faults of General Rosecrans, it is encouraging to see that the President, when satisfied that he ought to be removed, had the courage to remove him, without hesitation or explanation to the public. We remember the time when the public safety absolutely required the removal of General Fremont, whose impolicy was jeopardizing our cause in Missouri, and whose friends were threatening us with a military despotism if their favorite were disturbed. If ever a head wanted amputation, it was his. Yet Mr. Lincoln hesitated for weeks, and months, and only ventured at last to strike the blow after the public of the West had been educated to distrust Fremont by the publication of Adjutant-General Thomas's famous report in the *Tribune*. Again, there can be no doubt but McClellan's removal ought to have taken place much sooner than it did—as soon, in fact, as that General refused to obey orders from Washington, and to report to the Commander-in-Chief. The President temporized and hesitated until a month of invaluable time was lost—fearing the effect of the removal of a commander who had won great personal popularity. We are all of us learning, however, in these days; and Mr. Lincoln, perceiving that the Republicans did not throw down their arms when Fremont fell, nor the Democrats when McClellan retired to Jersey, now understand that the people, of whatever political party, are more devoted to the country than to any individual, and has not hesitated to remove Rosecrans. It was just this nerve and this courage which were required to insure the success of the North.

There is a lesson to be learned by the people from this event, and that is, to beware of accepting the newspaper and popular estimate of generals as the true one. Up to the hour of Rosecrans's removal he was believed to be nearly perfect. He was called prudent, daring, invincible, loyal to the back-bone, dextrous as a strategist, and always obedient to his superiors. He was contrasted with other generals, to their invariable disparagement. When he failed at Chickamauga, the Copperheads—whose implacable foe he had proved himself—threw the whole blame on Government, and entirely exonerated him. At one time loyal men clamored for his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and were only silenced when they were assured that the Army of the Cumberland had the more important duty of the two. Well, what if it should prove, when the truth comes to be known, that this paragon was prudent when he should have been daring, and rash when he should have been cautious; that the battle of Murfreesborough was lost by him, and afterward—when he had given it up—won by his subordinates; that he should have taken Chattanooga weeks before he approached it, and should never have advanced a step beyond; that, by his advance, he disarranged the general plan of campaign determined at Washington, which had been prepared with his aid and approval—and this seemingly from no other motive than a vain wish to win greater victories than Grant; that, so far from obeying orders promptly and cheerfully, he frequently disregarded the commands of the President; and that, so far from being the chivalric soldier we pictured him, he left the battle-field at Chickamauga in the middle of the fight, and was in bed at Chattanooga, snug and safe, when the gallant Thomas, with his handful of heroes, was stemming the furious onset of the rebel army. If all this should be presently discovered to be the truth, what shall we then say of popular estimates of generals?

**THE STATE ELECTIONS.**

PENNSYLVANIA and Ohio have followed in the track of California and Maine, and Iowa and Indiana have not been behindhand. New York will fittingly close the campaign with a magnificent Union majority.

Last year honest citizens were deeply pained by a precisely opposite result. New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio were carried by the opponents of the Government, and it seemed to superficial observers that the people of the North

were about to be substantially divided, which in effect would have secured the triumph of the rebels. The chief European organ of the insurgents—animated by a simple wish to see the United States destroyed—chuckled over the defeats of the Administration candidates, and confidently predicted the collapse of the "Lincoln Despotism."

We have changed all this now, and good citizens may congratulate themselves on the restoration of confidence. Throughout the North the fiat has now gone forth that the war must be prosecuted until the entire territory of the United States is permanently replaced under the dominion of the flag. We hear no more sixty-day or ninety-day prophecies in these times. No one is now willing to pledge himself to the capture of Charleston, or Atlanta, or Richmond within a given time. We have learned to respect our enemy, and to bide our time. It may take one year, or it may take four to complete the work of subjugating the rebels. The Administration is basing its calculations and its contracts upon the theory that it will take at least three years from this time. This is the reckoning of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, though both are wisely providing for a prolongation of the contest beyond the expiration of the period fixed in their estimates. The idea of every body, in and out of the Government, is that no further estimates as to time must be made, but that the war must be prosecuted steadily and perseveringly until the object sought has been attained.

In this view the overwhelming defeat of the Copperheads is a matter of decided congratulation. We learn from the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio that the masses of the people can be relied upon, and that they are not less resolutely fixed upon the vigorous prosecution of the war than their leaders. With such evidence of popular determination the ultimate result is not doubtful. It is, as we said, a mere question of time.

History, which has pilloried Benedict Arnold, will erect a still higher gallows for the mean sneaks who, in this darkest hour of their country's peril, wavered, and commended submission to the traitors of the South.

**OUR TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.**

THE Earl Russell, who made his reputation as a friend of liberty and democracy throughout the world, and who seriously damaged that reputation by espousing the cause of the slavholding rebels against the United States, has lately seen fit to recant, and in a speech delivered in Scotland protests that he wishes to be considered as much a friend of the North as of the South, and reproaches Senator Sumner with trying to create ill-will between the two nations. The Earl contrasts Senator Sumner with Mr. Seward, and compliments the latter, as a friend of peace, at the expense of the former.

People in this country are very much touched by the Earl's graceful allusions to the beauty of peace, and to our common tongue, our common origin, and so forth. We remembered these things when England was at war with Russia, and our authorities combined in an instant to prevent even the semblance of an infraction of our neutrality laws. Earl Russell forgot them when he let the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Georgia* go to sea to prey upon our defenseless commerce. They only occurred to him after he had heard of the capture of the *Atlanta* (a vessel as formidable as the *Warrior*) in fifteen minutes by the *Wendaken*, and of the performance of Gilmore's Parrott guns at Charleston.

When a man has trampled on his enemy and done him all the harm he can do, and is beginning to apprehend that the foe who seems crushed may rise and retaliate, he is very apt to be a lover of peace, and a hater of war. The Earl Russell's recollection of our common origin would have been better timed if it had occurred to him before he let the *Alabama* go to sea, in spite of the earnest protests of our officials.

He thinks it horrid that Senator Sumner should, on the heels of the bloody fight at Gettysburg, express views which may lead to bloody battles with British troops. It has never occurred to him, probably, when he made his famous Newcastle speech, which encouraged the rebels so much, that the natural consequence of that speech would be bloody battle-fields. We, like Earl Russell, dislike battles. But it is rather cool for the man who has done more than any other individual to foster the resistance of the rebels, to turn on us now, and exclaim against the blood spilled in the war. Why did he not think of this before he pronounced the slavholding insurgents a belligerent power?

Blood-letting, in war, is a shocking thing, no doubt. No nation loves peace more than the United States. But we have been driven into a desperate war, mainly through the acts and expressed opinions of Earl Russell and his colleagues; and they may now rely upon it that Senator Sumner, much more than Secretary Seward, expresses the views of the people on our relations with England, when he tells the English that their conduct during the present war has aroused a hostility to them in this country which will outlive this generation.

**THE LOUNGER.**

INTERPRETING ELECTIONS.

IT is amusing to see the different interpretations that are put upon the recent elections. One Copperhead paper finds that they mean merely that nobody wants peace at any price. Another, of a lighter hue, discovers that they are a terrible rebuke of Mr. Lincoln for listening to radical advisers. Another insists that they prove that loyal men are going to do exactly what the rebels want them to do. And so the doleful tale goes round, and the Copperheads console themselves with thinking what would happen if only the sky would fall, and twice two make seven and a half.

One thing is clear amidst all the speculation. It is pretty evident that Ohio does not wish Vallandigham for Governor, nor Pennsylvania Woodward. We can all agree that they prove so much. Then why did those States not wish such Governors? The canvass was exactly the same in both States. The arguments were identical. And what were they? Simply that Vallandigham and Woodward were not hearty for the war. There might be shadowy differences of opinion between them. Vallandigham might wish peace upon terms of separation, looking to reconstruction; and Woodward might pronounce for war upon terms certain to secure the success of the rebellion. But the popular common sense sees that if the rebellion is to be subdued, it must be done by cordially supporting and supplying the men and means for the war. The people knew that neither W. nor V. intended to support and supply—and they 'forefore repudiated them both.

The policy of the war is as clearly defined as the war itself. Fighting, confiscation, emancipation, suspension of the habeas corpus—"when the public safety requires it," and drafting, are all measures of that policy. In one word, the policy of the war is its prosecution by all honorable means of warfare. That has been plainly announced for a year. It went into practical operation on the 1st of January, 1863, and every popular election since has overwhelmingly approved it. Every man whose vote evaled the Union majorities did not, of course, mean to say that he approved every detail and every person involved in the working out of the policy. But allowing for human nature, confiding in the good intention of the Government, and especially in the unquestioned honesty of the President, all loyal men know that to perplex and embarrass the operations of the war is to help the enemy. They have, therefore, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Iowa, and Maine, as well as in the smaller States of Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, declared for the war and the policy of the war. Does any body suppose that New York will falter?

REBEL FRANKNESS.

THERE is one great change in the policy of the rebels. They began by shouting that they would cut themselves off clean from any association with the vile Yankee North. Every Northern party and man excepting Vallandigham and Seymour were repugnant to them. They would establish their independence, and then, perhaps, hold their noses and trade with us.

Wisdom is the child of experience. They confess now that they need Northern co-operation. It is not enough that they have an army invincible and invulnerable. They must have Northern support. The *Chattanooga Rebel*, published in Atlanta, says plainly that all the rebels have to do is to pulverize Rosecrans, winter in Kentucky and East Tennessee, "retake the Valley of the Mississippi, secure the election of a Peace-Democrat to the Presidency in the fall, and arrange the terms of treaty and independence." Here is a very pretty programme, but one of its cardinal points is the aid of the Northern Copperheads. Now the rebels may be supposed to know their friends as well as we do. When they say that they want rebel bullets and peace ballots, who does not see that to vote for the candidates they wish to see elected is as serviceable to them as to shoot in the ranks of Bragg's or Lee's army?

DOTAGE.

THE *London Times*, speaking of Mr. Chauncey's expression of the want of English sympathy with the wonder of wonders, says: "To make a complaint that spectators of the horrible conflict have not approved the plunge into national ruin is unreasonable almost to childishness."

Here are words of the most solemn sound and utterly meaningless. "The plunge into national ruin" is a phrase meant to describe the war. Very well. If the rebel States had been suffered to secede without opposition, and the United States Government had been consequently destroyed, would there have been any less national ruin? Where would then have been the nation known as the United States? Or if, after an unquestioned and peaceful constitutional election in which they took part, the rebels had offered, or had been solicited to offer, terms upon which they would obey the laws, would the Government have been any the less overthrown, and could its usurpation, without so much as a shot fired, for the sole purpose of perpetuating human slavery, have been any less national ruin?

The *Times* says further: "Whatever may rise out of the wreck, it will not be the old Federal Union of America." Very likely; and what then? Whatever arose out of the great rebellion of 1656 in England was not the old monarchy of England. Was the civil war consequently a process of "national ruin?" The nationality and the union of these States will be preserved under a better and more stringent form than ever. Is that ruin? A man finds the walls of his house cracking. He strengthens them with new beams and rafters. It is not, in a certain sense, the old house that rises from the scaffolding; but is the old house ruined?

**LOYAL SHOTS AND VOTES GO TOGETHER.**  
**GOVERNOR SHYMOUR**, who declares that he had rather see the Union destroyed than slavery, and who insists that we had no business to discuss the subjects which were disagreeable to our Southern masters, who are now trying to whip us in to obedience, last winter vetoed the bill for allowing the soldiers to vote. Why? Because his instinct was just. Because he knew that the soldiers would inevitably vote for the Government to support which they were fighting. Their fire and their vote are equally true to their country and the Union. How correct he was the late military vote in Ohio shows. There are so few voters against the Union and the war for it that they are not worth counting. Seymour knows that his "friends" are not in the army fighting the rebels. They stay at home to burn orphan asylums and murder innocent and helpless men and children. Perhaps some one would like to insist that the rank and file of the army are Copperheads. It is as true as the other story that the Army of the Potomac will fight under nobody but McClellan.

**HOW'S THE WIND?**  
 In the great debate in the British Parliament last April upon the duty of England under her neutrality law, Lord Palmerston in his most jaunty tone declared, amidst the applause of the House, that no menace would induce the Government "to come down to the House and propose a change of the law." In his late speech at Blackgowie, Lord Russell said that the Government were prepared to do every thing that the duty of neutrality required, even if it should be necessary "that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures."  
 Lord Palmerston spoke when the rebellion seemed to be sure of success; Lord Russell, when it is pretty surely defeated. The two speeches are a fair representation of what the Government of Great Britain understands by neutrality. Its obligation to ask a change of the law last April was exactly what it is now. That one party in the war is more or less successful can not alter the attitude of a neutral power. War with England will doubtless be avoided by her action. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the occasion of her action. It is not a change of heart—Vicksburg, Fort Hudson, Gettysburg, Charleston, these have been the "eye-openers" of Great Britain.

**DUMBNESS IN LIBRARIES.**  
 "A Constant Reader" writes that, having occasion recently to apply for a book at the Mercantile Library (in what city is not stated), he was requested, almost inaudibly, to write his name, address, etc., upon a slip of paper, and, upon inquiry, was "curtly answered" that communication between the librarian and the reader was to be held by signs that there might be no noise of conversation. "Why, then, dear Lounger," asks the writer, "did the Lord give us voice and language, if it was intended we should transact all the business of this world by signs?" And he further remarks: "If this system is to be permanent, I would simply suggest that the library hire persons who are really deaf and dumb for librarians; in which case we should be enabled to equal the deafening employment to a class who do not offer us the chance of making a living, and who could hand us the slips of paper and get us our books as well as those now in charge."  
 "A Constant Reader" is perhaps not aware that the slip of paper is a receipt for the book, is of great convenience for reference in case of loss, and saves mummuring in the library, where many students may be reading. And although, as he suggests, it is fair to presume that persons who have taste and culture enough to visit a library will have sufficiently good manners not to disturb others, yet experience unfortunately shows that libraries are a favorite resort of young and heedless persons who do not know the value of silence. Meanwhile, because that is true of libraries, we do not understand that it is proposed to transact all the business of the world by signs or by slips of paper. It does not exactly follow because the tide is high at four o'clock that there will be a deluge at six. Does it?

**A COMBINED MOVEMENT.**  
 On the 7th of September the Richmond *Inquirer* said: "The success of the Democratic [Copperhead] party would be no longer doubtful should General Lee once more advance upon Meade. Let him drive Meade into Washington, and he will again raise the spirits of the Democrats [Copperheads], confirm their timid, and give confidence to their waverings." In conformity with this plan General Lee did move upon Meade, but did not happen to "drive" him. At the same moment, and for the same purpose of raising the spirits of the Copperheads, General McClellan moved against the Government in concert with Lee. But the combined movement of Generals Lee and McClellan neither defeated the Government in the field nor at the polls. Neither chief can be classed among the successful Generals.

**THE LYCEUM.**  
 The Lyceum all of the country begins to arrange its winter course of lectures. The demand for good lecturers was never greater, and some of the most eminent and popular, such as Mr. Beecher, Mr. Chapin, Mr. Bayard Taylor, return from their European absence refreshed and inspired. Inevitably and happily, the profound interest of the for a long time class of students to wander far from some aspect of the condition of the country. Parties have disappeared. Politics are not now a question of partisan ascendancy, but of national salvation. And as there never was a time when the fullest public intelligence was more desirable, so there was never a better opportunity for the vigorous and frank discussion of the great fundamental

social questions, to which our attention must be for a long time turned, than the Lyceum.  
 There will be a desire of variety, certainly, in the general range of topics, although there is no fear that the same subject will be treated in the same way by any of the chief lecturers. It is the treatment, no less than the topic, which is of the utmost importance. But for Lyceums which wish to leave the current of public interests altogether, Mr. Taistrot's and Mr. Vandenhoff's readings, Professor Tomman's and Richard's scientific lectures, and the illustrated lectures of Mr. Oscanyan upon Turkish life, will be most attractive. The series of card-photographs illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's lectures are extremely interesting. They are valuable studies of Oriental costume, and Mr. Oscanyan is so fluent in the English language, with which he is entirely familiar, that his lectures, with their tableaux, will be a most agreeable variety.

**LITERARY.**  
 "MARTIN POLK" is the last issue in the Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is by John Saunders, the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," a writer who is fast acquiring great reputation for his vigorous and powerful stories of modern domestic life.  
 The Harpers also issue "The King of Amasia," a tale "edited" by Owen Meredith, which is the pseudonym of Robert Bulver Lytton, son of the novelist, and a poet of some repute. This story is grotesque and fanciful; a love story which will not fail to interest those who like the peculiarly intense poetry of the author.

"Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?" is the title of the latest essay of Goldwin Smith, Professor of History at Oxford, England, republished by Severs and Francis, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is a brief, clear, and masterly exposition of the whole subject. And if the men at the South, who muddle their brains about the "Christianity" of slavery, could read and understand this short and trenchant work of a most accomplished scholar and noble Englishman, they would not fire another shot for the "divine" institution. This pamphlet of Professor Smith's we especially commend to our readers, because Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, in a letter to Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, announces that he shall, within a few months, publish "a full demonstration of the truth wherein I stand"—namely, that it is highly Christian business to breed babies for sale. A pleasing truth for a Bishop to stand upon! Let the Bishop comprehend the full scope of his work. He proposes to show that the Christian Church has always justified slavery, and his conclusion will be that Slavery is therefore a Christian institution. Does he know the little work called "Slavery in Christendom" by Patrice Larroque, formerly rector of the Academy of Lyons in France? Larroque, with perhaps as profound and extensive a scholarship as the Bishop of Vermont, also declares that the Christian Church has always approved slavery. But his conclusion is very different from the Bishop's. It is that it is not a true Church! He declares that slavery and "dogmatic Christianity" rise and fall together. And while he says plainly that Christ habitually taught the humanity which is the utter condemnation of slavery, he asserts that these principles have never been practiced by the Church! It will be seen that the Bishop thus enters upon a tolerably wide field. But to every simple Christian heart, which is more anxious to hear what Christ said than what men say that he said, Goldwin Smith's little pamphlet is conclusive.

"The Union Generals," a work which G. W. Childs is preparing, will be the natural companion to every history of the war. It will be written by distinguished literary gentlemen, most of whom have made the rebellion a subject of special study. With its descriptive battle-pictures in the text, and its steel-plate portraits of the heroes, with maps, plans, and wood-cuts, it must be a very important addition to the history of the times. The publisher, Mr. Childs, would be very glad to receive any facts or verified incidents relative to the Generals or to the battles and sieges in which they may have been engaged.

"The Student's Repository" is the title of a modest periodical published at Spartanburg, Indiana, which is written and conducted by the students and friends of the Union Literary Institute, a society of colored persons. It is to be issued quarterly at fifty cents a year; and is worthy the interest of all Americans who wish that all men in this country should have fair play. Many of the articles in the first number are naturally crude and experimental, but the tone of the work is earnest and manly. A brief paper by the editor, "What shall be done with the Negro?" written in 1850, is a very simple and conclusive statement of the wisdom of doing the best rather than the worst with him. In the opening article a few remarks show a quiet good sense, which is worthy the careful consideration of every colored man. "If we as a race ever become educated, elevated, and respected, we have got to do the work ourselves. No one else can do it for us. We must prove to the white man that we are as susceptible of improvement as he is."

**ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.**  
**LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LLOYD D. WARDEN**, of the Eleventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, who served with distinction at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and was for a long time Chief of Staff for Major-General McClellan, has been officially announced as Provost Marshal of the Post of Vicksburg.  
 Brigadier-General **RUFUS KING** has been reappointed Major-Resident at Rome, and accepts the appointment, with the acceptance to take effect immediately. The mission becomes vacant by the return and resignation of the Hon. M. BLACKWOOD, of New York, the recent incumbent. General King turned the command over to the Adjutant of the Potomac over to General **MICHAEL CORCORAN**, Major J. W. ...

Major J. W. ...  
 The well-earned star has been conferred upon Colonel J. W. ...  
 Colonel DICKINSON, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General on General HOOKER'S staff, has been assigned to the command of the cavalry camp, near Colonel GREENE, ...  
 Lieutenant **DORRIS**, Provost Marshal of Williamsburg, Virginia, was shot on 14th October by Private ...  
 Colonel **FAIRBANKS**, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, arrived in Washington last week, having recovered from the effects of his wound, received at Gettysburg, by which he lost an arm. He is now about to resign his commission and assume the duties of Secretary of State of Wisconsin, for which he is a candidate as a War Democrat.

Colonel **COSMAD BAKER**, First Indiana Cavalry, and Colonel ...  
 Colonel **LEWIS FAIRBANKS**, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, has been made a Brigadier-General, for gallantry in the battle of Gettysburg.  
 The friends of Surgeon-General **HAMMOND** say that there are two before Private **BLAISDELL**, who has been promoted to West, receive his place at the head of the Bureau.  
 Captains **CURTIS** and **DENARD**, of General AUGER'S staff, have arrived in Washington and resumed their duties ...

Major-General **DORRIS**, who was recently ordered to the Department of the Gulf, remains in Washington awaiting further instructions. It is rumored that he is to be assigned to a different field.  
 A court-martial, composed of thirteen officers, under the comparatively light duty, has been appointed for the trial of military officers. Colonel **STONE**, of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is President of the court, which Colonel **WAGNER**, of the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves, is President, has been appointed from the Invalid Corps.  
 The proceedings of the court-martial in the case of Lieutenant **RUFF**, Third United States Cavalry, have been sent in, and are awaiting the action of the War Department. In the mean time Colonel **RUFF** has obtained release, and is preparing to depart to perform his accounts as mustering and disbursing officer.  
 General **SEINFELD**, though still suffering from his wound, reported for duty on 14th, desiring to rejoin the Third Corps; but the military authorities declined to send him home, on the ground that he is not yet fit for duty of active service. He will, however, be ordered to New York, with authority to recruit an infantry corps.

Last week Major-General **ARMY** assumed command of the Department of the Gulf. It is reported that the change is only a temporary one, caused by the illness of General **HENTZMANN**, and that the latter will resume command as soon as his health will permit. His staff reside in the performance of their duties at headquarters.  
 Lieutenants **DONAVAN** and **LAUN**, of Colonel BAFFER'S Cavalry Regiment, have been dismissed the service for demerit on duty.  
 Five officers were arrested at Washington on 17th for remaining in the city without authority, after their regiment had left for the front, and ordered to report under arrest to the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, such as the expedition with which such officers are attached to these officers were arrested in less than an hour after the telegram informing against them had been received.  
 Lieutenant-Commander **BEARDSLEY** has been detached from special duty in New York, and ordered to the Washington.

**DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.**  
**THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.**  
 Timar has been since our last number went to press a great deal of manoeuvring, marching and countermarching, on the part of the Army of the Potomac. It is small doubt. It seems that Lee crossed the Rappahannock, and ventured to get between our army and Washington, but was broken by Meade's strategy. Meade fell back to and around a point, the position of which we have not yet ascertained. On 14th a brisk action took place at Brant Station, in which the enemy were roughly handled—as described in the report of the Army of the Potomac. The news received is that Lee's headquarters on 16th a courier is said to have reached Lee informing him that Burnside, at the head of a powerful detachment, was moving in the direction of the Lynchburg, Lee's base of supplies. It was reported to be near Abingdon, Virginia, one hundred and seventy-five miles from Lynchburg, and to have destroyed the railroad for a distance of twenty miles. The news received from Lee by courier on the 16th, and on the following day his retrograde movement toward Lynchburg commenced. On the 17th an advance under General Hill, were carried by an immense train of cars from Culpeper southward, the rest of the main army following by way of Warrenton and Greensville. Meade is now in pursuit.

**THE BATTLE OF BRISTOL STATION.**  
 HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 15, 1863.  
 The Major-General commanding announces to the Army that the quarrel, consisting of the Second Corps, was attacked yesterday, while marching by the bank. The enemy after a spirited contest was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and 450 prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry of the great soldiers near Abingdon, Virginia, Second Corps, are entitled to high commendation. By command of  
 MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK  
 S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.  
**BURNSIDE'S ADVANCE.**  
 General **BURNSIDE** is reported by the rebels to be advancing into Western Virginia, with fourteen thousand cavalry, for the purpose of making a raid on the East Tennessee Railroad, and doubtless also intending the destruction of the great railroads near Abingdon. The acknowledgment that he had engaged and driven their forces, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded, from Bible Ridge to Greensville, and thence to near Abingdon, and that he also said to have organized these fragments of Tennessee "renegades," and that 4000 refugees were following his army.

**THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.**  
 The following has been received at the headquarters of the Army:  
 Major-General **H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:**  
 CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 16, 1863.  
 The following dispatch has just been received from Brigadier-General **COOK**, commanding the Second Cavalry Division, dated Rogersville, Alabama, October 13, 1863:  
 "I have the honor to inform you that I have had three fights with the enemy since 14th of the last week, each time capturing twenty-five to thirty of them. The last battle was at Farmington, Tennessee, where I fought Wheeler's entire command with only two brigades. I cut his force in two parts, and captured four pieces of artillery, 1000 stand of cavalry arms, and 240 prisoners.

besides the wounded. As I published in after the enemy immediately, I have not been able to learn the number of their killed and wounded, but it was very heavy. They were scattered over a distance of fifteen miles from this, and their retreat was a perfect rout, their men deserting and straggling over the country. I was then with them with great vigor, but their horses being better than mine, I was only able to come up with a couple of regiments at Sugar Creek, left to detain me. I made a circuit of them, capturing some fifty of them, and scattering the remainder in the mountains. When within eight miles of the river I struck the gallop, but when I reached it they had all crossed at a ford some three miles above Stump's Ferry, where they commenced to cross twelve abreast. I never saw troops more demoralized than the rebels. I am satisfied that their loss in this fell was not less than 2000. No fears need be entertained of their making another raid soon. Signed **George Crook, Brigadier-General commanding.**  
 W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

**REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.**  
 General Rosecrans has been relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland; and Major-General **ULYSSES S. GRANT** takes command of that Department and the Army of the Tennessee (Grant's Army), the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans's late army), and the Army of Kentucky (Burnside's). General Thomas, who fought so gallantly at Chickamauga, receives the immediate command vacated by General Rosecrans.

**THE LOSSES AT CHICKAMAUGA.**  
 Complete official returns from the infantry engaged in the battles of Chickamauga have been received, showing a total loss of 950 officers and 14,800 men. The rest of the cavalry will swell the grand total to about 16,000. Of 4,885 missing, 2,600 were wounded. Thirty-six pieces of artillery were lost and a few wagons.

**SHELBY ROUTED.**  
 Major-General **H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:**  
 General Brown brought the rebels under Shelby to a decisive engagement yesterday. The fight was obstinate, and lasted five hours. The rebels were finally completely routed and scattered in all directions, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage and a large number of small arms and prisoners.  
 The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is very large. Our troops are still pursuing the flying rebels.  
 J. M. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

**OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.**  
 Lieutenant-Colonel **BRIDECOCK**, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, who was wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy in the cavalry fight on the Rappahannock last June, arrived at Washington on 19th from Richmond. His statements concerning the condition of the rebel prisoners are of the most remarkable character, and should induce the Government to initiate at once prompt measures for their relief. There are now confined at Richmond at least five hundred officers and over ten thousand privates. Many of the latter are utterly destitute of shirts, pants, and coats, and sickness prevails to a fearful extent. Famines die daily, and the mortality is still increasing. Insufficiency of food and lack of clothing having prostrated hundreds of the most hardy men. The enlisted men are actually starving, and an officer who gave some portion of his food to some privates in the room below, by passing it through the floor, has been confined in a dungeon. Great indignation has since been excited among our troops by the apparent neglect, on the part of the Government, of our prisoners in the South. We have a large balance in our favor, and, if an exchange can not be effected, our officers and men claim that rebel prisoners should be subjected to the same privations until the rebel authorities cease to treat our men as brutes.

**BRITISH CONSULS EXPELLED FROM THE SOUTH.**  
 Jeff Davis has taken umbrage at the action of the British Consul in reference to foreigners enlisted in the army of the rebel service, and has notified them from the Confederacy. The Southern papers rejoice greatly at this event. Some of them attribute the dismissal of Sir Benjamin Majesty's representatives to a broader measure, namely, the treatment which Mr. Mason received at the Court of St. James, which required his withdrawal from the diplomatic mission by order of Mr. Davis. Intense indignation has since been manifested in the Southern journals, and an ever confident in the friendly interference of France is exhibited.

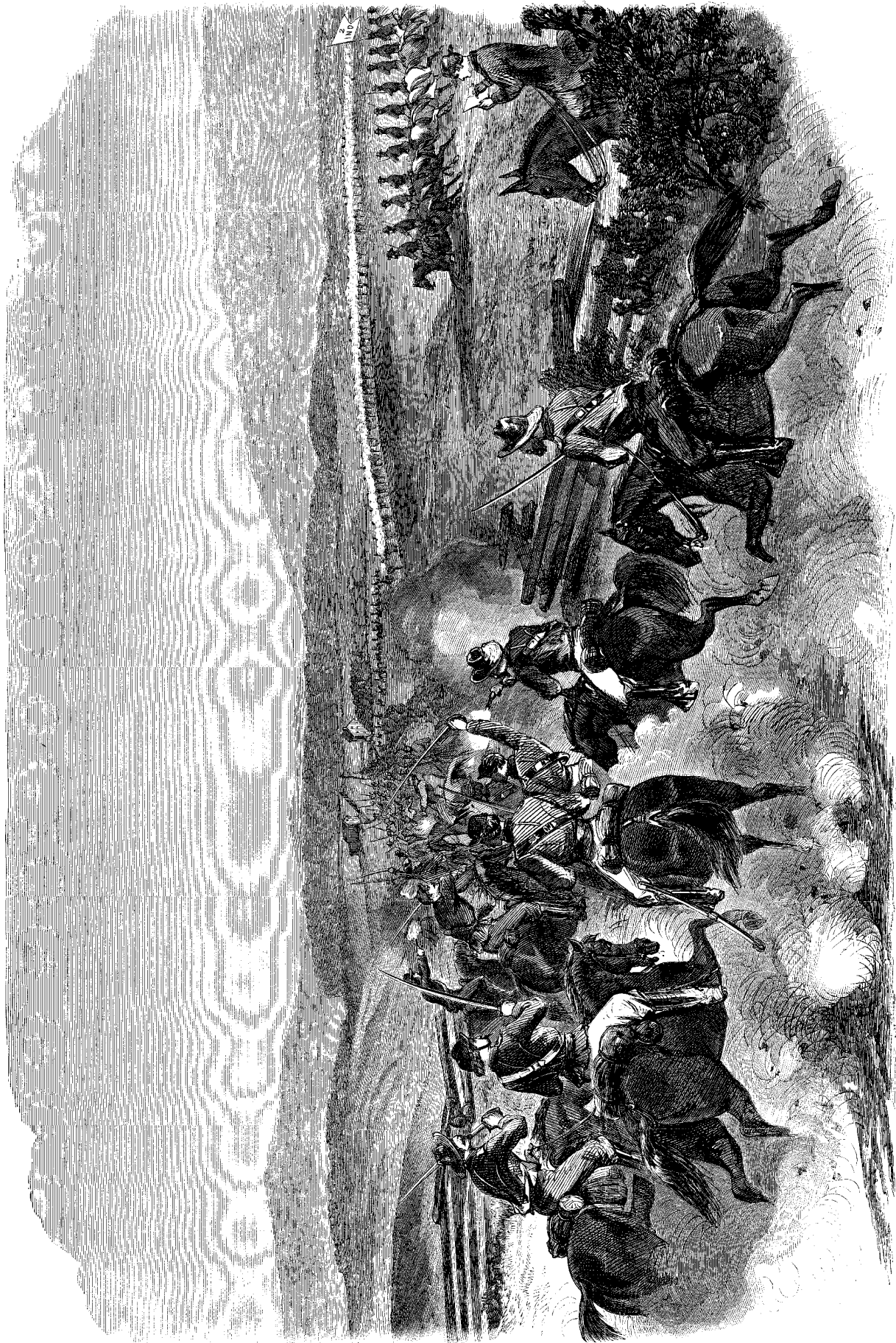
**LOYAL PAPERS IN DIXIE.**  
 Loyal papers are now published in Vicksburg, Mississippi; Knoxville, Tennessee; Natchez, Mississippi, and Little Rock, Arkansas.  
**VOICE OF THE OHIO TROOPS.**  
 Under date of Chattanooga, October 14, General J. A. Garfield sends the following to the Ohio State Journal:  
 "Returns thus far of the Ohio volunteer infantry in this army give 524 for Brown and 252 for Vandlandigham, seven regiments of Infantry and eight batteries not yet fully equipped. Over four regiments of Ohio volunteers were absent, writing history with their salaries on the heads of Vandlandigham's friends. Ohio lost 5000 Union votes at Chickamauga. We that are of Ohio took Brown again. Give us the news from home."

**FOREIGN NEWS.**  
**ENGLAND.**  
**SOUTHERN CLUBS.**  
 The "Southern Club" of England and the "Central Association for the Recognition of the Southern States" have been formally amalgamated at Manchester into one society under the title of "The Southern Independence Association." Lord Walmesley, the President, delivered a strong speech in favor of the recognition of the rebel States by England.

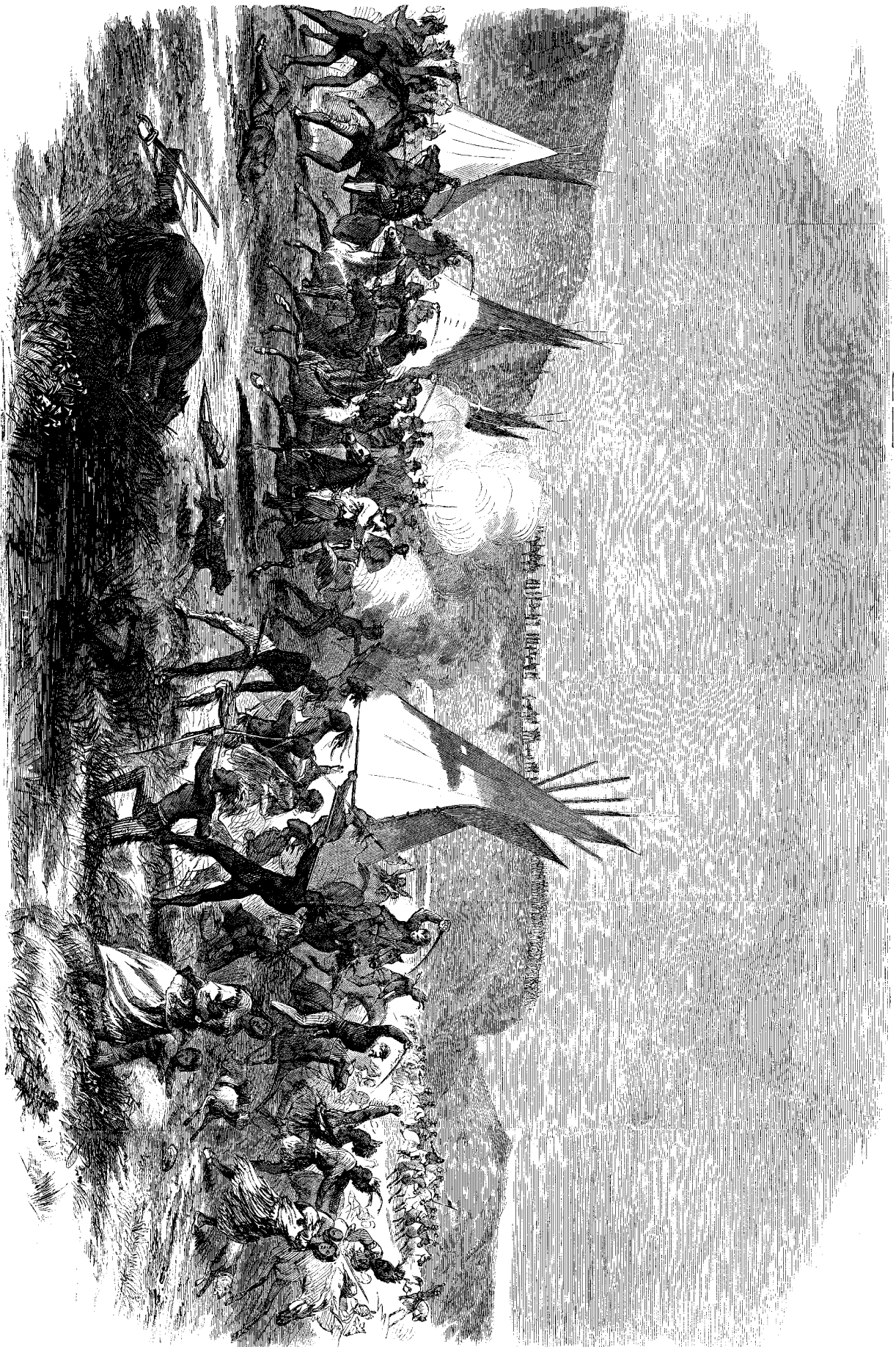
**AN EARTHQUAKE.**  
 England has again been visited by an earthquake. The spot was Tuesday, October 6, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and was felt very generally. From Liverpool, Hereford, and numerous other places, we have accounts of its having shaken the houses. There seems to have been an upheaving of the earth from west to east, followed by an immediate subsidence, after which a long, rumbling noise was heard.

**THE GREEK KING IN ENGLAND.**  
 The King of the Greeks has arrived in England from St. Petersburg. Having visited Queen Victoria he was to go to Paris, and proceed from the Tuileries to Athens.

**AUSTRIA.**  
**THE MEXICAN DEPUTATION.**  
 The Mexican deputation reached Miramar, the seat of the Archduke Maximilian, in great state from Vienna. Señor de Estrada made the tender of his services to the Emperor elect in a lengthy address. He also presented the roll of the votes of the Chamber of Nobles of Mexico, splendidly expressed and indeed in the heart of a century of solid gold, manufactured by Mexican artists. The Archduke replied in a speech in which he formally set forth the conditions on which he would accept the crown, declaring that a monarchy could not be satisfactorily established in Mexico without the spontaneous consent of the whole nation. Having regard also to certain "dangers" which threaten the integrity and independence of the country, it was essential to obtain "guarantees," and if both these conditions are fulfilled the Archduke intimates that he will accept the proffered crown, subject to the approval of his brother, the Emperor of Austria. In the event of becoming monarch, the Archduke would "open the path of progress" by giving "a constitution" to the country of his adoption. He paid a compliment to the Emperor Napoleon.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CHARGE OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN AND SECOND INDIANA CAVALRY ON THE REBELS, OCTOBER 3, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMPSON R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



THE SIOUX WAR—CAVALRY CHARGE OF SULLY'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WHITE STONE HILL, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.—[SEE PAGE 692.]

WHIFF.

Go back with me to an old New England village, as sleeply almost as a Dutch berg. I was about to describe it, but on the whole think I will not; perhaps you know the town, perhaps you were born there, or have uncles and cousins there. If you don't know any thing of the place, I doubt if I could wreat it away from time and distance, who now have it fast; yet some other day perhaps I will show it to you. I believe it is somewhere along the Sound, for it has a wharf, though not much use for that; the India trade never came that way, and the whales have gradually gone to other ports, so that the piles are green with slime and not over-strong, and the warehouses near by are getting forlorn; but sometimes a vessel comes in, and then all the idlers about the village have an excitement.

The time was a Sunday, after the second service. In Deacon Hodges's keeping-room sat Miss Mahala Stevens, tallness. She was given to the weakness of talking about every body, for if people struck themselves up as deacons she expected to see soon. She had dropped in now, full of something to tell; but of course she hung back—no use at all to hurry her. She sat, trotting one foot and sewing an imaginary jacket, prickly and unwinding as any bur. No favors asked, large or small; you can't get on a day without me, and I know it, was what she said to the world of the village—all the world the village knew or cared any thing about.

"You see, Miss Hodges, I clipped it right up here, and Mr. Hodges could carry me, if somebody else'd tell it first to 'em now what with the heat an' the sermon an' my general flustrin', I do believe I've forgot what 'twas."

"Yes?" suggested the Deacon's wife, the New England "yes," meaning any thing and every thing. Here it was a gentle stroke of Mahaly's plume to go on.

"I guess it wasn't of very much consequence," smoothly remarked Dorr, the Deacon's pretty daughter. "It wasn't a lie, you know, you wouldn't have forgot it."

Great aposterily indignation. "That's you, Dorr Hodges, all over. That's right, keep on knettin', i'll come right handy bineby when you hev to keer for yourself, and when you're gray's them socks in your lap you'll wish you hadn't. Them that snuffs when they're young allers snuffs when they're old, I tell 'em."

"Never mind, Mahaly; Dorr was only in play."

"Well, well, it's no odds, but what's bred in the bone will come out on the skin, an' there ain't no young folks nowadays; they git ahead of their elders. I was just goin' to say something 'bout Frank Handy, he that used to sheep rood Dorr—what on earth was it now?"

Toss of the head on the part of the young lady. "Wish somebody'd show me how to toss my head. Comes nat'ral, does it, or do ye hev to practice?"

"Guess you never had any practice," said Sam, the "terrible" child that filled for that house the saying about deacons' families.

"Sam!" said Mrs. Hodges, with some peculiar tone that meant a great deal.

"Well, Dorr, toss your head, but mind not toss once too many times. I heerd of a girl that tossed a pail o' milk off her head once, an' 'tain't all straight sticks grows in the woods by a long sight, though that ain't what I was goin' to say about Frank Handy—"

"You needn't trouble yourself to say any thing at all about Frank Handy to me," retorted Dorr. "I don't want to see him or hear any thing about him."

"H'm," sniffed the sagacious Mahaly. "Well, I s'pose you won't care to hear that the *Emerald's* got back—I believe now that's just what I run in to say; I thought 'twas gone from me sure; Mr. Handy's aboard; but then, of course, he won't show himself here."

"You don't" tersely remarked Mrs. Hodges. "I do, though; the folks was a crowd'n down to the wharf when I first see 'em an' run. You needn't jump, Sam; it's all over by this time. It's most too bad for Frank, now—Mr. Handy, I mean—the folks doesn't want to see him, 'fter a two-years' voyage. Well, good-day, sorry you're so spiteful, Dorr; wait till you're gray an' knet socks for a livin', then folks 'll bar it off of ye when ye snap. What makes your cheeks so red, child? Got burnt in the sun? Should say so, if you weren't dark complext nat'rally."

Now, generally speaking, there is nothing very soothing to the nerves or musical to the ear in the shutting of a door, especially if it happens to be shut rather spitefully; but I am mistaken if the slam of the door after Mahaly was not the pleasantest sound Dorr had heard that day. "Well, I don't care, now," said she, with an emphasis on the last word.

"I wouldn't mind it, dear," said Mrs. Hodges.

"Do you think so?" asked Dorr, with eyes and lips both. "I don't know what she meant."

"No, I guess not; cloth that's well combed always has the smoothest nap in the end. Never mind Mahaly, Dorr; you vexed her or she wouldn't talked quite so bad. Nobody sets much by what she says, because she's always doing just so."

"I'm going up stairs, mother," said Dorr. Mrs. Hodges took up a volume of "Discourses," as if she had not had enough that day, and it is to be supposed she read them, though who shall answer for the edification?

Dorr retreated to her own room and flung herself into her chair that her own fingers had cushioned, but somehow the room didn't look pleasant. Every thing was in place just as she left to go to meeting—the "things" were not tossed about in disorderly evidence that there had been a toilet made there—yet it didn't seem quite right. Why the string of shells that hung over her little mirror had a different look, and swung back and forth in the wind as if they were alive. They were beckoning her, and she caught hold of them and held them still, but they went to swing-

ing again as she let them go, as if they knew somebody had got back, and suddenly remembered the sunny season of the sea; she set the chairs in order, pulled the curtains a little, shut the blinds a little more, but it wouldn't do. It seemed as if she had gone into somebody else's room; so she glided down stairs to the keeping-room and got a spy-glass that was kept there—a rare treasure those days—and ran back with it to the garret.

The garret window was an old look-out of hers, where she used to knit in the afternoons, and where she did all her day-dreaming. A hill shut off the wharf from sight, but there was the top of a mast on it, looking as if it had sprouted out of the hill; and by leaning well out of the window Dorr could see just the stern of a little black hull. That was the *Emeralda*, then; the sails were furled, and of course they had all gone ashore before this time. How queer that that old ship had really been off so far, way out in the South Pacific, out on the edge of her map, where the islands were sprinkled about so thick that it must be hard to sail without running against some of them; it must spill spacy as well as green; and Dorr wondered. Did it go to Italy? Her name was Italian, *Eudora*, grandmother's fancy—no, that couldn't be. But the *Emeralda* had been gone two years, while she had been staying quietly at home helping mother do the work and keeping sunshine in the house all the time, father said, and Frank had been shut up in that black box, sailing along day after day in the hot sun, never getting any word from home all the time. How glad he must be to get back; no wonder he hurried ashore as quick as he could. Then to think she said she didn't want to see him! Well, she didn't care very much, but it was too bad to tell him of after being gone so long. Would Mahaly tell him of it? Ten to one she would; she was just like a keyhole, every thing went through her. She said Frank wouldn't come here. H'mph! He would.

And he did. Yes, he did. He came the very next afternoon, swinging himself up the hill with long strides, as if a kind of half-reluctance held him back. The clover-heads nodded a welcome to him, and the butter-cups turned a richer yellow; at least he had every thought so had not his handsome face been shaded with a wonder how he would be received. Clover and daisy would come again next summer, but if the flower he had loved to think of did not bloom for him, what was all other fragrance? He could not quite say—is it ever an easy thing?—

"It is no fair to me.

What care I how fair she be?"

What might not have happened in two years? They had seemed so long while they were going, and now they were gone they seemed only a little while; why he only went away yesterday, every thing looked so natural. He remembered his long acquaintance with Dorr, and how they had quarreled time and again until he generally took the blame and went down into the valley of humiliation, and then they were better friends than ever. He had risen from the horizon of his life till now she filled him with light like the sun, but possibly she had sunk out of sight with her. He had thought of her all the while and of this very day; and now the time he had waited for was come—the time was there, right present before him, and it made him tremulous and half shrinking to face it. How would she meet him? Two years, without either of them knowing meanwhile that the other was alive! She must have changed a good deal in that time; what kind of a change? It might be only in herself, or it might be toward him, though there never was any thing between them. Two years ago she was young, only sixteen, and if— Here he brought this current of his thoughts to an abrupt stop. But it seemed to him that the warm sunlight of the afternoon, the locusts with their shimmering notes in the air, the clouds that begun to sink upon the west and lose their golden glow in the sea, and every thing he saw, were trembling with a kind of expectation, and all eagerly watching him.

Heart in his hand that that all over him—from crown to sole, through every nerve and fibre his heart throbbled and tingled as he moved. But while he was thinking he was also walking, and his bold feet carried his doubting heart up to the gate, which seemed to his fancy to open a great deal harder than it used to; perhaps it did, but then he hadn't opened any gates for two years. He followed the path round to the door, and stopped to consider whether to knock. If he should go right in it might seem too bold; and if he knocked it might seem too formal—one forgets customs on shipboard: but he chose the former, and so walked in. It is such an excellent way to get at people's real feelings to catch them off their guard!

Mrs. Hodges and Dorr were in the kitchen when he entered it. He did catch them, for Dorr was ironing and her mother's hands were "in the dough." Nevertheless it gave him a sudden pang to see them so; for he thought, "If she had supposed I was coming here she could not have been ironing in the kitchen," and the thermometer fell a number of degrees. He didn't know, however, that Dorr had expected him, and had been watching all the afternoon, and so had seen him marching that way, and in spite of maternal remonstrances had felt it her duty to assist about the ironing. She was woman enough not to mean to let him think she was waiting for him.

Mrs. Hodges spoke first, and half put out a fiery hand; then drew it back with a deprecatory gesture, and bent again over her work. He hadn't heard what she said, however, but looked at Dorr, who started in spite of herself; then gave him her hand, which, albeit it was hot and red from the merciless flat-irons, he pressed as meaningly as she dared, and thought he had a little edge of a touch in return. "She didn't expect me, but her mother did," thought he, in which he had the thing exactly reversed, but no wonder; for since Eve was fooled by a *he I think the femmas* have been fooled by men, and have had their revenge all along by fooling the *hommas*.

"When did you get back?"

"Now present you don't know. Yesterday."

"Well, I did see a ship come in after meeting was out. Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"Very pleasant after I got into the home waters, so that I thought I could smell home in every breeze that came from this way."

Dorr raised her eyebrows and was going to whistle—an old trick she had. "How does home smell?"

"I can't tell you exactly till you go away from it; but it's good to think of after a hard day's work."

Mrs. Hodges, "Working is hard work, I do suppose," said

"I'll do for exercise. I see there is work to be done on shore too."

"Oh yes indeed," answered Dorr, enthusiastically; "here's my ironing, you see," taking a fresh iron from the fire. "I wish we didn't have ironing to do in the hot weather."

Mrs. Hodges had finished her sponge, and had set it away to rise, and found she had work to do in another part of the house; so she went out, without heeding a look from Dorr, whose back was just then turned toward "him."

"I think you didn't expect to see me," he said, by way of experiment.

"Why, did Mahaly tell you I said I didn't want to see you?" cried Dorr, without thinking that she had made a slip.

"No, Mahaly didn't tell me; Miss Eudora told me, but I don't want to believe her, and I don't think I do."

Dorr made no answer, but her cheeks burned as she glanced sideways at him; and they were silent a little while.

"What am I now?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Just before I went away you called me Mr. Handy. What am I now?"

"Well, you haven't had your name changed, I suppose. See there, how you are raveling my nice ironing-cloth, Mr. Handy!"

"So I am. I beg pardon. I was thinking of some other things that are raveling to waste."

"I see you're just as sober as you used to be, and you talk just in the same way."

"And I am just as dull too, you would say."

"No, I didn't mean that at all."

"But you thought it? I am sober, Dorr, because I don't see any thing to laugh at just now. And then I've been away two years, and haven't heard much in that time; and perhaps I've been a little restive withal to get back; and now I am back we two are just as stiff as if we never met before."

"But—you're grown so, and look so different, I'm most afraid of you."

"Yes, but that isn't the way to get over it, to be afraid."

"You're the one that's stiff, I'm sure, with your long words and long face too," said Dorr, feeling quite vexed.

"But I hoped you would be a little glad to see me after all this time."

"Well, I haven't said I wasn't glad."

"What was it you told me just now without meaning it?"

"Oh! but you said a minute ago you didn't believe that."

"I don't; but still you don't seem quite as I wished."

"I see you are bound to quarrel. I didn't know that that going to sea made people so rough."

"I am scolding—forgive me; but we won't quarrel, Dorr. What do you suppose I have been counting the days and wondering if I should find—"

Here an interruption. Dorr had been casting about for an expedient, and she caught at the first and the worst one. "Ah-h!" she cried, dancing back from the table and flitting her fingers in the air; then, catching her holder, she seized the flat-iron in a new place; but this time she really did what she pretended before—burnt her—and so let her hold when she had lifted it fairly up. Down went the heavy iron thud upon the table, then pitched to the floor, striking her ankle violently as it fell. No scream; but she gave a flush and a catch of her breath with the acute pain, and would have fallen had he not caught her from the floor with equal strength and gentleness; and before she could utter a syllable he had started for the stairs with her.

And with such a firm look on his mouth that she did not remonstrate. He had not forgotten the way, and he carried her directly to her room, and put her down gently without a word; but he could not help touching her lips with his, in his happy nervousness, and was rewarded by a look and the whispered word he had been longing to hear—"Frank!" Then he left her and went away.

The ankle was slow at healing—far too slow for Dorr's patience; and she said to herself, "It's just good enough for me. I'd no business to be trying such a trick at all; and I should have known better than to try such a stupid one as that. Ache away; I deserve the whipping." And so the ankle kept giving repentant and monitory twinges.

Frank Handy walked away in a sort of glow. His call had ended rather abruptly, to be sure; but had he not held her a moment in his arms, that had been yearning for her over all the trackless miles of sea? And had she not called him by his name? He almost wished the ankle never would get well, and that he might carry her in his arms forever; and then he was inclined to bless the knowing flat-iron, that had come in to take his part. Surely a fairy—one of the New England sort, that never can work with any thing less real than flat-irons and broomssticks—must have taken hold of it just that minute. Why, so indeed she did; and she was lying up stairs now with a bruised ankle! And then he accused himself of having caused it all, and was miserable again.

gracious now. She smiled on him, and said she hurt was not much matter, for it gave her a chance to be idle, and kept the neighbors from interrupting her; she heard him read to her by the hour, made him tell sea-yarns, and let him feed her with the jellies and other niceties which considerate friends sent in. It was impossible for him to understand it all. Strong, earnest, direct character that he was, he could not understand how any body could act any thing or hide any thing; and whether she really cared for him and enjoyed being with him, or was only doing it to please him, was the question he could not answer and only she could. But it was somehow not easy to ask it just then; whenever he began to skirt about the tender edges of his secret Dorr took alarm, real or pretended. She would give him an appealing look as much as to say, "You can't take advantage of my helpless position here;" and then another look would threaten, "If you do I shall go to sleep;" and so the words got no further than his throat.

Several weeks slipped away. The wind had blown the spiky leaves of the *Yucca* down, and the cables creaked her impatience at being tied to shore. The moderate cargo had been discharged, and supplies and ballast taken in; and the crew were getting ready to say another good-by to the lasses they left on shore. One day Frank Handy went to the house from a direction that took him through a piece of woods, and while in this he suddenly started to find that, while he was going to the house, the brass had come out to him. The next Dorr picking her way along with a polished, cushioned, brass-ornamented crutch. On seeing him she started too; but did not resist when he gently took the crutch away and somehow substituted his own arm for it.

"How could I have thought you were coming this way?" said she. "Do you generally come so?"

"Sometimes. But if I have been a little later I should have found my patient gone."

"And then the doctor would have caught it. I suppose mother'll scold now; but the afternoon was too lovely and I feel so strong."

"I am very glad to see you; but I could almost find it in my heart to be sorry too, for I have seen more of you, and now I must go away again in a day or two. How shall I think of you after I am gone?"

"I don't know I'm sure. Excuse me, there's a hop-vine I want some of."

He bent the vine over steadily, broke off the bells, and, sitting down beside her, began to polish them with a sailor's dexterity and neatness. There was a sort of dreaminess in watching the motions of his fingers, and neither of them spoke till the wreath was finished; then with a sudden toss he threw it over her head, and with the same motion caught both her hands in his.

"There is no use in trying to conceal the truth," he said; "you have seen in my eyes long ago what I am going to tell you with my lips. You know as well as I do that I love you, but you do not know how much and how long. You do not know that when I went away I left the better part of me here. You do not know how you have been in my thoughts till I can hardly see or hear any thing that does not remind me of you, and I do not suppose you know how much I mean when I tell you now that I love you. See, Dorr! I can hold your hands here if I chose; but I can not hold them through life without your consent."

"Let them go, then! will you put them in mine again?"

Her hands lay in her lap.

"Will you not? Mine are waiting."

Her hands did not stir, and there was no sound except the wind rustling through the leaves.

"I am very sorry, but I can not be to let you what you wish," she said.

What sword is so keen as cruel words? Her eyes were averted from the earnest look of his, but she felt a shiver through the strong arm that lay touching her wrist so close.

"Listen, Dorr. I am going away—that is certain; and also that you are to say how I shall go. I am somewhat hard and stern now; shall I go without your love to soften and humanize me? There are temptations every where, and I have mine, which are no trifles; will you make them stronger, or will you make me with this hope to resist them with? Will you make me doubt God, Dorr?—for I believe I am near that. I never can forget all the times we have been together, or even to-day; shall I think of them all as part of the happiness of my life, or will you arm them against me with the stings of furies?"

She turned her eyes to meet his, then looked away again, and did not speak.

"I am older than you," he resumed, "and I am a man, as strong as men generally are; but Dorr, now I am dependent on your will. Why do you suppose your sex has this power given them over men?"

"I hope you may find some one who will use it as you wish. I must go back now."

"No, you shall not. You are not just to either of us. You injure me by only half believing what I say, and you injure yourself by doubting your own power. I have not deserved this, and I will not put up with it."

Dorr began to look black. "I don't know why you should say such things to me."

"I have a right to say them. You know better than I how much or how little you meant by all the encouragement you have given me; and you know—I do not—whether you have not known of my love this great while. One of us has changed, for I do not recognize the girl I used to know. Have I waited all this time in vain, Dorr? Will you send me away quite empty? Think a little, and remember what you are deciding."

He waited. The leaves rustled cheerily; the locusts hummed in their old way; all the sounds of the woods kept on as usual; and the careless squirrels skipped across the path and looked at them. Tick, tick, went the minutes on which he

had hung his hopes, and when he looked at her there was no change in her fixed expression—part indifference, part vexation.

"I see it now," said he, bitterly: "this is my first knowledge of coquetry, and your sex are welcome to it as their special prerogative. You have worn me till you were tired of me, and now you throw me away as you will that wreath which it has faded, and care as much for one as the other."

"You talk now as if you loved me, certainly." "Would I talk so if I did not? I ask you honestly, and with all the love of my soul, to be my wife, and help me reach a better height of manhood than I can ever reach without you; and you throw my love in my face as if I were made for your amusement. Now I see my duty before me. I will not be a slave if I can help it, and I am going to think it over, and put you out of my heart if I can."

Dorr was really angry. "Will you help me up, Mr. Hendry, or hand me my crutch?" He obeyed, and went with her to her father's gate without another word, and left her there with a simple good-by, while she went to her room, from which she came to supper with such a face that Sam stared and kept staring.

On the next day Sam came rushing into the house like a tornado that had just slipped its halter, bringing with him three things—a pair of unusually large and round eyes, a bitten finger, and a lamentable face, and called on Dorr to go out and see what there was in the yard. Remonstrance on her part—she was busy; but Sam insisted. "Such an ugly little beauty!" he said, and so went. In the grass close to the yard fence there was a cage in which was one of the gaudiest of parrots. Dorr went back to the house indignant. "Of all the screaming, hateful things in the world, a parrot's the worst!" And she would not let Sam move the cage or go near it; so there the unlovely bird staid all day, and bit and scroached to his heart's content.

But at nightfall suppose she relented, for one who was on the watch might have seen that the cage was brought into the house. A folded piece of paper was attached to it, and Dorr read:

"Since yesterday I think I was harsh to you. Forgive me; but my heart was sore."

"You once said to me that you should like a parrot. I came upon this one a number of months ago, and so I brought him home with me, and now I leave him for you. His education has been sadly neglected, and he can not talk much as yet; perhaps you can teach him. I might have slit his tongue with the half of a sapphire you gave me so long ago, but for some reason I did not. I will not see, keep him for my sake, but if you are ever tired of him I have never heard that the bird is peculiarly treacherous of life."

"I fear I shall not be able to put you out of my heart, Dorr. It is sad and pitiful that you should forget, who have no need to, and I, who shall be tortured till I do, can not. If I have any in something like grin pleasantry forgive me, for bitterness will come sometimes, though not against you if I can help it. Good-by, and let me be your friend. FRANK."

At the same time that Dorr read this and dropped a tear on it, the impatient *Emerald* glided out of the harbor and stood to sea.

The bird was soon duly domesticated, and Dorr came really to like him. He was "an ugly little beauty," however, for he certainly was a beauty and his temper was vicious. He never was disposed to be talkative, and all his efforts at speech ended in an odd mixture of two or three consonants which sounded more like "whurr" than anything else; so that was given as his name.

Time went on month by month, the *Emerald* creeping on her venturesome course somewhere on the lower edge of the world, and Dorr going quietly on with her old life. New England is even now very uniform in its domestic life from day to day, and was much more so in the old times. Dorr probably was content, or if she was not, she never hinted it or showed it, but went on with her duties, taking care also of her strange pet, native of regions where Nature has made life appeal to the eye rather than the ear; but sometimes when she looked at him she thought of his distant owner, and possibly felt a touch of some kind of regret.

One day there was an unusual screaming heard. The cat had made a demonstration against the cage, and when Dorr picked it up and replaced it on the hook there was a piece of white paper lying on the floor. She was puzzled at first, as she recognized the writing; then she concluded it must have been hidden, accidentally or purposely, between the two boards of the bottom of the cage, and she had jolted it out. It read:

"I forgot to tell you that there is a sort of magic about this parrot. Some one bewitched it on him—a Misby wizard, I believe. He can speak if he has any thing important enough to say; and if you ever wish really to know about me, where I am, and what I am doing and thinking, if you will ask him seriously he will tell you. Never do it unless you really desire to know, and then believe that he will tell you the truth. Again, and for the last time. FRANK."

"Nonsense!" was Dorr's thought; and she put the note away. During the afternoon she was thinking of it occasionally, however. She had an irresistible inclination to think over all she had known of her rejected lover in past years. How could he write her such a story as that and think she would believe it? Did going to sea make a man superstitious? Fshaw! Yes, indeed, she would like to know where he was, and it would be nice if the parrot could talk.

When it was coming dusk she found herself alone in the house; for her father and Sam had not come in from work, and her mother had stepped out for an hour. Perhaps the soft twilight influenced her, and she went up to the cage, which hung at the window. The bird had dozed, but she woke him up and looked at him, thinking it over. She sat down in the window and let him out, and he flew around her as he was accustomed to do, craving his single old word.

"Where is he?" cried she. "Does he think about me yet? Does he know how sorry I am I used him so, because I love him?"

The parrot did not answer a word. Of course he couldn't; how foolish! He only flew round and round her. Finally he settled on her head; but he was rubbing her hair with his beak and claws in a very unusual way. The touch was strange, very strange; the bird was surely possessed. The pressure on her head grew stronger and changed, and the claws were transformed into a pair of hands that suddenly slid down over her ears to her waist, where they held her in a firm clasp, and—

"Yes!" said Frank Hendry. "I did not go in the *Emerald*, and I got back yesterday."

"Yes?" cried Dorr, with a blush and a start. Then sinking her head lower and lower, till it rested naturally on his shoulder and hid itself there, she murmured:

"Oh, Frank! I was only talking to Whiff!"

CHIAPA CHOCOLATE.

DOM BERNARD DE SALAZAR, Bishop of Chiapa, Mexico, had the misfortune to live in a perpetually state of contest with the ladies of his flock, and the subject of dispute was chocolate. It was a brave struggle—bravely fought on both sides.

The prelate fulminated all the censures at his disposal in his ecclesiastical armory; the ladies, on their side, made use of all the devices and intrigues stored in their little heads.

Now the great subject of altercation was as follows: The ladies of Chiapa were so addicted to the use of chocolate that they would neither hear low mass, much less high mass, nor a sermon, without drinking cups of steaming chocolate, and eating preserves, brought in on trays by servants during the performance of divine service; so that the voice of the preacher, or the chant of the priest, was drowned in the continual clatter of cups and clink of spoons; besides, the floor, after service, was strewn with *bon-bon* papers, and stained with splashes of the spilled beverage.

How could that be devotion which was broken in upon by the tray of delicacies! How could a preacher warm with his subject while his audience were passing to each other sponge-cake and cracknels!

Bishop Salazar's predecessor had seen this abuse grow to a head without attempting to correct it, believing such a task to be hopeless. The new prelate was of better metal. He commenced by recommending his clergy, in their private ministrations, to urge its abandonment. The priests entreated in vain. "Very well," said the Bishop, "then I shall preach about it." And so he did. At first his discourse was tender and persuasive, but his voice was drowned in the clicker of cups and saucers. Then he waxed indignant. "What have ye no houses to eat and to drink in? or despoil ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you?" The ladies looked up at the pulpit with unimpaired eyes while sipping their chocolate, then wiped their lips and put out their hands for some comfits.

The bishop's voice thrilled shiverer and louder— he looked like an Apostle in his golly indignation. Crash! down went a tray at the cathedral door, and every one looked round to see whose cups were broken.

"What was the subject of the sermon?" asked masters of their apprentices every Sunday for the next month, and the ready answer came, "Oh! chocolate again."

After a course on the guilt of church desecration, the Bishop found that the ladies were only confirmed in their evil habits.

Reluctantly, the Bishop had recourse to the only method open to him, an excommunication, which was accordingly affixed to the cathedral gates. By this he decreed that all persons showing willful disobedience to his injunctions, by drinking or eating during the celebration of divine service, whether of mass (high or low), Hitanies, benediction, or vesper, should be *ipso facto* excommunicated; be deprived of participation in the sacraments of the Church, and should be denied the rite of burial, if dying in a state of impenitence. This was felt to be a severe stroke; and the ladies sent a deputation to Gage and the Prior of the Dominican monastery of St. James, entreating them to use their utmost endeavors to bring about a reconciliation and effect a compromise; a compromise which was to consist in Monseigneur's revoking his interdiction and in their—continuing to drink chocolate.

Gage and the Prior undertook the delicate office, and sought the Bishop.

Salazar received them with dignity, and listened calmly to their entreaties. They urged that this was an established custom; that ladies required humoring; that they were obstinate—the prelate nodded his head; that their digestions were delicate, and required that they should continually be imbibing nourishment; that they had taken a violent prejudice against him, which could only be overcome by his yielding to their whims; that if he persisted, seditions would arise which would endanger the cause of true religion; and, finally, the prelate's life was menaced in a way rather hinted at than expressed.

"Enough, my sons!" said the Bishop, with composure: "the souls under my jurisdiction must be in a perilous condition when they have forgotten that there must be obedience in little matters as well as in great; whether I am assaulting an established custom or a new abuse matters little. It is a bad habit; it is sapping the foundations of reverence and morality. God's house was built for worship, and for that alone. My children must come to His temple either to learn or to pray. Learn they will not, for they have forgotten how to pray; prayer they are unused to, for the highest act of adoration the Church can offer is only regarded by them as an opportunity for the gratification of their appetites. You recommend me to yield to their vagaries. A strange shepherd would be he who let his sheep lead him; a wonder-

captain who was dictated to by his soldiers. As for the cause of true religion being endangered, I judge differently. Religion is endangered; but it is by children's disobedience to their spiritual legislators, and by their own perversity. I am sorry for you, my sons, that you should have undertaken a fruitless office; but you may believe me that nothing shall induce me to swerve from the course which I deem advisable. My personal safety, you hint, is endangered; my life, I answer, is in my Master's hands, and I value it but as it may advance His glory."

When the ladies heard that their request had been refused, they treated the excommunication with the greatest contempt, scoffing at it publicly, and imbibing chocolate in church, "on principle," more than ever; "Just," says Gage, "drinking in church as a fish drinks in water."

Some of the canons and priests were then stationed at the cathedral doors to stop the ingress of the servants with cups and chocolate-pots. They had received injunctions to remove the drinking and eating vessels, and suffer the servants to come empty-handed to church. A violent struggle ensued in the porch, and all the ladies within rushed in a body to the doors, to assist their domestics. The poor clerks were utterly routed and thrown in confusion down the steps, while, with that odious well-known clink, clink, the trays came in as before.

Another move was requisite, and on the following Sunday, when the ladies came to church, they found a band of soldiers drawn up outside, ready to barricade the way against any inroad of chocolate; a stern determination was depicted on the faces of the military—that if cups and saucers *did* enter the sacred edifice it should be over their corpses.

The foremost damsels halted, the matrons stood still, the crowd thickened, but not one of the pretty angels would set foot within the cathedral precincts: a busy whisper circulated, then a hush ensued, and all at once the ladies trooped off to the monastery churches, and there was no congregation that day at the Minister.

The brethren of St. Dominic and of St. Francis were nothing loth to see their chapels crowded with all the rank and fashion of Chiapa; for with the ladies came money-offerings, and they blinked at the chocolate cups for—a consideration. This was allowed to continue a few Sundays only. Our friend the bishop was not going to be shelved thus, and a new manifesto appeared, inhibiting the friars from admitting parishioners to their chapels, and ordering the latter to frequent their cathedral. The regulars were forced to obey; not so the ladies—they would go when they pleased, quothal for a month and more not one of them went to church at all. The prelate was in sore trouble: he hoped that his forward charge would eventually return to the path of duty, but he hoped on from Sunday to Sunday in vain.

On Saturday evening the old bishop was more than usually anxious; he paced up and down his library, meditating on the sermon he purposed preaching on the following morning—a fruitless fast for one month; that no one would be there but a few poor Mexicans. Sick at heart, he all but wished that he had yielded for peace's sake, but conscience told him that such a course would have been wrong; and the great feature in Salazar's character was his rigid sense of duty. He leaned on his elbows and looked out of a window which opened on a lane between the palace and the cathedral.

"Silly boy!" muttered the prelate. "Luis is always prattling with that girl. I thought better of it, but he will not let me alone. He spoke these words as his eyes caught his page, chattering at the door, with a dark-eyed Creole servant-maid of the De Solis family. Presently the bishop clapped his hands, and a domestic entered. "Send Luis to me."

When the page came up, the old man greeted him with a half-smile.

"Well, my son, I wish my chocolate to be brought me;" could not think of breaking off the long *congratulations* with Dolores, but this is past the proper time."

"Your Holiness will pardon me," said the lad; "Dolores brought you a present from the Donna de Solis; the lady sends her humble respects to your Holiness, and requests your acceptance of a large packet of very beautiful chocolate."

"I am much obliged to her," said the bishop; "did you express to the maiden my thanks?"

Luis bowed.

"Then, child, you may prepare me a cup of this chocolate, and bring it me at once."

"The Donna de Solis's chocolate?"

"Yes, my son, yes."

When he had left the room, the old man clasped his hands with an expression of thankfulness.

"They are going to yield! This is a sign that they are desiring reconciliation."

Next day the cathedral was thronged with ladies. The page proceeded as usual, but the bishop was not present.

"How is the Bishop?" was whispered from one lady to another, with conscious glances; till the query reached the ears of one of the canons who was by the door.

"His Holiness is very ill," he answered, "He has retired to the monastery of St. James."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is suffering from severe pains, internally."

"Is he seen a doctor?"

"Physicians have been sent for."

For eight days the good old prelate lingered in great suffering. "Tell me," he asked, very feebly; "tell me truly, what is my complaint?" "Your Holiness has been poisoned," replied the physician.

The Bishop turned his face to the wall. Some one whispered that he was dead, when he had been thus for some while. The dying man turned his face round, and said:

"Hush! I am praying for my poor sheep! May God pardon them." Then, after a pause: "I forgive them for having caused my death, most heartily. Poor sheep!"

And he died.

Since then there has been a proverb prevalent in Mexico: "Beware of tasting Chiapa chocolate."

The cathedral presented the same scene as before; the prelate had lauded in vain, and chocolate was copiously drank at his funeral.

THE SIOUX WAR.

THE illustration which we give on page 693 shows us what, we trust, will prove the close of the Sioux War, viz., the surprise of the Indians by Sully's Brigade on 3d September. The author of the sketch, an officer in the 6th Iowa Cavalry, one of the most gallant regiments in the service, writes us:

"FORT PHIBBS, DAKOTA TERRITORY, September 5, 1863.

"While public attention has been completely absorbed with the Rebellion and the splendid record made by the Federal troops in July, an expedition which started from Sioux City in June has been working its way against every adverse circumstance up to Dacotah to punish the savages for the massacres in Minnesota last year. The troops were General A. Sully's Brigade, and consisted of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Colonel D. S. Wilson; eight companies of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, Colonel R. W. Furness; one company of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Captain Millard, and one battery of six small brass pieces. General Sully's aids are his old Potomac officers, belonging to the immortal First Minnesota, viz.: Adjutant-General Captain J. H. Fell, Captain King, and Lieutenant Levering. They encountered the Indians near White Stone Hill, about the centre of Dacotah Territory, on the 3d of September, and in a most bloody fight of about thirty minutes, before night set in, killed nearly two hundred savages, wounding nearly one hundred more, capturing one hundred and fifty-eight prisoners, besides seizing immense supplies of buffalo meat which they had dried for the winter, destroying five hundred of their lodges, capturing a large lot of ponies, and an immense stock of robes, furs, etc. The result of this fight will most certainly wipe the savages' name for peace. They never have suffered such a terrible blow. The left represents the Sixth Iowa Cavalry led by Colonel Wilson, who narrowly escaped, his horse being killed under him while gallantly leading his regiment. The right represents the Second Nebraska under their popular Colonel R. W. Furness, whose horse was wounded under him in the engagement. The whole brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Alfred Sully. He is a most gallant officer, having fought bravely in every battle on the Potomac from Ball's Bluff to Chancellorsville. He is an old regular, and was selected because he was experienced in savage warfare. In this battle the number engaged was about twelve hundred against the same number of Indian warriors. He lost twelve men killed and twenty-three wounded. Few officers would have overcame all the obstacles that General Sully did in the trip. He deserves well at the hands of his countrymen. In every grade he has done his duty nobly. I refer you to more particulars of the battle to the Iowa papers."

CHARLES TON.

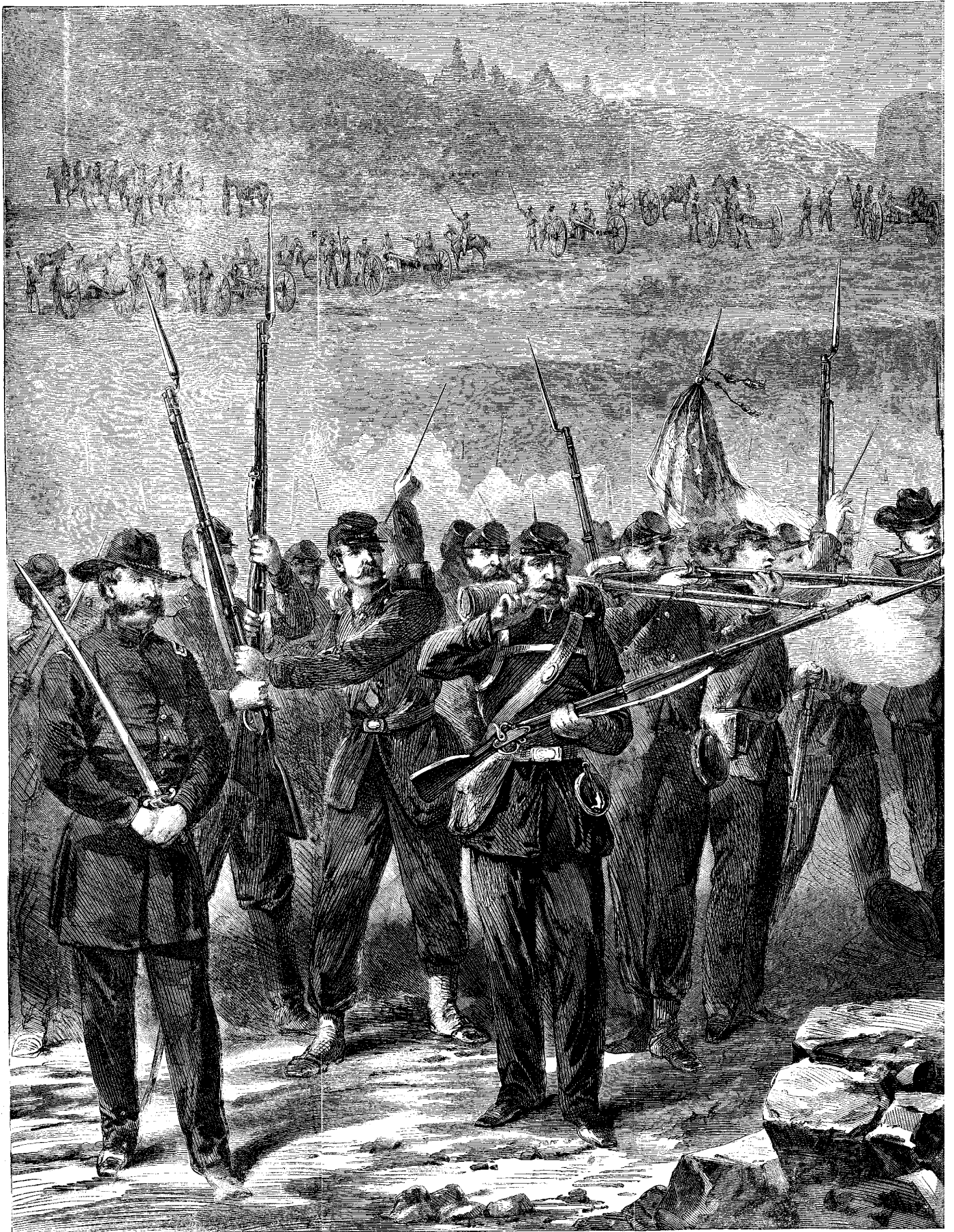
WE devote pages 700 and 701 to illustrations of the progress of events at Charleston.

The attempt to blow up the iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides*, on the evening of the 5th of October, is one of the most daring and brilliant exploits of the present war—a war full of brave deeds. Our artist has drawn the scene just at the moment of explosion, when the crew of the vessel were firing volleys of musketry at the unseen foe. The explosion was witnessed by him: from the beach near Fort Wagner, and the scene from there obtained initially grand, notwithstanding the darkness of the night.

Our artist also sends us a sketch of the "cigar steamer" used in the attempt. It is drawn from the descriptions of the prisoners Glassell and Tombs—the former, at the commencement of the war, a lieutenant in the United States navy. The steamer, if such a contrivance can be called a steamer, was only large enough to contain four or five men. The torpedo was attached to the forward end, and far enough under water to come in contact with the vessel's bottom to which it was directed. The man who steered was entirely exposed, sitting on top with his feet in the water. It was this man who fired the shot which is supposed to have mortally wounded the officer of the deck on the *Ironsides*. This nondescript was towed abreast of Fort Sumter by a small steamer, and from there started upon its supposed errand of destruction, accompanied by the small boat which our artist has thrown in the foreground of the picture on page 700.

The subject of our sketch now lies in the bottom of the harbor on the very spot chosen as the resting-place of the *Ironsides*. It carried down with it the bodies of two of its crew of four.

Our other illustrations, from sketches by Mr. Otto Enz, show us the enemy's works on Sullivan's Island. Mr. Enz writes: "The representation of Fort Moultrie shows the effects of the last bombardment by the *Ironsides* and *Monitors*. The effect of the shots is visible on the house standing in the centre of the fort; also on the outside of the ramparts or banks where you see men at work to mend the damages. Those square white patches resting on the embankment are piles of sand-bags to protect the gunners, and have been erected since the last fight, giving to the fort a different appearance from what it had three weeks ago. The other batteries, Bee and Beauregard, are all on Sullivan's Island, and will in the next few days be the scene of a desperate fight."



THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—THOMAS'S MEN REPU





PULSING THE CHARGES OF THE REBELS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

**VERY HARD CASH.**

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

**CHAPTER XLII.**

The tenacity of a private lunatic asylum is unique. A little push behind your back and you slide into one; but to get out again is to scale a precipice with crumbling sides. Alfred, luckier than many, had twice nearly escaped; yet now he was tighter in than ever. His father at first meant to give him but a year or two of it, and let him out on terms, his spirit broken, and Julia married. But his sister's death was fatal to him. By Mrs. Hardie's settlement the portion of any child of hers dying a minor, or intestate and childless, was to go to the other children; so now the prisoner had inherited his sister's ten thousand pounds, and a good slice of his bereaved enemy's and father's income. But this doubled his bitterness—that he, the unloved one, should be enriched by the death of the adored one!—and also tempted his cupidity; and unfortunately shallow legislation conspired with that temptation. For, when an Englishman, sane or insane, is once pushed behind his back into a mad-house, those relatives who have hidden him from the public eye, and from the eye of justice, can grab hold of his money behind his back, as they certified away his wits behind his back, and can administer it in the dark, and embezzle it, chanting "But for us the 'dear deranged' would waste it." Nor do the monstrous enactments, which confer this unconstitutional power on subjects, and shield its exercise from the light and safeguard of Publicity, affix any penalty to the abuse of that power; if by one chance in a thousand detected. In Lunacy Law extremes of intellect meet; the British senator plays at Satan; and tempts human frailty and cupidity beyond what they are able to bear.

So behold a son at twenty-one years of age devoted by a father to imprisonment for life. But stop a minute; the mad statutes, which by the threefold temptation of Facility, Obscurity, and Impunity, insure the occasional incarceration and frequent detention of sane but moneyed men, do provide, though feebly, for their bare liberation, provided they don't yield to the genius loci, and the natural effect of confinement plus anguish, by going mad, or dying. The Commissioners of Lunacy had power to liberate Alfred in spite of his relations. And that power, you know, he had solemnly but earnestly implored them to exercise.

After a delay that seemed as strange to him as postponing a hand to a drowning man, he received an official letter from Whitehall. With bounding heart he broke the seal, and devoured the contents. They ran thus:

"Sir,—By order of the Commissioners of Lunacy I am directed to inform you that they are in the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, which will be laid before the board at their next meeting. I am, etc."

Alfred was bitterly disappointed at the small advance he had made. However, it was a great point to learn that his letters were allowed to go to the Commissioners at all, and would be attended to by degrees.

He waited and waited, and struggled hard to possess his soul in patience; at times his brain throbbled and his blood boiled, and he longed to kill the remorseless, kindless monsters who robbed him of his liberty, his rights as a man, and his Julia; but he knew this would not do; that what they wanted was to gnaw his reason away, and then who could disprove that he had always been mad? Now he felt that brooding on his wrong would infuriate him; so he clenched his teeth, and vowed a solemn vow that nothing should drive him mad. By advice of a patient he wrote again to the Commissioners begging for a Special Commission to inquire into his case; and this done, with rare stoicism, self-defense, and wisdom in one so young, he actually sat down to read hard for his first class. Now, to do this, he wanted the Ethics, Politics, and Rhetoric of Aristotle, certain Dialogues of Plato, the Comedies of Aristophanes, the first-class Historians, Demosthenes, Lucevius, a Greek Testament, Wheeler's Analysis, Prideaux, Horne, and several books of reference, sacred and profane. But he could not get these books without Dr. Wycherley, and unfortunately he had cut that worthy dead in his own asylum.

"The Scornful Dog" had to eat wormwood pudding and humble pie. He gulped these delicacies as he might; and Dr. Wycherley showed excellent qualities; he entered into his maniac's studies with singular alacrity, supplied him with several classics from his own shelves, and borrowed the rest at the London Library. Nor did his zeal stop there; he offered to read an hour a day with him, and owned it would afford him the keenest gratification to turn out an Oxford first classman from his asylum. This remark puzzled Alfred, and set him thinking; it bore a subtle family resemblance to the observations he heard every day from the patients; it was once-eyed.

Soon Alfred became the Doctor's pet maniac. They were often closeted together in high discourse, and indeed discussed Psychology, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy with indefatigable zest, long after common sense would have packed them both off to bed, the donkeys. In fact, they got so thick that Alfred thought it only fair to say one day, "Mind, Doctor, all these pleasant fruitful hours we spend together so sweetly will not prevent my indicting you for a conspiracy as soon as I get out: it will rob the retribution of half its relish though."

"Ah, my dear young friend and fell-w-student," said the Doctor, blandly, "let us not

sacrifice the delights of our profitable occupation of imbibing the sweets of intellectual intercourse to vague speculations as to our future destiny. During the course of a long and not, I trust, altogether unprofitable, career, it has not unfrequently been my lot to find myself on the verge of being indicted, sued, assassinated, hung. Yet here I sit, as yet unimolated on the altar of phrenetic vengeance. This is ascribable to the fact that my friends and pupils always adopt a more favorable opinion of me long before I part with them; and ere many days (and this I divine by infallible indicia) your cure will commence in earnest; and, in proportion as you progress to perfect restoration of the powers of judgment, you will grow in suspicion of the fact of being under a delusion—or rather I should say of a very slight perversion and perturbation of the forces of your admirable intellect—and a proper subject for temporary sedation. Indeed this consciousness of insanity is the one diagnostic of sanity that never deceives me; and, on the other hand, an obstinate persistence in the hypothesis of perfect rationality demonstrates the fact that insanity yet lingers in the convolutions and recesses of the brain, and that it would not be humane as yet to cast the patient on a world in which he would inevitably be taken some ungenerous advantage of."

Alfred ventured to inquire whether this was no rather paradoxical. Indeed this consciousness of insanity is the one diagnostic of sanity that never deceives me; and, on the other hand, an obstinate persistence in the hypothesis of perfect rationality demonstrates the fact that insanity yet lingers in the convolutions and recesses of the brain, and that it would not be humane as yet to cast the patient on a world in which he would inevitably be taken some ungenerous advantage of."

"Certainly," said the ready Doctor; "and paradoxicality is an indicial characteristic of truth in all matters beyond the comprehension of the vulgar."

"That sounds rational," said the maniac, very dryly.

One afternoon, grinding hard for his degree, he was invited down stairs to see two visitors. At that word he found out who poor prison took the nerves. He trembled with hope, and fear. It was but for a moment; he bathed his face and hands to compose himself; made his toilet carefully, and went into the drawing-room, all at his guard. There he found Dr. Wycherley and two gentlemen; one was an ex-physician, the other an ex-barrister, who had consented to resign feelessness and brieflessness for a snug £1500 a year at Whitehall. After a momentary greeting they continued the conversation with Dr. Wycherley, and scarcely noticed Alfred. They were there no formal; a plausible lunatic had pestered the Board, and extorted a visit of ceremony. Alfred's blood boiled, but he knew it must not boil over. He contrived to throw a short, pertinent remark in every now and then. This, being done politely, told, and at last Dr. Eszell, Commissioner of Lunacy, smiled and turned to him. "Allow me to put a few questions to you."

"The more the better, Sir," said Alfred.

Dr. Eszell then asked him to describe minutely, and in order, all he had done since seven o'clock that day. And he did it. Examined him in the multiplication table. And he did it. And, while he was applying these old-fashioned tests, Wycherley's face wore an expression of pity, that was truly comical. Now this Dr. Eszell had an itch for the classics; so he went on to say, "You have been a scholar, I hear."

"I am not old enough to be a scholar, Sir," said Alfred; "but I am a student."

"Well, well; now can you tell me what follows this line?"

Jusque datum seclert animus populumque potentem."  
"Why, not at the moment."  
"Oh, surely you can," said Dr. Eszell, ironically. "It is in a tolerably well-known passage. Come, try."  
"Well, I'll try," said Alfred, sneering secretly. "Let me see:  
Mum—mum—mum—populumque potentem, In sua victrioli convorum visera dextra."  
"Quite right; now go on, if you can."  
Alfred, who was playing with his examiner all this time, pretended to cudgel his brains a bit, then went on, and warmed involuntarily with the lines:

"Cognatasque sales et rupto federe regio  
Carnium totis emersit visceribus orbis.  
In commune nefas; infestis que obruta signis  
Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pila."  
"He seems to have a good memory," said the examiner, rather taken aback.  
"Oh, that is nothing for him," observed Wycherley.  
"He has Horace all by heart; you'd wonder."  
"And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder."  
The great faculty of Memory thus tested, Dr. Eszell proceeded to a greater; Judgment.  
"Spirited lines those, Sir."  
"Yes, Sir; but surely rather tumid. 'The whole forces of the shaken globe?' But little poets love big words."  
"I see; you agree with Horace, that so great a work as an epic poem should open modestly, with an invocation."  
"No, Sir," said Alfred. "I think that rather an arbitrary and peevish canon of friend Horace. The *Æneid*, you know, begins just as he says an Epic ought not to begin; and the *Æneid* is the greatest Latin Epic. In the next place, the use of Modesty is to keep a man from writing an Epic Poem at all; but, if he will have that impudence, why then he had better have the courage to plunge into the Castalian stream, like Vigil and Lucret, not crawl in finking and holding on by the Muse's apron-string. But—excuse me—quoriam hæc tam pudica tendunt? what have the Latin poets to do with this modern's Sanity or Insanity?"

Mr. Abbott snorted contemptuously in support of the query. But Dr. Eszell smiled, and said: "Continue to answer me as intelligently, and you may find it has a great deal to do with it." Alfred took this hint, and said, artfully, "Mine was a thoughtless remark; of course a gentleman of your experience can test the mind on any subject however trivial." He added, politely, "Still, if you would but leave the poets,

who are all half crazy themselves, and examine me in the philosophers, of Antiquity, surely it would be a higher criterion."

Dr. Wycherley explained in a patronizing whisper, "He labors under an abnormal contempt for poetry, dating from his attack. Previously to that he actually obtained a prize poem himself."  
"Well, Doctor; and after that am I wrong to despise poetry?"  
"They might have comprehended this on paper, but spoken it was too keen for them all three. The visitors stared, Dr. Wycherley came to their aid: "You might examine my young friend for hours, and not detect the one crevice in the brilliancy of his intellectual armor."  
The maniac made a face as of one that drinketh verjuice suddenly. "For pity's sake, Doctor, don't be so inaccurate; say a spot on the brilliancy, or a crevice in the armor; but not a crevice in the brilliancy. My good friend here, gentlemen, deals in conjectural certificates and broken metaphors. He dislocates more tropes, to my sorrow, than even his friend Shakespeare, whom he thinks a greater philosopher than Aristotle, and who calls the murder of an individual sleeper the murder of sleep, confounding the concrete with the abstract, and then talks of taking arms against a sea of troubles; query, a cork jacket and a flask of brandy."

"Well, Mr. Hardie," said Dr. Eszell, rather feebly; "let me tell you these passages which so shock your peculiar notions are among the most applauded."  
"Very likely, Sir," retorted the maniac, whose logic was up; "but applauded only in a nation where the floods clap their hands every Sunday morning, and we all pray for peace, giving as our exquisite reason that we have got the God of hosts on our side in war."

Mr. Abbott, the other commissioner, had endeavored all this while to show a sign of weary indifference. He now said to Dr. Wycherley, "I wish to put you a question or two in private."  
Alfred was horribly frightened: this was the very dodge that had ruined him at Silverton House. "Oh no, gentlemen," he cried, imploringly. "Let me have fair play. You have given me no secret audience; then why give my accuser one? I am charged with a single delusion; for mercy's sake go to the point at once, and examine me on that head."  
"Now you tell sense," said Mr. Abbott; as if the previous topics had been chosen by Alfred.  
"But that will excite him," objected Dr. Eszell: "it always does excite them."  
"It excites the insane, but not the sane," said Alfred. "So there is another test; you will observe whether it excites me." Then, before they could interrupt him, he glided on:

"The supposed hallucination is this: I strongly suspect my father, a bankrupt—and therefore dishonored all his rank, or having somehow misappropriated a sum of fourteen thousand pounds, which sum is known to have been brought from India by one Captain Dodd, and has disappeared."  
"Stop a minute," said Mr. Abbott. "Who knows it, besides you?"  
"The whole family of the Dodds. They will show you his letter from India, announcing his return with the money."  
"Where do they live?"  
"Albion Villa, Barkington."  
Mr. Abbott then gave the address in his book, and Alfred, mightily cheered and encouraged by this sensible act, went on to describe the various indications, which, insufficient singly, had by their united force driven him to his conclusion. When he described David's appearance and words on his father's lawn at night, Wycherley interrupted him, quietly: "Are you quite sure this was not a vision, a phantom of the mind heated by your agitation, and your suspicions?"

Dr. Eszell nodded assent, knowing nothing about the matter.  
"Fray, Doctor, was I the only person who saw this vision?" inquired Alfred, shyly.  
"I conclude so," said Wycherley, with an admirable smile.  
"But why do you conclude so? because you are one of those who reason in a circle of assumptions. Now it happens that Captain Dodd was seen and felt on that occasion by three persons besides myself."  
"Name them," said Mr. Abbott, sharply.  
"A policeman called Reynolds, another policeman, whose name I don't know, and Miss Julia Dodd. The policemen helped me lift Captain Dodd off the grass, Sir; Julia met us close by, and we four carried Dr. Wycherley's phantom home together to Albion Villa."  
Mr. Abbott nodded down all the names, and then turned to Dr. Wycherley. "What do you say to that?"  
"It is a very important statement," said the Doctor, blandly; "and that I am sure my young friend would not advance it unless he was firmly persuaded of its reality."  
"Much obliged, Doctor; and you would not contradict me so rashly in a matter I know all about and you know nothing about, if it was not your fixed habit to found facts on theories instead of theories on facts."  
"There, that is enough," said Mr. Abbott. "I have brought you both to an issue at last. I shall send to Barkington and examine the policemen and the Dodds."  
"Oh, thank you, Sir," cried Alfred, with emotion. "If you once apply genuine tests like that to my case, I shall not be long in prison."  
"Prison?" said Wycherley, reproachfully. "Have you any complaint, then, to make of your treatment here?" inquired Dr. Eszell.  
"No, no, Sir," said Alfred, warmly. "Dr. Wycherley is the very soul of humanity. Here are no tortures, no handcuffs or leg-locks, no brutality, no insects that murder Sleep—without

offense to Logic. In my last asylum the attendants inflicted violence; here they are allowed to endure it. And, gentlemen, I must tell you a noble trait in my enemy there. Nothing can make him angry with madmen; their lies, their groundless and narrow suspicions of him, their deplorable ingratitude to him, of which I see examples every day that rile me on his account; all these things seem to glide off him, baffled by the infinite kindness of his heart, and the incomparable sweetness of his temper; and he returns the duffers good for evil with scarcely an effort."

At this unexpected tribute the water stood in the Doctor's eyes. It was no more than the truth; but this was the first man he had met intelligent enough to see his good qualities clearly and express them eloquently.  
"In short," continued Alfred, "to be happy in his house all a man wants is to be insane. But, as I am not insane, I am miserable: no convict, no galley-slave is so wretched as I am, gentlemen. And what is my crime?"  
"Well, well," said Dr. Eszell, kindly; "I think it likely you will not be very long in confinement." They then civilly dismissed him; and on his departure asked Dr. Wycherley his candid opinion. Dr. Wycherley said he was now nearly cured; his ability to discuss his delusion without excitement was of itself a proof of that. But in another month he would be better still. The Doctor concluded his remarks thus:  
"However, gentlemen, you have heard him: now judge for yourselves whether any body can be as clever as he is, without the presence of more or less abnormal excitement of the organs of intelligence."  
It was a bright day for Alfred: he saw he had made an excellent impression on the Commissioners, and, as luck could not always come single, after many vain attempts to get a letter posted to Julia, he found this very afternoon a nurse was going away next day. He offered her a guinea, and she agreed to send a letter. Oh the happiness it was to the poor prisoner to see it, and unburden his heart and tell his wrongs. He kept his manhood for his enemies; his tears fell on the paper he sent to his forlorn bride. He had no misgivings of her truth: he judged her by himself; gave her credit for anxiety, but not for doubt. He concluded a long, ardent, tender letter by begging her to come and see him, and, if refused admission, to publish his case in the newspapers, and employ a lawyer to proceed against all the parties concerned in his detention. "Day after day he waited for an answer to his letter; none came. Then he began to be sore perplexed, and torn with agonizing doubts. What if her mind was poisoned too? What if she thought him mad! What if some misfortune had befallen her! What if he had believed him dead, and her heart had broken! Hitherto he had seen his own trouble chiefly; but now he began to think day and night on hers; and though he ground on for his degree not to waste time, and not to be driven mad, yet it was almost superhuman labor, eight hours from his laboring breast while his hard, indomitable brain labored away, all uphill, at Aristotle's Divisions and Definitions.  
On the seventh day, the earliest the mad statute allowed, the two Commissioners returned, and this time Mr. Abbott took the lead, and told him that the policeman Reynolds had left the force, and the Dodds had left the town, and were in London, but their address not known. At this Alfred was much agitated. She was alive, and perhaps near him.  
"I have heard a good deal of your story," said Mr. Abbott, "and, coupling it with what we have seen of you, we think your relatives have treated you, and a young lady of whom every body speaks with respect."  
"God bless you for saying that! God bless you!"  
"—treated you both, I say, with needless severity."  
Dr. Eszell then told him the result of the Special Commission, now closed. "I believe you to be cured," said he; "and Mr. Abbott has some doubts whether you were ever positively insane. We shall lay your case before the Board at once, and the Board will write to the party who signed the order, and propose to him to discharge you at once."

At this magnificent project Alfred's countenance fell, and he stared with astonishment. "What! have you not the power to do me justice, without soliciting Injustice to help you?"  
"The Board has the power," said Dr. Eszell; "but for many reasons they exercise it with prudence and reserve. Besides, it is only fair to those who have signed the order to give them the graceful office of liberating the patient: it paves the way to reconciliation."  
Alfred sighed. The Commissioners, to keep up his heart, promised to send him copies of their correspondence with the persons who had signed the order. "Then," said Mr. Abbott, kindly, "you will see your case is not being neglected."

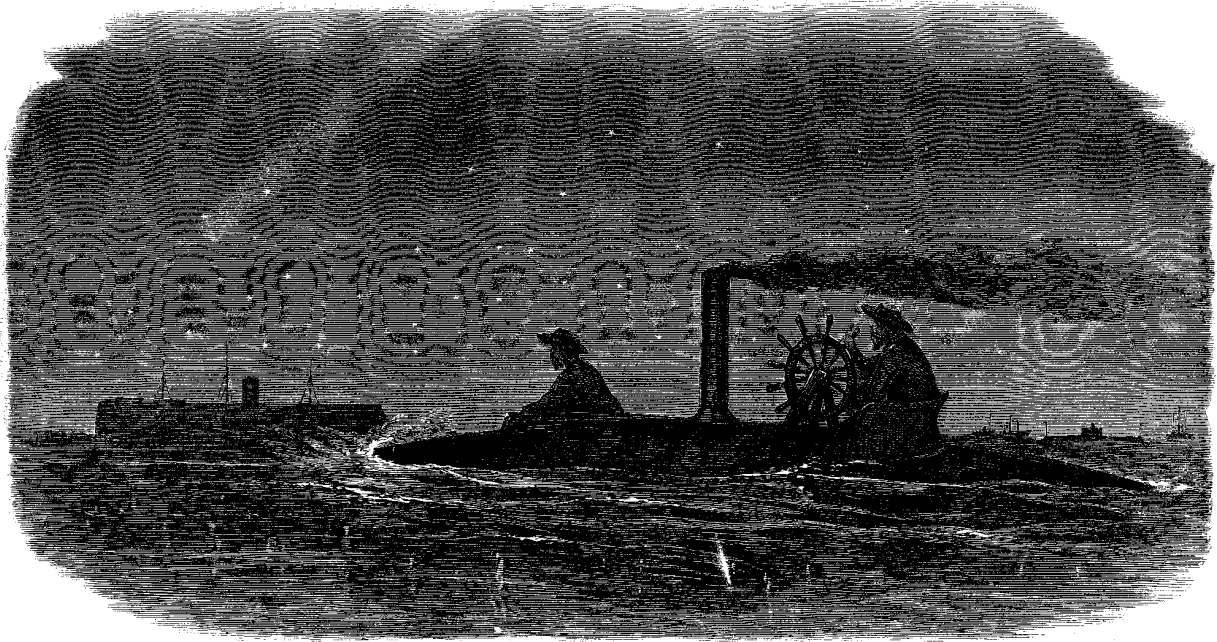
The following précis, though imperfect, will give some idea of the correspondence:  
1. The Board wrote to Thomas Hardie, letting him know the result of the Special Commission, and requesting him to discharge his nephew.  
Thomas quaked. Richard smiled, and advised Thomas to take no notice. By this a week was gained to Injustice, and lost to Justice.  
2. The Board pointed out Thomas Hardie's inadvertence in not answering No. 1; increased copy of it, and pressed for a reply.  
Thomas quaked, Richard smiled.  
3. Thomas Hardie to the Board. From what he had heard, it would be premature to discharge Alfred. Should prefer to wait a month or two.  
4. Alfred to Board warning them against this proposal. To postpone justice was to refuse justice, certainly for a time, probably forever.

Alfred smiled, and Dr. Wycherley showed excellent qualities; he entered into his maniac's studies with singular alacrity, supplied him with several classics from his own shelves, and borrowed the rest at the London Library. Nor did his zeal stop there; he offered to read an hour a day with him, and owned it would afford him the keenest gratification to turn out an Oxford first classman from his asylum. This remark puzzled Alfred, and set him thinking; it bore a subtle family resemblance to the observations he heard every day from the patients; it was once-eyed.

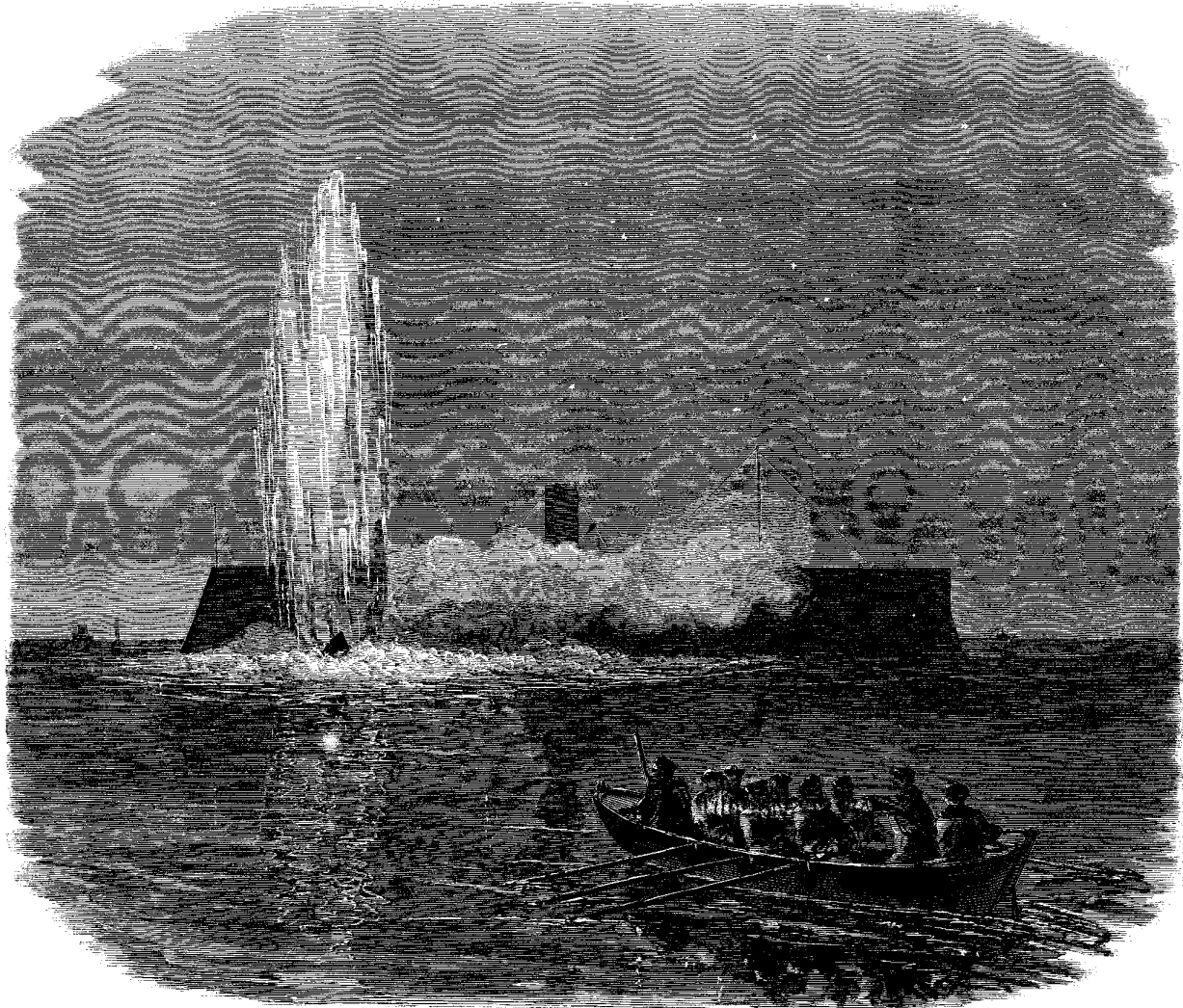
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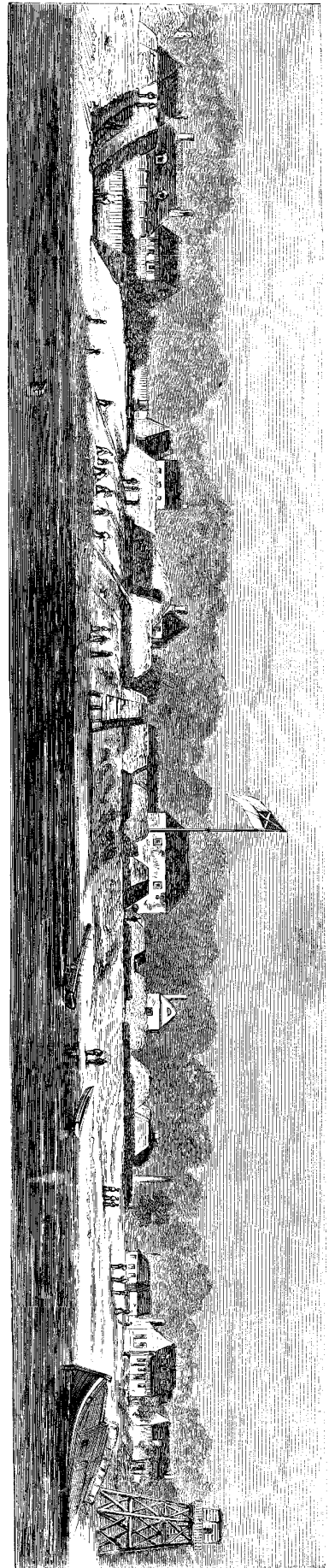




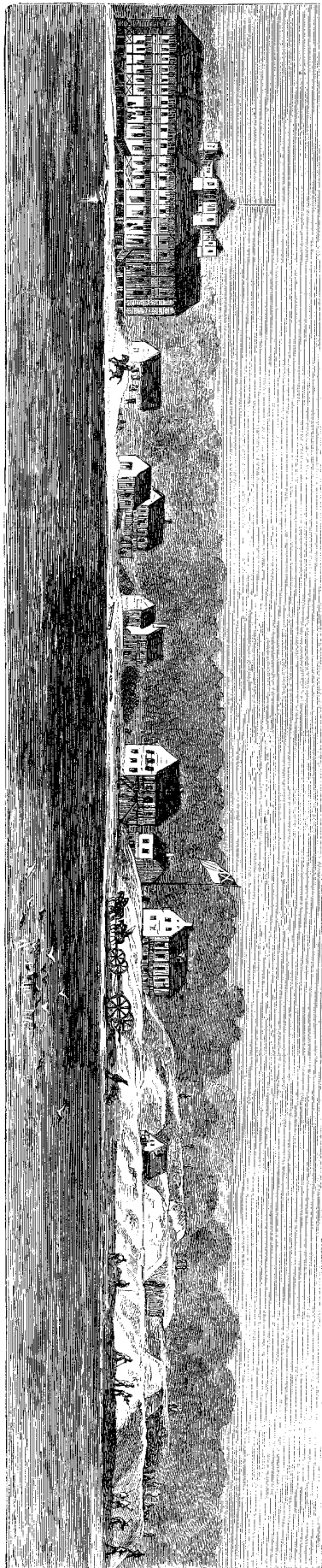
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE "SEGAR STEAMER" WHICH PROPELLED THE REBEL TORPEDO.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.  
[SEE PAGE 695.]



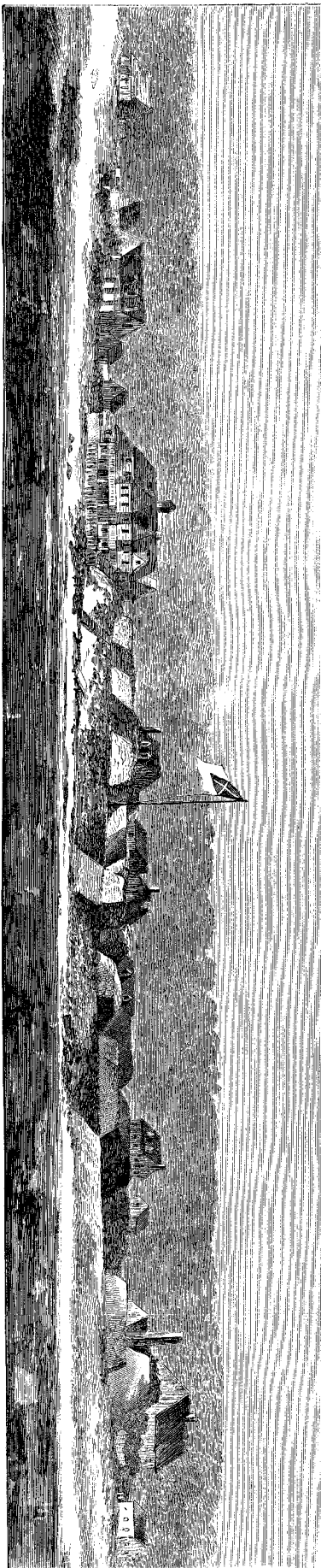
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE "IRONSIDES" BY A REBEL TORPEDO.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.  
[SEE PAGE 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FORT MOULTRIE.—SKETCHED BY MR. O. ENZ.—[SEE PAGE 685.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MILL HOUSE AND FORT BEAUREGARD, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. O. ENZ.—[SEE PAGE 685.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—BATTERY BEE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. O. ENZ.—[SEE PAGE 685.]

THE ONLY SON.

TO MRS. ABRAM ROSSITER, RICHMOND, MASS.
Is still New England autumn
The work of the year was done;
But afar were fields unscathed
Under the southern sun—
Fields to be reaped in battle—
Harvests by victory won.

The young men came from the hill-sides
A thousand strong and more,
At the call of a stern duty
Than their souls had heard before;
And under tender-tune was deeper
Than the far-off cannon's roar.
From each house a living echo
Was given unto the call,
(One from the nestled cottage,
One from ancestral hall,
In a home were three fair brothers,
And the mother gave them all.
They went, and the fields by the river
With their harvesting grew red;
And they came with the sheaves of triumph
Ere the leaves again were dead;
"Welcome, my son, mine only,"
Calmly the mother said.
On the lower Mississippi
The work of the year was done;
The deathly fields were sickled
Under the burning sun;
And the harvest-home was joyous,
Though the mother welcomed one.

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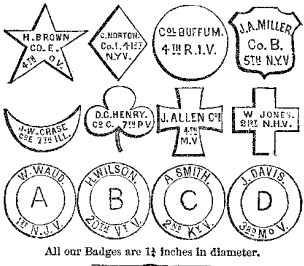
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OHIO. "Not upon my land, I guess! It's the VALLANDEIGH PUMKIN as I've tressed over into thy neighbor's field, and he's bin and took root, you see, among the Canady thistles!"

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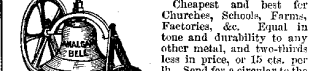
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