

FRANK LESLIE'S NEWS PAPER



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No. 491—VOL. XVII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.

Our \$5,000 Prize Tale.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
Author of "FASHION AND FAMINE," &c., &c.
Our readers are well aware of the numerous prizes offered by the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER for the best novels and tales, with the view of cultivating American talent, and calling forth new aspirants to the honors of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes.

The minor tales to which prizes were awarded have already appeared, illustrated by the most talented artists in the country. For the great prize of \$5,000 more than two hundred novels were submitted. After a close and impartial scrutiny, the prize was awarded to

"The Gulf Between Them."

which proved to be by the accomplished author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

Her novel of "Fashion and Famine" was the most successful work of pure fiction ever written in America. Its circulation was beyond parallel, and exceeded only by that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Translated into most of the languages of Europe, it gave the great American authoress a worldwide reputation.

"The Gulf Between Them,"

a work of singular power and beauty, will appeal to every heart, from the fact that the scenes are laid in our own land, with whose life and finest impulses she is so deeply imbued. It is, too, a novel of our day, and by its extraordinary interest will fascinate and attract every reader by its thrilling incidents, deep human interest and rare discrimination of character.

The awarding of the prize among so many competitors will alone show that it is of a superior order, as the Proprietor wishes his liberality to redound to the pleasure and gratification of his readers.

The manuscript is now ours. The following documents will show its transfer to us:

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1863.
Dear Sir—Your note, assuming that my story has done the prize offered by your Illustrated Paper, has, you may well suppose, given me great pleasure.

With many thanks for your prompt action in the premises, and a sincere desire that you may find as much benefit from the story as your magnificence and extraordinary spirit of enterprise has conferred on me, I enclose a receipt for the money, and remain,
Your obliged friend,

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

ANN S. STEPHENS.
NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1863.

Received of FRANK LESLIE Five Thousand Dollars, in payment of a prize awarded to my story, entitled "THE GULF BETWEEN THEM," which he is hereby authorized to publish in his Illustrated Paper.
ANN S. STEPHENS.

We bespeak for this tale a warm and

hearty American welcome, and are happy to announce that the publication will commence in No. 435 of the paper. It can be ordered of any newsdealer in the United States.

The liberality of the proprietor in thus encouraging American authorship will be another evidence to the public of the enterprise of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER. It is not only the first American Illustrated Journal in date, but in merit far exceeds any competitor that has ever arisen. Its sketches of every kind, of war and peace, incidents of every description, are of acknowledged accuracy, as testimonials from all quarters attest. The paper is thus a living graphic history of the world, and especially of our own country, as time glides by every great event being fixed with photographic accuracy.

But FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER is not merely a pictorial journal, it is in every sense a FAMILY PAPER, containing always in each number several stories by talented writers, beautifully illustrated, a serial novel of some author of worldwide renown, poems, sketches, incidents, and the lighter miscellany that charm the freeds.

With the new attraction of the great novel,

"The Gulf Between Them,"

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER will surpass itself and cannot fail to meet with the approval of the public.

EXPLOSION OF A SHELL In the Ladies' Saloon of the Steamer Welcomes.

THE dastardly character of the war on the part of the South has evoked itself in a thousand ways. Torpedoes in the rivers, on the ponds, in works they lacked in mass or courage to hold, have been used on one side and history will record, with stern condemnation, on which side.
Barbette shows itself too, in the constant attack on passenger boats and unarmed conveyances. The sketch portrayed by our Artist gives recent instance of this trait. The merciful have become very cruel on the Mississippi. The Western-Capt. Ryan, from St. Louis to New Orleans, with a cargo of 700 men, women and cattle, as well as a number of passengers, including several ladies, among them Mrs. Crozier, wife of the General in command at Shiloh, was attacked by guerrillas about eight o'clock on Monday, Nov. 22, when passing a place called Waterproof, above Vicksburg. Windy weather and darkness of the lives of women and children thus would be spared only a few minutes. In the short time that she was exposed, she received 11 round balls and 50 Irish bullets. One shell burst in the saloon hall of ladies' cabin, tearing away the ceiling and two doors and scattering the passengers all around. The wheel was struck and the pilot so alarmed that, but for the presence of Gen. Bayton, who stood by, and, regardless of a severe wound he received, directed his movements, the steamer would have been lost.

THE STEAMSHIP ETNA IN A GALE.

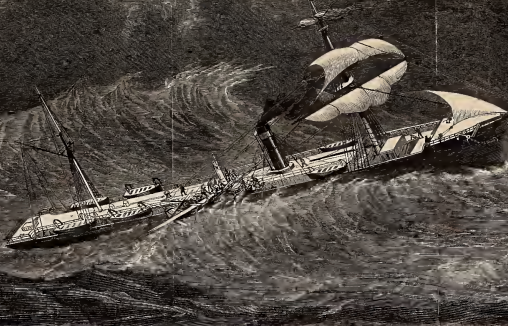
ONE of the most difficult passages of late years was that of the steamship Etna, Capt. McQuinn, of Havana line. Almost from the time of leaving Queenstown she was exposed to storms, which culminated in the Cape Race. When about 200 miles from Cape Clear, the gale was almost a hurricane. The mainmast gave way, and had to be cut from her side over which it fell, striking in the hullwork. The engine was stopped and the crew were almost cut. She was, however, at anchor and well manned, but the crew were nearly lost.



THE GUERRILLA WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—EXPLOSION OF A SHELL IN THE LADIES' SALOON OF THE STEAMER WELCOMES, AT WATERPROOF, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR FIDELIA ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHALL.



E. B. MURET'S STEAMER MAJESTIC WATCHING THE REEL RANS IN THE HEBBET.



THE STEAMER KITA DISMANTLED IN A FURIOUS STORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. HILLIARD.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE IDEA FROM THE GERMAN.

See now with all his mighty power
Approach the Winty King;
Our cherished flowers are faded quite,
No warmth the sunbeams bring.

Come in—come in! thro' Winter-Man,
We'll give thee "Cakes and Ale;"
Come, warm thy hands, and tell us now
A stirring Christmas Tale.
A tale—a tale; in silence deep
We'll list with all our might—
'Till midnight tolls his ghostly hour,
Then—Winter-Man—good-night.

**FARMER GRAHAM'S
CHRISTMAS EVE.**

By John B. Williams, M.D.

MANY of readers will remember the 24th of Dec., 1855, which was so remarkable for its excessive coldness. Few people were stirring in the streets on that day, and those who did venture out thrust their hands deeply into their pockets, and vainly tried to keep their blood warm by transforming their usual gait into an inelegant kind of trot. The wind blew from the northeast, and was of the most piercing character, apparently taking delight in attacking the unprotected parts of the body with particular violence; whistling in one's ear, stinging the cheeks and nose as if they had been cut with a whip, and then roaring and rattling away round sharp corners, down open chimneys, and banging open doors as if it were in the highest possible glee at the discomfort it occasioned.

Towards the middle of the day it began to snow, not in fair, honest, straight down flakes, but mean, sharp-pointed sleet, which the before-mentioned winty wind did just as it liked, now carrying it before it with a scream of triumph through the open streets, now heaving it against dead walls and

roofs, and now forcing it into alleyways and blind entrances.

Amongst other freaks performed by the wind, it set upon an old gentleman's hat who happened to be passing by the corner of Barclay street and Broadway, in the city of New York, and lifting it above his head, twisted and twisted it about for a moment or two, and then carried it away in triumph. When, however, it had reached the corner of Maiden lane, another son of Boreas came to dispute the prize, and between the two they let it fall to the ground, whereupon the old gentleman secured his property again, and fixed it more firmly than ever upon his head.

This old gentleman was evidently from the country. His dress was homespun, his boots were heavy and laced in front, and every step he took left the imprint of large nails in the snow. His hat was low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and his gray hairs hung in waves from underneath it. He carried in his hand an oaken staff, and it was plainly to be seen, that although he was still strong and hearty, his limbs had lost the elasticity of youth. His face was weather-beaten, and showed that he had been accustomed to outdoor employment. There was an expression of sadness in his countenance, and his gait, as he glided along Broadway, revealed dejection in his mind.

He seemed utterly regardless of the cold; it is true when he passed Fulton street a shiver ran through his frame, but whether this was occasioned by an extra cold blast or by his own thoughts it would be impossible to tell. He passed down Wall street until he reached about its centre. He stopped before a house of considerable size.

This dwelling was evidently let out for office. The lower windows were decorated with numerous signs and placards, which revealed to the passer-by

that the "Save-all Insurance Company" did business there. The entry was also studded with signs on the doorposts, and in the passage—some in all the glory of fresh gold letters on a black ground, others with more modest letters on a white ground. From the various inscriptions on these signs, it would seem that persons following almost every description of employment had offices there. House-



agents, coal-dealers, mill-brokers, colliers, lawyers and insurance companies, all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their names to the public.

The old gentleman, as we have before stated, paused before this dwelling, and putting on his spectacles, began to scrutinize the names on the various signs very closely. At last he fixed his eyes on one which he appeared to be seeking for. This bore the inscription, "Robert G. Carr, Attorney at Law," and conveyed the further information that the said Robert G. Carr's office was situated on the second story of the building.

The old man heaved a deep sigh, pulled off his hat, smoothed down his scanty locks, and began slowly to ascend the stairs. He soon arrived at the door, on which another label informed him that he had reached his destination. He knocked timidly—so timidly in fact that he obtained no answer. He knocked again, a little louder this time, and a loud voice bade him "Come in."

He gently opened the door, and found himself in a moderately sized room, slenderly furnished with several hard wooden chairs, a table covered with public office. His own private sanctum was the next room back, similarly furnished, with the addition of some shelves, on which were arranged rows of books, which from their peculiar style of binding, evidently treated on the district of all subjects—

The old gentleman paused on the threshold, and glanced peculiarly around him. The first office was unoccupied, and he was about to make known his presence by rapping with his foot on the floor, when he suddenly saw, in the entrance of the door separating the public from the private office, the grim form of Mr. Carr himself.

We have just written grim down, and we use the phrase advisedly for a more stern, uncompanionable, destitute-of-the-mill-of-human-kindness face than that of the attorney it would have been impossible to find. He was above the subject's height and rather stout. His hair was thin and wiry, his dark

Alas! the cold white-bearded Man
Draws nearer every day—
Ye blest with youth, and health, and strength,
Hasten his march to stay.

Then fasten every window close,
Let him not enter there;
He steals away our summer joys,
And chills the genial air.
See—see—the children 'gainst his rush,
Their faces in a glow,
In vain!—each year he comes alike,
And brings us ice and snow.

He brings the long, long dreary nights,
And shortens daylight hours,
With storms of hail, and rain, and mist,
And snow in heavy showers.
And yet, how many joys he brings,
New tales we read with glee;
And first, and best of all his gifts,
The far-famed Christmas Tree.

And while we sleep he paints a scene
Surpassing mortal power,
Bright, glittering drops each pane adorn,
And frame an icy bowyer.
Of flowers and leaves in silver sheen,
Like gaudies gay entwined,
With mountains, rivers, castles, trees,
A landscape fair combined.

He brings us in and out-door sports,
Golf, Skating, Sliding too,
While in the house we chase poor Puss,
And hunt the hidden Shoe.
Snow-man he brings, and Bilindan's-buff,
And Magic-lanterns bright—
Then call the old Man kindly in,
We'll welcome him to-night.



Farmer Graham's Homesited.







THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI—M'FERSON'S TROOP FORAGING AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL WHITFIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. WHEELER.



AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG—THE LAST THOUGHT OF A DYING FAIRER.



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THE WEEHAWKEN'S GRAVE



THE "WEEHAWKEN" SINKING; DEC. 12, 1863

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SINKING OF THE MONITOR WEEHAWKEN, DEC. 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

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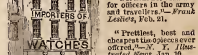
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 \$430.50, \$43

Theresa could not see longer the agony of suspense...

Upon the pale face, Katelyn, and with him much more...

While he was pouring out his life, trembling...

The magazine to your eye. You have won her...

She smiled and kissed the dead lips of Katelyn...

Every Lady should have it.

- EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE IT.
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- 1st.—Because it is the earliest chronicler of the latest Parisian fashions.
2d.—Because it has established Agents in Paris, London and Berlin, who forward by every Steamer the latest novelties, in advance of their publication in those cities.
3d.—Because, having the Largest Engraving Establishment in this country, the Publisher possesses unequalled facilities for rapidly reproducing Fashion Plates in this Magazine.
4th.—Because the Colored Steel Fashion Plate is double the size of the largest plate published in any other Magazine. It consequently contains twice the number of Models for Dresses.
5th.—Because it contains a full-sized Cut Pattern of some new garment for Lady's use, imported expressly for this Magazine.
6th.—Because it also contains a Mammoth Plate for every new and fashionable Mode—the largest Fashion Plate ever published in any Magazine.
7th.—Because, in addition to the Fashions, a special space is devoted to choice and valuable Matter, including Illustrated Tales, Biographies, &c.
8th.—Because One Hundred Dollars are expended in procuring Foreign Fashion Books which give five times more information than can be had in Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine for \$8 per annum.
9th.—Because each number contains over 100 Engravings of the latest Fashion for Morning, Walking, Dinner and Evening Costume for Ladies and Children.

It is brilliant in its wealth of fashion plates. It has nearly 50 full length female figures in the various...

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The most complete and desirable Lady's magazine published in the country.—Westcott Times.

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The literary articles, nearly all of which are illustrated, are of a high order of merit, and cannot fail to please the reader.

The leading lady's book of the country.—Western Review.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best magazine for ladies that is published in this country.

It stands foremost amongst the magazines of its kind in the United States.

It is the fashion magazine of the United States, containing every month a number of Fashion plates, and many other illustrations of the latest mode.

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Nothing equal to it has ever before been published in this country.—Fort Dodge Republican.

The literary merit of a high character.—Boston Herald.

It is full of excellent and choice reading matter.—Baltimore Sun.

It is the most complete fashion plates in the country.—Pittsburgh Courier.

There is no magazine of the kind more entertaining than Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine.

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Barnum's American Museum. MONSIEUR JOSEPH, THE GREAT FRENCH GIANT...

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to the Proprietor, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER: One copy one year... 20 Cts. Two copies... 35 Cts. Magazine and Paper one year... 50 Cts.

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Notice to Contributors.—Superior original tales will be always received, and if accepted reprinted according to their merit.

OUR \$5,000 PRIZE TALES. This magnificent novel, which is the product of \$5,000 offered last year...

LADIES' FASHIONS. From Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine for January.

- Fig. 1.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 2.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 3.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 4.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 5.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 6.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 7.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 8.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 9.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.
Fig. 10.—Dress of white satin, trimmed with black silk.

Summary of the Week. Gen. Averell, on the 13th Dec., after abandoning the rebel horse, reached Salem, on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad...

At the same time, Gen. Slocum and Duffie took Lewburg, in Greenbrier county, after defeating Ebbols on the 12th.

A report was circulated, as coming from Elbermond, that the Ironsides and two mounted regiments, from two P.M. rail dark Gen. Shackelford left 150 or 200 in killed or wounded.

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SCENE ON THE ATCHAFALAYA, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID, 1852 N. Y. VOL.

REICHMOND, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID, 1852 N. Y. VOL.

WE'LL SING THE GLAD NEW YEAR.
 Who was it spake of hoary Time? who called him gray-headed Time?
 Who pictured him with trembling limbs and croak'd eyes filled with rime?
 Why, who that ever knew the spry could say so false a thing.
 Could call the lusty fellow old, who is so swift of wing?

My mother says that God is good,
 That he will not forget,
 And though we sometimes want for food,
 There's staves a-dinner waiting yet.
 My father staves in Southern lands,
 Beneath a jallor stern,
 And morn and eve, with clasped hands,
 We pray for his return.

My mother says the coming year
 Will bring him home again,
 And then we'll know no doubt or fear,
 No sickness, want or pain.
 She says this fearful war will end,
 And Time will dry each tear,
 And that is why my voice I lend
 To sing the glad New Year!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
 Wait but a moment, lady fair!
 Why singest thou this strain?
 Your smile scarce hides the mark of care
 You seek to crush in vain.
 Your hands, though shaped in dainty form,
 Are not from labor clear,
 Your clothing is not over warm,
 Why sing the glad New Year?

The New Year, sir, brings always joy,
 The world woe not life's pain,
 Old age has years, the child its toy,
 To count as worthy gain!
 I have my pleasures to pursue,
 In spite of laboring hours,
 And Time, who brings us all things new,
 Brings sometimes blooming flowers.

This year I am to wed with one
 Well worthy for my mate,
 His life-work is so truly done,
 He should be truly great.
 We've waded through life's golden prime,
 With wretched hope and fear.
 But now we wed, oh! happy time,
 To sing the glad New Year!



So young and swift, that ere we mark his presence he is gone;
 He comes, and steals each infant hour, the instant it is born;
 He runs away with laden years, with treasures rich and rare,
 And with a touch he pales limbs, and whitens ravens hair.
 He travels hand-in-hand with Death, with steps that know no rest,
 And brings his comrade to our homes, a gaunt, unwelcome guest.
 He takes, oh! fearful mothers, from your arms your darling child,
 And lovers, many a maiden fair the younger hath beguiled.
 He comes with life, and death, and woe, with joy and earthen care;
 He fills the loved full with wealth, and strips the palace bare!
 He brings us hope or sad despair, a doubt, a laugh, a tear,
 Whatever else his burden is, he sure he brings New Year!
 Then here's a health to hasty Time, whatever be his fault,
 So long as in his onward march the younger does not halt!
 With what he brings us joy or grief, or praise, or lie or jeer,
 We'll take it all as part of life, and spend a glad New Year.
 "A Happy New Year!" so the song runs over to its close,
 "A Happy New Year!" murmurs he, on every wind that blows!
 So shall our song be not the past, but of the glad New Year,
 Not hours alone, but of those which will speedily be here!
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
 Stop, little one, and talk awhile,
 There's time enough for you,
 Your face has got a sunny smile,
 Even though your lips be blue!
 Your teeth are chattering with the cold,
 Your peeping toes appear;
 Come! tell me, thou of ten years old,
 Why sing the glad New Year?

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
 Half! tottering age, whose dimming eyes
 Can scarce perceive the sun,
 Across the grave thy shadow lies,
 Thy course is hasty run!
 Speak, pilgrim on life's farther shore,
 Why dost thou linger here
 To count thy coming hours o'er
 And stang the glad New Year?

I tarry or linger—to enjoy the years
 That come from God above,
 His hand has lotted all the tears,
 And left me only love.
 The New Year scatters life and bloom
 Before my tottering feet,
 My eyes too dim to pierce the gloom
 And weep the woes I meet!

The coming year brings life anew;
 My grandson comes of age,
 God teach the boy, so good and true,
 To read straight life's page.
 My son, this year, comes home from sea,
 I feel his presence near,
 And so, while sings the heart in me,
 I sing the glad New Year!

The Two Thanksgivings:

A Story for the Season.

By Amanda M. Hale.

THEY were coming in; a great red eye shone out of the distant gable and steadily grew nearer and nearer. Robert Russel thought of the fabled Cyclops and of that scene in Demby where crafty Carver meets his terrible doom.
 "In a moment near the huge iron creature gilded by him and stopped.
 "Russel, my dear fellow, how are you?" The heartless brass rang sweet and clear through the small babel of sounds, and the familiar fashion speedily wound its thread about him.
 "So, you've come, St. John?" and Robert stood holding his friend's hand in quite a glow of emotion, but outwardly very quiet and still. He had no words for this gladness.
 With a little puff and a premonitory whist the train passed out of the station.
 "Now, then, for home?" said Russel, and both glanced at the road, shining white in the moonlight, just across the railway, and winding past the trees that hung over the brook, and by the half-ruined mill, and up the hill between the orchards and hay-fields, till it lost itself in the pleasant evening darkness.
 Hugh declares his love to May.
 St. John looked about him. There were the sparkling waters of the brook, the shining foam at the foot of the dam, the brown turf by the roadside, the lights of the village on the hill coming out one by one, like stars that slowly leiter into sight, and the clear November heaven.
 But St. John was looking upon a far different picture—summer greenery and a warm, starlight sky, sunset tints dying in the west and May's sweet face.
 "Well, Hugh!" said Russel.
 The picture vanished instantly, and quick smiles swept away Hugh's gravity. He buttoned his coat and settled his snuffler.
 "It is pleasant to be here again; but this is not summer. How are they all at home, Robert?"
 And arm-in-arm the two walked rapidly up the hill.
 "All well, and expecting to see you."
 "A great deal of company?"
 "No; no only yourself and a cousin or two."
 "Only a cousin or two? Margy or Johns?" asked Hugh, gaily.
 "Margy and Lassy Guy. Do you think I'd countenance a rival to you?" said Robert, laughingly.
 "Selfish fellow! Pretending to look after my interest when you are catering to your own pleasure. How's May?"
 "Here was the question at hand, under cover of a joke.
 "May! As sweet as ever; a daily blessing, an angel in the household. Hugh, I grieve her to say she's living."
 They were just at the top of the hill.
 "See Robb! There's the house. A certain is up in the parlor!" said St. John.
 "Yes; that is May's doing. She would make a paradise of that parlor if she had only a wooden bench and a vase of flowers. She goes about in her nightgown, and smooths down the rug, and folds up the scattered newspapers, and gives the fire a little poke, and then slips out into the kitchen to mother, who is deep in pastry and puddings and all sorts of delicious mysteries. Presently you shall see the door open and May's head peep in, just to see how things look. I wouldn't exchange my sister May for the universe!"
 "Not even for a cousin or two?" queried St. John.
 "Nonsense, Hugh! Lassy Guy is engaged."
 "And Mary?"
 "A nervous child."
 "All here we are now. Was that May's shadow which crossed the window? How cheerful it all

tion, but outwardly very quiet and still. He had no words for this gladness.
 With a little puff and a premonitory whist the train passed out of the station.
 "Now, then, for home?" said Russel, and both glanced at the road, shining white in the moonlight, just across the railway, and winding past the trees that hung over the brook, and by the half-ruined mill, and up the hill between the orchards and hay-fields, till it lost itself in the pleasant evening darkness.



Hugh declares his love to May.



The Deceased in the Hospital.



A GAMBLING SCENE AT FIRE'S PEAK.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—BATTERY ON SCLAVAN'S ISLAND.—FROM A SEBEL PHOTOGRAPH.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SOLDIERS LOOKING AT A SHOW NEAR OCLAFER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. FUGLES.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1853, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 433—VOL. XVII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1864.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

MRS. STEPHENS'S PRIZE NOVEL

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,

AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMILIE," "THE
DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

The \$5,000 Prize Tale.

The Gulf Between Them

received the prize offered by the Proprietor of this Paper, among more than 300 competitors. It is by no means inferior to Mrs. Stephens's successful novel, "Fashion and Families," and will be as widely read here and in Europe,

and take rank at once as the great literary feature of the day.

The publication of this remarkable work of the great American novelist will begin in No. 435 of the paper, and be beautifully illustrated.

Every preparation has been made to print an edition sufficiently large to meet the immense demand, but the orders already given

for the number make us fear that many will be disappointed. Do not, therefore, omit to secure the number early, as our immense edition will not meet all calls.

The Gulf Between Them

is a story of American life, instinct with national feeling, real power, sustained action, vigor and beauty.



THE WRECK OF THE AQUILA, AT SAN FRANCISCO, WITH THE IRON-CLAD BARGES ON BOARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. H. BOWEN.



FIVE LOCOMOTIVES HUILT AT VICKSBURG BY THE SOLDIERS, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF COL. COOLLAUGH, OF GEN. McCLISSON'S STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK B. SORRELL.

THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—BREEK FLOATING BATTERY DRIVEN BY A STORM ON HOLLY HEAD—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. GRANT.

A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

BY HENRY WATSON.

As I lay upon the hard, cold ground, With the wounded and the slain, So wearied, that it seemed my eyes Would never close again, I gazed up at the golden stars, Which looked as calmly down As though the field was crowned with corn, And not with holies strown.



Between me and the golden stars A fleecy cloud passed by: And, lo! a shadowy form appeared Against the midnight sky. It was no dream—I could not sleep, My wounds forbade all rest—I saw the form of my true wife, With a baby on her breast.

I saw her looking down on me, I felt her blessed smile, And the night-wind swept upon my ear An infant's cry the while. I raised my helpless hands to her, As I would bid her stay; But the shadowy form, more shadowy grown, Passed swiftly away.

Passed upward, upward till 'twas lost In the vast depths of space, And darkness folded in the form That shrank from my embrace. A longing, wild, intense, came on, That it descended every pain, And, sick at heart, I hoped 'gainst hope, That it would end my pain.

The hours sped on, the stars grew pale, The dawn of day had come; And then—I think I fell asleep, Dreaming sweet dreams of home. They came not—never more to me! I saw them on their way— My dead wife and her newborn babe— To the blest realms of day.

LINDA, The Dancing Girl of the Cafe St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. Danson. It was past the hour of midnight. Paris was in a haze of clouds; the thin, feeble moonlight shrouded the lights of the great city. Here and there, in the wide streets, notes of music might be

heard—here and there one looked on bright saloons temptingly filled. Ladies smiling over their brimming glasses, and gay-looking gentlemen pledged them.

In one of these cafes there was a little stage at the extreme end, covered by a brilliant curtain. Many an expectant glance was directed that way. Sometimes there were murmurs of appreciation.

"We so expected to go into raptures over this new talent, I suppose?" "Oh! yes, as usual, at so much a head. Always expecting that each new comer is as lovely as a houri."

The speakers were two men. One of them seemed new to society. He was a stranger in Paris, having come from some little town in the outskirts to write for the newspapers. He had a small fortune—very small—which he had decided to husband with the strictest economy. His eyes and brow were remarkably fine—the former possessing an almost supernatural brilliancy. For years he had labored to try his luck in the great capital. He had decided genius. His articles had been accepted by some of the leading journals which did not know him. They were published solely on account of their merit. Who he had seen the city of his desire; he was a novice in gaiety, and therefore fair game for the speculators. Would his hitherto aimless life still be continued amidst these dangers? Would the memory of his mother—the gentle sister he had left behind—the grave of his father—would the remembrance of all these keep him from vice?

Eugene, that was his name, was present in the cafe, to write down the raptures he had spoken about for the Journal des Etrangers. His companion was an older man by twelve years. Eugene was yet but twenty-three. Louis Etourde, shrewd and vicious, had yet the reputation of honesty. He was naturally handsome, but thus early had recourse to cosmetics. His moustache and hair were dyed, but so artfully one could never notice the deception. He was a man of brilliant parts—had run through a fortune and now lived by his wits.



The Dancing Girl receiving her first wages.

It was unfortunate that Eugene had fallen into such society.

"These dinners are not always young," observed Louis. "It's amusing to see their grimaces when they pretend to be. There's Mademoiselle Fuller-ton, gone fifty, and yet she pretends to 'sigh!'"

"But I assure you," said some one who sat near, "this Mademoiselle Linda is very young and very lovely. I have seen her in several daylight—but is not enough. She is scarcely seventeen, and she seems not fourteen. Hark! was that the bell?"

"It waits five minutes," said Eugene, consulting his watch.

"I suppose you have heard her story," continued the last speaker.

"I have heard that she had a story," said Eugene, slipping his coffee.

"Oh! yes, there's an old woman with her continually so old! but I'm told very bright and agile for one of her age. She guards the lawn with vigilance, I assure you. No one can speak to her, no even in this old Marguerite's presence—that is her name. She was nurse in the family twenty years ago, and there are some strange mysteries connected with it, as I have heard. The existence of this child is supposed to be unknown—and the brother is immensely rich—the son of a great wine merchant who was said to have committed suicide, years ago, on account of some crime. Very well—it's somewhat mixed-up matter, to be sure, and I can't get at what he had there; but this brother has changed his name, previously traveling through Germany and Russia. Now as this old nurse has learned, he is in Paris, and would you believe it, the two—child and nurse—are looking for this brother as one would look for a needle in hay. Of course they don't want to advertise—that would be useless, bringing to the mind of the wealthy man some disagreeable reminiscences which he had rather would be kept in the dark—for it is said his father committed a murder. So on the strength of a memory nearly twenty years old, these two poor creatures are going round the country."

Upon Eugene this story made a strong impression.

special artist, W. T. Grant.

Louis twisted his moustache and smiled to himself.

"They are very poor, then," said Eugene.

"Of course; they must toil for their daily bread, and this is the reason why they have chosen this peculiar mode of life. The little girl thinks she may find some one to protect her poor child."

"It would be very easy to do that," muttered Monsieur Louis, still busy at his moustache.

"Not so easy as you may imagine," said their informant. "Besides the child being as innocent as an angel, the old nurse is as watchful as a dragon."



The Woman returning the Ring.

Indeed, the whole mind and will of both were bent upon finding this lost relation, who will protect the poor child and keep her from possible degradation."

The eyes of Louis brightened. He had an idea, and let his moustache for his open glass, for the bell was just beginning to tingle and the few musicians had just struck up a lively air.

Another musical and bright certain waltz. Behind it was a floral scene, very charming, representing a garden of roses, with groups of stately bare and trees. Presently, emerging from one of the side scenes, a fair little figure came forth. The dark skirts of a woman were just visible. Probably the nurse was still judiciously watching her darling. It was indeed a lovely, childish figure, that of the danseuse. She came forward naturally, a soft gleam still lighting up the paleness of her cheeks, her eyes moist and shining, and her lips parted in a beautiful smile.

"Lovely creature—marvelous—most beautiful!" murmured on all sides.

"I never saw such hair in all my life," said Louis, critically, after holding his breath for a moment in admiration. "It gleams like pale gold—and what a lustrous complexion. That girl is going to be the most beautiful—the woman in Paris."

"She looks so innocent!" murmured Eugene; "poor little creature! she ought not to be there."

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed the other, with an accent that made Eugene turn to look at him. "No," he continued, seeing the kind of impression he had made, "truly she ought not to be there. She should find her brother and the shelter of home—or else," he added, "she place on the boards of the royal theatre."

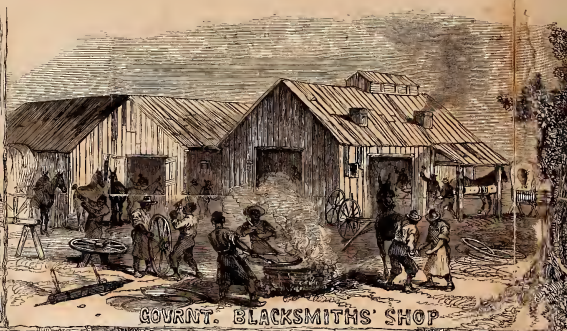
"Oh! no, not there!" said Eugene, exclaiming; "she is too young and too pure."

"She will not always be so young," said Louis quietly.

The child had made a strong impression at the Cafe St. Nicol. Everybody was in raptures with her beauty, her grace, her seeming intelligence. The curtain fell amidst prolonged applause. It was raised again—before the creature came forward—murmurs were uttered upon the stage—and one splendid diamond ring, stuck in a rose comb, fell at her feet. The girl picked it



BUILDING ROADS



GOV'T. BLACKSMITHS' SHOP



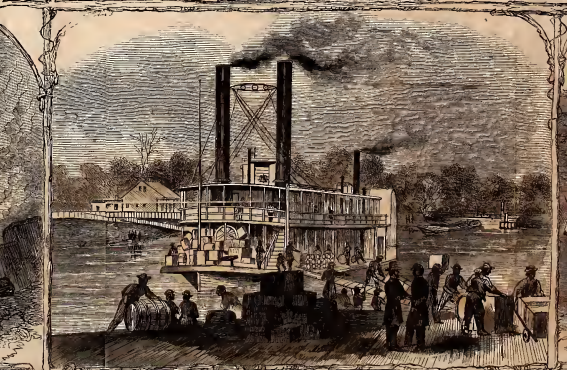
ON PICKET



BATTLE OF MILLIKENS



COOKING IN CAMP



UNLOADING GOV'T. STORES



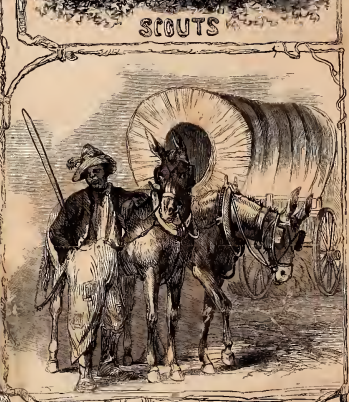
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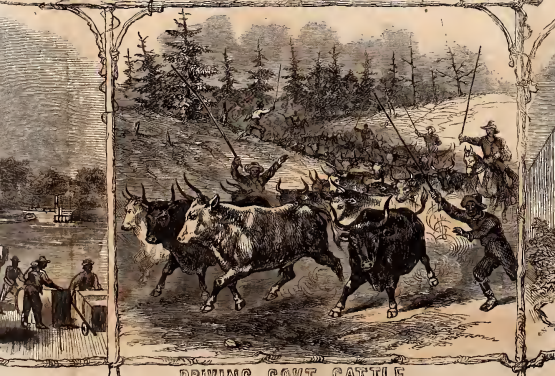
SCOUTS



BATTLE OF MILLIKEN'S BEND



TEAMSTER OF THE ARMY



DRIVING GOVT. CATTLE



WASHING IN CAMP

THE COLORED MEN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. F. F. HILLER.



BRIG.-GEN. EDWARD FERRISS, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BRIG.-GEN. J. T. SPRAGUE, U. S. A., ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BIVOUAC OF FEDERAL TROOPERS ON AN ISLAND NEAR DROOPSCOTT, TENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. HILLEN.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

No Bishop of the Catholic Church in the United States has ever attracted so much attention or been so widely known as Archbishop Hughes, who died in New York city, on the 8th of January, 1864, of our diocesan character, a thorough knowledge of the public mind, great natural eloquence, keen logic, and hitting sarcasm when roused, his articles had a ring about them that excited them to be copied and read from Maine to Mexico. He was considered as the representative man of his church, not only by the public generally, but also by the government.

His education was at Washington. He was born in Ireland in 1796, and came with his sister to this country in 1817. After pursuing divinity studies at Elizabethburg, Md., he was ordained priest in 1823, and stationed in Philadelphia. A polemical discussion of the faith of the day, in 1826 gave evidence of his peculiar talents, and made him widely known. When the declining health of Dr. Dubois, bishop of New York, required a coadjutor in the diocese, the Rev. Mr. Hughes was selected and consecrated Jan. 7, 1835. Almost immediately the administration of the diocese, then embracing New York and part of New Jersey, devolved upon him and for five years he directed the affairs of the diocese. He founded a theological seminary and a college at Fordham, and continued greatly to our present system of schools by a double before the Common Law, which had proved unsuccess, but which the Legislature for a time restored by a consenting law. He called many religious institutions in his diocese, and in his death it contained three colleges independent of the city, a number of convents for both sexes, directed by the Christian Brothers, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Charity, Ursulines, and other religious communities; a large hospital, several asylums, a house of protection for servants, a refuge for the crying, a juvenile reformatory.

He was elected an Archbishop in 1850, and presided over several synods.

At the time of the Mexican war it was proposed to send a mission to the South in 1846, and during the present war he showed the folly of the South in their reliance on British arms, and subsequently visited Europe, to counteract the influence there by means of the rebel.

His writings consist of his discussions with Rev. Fenwick, with N. Murray, and Rev. Erasmus Brooks, a number of lectures, and many pamphlets on longer or topics, but they give little idea of his ability or the place which he so long filled in public estimation.

He died at his residence in Madison Avenue, on Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, attended by his two sisters and several members of his clergy.

BRIG-GEN. JOHN T. SPRAGUE, U. S. A.

GEN. SPRAGUE, now Adjutant General of the State of New York, is an officer of the regular army, and one of the victims of the treasury of Gen. Twiggs in Texas, a circumstance which prevented his early entrance into the active operations of the war, and deprived the country of his courage, ability and administrative talents. He was born at Newburyport, Mass, the son of I. Sprague, Esq., a surgeon in the United States Army. Accompanying his father to Detroit, he became, as a boy, a favorite with Gen. Cass, whom he accompanied to Washington, when the latter was raised to the War Department by Gen. Jackson. Young Sprague was attached to that department till 1816, when he was appointed Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He served in the Creek and Florida wars, and was appointed Quartermaster and Commissary of the troops in the field. When active operations began Gen. Joseph made him one of his aides-de-camp. Attached to the 10th Regt. of Light Dragoons he led 500 of the Indians to Fort Gibson, Arkansas.

When in 1818 Infantry, Col. Worth, was organized he was made First Lieutenant. He made the Florida campaign success. With Col. in 1820, made Gen. Meacham, and when his regiment arrived in Florida he became Adjutant to Gen. Worth. For his military services in the battle of Florida, in which Hiltack was defeated, he received the cross of Captain.

When his regiment was sent to Texas, in 1841, he was appointed to the command of the department of Florida. His history of the war there is one of the great military disasters of the country.

In 1843 he was made Brigadier Major, and sent to Texas. His term led to his resignation to New Mexico, and was for four years actively engaged in reducing Navajo, Apache and Comanche.

When the Secession movement began he was in a hurry, but once succeeded himself as ready for duty. Not being detailed to other duty, as he hoped, he asked explicitly not to be ordered away, but was directed to go. He accordingly proceeded in March, 1861, to New Orleans, and thence to San Antonio. Here he was arrested by the Commission of the Safety, as included in Gen. Twiggs's capitulation. He was subsequently paroled, and on reaching

Washington placed on duty at Albany, as Quartermaster and disbursing officer. Two Irish New York volunteers soon selected him as their Colonel, but the Government would not allow him to accept the post. On the re-organization of Gen. Seymour he was assigned Adjutant General of the 8th and 9th Regiments.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Killing the sandbags for the Spear Deck of the Ironsides—Paying off Negro Recruits.

OUR Artist, in the present hall of active operations, gives us a sketch of the paying off of a loyal South Carolina regiment, a scene that gives vivid reality to the changes effected by the war. What a gall between the crowning plunders of the day, that those men were so recently, and what they are! Did it enter into the dream of those who voted for the secession of South Carolina, that the slaves would turn to men, in less than two years, be paid, uniformed, equipped soldiers of the United States?

Our Artist presents, too, an interesting operation suggestive of worn naval warfare. Riding along the beach of Morris Island, he came upon a party of sailors filling bags with sand and loading on India rubber put. This he found would be floated with the rising tide and taken to the Fort Mifflin to protect her pier dock. This was indicative of preparations for action, and we shall have in a few days details of the last movement.



THE LATE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

BRIG-GEN. EDWARD FERRERO, U. S. A.

GEN. FERRERO was born at Madrid, in Spain, in 1824, but as his father came to America two

years after, bringing his son with him, the latter knows no country as his own except that in whose service he has now won such a proud distinction. A military turn inherent in the family early led him to enter the militia of the State, and he was for a



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SAILORS OF MORRIS ISLAND FILLING SANDBAGS FOR THE SPEAR DECK OF THE STEAM FRIGATE IRONSIDES—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.

some terrible than a field officer of the 11th New York National Guard.

In the afternoon of that day, about the 11th instant, New York case-venturers, called also the Sheppard... The reporter writes that some of the... The reporter writes that some of the... The reporter writes that some of the...

Advertisement for Gull Plan, featuring a diagram of a ship and text: 'GULL PLAN', 'JOHN H. HULL', 'HENRY SHIPYARD', 'SOUTH PENN. VOL. CO. BORN U.S. MARINE'.

Advertisement for W. Forsyth & Co., featuring a list of watches and jewelry: 'W. FORSYTH & CO.', 'Watches, Chains, Jewelry, Etc.', 'Valued at \$300,000'.

When a poor fellow is about to be burned... It is a man sitting on a chair as hot as he... The man is murdered by his hired assassin...

500 More Agents Wanted—Business Men... A handsome holiday gift, 'The Ridgewood Patent Smoking Case'.

Agents were told in every town and required... The article in this column of jewelry are the most...

When a poor fellow is about to be burned... It is a man sitting on a chair as hot as he... The man is murdered by his hired assassin...

500 More Agents Wanted—Business Men... A handsome holiday gift, 'The Ridgewood Patent Smoking Case'.

Agents were told in every town and required... The article in this column of jewelry are the most...

Advertisement for Dr. Felix Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap, describing its medicinal properties and benefits.

Advertisement for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the product's effectiveness.

Advertisement for Potomac, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the product's benefits for soldiers.

Advertisement for Poudre Subtile, describing its use for various ailments and its popularity.

Advertisement for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the product's effectiveness.

Advertisement for Holloway's Pills, describing their benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for J. W. Everitt & Co., listing various products and services.

Advertisement for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the product's effectiveness.

Advertisement for American Needle Co., listing various sewing machines and needles.

Advertisement for J. W. Everitt & Co., listing various products and services.

Advertisement for J. G. Schull, Merchant Tailor, listing various clothing services.

Advertisement for The Early Physical Degeneracy of American People, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the condition.

J. S. Childs

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 434—VOL. XVII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

Mrs. Stephens's \$5,000 Prize Tale.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
a Novel fully equal to "Fashion and Famine,"
the most successful work of fiction ever
issued in this country, and which has made
the name of Mrs. Stephens familiar by every

side throughout the world where the English
language is spoken, will

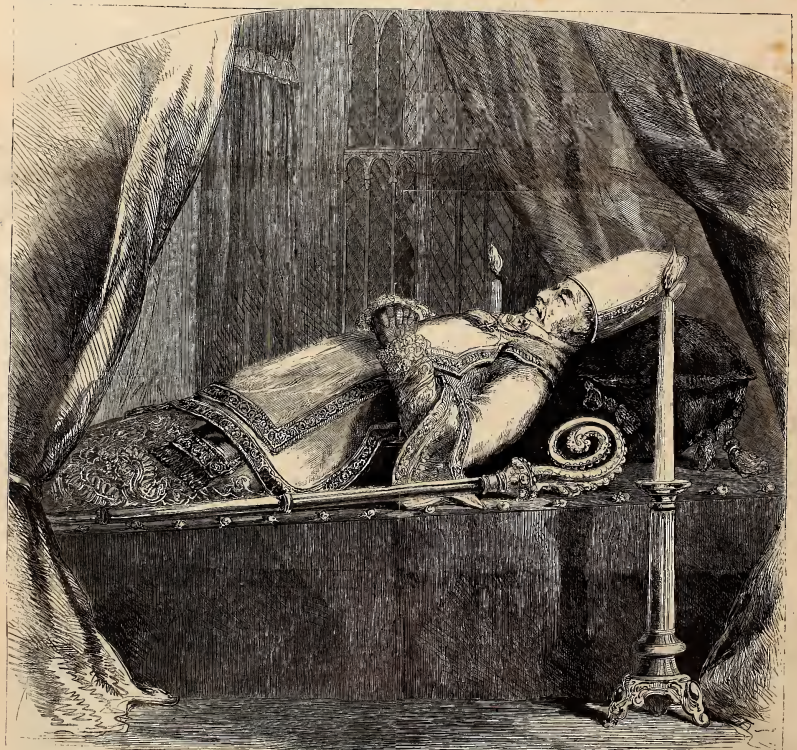
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the next number of this paper, highly illustrated.

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NEWSPAPER, was awarded by the umpires
from among 200 competitors to this exciting

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wonderful insight into human character,
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will keep the reader absorbed in its pages to
the very close. It is a story of our own land
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This Novel alone will show the great value
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the day, life as it passes around us, in its fine
and unsurpassed engravings, so acknowl-
edgedly superior to all others that they are
alone copied by the illustrated papers in
Europe. Its columns are constantly filled
with Interesting Tales, Poems, Sketches,
Anecdotes and a full and accurate Summary
of the Civil and Military News of the week.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HOOVER AT St. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW-YORK, JAN 6—THE BODY LIES IN STATE.



RIGHT REV. JOHN TIMON, BISHOP OF BUFFALO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CODRINGTON.



RIGHT REV. JOHN McCLOSKEY, D.D., BISHOP OF ALBANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CODRINGTON.



THE WAR IN ARKANSAS—HELENA, ARKANSAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. D. SCHULZ.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—ACTION AT LEGAREVILLE—THE BUREAU BATTERY ATTACKING THE MARLBOROUGH SLOOP AND CAPTURED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL-ARTIST, W. T. GRANT.



Monsieur Louis gave orders rigidly, pulling at his moustache almost fiercely. The dinner was brought on with some slight delay.

"Tell me," said Monsieur Louis, "have you seen our friend, the Linda, lately?"

"She is not my friend particularly, and I have not seen her for a fortnight," said Eugene, stonily. Monsieur Louis elevated his eyebrows.

"A whole fortnight!" he said, sharply. "What an unkind man you are! Now, I have had the privilege every day during that time."

Eugene shook in his heart that it was a lie. He looked up and kept his eyes steadily upon him.

"He heard that madame and mademoiselle had left Paris for a fortnight," he said, quietly.

"Well, man, that does not place them in the stupids, does it? Suppose they were only a few miles out; there are the steamers, if you could have the money to take advantage of them."

"Did you receive a line from you on that day?" asked Eugene.

"A note—a note!" muttered Louis, scowling. "I do not remember a note."

"In it I advised you not to call on mademoiselle."

"Oh, you did! Well, the note must have miscarried."

"What! You went there?"

"See the man's astonishment! Of course I went there," he added, with an oath.

"And—and garden—but how did they treat you?"

"Like a king, my lord," answered Louis, with frontal velvet gestures. "You should have been only that, it might have made you jealous. Why they even sent out for confections and delicate meals. Then the lovely mademoiselle herself, how prettily beautiful she was! It was worth ten thousand francs to see her smile on one. What a smile the which has got to be sure!"

For a moment Eugene was taken aback. This man was so cool in his effrontery if he was lying and to be met.

"You mean to say that madame, the nurse and guardian of mademoiselle, received you with deference and believed your story?" asked Eugene, incredulously.

"Why, of course, man! As to my story, I can always get out of a scrape, even if other drawers move it. I had a very ingenious escape-valve, and that, with money, you see, overcame even the old dragon's jealousy. She consented to receive me as a friend; so, since then, I have been on terms of intimacy with them."

"I believe you!" cried Eugene, his eyes ablaze for the look and manner of this man made him seem lazier.

Louis sprang to his feet. This was all he wanted. Fe flushed, when his eyes, all the wrinkles in his forehead were plainly to be seen. He caught up his glass, which was nearly full, and threw it in the face of Eugene. This was unparliamentary. The young fellow leaped upon him like a tiger, most furious struggle ensued, which would have ended in blood if they had not been parted.

"Gentlemen for this!" cried Monsieur Louis, hoarsely.

"I am ready," was the reply.

And throwing down his card he rigidly wrote his name and address, took it up again and handed it to Monsieur Louis, who received it with a muttered oath.

The young man returned to his plain lodgings, feeling himself doomed man. All Paris rang with the skill of Monsieur Louis as a dead shot. Eugene was tolerably skilled in the use of the pistol, but he was by no means a professional. He had never winged his adversary in the other hand. Besides, he could not feel revengeful, and beyond a certain amount of cool during his physical courage was not remarkable. However, here he was with

a cud on his hands. He set down by his pen, his ink, his paper, all he folded and cut he looked over to the busy streets, which could be seen from his little window.

"I shall never talk those streets again," he said, with an involuntary shudder. "This field will kill me—feel in my heart. It is merciless. How often we have dismissed the right and the wrong, and I have flattered myself that I dared question the right of a man to kill for an insult! Yet this was no insult; it was the truth. If ever man died deliberately and foully that man died the villain, to imitate as he killed! He ought to be killed! Such a wretch is to be fed by the light of day to look upon. But if I dared him! Just Heaven! The thought of having blood upon my soul!"

He bent his head, with both hands he covered his pallid face. Life looked very alluring to him now, even if he had lost the sweetest gift of his first love. It was a young, poor fellow, and there was a fair prospect of being famous.

"I won't retract—and I won't fight!" he cried from between closed teeth.

But then he felt that he should be in the power of this vindictive man, who might at any time deliberately slip his venom out upon him. It would ruin his prospect. He, too, would die. He would brand him as a coward, ridicule him unmercifully, send in the way of his pretensions. In any case, he would be a most dangerous and desperate enemy.

"Oh, what am I to do?" groaned the young man.

On the one hand there was fight, on the other—sight! To run the risk of having a ball put through his heart, or going home to lie in pain on the floor he could earn at that distance from the capital. His mental manhood revolved at the thought. He who had made such boasts that he could support his mother and his sister, now to retreat ingloriously back, under cover of his protection, instead of their being under his. No, no, he could not for a moment contemplate this side of the question. He must stand by what he had said and take the consequences; there was no other way open to him. After all, what was life? To the Parisian hour it seemed an empty thing. Every morning the papers told of some one who had deliberately about the gates on his and gone out into the unknown future. Perhaps it would be better, knowing the chances; he thought it would. He would write a letter to his mother, his sister and Mademoiselle Linda. The old nurse would get it; she had found him honorable, and the chances were that mademoiselle would get it. Then she would see that he had died for her, and love his memory.

This plan decided upon, he set down and busied himself till ten at the afternoon, when Monsieur Louis messenger demanded to see him. That business adjusted satisfactorily, he went to dress in his mind of the strange and thought that wrapped it as in a cloud, but in vain. Oh, where he would do what he might, it followed him. A thousand times he despised himself for his moral cowardice, for conscience denied him its satisfaction. It said, in unambiguous language: "It is better to suffer than to be wrong." It hurried itself in proposing to him a thousand strange questions concerning that future he was so willing to suffer. But, as it too often the case, the moral was ever weaker than the spiritual man. It could not shade the finger of scorn, it could not bare the whiplow of doubt; above all, it could not place confidence in that great Being, who always in time or eternity rewards the villain and punishes the ill. Poor Monsieur Eugene!

CHAPTER VIII.

A cold gray morning, just after daylight. All the streets of Paris were damp, and moisture streamed from the eaves downwards. The very few people abroad, workers, both men and women, walked with shrugged shoulders and plumed faces. Paris was cold and the Parisians were cold. There were first in comfortable diamond-patterns; that my lord and my lady might not feel the change in the atmosphere. A carriage drove out of the cloacal streets. The driver looked sleepy, so did the horses. Pest here they poor things, had hardly been awake all night. Inside the carriage, wrapped in heavy gray shawls, sat two women, one was young and very beautiful, the other was old and much faded. It was Linda, and Mademoiselle Margrave.

"Oh, no! The air of the coach would stifle me; besides, it is not so very cold, only raw."

- LIFE'S QUESTION.
- BY HENRY ALFORD.
- DAMPING away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend:
Such is our progress—
Where is the end?
- Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend;
Such our facility:
Where is the end?
- Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Fendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still:
Whether to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency:
Where is the end?
- Crystal pavement,
Seen through the stream:
Firm the reality,
Under the dream:
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend:
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.
- Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind:
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot head:
Roots firmly clasping
The rock at the end.
- Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud:
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud:
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend:
Spoke of our wanderings
Approved at the End.

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"But I don't like to see you so pale, in the morning, your cheeks once were red as roses. I don't like it, child. I'm afraid you are going to be sick."

"Oh! no, Margrave. As soon as we get in the good country air you will see how I shall revive, like a flower taken from a hot-house into a genial climate. But we are very early here, the clock is striking only six."

"I thought it was later," by some mischance my watch has gone forward," was the reply.

"Well, fortunately the mademoiselle will be warm and we shall not suffer. It is better to be too early than too late."

"How gray the sky looks!" cried Linda, shuddering. "I didn't feel it but happy this morning, I believe I must have had malaria dreams. Did you ever feel as if something was going to happen?"

"Something is always going to happen, child," replied the nurse, yawning behind her gloved hand. "But I see ever come back to Paris?" sighed Linda, looking regretfully after a beautiful promise made they had just left. "Look, Margrave—look at that man. He is running—he seems to be in a desperate fright."

The nurse leaned forward. The man at that moment was coming towards the carriage.

"The villain!" she cried, "what can he want?"

"On their left was the chaise ground by the Bois de Boulogne; from one of its entrances directly opposite several men appeared, bearing a coffin. On their left were the chaise ground by a clock, laid the body of a man, whose lifeless face upturned to the heavens, and long, beautiful hair hanging all uncurled, showed the old nurse to cry out in anxiety. Linda saw, and for a moment the terrible vision deprived her of all emotion. Then a long, wild scream rent her very soul. The beautiful girl hurried to the carriage door.

"Are you crazy, Linda?" cried her nurse, frightened at her extreme pallor, and the earnestness of her motions.

"No, you know I am not. You know whose body that is. He has been killed—that frightful man killed him. I must get out. Unlock the door or I will jump through the window. Men, set down this coffin—she was my first love."

At last the handle of the door yielded, and she sprang out of the coach. The passers, struck with her youth and beauty and sorrow, parted, while she went above the hill.

"Oh! is he dead?" she cried, wildly, as, brushing the rich hair beads, she laid her hand upon the forehead.

"He's dead, your sister; so the surgeon said," replied one of the men.

"Oh! his poor sister!" sobbed Linda, quite overcome. "Oh! his poor mother, if he has one, what they are without him! Ah! me—it has broken my heart."

"Linda," cried the nurse, gently, "come, child, you can do no good there."

LINDA,
The Dancing Girl of the Cafe St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. Denton.

CHAPTER VII.

One day Eugene was leisurely walking towards the cafe for dinner when, presto! he stumbled upon Monsieur Louis. That gentleman, being freshly dyed, was got up in the very oddest style. He stopped short, made an immensely evil growl, and smiled grimly. Conroy demanded that Eugene should stop too, though he would fain have gone by.

"How are you, Monsieur Eugene?"

"I am as well as I can be."

"It is an age since I have seen you."

"It is indeed some time."

"Pardon me, but you were going to dine?"

"That was my intention, Monsieur Louis," was the quiet reply.

"I go with you then. I am on the lookout for a quieter spot, which I suppose you have found—perhaps a cheaper?"

"Both quieter and cheaper," said Eugene, coloring.

"You do not object to my company?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Eugene, with indifference.

He did not dare, or rather did not like, to tell the truth, which was that he had much rather go alone.

So the two went quietly along together, Monsieur Louis never for a moment losing his extraordinary demeanor. Eugene perceived and almost envied that they had not met. He was determined, if an opportunity occurred, to give him the old direct-

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"Are you crazy, Linda?" cried her nurse, frightened at her extreme pallor, and the earnestness of her motions.

"No, you know I am not. You know whose body that is. He has been killed—that frightful man killed him. I must get out. Unlock the door or I will jump through the window. Men, set down this coffin—she was my first love."

At last the handle of the door yielded, and she sprang out of the coach. The passers, struck with her youth and beauty and sorrow, parted, while she went above the hill.

"Oh! is he dead?" she cried, wildly, as, brushing the rich hair beads, she laid her hand upon the forehead.

"He's dead, your sister; so the surgeon said," replied one of the men.

"Oh! his poor sister!" sobbed Linda, quite overcome. "Oh! his poor mother, if he has one, what they are without him! Ah! me—it has broken my heart."

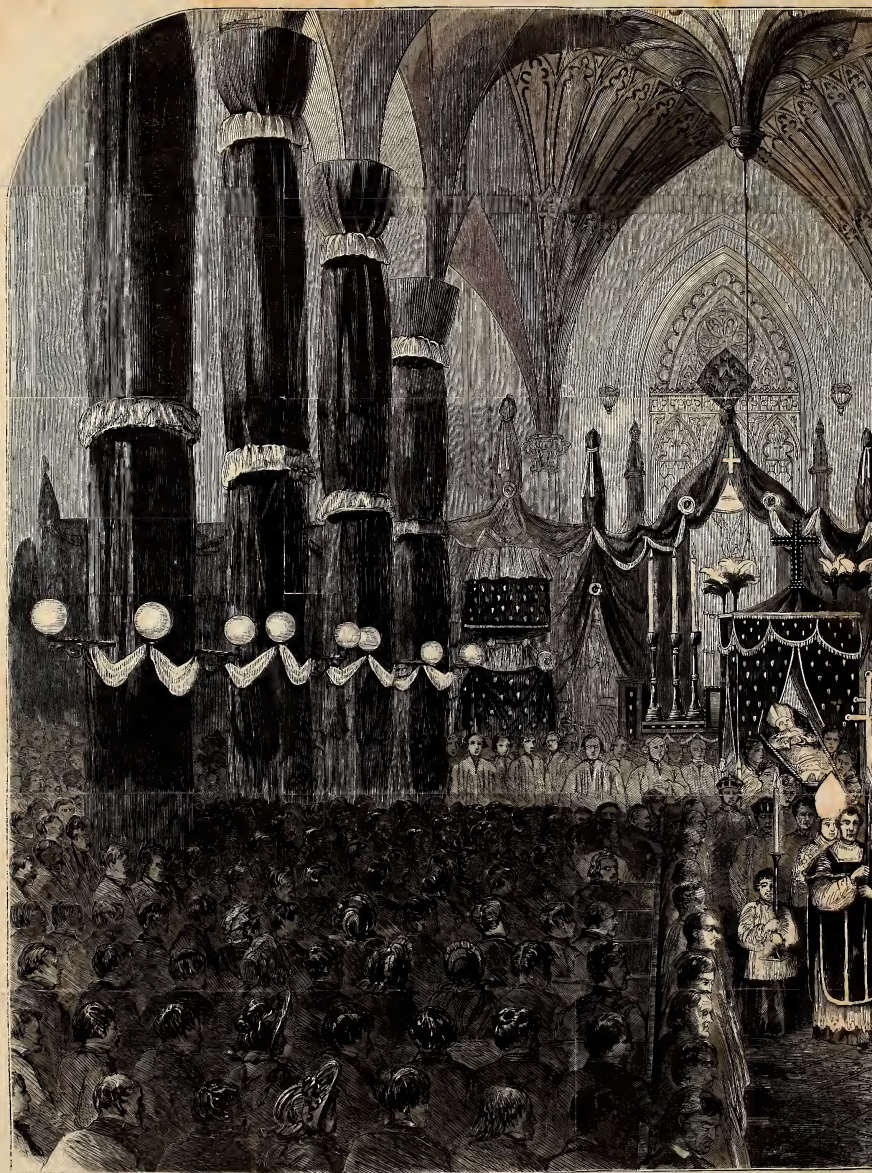
"Linda," cried the nurse, gently, "come, child, you can do no good there."

CHAPTER VIII.

A cold gray morning, just after daylight. All the streets of Paris were damp, and moisture streamed from the eaves downwards. The very few people abroad, workers, both men and women, walked with shrugged shoulders and plumed faces. Paris was cold and the Parisians were cold. There were first in comfortable diamond-patterns; that my lord and my lady might not feel the change in the atmosphere. A carriage drove out of the cloacal streets. The driver looked sleepy, so did the horses. Pest here they poor things, had hardly been awake all night. Inside the carriage, wrapped in heavy gray shawls, sat two women, one was young and very beautiful, the other was old and much faded. It was Linda, and Mademoiselle Margrave.

"Oh, no! The air of the coach would stifle me; besides, it is not so very cold, only raw."

The Meeting between Eugene and his Sister in the Hospital.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP, MUMFORD, AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW-YORK, JAN.



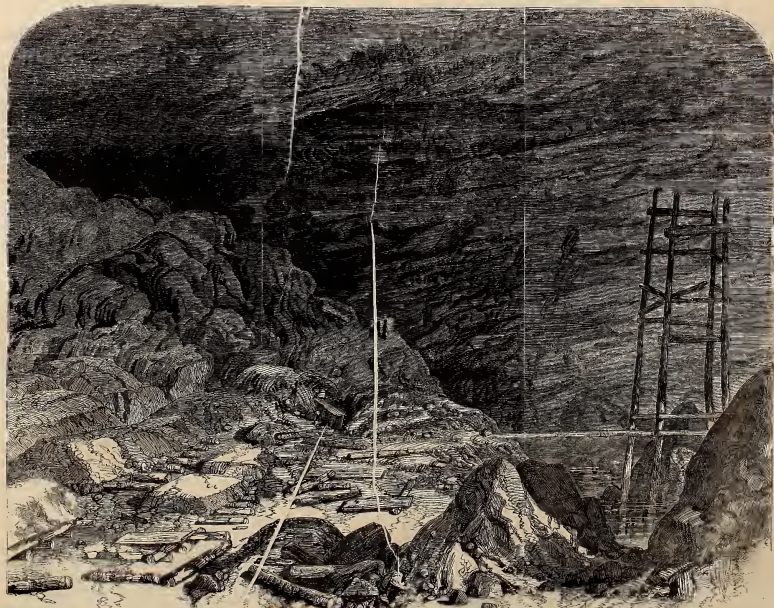
THE CLOSE OF THE IMPOSING CEREMONIAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR STAFF OF SEVIGAL ARCHES.



GIVING BALL GIVEN BY GENERAL GILMORE AT HILTON HEAD, S. C., DEC. 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.



THE MEN OF THE HIRSHBERG... THE SUTLERS WITHOUT PARADE AT VANDERBILT, UNDER GEN. WOODRUM'S ORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK D. SHEPHERD.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE CELEBRATED NICKAJACK CAVE, IN ALABAMA, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, WITH THE RUINED REBEL SALTPETRE WORKS.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. R. HALLAM.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who... A WAGGISH SPENDTHRIFT recently said... Why I love me and my dog... Why I love me and my dog... Why I love me and my dog...

Cavalry.

Sold Silver, \$5. 50 Gold Field, \$5. 50

Artillery.

Sold Silver (without bullet), \$1. 50. Sold Bullet, \$1. 50. 20 cents each, extra.

Co. Pins.

Sold Silver, \$1. 50 Gold Field, \$1. 50

Corps Badges.

Sold Silver, \$1. 50 Gold Field, \$1. 50

W. FORSYTH & CO.

41 and 43 Nassau Street (opposite the Post Office). Watches, Chains, Jewelry, Etc. Valued at \$300,000!



Sold Gold, \$4. Sold Gold (without bullet), \$5. Sold Gold, \$5. 50. Sold Gold, \$5.



Sold Silver, \$1. 50 Gold Field, \$1. 50

FURS!

London and Misses in Fine Fur, in Sable, Mink, Ermine, Seal, Beaver, etc.

THE "RIDGWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE!

For the Soldier it is invaluable. The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco!



Cavalry and Artillery Pins!

The above are represented by the Cavalry and Artillery Pins... Agents wanted in and out of the Army.



Another Voice from the Potomac!

Fathers and Mothers, Soldiers and Brothers... A Voice from the Potomac!

Hawkes' Diamond Pointed Gold Pen

Medium Pen \$9.50... Large Pen \$10.00... Small Pen \$8.50

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1903... PHILAN & COLLENDER

UNITED STATES NAVY Monitor Pins.

The most correct size of Monitor Pins got up in New York... JOHN W. HULL & CO.



UNITED STATES NAVY Monitor Pins.

The most correct size of Monitor Pins got up in New York... JOHN W. HULL & CO.



THE GREAT CIGAR

AND ELEGANT TWO DOLLAR CHAIN... THOMAS GOSNEY

EXTRA COPIES OF THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

NEW YORK WEEKLY... PHILAN & COLLENDER

CHLORASMA, OR MOUTH PATCHES!

Members on the face, called patches, are very annoying... DR. C. C. FREY

Billiard Balls!

Patent Improved Ivory, \$3 and \$4... SHAW & CLARK

NEW YORK WEEKLY

is now publishing a new and interesting... PHILAN & COLLENDER

Just What Every Family Wants!

NEW HAVEN... DR. C. C. FREY

American Needle Co.

All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles... SHAW & CLARK

Union Playing Cards!

National American Amusement Cards... AMERICAN CARD CO.

The Automatic Self-Sever

HENS, TUCKS & GUDES THE WORK WITHOUT THE HAND... HENS, TUCKS & GUDES

Holloway's Pills

OR OINTMENT! Hasten! Delays are Dangerous!

Union Playing Cards!

National American Amusement Cards... AMERICAN CARD CO.

The Early Physical Negativity of AMERICAN PEOPLE.

And the early physical decline of childhood and youth... DR. ANDREW STONE

Hasten! Delays are Dangerous!

To insure getting genuine, go to the Depot... HENS, TUCKS & GUDES

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Watches Given to All our Agents!

A GREAT CHANGE.
BEAVER, dialer and engraver, and you need for our NEW PRIZE STATIONARY CLOCK...



TO ORDER.
Manufacture Unsurpassed—Fitting Imitations.

CHAS. L. LOCKWOOD'S.
No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

HATS.
D. BEAUDIN, FRENCH HATTER.

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD.
No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

P.S.—Hats made to Order and sent per Express.
Directions for Self-Measurement sent on application.

Desire for Tobacco!

CHEWING, SMOKING and SMUTTING CURED and PREVENTED by Dr. Byrne's ANTIDOTE.

Wholesale Agents—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks or return money...

To Consumers!

The Advertiser, having been directed to sell and deliver several years with a severe lung affection...

GOLD PENS AND CASES

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.
Ladies' Pens 75c, 100c, 125c, 150c, 200c...

The above Pens are in great and warranted to give every respect for our work. A written promise...

A Beautiful Microscope for 30 Cts.

MAGNIFYING 500 times, mailed on receipt of 30 cts. in gold.

Prepare for the Holidays!

Book called "Fancy Goods, Dainties and Fables, will please remember..."

Brooks' Book of unworked goods for sale at 25c per copy...

MUNN & COMPANY, Sole Agents of American & Foreign Patents.

AND PUBLISHERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," 25 N. York.

COLD FEET!
Use the ELECTRO METALLIC SHOES.

25c per Dozen—\$15 worth of Iron and Valuable Goods sent to you on any, or for 50 cents.



SPORTS OF THE SEASON.
Members of the Scotch Curling Club having a fine time of it.

\$15 Per Day Easy \$15 AND A WATCH FREE!

30,000 men and women wanted to act as Agents in every Town, Village and Hamlet, to sell our immensely popular, successful and valuable EXTRA LARGE SIZE PRIZE PACKAGES...



AMERICAN METALLIC COLLARS.
The only emulated "Turn-over" Collar made in metal.

IMPORTANT!

The public are respectfully informed that I have just received per steamer Cuba a fresh shipment of the Valerian Cabinet.

Verzery Cabinet, AND Dry Verzery Champagne.

of a new vintage, surpassing in richness, the taste and delicacy of quality any of the same grade ever before sent by this house.

Chambers and Physical Debility.
Suffering from Spindling, etc., both Men, Women and Children...

BRIDGEWATER PAINT

For Sale at 50c per Gallon.
White Lead, Zinc Oxide, and other colors.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
LI. Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

We want Agents everywhere to sell the most splendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS

With which we give, as Premiums to Agents, Gold and Silver Watches.

G. B. MARKIN'S, No. 23 Beekman Street, N. Y.

The Beard, etc.

IN those persons who, being naturally smooth, when the person is over 30, he is certainly beginning to grow a beard...

To all who wish to make Money!
Send your address to J. W. YALE, Syracuse, N. Y.

WATCHES AND \$8. CHAINS. \$11.

A Beautiful English Made PLATED WATCH AND CHAIN, also Swiss Movement, hand made dial and hands...

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches, Silver Chains, and Gold Links...

250 Rare Receipts!

TELLS WHY TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.
The book, with 250 Receipts, mailed by mail for 25 cts.

A Secret Worth Knowing—How to make the CELEBRATED "WESTERN" CIDER.

VINELAND. LANDS. TO ALL WANTING FARMS!

Large and thriving Settlement; land and beautiful climate. 30 miles north of New York...

\$7. WATCHES. \$7

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED Gold-Plated Watch, LEVER OAK.

Small size, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, PERFECT TIMEKEEPER.

Also SOLD SILVER.
Specially adapted to the army.

CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann St., N. Y.
50 First Premiums in 1863.



GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED ELASTIC SEWING SOWING MACHINES.

Were awarded the Highest Premiums over all competitors at the State Fair of New York, Vermont, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Oregon...

Salesrooms, 485 Broadway, N. Y.

TOMES, SON & MELVIN, 6 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dusters in "Fire Arms," "Cutlery," "Sporting Articles," "Fancy Goods," "Perfumery," "Books," "Military and Navy Equipments in every variety."

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

A large and complete stock of Men's Furnishing Goods...

FIND OTHER COLLARS.

JERRY BROWN'S large stock of German Shaker Collars...

GREAT.

STEWART & BOND, Nos. 22 and 24 Water St. New York.

Dispepsia Tablets.

For INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, etc., manufactured by Dr. Wm. W. Wells, and sold by all Druggists...

BALLOU'S French Toilet Soap.

Warranted to be the best and CHEAPEST.

F. Y. S.

For sale by all the principal druggists throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS!

Large and thriving Settlement; land and beautiful climate. 30 miles north of New York...

From Report of Selous Robinson, Aug. 25th 1863.

"We are one of the most fertile and best lands in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Registered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 435—V. L. XVII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMINE," "THE
REJECTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

The \$5,000 Prize Tale
Commences with this number.

THE FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT In the Church of the Company at Santia- go de Chili.

AMID a civil war of unparalleled carnage,
when the telegraph often sends us from various
points of our vast country accounts of battles fought
at the same moment, when the tales of death in four
thousands seem to lose its terrible reality, the news
of an accident in Chili comes with such frightful
details as to fill all with horror.

The death of Mr. Chil, who celebrated in May, in
Chili, made a preparation to the great Spanish
festival of the "Inmaculate Conception," on the 8th of
December. Among the associations which in Santi-
ago attended these devotions with the greatest zeal
was a well-known one of ladies and girls called the
"Children of Mary," who assembled at a church

which, prior to the suppression of the Jesuits in 1763,
belonged to that order, and has retained the name of
the church of the Company. Next to the Cathedral
it was considered the finest ecclesiastical building in
the city. The roof was lighted by stained glass, as
were the windows around the chapel above the high
altar. The altar and paintings were in good taste
and by far the best in the city. The building was most
frequently known in Chili as usual as the spot where
gratuitous instruction of the poor was commenced by



THE DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION IN CHILI.—CHURCH OF THE COMPANY, AT SANTIAGO, DEstroyED BY FIRE ON THE 8TH OF DECEMBER.—2,000 WOMEN AND CHILDREN KILLED.—FROM A PHOTO. BY MYNOR.

THE MARLE MAIDEN OR, The Sculptor of Florence.

By Ernest Trevor.

THE GOLDEN day was dylar in Florence, as Guido, a young sculptor, stood before a beautiful girl to which he had just bestowed the finishing touches of his skill. An enthusiastic group of artists, who had been invited to neglect the living beauties of his native city, and he might throw his heart away upon an insensible girl, as he had done before, and he had not a mere mass of stone into his hands, but a work of art; every day he worked it had caught some one whom, until now, he had not so quickly familiar as he was with all that was exquisitely lovely, either in the breathing or inanimate world, it held in its grasp, and which this inspired work of his own hands.

His admiration grew so intense that it became an obsession, and he was now gazing upon the beautiful figure, and as he now gazed at her, he had a momentary regret that it was but stone after all. On this day, having given form to that beautiful figure, he had the consciousness that he had from his lips in a moment of uncontrollable love, and overwhelmed with his emotions and emotions, he had said to her, "I have loved you for a space gone over upon the marble statue, and I must cry my love to you, my friend's crimson lips then its full flush upon its face, which was his all that was exquisitely lovely, either in the breathing or inanimate world, it held in its grasp, and which this inspired work of his own hands.

"Blessed and immaculate Virgin, give life to this beautiful statue, and I will henceforth devote myself to the service of the Madonna." After remaining absorbed in this delicious mood for some time, he slowly rose, and fixed his purposeful eyes upon the marble statue, and his rapturous surprise when he saw, as the marble figure turned away upon its feet, that its face was the face of the girl he loved, and his eyes were riveted upon her eyes, and he beheld his delight that his eyes drooped, and then he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face.

But who could he see? He beheld the marble maiden, standing before him, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face.

Strange sight it was to see the now living statue gazing round the precious apartment, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face.

The sound around her—stated—turned round and for the first time he beheld her creator. Their eyes met, he was dazed with a strange joy, she smiled, but forth her hand, to the marble figure, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face.

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He coughed upon his head, he advanced stupor with deep, the marble maiden, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face, and he saw the marble figure turn, and he beheld her face.

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WINTER SPORTS AT NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS.

THOUGH who delight in winter sports had a Central Park in New York. For a few days the city has been enjoying the winter sports of the city. Thousands, knowing how fortunate they were to have such a winter sports ground, were flocking to the city to enjoy the winter sports of the city.

At St. Louis the Mississippi is the river, and the winter sports of the city are being enjoyed by the people of the city. The winter sports of the city are being enjoyed by the people of the city, and the winter sports of the city are being enjoyed by the people of the city.

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BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON—THE DOOMED CITY FIRED BY GILMORE'S EXPLOSIVE SIGNALS FROM FORT PULHAM, JAN. 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. Z. CRANE.

NEGRO FESTIVITIES AT VICKSBURG.

The negroes preserve all their African fondness for music and dancing, and in the waltzing form which they have assumed here have given rise to negro dances and minuets in our theaters, a form of amusement which has carried many of our colored people to the city. The character of the waltz and the minuet; the strange gradation of color, from the sooty black of the pure bred to

those cretaceous, fair and beautiful, whose position among their darker brethren shows the broad ancestry of their male ancestors for generations, who begot them to degrade them, and who have thus for years been putting white blood into slavery. There is in these negro balls one thing which cannot fail to impress any observer. Coming as they all do from a degraded and oppressed class, they assume nevertheless in their intercourse with each other, as if as they are, the manners and language of the best classes in society. There is often a grotesque exaggeration,

indeed; but there is an appreciation of refinement and an endeavor to attain it which we seldom see in the same class of whites.

BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON ON

JAN. 9.

On Sunday, Jan. 9, Gen. Gillmore broke the stillness by hurling into the city of Charleston shells loaded with Greek fire, and prepared by Col.

Hell, so as to avoid their too sudden explosion. His invention was highly successful, the shells all bursting in the city at the desired moment, and the result was a fire in the southern part of the city. All the lower part of Charleston is now deserted, the warehouses emptied and closed, people abandoned the streets. The heaviest city line at the mercy of Gen. Gillmore, and the suburb of Beaufort has drawn inevitable lines of fortifications around a heap of ruins and ashes.



THE GREAT SNOWSTORM ON THE TRACKS—DISASTERS OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR CALHOUN, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.



1. THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—THE MISSISSIPPI FROZEN OVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY



BY G. B. ELLSWORTH. 2. THE SPORTS OF THE SEASON IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

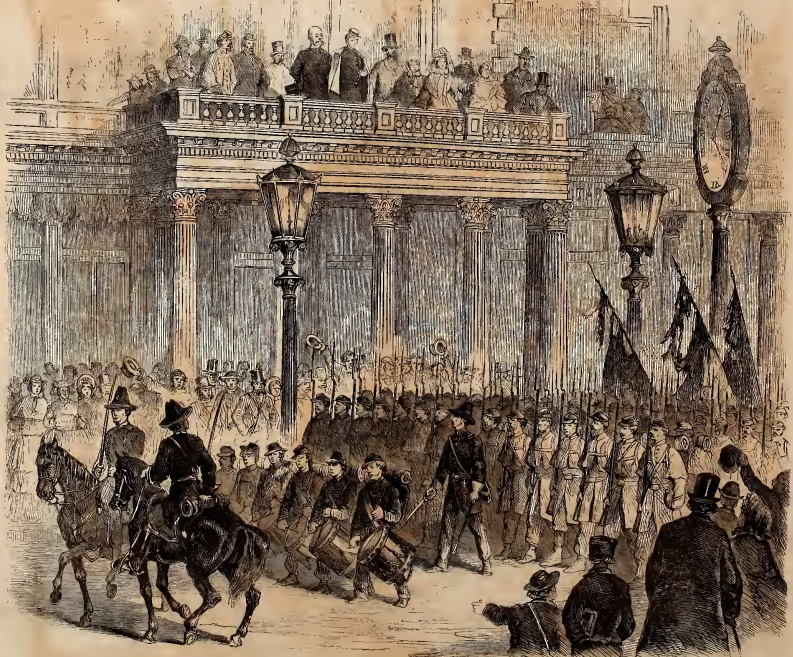


A NEW YEAR'S DAY CON-RAJAND BALL AT VIKESBURIA, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, FRED. B. SCOTT.



OUR CENTENARIANS—JOHN PHILLIPS, OF STURBRIDGE, MASS., AGED 100 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS.

LIEUT.-COL. HORACE F. HOGG, COMMANDING THE 60TH N. Y. VETERAN VOL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE RE-EMMETTING REGIMENTS—GEN BURNIDEAU REVIEWING THE 60TH AND 69TH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

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A Record of its occurrence in America. The most graphic revelation of the age, revealing the past...

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SEARCHER, give us your watch, and we will give you a new one... CHAS. L. LOCKWOOD'S, No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW SHIRTS TO ORDER. Manufacture Unsurpassed—Piping Initials, AT CHAS. L. LOCKWOOD'S, No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

P. S.—Self-Management sent on application.

RESPECTFULLY EXTRAORDINARY.

Mrs. S. JONES (who is not yet her husband in hunting)—"Wah, Biddy, I'll make you a present of a pair of snuff, and make Mr. Jones your snuffler."

(Jones, who is an awfully snuff-loving man, cannot make it out who the makes it or get such a handsome present.)

GOLD WATCH FREE! \$15 Per Day Easy \$15

10,000 men and women would like to see an Agent in every town... GOLD WATCH FREE!

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Shirts' Guarantee—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in 20 days or money refunded.

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Cured by Patent Stimulus Application. For particulars and prospectus send name, address to H. L. MEARS, 97 West 32d St., N. Y.

To Consumptives!

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a very short time by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has decided to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A Beautiful Microscope for 30 Cts.

MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, mailed on receipt of price in full of different goods.

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Army Corps of Engineers' Gold Pens and Cases.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

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Watches and Gold Chains.

Dispersia Tablets.

Ballard's Patent Breech-Loading Rifle and Carbine.

Use of Tobacco, in all forms, cured and prevented.

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\$7. WATCHES. \$7

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED Gold-Plated Watch, LEVER CASE, GREAT ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, PERFECT TIMEKEEPER.

ASOLID SILVER Watch, \$7.50.

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GREAT CHANGE MAKE MONEY.

We want Agents Everywhere to sell the most splendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS. With which we give, as Prizes to Agents, Gold and Silver Watches.

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FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS! ALL Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Wash-corn, Fresh Tomatoes, Harp's Potatoes...

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

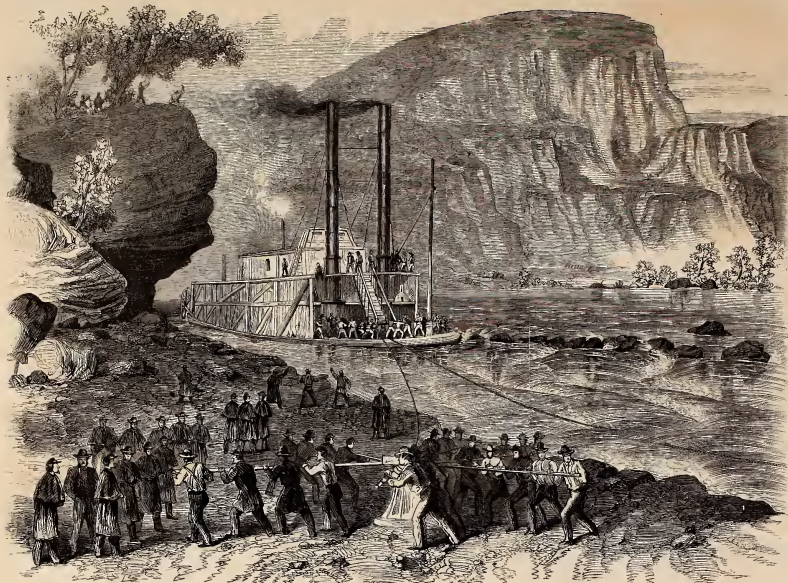
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THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO—REMOVING THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD TO THE CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.



THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO DE CHILE—THE SEARCH FOR MINING KINDRED.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.



STEAMER PAINT ROCK PASSING THE "SUCK" BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND BRIDGEPORT.—FROM AN ACCURATE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

THE SUCK IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

We give another striking view of Tennessee scenery, the suck between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, with the steamer Paint Rock drawn through the rapids. The current here dashes along at the rate of 80 miles an hour, forming, as the water

holes and foams amid the rocks, a succession of whirls and eddies through which the steamer with a full load of steam can make no progress. Windlasses on shore are manned, and by dint of steam and human muscle the 300 yards of net are last accomplished after two or three hours' toil.

Yet this was the best means of communication between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, the base of

supply, and the Paint Rock, whose ample sleeping accommodations we also portray, the crack boat on the river.

DUVALL'S BLUFF, ARK.

DUVALL'S BLUFF WAS, prior to the war, a

place almost unvisited of a little post village on the White river, Prairie county, Ark. till a railroad crossed it with Helena. This last made it important Arkansas, and the station of a convenient camp, being well guarded by gunboats. As Fred is said to



SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS ON THE PAINT ROCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the morrow; for Jonathan Spear, though an old bachelor himself, had at least half a score of nephews and nieces, who looked upon him as their very example of goodness and generosity, and would certainly have believed in a sudden ending of the world if only Jonathan had failed to remember each individual of them on a New Year's Day.

Jonathan had never married, but from a very early part of his life he had declared his independence of boarding-house, and become a housekeeper, taking as his residence a comfortable abode in his household a venerable widow Watkins, wonderfully skilled in the mysteries of the cuisine and in making things, and a comfortable old maid. For fifteen years the widow exhausted her motherly care over Jonathan, and then transferred a large share of it to the charge of the two orphan children of Jonathan's deceased sister, Nellie and Maggie Warren, who were left to Jonathan's care, and as he had no other dependents incidentally, were brought to the home of their bachelor uncle, as the very best place they could be brought to; and in years, thanks to the care and solicitude of his wife, and the superintendence of Jonathan, they grew up two beautiful and accomplished girls, making for their bachelor uncle a bright and happy home as waited for any man that New Year Eve in New York.

"Oh, uncle, I'm so glad you've come! We've been looking for you this hour. Let me unloose your coat, and Maggie will take your hat. We've got so much to tell you."

This was Nellie, who was talking as fast as her tongue would allow her to, and all the time shaking the snow off her nose, and helping to direct him to his coat and overcoat, ending it all off by giving him a kiss and seating him in the green hair chair, in front of one of the choicest and brightest fires that ever was built; while Maggie stood ready at the little table that was drawn up to his side, to make his tea and help him to the warm, tender, juicy steak that smoked before him. Jonathan Spear had never known a sicker day in his life, and as a natural consequence he was not unblest with appetite, which found simple enjoyment on the steak and tea; and then while Nellie and Maggie ran away to arrange all the little knick-knacks and pleasant things for the morrow, Jonathan Spear drew his chair up a little closer before the fire, and began to think, and his thoughts ran somewhat in this way:

"Well, here another New Year has rolled around, which makes me fly. Pretty round age that, Jonathan Spear; you're not young as you were twenty years ago, sir. But then, what's a few years! Ain't I just as smart as I was then. I'm here half a dozen of the young men yet. Haven't I got good health? Haven't I got a good appetite, and ain't I got the nicest home in the world? Ah, yet Jonathan, that's all true; but why ain't you rich? That's it, man, you're getting old, and you're not getting rich. You've missed your chance, Jonathan. It ain't been here done twenty-five years ago! Now, then! what would you give just to take back that twenty-five years, and have another chance to give 'em who can't give anything that was asked of you?"

"Would you?" said a tiny voice, almost in Jonathan's ear that made him jump so that he almost knocked over the small table, and then looking all around and seeing nobody he began to persuade himself it was nothing but imagination.

"Now then, what would you give, Jonathan Spear?" said this time the voice came right out from the chimney-back, and Jonathan started with concentrated force into the fire for an elucidation. Just as he was doing so a little figure stopped

daintily over the glowing coals and out upon the hearth. It was not more than twelve inches high, and very exactly formed. Its face was red, and its eyes so white as to look every particle from its chest to its cap was of the same color, the buttons being carbuncles, and the trimmings exactly crumpled gold. Jonathan gazed with bewildered eyes for a moment, and then feeling that he sat by his own hearth and had a right to ask questions, said—

"What's your name, and where the plague did you come from?"

"Never you mind," answered the little red gentleman, "but just wanted to what I've got to say, for this is a busy night with me, and I haven't time to waste your gold. Jonathan gazed with bewildered eyes for a moment, and then feeling that he sat by his own hearth and had a right to ask questions, said—

"Oh! then you're Santa Claus!" said Jonathan, in a kind of alarm.

"Santa Claus have I called the little red gentleman, saying his hand upon his thigh with a crack like a rifle, and giving a laugh that fairly shook the house. "Now I look like Santa Claus?" "Why, Santa Claus, if ever you'd read 'The Night before Christmas' you'd never be so stupid as to take me for Santa Claus. No! Not Santa Claus, and if you'd asked me any question, and I wanted to be twenty-five years younger; who you want that for?"

"So that I can be rich," answered Jonathan.

"Oh, you ain't got no money," said the little red gentleman, and he expected that. You were once cashier of the Highways Banking and Trust Company, weren't you? Why didn't you make money out of that?"

"Ah! why didn't I?" said Jonathan, smiling grimly. "Because I was a fool and didn't use the money of the bank to speculate on and slave note that the bank could not take!"

"And why didn't you resign for the house of Humdrum & Co., when they failed. There's a fortune in that for you—a hundred thousand, at least. What did you do with it?"

"Gave it up to the creditors," said Jonathan, doggedly.

"Oh, you!" said the little red gentleman again. "And you that have had plenty of money, many times, if you had chosen, could you not, Jonathan Spear?"

"Yes," mumbled Jonathan. "If I had chosen to keep what was in my hands and let the rightful owners have it?"

"And why didn't you?" said the little red gentleman, with a significant leer of his left eye.

"Oh, because I was a fool!" responded Jonathan, with a profound shudder of the shoulders.

"And, I suppose, if you had another chance, you would correct all these mistakes?"

"Jonathan was not exactly prepared to answer that question, but he responded with a knowing glance at the little red gentleman that did quite as well as words, and brought forth a new proposition.

"Now, then, Jonathan Spear, I want to ask you plainly which you would prefer: whether to have a quarter of a century taken off your age, leaving you as healthy as ever and leaving you to recover the remainder of your life and grow rich, or that you should give up your present age, with such wealth as you may choose to possess yourself of?"

"I'll keep my present age, and have immediate wealth," was Jonathan's immediate answer.

"Think well of it, Jonathan Spear; twenty-five years of life is not to be despised."

"Fiddle for the years!" said Jonathan, sharply. "What is life without money?"

"Why, you're not poor, are you?"

"No, not poor."

"And in good health?"

"Capital—never was better."

"And yet you do not enjoy life?"

"Oh! Y—yes. But then I'd rather be rich, and they that are poor should be fit them. You shall rich, Jonathan Spear, but on condition."

"Name 'em," said Jonathan, in a twitter of an excited nature.

"I shall present you with three gifts, which the little red gentleman, "each of which will be given to them, and you must not disobey my injunctions as to their use, and you must not squander or give away any of them, and you must not be greedy of gain. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Jonathan, eagerly.

"And," continued the little red gentleman, "when you have received a gift it can never be recalled. Do you agree to this?"

"Well, well," power that seems to lead you deeper, and you, consequently, are the first mortal who has been entrusted with a key. "Take it."

"Jonathan grasped eagerly at the key, and looking with curiosity at the tiny thing, started a tenth of an inch in length, he asked:

"Some good act?" echoed Jonathan. "Why stop so long?"

"You must perform some good act," repeated the little red gentleman, "and you can remove said close the box, on opening which again you will find another piece, and so on without end. But you must remember that when you take out of each piece from the box, you must perform some good act."

"Some good act?" echoed Jonathan. "Why stop so long?"

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THE CORNHORN MINER UNDER THE SEA.

FRANKLY the tapen olive. In the deep Botanic mine. Over which there springs no turf—Over which there means the surf—Heavy ocean seems to chide Rocks and metals that divide These dark gorges from the tide.

What can the dreams of the miner be Sixty fathoms under the sea, As he breaks the copper ore Two hundred fathoms out from the shore? What to him do the mud waves say When they dash their angry spray Overhead from day to day?

Perhaps of freedom he hears them tell In their constant flow and their mighty swell, While his striving heart grows sadder and sadder Till he longs to mount from ladder to ladder—

To leave the sounding sea below, Never again to downward go Beneath its proud and taming glow.

Others mine beneath the sand Or the emerald trow of their fatherland—But it is not so with the miner here, He is under the sea from year to year; The golden luxury of light Is a blessed thing to his weary sight, And the breath of Heaven is his heart's delight.

Eight hours out of the twenty-four He buries himself 'neath the ocean's roar, But the air to him is doubly pure When he seeks home on the cliff or moor, Where the golden sunlight has no thrill, But lovingly rests on the cottage wall, And the light of day is free to all.

There are happy dreams for each that see, Oh, Cornish miner, under the sea! For the blessings too little prize Are living pictures before your eyes—And the changing hues of the zootie Are never furled to any sight Than your varied dreams of the golden light.

Jonathan Spear's New Year's Eve.

My conscience, how it mowed! Down it came in a regular steady cloud, making the whole air as white as—well, a white as snow. It was not a half and half sort of snow, a little white, then, and then a melting, drifting rain for a few minutes, then, then something else, and finally a shower by way of a finish. It was not one of those every day good old-fashioned snowstorms, in which every stick and boarder when it falls, and all else as plain as snow could speak, "There's going to be a snow-morrow."

It was just after daylight, and still early, when Jonathan Spear was travelling up Broadway. He did not expect to go sleeping on the morrow, yet nevertheless he was glad to see the snow for nothing does so add to the enjoyment of the New Year's Day as a good snowing snowstorm, one of the olden time. Therefore it was that he enjoyed seeing it whirling about the lamp-posts, and his feet upon the steps, make hangs upon hat-rims, and great bunches upon the breast, and fine buttoned coats, until it fell of its own weight, enjoy to a glorious right, to see the people. To see them run, and laugh, and shout, and that there was really nothing to laugh and glee flow with and see their eyes sparkle, and their looks full of the excitement. Then it was no fancy to see everybody else their fair price, and at a moment, and their run, and grasp together for a "Happy New Year!"

It was just as when Jonathan Spear saw, and they did not leave the baggage for one of them. He had just left the counting-house after parting with the New Year's employ, which things all a "Happy New Year" and had only stopped to buy one or two little things more than had been already bought, to add to the gifts which he intended to make on



The Little Red Gentleman appearing to Jonathan Spear.



TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT SANTIAGO DE CHILE—INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE COM...



THE COMPANY, WITH THE CONGREGATION WRAPPED IN FLAMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore.
On the last day of his youth, when his fate was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down in blood.

THE GOLF WITH THEM.

BY MRS. ANN S. BROWN.

(Continued from page 305.)

"Oh, well, this is Mr. Melton was—
"Who all knew about Mr. Melton; he had been in business some years before that worthy old gentleman his uncle died, and left him so enormously rich that he was guessing how many millions he was worth."

"You don't want to say that she was eternal goodness who continually traveling through the country to get married for the young gentlemen of the house?"
"No, no, nothing quite so bad as that," answered Mrs. Chase, with a low exhalation of "hush," and shaking her head till all the pink roses on her bosom fluttered away.

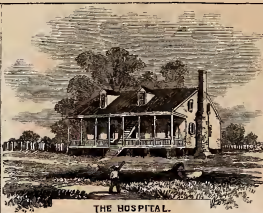
dearly pale, and seemed chilled through with grief.
You could detect intense emotion on his face, but he said not a word, and his eyes were fixed on the roses in his black hair; but otherwise she seemed quite as marble.

"There, there!" said Elsie, patting him as she might have smoothed a great Newfoundland dog.
"Shall you be glad to see me—really glad?" pleaded Tom, red to the very temples.

And he held it, while Elsie uttered her wild exclamations of delight.
"Whose house?" exclaimed Melton, as he lifted his wife from the carriage and conducted her up the steps.
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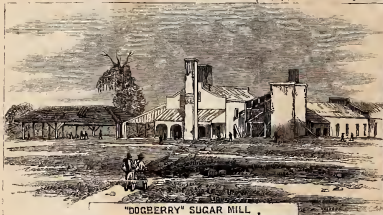
GATE AND PORTER'S LODGE.



THE HOSPITAL.



THE CHURCH.



"DOGBERRY" SUGAR MILL.



THE SAW MILL.



OAK LAWN.



NEGRO QUARTERS.



THE RESIDENCE.



THE OVERSEERS HOUSE.



PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE—THE SNUFF-DIPPERS.—FROM A DRAWING BY A GERMAN OFFICER IN THE REBEL ARMY.



THE WARS OF THE LAST CENTURY—BATTLE MONUMENT JUST ERRECTED AT ST. FOTS, NEAR QUEBEC, CANADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERMORE.



CURLING AT CENTRAL PARK.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N. Y.



DUVAL'S BLOFFS, FRAZIE CO., ARKANSAS—DAPOT OF MUSKETS OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A counsellor's sole support—in shoe roots he finds his wit.
"Play, madam, what makes you so excited?"
"O, I have taken a resolution."

"I have taken a resolution," said the young man, "to marry you, my wife, I have got the plan all ready."

"Your children will have the immense tax collector hands," said an American gentleman.

"I'm sorry," replied an elderly lady, "that I have to go to bed."

They were very well off, and on reading the notice, they were all in a flutter.

VALENTINES

Call on us to Headquarters, Calverton street five to ten o'clock, on every day, except on Sundays.



HOPSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. HOPSTETTER'S BITTERS—STOMACH BITTERS—Ladies who are afflicted with indigestion, flatulency, and other ailments of the stomach.

Hopstetter's Stomach Bitters, Prepared and Sold by HOPSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa.

Gold! Gold! Full instructions in Vegetarianism, and how to save the money...

Do you want to get married? If you don't fall in love...

Madison's Diamond Pointed Gold Pen. Price \$1.00.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FURNITURE, FURNITURE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. BY DEGRAAF & TAYLOR.

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF), No. 87 Bowery, New York. This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 215 feet through to No. 65 City Street...

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE; Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture; ALSO, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES...

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED. The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$3 each.

SOLDIERS' CAPS & CORPS BADGES

Every Co. from A to M, and every Co. of the Army or Company on hand, Engraved to order.

THE "RIDGWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE!



Most convenient and safe combination of the Ridgwood Case with a handsome Tobacco pouch attached.

FOR THE SOLDIER IT IS UNVALUABLE. The Ridgwood Smoking Tobacco of superior quality and flavor...

EDGWOOD MANUFACTURING CO. 450 Broadway, cor. Howard St., N. Y.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

Ladies and Misses Fine Fur, in all the latest styles, including Seal, Mink, Ermine, Sable, etc.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE. Containing nearly One Hundred Favorite Games.

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS. Approved and adopted by the British Congress of Billiard in 1857.

THE HOME Melodist. Contains nearly One Hundred Favorite Songs.

ANOTHER MERCURY STORY. BLANCHER; OR, THE LOST DIAMOND.

A TALE OF THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON. Illustrated by DARLEY.

THE LOST DIAMOND. A TALE OF THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON.

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W. FORSYTH & CO., 41 and 44 Nassau Street (adj. the Post Office), offer for sale the following magnificent List of WATCHES, CHAINS, JEWELRY, ETC. Valued at \$800,000!

Table listing various watch and jewelry items with prices. Includes items like 150 Gold and Silver Watches, 100 Ladies Gold Watches, etc.

Each Article One Dollar, and not to be paid for until you know what you are getting.

W. FORSYTH & CO., 41 and 44 Nassau St., N. Y.

FUN. Send stamp to Brewer 6049, City, N. Y., and receive by return mail something that will please you.

\$10 AGENTS \$10. And Dealers, Sent by the New Travelling Company, or by the New York and Albany Express.

CHLORONA, OR BOTH PATCHES!

Remedies on the face, called patches, are very annoying, particularly in cases of light complexion.

Finger & Co. Perfumery, 40 Broadway, N. Y.

Whiskers! Whiskers! My OMBENT will force them to grow on the smooth face in 21 days.

COMPETITION DEFIED! THE GREAT TWO DOLLAR CHAIN.

THE GREAT TWO DOLLAR CHAIN. We offer to sell our WATCH, which is the MOST ESSENTIAL ARTICLE AN ACQUAINTANCE CAN AFFORD.

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J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Secure Good Jewellery at Low Prices.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Great Pins, Silver Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000!

To sell for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to sell for more than one dollar...

J. H. WINSLOW & CO. 54 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Cavalry and Artillery!

Sold Silver, \$1.25. Solid Silver, \$1.25.



Sold in Gold and Silver. Solid in Gold, \$100 each. Sold in Silver on receipt of price. Also, all kinds of Cavalry and Artillery.

Beauty—HUNT'S WHITE LIQUID FRAGRANCE... Sold in Gold and Silver. Solid in Gold, \$100 each.

WANTED! WANTED!

Do You Want Splendid Whiskers or Moustaches? HUNTER'S MOUNTAIN WHISKER...

J. W. EVERETT & CO.

Will forward to our address, on receipt of order, the following... OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY...

J. G. SCHELL.

MERCHANT TAILOR

Has now a splendid assortment of French, English and German... SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.

Agents for the United States for the celebrated

ABBREVIATE

EXTENSION HOLDERS & GOLD PENS

Of the most handsome and durable construction... Price per dozen... \$1.00

Do You Want Splendid Whiskers or Moustaches?

My OBJECTIVE will force them to grow heavily in six weeks... G. G. GRAMM, 100 Nassau St., N. Y.

DR. R. GOODALE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Penetrates to the very seat of the trouble... DR. R. GOODALE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Travelling Salesmen Wanted

Apply to HERRICK, Agent, or a commission on sales... NEWSPAPER, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards

National American Amusement Cards... DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Army and Navy...

Headquarters for Officers' and Soldiers' Pins of Every Description!

We will send every Army Corps, Division or Company Pin, in Solid Silver, with your Name, Regiment and Co. handstamped on it, on receipt of \$1. Also, a Keyring Cross in Plain Gold Plate for \$1, or a New Style Solid Silver Cavalry Pin, Engraved as above, for \$1.50.

ALSO, THE EMPORIUM FOR WATCHES AND JEWELRY. 75,000 Watches, Gold Pens and Pencils, Vest, Guard and Neck Chains, Chainettes Chains and Pins, Engraved Bracelets, Engraved Spring Lockets, Seal Stone Rings, California Rings, Chase Rings, Masonic Rings and Pins, Gent's Beautiful Diamond Pins, Ladies' Diamond Pins, Ear Drops, Beautiful Sets of Jewelry, New Styles Sticks and Buttons, etc., etc., etc.

WORTH \$400,000!

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Creditable samples each article are put into Envelopes, Sealed and Mined, and sent without regard to choice.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for doing the business at each, which may be enclosed when the request is made to know what you can have.

Free Certificates in an order for \$1—seven for \$1—twenty five for \$10—and 100 handed for \$15.

With the information of what you can have will send a Circular giving full instructions to Agents and a full Catalogue of our Goods.

S. M. WARD & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

NATIONAL BATTLE PINS

Wholesale and Retail. Also, Presentation Sticks \$1.50. R. KRITZBERG & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Cavalry and Artillery Pins!

The above Certificates are sent to the Cavalry and Artillery... JOHN TREAT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Red, White and Blue.

The outer rim slightly curved, so that they can be used for the same, and... JOHN TREAT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Monitor Pins. The set is a perfect set... JOHN TREAT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gooley's Cabinet Fitting Office

FOR ALL ART AND NAVY. Merchants, Bankers, Teachers... JOHN TREAT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Decorative Cards. Wedding Cards, Solid Silver, \$1.00... JOHN TREAT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Early Phylogenetic of AMERICAN PEOPLE

And the early meteoric diet of Childhood and Youth... DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Army and Navy...

Swords, Sashes, Belts.

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Matrimony—Why every man should marry

Why every man should marry... R. KRITZBERG & CO., Cincinnati, O.

We have furnished our Women's Bikes as follows:

- List of bicycle models and prices: State of Kentucky, 1,360; State of Indiana, 760; State of Ohio, 120; Colonel Collins, 230; Capt. Beebe's Co., 310; Capt. Chas. H. ...

DEAR SIR—The Bikes (3) put to a severe test on the 15th of the State Fair, ANN WARD...

THEY WERE SO SUCCESSFUL THAT THEY WERE AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL... R. KRITZBERG & CO., Cincinnati, O.

\$50 FOR \$20. SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

For \$20 we will forward by mail or express, per order... THOMAS GARDNER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Moustaches and Whiskers in 24 Hours."

Advertisement for moustache and whisker growth... Address: C. H. HUNTER & CO., Hialeah, Fla.

Hoyt's Hairwax Hair Restorative.

Restorative for hair... HOYT'S HAIRWAX... HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLOGING CREAM... HOYT'S EXCLUSIVE TOILET POWDER...

JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

Straight Hair Made Wavy.

Without Heat or Pain. TIVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS... For Sale at Variety Stores. 61-66

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The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Builders can make \$100 a day... E. H. MARTIN, Hialeah, Fla. N. Y.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT MONEY-MAKING ARTICLE.

Agents for the Great Money-Making Article... E. H. MARTIN, Hialeah, Fla. N. Y.

Watches

FOR THE ARMY. Particularly well adapted for officers in the Army and Cavalry... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

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THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM. BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

A MOST PLEASING NOVELTY.

One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the most useful timepiece for general and... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

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FIRST-CLASS HUNTING TIMEPIECE. FOR OFFICERS AND ABOVE ALL, BECAUSE OF THEIR DURABILITY AND ACCURACY... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

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An illustration on facilities that can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

10,000 Agents Wanted for the NEW PRIZE COMBINATION STATIONERY AND GREETING FACILITY.

Agents for the New Prize Combination Stationery and Greeting Facility... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

8 Card Photographs Only \$1.—All different.

Best for sale by mail. Address: A. H. FOUNTAIN, "Photo," Hialeah, Fla. N. Y.

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30 per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information furnished on request. The first prize for Dollars and all kinds of Gold... HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers, 68 N. Broadway, N. Y. City.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Established under the Act of Congress in 1847, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 437—Vol. XVII.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]



POINT BARRE, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BUNWILL.



SCENES IN THE WAR.—ENEMY SOLDIERS AFTER BATTLE "PEELING" (I. E. STRIPPING) THE FALLEN UNION SOLDIERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

Barnum's American Museum.

MONSIEUR GIANNI, THE GREAT FRENCH JESTER, has a superb ANNA... LILLIPUTIAN KING, 12 years old...

Oceanian's Oriental Album.

Containing 15 Photographs of the most beautiful and interesting scenes in the East...

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1862. All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, No. 7 Duane street, New York.

Terms for this Paper. One copy one year, \$3 00. One copy 6 months, \$1 50. One copy 3 months, \$1 00.

Notice to Advertisers. The value of our paper as an advertising medium has become so generally known...

Notice to Contributors. Our paper is beyond all others the Journal that does the public the greatest number of good sales...

Summary of the Week. Gen. Graham made a successful raid up James river, with three transports...

WESTERN VIRGINIA. Here, as in other places, deserters come into the lines in great numbers...

KENTUCKY. A detachment of 150 men of the 48th Kentucky were attacked at Scottsville by 500 rebels...

TENNESSEE. Longstreet, reinforced from Johnston or Lee, or both, has assumed the offensive...

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN. As we claim for New York the title of the metropolitan city of the world...

burned the bridge and quantities of clothing and other stores. Longstreet is at Bull's gap, six miles from Knoxville...

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The bombardment of Charleston continues, and the lower part of the city is deserted.

GEORGIA.

Johnston has fallen back from before Grant, and has already reached Kingston 40 miles south of Dalton...

ALABAMA.

The rebels announced the occupation by our troops of Fort Island, and their gradual approach to Mobile.

On the 29th a small fight occurred between Fort Morgan and our fleet, the latter endeavoring to destroy the rebel steamer aground on the bar.

MISSISSIPPI.

A fight occurred at Bovina between the rebels and the negroes, in which the rebels were severely defeated.

NAVY.

The U. S. brigge Hoaback captured the Confederate schooner, carrying the 10th of January, and the English schooner Susan on the 11th.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 27th January, Mr. Holt's resolution, asking for an inquiry into the administration of the Navy Department...

In the House, the bill for bestowing upon Fitzhugh Milder-Governor the title of Lieutenant-General, was referred to the Military Committee.

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and is easily contented. There is, therefore, a great work to do, and it should be done in the spirit of determination to carry it through to the most brilliant and successful manner.

Among the foremost of these social hygienic questions is that of the health of the laboring classes.

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make a five-foot-eight fellow feel particularly small and insignificant. The only thing that "Gentle Husband" will only be played during this week...

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The citizens of Louisville, on the 29th Jan., held a mass meeting on the subject of Army ac-

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REV. Q. B. FROTHINGHAM, PASTOR OF THE THIRD EPISCOPAL UNITARIAN CHURCH, N. Y.



THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN SOCIETY'S CHURCH, WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.



LIEUT. BEANE, THE FIRST WHO DRAVE THE CHICKAPEAK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BERRY.

BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.
 Was born in Washington, D. C., in January, 1818, and entered the Military Academy in 1836. On graduating, in 1840, he was made Brevet Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons, and was a brevet of First Lieutenant for gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in the latter of which he made a splendid charge on the Mexican batteries, giving promise of a great cavalry officer. In 1849 he was sent to California, with the rank of First Lieutenant. His services were in New Mexico and Texas, and in 1851 was ordered to Fort Leavenworth. In 1855 he was made Captain, and attached to the staff of Gen. Harney, first as Assistant Adjutant-General, accompanying him in the Sioux expedition, and then as Adjutant-General, in the semi-ole campaign from 1855 to 1856, as well as in his operations in Kansas, Oregon and Washington territories. In March, 1861, he was ordered to Utah, but was recalled in the fall of that year, and in February, 1862, appointed Major of the 1st Cavalry, which he had commanded for some months. He served through McClellan's peninsular campaign with the Army of the Potomac, and in July, 1862, 1863, was made Brigadier-General, taking command of Sherman's brigade. On the return of the Army of



CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

the Potomac he was actively employed, and has since been connected with the brilliant cavalry operations of the war. His ability is so well recognized that he has been spoken of as likely to succeed to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS.

THE quaint old church at Opelousas, on the beautiful Tcheul, amid the lands of the descendants of the hapless Acadians, was erected some 50 years since by the Capuchin Fathers, who then administered to the religious wants of the settlers. Founded when Louisiana was a Spanish colony, it has seen the banners of Spain, France, the United States and rebellion flouting over it. It is at present under the pastoral care of the Rev. Messrs. Raymond, two brothers, natives of France. Near it stands the convent of the immaculate Conception, an Ursuline establishment, the same directing St. Mary's Academy, in other times a prosperous institution. But the visitation of armies has impoverished the land, and many preceptors have fled.

It is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by intermarriages.



GEN. B. S. NEWELL, OF THE REBEL ARMY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BERRY.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BROWN'S FERRY ON THE TENNESSEE, SHOWING LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

"FIRE!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Out upon the midnight's gloom
Peals the wild alarm of fire,
Startling as the trumpet of doom,
While the staves to heaven aspire,

They will drown the surging flame,
They will quell the horrid roar,
While surrounding crowds exclaim,
"Thanks to God, the fire is o'er!"
Hushed is now the wild uproar,
Bells have ceased their loud alarm,
And the haly sleeps once more,
Cradled on its mother's arm.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—The five principal sources of the West for the production of sorghum molasses are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Their estimated production last year was 20,000,000 gallons. This year only 6,000,000 gallons.

THE VEILED LADY.

A Leaf from a Physician's Notebook
By JOHN B. WHITMAN.

I AM an old man now. My hair was silvered with gray years ago. My days on earth cannot be many. My memory begins to fail me. Events which occurred in the early part of my life are fading from my mind. And yet, strange to say, every now and then recollection appears to be lighted up in my brain, as if memory were not extinct but only slept. Perhaps the vehicle for the expression of the thoughts of the soul is becoming dull, age having impaired its usefulness.

Yesterday I was reading in a French journal an account of some recent extraordinary chemical discoveries. How strange it is that a world will sometimes call up a whole host of reminiscences which have entirely passed from the mind! It would seem as if memory is something material embedded in the brain, and that it is only reproduced when another thought enters that organ and sets upon it



And across the clouded sky
Fling their lurid banners wide,
Roofs and walls and pavements nigh
All in scarlet colors dyed.

Hark! the deep-toned, solemn bells
Strike their awful, signal sounds,
And their music grandly swells
In and o'er the city's bounds;
While the engines, ringing clear,
Drawn along by stalwart hands,
Rushing through the streets appear,
Guided by their chief's commands.

"Save and rescue" on their scroll
Blazoned is, in letters bright,
As the glowing axes roll
Swiftly through the murky night,
Naught care they for storm or gale,
Naught for winter's piercing frost,
They have no such word as "fall,"
And they never count the cost.

But, devoted, on they go,
Till they meet, in contest dire,
That insupporting, angry foe,
That relentless demon—fire!
Till they conquer and subdue
His rebellious rage and hate;
For such souls, so brave and true,
Scarc superior to fate.



The Veiled Lady and her two Husbands in the Picture Gallery.



"She comes!"

in some subtle manner. Of course this is purely an hypothesis, incapable of proof—but certain it is that reading about the recent chemical discoveries in France awoke in my mind the recollection of an event which transpired many years ago, and in which I acted a subordinate part.

Many, many years ago I almost made up my mind to make the matter public. I remember I debated the matter for a long time, but the fear that the improbability of the history, from the extraordinary character of the events, would convey a reflection on my veracity, restrained me. With age has come chasteness, and I care nothing about the opinion of the world now. I know what I relate is true—and this is sufficient forme—not shall I attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena of which I have to speak. I have no doubt a natural explanation could be given, but I am too old now to attempt it. Without further digression I will relate what I have to tell.

Thirty-five years ago I was practicing as a physician in a village in the State of Virginia. It was a rustic spot, and in spring and autumn it was really beautiful. The village on all sides was surrounded by majestic trees, which had bred time for many a long year; and which every summer embudded with white cottons in a mantle of greenery. The village boasted of a country tavern, its paragon, its blacksmith shop, its country store, and other buildings usually found in such places. But the great pride of the place was a large building which went by the name of the George. It was a very old mansion, having been erected the days of the early settlers of the State. It



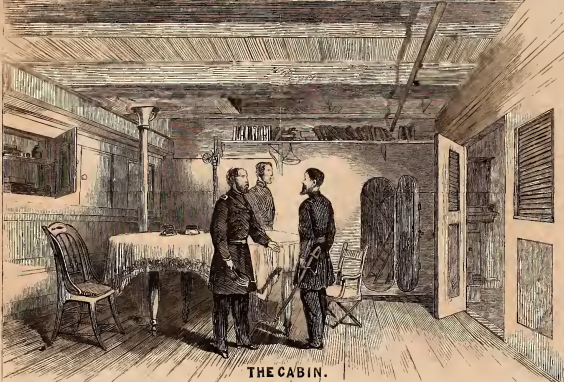
REVOLVING THE TURRET



THE ANCHOR WELL.



PORT HOLE AND MUZZLE OF 15 IN GUN



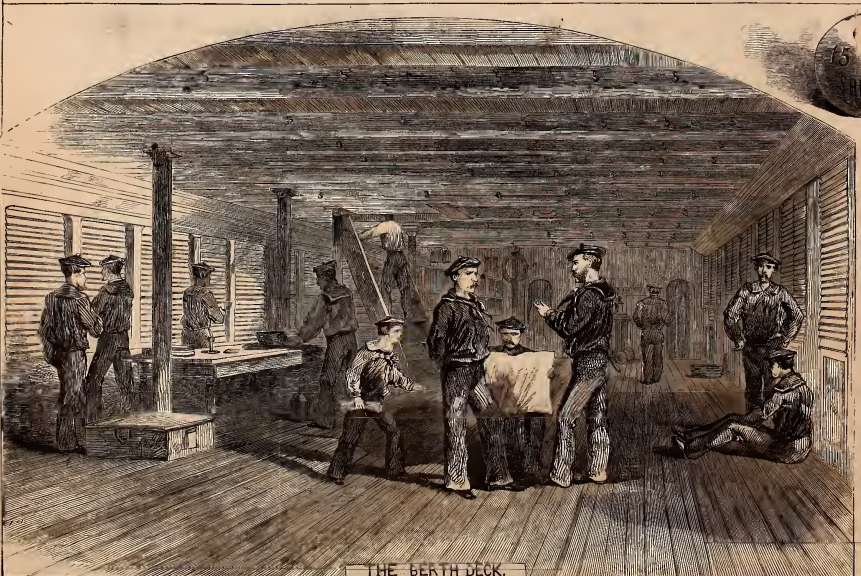
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THE BATTLE FLAG



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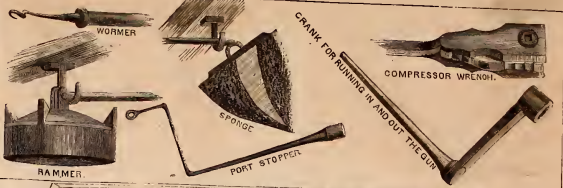


THE BERTH DECK.





ENTRANCE TO SHELL ROOM



WORMER

RAMMER

CRANK FOR RUNNING IN AND OUT THE GUN

COMPRESSOR WRENCH

SPONGE

PORT STOPPER



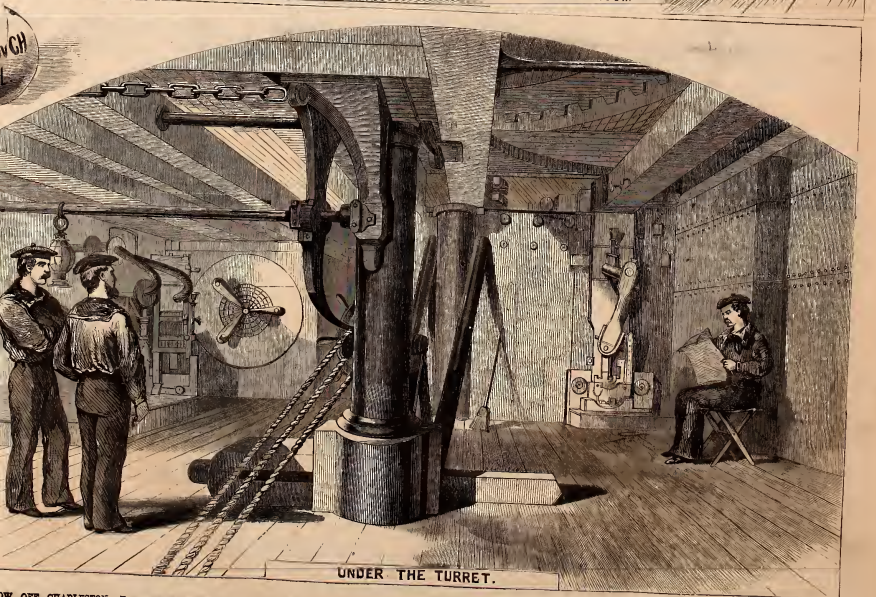
GLASS



SIGNALING FROM THE PILOT HOUSE

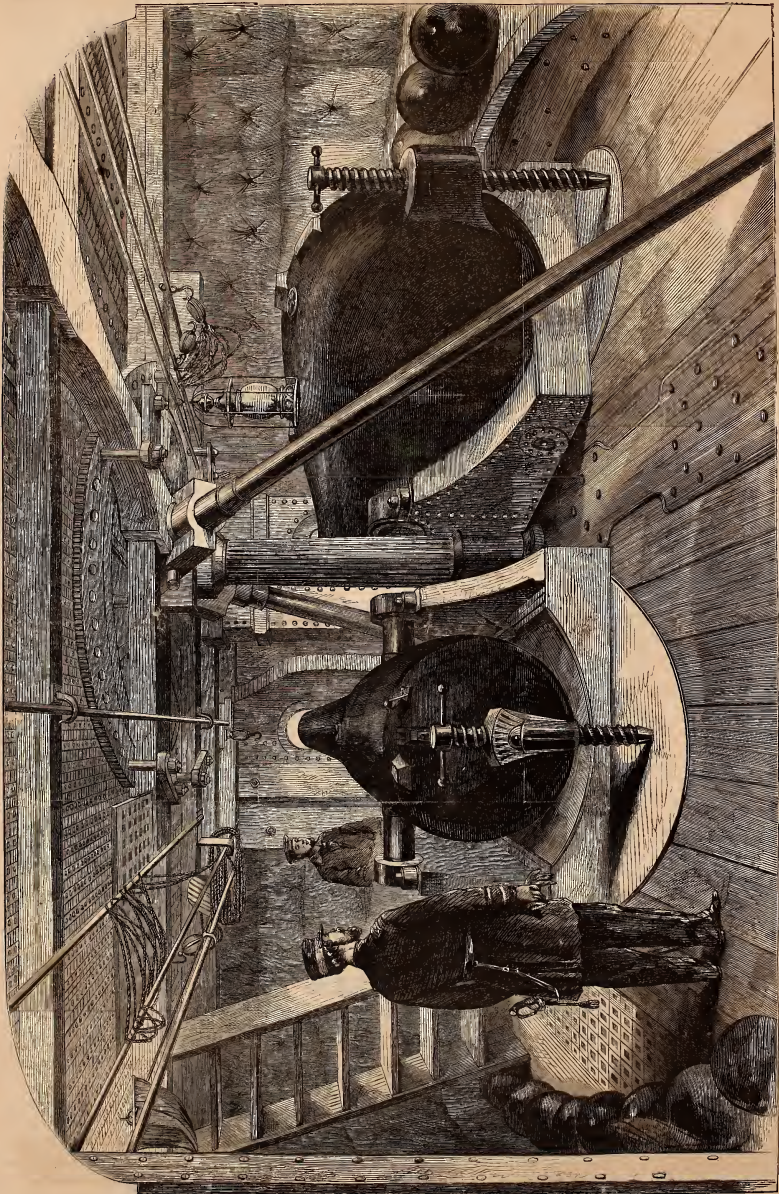


WARD ROOM



UNDER THE TURRET.

VIEW OFF CHARLESTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



OUR IRONCLAD FLAG.—INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE MONITOR MONTAUC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SENATOR ASHUR. W. T. COLVER.



THE MONEY CHIEFS IN THE SOUTH—AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, NEAR THE SOUTH CAROLINA BORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A UNION PRISONER.

AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, N. C.

We hear of extravagant coin sales here sometimes, and the hall of Messrs Deane, Marvin & Co. often witnesses the eager contest between excited numismatists, who bid dollars on dollars for a 1799 cent or Bond Baltimore farthing, or a New York doubloon, but who ever expected to see an ordinary five dollar gold piece put up and bid for with equal if not greater excitement? Such was actually the case in Danville, N. C., where a five dollar gold piece was, the North Carolina Times tells us, put up at auction. What a change had succession brought! Who, that had seen the hall at one of its slave sales, the scene of excited competition, would have believed that the auctioneering of auction would ever bring a company together to a sale of a half eagle? The bidding was spirited, and the piece was at last knocked down for \$10 Confederate money, the people deeming the old Government worth 30 of the new.

COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.

OPELOUSAS is an interesting spot in Louisiana, from the fact that it was settled by some of those unfortunate Andalusians who were so brutally torn from their homes in Nova Scotia, and other sailing their dwellings and farms given to the flames, driven on shipboard, without respect to family ties, and then scattered by waves and destined in the Atlantic colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Long-fellow, in his Everingham, has made immortal the sorrows of two faithful betrothed, but the miseries of others remain unnamed. A large number gradually reached



COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—RENDERED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. H. EDWELL.

Louisiana, where they were welcomed by the French and settled on the beautiful rolling prairie of Opelousas. Their descendants still occupy it and live a pastoral life amid their luxuriant herds of cattle. The town contains about 1,000 inhabitants, and has a court-house and S. M. which we represent, as well as a church, founded in 1760, by the Capucin Friars, and an Ursuline convent.

THE DIVERS AT CHARLESTON.

THE moonlighters require constant care to maintain their efficiency, and the Government, among other things, employs divers to clean the bottoms and perform other subaqueous labors. Their principal diver—appropriately named Waters—is so named to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water. A man of herculean strength and proportion, when clad in his submersive armor he becomes mysterious in size and appearance. A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young wild, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own lines of life, and when he is "hooked around" on the water, with the air of a veritable live god. One of his most queer—the latter word being a veritable fact—as illustrated by our Artist, the moonlighter, a negro from one of the river plantations, whilst busy setting his netlines, the divers come up, and water on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance



THE NETVILS AT CHARLESTON—FLIGHT OF NEGRO FRUIT VENDORS AT THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A SUPPOSED SEA MONSTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.

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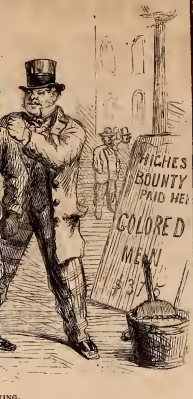
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Printed directions for self-measurement, sent free by mail. FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS, \$3, \$5, \$7, \$9, \$11, \$13, \$15, \$17, \$19, \$21, \$23, \$25, \$27, \$29, \$31, \$33, \$35, \$37, \$39, \$41, \$43, \$45, \$47, \$49, \$51, \$53, \$55, \$57, \$59, \$61, \$63, \$65, \$67, \$69, \$71, \$73, \$75, \$77, \$79, \$81, \$83, \$85, \$87, \$89, \$91, \$93, \$95, \$97, \$99, \$101, \$103, \$105, \$107, \$109, \$111, \$113, \$115, \$117, \$119, \$121, \$123, \$125, \$127, \$129, \$131, \$133, \$135, \$137, \$139, \$141, \$143, \$145, \$147, \$149, \$151, \$153, \$155, \$157, \$159, \$161, \$163, \$165, \$167, \$169, \$171, \$173, \$175, \$177, \$179, \$181, \$183, \$185, \$187, \$189, \$191, \$193, \$195, \$197, \$199, \$201, \$203, \$205, \$207, \$209, \$211, \$213, \$215, \$217, \$219, \$221, \$223, \$225, \$227, \$229, \$231, \$233, \$235, \$237, \$239, \$241, \$243, \$245, \$247, \$249, \$251, \$253, \$255, \$257, \$259, \$261, \$263, \$265, \$267, \$269, \$271, \$273, \$275, \$277, \$279, \$281, \$283, \$285, \$287, \$289, \$291, \$293, 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FRANK LESLIE'S THE ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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THE MEXICAN TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS.

The occupation of the line of the Rio Grande by our army, under Gen. Banks, has brought us to the scene of Mexican troubles. Our artist sends us sketches of the recent battle in Matamoras between the adherents of Cortina and Ruiz.

Cortina is the champion of Buza, whom the people here twice elected Governor; Ruiz is appointed by Jaurez. Both parties took up arms. Cortina holding the cathedral, which was full of ammunition; but he at last divided this with Ruiz, and withdrew to the Plaza de Armas, of which we give a very accurate sketch, taking up his headquarters in the little house on the extreme left. The little church, from which the people usually style H. F. de Capella, may be seen on the background.

On the 23rd of January hostilities began. Cardenas, second in command to Cortina, went to the palace, and attempted to force the guard; but with his intentions was taken, and almost immediately Cardenas was shot.

Cortina's men at once gathered to revenge this act, and the next day the battle began. Ruiz had about 1,000 men, with two poor cannons; and Cortina's some 800 men and six old guns.

The Calle de Cozar, of which we give a sketch, showing the fight at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, opens into Plaza de Hidalgo. Cortina's men had made a barricade of



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—CORTINA'S MEN FIRING ON THE PALACE FROM A BARRICADE ON THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, JAN. 13. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.

bagging holes, from which they fired at every Ruiz man, driving them from the street and palace balcony. They were, too, a support to the gun shown in our sketch, which kept harrying old iron in every shape on the enemy. Near the Plaza store stood a Texas sharpshooter; in the middle of the street, firing all day with deadly aim. He tried to get the Mexicans to roll the bales further down the street, but when they would not be got up in diggas and walked away.

The partisans of Ruiz at last fled, and at one o'clock Cortina and his party took possession of the palace. His cavalry soon brought in a batch of prisoners, and the affair ended.

We give a fine view of the Governor's Palace, which was held by the partisans of Ruiz long after he retreated.

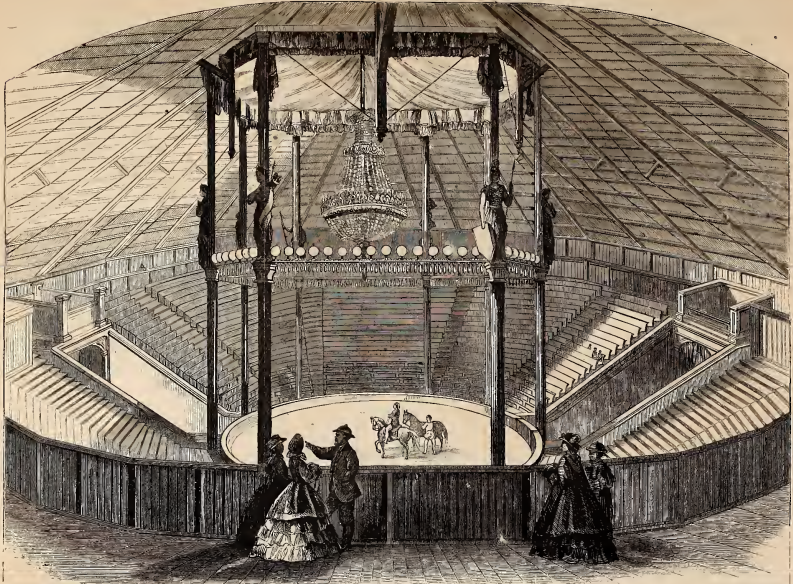
Our Consul, fearing a sack of the town, had applied for protection to Gen. Mirero—who sent over the 25th Wisconsin, 7th Iowa and 9th Illinois.

After the fight Albin Lopez, ex-Governor of Tamaulipas, while crossing the ferry to Ixmiquilpan, was seized by a horde of Ruiz men, who were greatly regretted, and both he and Cardenas were buried in the little church shown in the sketch of the Plaza de Armas.

We give also a view in the Calle de Cozar of wagons loaded for Flores Nieves, to be shipped across the river to Eagle Pass, Texas. This is the present route for the Confederates.



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—FIGHT NEAR THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, BETWEEN CORTINA AND BUZA, JAN. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.



THE HIPPODROME AND NEW YORK CIRCUS, FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.



THE DANISH-GERMAN WAR—ENTRY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS INTO ALTON, BY THE BOLS THOR—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

OH! WILL THEY HEAR OF THIS AT HOME?

The battle trembled in the scale!
Charge followed charge through smoke
and fire.
Strong men stood deathly still and pale,
To see the rebel lines grow nigher!



HON. E. G. SQUIRE, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER TO PERU.

A MIDNIGHT RACE On the Mississippi.

"Good-even, Harry! Good-even, Frank!
Take care of yourselves, and try to bring old
Thompson to terms. Leave of absence two weeks
sharp. Don't forget."

As to the kind old merchant uttered this
parting benediction the huge steamboat, with her
living freight, moved slowly through the crowd of
steeping pilings that environ the levee of St.
Louis.
A long standing dock in Memphis, which the firm
thought would require the skill of its two most
diplomatic clerks to collect, brought us both from
the dust of the south-room on the 1st of
the Mississippi. Leaving over the water I washed
the busy levee reeds in the distance,
until a slap on the shoulder and Frank's
eyebrows raised me.

Miss Nellie, said, as one of your constituted
gong, allow me to call your attention to that
most important duty of the day—our dinner."
Nellie Hyatt was a complete anti-love against
case of money, and in her society time flew fast.
After she retired to her stateroom Frank tried
to ingratiate himself with two elderly females,
hailing from the classical region of Arkansas. He
succeeded very well for some time, but while
endeavoring to convince them that they were
perfect specimens of female loveliness, received an
intimation in no dulcet tone, "to shut up and stop
chattering like a monkey in a cage."

At this delicate hint, and certain bitterest
denunciations of the backwoods beauties, we
arose and went forward to the clerk's office, to
take a look at the male portion of our fellow-
passengers.
Around the table near the bar were a number of
men, as usual, playing cards. Among them was
the unmistakable face of that wisest of all harpists,
the Mississippi gambler.
What an enigma is man!
Who would think that venerable old gentleman
opposite, with his Puritanic face and clerical dress,

or the innocent, baby-faced rustic beside him, were
professional blacklegs and sharpers?
Yet watch their countenances well for a few
minutes, and in spite of their schooled features a
gleam of their real character will ever and anon
betray itself. One of them looked up.
I started involuntarily, for I knew the meaning
of his fierce scowl when our eyes met.
Some years before he was a confidential clerk in
the St. Louis firm of ———, where I was then em-
ployed. Notwithstanding his long connection with
the firm and their trust in him, yet as soon as I
laid eyes on him I disliked and suspected him.
Certain mysterious disappearances of cheques and
unaccountable increase of bills payable made me
watch him closely, and after months of patient
vigilance, which even a detective might envy, I
found that my estimate of his character was correct,
and placed the proofs thereof in the hands of the
authorities.
Well, Jonas Oakley was recommended with State
loggings, and allowed sufficient time to raminate on
the evil of his ways in the Penitentiary. He was a
sullen, hard-looking fellow, and although I feared
him not, yet if felt a natural chill at the heat when



The Ansonia pulled.

his dark, evil eye glared up from the table at me.
Whispering to Frank, I brought him up on the
hurricane deck, to escape the undesirable company
below. The setting sun just sank below the trees
when we passed the little village or landing of St.
Genevieve.
The air was unnaturally still and close, and the
progressive motion of the boat failed to create the
faintest breeze.
From the wharf of St. Genevieve a boat was
heaving down the river as we passed, and as she
pushed out further from shore she recognized her
at once. It was the renowned Hiawatha, of Mem-
phis, an opposition boat, and reputed the fastest on
the river.
Knowing the rivalry existing between both com-
panies, I remarked to Frank that we were in for a
race. The captain's voice shouting to the engineer,
"to stop on more steam, and show those Memphis
fellows what legs the old Ben Lewis had!" con-
firmed my conjecture.
An angry puff of steam as a challenge, and the
increased speed of the boat as an answer, quickly
brought out the passengers until the decks were
crowded with eager spectators.
As we ran past, a challenge, in the peculiar
dialect of the Mississippi, with the usual amount
of oaths, passed between the captains on the focus
of their respective boats. A deep gloom below us
on the river, and the ominous stillness of the air,
broken at intervals by the distant moan of the
wind, forebode one of those sudden tornadoes so
frequent on the Western river.
Rounding the next bend, we came in sight of
the picturesque town of Cape Girardeau, on the
first Chickasaw bluff. The boats had simultane-
ously directed their course to the wharf boat, to shelter
themselves from the tornado, which we now plainly
heard cracking its way through the timber.
Scarcely had they done so when it swept the river
immediately below us, and amid the plover
thunder that we heard we beheld the mast of trees
driven and unearthly shrieks of the wind in its mad
career.
That it crossed the river higher up, no one could
calculate the consequences to towns or boats, for
destruction marks the path of a Western tornado.
As it was, even on our outskirts, our boat trembled
on the river, and the tall chimneys shook and
struck at their iron stays.
But the storm was soon over, and left a refresh-
ing breeze that the former stifling air made us ap-
preciate. The boats were delayed at Cape Girardeau
taking in freight, until far in the night.

Vote of the Mississippi Steamer.

Nellie, Frank and I strolled up on the bluff and
visited the beautiful little college at the south side
of the town. We returned by a narrow street that
led down to the wharf and was destitute of houses,
except a few drinking-saloons near the river. I
noticed, as we passed one of these, a fellow, whose
features were concealed beneath a slouched hat,
follow us with a soulless, catlike tread that I didn't
like. Telling my companions to walk on faster, I
fell back a little and confronted him again, when
I thought he had overtaken me. Well, for me I
turned in time. The glare of a lamp from one of
the saloons near us fell on the features of Oakley,
as, with uplifted knive, he stood beside me.
"Will met Harry Weldon! Have you forgotten
an old acquaintance? If you have, that by
I have not, and I have an old score, and a long one,
too, to settle with you this very night. It's owing
long enough."
I caught the descending air by the wrist, and
calling for assistance—I had lost my revolver in my
stateroom—I struggled desperately with him for
the knife. How long the contest would have contin-
ued was not a difficult matter to decide, for he
was my superior in physical strength; but it was
suddenly terminated by a gentle tap on my adver-
sary's petriolarium from Frank's loaded cane, and
he lay slumped at my feet. Leaving him to pick
himself up the best way he could, we hastened on
board, to avoid the attention of any Oakley's
ruffian friends. Half an hour after we started.
As the boats moved out together in the stream,
the captain seemed by no means forgetful of the
trial of speed interrupted by the storm, and soon
we were cleaving the dark waters at maximum
speed.
I can conceive no grander or more crashing sight
than these two monster antagonists, pushing
through the plucky darkness, side by side, the
flames leaping over and over, high above the tall
chimneys, and the words surrounding with the
struck of the ponderous machinery.
The hurricane and cabin decks were crowded

with passengers, fighting, shouting, betting, with all their attention given to the exciting scene. The fire, that was outside the room, got alarmed at the violent jarring of the boats, and although we tried to laugh off our fears, I felt nervous shivers creep over me, knowing the reckless manner of many of the Mississippi captains and engineers. I rescued myself for a short moment, and leaving my baggage, descended the gangway to the lower deck.

The fire there was not qualified to rally my hopes. The fire, that I saw nearby the boiler, forced its flames, roared like the tornado, the hell-trouble, remembered the tremendous force of the impetuosity and the engineers, every one of whom, struck, seemed to disregard the warning band that indicated an alarming increase of power on the part of the steam.

I hurried up to my companions, and noticing a fibelike bang over the gangway, I took it with me and hurriedly, although I tried to laugh away Nellie's fears, yet Frank, with my restless manner and uneasiness that something was the matter.

"What's the matter, Mr. Weldon?" said Nellie, with an anxious tremor in her voice, "and what do you think you are in your hand?"

"An article I want to show you how to use in case of fire should ever need it."

"What's that?" "Is there any danger?" "Oh, no! no! it is always better to know how to save yourself if ever you should be in danger on a steamer."

"Thank God!" cried Frank, springing up, and pointing to a distant light to the left of us, "there's the lights of Cairo, and the race is nearly at an end."

"In a few minutes more we shall take leave of the river!" I answered, pondering. "I have seen the pilot of Illinois, washed ashore by the Ohio and Mississippi, we passed the Cairo wharf, and our rival continued her course with the wind in her sails."

"There's the St. Charles and the Illinois Central," said Frank, as we passed them, "and see, the rest of his speech was drowned in a crash beneath us like an earthquake; the entire deck was broken, I have fallen round Nellie, and the next instant was struggling in the dark waters of the Ohio amid a perfect Pandemonium of smoke and other grand accidents."

The hanging giant below had been in one bound from his metal prison, and converted the stately mainmast into a blazing torch.

The plunging of Frank, the fall of the cabin below me, and the vision of the tall chimney, like comets, in the air above us, succeeded, and for some moments, I could not find myself senses fastened. I instinctively clutched a passing spar. When I opened my eyes and recovered partially from my dizziness, I looked round me, and saw the white companions.

"The men of this ill-fated boat, and as the lifeboats, though small, buoyed me up, I tried to cheer her by the word of speedy rescue.

"The crew was soon crowded, and skills, dispute, and confusion of every description were by every way towards the numerous forms struggling in the Ohio.

The burning hull now drifted by, covered with people running to and fro in the flames, evidently afraid to commit themselves to the more merciful fire. The flames threw across the water a red, hissing wreck reached us, when a skiff dived into relief from the darkness beyond, and felt my collar, and was gone.

Calling to the sturdy oarsman to attend first to my companion, I helped her into the boat and returned to the stern to get in myself. Scarcely a pair of arms encircled my neck, and so I turned round a sickly feeling of terror came over me when the features of Oakley, distorted by every selfish passion, rose up beside me.

"Well again, Harry Weldon, never to part with me! We can't together to-night at the boat of the Ohio!"

I clung with both hands to the stern of the skiff; but he was leaving and my thrills, as he left, were the iron pressure of his hands; I saw the uplifted eye of the boatman, and heard his exclamation, "Go on!" "I am followed by the boat from Nellie, a loosening of the fingers round my throat, and consciousness forever lost.

"I have escaped! I found myself on the levee, supported by Frank and the boatman that saved me, as my eye wandered from one object to another it seemed, if it was, a most faithful dream.

The glare of a passing torch fell on a body just that distance from the river, and I repeated in my insensibility when I recognized the features of Oakley, now scarcely discernible with blood and a ghastly wound that almost dried his skull.

RAGS.—It is a curious fact that nearly two-thirds of the races amongst imported into the United States from all foreign countries come from Italy. There are two kinds of rags. It is a fact in the possession of all the old rags in the United States, the Greeks and Syrians, and in quantities of cheap cotton goods, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was visited by Frank and Nellie, a loosening of the fingers round my throat, and consciousness forever lost.

"I have escaped! I found myself on the levee, supported by Frank and the boatman that saved me, as my eye wandered from one object to another it seemed, if it was, a most faithful dream.

DAYDREAMS.
BY JESSE LEONARD.
FAN from the sound of distant rattle, bell, or horn.
Yet do I dream of life and drumbeat's rattle
Over the ground;
Seeing the stars of heaven out-buffing
Upon the breeze,
Hearing the sound of martial voices ringing
About the trees.
The clattering tramp of many chariots prancing
That heavy tread;
The glittering light of shining weapons glancing
In the air;
The shouts, the shrieks, the groans of deadly
Lugubrious laugh.
Break on the ear,
While on the upturned face of dead and dying
The sun shines clear.
I do not see the dark dim future,
Even in a dream;
Above the cloud that lowers o'er our country
The light glimmers.
And in the hand of him who yet reigns
I see a gleam,
I see in peace,
Trusting that in no distant time before us
This war will cease.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.
He did not notice the rumble that shot up to her cheek, or the shuddering of her whole frame, but went on as if nothing had happened.

"The child is so precious to me. The dearest human being I have ever seen!" He hesitated a moment, and added, "Except—except you and I."

Was grateful even for this. Was it that she was conscious of deserving nothing more, or did, in the hungry moment of her need, seize on this sweet salient with thankfulness after the famine of her recent life?

He saw the tears spring into her eyes, and drew her to him, and kissed her forehead.

"Be careful of her for my sake, Elizabeth. She was given to me in solemn charge at my mother's death. She has been the sweetest child of my barren life. No sin harm come near her—no evil thing taint the mind which I leave in your hands now. She is mine, she is mine, here her, and give her back to me, gentle, guileless, and good, as she lies now, in the sweetest and most innocent sleep I ever saw."

"I will!" answered Elizabeth, covering a sharp spasm of pain with the spirit of a nurse. "If I have care, or any sacrifice can insure her welfare, she shall have it."

Gracely bent down and kissed his wife gratefully. "Remember, Elizabeth, my happiness and honor are in her hands."

Did he mean that honor and happiness both were bound up in Elsie, or had he really thought of her right, there, as his life?

"This question dashed through the young wife's mind, but she would not accept it in a hither side then. The parlor, her work was done at hand, she trembled, she trembled.

"I will be kind to Elsie as you can desire; indeed I will," she said. "You can trust me."

"I will be kind to Elsie as you can desire; indeed I will," she said. "You can trust me."

"Oh, if you only took to us both! It terrifies me to think of her, and I am so afraid."

"That is out of the question now. But when I come back, we will try and make this life of ours happier than it has been."

She looked at him, her great, mournful eyes widening with pain.

"How you have been very unhappy, then, Gracely," she faltered.

"Unhappy! I did not say that; but hereafter our bliss must be more perfect. We shall understand the meaning of that word."

"I will be kind to Elsie as you can desire; indeed I will," she said. "You can trust me."

CHAPTER X.
A DAY or two after Melian's departure Elizabeth, who was waiting for a visit from Mr. Harrington, was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Harrington, who came fluttering across the lawn between two gardeners, who were carrying on a right and left flirtation as she walked. She came up the steps with her innumerable bouquets all in confusion, and her face wreathed with insipid smiles.

"I knew that you would be hoping I was not, and I am the kindest friend in the world."

Elizabeth made an effort to receive her cordially, and she, in a few gleaming moments, had that addressed her all the morning. Mrs. Harrington had been this, she was always ready to welcome herself and in vain accuse her full share of the conversation, and before Elizabeth could finish her rather halting attempts at a complaint she presented her companions.

Elizabeth had hardly glanced at the gentlemen till, then, but now recognised the elder and more elderly the two gentlemen, who had probably never been on the Bloomingdale road.

"I need not ask a welcome for this gentleman, nor for this lady, as they are coming with hands over Mr. North's arm, and leaning coquettishly upon him. He is our preserver, Mrs. Melian, our hero."

North smiled, but rejected these compliments with an impatient lift of the head.

"I am glad to see you, Elizabeth, as this is not our first meeting," he said; "so small a crisis is not worth mentioning to Elizabeth, as he spoke."

"I am glad to see you, Elizabeth, as this is not our first meeting," he said; "so small a crisis is not worth mentioning to Elizabeth, as he spoke."

"No, and I was a service I can never forget—never hope to repay."

"Now let me be a welcome for any other friend," he said, "I have a great deal to say to you. I told him it was quite charity to come with me, and raise you up a little, because he is dying to see my lovely sister-in-law."

"I am glad to see you, Elizabeth, as this is not our first meeting," he said; "so small a crisis is not worth mentioning to Elizabeth, as he spoke."

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"And those three people are here," said Elizabeth. "Who do you mean?" "Oh, Mrs. Harrington and two men she has brought to spend the day—of whom I am the more certain, as she is carrying on a flirtation with the elder gentleman. "I thought I heard the widow's pipe as it came through the hall," said Tom. "Well, well, it's better off, I say. I don't want to make a gossip of myself."

"Tom, you are the best creature in the world," said Elizabeth. "Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Tom, rubbing his forehead in a disconcerted way; "I ain't good a bit. You don't look at me, and I don't look at you to see what an envious, bad-hearted old fellow I'm getting to be."

"I don't go down toasters yet," said Elizabeth; "sit down here and let's have a comfortable talk, old times, Tom."

"Well, no, I guess not, thank you—y're very kind of you, returned he, getting very dry. "You see I can't stay by an hour—I must spend the next hour, for I've lots of things to do."

"Oh, I thought you would spend the day," said Tom. "Now, don't ask me—I ain't a coward—I wouldn't be wise if I could," cried Tom, giving his hair an unmerciful combing with his fingers.

"No," she replied, pityingly; "perhaps not. I thought you would spend the day."

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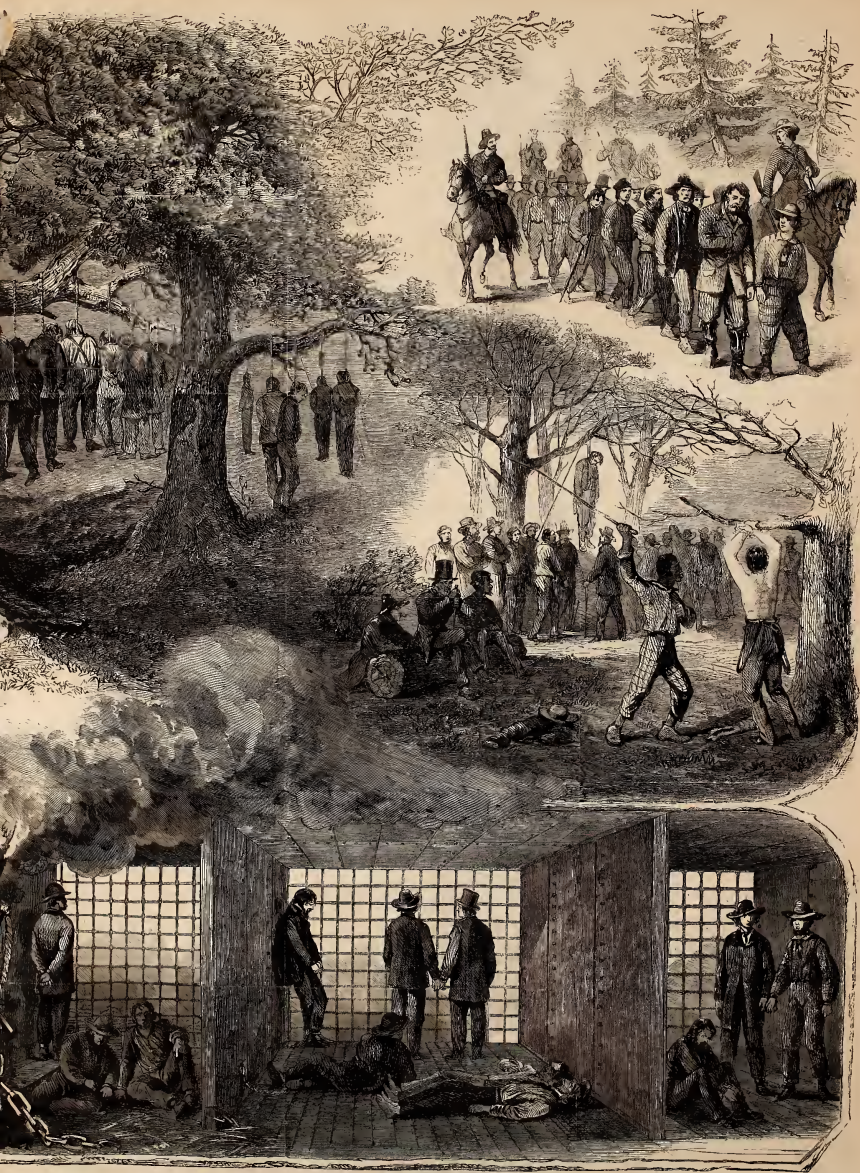
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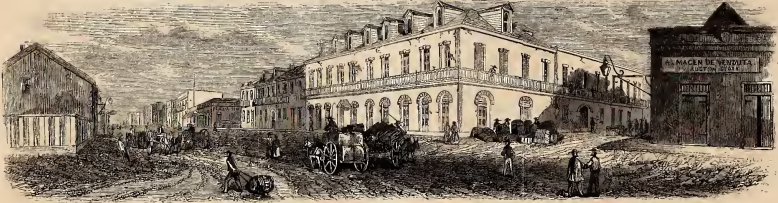
1. Hanging of Mrs. Miller by Men in Disguise. 2. The Stocks. 3. Cages at Little Rock Penitentiary. 4. HANGING REBEL BARRABIES IN TEXAS.—P.



ing of 30 Union Men. 5. Bringing to Union Men. 6. Hanging and Flogging. 7. Prison at Little Rock.
FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK SPAHR.



THE PLAZA DE ALENCAS, MATAMORAS, HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. CORTINA.



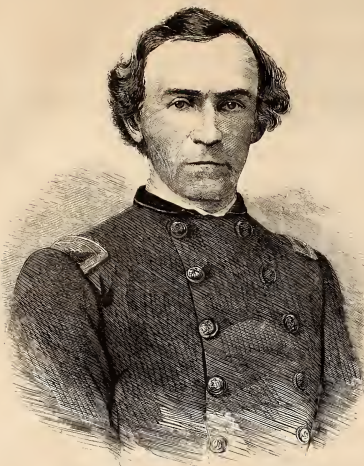
THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MATAMORAS.



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THE MARKET HOUSE, BROWNVILLE, TEXAS.
SCENES ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. POWELL.



COL. JOHN K. MIZNER, THIRD MICHIGAN CAVALRY (CAPT. 4TH U. S. A.)



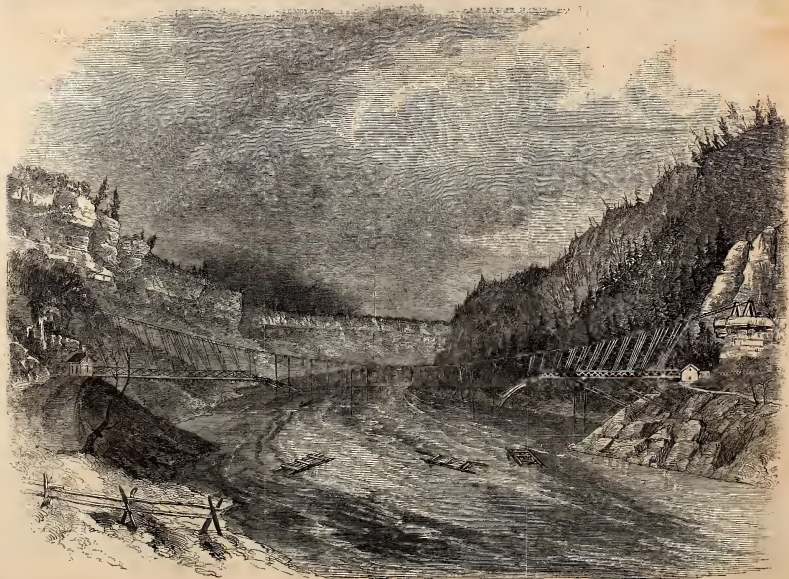
LIEUT. JOHN F. NICHOLS, THE RECAPTURED OF THE CHEMUNYAKES—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRANT.

ACTING BRIG.-GEN. J. K. MIZNER, Capt. 3d Michigan Veteran Cavalry, Chief of Cavalry, Left Wing 16th Army Corps.
COL. MIZNER was born in the State of New York, but while he was young his parents removed to Michigan, from which State he entered the Military Academy at West Point. He graduated with honor, and received the appoint-

ment of brevet Second Lieutenant in the United States Army, July 1st, 1861. Was promoted to Captain in the 4th United States Cavalry, and was appointed Colonel of the 2d Regiment Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, March 1st, 1862. During the siege of Corinth he was placed in command of a brigade, and soon after the evacuation was made Chief of Cavalry on Gen. Rosecrank's staff, and acted as such during the memorable campaign which ended so gloriously in the battles of Iuka and

Corinth. The 2d Michigan Cavalry was recruited in the fall of 1861 at the Grand Depot, by the influence of Hon. T. W. Kellogg, and left that place, Nov. 20th, 1861, with 1,100 men, and under the command of Col. Mizner has participated in the following engagements: New Madrid, March 20, 1862; Farmington, June 5, 1862; September 19; Corinth, October 3 and 4; Hatchie, October 5; Spanglers Mills, July 29; Bay Springs, September 12; Holly Springs, November 7; Lumberton Mills, November 21; Oxford, December 2; Coffeeville, December 8; Jackson,

July 11, 1863, also in the sieges of Island No. 10 and Corinth, besides a great number of skirmishes. The regiment has captured, besides what have been taken while co-operating with other commands, 2 columns, 5 lieutenant-colonels, 3 majors, 20 captains, 27 lieutenants and 100 privates. The average strength of the regiment, after having been two years in the service, is 864 men, 70 of whom are now in the field doing duty. Col. Mizner is Chief of Cavalry Left Wing 16th Army Corps, and commander of all the forces on the



VIEW OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA AT LEWISTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. B. D.

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The Advertiser having been notified to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that great disease, Consumption, is anxious to see that he can benefit his fellow sufferers. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription, and a bottle of the medicine, for the preparation and using the same, which will find a cure for Consumption, or, at least, a permanent cure. The only object of the advertisement in sending the prescription to the public, is to enable and prompt formation which he conceives to be invaluable, and he prides every sufferer will try the remedy, as it will cure this terrible disease, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription, will send for it to

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Published according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 439—VOL. XVII

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

[PRICE 6 CENTS]

THE LATE ATTACK ON NEWBERNE.

Few attempts of the rebels have shown more boldness or been more nearly crowned with success than the recent attack on Newberne. A force of no less than 15,000 men selected for the expedition, and barges were brought on from Savannah, with picked crews, who were to capture the gunboat Underwriter and with her destroy the Navy Yard and command the town.

The land attack began on the afternoon of the 1st, at Bellinger's creek, eight miles west of Newberne, on the railroad, where two blockhouses and some slight defenses were held by the 13th N. Y. volunteers, Col.

Cleason. The latter held the bridge on the creek stubbornly, but after four hours' fight was sunk and fell back, and being reinforced by the 17th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Feltow, made another stand, but being outflanked, after a short fight retired to the fortifications near the mouth of the stream, Adjutant H. C. Cleason was mortally wounded, Lieut.-Col. Feltow, several other officers and 50 men missing.

The gunboat Underwriter had passed up the Neuse, near Fort Stephenson, throwing out her anchors and plugging all her guns on the port side. About one o'clock at night the rebels approached in their boats, and before the sentinel could alarm, the crew boarded the vessel. A short contest ensued, but the crew were

only 60, the rebels 100. Fortunately for the nation, the Underwriter was aground, and while the rebels were endeavoring to get her off Fort Stephenson sent one shell through their boat, and another exploded on deck, setting their boat on fire. The attacking party, with their prisoners, poured into the small boats in such haste that 15 of the boat's crew, and some of the exploring, got into our boat. This fact soon became known among them, and the boat landed near Fort Stephenson, making the captain a captive. Thus, under the shadow of the guns in the fort, and in sight of the guards in the breast-works, a rumbust was effected from us and must be destroyed. Certainly a welcome thing for the rebels, but not for

us. All the officers, except Engineer Allen, are missing. The captain is a prisoner. Besides these captives in the boat are a few seamen. Engineer Allen was taken, but regained himself and took the rebel officers and his barge.

Notwithstanding this brilliant stroke, the enemy failed in their main object. Newberne was too well defended, and they finally crew off.

Our view of the capture of the Underwriter, will bring the matter vividly before our readers. During the excitement caused by the attack the citizens, white and black, were compelled to march to the front. After the enemy retired to Kinston the city was looted in retaliation, and one of the strange sights was the crew



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—3000 VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE BROAD STREET EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWBERNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL-ARTIST, F. M. SCHALL.

volunteers march down Broad street, flagging the Union...

BATHURST'S American Museum. FOUR ENORMOUS GIANTS—Three men...

Oscanyan's Oriental Album. Consisting of 23 Photographic Vues of Oriental...

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

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Notice to Advertisers. The rates for an advertising medium has become so generally known...

Notice to Contributors. Our paper is beyond all others the journal that gives to the public the greatest amount of American...

Summary of the Week. VIRGINIA. A well-concerted plan for dashing into Richmond was on the point of success.

Richmond on the 6th and 7th inst. was in a state of the most fervid excitement...

At midnight on Saturday the bells of the city rang, and men were rushing through the streets...

During the remainder of the night there was an intense commotion everywhere visible.

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Canon were hailed through the streets; women and children were hurrying to and fro...

On Sunday there was no abatement in the excitement. The guards were all marched out of the city...

The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail (rebel paper) of no specified date is reported to have said...

It is certain that they are hurrying prisoners to the South.

A very disgraceful affair occurred in Gen. Butler's department...

In the Senate, on the 8th February, Senator Sumner introduced a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 10th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

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In the Senate, on the 3rd, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 4th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

The enemy were also driven from Mechanicsville. A sick negro soldier...

Gen. Steele's Union force in Arkansas was also preparing for an early move southward...

JACKSONVILLE. The rebel occupied and twice abandoned our troops...

AN Anglo-rebel steamer passed our blockading squadron of Charleston...

CONGRESS. In the Senate, on the 8th February, Senator Sumner introduced a bill...

In the Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 10th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

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In the Senate, on the 4th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

In the Senate, on the 5th, Mr. Sumner presented a bill for the repeal of all laws...

THE JOLER ABOUT TOWN. The Arion Society's Ball was an institution from the first year of its existence...

When the girls were withdrawn there was a dash for the beautiful girls...

Notwithstanding the change in the Open shop, it is, perhaps, more brilliant and more elegant...

There has been nothing new pronounced since our last issue...

Gen. Halleck's concerns concern next week, as the result of the world's great military attention...

The Countess of Evli-Mollibehar, the only daughter of the beautiful of the world...

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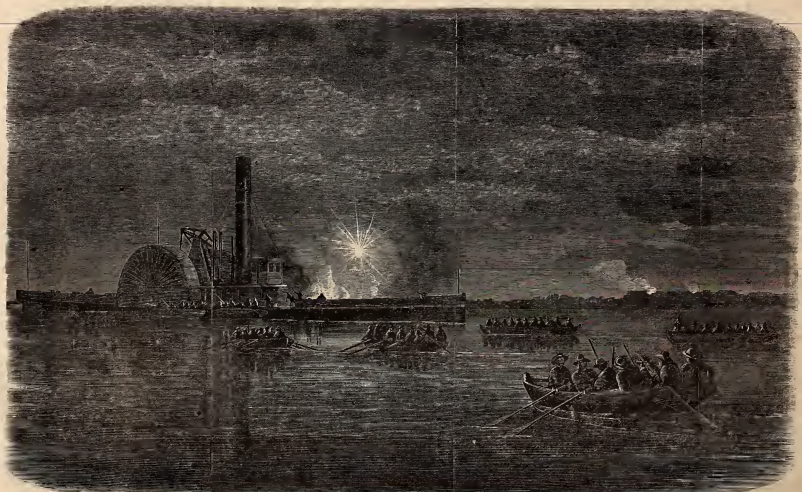
OUR FANCY DRESS BALLS—MASQUERADE OF THE LIEDERKRANZ VOCAL SOCIETY



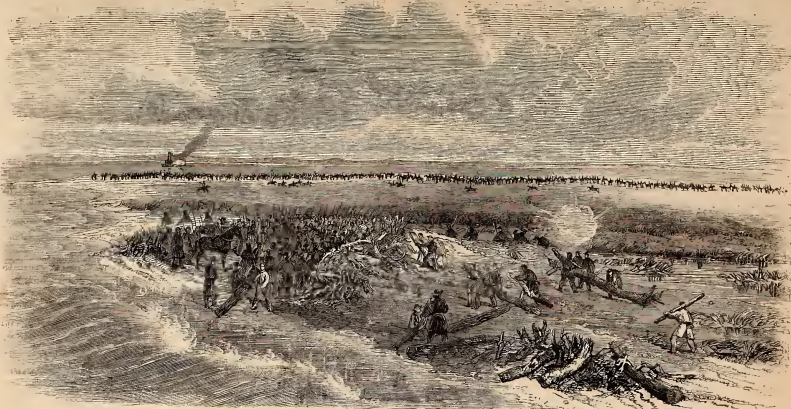
ALL ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACTORY OF COLE'S AMERICAN ARMS COMPANY, AT HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. RUSSELL, JR.



THEATICAL SOCIETY, AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.—CAPTURE OF THE GUNBOAT UNDERWRITERS AT SEWEESSAW BY THE REBELS, FEB. 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—ATTACK OF THE REBEL CAVALRY ON A DETACHMENT OF THE 13TH MAINE, AT MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. ANSON O. GOODWIN, 13TH M. V.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY J. W. WATSON.

Down the long row of narrow beds
The fair-faced nurse in silence treads,
Laying her hand on aching heads,
And soothing with a touch.
And many a dim and sunken eye
Lights up to see her form go by,
And prays unto the Power on High
For more of such.

"To-morrow I will turn my face
To thee, and to that much-loved place
Where all my inner life I trace;
My long deserted home.
The surgeon says, my arm no more
Can bridle hold, or broadsword draw;
That I must leave the clash of war,
And cease to roam!

"And so, dear mother, ill to me
Brings life anew, I know, to thee.
Well! though 'tis hard, so let it be;
And I will fondly try
To win away this woful pain,
And he once more a boy again,
God grant the trying not in vain.
And so—good-bye!"

The soldier closed his sunken eyes,
And murmured still his sad "Good-
byes!"

Until the sound in murmuring dies,
The nurse, with folded scroll,
And tearful eyes, bent low her head;
The soul immortal swiftly fled,
To wait among the countless dead
For the long roll.

Thus stirs the lady young and fair,
And severs the heavy lock of hair,
And with a tear, outside it wears.
The mother's eye shall see.
She writes upon the sea-wet scroll,
"Thy son has reached his earthly goal,
God grant full mercy to his soul,
And peace to thee!"

To-morrow! and to-morrow still
Oh, mother! how those words will fill
Your sadly aching heart, nigh!
The last, long, haggard sounds;
When on the day of grand review,
Among the loyal and the true,
Your boy steps forth to welcome you
To Heavenly grounds.

CLARA;

A Story of Life in Africa.

By John B. Williams, M. D.

CHAPTER III.—DEPARTURE.

THE hot sun darted his rays on the young man's head, and made him suffer much. He had scarcely

proceeded three miles before he was bathed in perspiration and could scarcely breathe, and was compelled to seek a moment's rest under the shade of a clump of trees. He threw himself on the ground, and pressing his two hands to his burning forehead, prayed to God that he might die. Suddenly he heard the gallop of two horses, he hurriedly arose, but had scarcely got on his feet when he saw Clara Benschoff appear in sight. She rode one horse and held another by the bridle.

"At last I have found you, Charles!" she cried,



At one the tones of prayer are heard,
Another claims a kindly word,
While softly by a moaning third
She stands the minister to pain.
A handkerchief drawn a thread too tight,
Needs but the touch of fingers light,
To make the lips that once were white
Now red again.

Beside a soldier's couch she stands,
And holds his nerveless, shrunken hands,
And were he lopt of many lands
No brighter face could smile
Into the world, wearied in tears,
His pallid palms in silence prest,
Seeking to calm his sad unrest

By every wile,
He whimpers in her lowered ear
Some words that thrill our hearts to hear:
"My mother! oh, my mother dear!
Fair lady, let me write."
She took from out his powerless hand
The pen, and wrote at his command
The words that here recorded stand,
A saddening sight.

"Oh, mother! mourn not for my son,
His wounds have been full nobly won,
But still his life-work is not done.

Dear mother, hear me tell
How strong my heart and limbs have
grown.

To-morrow I shall walk alone,
And then once more you'll see your own;
I'm getting well!



Clara's Grief at Charles's refusing Assistance.



The Colonist's Generous Offer.

leaping to the ground. "Heaven! how hot you are and how you must suffer! I have brought you a horse. Perhaps knows nothing about it."

Norton thought she was merely insulting him, for he scolded his present punishment to her. He picked up his heavy package of implements, and without uttering a word resumed his journey. The young girl, very much confused, followed him with a sad step. She could no longer resist her feelings, but burst into sobs.

"Charles," she cried, "what have I done that you should treat me thus?"

He looked at her with an air of stupefaction as she stood in the middle of the road, with her hands joined together and with the tears streaming down her cheeks. In spite of his anger, he was moved.

"I really cannot understand your grief, Clara," said he. "It seems to me that it should be in my place to ask you what I have done that you always try to render my melancholy position more odious to me."

"I!" cried Clara, in a tone of astonishment. "Oh, Charles, how can you say that? I, who would give all the world to save you a single annoyance."

"Really," he replied, in a tone of bitterness, "I do not know what you mean. Was it not you who excited your father's anger against me, on account of what passed between us a little while ago?"

"Oh, heavens!" cried the poor girl, joining her hands together, "can you believe me so wicked? I assure you that I did not say a single word to my father. It was I, who no doubt overheard us. I beseech you to believe me, Charles. It was really not I."

Her tears interrupted her. She fell on the grass and sobbed bitterly. This time, in spite of appearance, Norton felt that she told the truth. He

regarded it as unjust reproaches. He threw the paper on the ground, and, weeping, according to Clara's will, still continued to weep, he did his best to console her. A few words which she uttered at last revealed the whole truth to the young American.

"Come, Clara," said he, "calm yourself. I see that you are grieving as you may be grieving, for I, your enemy," she cried, "I, who think only of you. And yet how you tremble! Every time I come near you or address a word to you, you reel me so horribly. I know that I am not so fond of you as the girls of your country, that I do not love you more than I should love you, but I do not love you, and you will never find any one that loves you more than I do."

"But," said she, "the occasion that had excited her lips, poor Clara hid her face between her hands and wept."

"And then she heeded her and greatly removed the young American, and by emotion fell of gratitude and tenderness toward them to his lips. Clara blushed and then she said, she felt shy placed at the young man, and then let her head fall on his shoulder."

"Do you love me?" said she, "in an affectionate tone."

"Then you do not hate me as I thought?" she murmured.

"Hate you? Certainly not; on the contrary, I love you very much."

"As much as Susan?" said she, with anxiety, which she vainly endeavored to conceal under a blush.

"Much more than Susan."

"Really?"

"Oh, how happy I am!" she cried.

There was something, however, wanting to render Clara's triumph complete. Although she succeeded to penetrate the secrets of the heart, she did so unconsciously, and by a sort of instinct, the difference between the feelings of the young American and those of the expressed for him. At that moment, it is true, the young American's heart, so long untroubled, confessed within itself a secret affection, but his feelings for Clara was so strong that he never thought of love and marriage even in the most distant, the reality of which he had never known. If his ideas of love and marriage came into his mind, it was only a dream, the reality of which he had never known. His hesitations could not be attributed to inactivity or ambition. The fortune of Clara's father, who possessed her, was not so great as that of Charles, who possessed her. His misfortunes, however, had given Norton the habit of reflecting, and he reflected upon the fortune of Charles, who possessed her, and asked himself if he were capable of renouncing America for ever, and of loving Clara so much that he would never marry any other girl than her.

Clara fancied that the young man's silence proceeded from indifference, and she began to weep again. Perceiving that the misunderstood his feelings with respect to herself, Charles opened his eyes, and said, "The poor girl thought him for his frankness with much tenderness that Norton's eyes filled with tears. At the moment that he was about to say the words of love, he heard a voice which lay in the distance was heard. Clara concealed herself behind a bush, but she had not time to remove her feet, and she had to wait with her. In a few moments three Hotshots arrived at the spot on horseback. One of them was Jacob Watson, the youngest of the young American."

"What do you want?" said Norton.

"The master discovered that two horses were missing, and he has sent me to find them."

"He thought that they might have taken them to you, in spite of his having forbidden it. He sent me and my comrades to take them back here."

"There they are," replied Charles, pointing to them. "I will not accept either of them."

"What did you take them for, then?" said Jacob, proud of his mission.

"Norton turned abruptly round; the Hotshot made a bound back."

"Sounded!" cried the young American, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Who gave you the right to question me? Take them and begone."

The Hotshots took the two horses and started off. As so as they had disappeared, Clara came from her hiding-place.

"What shall we do now?" said she, in an anxious tone.

"My dear Clara, there is only one course for us to follow," replied Charles; "you return leisurely to the Hotshots, and let me to continue my journey on On-Sney."

"Under this burning sun and burdened as you are, I will not quit you."

"I am stronger than you think," he returned, affecting a gaiety he did not feel. Adieu, said he, and he turned away. He had said his explanation, and I love you with my whole heart."

"I will accompany you to On-Sney," said Clara, rising, and she entered the carriage with her cousin, and I will take of it."

It was in vain that Charles soiled and supplicated. He would not consent to her return to Norton as he had promised to allow her to walk by his side. By-and-by she wanted to take a carriage to the Hotshots. This, however, he would not allow.

Although Roschoff's dwelling was situated in the town, there was not a carriage to be had between Weitzberg and On-Sney. In spite of the suffering occasioned by the burning sun, the two young men went on their journey. Clara hid her face in the best to amuse poor Clara, whose devotion touched him deeply. As for Clara, she was not so much affected as she had been, she was suffering, but completely changed her. The poor girl, had betrayed the secret thoughts of her heart by her looks, and Norton, who had been so much moved by his very soul. He frequently set the

young girl's head, pressed it in his, and conveyed to her the pleasure of his presence. Roschoff filled her heart with happiness.

In spite of the ill-effects, they did not regret the punishment he had inflicted on the young man. He had been so much moved by his remorse, but he voted his had temper on Jacob. The absence of his daughter at supper had not been so much as to excite his anger.

A servant at last announced the fact that Norton was approaching. Roschoff was very much surprised to find the young American, and to perceive that her limbs trembled and that her face gave evidence of her having any notion of Charles's delay.

"Do not scold Charles," said she to her father, who met her in the hall. "It was I who delayed."

She fell into a seat and fainted.

In spite of his forgetful character and violent temper, Roschoff loved his daughter. His condition made him forget all about Norton. Perhaps he was not sorry to find a pretext which prevented him from taking any notice of Charles's delay.

When Miss Roschoff was restored to consciousness she was conveyed to her chamber and put to bed. She awoke the next morning in a violent fever, brought about in all probability more by her excited feelings than by the heat and fatigue. In the evening she died. Her death was the poor woman's death. It had been impudent enough to drink several glasses of cold water when he returned to town, and he had not been able to do so.

Turned by his daughter and yielding also to secret remorse, Roschoff called in the nearest physician. He was necessary to send ninety miles to the city. After he had examined the invalid, the disciples of Esculapius mounted his bed and asked him to die in a significant manner. Time, however, and the great exertions, his hardships were not to be realized. Norton suddenly got better of the moment that everybody had given up for lost. He recovered his consciousness was Clara, seated by his bedside. In his delirium the invalid had told her his secret. He had said that he was a lover of a certain young girl, whose name was Clara, and whose name was Clara.

Clara fancied this Sarah was the young girl he loved. This thought was almost a death-blow to her. She had been so devoted to her devotion, gratefully thanked her, she smiled sadly, and turned away her head to hide her tears.

Clara, who had been so much embarrassed, ten times he opened his lips to commence a conversation, and ten times he was interrupted by the Hotshots.

"Charles," said he at last, "I think the climate of our colony is not good for you. And then you are so much in love with her. This life will kill you sooner or later. You will return to your own country."

Charles is a long distance off," replied Clara, "and she is so much in love with her."

"That is true," replied Roschoff, "but I will furnish you the means to reach your country. When you leave Weitzberg I will make you a present of a hundred head of cattle. At Grahamstown or Beaufort you can sell them for three thousand rix-dollars. With this sum you can pay your passage and live in America until you can find some employment."

"I will not go to the ground; he possessed the real motive which made Roschoff urge his departure.

"I will go to your generous proposition, but it is my duty to inform you that I have no resources in America. It will probably be impossible for me to ever to repay you the money you offer me."

"I will not ask you to repay me," said he; "you can take as much as you like. After all, I shall only give you three thousand rix-dollars. It is agreed, then."

"When shall I leave?" asked Norton, his mind so agitated by contradictory feelings that he hid no longer his intention to rejoice or be sorry at Roschoff's will.

"In a few days. As soon as you are well enough to go, I will send you a carriage."

While the young man was reflecting leisurely, Norton approached.

"I have just arrived, and asked to see you," said the Hotshot to Roschoff.

Happily at having met the proposition, which he had made to Norton, Roschoff endeavored to relieve his neighbor, and reproached him for his reluctance to go in vain. Carried away by anger and jealousy, he said the remainder of the master of Weitzberg with a very bad grace.

"This is all your fault," said he to the old man. "If you had not been so much in love with her, your hair in white, you are compelling her to do so."

"What do you say to me, is it?" replied Roschoff. "You want to be master here. Well, then, I begin by telling you that I consent to the marriage of my daughter with the young man."

"I will not allow it," said he; "if you are not satisfied, remember that, old as I am, I am able to fire a musket as well as my better than you."

Clara hid her face in her father's neck, and Charles seated the old man's hand and pressed

diffidently. Then, as he perceived that his anger, pushed them on one side for the purpose of containing his quarrel with Bergler. They both carried their notions to their shoulders when Norton was so much moved by his very soul.

"If there is nothing to be done it is I who am concerned," said he, "and I have been launched into the sea of my father's anger."

"Stiff and monstrous," interrupted Bergler. "We will win you of your American friends here. We will do the Cape, and you must fight with the musket as we do."

"After a long debate between the young American and the old colonist, the latter was obliged to consent to the marriage of his daughter with the young man."

"Kiss that rascal," said he to Norton, "and Clara shall be yours: as sure as my name is Adam."

"We will take our place two hundred yards distant," said Bergler; "we will then advance and shoot each other when he pleases."

"No," cried Roschoff. "I will know Bergler—if you only give him time to take aim is he the best shot in the country. We must equalize the chance."

"Let us take our places fifty yards distant, with our arms fixed, and we will fire a given signal."

He will be most fortunate who fires the quickest and takes the surest aim."

"And supposing that we should both be killed?"

"So much the worse for us."

"If you are agreed to these conditions," said the Hollander.

"Well, then, let us say a hundred yards."

After another debate, which was very agreeable to this last arrangement. Whilst he was loading his gun, and Roschoff was doing the same thing, the latter turned round and said to the young man, "My beloved Clara, said he, 'I do not know what Providence has in reserve for me. If I die my poor father will be left without a son, and I have never desired to live so much as at this moment. God bless you, darling!'"

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OUR FANCY DRESS BALLS—MASQUERADE OF THE ARION 80



GARDEN SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER



NEWS PAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 440—VOL. XVII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1864.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

A NEGRO REGIMENT REPULSING An Attack of Rebels and Bloodhounds.

THE use of bloodhounds in hunting down maroon negroes is too well known to need explanation or denunciation. It is one of the features of the system. Our Government once resolved to employ bloodhounds against the Seminoles in Florida, but the public voice demanded the return to barbarism. Little did the rulers of the land then expect to see bloodhounds used as first aiders fighting under the Stars and Stripes. But the use of colored regiments by the Government has led the reactionary leaders to employ hounds as auxiliaries. There have been several collisions between the noble troops and their enemies, but the negroes being for life, unarmed and un-equipped, is a different thing from the drilled soldier. An affair at Pensacola, in December, showed the uselessness of the canine auxiliaries of rebellion. As the rebels attacked the 1st South Carolina volunteers, the bloodhounds rushed upon them, but were soon shot or speared on the bayonets of the men, who held each, with no little resolution, the beast that had been so long a terror to their race.

THE RECENT FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.

THE enterprising town of Gloucester has recently been desolated by a terrific conflagration sweeping away the Cape Ann Bank and nearly 100 stores and dwellings. This is the second time that Gloucester has suffered severely by conflagration.

Early in the morning of the 5th Sept., 1850, fire broke out near the westerly end of Front street, and, sweeping westward, consumed 20 dwelling houses and 40 stores and outbuildings, chiefly on the north side of Front street, being a portion of the same locality devastated by the present fire. The amount of property then destroyed was \$150,000.

The late disastrous conflagration originated on Feb. 18, in Sawyer's block. It was first discovered about half-past three o'clock, in the upper part of the following establishment of Andrew Bixbee, jun. Some think incendiarism was the cause of the conflagration. The alarm was given about four o'clock, when the fire was about six degrees below zero. The people rallied and did their best, but the flames swept along with fearful power. On the southerly side of Front street the fire was checked at Stacy's building, which was saved. At seven o'clock the firemen and engineers began to blow up buildings. An old painting, belonging to the Nathaniel Babson estate, was first blown up, then Tappan's building, then Dr. Worcester's house, then Capt. Lewis' house, until six were destroyed.

There is no doubt that the Salem steam engine prevented the fire from spreading any further westward after it arrived. The fire on the northerly side of Front street was checked at the Custom House, a brick and fireproof building, on the north-east corner of Pleasant and Front streets, and a change of the wind blowing over the beach district stopped the flames at Dr. Gerden's house. Everything between Front street and the wharves, as far east as Duncan street, was destroyed, with the exception of a blacksmith's shop.

It is fortunate that there were no accidents of a serious nature during the conflagration. There were rumors of casualties, but these could not be traced to any reliable source. One of the bakeries destroyed contained 20 barrels of flour. The burnt district extends from the fourth or fifth building west of the intersection of Centre street with Front street, and from Sawyer's block, nearly opposite Centre street, on the southerly side, along both sides of Front street, nearly 1,000 feet, and extends south to the wharves.

A large quantity of material was destroyed, valued at \$10,000, owned by Isaac Bush, of Boston, for the sale of which John Few was agent. This large pile of saws is burning brightly when we left. But two vessels were burnt, the Gen. Scott, damaged about \$1,500, and an old lumber which was of little value. The people of Gloucester manifestly met the demand upon their fortitude caused by a terrible conflagration in bitterly cold weather. They saved the means at hand with all the effect possible, and though the flames at one time smothered their utmost efforts, the inhabitants continued to work by such instrumentalities as they possessed, and thus much property was saved that would otherwise have been destroyed.

We learn that Capt. Lewis, the President of the Cape Ann Bank, obtained the keys of the building before the fire spread to it, and removed a large amount of U. S. Bonds and other securities to his residence. By his forethought the bank was thus saved from a heavy loss.

Among the curious incidents in the case of Mr. William Sargent, who lost the house in which he was born and had lived 52 years.

Our Special Agent, on learning of the disaster, hastened to the spot, and from Stacy's hall (the hall the Arch which we present of the fearful conflagration).

THE SANITARY FAIR AT BROOKLYN.

THE city of Brooklyn, not to be outdone by other cities in the land, opens her grand fair in behalf of the Sanitary Commission on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. The place selected is Broadway at Fulton, in Montague street, but a new and striking feature is "The New England Kitchen." The Committee says:

"The idea is to present a faithful picture of New England farmhouse life of the last century. The grand old fireplace shall glow again, the spinning wheel shall whirl as of old, the walls shall be garnished with the products of the forest and the field, the quilting, the donation and the wedding party shall resemble those more, while the appearing shall not be forgotten, and the dinner-table, always set, shall be loaded with substantial New England cheer. The room will be of ample size for the accommodation of a large number of guests, for whose entertainment the best of materials, cooked in the best manner, will be served during the continuance of the fair."

To carry out this idea a building, on the other side of the street, has been secured, and connected with the Academy by a covered bridge. Our illustration shows the appearance of the street at present.

The ladies engaged in the good work in the City of Churches have already, in connection with their fair



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A NEGRO REGIMENT ATTACKED BY REBELS AND BLOODHOUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. S. GRANT.



TAKING COFFEE AND SUGAR ABOARD A STEAMER AT ANCHORAGE ON THE BATOU TRUSS, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. BOWWILL.

SOLDIERS' FREE LIBRARY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

We insert in this number an excellent view of this Institution, and copy from the Washington Chronicle a brief account of it:

"Mr. and Mrs. John A. Powie of New York, formerly living in that city, started this enterprise about two years ago, and from a small beginning the 'Soldiers' Free Library' has risen to a handsome library of 400 volumes, and from a hired room, about 10 feet square, it now occupies a fine building, 64 feet long by 25 feet wide.

"Here in the capital of the nation is a spot where soldiers are supplied with books, with permission to keep them ten days; with daily papers from all the loyal States—for the papers nobly responded to the call for regular papers, with magazines and Ladies' pictorial paper, with a great variety of religious reading matter, and Bibles and Testaments, also with pens, ink and paper, and a quiet place in which to write a letter home, all free of charge.

"In the reading-room, which is 50 feet long, there is a melodeon, which any soldier who understands music can enjoy. The walls are decorated with maps and about 100 handsome pictures.

"This enterprise is carried on with



SOLDIERS' FREE LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FR. M. A. SKETCH BY MR. FILLEY.

little or no expense. Congress granted Mr. and Mrs. Powie a lot of Government land for the purpose, and Government has given them the use of quarantined soldiers to assist in carrying on the work. About \$1,100 were raised to pay for the building and fixtures, and it was raised partly by contributions given by Mrs. Powie in this city.

"All this is most fully appreciated by the soldiers, who enjoy all the rich privileges so freely granted them. The books donated by friends of the North are eagerly sought for, the record showing a distribution of over 60,000 volumes."

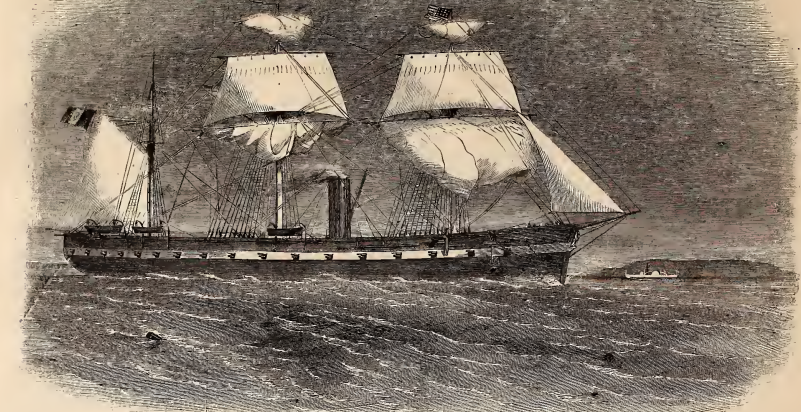
NEWBERNE, LOOKING DOWN THE NEUSE.

The recent rebel attack on Newberne, and the success which attended their long planned and well concerted effort to capture the Underwriter, give a new interest to the spot. We accordingly furnish a very fine view of the town, looking down the Neuse river.

Newberne is entering on a new phase of existence. The two years occupation by Northern men, the displacement of many of the old settlers, the influx of new men, will give it hereafter a new life and character.



NEWBERNE, N. C., LOOKING DOWN THE NEUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

By HENRY C. WATSON.

I PLAYED with the long, long ringlets,
I toyed with each jet black curl,
And I looked in the merry laughing face
Of my beautiful blue-eyed girl.
I looked in her eyes, and it seemed to me
They were frank, and open, and true—
Oh! those jet black curls—those olive
cheeks—
Those eyes of heavenly hue!



I gazed in her eyes, and I thought I read
An answering love to mine;
And my soul was drunken with joy's excess,
As with royal rite old wine,
I took her dimpled hands in my own,
And drew her close to my breast,
And I said, "Oh! Dove, come home to my
heart,
And make it your place of rest."
The jet black curls, all trembling now,
Crept round as her head bent low;
Her blue eyes swam in a diamond mist,
And her cheeks were all aglow.
I folded her close in my nervous arms,
Though then as an infant's weak,
And she breathed the words that I longed to
hear,
Though I scarce could hear her speak!
Oh! words of mystic, deep import!
Oh! words with letters of gold!
They live in the heart—they ring in the ear,
Till the world grows hoary and old.
They are neither uttered nor said;
They are murmured, whispered and sighed,
But the ear of love knows their meaning
well,
As from lip to lip they glide.

And so she was all in all in my own
Mine for ever, for weal or for woe!
A jewel to wear in my innermost heart,
Whose price I alone should know.
Whose price was above the gold of the earth,
Beyond the pearls of the sea,
A jewel, whose setting was maiden truth,
And all its worth for me!

"Eh, on, flow on, ye faithless sea;
Change fickle winds your course at will;
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
And Death shall find me loving still.
Change cannot reach my boundless love;
Time cannot quench its holy fire;
Coldness or scorn may crush my heart,
But only with life shall love expire!"

So nestling near my heart, she wept
Sweet tears of joy, to hear me vow—
Oh! could that worshipped form be pressed
Close to my aching bosom now!

Oh! could I toy with her raven hair!
Oh! could I gaze in her deep blue eye!
Oh! could I woo her from heaven to come
Once more on my throbbing heart to lie!

But wishes are vain—and hope there is none!
Our love was as brief as its moments were
blest;
A few short months, and as one in a dream,
I followed my love to her place of rest.
She passed, as an infant sinks into sleep;
Her beauty exhaled as her hour drew nigh;
And oh! the loved that shone out of her eyes,
Was the love that burns for eternity!

Years have passed—I am lonely still;
Sorely tempted I linger on;
But the love I gave to my love, who is dead!
No tender woman has ever won.
The faithless sea still ebbs and flows,
The fickle wind still changes its will,
But firm as a rock my love shall stand,
And Death shall find me faithful still.



Mr. Piper going in amazement into his transformed Trunk.

No. 10 and No. 20.

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

ONLY one room left, sir. Very nice room,
sir. No. 10, sir. Crowded time, sir. Very fortunate
for any gentleman to receive any room, sir. Walk
in, sir. Any refreshment, sir?
"Yes, champagne and a paper."
"Of tobacco, sir?"
"No; a newspaper."
"Budget of Fun, sir?"



"She unlocked her trunk, kneeling beside it for that purpose."

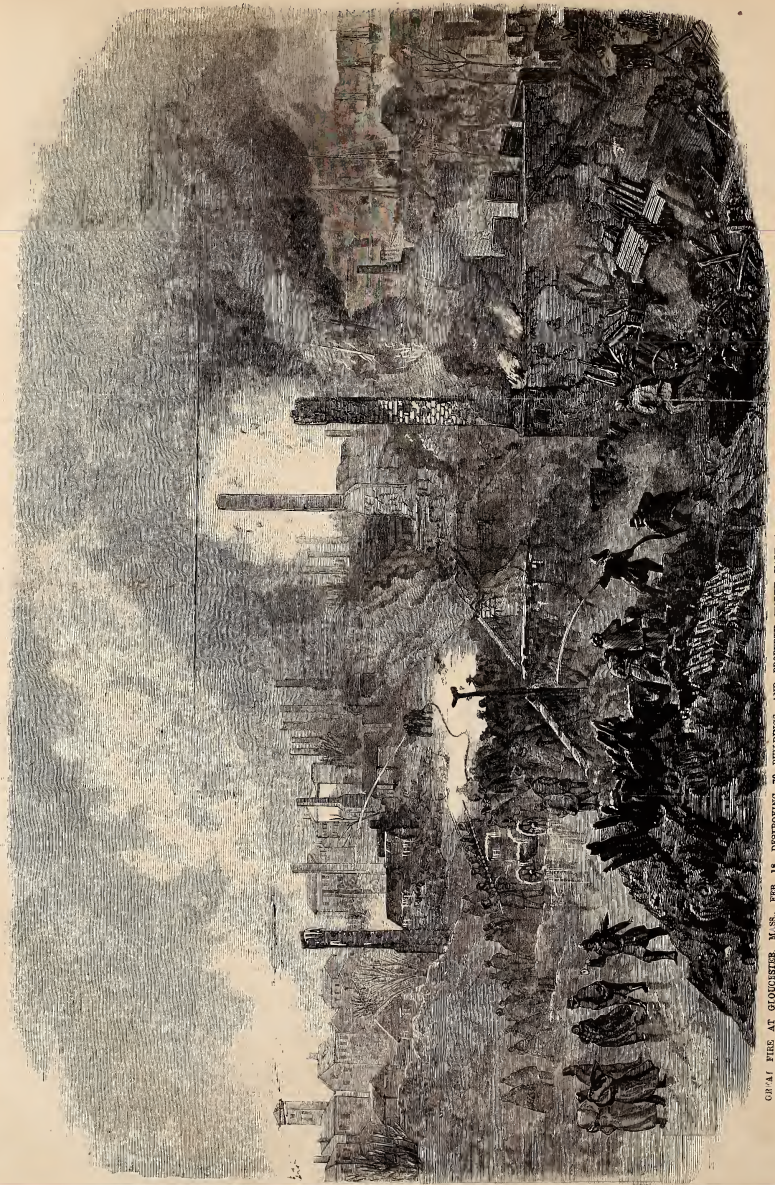
"Yes. And, waiter, send my trunk up immediately."

"Yes, sir."
Off went the waiter of the Lincoln House, Pigeonville, with these words, and the traveller whom he had just ushered into the apartment designated as No. 10, sat down on one of the two chairs which it contained and looked about him. It was a small room, furnished, as most hotel bedrooms are, with an immense washstand, with two ewers and two basins upon it, between the windows, and a great deal of pillow. The bed was single, but there was an immense washstand, with two ewers and two basins upon it, between the windows, and a block of soap a quarter of a yard square in the soapdish, a fact which made up for the utter absence of towels and water. At this article of furniture the gentleman stared absently pending the waiter's return. He was evidently thinking of something, and soon his thought found utterance in the following soliloquy.

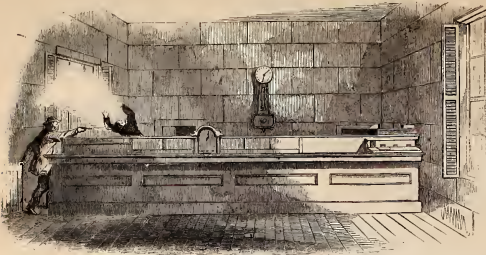
"Ah! she is a lovely creature—a very lovely creature. I don't know a lovelier one. I wonder where she went, and who she is, and whether she took notice of my glance? They were fervent, I know. But Diana herself could not have objected to 'em, they were so respectful."
And the gentleman, who was a middle-aged and rather small person, with an air which would have led the close observer to believe that he had something to do with drygoods, rubbed his hands and shook his head.



UNION CAVALRY COVERING THE ESCAPE OF UNION PRISONERS FROM LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND.



GRAND FIRE AT GLOUCESTER, MASS., FEB. 18, DESTROYING TO BUILDINGS, AND PROPERTY WORTH HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS.—SCULPTURE FROM THE GREAT HOUSE BY G. C. C. : SCULPTOR, W. T. CHASE.



THE MALDEN MURDER—MURDER OF CONVERSE BY GREEN IN THE BANK.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. GRAVE.



EDWARD W. GREEN, THE MALDEN MURDERER.—FROM A PHOTO BY CURTIS.

THE MALDEN MURDER.

The murder of young Converse in December last was one of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of Massachusetts. The commission of such a crime in broad daylight, in a bank, was in itself a circumstance so strange as to give the occurrence a prominence in the minds of men; but the whole details, the arrest of the suspected murderer, the recovery of the money, all give it an uncommon interest.

On the 15th December last, Frank E. Converse, a young lad, was left alone in the Malden Bank, and was soon about 11 o'clock in the forenoon alive and well. Within three quarters of an hour he was found dying on the floor, and the money of the bank, some \$400 dollars, was gone. According to evidence the murder was perpetrated at about half past 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The excitement caused by the deed was great. The respectability of the young man, his blameless life, his freedom from all suspicion of having enemies, and the certainty that money alone was the object of the murderer, only afforded and suggested surprising details.

The directors of the bank upon discovering the murder at once notified Chief of Police Kirtz, of Boston who immediately detailed Detectives Benjamin Smith and William H. Jones to take the matter in charge, and from that hour will the present, working in co-operation with the directors, and gentlemen of Malden, they have given the attention to the discovery of the murderer. The arrest of Mr. George T. Bailey at the instigation of the Court Justice on 14th of January will remember. Mr. Bailey was sent out of nearly a dozen whose names had been whispered and had been upon Green. The evidence was at first shadowy, consisting mainly of such facts as that he did attend the murder of young Converse, and abstained from conversation respecting the murder.

Thus came the known fact that he had discharged some small pecuniary obligations with Malden Bank bills. Slowly but surely the evidence accumulated. The

possession of a pistol was traced to Green, the fact that he had had ammunition was also ascertained, and the fact that he was making purchases, which his limited

he was finally arrested. Green was probably entirely unprepared for such a demonstration and denied the charge, but he subsequently expressed a wish to

confess he went into the bank twice on the morning of the murder, and was prevented from marrying on his intention first by a conductor bringing in a pair of scales, and the second time by the entrance of Mr. Stone. The third time was at half past 11 o'clock, when he feebly committed the deed of blood. Green stated that he went behind the counter, and about young Converse in the back of the bank. The boy fell on his back to the floor and looked up in the murderer's face. Green then fired the second shot, which penetrated the temple of the poor victim. He then secured the money and returned to the Post Office, and did not return to the bank, stating, when subsequently asked, a reason for being absent, that it was business hours, though the excitement created by the discovery of the murder caused a general suspension of business. Green then offered to go and show where he had passed the money which he had stolen, but not used, and accompanied by Mr. Lamson, Detectives Heath & Jones he went to the Post Office, and there took from an old book 6000 Malden Bank bills, and then accompanying the party went to the Volunteer Engine House, which is not required and pointing to a hiding in his bed, had it placed where it led to the hose tower, and ascending it he reached between the flooring and the planking and took packages containing \$1,600, making in all recovered \$4,000 of the \$5,000 and sold 6000 dollars. The pistol with which the deed was done he sold was at his house, where it was found. He took the pistol in Tombs he confessed to being the incendiary who set fire to Faneuil Hall, the building in which the Post Office is located, last November in Boston. It is supposed, of hiding his delinquency to the Government by destroying all the records.

The record of this murder is full of warning to young men. It was the first conviction, years ago, albeit though it may have been, which led him into the path that he has brought him to a felon's cell. Year by year his moral sensibilities have become deadened by repeated, though comparatively petty, indications of the crime of destroying by fire proofs of his delicacy, and failing in that he recognized that the murder of his unfortunates friend to gain money would, very early in his life, result in the commission of the damnable crime which has proved his ruin.



THE MALDEN MURDER—THE BANK.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. GRAVE.

home would scarcely allow, and paying for the same with bills, a portion of which were of the Malden Bank, was also certain. Other circumstances came to add their weight, and

speak to Mr. Lamson, and went with him into his library, where Mr. J. demanded what he had done with the money. Finding it impossible to confront such evidence so he was told had been secured, he



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No. 441—Vol. XVII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

THE SANITARY FAIR BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn and Long Island Fair, to which we alluded in our last, on giving an illustration of the place where it is held, the Academy of Music, opened as announced, and has since been visited by immense crowds.

The street in front of the Academy was each day packed and jammed, mainly with women and children, all day long, who worried and crowded to get into the main building, while many who had got in, after edging their way about for an hour or more without exchanging more than a passing glance of the articles on exhibition, were glad to get out.

In the evening, every portion of the Fair was crowded worse than during the day. The Auditors, the New England Kitchen, the Manufacturers' Department, Knickerbocker Hall and the Taylor House were filled to overflowing, and so dense was the throng that the Managers ordered the gate to be closed at 8:30 o'clock, after which no one was admitted either with or without a season ticket.

Everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor



Grandma Downing, Palestine her Daughter, Grandma Meyflower, Deborah, and Aunt Tabitha.

THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN SEWERS, AT THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. JAMES.

—old "gentleman smile" though grimly—sets their favorite corners were trodden upon, and the ladies didn't seem to mind in the least having the gutters torn out of their dresses.

The vast throng surged backward and forward, now and then coming to a general standstill, when some little parties halted in front of the tables to lay various articles that had attracted their attention.

The ladies in charge of the stands were continually wrangled in their sweetest of smiles, and their gentle entreaties to the passers-by resulted in the transfer of many greenbacks from the performances and fast pockets of the latter to the little treasury boxes provided by the management, and in charge of the former.

Among the visitors were many New Yorkers, and hundreds of people from the Long Island towns.

A concert is given at the New-England Kitchen in the evening by a dozen or more of the Old Folks, when several hymns, old ballads, and other pieces were sung, much to the delight and gratification of the assembly.

The success of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that in two days the receipts for tickets were



THE SANITARY FAIR AT BROOKLYN.—THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.—DRAWN BY R. FORBES.

AN OLD VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.

THE picture of Virginia life speaks abundantly the exhausted condition of the agriculture of the Old Dominion. Few parts of the world have declined as rapidly as Virginia. Her soil exhausted by tobacco, and unable to recuperate under a system of slave labor, no longer proved remunerative to the farmer. Scanty crops, unimproved serfs, mortgaged homesteads met you at every step. The ruinous state of the mass of the property holders, whom the constant sale of slaves could not save, was one of the gross impulses that led them to rush into the rebellion. Main has overtaken most of them now, and the picture of old Virginia life will, in the few years ensuing upon this, be looked upon with surprise ten years hence. With the peace a tide of emigration will flow to her valleys and all themselves of all the natural advantages to increase her wealth.

THE ARMY OVEN.

THE bake oven which our Special Artist has deemed worthy of sketching is a most useful Western invention. It is capable of baking 700 loaves per day, having one-chimney of a cord of wood, and requiring the services of four men. The bread is excellently baked, and wherever flour is available the soldiers are furnished with it fresh. It is covered by a horse or mule, attached to plow. Battery regiments, unprovided with this invention, have to depend, even in the presence of flour, on hard tack.



THE ARMY OVEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BOWWILL.

EXPLOSION OF A PAPERMILL AT SCHUYLVILLE.

We give a sketch of the ruins of a papermill at Schuyerville destroyed by a fearful boiler explosion, on the 10th. A boiler, 10 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, exploded, blowing away the upper part of the papermill, and passing through the building, an officer and his wife were killed in the course of its progress, killing a man and his wife. It did damage to the amount of \$20,000.

THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE.

AMONG the interesting edifices at Newberne, which attracted such general attention a short time since, is the jail, of which we give an illustration, from an accurate sketch made by our Special Artist.

ARRANGED in the order of natural age, William, King of Wurttemberg heads the list of sovereigns, having attained the ripe age of 80. Ferdinand, Indragore of Hesse Homburg next on the list, and Henry Sixty-seventh, prince of the palatinate of Hesse, stands between him and coach. Ernest Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose age is 77. Next to Leopold, comes the Pope Pius IX., whose age is 74. Napoleon III. (aged 55) has the sixteenth, and Victoria (aged 45) the twenty-sixth place in the list, of which the two lowest places are occupied by young George, King of Greece, and Henry XIII., prince of Hesse of the old house. These two young men are aged 18 and 17 respectively.



EXPLOSION OF A PAPER MILL AT SCHUYLVILLE, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTO BY C. H. CLEGG.



THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHLES.

EGYPT.

BY JENCKE K. GRIFVITZ.

WHAT can we guess of those old Egyptians,
And the strange hieroglyphical signs,
Except, as affecting to read the inscriptions,
We dare also hahz the bones?

Started, I gaze at the old mummy cases,
A wail, yet so longing to know
How those still hearts and inscrutable faces
Looked on the long ago.

Did the one heart with the loves and the
passions
That charn and appeal us to-day?
And the other, made fiercer by old time
fashions,
Sparkle in triumph gay?

Here is a foot, and so beautiful is it,
Daintily holding its place,
With its step so shapely, so arched and ex-
quisite,
No foot of to-day may outgrace.

Here is a hand, too, small, delf and slender,
That dimpling with life, and pressed
By passionate love-kisses, eager and tender,
Thrilled to its mistress' breast!

Did the one step, with the grace of a goddess,
Frolicly wide palaces through?
And the other shine out, on the robe of the
hodie,
Jewelled and ravishing too?

Ah! all is lost in the silent abysses,
Joy of theirs, sorrow and ill,
God was their Father, and their secret his,
He has kept, and he keeps it still.



"THE FREEMAN."—FROM THE STATUETTE BY J. Q. A. WARD, N. A.

moment; his two pursuers were galloping upon him
silently and with cool-like caution. Reaching down
the street opposite in direction to the one he had
previously taken, he never slackened his speed
until a projecting wall denied his further advance.
With a fainting hearn he turned to retreat his
steps, but the sight of the two ruffians, now boldly
rushing towards him, and the blood flying through
his frame, and making a dash to the right he
plunged through the open door of the house. Up-
stairs he went, until at the top floor he passed for
breath, and hearing no footsteps following he

stopped to think. Where was he to go if he did
follow him; upon the roof? No; that would never
do. There were voices talking, perhaps he might
find friends and assistance in one of the rooms on
that floor. Cautiously advancing to the end of the
hall he listened, to discover if possible the charac-
ter of the inmates.
"Mother, dear mother, do not despair, God
will surely help us. Does He not send the sparrow
shall not fall without His will? Certainly
He will not forget us."
"You are right, my dear child, I will not doubt

and though the way seems dark, I will yet stead-
fastly put my trust in Him, and watch for the
light at the end. We will try again to-morrow,
daughter, if we cannot find some means of support.
Oh! if your father had only never left us, what
comfort and happiness we would have known. He
was a kind father to you, Lizzie."

"Do not let us talk of him, mother," sobbed
Lizzie; "the remembrance of our former days,
when, as a happy family, we sat round the fire-side
at evening, makes our present lot—" here she
passed in terrified silence, as a confused scuffling
of feet, with muffled curses outside the door,
met her ear. With pallid faces they sat listening
for some time, when a loud shriek nearly paralyzed
them. A few minutes passed in quietness, except
now and then a word from one of the ruffians.

"Dick, just hold him over on the side, while I
search this pocket. I—on the rascal, he did not
bring so much chalk as I thought he would, the
self-tendered fool."

"I guess he didn't find the widow, Bill, eh?"
and the fellow chuckled; "if he hadn't passed the
him we would have missed him, for I did not think
he would get here till later. I say, Bill, there's that
ring on his finger, don't leave that."

"Are enough; but, Dick, I wonder if anybody
lives in this bank, I believe I'll look. It wouldn't
do to have anybody to tell tales. I guess there
must be the door is locked, and we had better
make tracks right, though the house was empty,
some along—quick time!"

The sound of hasty footsteps down the stairs told
of their departure, and the mother and daughter
for the first time drew a long breath and began to
whispered tones to converse. Presently a low-
murmuring sound caught their ear, and Lizzie, with
a quick instinct of youthful womanhood, un-
derstood directly that the villains had left their prey
behind them, perhaps in a dying condition, and
started to go to him, but her mother prevented her.

"Wait a moment, daughter, I will go with you;
shoeer it is, perhaps they will respect my gray
hairs."

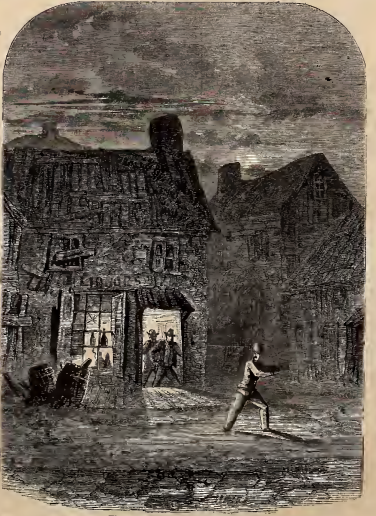
"Do not be alarmed, mother; did you not hear
he ruffians say that he came to help a widow? One
he would risk his life in this way to do a chari-

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

By A. Brock.

Did you ever, reader, have either of your
little school-boys ask you that wonderful query,
"Where was Washington when he blew out the
light?" If you have, you will, of course, remember
the answer given with such a triumphant air, "In
the dark." And that was just where Phil Bred,
first was on the night of the 15th December, most
decidedly in the dark.

Warm-hearted Phil had received a note from
some anonymous person in the morning of that
day, telling him of the deplorable condition of a
widow and family in — lane, and begging his
aid. He was a generous heart to urge him on
so doing and a generous heart to urge him on
and now we find him walking up and down the
street, searching among the numerous ones for
— lane. It was in the worst part of the city,
filthy and forelorn. The street lamps were ar-
rayed, and the houses were piled together as though
the daylight, as much as possible, was excluded to
keep the passers-by from discovering the misery
the corner was one of the houses frequentable
by wretched men and women; and now holsters
of all kinds, mingled with oaths of the most
obscene character, issued from the place. Kick-
shaws and church were alike unknown to them, and as
somehow months and years rolled by, and as
of wickedness never checked within their
magic circle, for as one disappeared from the
street another came to fill his place.
The vilest was king, and the others his prin-
ciples. Almost with a slender Phil passed the
open door of this place. Glancing in, he did not
see any one of the men stare at him, his neigh-
bor on the shoulder, and then both turn as though
coming towards the door. Phil could not get his
life have helped the involuntary thrill of fear that
rushed through him, and heartily cursing his
luck in not bringing a companion, he deter-
mined to return home, and on the next evening
provide himself with arms and a friend, and
begin his search, although doubts began to enter
his mind as to the truth of the appeal. Glancing
back as he turned the street, he thought he dis-
covered the forms of two persons in the darkness
following him. With quickened steps he hastened
to gain the lighted thoroughfare, but what was his
horror on turning the corner to find himself again
opposite the old grogshop. He was last left in the
den of thieves. But he dared not hesitate for one



The Good Samaritan chased by Thieves.

Listening to the attempted Murder.

able set would not certainly harm the defenceless,"
and she opened the door, followed by her mother.
A cry of horror escaped her lips at the sight pre-
sented to her gaze. On the floor lay poor Phil,
with the blood streaming in pools around him. One
arm was bent under him, and the other lay across
his face where the assassin had thrown it after re-
moving the ring. As Mrs. Markham reached him
he half opened his eyes, but with a half moon snarl
into his mouth. Lizzie ran for water, and bath-
ing his face and head, faintly applying his hands
to his eyes, but all their united efforts were unavailing
to get him in the room. With all the tenderness
possible they cared for him that night, staunching
the blood from his wounds, and soothing him with
gentle words, and early in the morning Lizzie
started for the doctor.

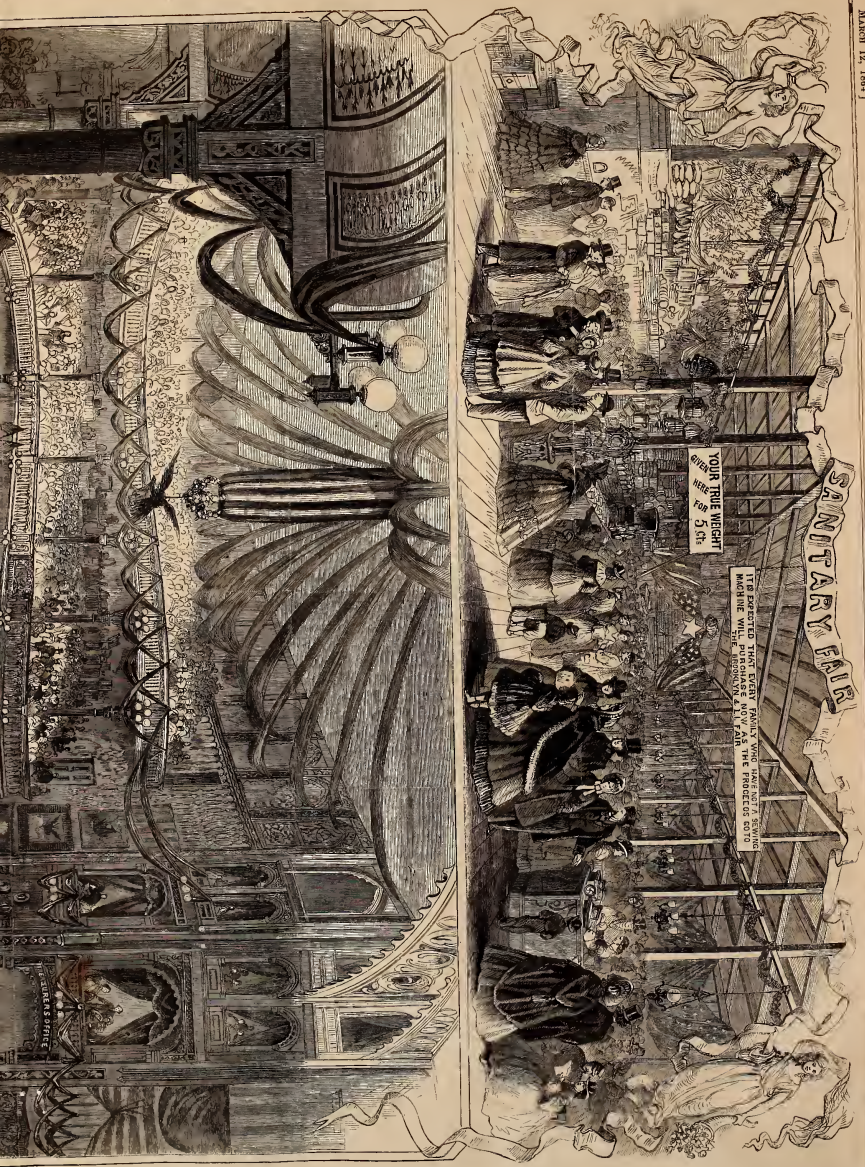
Doctor Robinson was a kindly man, and on
Lizzie's telling her tale he was immediately accom-
panied her home. When he arrived there he found
Phil in a high fever and slightly delirious. With
the help of the assistant he had brought with him
they got him on the bed, and cutting loose his
clothes in various places, succeeded in getting at
the wounds. They, in fact, were not dangerous,
but the severe shock when he fell, together with
the loss of blood, made great care necessary. But
what was Mrs. Markham to do? With hardly a
load of bread in the house and no money! It was
indeed a question. Settling under all delirious,
she finally said the doctor her inability to do what
she wanted, and begged him to find his friends,
adding, "I will gladly nurse him, doctor, if his
friends will only provide his medicines and other
necessaries."

Together they searched the pockets for some token
to know him by, but only four or five shillings were
simply to Phil, but bearing the same name and address
of the writer. Either the doctor went and found
to be the intimate friend he continually called—
"Charlie! Charlie!" and would then commence an
imaginary conversation with him.

"Come, Charlie, come out and take a walk,"
he awfully hot here. I feel as though my head was
on fire. Now, like a good fellow, come along, don't
stand gazing. I say, Charlie, old Joe didn't see



THE SANITARY FAIR, BROOKFIELD, ILL. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES. A VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

THE HAUNTED HALL.

BY M. A. E.

Was that a shadow I beat in the hall,
 From that door up close to the wall?
 Was it a whisper that fell on my ear?
 Steeds, wretches, wild men I frequently hear,
 Still and silent, and dimly and dimly,
 Listening for a voice long since passed away.

Footstep I hear every night on the floor,
 Steal light and hush, that pass by my door;
 While I figure largely the last hours with my net,
 And the door is closed and I am left to fret,
 Gilding across the old sitting-room floor,
 Up to the window that looks on the way.

"Haunted the hall," my nightmare all says,
 "The door is open, and the passing way."
 Haunted by lived ones, by guinea and coin;
 By names that shiver only on white marble stones,
 Done to dust by my great childhood's call,
 Flaying and swelling throughout the old hall;

Haunted by steps of the black-blaunting fair;
 Haunted by steps of the hoary of hair;
 Haunted by elders, black and bald at the door,
 Done to the chimney to greet us no more;
 Haunted by birds, by birds and by death,
 Creeping the winking of every breath.

Footstep is striking the hammer of life,
 Whirling the round with old century's rife,
 Numbing the locks fast and blessing with years,
 Showing my sorrow and aching my fears,
 Still and silent, and dimly and dimly,
 Steeds, wretches, wild men I frequently hear.

Longer and deeper the shadows have grown,
 Gayer and blacker the white marble stone,
 Dampened and chill is the air of the room,
 And the door is closed and I am left to fret,
 Fitting and black'ning the wax spectres all,
 Slowly and surely I'm quitting the hall.

The Gulf Between Them.

By M. A. E. Stephens.

CHAPTER XIII.

North stared and bled, but still the sea rose
 To a goodly, and broken billow.
 A gust of wind, and a drift of smoke,
 The sound of rain had fallen, and this calmed the
 waters somewhat, but other remnants
 of the storm were the most experienced seaman
 look anxious when his face was turned ocean-ward.
 An attendant pilot, whose duty it was
 to be ready in case of an accident, was
 in helping to save the crew of that ill-fated vessel.
 His rounds had carried him up to the stern,
 where he saw the pilot, who, when he
 grew worse, and worse, till he became incapable
 of more comfortable quarters.
 In being removed to more comfortable quarters.
 In being removed to more comfortable quarters.
 In being removed to more comfortable quarters.

Independent of his personal injury, the boatman
 was charged with some duty regarding the
 duties of his occupation. It had been his
 pilot's pride to be always first in the incoming
 craft of the California steamer, and now his
 little craft lay with its sails furled in a cove below
 the wharf, waiting for a signal to start on.

It was his duty to see that the pilot was
 the steamer of that month, because it was thought
 best that Mr. Mellen might possibly be on board,
 and bringing that gentleman on shore, while his
 superior, the pilot, took the steamer into port.

North had in these matters received as he sat
 snugly in the bar-room, and they seemed to
 affect him far more than so unimportant a subject
 would have done. It was now drawing towards
 night, and the man became terribly restless, for
 the pilot was expected every moment, and from
 the fact that the poor fellow worked his mind up
 into a certainty that Mellen would come, and
 the reward for bringing him on shore with his
 fair bill, he could only make about that could take
 care of the craft. "He said," in his own mind
 far bill to take my place, but I don't care to
 see a chance to see the boss lose his chance with
 the steamer, all because of this confounded fool
 of mine. I wish you'd let me go; well, not
 after you've got me here, but I'll pass my
 fellow to give up his luck in this way."

The bar-room happened to be empty just then,
 and the excellent of North and his hired man,
 North aroused himself and looked around. Seeing
 no intruder near, he went up to the griddle, and
 set it on with him.

"Is there no one who can take your place?" he
 asked.

"Not a man. These fellows do well enough in
 fishing boats that can bag the shore, but some-
 times the boss runs his craft out to sea. The
 pilot's craft is strong enough to frighten a fresh
 hand," was the impatient answer.

"What'll I think make an offer to go?"

The man laughed in spite of his pain and an-
 noyance.

"I like that."

"But I can handle a boat in pretty rough water,
 let me tell you, my man."

"But you're not much of a gentleman. The
 boss would never trust you."

"Oh, a suit of your clothes, which I see they
 are not, would be enough to dry, and a few things
 I have on hand will make that all right."

"But, how much? how much?" inquired the
 man, eagerly.

"Why, nothing; I shall go for the fun of it,
 or not at all."

"That's the idea," answered the seaman, rub-
 bing his hands with sudden delight, "a real
 gentleman, and no mistake, but have a hard
 case of me to do for the commodity to take you
 in this rig."

"Aye, aye," answered North, sailor fashion, and
 in a tone that seemed born of years of sea-
 dog service.

The man started up on the settee, aroused to the
 attention of the gentleman.

"That's the time of day," he cried in high glee.
 North laughed, matched up the seaman's "elbow,
 and then he looked at the man with a certain
 bat. He had got over the first shock of sur-
 prised nerves regarding the dead body lying up-
 stairs, and now he was looking at the man with a
 shuddering terror. The remembrance of his crime
 did not prevent the contemplation of another
 man's death, and he was looking at the man with
 that night again. After a little he came out on
 the porch, so completely changed that the sick
 man was wildly at him, and called out,

"Where away, messmate; are you one of the
 ones we saved from the wreck?"

North started, set his feet in his loose
 clothes, sailor fashion, and walked with wide
 steps across the floor, as if it had been a quar-
 ters, and he was looking at the man with a
 shuddering terror. The remembrance of his crime
 did not prevent the contemplation of another
 man's death, and he was looking at the man with
 that night again. After a little he came out on
 the porch, so completely changed that the sick
 man was wildly at him, and called out,

"That'll do. It's all right. He'll take you for
 one of the chaps we saved from the wreck, and ask
 me how he got out of the trap."

"It's going to be a rough night," he said.
 "I hope you Mr. Mellen can swim, if I happen to
 be out of the water."

"No, no, don't depend on that, but be wiser
 the coast, and is as bare as a lion; still I should'n't
 think of me to be brought into danger, remember."

"It's not at all likely that he'll be on board,"
 he cried.

"Hush up," cried the seaman, "don't you hear
 the commotion coming? They've just told him
 that he's on the point of the boat." "Here's
 the pilot come in while his assistant was speak-
 ing."

"What the thunder is all this about? Just when
 I thought you most, to, and a rough night. They'll
 get ahead of us, and all through this confounded
 working business. Couldn't you keep out of it
 for once?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, commo-fellow. It's all
 right, and I'll be right with you. The pilot's
 a chap I have done a service to, who'll willing to
 quit my night's work on himself, just about
 daylight in the morning."

"Let him bear away, then," cried the pilot, cast-
 ing a glance at North, which seemed to prove
 that he was not the superior, which proved the
 man's word; "come on, my man, we'll have a
 try."

North followed the pilot in silence, only stopping
 to say to the man, "Don't mention this to a living soul."

The man promised and kept his word.
 The pilot was the superior, which proved the
 man's word; "come on, my man, we'll have a
 try to see like a stormy petrel. North performed
 his duty well, and resolved a work or two com-
 ing to him, and he was looking at the man with
 a shuddering terror. The remembrance of his crime
 did not prevent the contemplation of another
 man's death, and he was looking at the man with
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 that night again. After a little he came out on
 the porch, so completely changed that the sick
 man was wildly at him, and called out,

and water beyond; then a sharp exclamation from
 his companion aroused him to the new dangers
 about them.

The boat had been swept in near the shore, in a
 rapid spring of sunken rocks in the best of
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 in a rapid spring of sunken rocks in the best of
 the beach, for the boat had been swept in near
 the shore, in a rapid spring of sunken rocks in
 the best of the beach, for the boat had been swept
 in near the shore, in a rapid spring of sunken
 rocks in the best of the beach,



A VIEW OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.



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\$16

\$85

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DEAR SIR—The Bikes I will put to a severe test.

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Great Chance to Make Money \$650.000 of Watches, Jewelry, &c. Given away with our STATIONERY.

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\$7 ARMY WATCH \$7

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plate Watch. Let us Double Case, with Diamond Setting, Gold Case, Gold Case, English Movement, and Correct Time.

A SILVER WATCH, same as above, only \$7. 115 European Timekeeper. \$15

A SUPERB "EXTRA DOUBLE GOLD-PLATE" Hunting Case W. 4th-Magic Spring-Adjusted English Movement-Independent.

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Good Watches. All our watches are made in Gold Cases. Price articles, from \$15 to \$100.

French Plainnet Overhirts, \$1, \$2, \$3 and \$5. Each shirt will cost you very little.

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Ready-Made or to Measure, at \$1, \$3, \$5, \$7 per doz. SELF-REGENERATING RUBBER SHIRTS.

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Dealers in "Fire Arms" or "Cutlery." Sporting Rifles, "Fancy" Shot Guns, "Fancy" Pistols, &c.

Scoury and Scrofulous Eruptions. Will soon cure the sores of those who have them.

Sportsmen, Forsters, and Army and Navy Officers. Powerful and Reliable Double Glasses.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 442—Vol. XVII]

NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.

GEN. CUSTER'S EXPEDITION.

Capt. Ash, with the 5th Regulars, charging into Stuart's Camp.

GEN. CUSTER, with 1,500 picked men, in light marching order, left Culpeper Court-house about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 25th. The 6th and 1st corps marched from their winter quarters earlier in the day, the former halted at Madison Court-house and threw out a strong cordon of pickets, while the latter bivouacked in the neighborhood of James city, and held the line of Robertson's road.

About two A. M. the raiders left their resting-place near James city, and took the road for Charlottesville. The men had been picked from Merritt's and Gregg's divisions, and were well mounted. When they marched up the steep banks of the Rappahannock river their coming was unknown and altogether unexpected.

Before us (a correspondent says) was a large cavalry camp, the tents arranged with mathematical precision and soldierly regularity. On one side the horses were quietly standing; on the other side piles of artillery were parked, with all the apparatus neatly arranged and in close proximity to the caissons.

The 6th regular regiment of Gen. Merritt's old brigade led the van. Capt. Ash, with one squadron, dashed in among the comfortable-looking tents with reckless precipitancy, and scattered the occupants in all directions.

He ordered the men to destroy all they could, and they obeyed their instructions to the very letter. Neither axes nor red-hot files could be found in his command. It was found impossible to spike the guns or chop the gun-carriages to pieces, so they contented themselves with blowing-up the caissons and destroying the camp. Custer's raid was well conducted. After effecting

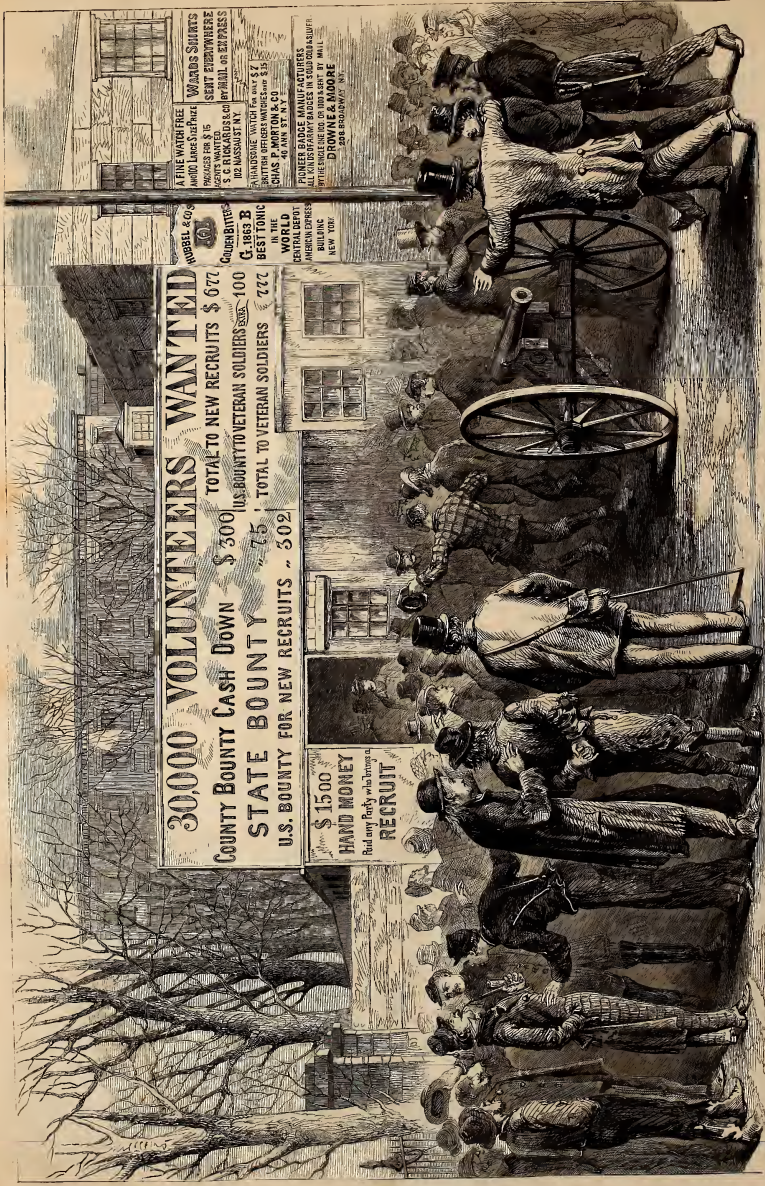
his purpose, by a masterly movement, masked under another charge which Custer headed in person, he drove Stuart from his position, flew past him on a side road, recrossed the river at Bank's mills, and halted safe. His trophies are 50 prisoners, numerous valuable horses, and samples of the ashes of three iron-mills, eight wagon-loads of commissary stores, six caissons, two forges and a set of artillery harness.

RECRUITING IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

This recruiting service which, for a time, attracted the Park with tens of all shapes and sizes,



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—GEN. CUSTER'S 5TH REGIMENT, CAPT. ASH, CHARGING INTO J. E. B. STUART'S CAMP NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SENIORS ARTIST.



30,000 VOLUNTEERS WANTED
 TOTAL TO NEW RECRUITS \$ 677
 COUNTY BOUNTY CASH DOWN \$ 300
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 TOTAL TO VETERAN SOLDIERS 777
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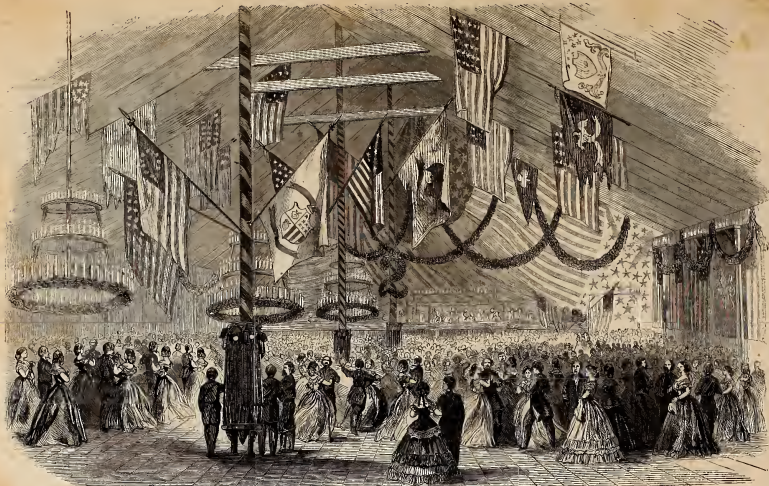
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RECRUITING FOR THE WAR—SCENE AT THE RECRUITING TENTS IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

HENRY OREN, ILLINOIS, & GRANT, U. S. A.







WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN THE ARMY—BALL AT THE SECOND CORPS HEADQUARTERS—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. FOREMAN.

THE BALL OF THE 2D CORPS.

The ball given on Washington's birthday by the officers of the 2d Corps was one of the most successful entertainments of the kind ever given anywhere. A large building, with bent sides and covered roof, was erected especially for the occasion, with an extension about one side, the extreme length of the main edifice, for a dining-hall. Less than 300 seats were sold, exclusively to officers of the 2d Corps, and the invited guests consisted of those only who, by their personal services in the ranks in camp. This rule having been strictly observed, as a consequence a select company was secured, and not so large as to make every one present uncomfortable. All therefore had plenty of opportunity to dance or promenade as best suited their fancy. The ladies of the whole corps were brought into requisition. The table, also, was everything that could be desired. There were almost as many ladies present as gentlemen, and many of their salutes would have been worthy of notice in the most fashionable drawing-rooms of the metropolis of the nation.



OLD ABE'S NUGGET.

Among the invited guests were Vice-President Hamlin and daughter; Maj. Gen. Meade, and his son; Gen. Scott and wife; Warren, Tyler, New-ton, Harris, Barton and widow; Gen. Kilgusford; O. A. Brownson, son and daughter; Sumner, Sprague, Mrs. Kate Sprague; Mrs. Sumner; Miss Hale, and James Taylor, the Secretary of the Interior. The hall, of which we give a view, as well as the main-stand, was tastefully decorated with flags and banners, and the whole affair proved to be a grand success.

OLD ABE'S NUGGET.

We give a faithful representation of a nugget, valued in greenbacks at \$100, sent by a mine of West Idaho, through Capt. James I. Fair, U. S. A., to the President. The face attached is a natural golden image, believed by the miner to resemble Old Abe, according to the notion, derived from "pigeon" circulated while he was running for the Presidency. The specimen is from Burton's claim, at the Sitka mine, or Virginia City diggings, on a branch of the Jefferson fork of the Missouri river.



LOSS OF THE U. S. S. MONITOR, CAPT. FOUKRENGER, OFF BEACH DELPE, S. C., FEB. 17.



For Great. Major Boat No. 1 Julia Douglas Captain Jackson Dispatch Boat Major Boat No. 2 Captain Jackson Ochsman Captain Partridge

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Heavy Barbets Fort Central Cape New Hope Battery Point Light-house and Battery

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J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Buy Good Jewelry at Low Prices.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gents' Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000.

Use the word ONE DOLLAR in each advertisement... J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 22 Broadway, New York.

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Read this in the eye of the... The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco... FOR THE SOLDIER IT IS UNVALUABLE.

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Beautify—HUNT'S WHITE LIQUID SOAP... J. G. SCHULL, MERCHANT TAILOR, 33 Ann Street, New York.

Do You Want Luxurious Whiskers... MY ONCEMENT will force them to grow freely...

680 A MOTHER! I want Agents at 50c a month... GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

30,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c. WORTH \$150,000. To be sold for One Dollar each...

Matrimony—Why every man should marry... Philadelphia Package Station.

False White and Mouthwashes... FINE WASHES 25c per 1/2 doz.

Whiskers in 42 Days or more... J. A. CRAPANZANO, 409 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.



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The tale is historical, and the main incidents are true. The principal characters are CALZADILLA, the famous pirate, commonly called by the Spanish-Americans of this time before the proper name was known...

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NEW Catalogue of Jewelry set free. 188-111, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 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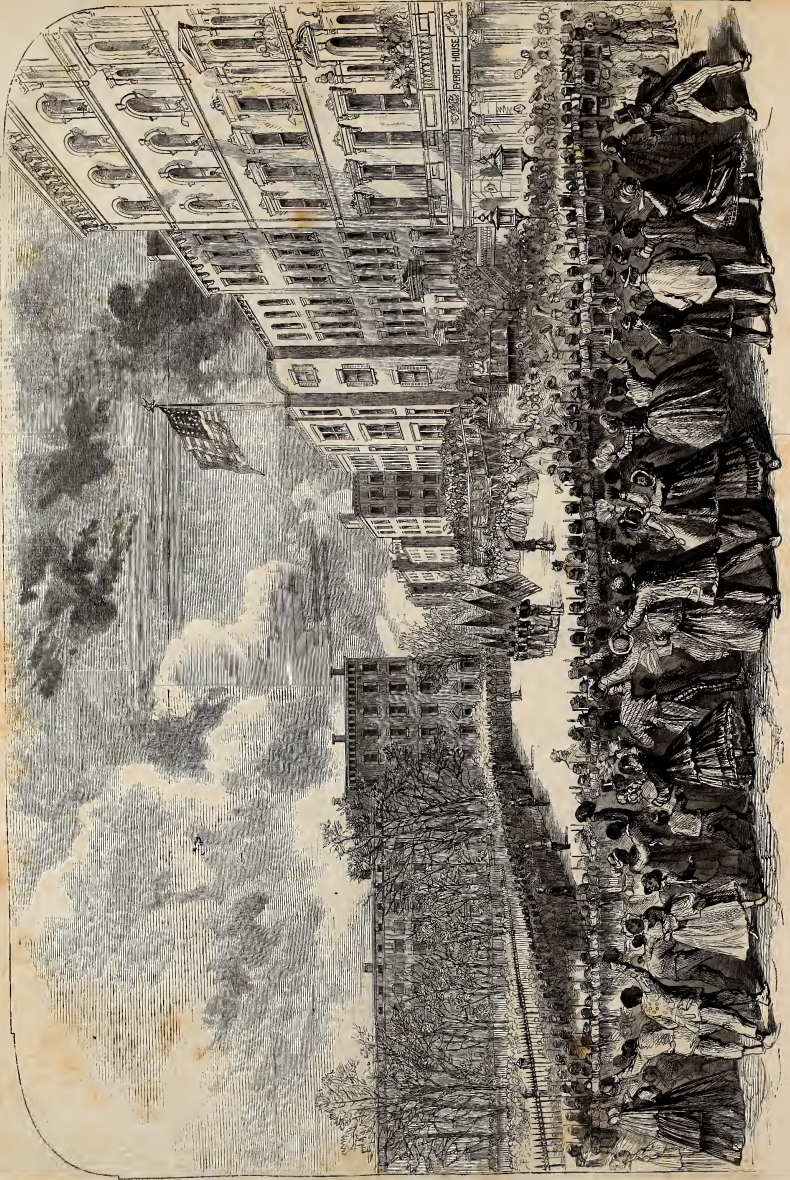
[PRICE 6 CENTS



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC OR OPERA HOUSE OF THE 1ST ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 7.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE GRAND CONCERT IN CANAL STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. BUNWELL.



PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE 24th U. S. COLORED INFANTRY, COL. BAUTRAM, AT THE UNION LEAGUE'S CLUB HOUSE, N. Y., MARCH 5.—Page 7

THE MARGUERITE.

Ent the swallow's homeward wing
To its native tower bath'd in
Or the gential airs of spring
Prompt the cuckoo's monotony;

When an unseen presence fills
Every pulse with fresher life,
And the vernal, moist air distils
Dews with hoided fragrance rife;

Hidden from the garish sun,
In some nook of tender green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
Peeps the violet from her screen:

Coy as maiden modesty,
Bowed the common gaze beneath;
How so fast Eleanore's eye
Fragrant as her odorous breath;

Redolent of pleasure past—
Hopes that no truition knew;
Bliss, too hither-went to last;
Fails, no love can now renew;

Rememberance of love and spring,
Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring,
Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue—
To mingle flowers might break the spell;
And faint would try the test anew
That her saddest doubt dispel!

Such oracles now are idle all
If needed, love is love no more;
And facts that witness vain recall
But tell us what we knew before!

"He loves me not!" "He loves me still!"
Oh that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will,
That says, alas! "He loves me not!"



JOHN N. PATTERSON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN FINANCIER.—FROM A PHOTO BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 3.

"So Bruno has carried off the best of the sisters, eh?" exclaimed Col. Hunter, an old planter, better known in the neighborhood as Uncle Hunter. "Boys, you were not sharp to let such a fine deer escape you."

"What would you have us do, Uncle Ben?" replied his nephew. "She's a fine jewel, surely, but just as strong as she is the race."

"Bruno has won, but he will not wear her long, mark my words," replied the old planter. "He's not the man for that girl; he's too cold a nature for that high-spirited, noble creature. Why, I've seen many a fine fellow ride an hour on a full gallop to catch up to her, just to have a talk—and he had to

ride fast to overtake her, for no one knows better how to sit a horse. I tell you, boys, Bruno won't understand how to treat her; she's too fine a woman for him."

And the old gentleman filled his glass and emptied it at once to hide his rising indignation.

"She will marry him. Her mother does not approve of the match; but what can she do, Uncle Ben? These girls were always independent spirits but wonderfully interesting and well-informed upon every subject."

"You are right, Jim!" exclaimed Uncle Ben. "Did you never hear how this one educated her self?"

"No; tell us!" cried one of the young men at once. "Why, I've often heard her father say that she got all her education from his English edition of the Encyclopaedia. 'Hunter, my old friend would say, telling me of it, and looking at me, with his hand on both his hands, elbows resting on the table and a twinkle of delight in his round blue eyes, 'that girl's a perfect wonder! She never hears a word or a name that is new to her but she searches for it in that valuable work.' Think, boys, of marrying a girl who is a walking encyclopaedia!"

"I would have run the risk, if she had agreed to it," replied Eleanore. "But I hope she will be happy," he added, "for the deceiver to be."

And truly Alpha James was a worthy favorite of the country round. With her gentle, delicate figure, large, lustrous dark eyes, and silken black hair that completely envelope her like a cloud, she possessed a mind richly stored with varied information, derived from a widely extended course of self-cultaneous reading. For, so wedded was she to her home and Southern life, she could never be prevailed upon to enter a school for those accomplishments which could best be obtained in our Northern cities.

We will pass over the great wedding at the hospitable mansion of the widow, Mrs. James overcame her prejudices (or rather, laid them aside) against the favored bridegroom, who had secured his first daughter's love, and then the share of the estate which, by her husband's will, came to each child on her marriage, leaving the widow still a most luxurious home and ample support. The family mansion was crowded with visitors, who, with their ever-ready smiles and kind words, made the most luxurious home and ample support. The family mansion was crowded with visitors, who, with their ever-ready smiles and kind words, made the most luxurious home and ample support. The family mansion was crowded with visitors, who, with their ever-ready smiles and kind words, made the most luxurious home and ample support.

"God bless you, Miss Phis," said an old woman,

"He loves me not!" It cannot be,
Thy honor, faith itself be dead,
I'll not accept the mad decree
Thy every leaf I hold be glad.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
What reck's it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
When love and hope for aye depart!

The Prophecy Fulfilled: A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

By A. M. Ashley.

"You wish to marry her; you say you love her, and she returns you love; why will you not approve of it. She can do as she likes; but remember what I tell you, Albert Bruno. If you are kind to her she will make you a good wife; but if you are not, she will prove a sword to pierce you with."

So said Mrs. James, in answer to the young man who had pled with her for her daughter's hand in marriage. Alpha, the young girl who had betrothed herself without her mother's consent, was one of three daughters of this most wealthy and aristocratic family in the neighborhood. Her two sisters were married to fish planters, who made them good husbands, and were already at the head of luxurious homes, where the elite of the country were daily received and entertained as familiar friends.

Miss James's plantation bordered on the Red river, in that richly cultivated district where the waving cane and the sunny fields of cotton yield abundant wealth to their possessor. Thirty years ago the wealthy gentleman of that part of the country was all hunters. They loved the chase as as their chief amusement, and many a feast was made more merry by the recital of some of the daring feats performed by these more daring spirits, in the pursuit of game they delighted to bring back to their plantations, as the trophy of their success; and jokes passed round, and glasses were filled and emptied, with toasts and songs, in honor of him who was acknowledged to be the boldest hunter of the Red river.



The ruined gambler threatens his wife with the loss of her boy.

The threat fulfilled.

who had been nurse to the sisters, "God bless my dear little child, and make her happy!"

The young bride shook the old woman's hands and kissed her ebony cheek, for the children of the planters who are brought up among the kindly-kindhearted natives of Africa love them with tenderness, and look upon their nurse as a valued member of the family.

Mrs. James looked long and lingeringly on the carriage as it drove along the winding avenue, taking from her the last of her three children. Then, turning to one of the married sisters, who stood by:

"Falls," she said, "it will not be a very long before she returns to me; but she would go and drink the bitter cup I would have kept from her."

"So the wedding was over, and the happy couple went to New Orleans, which was to be their future home, the bride full of confidence in the choice of her young and trusting husband."

Why is it that the soul is not endowed with perceptive power to sense its future happiness? Is it that we so love darkness that we dread not the shadows which come in cast before it? Or does hope, that wild-oh-er-er of our inner life, bewilder us with its false light, its lullaby into those depths of sorrow and despondency which so often prove so ruin? I would rather believe that each heart receives the discipline it requires, and which alone could have the power to cleanse and purify it, even as fire tries gold, and removes from it all that is impure.

Three years have passed, for time is so lagged; and whether its path lies among thorns or flowers it has over a run, steady pace, marked by events and experiences, or heartbreaks, more than the dull, leaden sound of clocks and bells.

To the young bride the first year of wedded life was one of sunshine and flowers; her husband loved her—seemed to do so—and anticipated every wish. But soon a change came over their home. Her evenings were spent by her alone, or in the company of friends who visited her. He, for whom she had had mother, sisters, and the home of her happy childhood, sought other companionship, other pleasures. She reproached not; but as rumors reached her of his habits, and the haunts he frequented, reason told her that her hopes of happiness were gone—like withered flowers they by withered, dropping one by one from that consecrated way—her living heart—but had transmuted them, and would have kept them fresh and sweet. But so can it even wholly breeds of all



THE RAID ON RICHMOND—GENERAL KILPATRICK'S FORCES SETTING OUT.—FROM A



T.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR FEDERAL ARMY.—SEE PAGE 7.

of a satellite, or ruin it in some other way, just like the capers and antics of old love duisters which he had inherited.

Tom Fuller spent the first happy evening he had known for months at Fairy Cove, and the deliciously good-natured and most agreeable pleasure that he would have supplied any kind of merriment on the part of the other guests if it had been necessary. But it was not.

CHAPTER XVII.

No man with an opinion whatever thinks of returning from a journey without gladdening all the feminine hearts in his sphere with goodly presents. Mr. Melien had by no means forgotten this. There were all sorts of curious Chinese ornaments, wonderful papers for gloves, boxes, scented sandal-wood perfumes for the hair, exquisite fans of ivory, and such costly trifles which kept Elsie in perfect rapture of delight during the first glow of the evening. He had arranged that the Chinese ornaments which had once belonged to wealthy Mexican families, their value increased by the quaint, old-time setting, and the romance connected with them; and Elsie consumed an hour in examining them; with them, laughing at her own appearance and dancing about to a regular Queen Jane.

Among these presents were a pair of very valuable brooches, made after a fashion never seen in Spain two hundred years ago—you may see such now preserved among the old Castilian nobles; to be kept through all changes of fortune, and aired on festive occasions only. When Louis XIV. was a youth and in love with Marie Leschzelski, he once offered her a pair of such brooches, a similar bracelet upon a young stranger at the court. I dare venture you required a whole set of jewels to put the haughty Marie in goodhumor and save her Italian opulence.

The brooches Melien brought with him, and gave one to his wife and the other to Elsie. They were made of a gem-stone shaped in gold, widening at the back of the wrist, and covered with delicate shading the gold was so fine and so true that they were capable as a bit of die. A double row of pearls encircled the front of the edge, and the shape was of diamonds, arranged in a circle to a shield.

They were exceedingly rare, though of anybody possessing the least fancy that thought of them as the least of the ornaments; they looked as if they told a history, and one might have been a curious romance concerning the lives of the men who had worn them—that is, anybody who is acquainted of being a dramatist in this rubbish, practical age.

These were the last gifts Melien displayed, and they certainly made a very splendid climax to the costly exhibition.

As if the first brought passed off delightfully, the visitors departed and sat there were a few days of quiet. The Mellens returned a few days by giving a dinner-party to several families on the neighborhood, to whom they were invited, and as Elsie said:

"They are stupid people to be sure, but then it's a matter of course from our own selfishness, and we have been asked for three days."

"Oh, that's all very plain," returned Melien.

"You are all very plain," laughed Elsie; "but I don't wish to make a female Robinson Crusoe of you. Do secure your own, old Mrs. Thompson's son will wear that wonderful new broad-dress, and we look as well as to sing and to be soaried and such when I look at him."

She mimicked the expected guests in turn, and did it so cleverly that her companions were both obliged to laugh, so everybody prepared for the fiction of a country dinner in the best possible spirits. It was rather tedious to be sure, but Elsie so lighted up the room with her radiance, and so Elizabeth was so pleasant a hostess in her easy beauty, that everything passed off quite tolerably, and even the most commonplace of the party warmed up a little under the influence of the wine.

Ladies had risen from the table, giving the men an opportunity to enjoy their chairs in comfort, and were passing through the hall towards the parlor-room.

The moon shone broad and full through the windows of the hall, and somebody remarked on the beauty of the night. Elsie darted away and swung open the hall door.

"You will get cold," Elsie said; "don't stand there."

Elsie danced out on porcelain in playful defiance of her sister, and they went after her, everybody expatiating with true feminine sympathy.

As Elsie ran away to the other end of the veranda something fell upon the stones with a ring, and she followed by a little shriek as if she had stepped in starting back.

"What is the matter?" called out several voices, which they reached as Elsie stopped, picked something up and ran towards them.

"I dropped my brooch," she said; "come in, I have brought it back."

She drew them through before her, and all entered the parlor laughing gaily—all but Elizabeth. It was a little thing to disturb any man, and her nerves must have been in a strange state from constant watchfulness when this little event occurred, and she could not help it.

She opened her hand and looked down at the brooch, which she found about a broken bit of iron, with a few scales of it left remaining in the ring, and was awfully shuddered her hand quickly as if

right of the hemlines papered her with laughing completed the conviction which shook her from head to foot, unfolded the note and read the brief lines it contained.

"This is a most atrocious letter! she tore the paper asunder and thrust them down into the hall fire, watching till even the ashes were gone, fearing that any sympathetic breeze might read the note, which could distinguish her husband's name; through the closed doors of the parlor came the sound of steps and disparted among the doors and joyous, with which Elsie was amusing the ladies.

Elizabeth flung her arms aloft with sudden passion.

"Laughing, singing," she moaned, "and I here with this horrible situation! I must go—I must go!"

She caught up a shawl which lay on a chair, opened the outer door softly, hurried down the steps and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Melien did not give his male guests a very largely opportunity to enjoy their cigars and cigars; he had so interest in their talk about the political affairs of the country, a recent bankruptcy, the price of corn, or any of the topics which came up, and some time before it might have been expected, he rose, anxious to contravert the opinions by the presence of his wife and sister, both of whom he was anxious to see at the evening and tenderness and admiration, sitting like a couple of pure birds.

Melien looked those fussy, ill-dressed women. Elsie was still at the window, and Elizabeth entered. Mrs. Melien looked about for Elizabeth, but she was not there.

"She is not come in yet," said Mrs. Thompson, in answer to his inquiry.

"I have heard the words—she had ears like a little beast of a child!"

"One of the servants stepped in," she called out, "servants always are stepping here—mine is capable of doing the evening and tenderness and admiration, sitting like a couple of pure birds."

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as if a person were after hours of self-strand. "It is no use to talk," she said.

"You ought not to have gone out!"

"I know; but I did not wait. Oh, Elsie, said a scorn."

"Do!" he exclaimed Elsie, with the old passion which seemed so foreign to her nature. "I can't bear—no! I don't! I don't! I don't!"

"You are not well," Elsie said to her.

"Yes, I am not well when I entered," she replied, in the same crazy way. "I know, I feel that something will happen at last."

"There are no more news," she cried.

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"You must stop! you must stop!"

"Elizabeth made an effort to control her own feelings, and to restrain her own indignation, which she gave way back to her own indignation. By the time they were both quieted, Mr. Melien had been so much affected by one of those very chances that often happen in the course of the very subject that had caused their fight.

"No, no, Elsie! she is the admiration of everybody," he said.

Elizabeth glanced at Elsie. Her first impulse was to rise and go, but she checked that and forced herself to utter some sort of answer to his remark.

"I am going to the same," she exclaimed; "I advise you both to do the same."

"I have not the least meaning of the decision. Let me see your bracelet, Elsie," he said, looking at his own train of thought, and not seeing her.

"Elsie thrust out her arm.

"Look at mine," she said.

"No, no, Elsie! a different design. I have not to see anything. Show me yours, I beg."

Elizabeth did not stir. What she could not bear, but a hopeless despair settled over her and she was not to be won.

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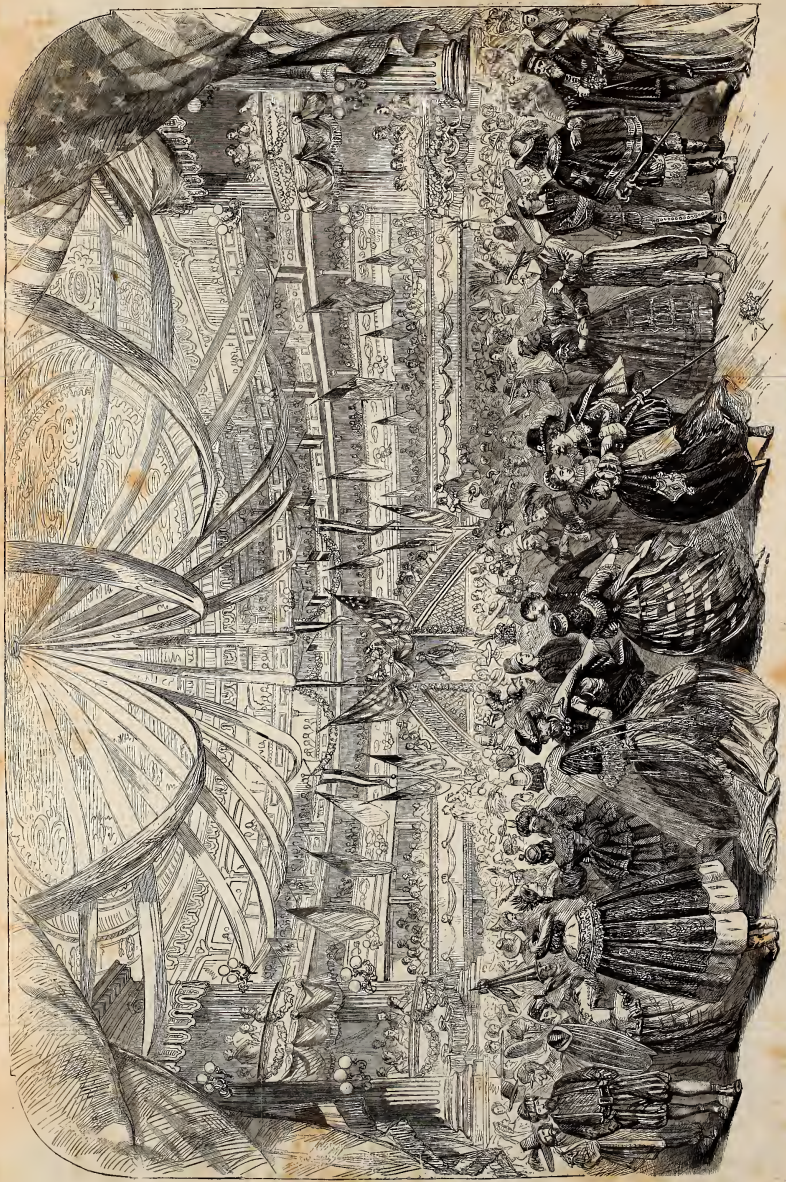
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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY MRS. GREVILLE BATES.—SCENES AT C. F. H. BOYD'S.—See Part 7.



COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



GEN. GEORGE A. COOKE, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—PAGE 7.

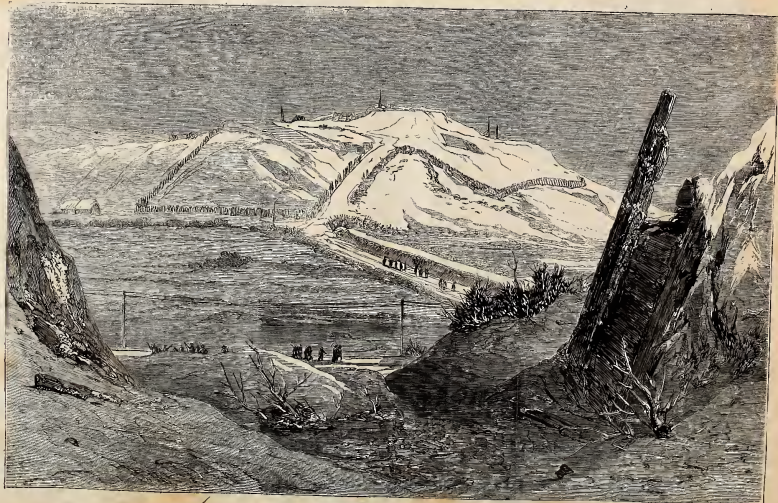
COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN.

The brutal circumstances attending the death of Col. Dahlgren, so rare that his youth and distinguished services, have excited throughout the land a feeling akin to that kindled by the fall of the earlier martyrs of the struggle, before the myrtle-bushes

Death led by his repeated blows, banishment and the loss of the young, the brave and the good. Col. Ulric Dahlgren was the son of Admiral Dahlgren, and at the opening of the war his qualifications were for active service in the navy, but he abandoned that line to enter his father's in the Army Ordnance Department. At the time Gen. Saxton was in command at Harper's Ferry, and that place was first

threatened, Com. Dahlgren received instructions to place a naval battery on Maryland Heights. No suitable person being at that time available to take charge of the battery, Com. Dahlgren selected his cousin and gunner, and under his supervision the two 8-inch Dahlgren guns were placed in position and successfully worked. He thus became Captain of

artillery, and when Gen. Sigel took command was appointed on the staff, and became Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Captain. He continued with Sigel through Pope's campaign, and was especially distinguished in the military movements at the second battle of Bull Run. He next accompanied Gen. Sigel to several campaigns and scouts, and when the army moved



THE DANNEBERG, THE GREAT DULFWARE OF THE DANISH MONARCHY.—SEE PAGE 7.

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By the different grades of the different ranks...

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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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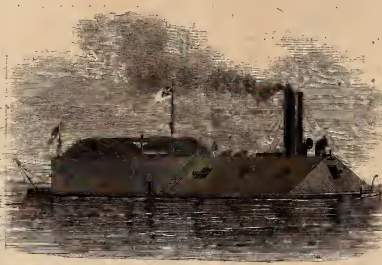
THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

MOBILE, for a place of its size, has been frequently the scene of military operations. One of the sallies of French power on the southwest, it was annexed by the Spaniards, and at a later date in the hands of the latter, exposed to English attack. During the present war it has been blockaded by a Union fleet and commanded by Fort Powell, which the rebels vainly endeavored to take.

When Sherman and Smith recently advanced, and Farragut began to thunder at Fort Powell, all eyes were turned to Mobile once in our hands. This hope has been doomed to disappointment. The capture of Mobile was not the object of Sherman's expedition, and Farragut's bombardment of Fort Powell proved ineffective, his vessels not being able to approach nearer than two miles, too far to inflict any serious injury.

Recent Southern news explains Farragut's attack as an attempt to co-operate with a revolt of the garrison of Fort Morgan. This was, however, discovered, and 30 of the sentinels shot.

We give, as illustrations of the operations, a view of the rebel ram *Battle*, Admiral Buchanan, Commander, one of the main defenses of the place, as seen from Farragut's fleet on the 26th of February, the last day of active operations; and the explosion of a rifle gun on the *J. F. Jackson*. This steamer, which has been in very active engagements during the war, was this time most unfortunate. In the first attack her rifle gun burst, and on the 26th she went into action with a new one, but this too burst after two hours' service, wounding several and injuring the



THE REBEL RAM *BATTLE*, NOW LYING AT MOBILE, AS SEEN FROM THE BLOCKADING FLEET, FEB. 26. FROM A SKETCH BY W. B. DOUGLASS.

vessel. Finally there is some oversight in the Ordnance Department that requires remedy.

Our view of Fort Powell shows its present condition. It has been greatly strengthened by the rebels, and will make a stubborn resistance.

THE BLOCKADE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER

North Carolina.

In our last we gave a sketch of the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The new inlet, which will be found in our present issue, is a much more interesting view. The forts to guard it have not only Fort Fisher, a well constructed fortification, but an artificial island with a heavy rifle gun on it. This was erected in order to give a collateral plunge to the hulls to injure monitors. It controls the channel between Fort Fisher, on the one side, and Sheep Head and Smith's Island, on the other.

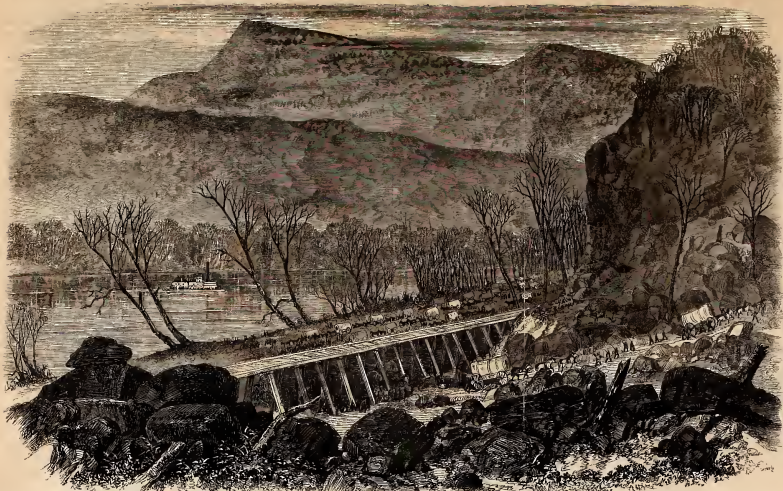
The view of Paddy Island, which is five miles south of Fort Caswell, shows the vigilance of our blockaders and their daring. In this single sketch may be seen the ruins of the *Benigno*, *Rodger* and *Lily*, as well as of the U. S. steamer *Iron Age*, lost in pursuing too closely one of the blockade-runners.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN,
Governor of Louisiana.

THE Hon. Michael Hahn, to the imposing recognition of whose inauguration as Governor of Louisiana we give so much space to-day, is a native of



EXPLOSION OF A CANNON ON BOARD THE *J. F. JACKSON*, DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. B. DOUGLASS.



VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, TENN., BETWEEN SHELLMOUND STATION AND WHITEHIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. R. MILLEN.

THE VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA Railroad between Shellmound Station and Whitehide.

The difficulties to be encountered by our troops, in the long waded for advance on Dalton, may be conceived by the sketch of a portion of the railroad near Chattanooga. No army ever had a more difficult field to operate in, nor one in which a march is attended with greater risks of being cut off from all supplies. At all times the rear of our line has been exposed to attack from rebel cavalry, who have often inflicted serious injury on our trains. The viaduct spans a rugged ravine surrounded by

old masonry, and the wagon road passes under the bridge which the rebels destroyed, burning the wood-work and covering the stone-work with shells. The steamer Dunbar, moving quietly up the Tennessee, forms a striking contrast to the killing men and boats on shore.

THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY

Was opened by the President of Chili upon the 14th Sept. last with great ceremony. Its length is somewhat over 115 miles, and, as its course lies

through a portion of the Chain of the Andes, it offers, in some respects, features seldom encountered upon works of this nature. Upon its five tunnels, several viaducts of 70, 80 and 120 feet in height, and an incline of 12 miles in length rising 125 feet per mile, reaching an altitude of 2,000 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. It is, therefore, one of the highest railways in the world at present in use; and, with one exception—that of the Copiapo Extension, also in Chili, which is 4,000 feet in height—it crosses the loftiest summit yet passed by the locomotive in either North or South America. The passage of the mountain range of Faboo, between Valparaiso and the capital, was a very formidable

under-taking, and in accomplishing this the chief difficulties have been its construction. For some miles the line climbs along the face of precipitous cliffs, at a considerable height above their base, while above it lower rugged rocky cliffs, more than 1,000 feet in height, the favorite haunts of condors, eagles and other birds of prey. Here there are three tunnels in quick succession; and at one point crosses the Macquis Viaduct—which we illustrate—an iron structure 100 feet in altitude, 400 feet in length, and which presents the rare feature of being curved to a radius of 60 feet; and, on account of the incline over it, being about 15 feet higher at one end than the other. The superstructure of this viaduct is tubular, the principal span being 26 feet, and it is the first example of a tubular bridge erected in South America.



THE MAQUIS VIADUCT ON THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BOGGER.

A SONG FOR THE LOYAL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

BELIEVE Columbia, peerless one,
Through glory's gates exulting enter!
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,

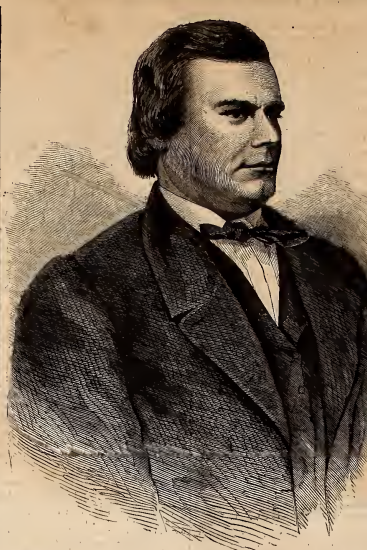
Ah, well we know Jehovah's love,
When all European flowers did wither,
Bade the swift breezes westward move,

Eden of earth! thy generous clime
Gave Freedom's plant sun, wind and shower;
It bloomed—the brightest rose of time;

Queen of the seas; when, o'er the flood,
Came armies, mad with thirst for slaughter,
Upon thy hills our fathers' blood

Live on, unshamed and unenslaved,
When all that seek thy hurt have perished!
By Freedom won, by Freedom saved,

Heaven's crystal gates, thou peerless one,
Uplift their heads to hid thee enter;
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,



HON. RICHARD EGAN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF LOUISIANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELIENHART.



A WOMAN'S HAIR.

By Lucy A. Randall.

It was the afternoon of a clear February day,
blue sky above, capital shining beneath,
and a keen heliolic wind midway between,
when Silas Montagu's superb chestnut-colored horses

"Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Messars,"
said the lady, crossly sinking down upon a crimson brocade sofa,
and glancing towards two women

"To tell their hair!" repeated Miss Montagu.
"Certainly, ma'am."
"Is there any more particularly since it has become
usual to wear the hair short. And then, had times,
you know—"

"Three dollars!" repeated the girl, scornfully.
"Your will need grow upon, Miss Montagu,"
said the hairdresser, shrugging his shoulders.

"I came in to request you to send some one to arrange my hair for to-morrow evening."
"Mrs. Wrenner's hair!" smoothly interpreted the man, who appeared to be an old hand in fashionable intelligence.

It was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montagu herself, but, alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

For Flora Montagu had thrown her arms round the slender figure and was showering kisses on the pale forehead with true girl's warmth of affection.

There, and not till then, Miss Montagu walked briskly away, brushing the pavements of obscure streets with her costly silk, as if she cared not for its lustre's splendor, shrouding narrow alleys, as at length ascending a unperpetrated stairs of a tenement-house, and knocking at the door on the third story.

It was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montagu herself, but, alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

"Flora, dearest, how kind this is of you!"

"You can't be more surprised to see me, Liszy, than I am to be here! I was out shopping when suddenly the idea occurred to me of stealing an

interview with you. So I sent John home, and here I am."
"But, Flora, what would my uncle say?"
"He will never know it," said Flora, demurely.

"I say, missus, is that me money ready?"
Liszy had turned very pale and clasped her wan fingers tightly together.

"I am sorry," she stammered; "but—"

"Look here, marm!" said the man, harshly.

"This is the third week you've had been ere two rooms, and not a red cent of rent have I set eyes on. Xeedn't tell me your husband's sick; there's enough tenants I can get without sick husbands, I don't want to hear no excuses—they don't amount to nothin'! I jest want you to understand this much—if them three dollars ain't paid down ere the clock strikes five, er, you go, big and baggage, my wayward! I've stood this kind o' nonsense long enough!"

"I am sorry," she stammered; "but—"

"How can I?" moaned Liszy. "Everything we have, except the very bed Clement lies on, is sold or pawned. I am fast from lack of bread, and it is impossible to get even the most pooty paid work."

Flora's lip quivered; she had never seen poverty in this ghastly glare before.



Miss Montagu with her Golden Locks for Three Dollars!

The Tenacious-Lord Landlord descending his den,

"Oh, if I could only help you!" she sighed.

"It would kill Clement to be moved," sobbed Liszy.

"As Flora bent over her cousin one shining bead of glory golden hair became detached from its fastening and fell from beneath her bonnet. She put up her hand mechanically to replace it, and at that moment she remembered Mr. Messars's words.

"Liszy," she exclaimed, impulsively, "I wait a few minutes and you shall have the money. I'll be back in half an hour."

And she hurried away with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Mr. Messars was lounging over a newspaper when Miss Montagu entered his luxurious room a second time.

"Why do you not answer me?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly, Miss Montagu," stammered the hairdresser, recovering his tongue. "I shall be most happy, if you wish it. Please to step into the back room, and I shall attend you in a minute."
Flora! Never had her golden waves of hair seemed half so lovely and lustrous as they did at the moment that the swift fingers of Francis unbraided them and passed the silver, gleaming scissors among the bright strands. And when at length Mr. Messars, with polite alacrity, presented her with a basket, the big "3" mark, as well as he was an Egyptian hieroglyphic for all that her tear-swimming eyes could distinguish it.

She carried the money to Liszy, and then, woman-



THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION—INAUGURATION OF HON. MICHAEL RAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA, ON LA



LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 23.

he had been a great resource to her ever since her husband's death.

"May I dare she said to herself: "Who else would love me, whatever came—could sleep depend on him? Was he thinking something of the kind, just when, while he was assuring her alike; and Tom stood merely by, waiting to repair the mischief he had done, but perfectly certain that he should only do a good deal more harm if he attempted it. And, something else was in his mind: there always was before he had been married in the house if Elsie did not make her appearance, he was absent about, answered Elizabeth's questions haltingly, and he had not—" "Where is the little fairy—has she gone out, or is she just the usual?"

"Elsie, do you mean?" "Who else, for course? Where is the?" "I don't know, I find it so difficult to find Elsie. "I don't see how you can bear her out of your night for an instant," cried Tom; "I am sure I could not find in the house with her."

"Nonsense, Tom." "There is no nonsense about it," thundered his wife, "I have seen her." Several times Elizabeth had attempted to point out to him the folly of going in his old dress, but he either would not listen or something interrupted their conversation. Now she determined to take advantage of the present opportunity and speak to him with freedom.

"I have brought her a paper of Millard's sweet things," said Tom; "might I call or send for her?" He darted towards the door as he spoke, but Elizabeth stopped him. "It is a sad moment, Tom," she said; "come back here."

"Of course; I'll be back in a flash—I'll just drop a few lines to my mother, and she'll send me some tempting packages from her pocket, neatly tied with pink ribbons and got up generally in the exquisite style which distinguishes everything from my Frenchman's establishment."

"No," urged Elizabeth, "come here first; I have something to say to you, Tom—Elsie can wait her husband's arrival." "Sit down, back rather unwillingly though, and sit down against the window like a criminal."

"Sit down," said Elizabeth. "No, no; I like to stand! Well, what is it, Besie, my dear, seriously?" "I am afraid you have forgotten the experience which cost you so much pain and drove you off of Europe. I am sure you are making other and deeper trouble for yourself."

"No, no, Besie—it's of no consequence any more," Tom, turning fifty different sides of the red as he came. "What a pretty green that silk is!"

"Is it bright blue, but no matter! So you won't listen to me," Tom continued Elizabeth. "My dear girl, I'd not ever refuse to listen a little more to you. But you are, you are, in a little mischief, Besie; I'm not such a gony as you used to be."

"Oh, yes, it has; I mean, I don't allow myself to see such a dance, even in my own thoughts. I often think about—about—you know what I mean."

"Tom broke down and made a somewhat lame complaint of his head." "Oh, Tom," Tom said Elizabeth said. "Well, there is nothing to do with the matter."

"Oh, yes, it has; I mean, I don't allow myself to see such a dance, even in my own thoughts. I often think about—about—you know what I mean."

"I thought so," she said; "I feared so." "You mean the dear girl will never care for me. How can any one expect her to—I couldn't think of it."

"Then, Tom, she certainly ought not to treat you as she does and let you on." "I don't know I find me on."

"And her manner does not forbid your attentions, and you are too worthy, dear cousin, for anything but the best love she has to bestow."

her face was pale as death, and he bent over her a deep sigh. "I'm close to her chair and kept her, with a look of anxious solicitude on his disturbed features."

"An' you sick, Besie?" he asked. "No, no," she answered, controlling herself. "I'm close to her chair and kept her, with a look of anxious solicitude on his disturbed features."

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bid, you would be on your prettiest behavior to give you your best welcome," said Tom. "It is a close to her chair and kept her, with a look of anxious solicitude on his disturbed features."

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etrongest muscles met at just a little and a relaxation, just as if it pleased her to shut over the small waters, compelling her eyes to nodules or looking around him with a slight smile, uttering with the widest lightning of her eyes."

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THE
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U. S. STEAMERS AG.
THE BLOCKADERS DESTROYED BY OUR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PERSS.—SEE PAGE 17.

THE
U. S. STEAMERS AG.

THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—TOLLY LANE, SOUTH OF FORT CASWELL, N. C., SHOWING THE BLOCKADERS DESTROYED BY OUR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PERSS.—SEE PAGE 17.



PORT FORT.

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THE
U. S. STEAMERS AG.

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THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—FORT POWELL, AT GRANT'S PASS, NEAR MOBILE, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE UNION FLEET UNDER FABRAQUET.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOPKIN.—SEE PAGE 17.



BRIG.-GEN. J. A. RAWLINS, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 23.



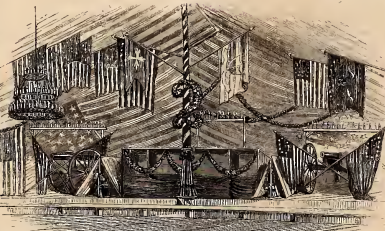
BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

In the list of officers of the regular army few names will be more honorably mentioned than that of Gen. Sykes, even though at the present time his name is associated with the sections halo of momentary popularity. He is every inch a soldier, an officer thoroughly versed in the science of war, brave, energetic and capable. He was born in Maryland in 1810, graduated at West Point in 1831, and was there appointed Second Lieutenant in the 3d Infantry. He was made 1st Lieutenant in Sept. 1836, and breveted Captain, for gallantry at Corro Gordon, during the war he was Assistant Commissary of Subsistence with the Division commanded by Gen. Twiggs. In Sept. 1846 he was promoted Major, and after the war was commissioned Major of the 9th Infantry, May 14, 1851, and on the 26th of Sept. in the same year, made Brigadier General of volunteers. In this capacity he commanded in the Army of the Potomac the splendid division of regulars in the 5th corps, which won such high renown. He finally succeeded to the command of the corps, enjoying the confidence of all.

THE SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF.

This Peterhoff was a blockade-runner, the capture of which enabled our transatlantic ocean to give us a charming representation of "London Assurance," till an examination of her cargo and proceed-



MUSIC STAND AT THE BALL OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ings in the English bankruptcy Courts left not a particle of doubt on the subject. After her condemnation the Peterhoff was purchased by Government, but was run into and sunk by the U. S. steamer Monticello off Wilmington, N. C., on the morning of the 6th inst., at 6 a. m. The Monticello left the south side of Cape Fear on the previous evening, bound to Beaufort for coal. At 6 a. m. the officer of the deck saw a vessel on his port beam, he supposed it to be a blockade-runner, so she made no signal, which ought to have done, being on that line of blockade. The officer of the deck of this vessel immediately bore down towards her, and seeing she did not challenge him he challenged her, on her answering correctly, he—the officer of the watch—shifted his helm to keep on her course, the Peterhoff went ahead at the same time, and before the Monticello could be backed, she struck the Peterhoff just before her smokestack, sinking her in fifteen minutes. During the proceedings with which boats were cleared away and sent to the assistance, there were no lives lost. It was just in fore daybreak and haze on the water, so that it was hard to tell what distance the two vessels were apart when last seen.

THE MUSIC-STAND IN THE BALL OF THE 2D ARMY CORPS.

The Army Artists, even with poor material, can produce fine effects, as all will admit who examine the sketch sent by our Artist of the music-stand at the ball recently given in the 2d Army Corps. The fit, and sunbonnet, here play their part in decoration, as at New Orleans the latter



SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF BY THE U. S. S. S. MONTICELLO OFF WILMINGTON, MARCH 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

into the class of mated instruments. But under the eyes of the new General-in-Chief...

A NEGROED wife declares that she and her husband are the true misanthropes...

WHICH side of a horse invariably has the best riding seat?

WANTED to know the exact length of a rope when it is tied to a tree.

Gariages. The subscriber has now on hand a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CHAIRS...

Apprentices Wanted TO LEARN ENGRAVING. An opportunity is offered for a limited number of such as have a taste for drawing...

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After years of patient research it has been demonstrated how, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen with iridium or diamond point...

Trade Prices per Dozen. No. 2 Medium Pens... \$3.75

Sample Pens. No. 2 Medium Pens... \$5.00

WARRANTED. We warrant Every Pen for one year, and to the Gold and Iridium Pen...

NEW CATALOGUE OF JEWELRY sent free. Address PHOS. CAFFREY, Providence, R. I.

Baker's Rheumatic Pain. BAKER'S FEVER COOLER. BAKER'S COLIC MIXTURE.

Staroceanic Voyages and Carles de Vitale. 1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.

Whiskers! Whiskers! MY OUGHTN'T will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days.

Grays Patent Molded Collars. There has been before the public for nearly a year...

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W. FORSTH & CO., Watches, Chains, Jewelry, Etc. Valued at \$300,000.

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Table listing various watch and jewelry items with prices, such as 300 Gold and Silver Watches, 200 Gold and Silver Chains, etc.

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Beauty—MUNY'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL, prepared by Madame Rachel Leveron...

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Has now a splendid assortment of French, English and German Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings...

Do You Want Incurant Whiskers or Mustaches? MY CONCERN will force them to grow...

\$60 A MONTH I WILL Agree at \$90 a month... JOHN F. LORR, 142 Bedford, N. Y.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! 30,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., WORTH \$150,000.

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Treats successfully all the Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Bleaching;

Removes MOTH, FRECKLES, and other DISCOLORATIONS from the FACE, without the use of any dangerous or irritating agents...

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION. For particulars address, enclosing Stamps, DR. C. PERRY, 110 Broadway, N. Y.

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A MOST PLEASING NOVELTY. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest of any watch ever offered...

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

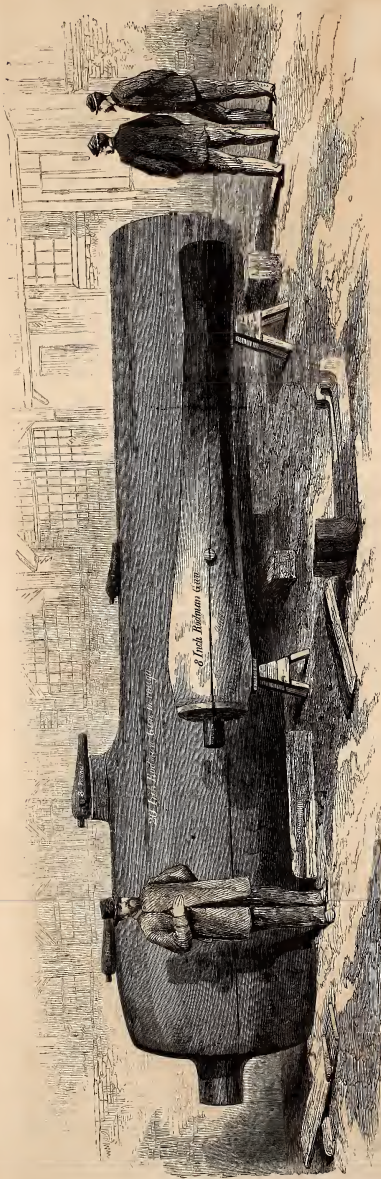
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 445—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]





OUR MARQUETTE CANNON—THE 20 INCH BOMBAS OF BREVETED CALIBRE AT HOME BY THE MOUNTAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 30.



BRANDING A BROTHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 30.



THE NEW BARRACKS OF POLLY HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

TWO.

BY FITA W. FIERCE.

Mellow and faint the lamplight falls
Across the pillows of misty lace,
And, cleaving the curtain's snow-white fold,
Lazily drop the tassels of gold
Over Mam's sleeping face.

Here is a ruby, as red as blood,
Flung from her tresses an hour ago;
And her lilies crushed on the tufted floor,
With the spice of the tropics running o'er
Their beautiful cups of snow.

His! and the bedroom odors fall
From her sashes there in still repose;
And the shimmering air is haunted yet
By a tender scent of nigmoette.
And the music of a dying rose.

The wind goes sobbing across the pane,
The dead vines rattle upon the wall;
Do you hear it, as you lie here, sweet,
Stilly and white from head to feet,
Dreaming about the ball?

Oh, the grand saloon, with its thousand lights,
The sweeping of silk through the open
doors!
And the dancers' feet, as they flashed along,
Thinking to measure of mystic song,
O'er the marble floors.

That subtle perfume of gorgons' fumes,
Stirring the warm air, faint and slow;
And the lustrous that burned through the
purple dusk
Of the dim recesses, o'erum with musk
From the Indian urns below.

The soft, clear call of the dreamy lutes,
And oh, a voice that was sweeter still!
Filling her ear, and the face bent near,
With the tropical clare of the eyes so dear,
In a pause of the gay quadrille.



And the bold lips, redder than Southern wine,
Dropping their love-words down like pearls;
And the beautiful shame, the sweet surprise,
In the glow of her cheeks, in the dusk of her
eyes,
Through her falls of yellow curls.

Oh, what a night of nights for you,
Dainty Mam, mid the lace and the
Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
And life kissed into its Maytime bloom
By the lips like Southern wine!

Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
Not of this dark, of its cold, and tears;
For an hour ago you were, my sweet,
The crown of your womanhood all complete,
Beneath those chandeliers.

The curtain is down across the way,
But a face at the lattice, still and white,
Is looking abroad on the steady heat
Of wind and rain up the lens-rose street:
She will not sleep to-night.

But, by the gold in her half-roses hair,
She has danced at the revel, too, I trow;
She has danced at the revel, and brought away
Lips so pallid they cannot pry,
And the wrath of a broken vow.

What a watcher here in the dark and cold,
Waiting so still for the mild gray east
To glow with the dawn? Ah, Mam, did you
know,
In the grand saloon, but an hour ago,
That a skeleton sat at the feast?

And did you know how the violets grew
In the meadows only the last, last June;
And the words they heard when your lover
pressed
Those half-rosed tresses against his breast,
Under the wild, white moon?



GEN. H. W. HART, LATELY BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN THE REBEL ARMY.—SEE PAGE 35.

A letter, and a least once hid
"Twixt the leaves of an old romance: they
lay
There on the sill, pretty trifles and vain.
Oh, the hungry pain, oh, the passionate pain,
That could not be duced away!

Hush! The hanged stars are plunging deep
In the watery clouds, and the moon is down,
And the wizard spell is stalling the night
Through and through, with its spires so
white,
Out in the dismal town.

Let those weep who have need of tears,
The happy may rest, for the world is wise;
But, beautiful Mam, when you meet his rise,
T'is he that you see so gloom of this
In the dark of your lover's eyes!

PAUL REVERE.

By Miriam Earle.

"I AM sorry this Philip Gordon is coming
here, Madeline, and my comfort will be spoiled.
Our morning reading, our evening music, our
afternoon rambles our pleasant moments will all

have to be given up, I suppose, for as your guest
he will claim your attention, and what will I
promise myself care for these things?"

They were standing by the library window, Madeline Berford and Paul Revere. His, with his slight, graceful figure, fair hair and skin, and a boyish eagerness and trustfulness in the blue eyes turned wistfully upon her face; and she, with a height almost equal to his, with one hand raised and resting lightly on his shoulder, gazing dreamily out on the lawn. Her face was too pale, her eyebrows too straight, her mouth too large for beauty, but there was a depth, a magnetism, in her soft, dark eyes, a charm in the curve of the short, upper lip, the broad forehead, shaded by tresses of dark brown hair, and the sweet carriage of the finely-formed head showed a latent strength of mind and purpose which, though unnoticed, qualified her action in her quiet life, still inspired all her actions.

It was their favorite spot, this deep bay window, shaded without by graceful festoons of running vines, and adorned within by one or two pearl chandeliers by Madeline's own hand, soft cushions of crimson and gold, and a low chair for Madeline, because the crimson curtains that separated the window from the library were swept aside, revealing the antique bookshelves filled with choice selections, rare old pictures—for Mr. Berford had been something of



Madeline and Gordon on the Lake.

an art connoisseur—Madeline's open piano and musical, the easy-chair and velvet lounge, draped like the window in gold and crimson, all covered with the soft, clear light of a bright May-
day.

Madeline was an orphan, her parents had died when she was quite young, and she had been left to the care of a maiden aunt, her father's only sister, and almost his only relative. The elder Miss Berford was somewhat aristocratic in her tastes and prejudices, and the Reveres were the only family in the neighborhood with whom she was at all familiar; she permitted Madeline to be so. So Paul and his sister, now married and living in a distant State, had been almost her only companions. They had grown up together, played the same plays, shared the same joys and sorrows, been taught by the same governess, and finished by the same tutor, for Mr. Berford had specially provided that Madeline's education should be conducted at home, and Paul could never be induced to leave home long enough to go to college. And in this society the gentle boy had grown still more gentle, disliking any pleasures the girls could not share, and so their days passed on in a quiet round of amusements and vague castle-building, with many thoughts but few deeds towards the higher purposes of life.

After Paul's sister married and removed from home, he and Madeline were more inseparable than before, and a day that did not find him at Berford Hall would have been a strange event. Her firmness, quiet perseverance and calmness of character always controlled his more impulsive, excitable nature, and so she always gave him the fullest sympathy in all his plans and vague speculations, he had grown to look up to her with a feeling that almost amounted to reverence. She was like the Psyche; to him she was all that was beautiful, holy and noble.

Not that Madeline was satisfied with the life she led; she tired of it every day. There was that restless longing that all true natures must feel to do something, to do some one good, to put the existence to some use other than the selfish one of ministering to one's own pleasure alone; to know they were not like the helpless reed, borne along by the current, of no account there and never missed when gone. But what should she do? Her own home was so happy and pleasant as she could be, and

Paul's Grief.

needed no more care of her than she now gave it. There were no rugged children to be gathered together and taught, the free school system had taken that out of her hands; there were no erring Magdalenes, no wretched outcasts within her range of knowledge whom she could take by the hand and bring up to that dark standing in the light and air that purified the plane of their fellow-beings. No, every day all such commonplace duties, such every-day evils, entrenched behind the broad mantle of common usage, that she was powerless to attack them; and what was to be done? Could she only have gone out into the great world and turned out an Elizabeth Fry or a Florence Nightingale, she would willingly have endured all the hardships, made just as many sacrifices. If she gave utterance to her desires, from her seat she received a long lecture on the sin of discontent, and Paul would go off into such a burst of enthusiasm as to the great things they would accomplish, that his very extravagance attracted her more fondly than all the obstacles that could have been placed before her. And yet she was very happy. How could it be otherwise, surrounded by beauty and luxury, all that a refined taste could demand, a loving heart ask, even to that which should be the crowning blessing of a life—the calm love and protection of one worthy heart.

A year before, when the stately clusters of violets were looking up from their warm beds, and the warm wind breathed a passing as tender as the words he spoke, Paul told her of his love. He pictured his life, he described life if they were separated, and then in glowing words told of the great deeds he could perform if she would be his inspiration—the beautiful future he would create if she were his aide, and she, not at all moved by his eloquence, but knowing no deeper sentiment than her affection for him, never dreaming there could be a more powerful one, quietly laid her hands in his, and said calmly, "I love you, Paul, I will be your wife." And as they were betrothed, it would have been impossible for him to have spent much more time with her, so he had been more or less attended lover-like than before. Her property had been left in care of this Philip Gordon, the son of her

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.—CAPTURE OF FORT DE HISSY, L., ON THE ICE OF MARCH, BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES UNDER GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.





BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA, FROM MORRHEAD CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

THE DANISH WAR.

NAXON ARMY TRAINS AT RENDSBURG.

The war which the German States began against Denmark, ostensibly to support the claims of the Prince of Augustenborg to the dukedom of Schleswig and Holstein, is no longer covered over with that mask. The prince is never alluded to now. The movement is controlled, not by Germanic Confederation which kindled the fire, but by Prussia and Austria. Prussia fights for conquest. Already Holstein is spoken of as about to be annexed to her present dominions. Schleswig may ultimately be left to Denmark, as the duchy the Danish mark. As this duchy the Danish element is strong. As might be expected in so mixed a people, there are Danish sympathizers in the southern portions of the country and men of German "predilection" in the northern. In general terms, the divisions of the people are as we have stated. Still further north, in Jutland, the people are nearly unquarred Danes.

Our illustration this week is a good sketch of the Saxons army train entering Rendsburg, a town in the Germanic portion of the territory.

It is a gross error to suppose that you did yourself of a troublesome acquaintance by joining the Saxons. We've tried it; and, by Jove's own reader, it only encouraged his visits all the more!

THE U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND SWAMTUUG IRIS

Engaging Rebel Batteries at Bull's Bay, S. C., March 9, 1864.
A small force from Gen. Terry's command

called from Stone Island on the 6th, for the purpose of making a reconnaissance at Bull's bay, S. C. This was done under the cover of the action shown in our sketch, the engaging of the rebel batteries by the U. S. steamer Acacia and the steamer Iris. The expedition landed and captured the vicinity for 24 hours.

Bull's bay is a good harbor, and it will be recalled was the original destination of the fugitive steamer expedition. It is about 25 miles north of Charleston.

Our artist on this occasion is offered one of the vessels engaged, and he gives a reliable to the majority of our marine readers by a view in another Journal of the "Floating of the Stars and Stripes at Beaufort."

"We were not aware," says he, "of any change in sailing directions altering the time for hoisting the ensign from the usual hour (9 A. M. in summer and 8 A. M. in winter) to await the arrival of the steamer. The ceremony is expeditiously by an officer (by his stripes) in the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, who, stirred by wronging our flag in unwarlike hour, put his sword on deck at sundown. He wounder who ever saw a Lieutenant-Commander on deck at sundown! We refrain from speaking of the remarkable gunnery of the Iris for attaining the full of the quarter-deck."

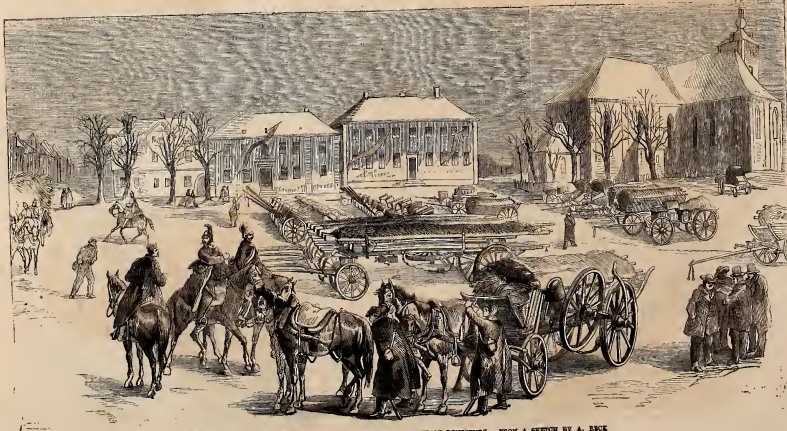
BEAUFORT, N. C.

BEAUFORT is an important place in North Carolina, particularly threatened by the rebels, who find no time to spare in their present operations. Our sketch gives a view of Beaufort, from Morrhead city.

Beaufort was, in other days, a port of call for the coastwise trade of the North Carolina, and stands at the mouth of New-harbor river, 25 miles from the sea. The harbor is considered the best in the State, and is defended by Fort Mason, so gallantly taken by our forces. The

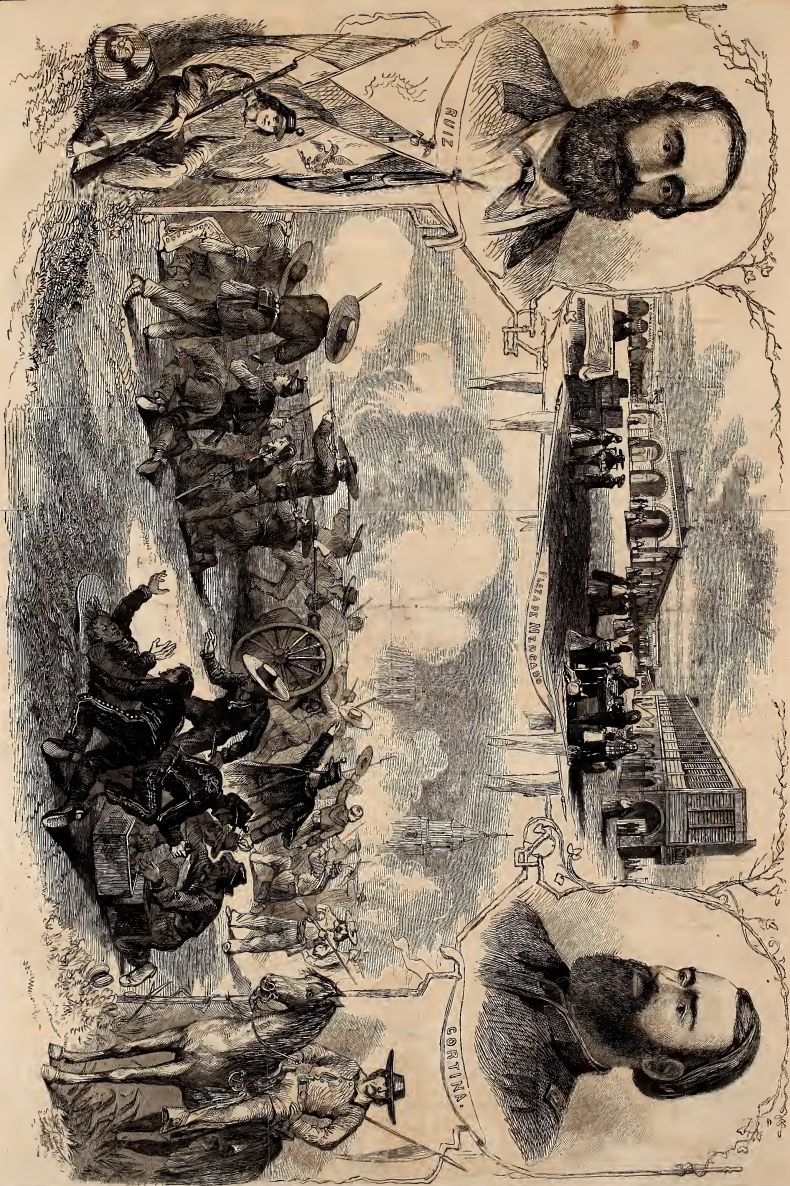


U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND SWAMTUUG IRIS ENGAGING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT BULL'S BAY, S. C., BEFORE THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS, MARCH 9.



THE GERMAN WAR AGAINST DENMARK.—THE SAXON ARMY TRAIN AT RENDSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. RECK.

THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO'S WHITE PORTLANDS OF GEN. RUIZ AND CORINA.—FROM SCENES BY GEN. FRANKLIN ARMISTE, C. E. R. BOWEN.—PAGE 50



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By the Best American Writers

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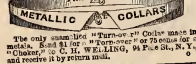
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Ground in Oil in six dark shades for Villas, Cottages, Boats, etc. R. BELINDEN, Agent, 74 Madison Lane, N. Y.

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They will not wear or get through under any circumstances. An Light, Durable and Efficient, and made with improvements for Letters, Greenbacks and Photographs.

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\$7 ARMY WATCH \$7

A beautiful Engraved Gold Watch, Double Case, Lev. Cap, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Gold Case, Swiss Movement, and Correct Time. Price \$7.00. Also, a new and improved watch, with the same case, only \$7.00.

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In 4 oz. Coin Silver Hunting Case, Full Ruby Jewels, Swiss Movement, and Correct Time. Price \$30.00.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

Registered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 446—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

This city of New York has been for weeks busy with the preparations for the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, the generosity and patriotism of the people for an ever pouring in contributions with so liberal a hand that the original proportions of the Fair—so projected by the managers—have become so dwarfed and scanty that addition after addition has been made to the building.

Now, when too late, it is seen that the true plan would have been to take Union square and erect a large building embracing the whole. This would have given the necessary space and brought all into a compact and accessible form.

It now, in two distinct positions, one at the Armory on 11th street extending to 10th street, and including two structures on each street covering the sidewalk, and a second building at the northern portion of Union square, between the Park and the Everett House.

The original building on 10th street is represented some time since, but the whole tract is hidden now by the structure devoted to arms and trophies, and the hall in Exposition st. hung with illustrations and other collections of Rocky mountain's beauties, wondrous scenes of the chase, etc. Here the Occasional Indians give the various games of their tribe. This section we illustrate fully.

Of the Military Department on 10th street an earlier view is given in one of our illustrations that work. Between these is the main department of the Fair, of which we give in our double page a view taken from the "Cook's Bay Summerhouse" near the New

Jersey department showing the table of the Turners, the Chard of the Reurrection, the German Chard, Ohio, New Bedford, Richmond and Westchester counties, and the imposing table of the New York Fire Department, with the contributions of various departments of commerce, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods, Boots and shoes. The Floral Temple in the centre of the main hall may also be discerned.

The Union square building, which we also lay before our readers, contains the Knickerbocker Alliance, the Music Hall, the Children's Department and International Hall. The Fair was inaugurated on April 4th. The Mayor, Hon. C. Godfrey Fenner, in a proclamation invited all to make it a holiday, and during the latter part of the day this recommendation was generally observed.

The Fair was inaugurated by a military display, such as New York seldom witnesses, commencing at 10 to 10 o'clock. The First Division of the New York State National Guard under Gen. Sumner, with the regulars in the harbor under Brig. Gen. Slocum, were reviewed in 10th street, and marched through that street, all avenues, Astor place and Broadway to the City Hall, where a marching salute was given to the Mayor and Corporation.

The whole parade was magnificent, the regulars meeting every expectation and producing a great effect on the thousands that lined the streets. Never since the reception of the Prince of Wales has there been such an ovation.

The doors of the Fair were opened at six o'clock, and it was inaugurated at eight o'clock by the Star Spangled Banner, by the City Chorus and Military

Bands. This was followed by a prayer and the singing of a hymn written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Then, in behalf of the Committee, they presented the Fair to the ladies, a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, from the California element, was presented, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate responded for the ladies. The proceedings closed with the Old Hundred and the gay and fashionable audience dispersed through the halls.

The Indian Department.

This department, which we illustrate as one of the striking interiors of the Fair, has been placed under the special charge of Mr. Barnard, who has adorned it with a multitude of objects of Indian workmanship, articles of attire and furniture, arms, implements, trophies of the war-path and the hunt. Other well known every officers and private gentlemen have added to the contents of the room, while the managers have treated it else, the scenery behind which is a finely executed view of an Indian village; the floor is covered, and on either side a long wigwam of skins. In these are a number of Iroquois Indians of the State, the descendants of the hearty tribe who once distasteful to tribes in Florida, Nova Scotia, Lake Superior and the Mississippi, and had French and English Governors's unwise complaints for their friendship. These Indians will give daily, at stated hours, a number of the war, religious, patriotic and other dances which have so long prevailed in their tribe. In a room hung with the beads, scalps, buffalo and bear skins, tomahawks, knives, canoes, snowshoes, robes, Indian

crates, baskets, muffs, etc., with Indian performing dances at which Gomez, Yvernon and Hudson may have gazed in wonder, we are carried back to days when New York was but a barren rock, with a few scattered Indians temporarily on it for hunting or fishing.

The Main Hall.

The main hall of the Fair, to which we allude, will merit and meet with most attention from visitors. The charming temple of Flora in the center is a well-concocted and symmetrical mass of evergreens and floral decorations. It is crowned by a revolving temple of Liberty, all in flowers; baskets of flowers depend from seducians, and meet the eye in every direction. Names of the celebrated bairies of the war are executed in flowers great the spectator on entering. Around this are the tables, which we saw speak of but briefly, referring to the daily papers for fuller accounts. The Police Department occupies the left as you enter, the ladies easily recognized by the large banner. The other decorations are tasty and elegant, and two painted scenes worked on cloth attract many. Here gentlemen's furnishing goods and an assortment of toys will be found.

The New Jersey Department, further on the left, is divided into four alcoves to represent the Four Seasons, each containing articles suited to it. It stands between the Alabama and the Cockle's Summerhouse introduced by the authors of *Salicrust*.

On the opposite side, in the north-east corner, is the attractive scene of the Free Department, its usage of flags and decorations reaching to the roof. A rising



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.



SCENES FROM THE OPERA OF FAUST.—1. MEPHISTOPHELES SHOWS FAUST THE VISION OF MARGARET. 2. GRAND MARCH AND CHORUS.—SEE PAGE 55.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

THERE is a story of a club of 12 friends who agreed together to sup annually on a certain day, at a certain place, when all should meet, no matter how far apart they might be scattered; the survivor in at the last supper alone. The compact was kept to the letter, and the last man was found dead in his chair.

Sad at heart he sat, and lonely
In the gay lighted hall,
With the silence broken only
By the creak upon the wall,
Saying with his dreary ticking: "End of
Time must come to all!"

Sad he filled the bumper glowing
With the ruby-bubbling wine,
Drank, but felt no rapture flowing
From the spirit of the vine:
Only Death spoke from the goblet,
"Thou art old, and thou art mine."

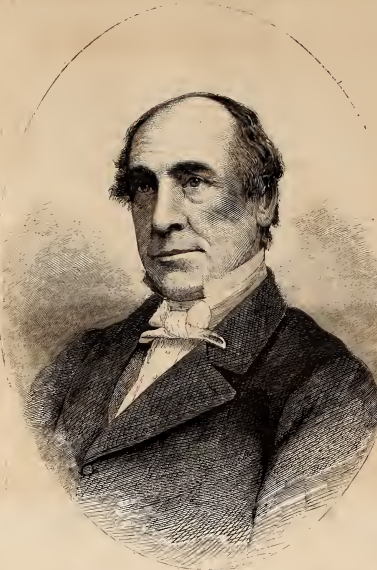
Vacant chairs around the table
Standing stilly in the gloom,
And the tapers are not alive
So to light the empty room,
That the shadows in the corners shall not
Speak of death and doom.

Where are they, the gay eleven
Who once sat here at his side?
Some in Hades, some in Heaven,
All are gone, yes, all have died,
And have left the old man lonely; greater
Ill can scarce be hid.

Midnight, stepping through the portal
Of the open banquet door,
Finds within the weary mortal
Sicily waiting for the hour
When the compact shall be ended, and
The Twelve shall be no more.

Waiting—Stay, what is it passes
Gilding to each vacant chair,
Filling back the empty glasses,
Pouring on the midnight air
Scraps of ancient song and story? Lo
The last, the dead are there!

And they drank, and toasted gaily
Many a loved one in the tomb,
Many a beauty they'd mourned daily,
Cut off long since in her bloom,
And the ringing taunts and laughter filled
With joy the banquet-room.



REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY—SEE PAGE 50.

worshipped? How could he stand before them with the consciousness that they felt that he, their prince, their sole stay, had betrayed and betrayed them? And for what?
Oh, he could no longer keep the truth from forcing itself upon him, bitter and humiliating as it was. He accused himself of having squandered his father's liberal bequest in his favor in ostentatious and prodigal extravagance, and of having, in the vain hope of retrieving his fortunes, been false to the most sacred trust in humanity and for ever losing his mother and her children's only support. He walked across the Washington Parade Ground with a unsteady step, and talked incoherently to himself, at one moment clutching his head, setting his teeth and bracing himself up with desperation, and soon after relaxing and leaning loosely, with all the helplessness of self-abandonment. With one breath he exclaimed, energetically:
"Oh, for a few of the hundreds I wasted on the empiest and vilest pleasures!"
"With the next, wishing forth:
"Would I had died ere I was born!"
The creditors who had been dunning his mother he had contrived to put off from time to time, but he had promised to settle with them, without fail, on the morrow. His mother had been his maker in this agreement, and confidently relied on its fulfillment. His failure to perform it would, he knew, betray his insolvency, ruin his credit, and deprive his mother and her children of house, home and means of subsistence. He bent his steps towards home, for where else could he go? He had, too, vague ideas that in his chamber he could better decide on the course he ought to pursue. He had, however, more an instinctive proceeding than a deliberate one; for his head was turning giddy, his heart sinking like a stone, and his feet stumbling unstable and uncertain as they crept up the stairs into his room. He then, drove himself upon his bed and gave way to his sorrow, remorse and despair.
After writhing awhile in prostrate anguish, he suddenly started up and passed the door with frenzied avidness, beating his breast and forehead and calling himself "fool," "idiot," "villain" and "wretch" in every variety of vilest and self-stigmatizing phraseology. He was as ingenious as frantic in torturing and cursing himself till near daylight, when he became wholly exhausted and lay in a painful stupor on the bed, till he fell at last into a brief and troubled slumber.

CHAPTER II.
CHARLES HAVERING gained little refreshment from his sleep, for it was very short, and but, if it were, so terrible awakening. He was roused, by a persevering and continuous

every hand, throughout the entire range of possibilities, he saw not so much as a straw that presented to aid him to escape the pit of misery that yawned before him. The shame and disgrace that awaited him were more than he could bear the thought of, and to face them he had neither the courage nor the hardihood. He was sensitive and proud; his character had always stood high with relatives and friends; he was his mother's idol,

his sister's and little brother's perfect hero, and he had been jealous of their high regard; how could he endure the degradation to which their pity or their contempt must subject him? When they knew all, how could he meet his mother's look of agony? behind his beloved and beautiful sister's speeches were? His little orphan brother's tears and flush of shame for the fall of one he had always looked up to since his father's death, and also



When the sun rains came to tell him
That the night was nearly fled,
Little dreaming what befell him
And how fast his time had sped,
There they found his body only, for his soul
Was with the dead.

The Last Hazard.

By Mrs. A. A. Battie.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEFEAT WOMAN," ETC.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I must stand the hazard all the day."
—Shakespeare

CHAPTER I.

"All's up with me!"
Such was the exclamation of despair uttered by Charles Havering, a handsome, dashing young gentleman, who had just parted with some of his gay companions apparently in the most buoyant spirits. They knew he had but lately at the gaming-table that night, and admired the air of perfect composure with which he seemed to sustain his run of ill-luck, but they had little idea that he not only staked his last dollar but the last he could borrow, including all his widowed mother's little property, with which she, in perfect reliance upon his integrity and discretion, had entrusted him. Despair had now full possession of his soul and left no room for hope. As he looked round on



The world he staked saves the Merchant's Life in Greenwood Cemetery.

drumming on his door, and the voice of a child striding to the light:
"Charles! set up! set nine o'clock!" cried.
"Yes, yes! I'm coming!"
"Alack! ready—can't get off!"
"All right! I'll see you to wait for me."
As Mr. Havering had not undressed himself, he had but to wash his face and hands and pass the evening through his hair before he was ready to join his little family circle. He paused a moment in deliberation, and thus muttered:
"I will have one more cheerful breakfast with them before I leave them and this world for ever."
Round the breakfast table he found three happy, lively faces, that sent a pang, like the piercing of a sword, to his heart. There, in her usual place, sat his mother, a handsome, pretty lady, with a few remaining signs of her youth and maiden beauty, and next to her daughter, with bright eyes and merry little dimples and smiles beaming over her beautiful countenance. Facing her, and close to her mother, in his high chair, was seated "little Ned," a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired little boy, full of life, activity and childish freakishness. He began to chatter to his father as soon as he came, and tossed him with a hundred questions, which were answered with languid good nature.
"Are you going to take me to the Prince's Park, Charles?" demanded Miss Catherine, the sister, abruptly.
"I will do the best I can for you, Kate," responded the brother, mechanically.
He was at the time thinking whether he should

conscious by cutting his throat or drowning himself.

"Do you think the prince will ask me to dance?" "He will if you have an opportunity to do so, as you are his."

"Thank you, Charlie. A compliment from one of the great is worth a hundred from the other."

Little Ned had the happy girl dream that his brother had just at that moment decided that he would hold his brains out with his pistol. Compared to hers, what a ghastly contrast his mind afforded to hers, which was soaced by her knowledge of his dreadful thought! It is indeed a mystery that we cannot see what is passing in one another's mind.

Little Ned, as the youngest member of the family was usually called, now came forward, and, with a bow, took out of the prince's pocket a diamond crown of gold set with a hat, and many other precious stones.

"Prince Edward is a good one," observed Mrs. Havering, rather irresolutely.

"Not better than Charlie," exclaimed little Ned.

"No, indeed; that could not be," replied the partial mother.

Charlie groined.

"You are not at all well this morning, my son," said the mother, anxiously.

"I am well, mother," said the young man, who had been studying and reading for some time, and heard you stirring in your room last night, long past midnight, I am sure."

"I am not," declared the young man, who that he would be a lawyer; if he had to sit up late to study he made them "tick," and wanted to know why he should not get to bed early."

The unfortunate object of maternal solicitude assured his parent it is needed, but a little fresh air, and a long walk to set his head, and rest to you."

"You will not fall to be sick at half-past three, as you have promised to-day!"

"No, mother; I will not fail, unless something extraordinary should happen, and the other would have better tell her to call in the evening, when I shall of course be at home. I shall, however, keep my word if possible."

"Do, my son, for the importance of these people has grown rather surprising. The landlord has been making inquiries, for the last two or three months, near the grocer's bill now amounts to thirty dollar, and the butcher's to forty. Your little bill is the—"

"Largest of all. I know all about my little bills payable, dear mother, and will meet them all if I live the day through."

"It will take a great weight off my mind, Charlie, for though I don't trust your assurance that you have invested my little lease in some tradespeople in these times grow very suspicious and impatient at little delay."

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CHAPTER III.

CHARLES HAVING received his mother's relief when he went into the open air. He took, from habit, his usual track and found himself in Broadway, where he thought of the direction in which he was going. The thronging prosperity and happiness, for such by contrast the human life appeared to be, contrasted with the great sorrows which afflicted him with fresh remorse. One among the huddled of the gay remore, who now stalked through life in a dreadful dream. His misery was marked by the brilliant and laughing life, that overtook the street. He was a general favorite, and in spite of his attempts to hurry by his friends with a bow of a note of recognition, many of them, and the shallow, insisted upon stopping him, shaking hands, and making congratulatory remarks on his looks to laugh, and plugging him with numerous kind inquiries.

From Broadway towards the North River, he walked along West street to the Battery. It was a cold autumn day, and the spot, once the scene of the gay and happy, was now deserted and somewhat in keeping with his feelings. He sat down upon a bench, and after he had been some time and examined his pocket, the three ex-claims that he would visit his father's—

"How!" he cried, he killed himself. He was now in portmanteau, which he found to contain two dimes and a three cent piece, and then started upon his little journey.

It was an hour he was wandering through the cemetery that is denied his father's remains. The place was in a dismal harmony with his feelings. He walked through the rows of graves, and thousands of the silent king were slipping their long, lead sleep beneath his feet. He was on the ground, and he could rattle about, free and untrammelled, like a distressed spirit on this world of the here. If he had any more to do, there was nothing here to mock his misery.

He came at last to a monument erected by a man who was dying, and he was sitting on the sculptured image of the old fellow, he muttered—

"How successful and expeditious this odd venture must have been in the discharge of his duty—since he can afford to anticipate those that he has inherited, and he has not yet been ill—oh, I present—! who forgetful death because I was faithfully bereft myself of all power to fulfil my obligations."

His father's grave, which was near by, was now quietly reached, and he threw himself upon its

cold, heaving turf, and wept and sobbed most bitterly. His deceased parent's nobleness of mind, his devotedness to duty, his piety and devotion, were now vividly remembered by the delinquent son, and served to intensify his remorse. He felt that he had been unworthy of the Christian fortitude, and was most distinctly recalled; and lastly, his dying charge to his eldest son, which he had never forgotten, came upon his mind.

"Charles, reply my place to your brother and sister; be a father to them, and continue to be, as you have been, a good man, a good citizen, and Perform your duties manfully and well, to man and your Maker; fear death less than dishonor; and will be as ready to die as I shall be to live. My son, God bless you, as in my heart I do, and keep you from evil."

He drew a sigh, and sprang up from the grave and exclaimed—

"Not believing could keep me from evil, I loved it, and I have been doing so, and I have not broken my father's trust, sacred as it was; rob his widow and orphans of all, and betray them to the law, will be as ready to die as I shall be to live. My son, God bless you, as in my heart I do, and keep you from evil."

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of her figure and the cordiality of her manner be her of every trace of formality. Her face was classically beautiful, and her eyes, dark and deep, dark and languishing; her lips exquisitely shaped, and her smile serene as an angel's.

"I am very glad to see you," said the young man, "long, Mr. Havering," said in dulcet tones "but I could not leave the hall if I felt assured of his recovery. I am very glad to see you."

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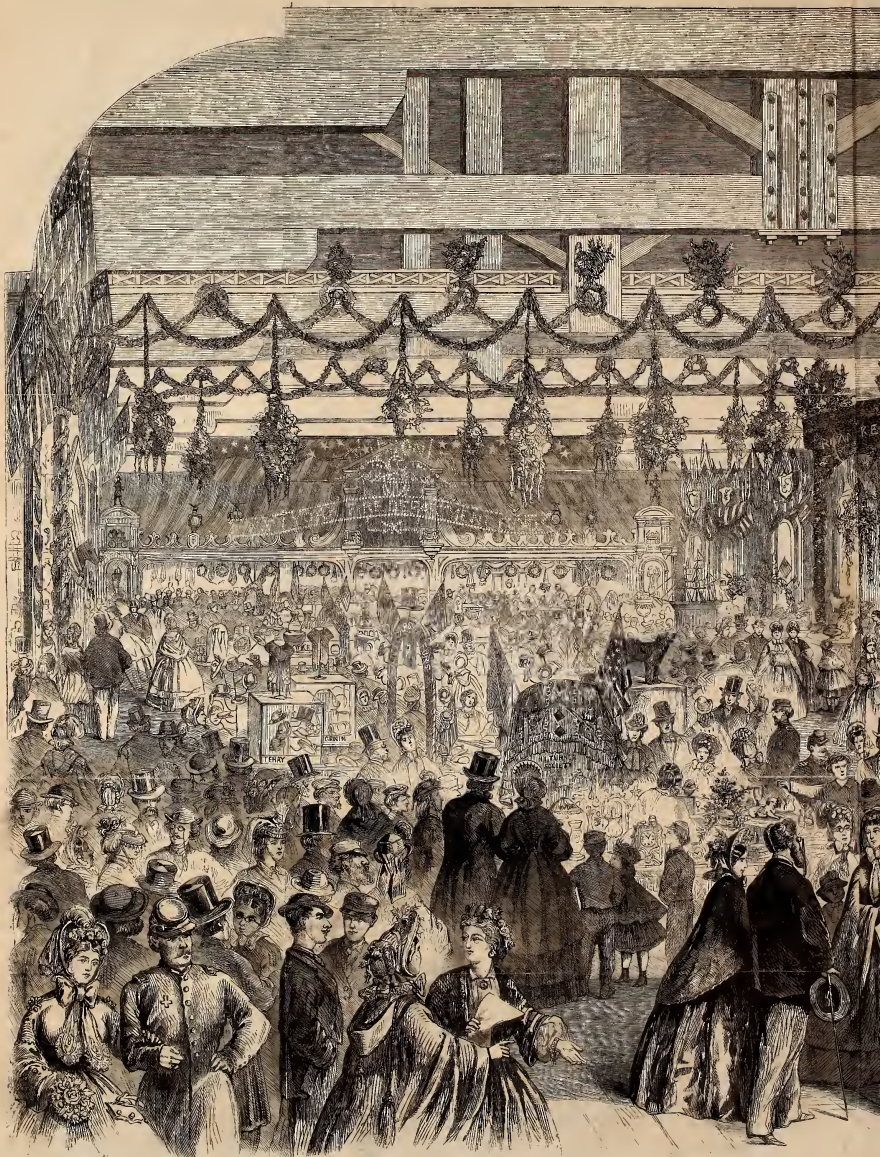
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THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF



INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.—SKETCHED FROM THE "COCKLOFT BOWLING-BOUNCE."

THE TWELFTH COMES BACK TO-DAY.

BY A. W. WATSON.

To-day, you ponder trumpet road,
Past hovering walking to be moved,
That fields of growing grain,
With waving proud and high,
And music singing to the sky,
The twelfth comes back to you again.

It comes with all its record clear
To write its history on the year,
Each man his own a brave,
And we, forgetting in our joy,
How many a mother's darling boy
Has found a Southern grave.

Two years ago, in springtime bloom,
From out the shadow of this room,
My tea-time dreamer you went,
The twelfth went marching down that road,
Each carrying forth his own heart-load,
And singing as he went.

That day, amid the wild hurrah,
Three notes opened your door,
And in some one alone,
He looked so handsome in his blue,
And in his eyes, so soft and true,
A light unusual shone.

He spoke as though he had been sent
With tidings of some good intent;
And thus the message ran:
"Maggie, I bid against my heart
Till now a false and false friend,
And failed me in my quest."

"This morning in the ringing shout,
In every hall the band sends out,
The twelfth of drum,
I hear the voice of the dead,
The echoes of their glorious tread,
Persuading me to rest.

"And so I've done this glorious bit,
And am, unsold, to speak with you,
The best one in this room,
Maggie with all my heart and soul
I love you—Maggie, hear the while,
My own before you go."

"Since those bright days when we trook
The sunny days of some less nook,
I've loved you, Maggie, true and long,
But it is right as it is wrong,
My heart has worn a mask.

"I knew how good and pure you were,
I can do nought deserving her,
My faltering heart would say,
And as I loved years ago,
While to it she ead by day,
My faltering heart obeyed."

"But Maggie, with this morning's light,
There came a glorious second sight,
A vision from on high!
"You hear'st my country cry,
And with the cry you go well wot,
Hark! to your destiny!"

"My place is vacant in the line,
I wait but for a single sign,
To know if this be true;
I wait but for a glance, a word,
To know if this emotion stirred
In chard, my heart is true."

A moment more, and on his breast
I caught his darling breast's sweet,
And sped him on his way,
Since then that one that came alone
Has made me feel his death my own,
And proudly wait to-day.

"I see that now must docket be,
Until I know he still lives so,
Since he has grown so great,
A hero coming from the front,
Whose praise is full in every mouth,
Is he for whom I wait."

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann B. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVII.

With Elsie entered her boudoir, dressed with laughter and breathless excitement, she thrust herself on the arm of one, and gathering her raptures in a mass between her hand and the warm cheek under which it was thrust, felt that a degree of thought that was usual to her.

"I'm done, and I don't care," she said, and I am loved. I'm rich, generous, devoted, worship me as you always will, that's my comfort. There's no one to have to look after me, or to be a little bit extravagant. Great never refused anything in his life. You may remember that half that I was his. But with Tom, everything will be my own. He won't ask a question. So don't look as if I were. As for our dear wife and child, she shall get them for her by the dozen. Elizabeth won't say that such things are out of place then, I shall be married to my own man, and in my old house too, free of everything, but—

"Elsie started up, breaking this selfish train of thought with the exclamation—

"I wish she'd stop talking to me; I don't want to be heard! If you won't hear her trouble herself, I'll be glad to see what she has to say to me; but I'll have no more confidences with her, that's certain. It is like breaking one's heart up in little pieces. I don't want to keep secrets, but

from her forehead and pressed both palms on her temples, her pain was throbbing like a pulse. She crossed and recrossed her hands as if seeking, for resistance to suffering of any kind willing to die young creature, which followed her, but she felt helpless as a child.

"During fifteen or twenty minutes, Elsie sat pressed with both hands and her lips quivered like those of an infant governed by some hurt it cannot understand. A voice from the other passage arrested her. It was that of Tom Fuller, who had walked hurriedly out and had just returned from near the high rough timber, somewhat offended it object.

"Miss Melian—Elsie, do come down and speak to a fellow. I'm sorry as can be that I made out a donkey of myself and frightened you away. Just give me a sign of the door, and I'll try to help you. I will forgive me by-and-by, and I never will kiss you again so long—that is if it's very well."

The door of Elsie's chamber opened and a face all flushed with tears, though which a smile was broken out on the moment Tom.

"Oh, Elsie, darling, I didn't mean it, and you've been crying all this time. If somebody would take me out and pinch me I'd be obliged to—tomorrow my soul I would."

"Never mind, Tom. I'm not angry—only such a slight, touching and kind, and I turned up my hand through the opening, which he forthwith fell to devouring with kisses. "It's only a headache," which followed her, but she felt helpless as a child. "No, no," answered Elsie, laughing herself into some hysterics, "I shall be better in a minute."

"And come downstairs—I'll come down stairs."

"Yes; just a minute while I get the tangle out of my hair."

Tom retreated to the staircase and waited while his eyes fastened on Elsie's door like those of a gnat on a fly. He saw the light of the girl here she bathed her face in cold water, twisted the hair away, straightened out her curls, twined all her hair in a ringlet, and came out, and came out, which he dear little forgiving soul, filled with compassion for the other people's sin.

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"Yes; just a minute while I get the tangle out of my hair."

A few happy hours which must soon be closed, but which were bright and sweet that, even in the hour after, his memory would come up like fragments of exquisite melody haunting the ears of the listener.

Whatever the secret which oppressed Elizabeth's lips, its revelation was just as she would have been glad to see the enjoyment of the hour with all the intensity of a nature which enjoys and suffers so keenly, that even trifles made the hour more precious than a great happiness or acute suffering can bring to more placid characters.

"Tired, no! I could live on for ever!"

"See how the waters shine in the sun?"

"I never heard a woman talk as you can," said Melian, admiringly; "I have you writing books, or coming out as a genius yet."

Elizabeth laughed playfully.

"I could never be tired. I know you would not like it."

"Indeed I should not; it springs from my self-adoration, but I like to keep you as well entirely for my own life."

The afternoon was wearing away when they turned to go, but she had not yet seen the greatness and beauty, as their hearts kept the new glow which warmed them.

"The golden days the long hills and through the level groves that they were nearly home.

The twilight fell—a chill breeze swept up from the grove, and a star had just obscured the sun, one of those abrupt changes so common in autumn fell upon the sea, robbing the day of its loveliness, and thus the twilight came, and she was more than drawn by the gates.

They were near the coast which led into their own domain, when a steamer whirled up to Elizabeth, and she was asked to look up in Elizabeth's eyes.

Whether her horse was frightened at the stranger roaring so abruptly, or whether she gave some wrong sign, she did not appear; but she made a sharp cry rang from her lips, and she made a simultaneous spring, and through a good rider, she was quickly unseated and thrown from her saddle. Melian sprang on his horse, and she sat and sat over his wife.

"I am hurt," she said faintly, "not hurt."

The old woman who lived in a little house at the entrance of the grounds which had transformed her into a large estate, that moment, and being a Yankee woman of extreme good nature, brought Elizabeth's horse, came up and was ready to lend a helping hand, and she was quickly required to guide the woman led the two horses through the grove and fastened them, Melian raised his wife and placed her in his arms, and she was quickly able and trembling vitality, though in reply to his anxious inquiries, she repeated the same answer:

"No!" she interrupted with a gasp.

She drank a glass of water, lay down for a few moments on a wooden settee, which the room was the principal elegance, then, fastened upon riding.

Melian had sent the woman on the horse, with the intention of the carriage, as he would not have permitted Elizabeth to walk even if her strength had seemed more equal to the exertion.

"Did that man frighten the horse?" he asked, when she appeared composed enough to talk.

"The whole thing was over before I knew I was before I saw him clearly he was gone—gone out and out the horse started—"

"No!" she interrupted with ferocious earnestness, "the horse started first—and he had been cried else—why should I?"

"I am not hurt," she said, "I have frightened the horse; and you recognize him?"

"He was running so fast, you know, and dashed into the wood, and I was frightened, and I was not so much of a horse."

"That there might have been; I cannot bear even the thought of a horse that is not so much of a horse."

Elizabeth chose her eyes wearily; her recent relation of spirits was quite gone. She looked so pale and so weak, that she did not feel satisfied that she had suffered no injury.

"You are sure that the fall has not hurt you?"

"Quite sure," she answered, in the same changed voice, "I don't trouble yourself about me."

"I don't care," she said, "I don't care, but she said nothing more. She lay back on the settee and closed her eyes, while she stood there regarding and listening to the words of the man who was so weak as to escape after conversation.

At last the woman returned and announced that the carriage would be ready in ten minutes.

"That are man frightened the horse," she said; "I was looking out of the window—I'm my belief I was not hurt, but I was frightened."

"Did you ever see him before?" asked Melian.

"Why, I think I've the chap you was talking about, but I don't know his name."

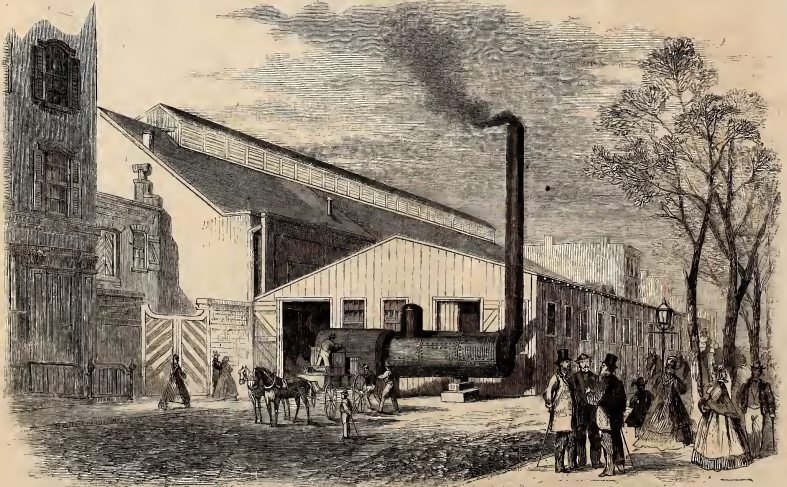
"I thought you said you did not know him," answered Melian, turning quickly towards his wife. She sat upright, gave a gasp, and she said in a dignified glance, and answered coldly:

"Simply said he ran by me so fast I could not tell the name of the man who was so weak as to escape after conversation."

"Well, it was the same fellow," pursued Mrs. Gordon, "I suppose he was a hugging of you that day."

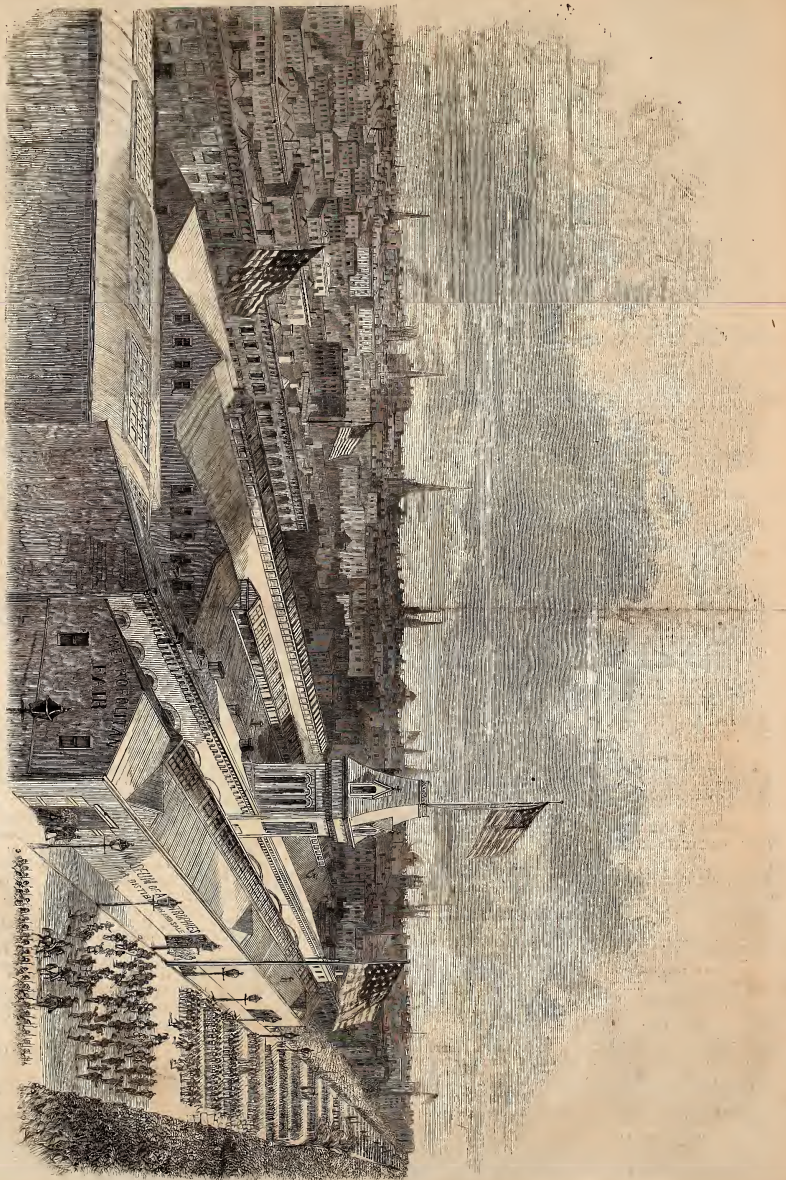


THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE CONTAINING THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, &c.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT ON 16TH STREET

THE OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THIRD-SEVEN VIEW OF FOURTEENTH STREET.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 447—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1864.

[TERMS: \$3 50 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS \$1 00.]

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

Of all the attempts made during the war to raise money by the voluntary contribution of the people, none has met a more cordial approval, been more warmly taken up or more enthusiastically carried to the mountain height of complete success than the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. When the ladies of New York undertake a great work they do it greatly, and

their Fair will be an epoch in the future history of the city. The buildings where the wealth and beauty of the city gathered to aid day by day the vast of noble women may soon pass away, but the memory of the great Fair will remain, and, we trust, who here wisely suggested, in the form of a permanent Soldiers' Home, where, half a century hence, the veteran, still bearing on his spot from the honorable scars of his wounds in the great war for his country's existence, will find a home.

From far and wide the trains bring in visitors and purchasers. To let all far and near see what the Fair really is, we lay a series of pictures before them, which cannot fail to interest. They may accuse some of the party to make their offerings. Let each ask himself what have I yet done!

Our readers are already familiar with the exterior of the various buildings, from the views which we have given, and with some of the internal arrangements. This week we give more in detail:

The Department of Arms and Trophies.

The Department of Arms and Trophies is a military museum of great interest, embracing Revolutionary relics, the uniforms, swords, camp-chests, etc., of Washington; arms and equipments of Continental officers and men; flags borne in the Revolution, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the late and latest banners which our volunteers have carried through fields of blood, battle-flags wrested from the rebels.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—MRS. McCLELLAN'S TABLE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—SALE OF FRANK LESLIE'S OFFICERS.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE FLORAL TEMPLE—GEN. BURNSIDE MAKING PURCHASES.—See Page 65.



THE HIBERNOPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE ART GALLERY.

DEAD.

BY ELMO F. COOK.

Have you seen the long procession
 Marching to the silent grave?
 Moving slowly—moving slowly,
 All the wicked, all the holy
 Joining in the grim procession
 Marching to the gloomy grave?



Did you see the pale, sad angel—
 (Death the name of that dread angel)
 Write her name in the Evangel—
 Doom her to the silent grave?
 He would take so fierce denial
 As he bore her to the grave;
 Scarcely my heart could bear the trial
 When I saw her join the concourse,
 Join the concourse of the dead.
 All the pale stars overhead
 Looked at me with plying faces
 From their far-off hiding-places
 In the bosom of the night.

But my heart gave back no answer
 To the pale stars overhead,
 For the look it in her keeping,
 Bore it to the haunted grave.
 So I groped about in darkness
 For my heart was in the grave.
 Other men for grief were weeping,
 But I wept not through the night
 (With my soul 'twas constant sight,
 And the memories of her presence
 Were the stars above my head).

Oh! I pray you, holy angel,
 Write my name in the Evangel!
 Let me join the long procession
 Marching to the peaceful grave;
 Let me seek my heart and lover;
 Into Morning Land pass over,
 With the solemn and procession,
 Through the portals of the grave.

MARITANA.

By Lizzie Campbell.

I HAD come up to town from a remote corner in the country, to spend the Christmas holidays with a rich city uncle. It was my first visit, and everything was new and brilliant to my ignorant young eyes. The bright lights of the streets at night, the gay shop windows, the gorgeous preparations in pastry and confectionery stores for the approaching festival, the occasional bands of music and the marching through the streets of various orders—even the Irish organ grinder—all seemed to me delightful and brilliant auxiliaries to the fairyland I had dropped into.

"Surely," I thought occasionally, "they only have Christmas here once in a great many years. It seemed impossible to my inexperienced mind that such a magnificent display could be got up once every twelve months. On Christmas Eve, after dinner, my uncle, who was kind and good-natured, and seemed to enjoy my wonder and delight at everything, said:

"George, how would you like to go to the circus to-night?"
 My heart jumped at the thought. The circus! Ever since I was seven years old it had been the dream of my life to go to a circus. I expressed my joy at the prospect now before me in no measured terms. But suddenly a cold chill ran over me.
 "Uncle," I said, with a horrible misgiving,

"haven't you made a mistake? There's no circus in the winter time."

"Oh, yes, my boy, there is; don't you be alarmed on that point. They've just opened a grand new building a few streets up-town. This is the first night, so get on your overcoat, for you'll want a good coat if this is your first circus."

It is little exaggeration to say that I "dew" upstairs. In less than a minute I was down again and equipped for the street.

We were in good time and secured excellent



The Equitricone fainting after the Accident in the Ring.



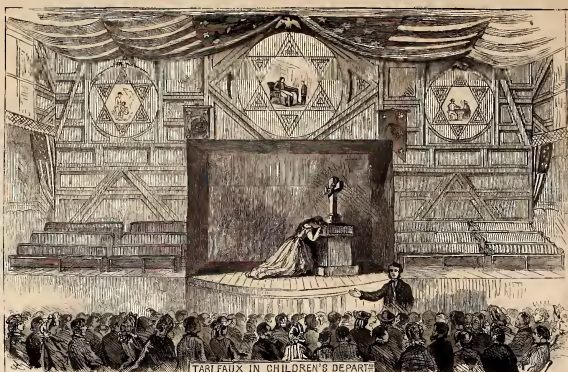
The Announcement of the Marriage.

places. I sat down almost breathless with excitement, and at first scarcely dared to look around me. When at last I summoned up courage to take notes of my surroundings, I found the place to be what seemed a perfectly sound room; the ceiling was ornate, and from the middle of it hung a great chandelier glittering with light. It made my eyes ache to look at it. Graffiti in a circle all round the front tier of seats completed the lighting of the room. The floor of the ring was covered with fresh sawdust, and everything had a new, fresh smell, and a clean, new look. Presently the performance began. I was spellbound.

At last I suffered agony at beholding two tall, agile fellows quivering round on the backs of horses, and performing extraordinary feats in the way of standing on their heads, balancing themselves, feet upwards, on one hand, jumping over each other's heads, and half a hundred other feats of the kind, which I can't begin to enumerate. But afterwards I gained more confidence in them, as they neither broke their necks nor drove the horses frantic, and I fully enjoyed the novel sight. How I laughed at the clown's jokes—what an embodiment of fun he seemed to me; how exhilarating the music sounded, and how my hands shook with the pleasure I so plentifully bestowed. After the clown's jokes were duly laughed at, and the two brown horses with their riders led off, the circus was cleared. I thought the performers had concluded, and rose to go.



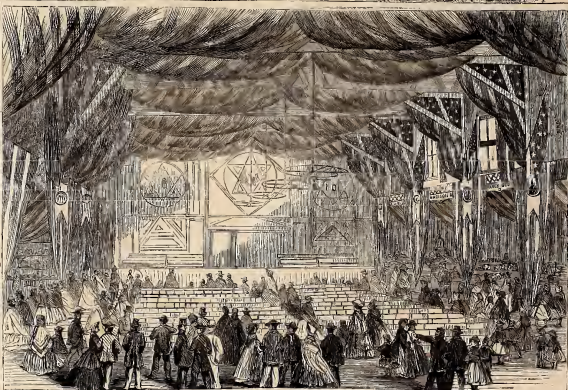
THE FOUNTAIN



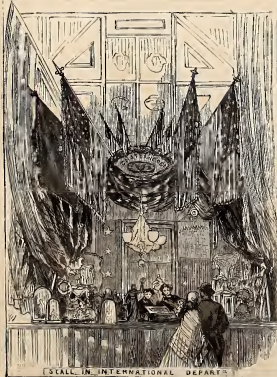
TABLEAUX IN CHILDREN'S DEPART



CLOSING THE ARMS & TROPHIES DEP'T



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT



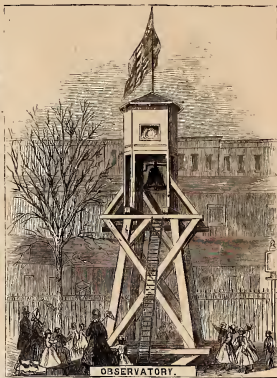
STALL IN INTERNATIONAL DEPART



THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN



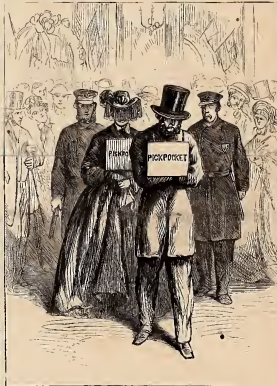
COL DERROM'S COTTAGE



OBSERVATORY.



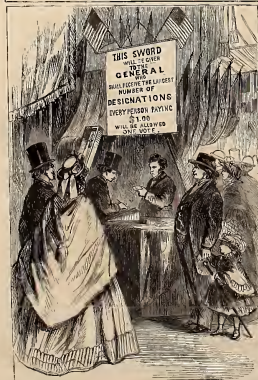
INTERNATIONAL DEPT.



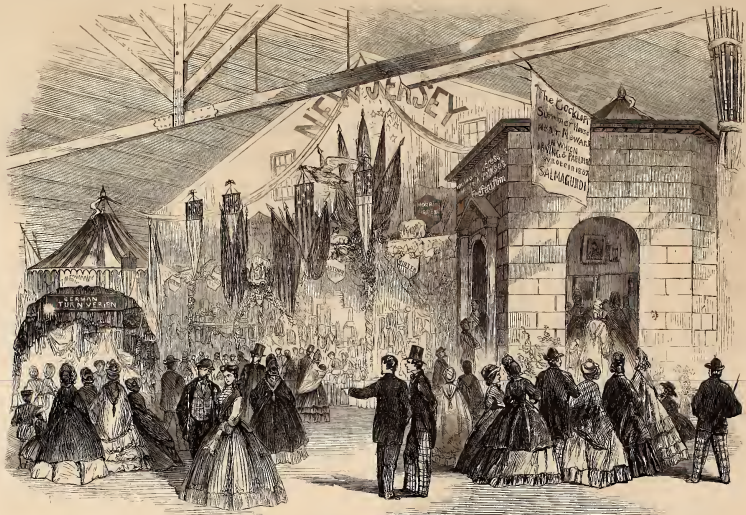
FIRE PLACE IN KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN



FOOD STAND



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—SCENES IN THE REFECTORY—THE ARMY AND NAVY SWORDS CONTEST—JACOB'S WELL—THE HAIRY EAGLE.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—VIEW SHOWING THE NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT—THE IRVING SUMMERHOUSE AND THE YANKEE TABLE.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TRUSSLES.

FRANK LESLIE'S THE SUN STRAFTEN NEWSPAPER



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 448—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864.

[TERMS: \$3 50 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS \$1 00.]

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

The Tattler.

The Fair closes each night with light and music. Our Artist has sketched the latter with all the skill and grace and circumstance of war.

The Boat Builders' Department.

Among the curious and attractive departments of the Metropolitan Fair is the Boat-builders' Department, with its models of wood-renowned crafts. In the centre is a model of the *Essex*, Newton, model of

the *Essex*, and of yachts are to be found on every side, attracting considerable attention when any peculiar steps to explain to his fair friends and the group that soon gathers the beautiful lines, the graceful curves, the advantages for speed.

The Curiosity Shop.

Mrs. Gibbs's Curiosity Shop is one of the greatest attractions of the Fair. Here are gathered relics of foreign days, tapestry from Spain, chairs from Portugal, France, Bohemian glass from Italy, water from the Dead Sea, Court dresses, Japanese robes, bonnets of other days, curiosities of every form and shape

Here stands a human vase that belonged to Pitt the great Earl of Chatham, whose memory our city has gratefully preserved in the name of two streets, although his marble effigy is no longer erect. Here looks down in sternest frown the death act face of the great Napoleon. Here is a mammoth magnet from our Ki Dorado, estimated to be worth the nice plum of \$60,000. As the crowd sways along we pass in turn by all these, thrown together in strange juxtaposition.

Anthony's Pearl Album.

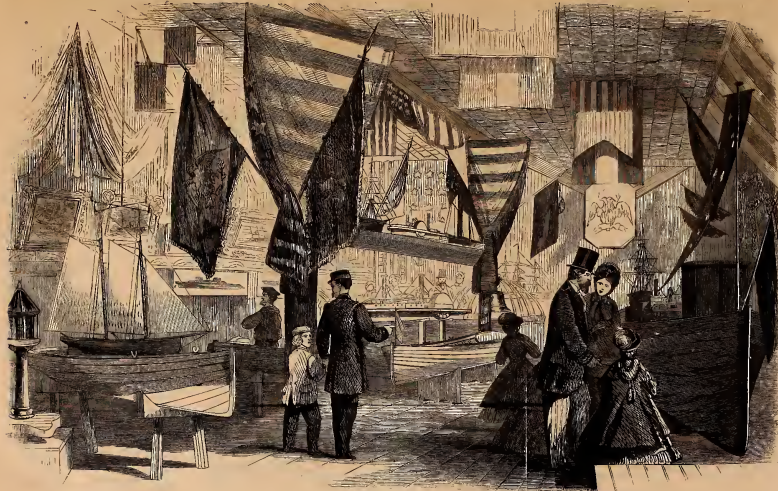
Among the fine objects of the Fair was Pearl Pho-

to-graph Album, put up by Messrs. H. and H. T. Anthony & Co. of New York, and presented to the Sanitary Fair by their employees. Our illustration will teach our readers to form some idea of its beauty. It was sold on the very first day for \$150.

The reputation of the house of Anthony guarantees in itself its superior excellence and beauty. Being the first to introduce the Photograph Album into this country, they have ever stood at the head, and the taste and enterprise of the firm are equalled only by the splendid workmanship of those whom they have trained to the various departments of manufacture.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE TATTLER ON CLOSING AT NIGHT.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE BOAT BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 10 feet wide and 10 feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the action of hand men, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building.

The clock has struck in this way. The dial is some feet from the front, on each side of which is a cherub or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell, the chime on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some feet above the dial, in a large hole, is a huge square of wood, a bell is in his left, a scepter in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns, and then glances, with a slow step, round behind them; then comes out an old man with a mallet and places himself in rest.

As the hour of twelve comes the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still.

It is thus: There is a high crane with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the crowd, bows and walks on around to his place. As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in. Five or six apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly fans his wings, stretches forth his neck and draws three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death.

No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in Italy, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about 20 years, when it chieced out for repair.

A LETTER FROM PARIS to the Manchester Examiner tells of a visit paid to Madame Ural, who, with her husband, Miron, is now residing in the magnificent mansion they have recently built and had furnished in the Chinese style, at a cost of something like 2,000,000 francs. The great artist, we are told, was to be seen "wandering about the splendid mansion, attired in a brown velvet, a la Lorenza Bertia," looking the very personification of royalty—the furniture of the saloons, all after the old fashion, with oak carvings, sombre tapestries and massive pillars, assisting to complete the illusion. In the midst of so much luxury, which has long and various career has several first class nights for the excitement of public life. Her voice is wonderfully fresh, and in personal appearance she is fairly remarkable. Mr. Ural's "order" in the leading theme of her character, and she declares that as soon as the time expires under the arrangement made with Ural, of which she looks beyond her to gaze in London, the voice of Norma still speaks he hears in the great city. This will be at the end of 1864.

DR. WYNNWELL, walking in Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the tree.

"My dear sir," replied Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

THE CHOW A PINE TREE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Leeds, says, in the Gardeners Chronicle, that "In one of the splendid estates of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of chow-pans over my head, carrying in their hands a stick, which, on examination, proved to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be a pine tree. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young pine began to spring up in all directions. A building thus made, the bill was planted and instead, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of pine."

At a recent ball in Paris the Marquis de Rosby, who married the Countess Guiccioli, appeared in his grandfather's coat. The Emperor said, "Marquis, that coat makes you very conspicuous." "Yes, sire," returned the great old rinceps, "and if your Majesty were to appear in your grandfather's coat you would be as conspicuous as I am." This allusion to Louis Napoleon's hawthorn origin caused only a smile.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE CURIOITY SHOP.—SEE PAGE 81.

THE NEW SONG.

BY WILLIAM DOUG WALLACE.

We must have a new song: but of what shall it be?
Of the plighted at twilight beside the lone tree?
Pressing hands, breathing vows, sheening all things with gold,
Doing just as the world did a ages of old?

We must have a new song: shall it ring with the light—
Bounding on, burning on for the wrong and the right,
While the Earth shudders wild at their terrible tread,
And the proud sun, unearring, looks down on the dead?

We must have a new song: shall it bubble with mirth,
Like a fountain's coil leaping to sunlight from its well,
Or with sorrow shall all its long measures be breathe,
Like a lone, rayless river through caves darkly wreathed?

We must have a new song: yet, oh, try as we will,
The thrases will not bear the same old burdens—
Truth, battle, ambition, star-breathed or dim-buried,
Since the Devil and Michael fought for the world.

We would have a new song: then, a theme give in this—
But no moment of love o'er the whole of Earth's soil:
Oh, then may you hear a New Song of such bliss,
That its stream might have burst from the mountain of God!



PHOTOGRAPH ALREADY PUBLISHED IN THE BOSTON GLOBE MARCH 2 & 3. 1. ANTHONY TO THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—SEE PAGE 81.

them, and the result was always in Rudolph's favor. He then gave a quiet chuckle at the perplexity of the man, and replacing his pipe—the stem in his mouth, and the brass heavy bowl in his right hand for support, he would resume his smoking and watching, ever and anon correcting the counters, always indicating the deficient pile by touching it with the bowl of his pipe. He was enabled to do this by reason of the extreme length of the stem. He could not have reached the money with his hand from where he sat. He had always maintained a respectable distance from the piles of coin while the drovers were engaged in counting it. After that was over they always had a merry time over some flimsy woe with Herr Rudolph, who always paid his way with the rest, and repaid them with his inexhaustible stock of stories.

Rudolph Bosler was the life of the Black Boar, and an ever welcome companion to all who knew him. He was a bachelor, and might have remained one to his dying day had not the black eyes of the daughter of a noble host of the Black Boar played the deuce with his heart and taken it captive.

Miss Casper was a pretty brunette of twenty summers, and secretly loved a young man of her neighborhood, who waited till he could see a hundred guineas his own, when he would demand Miss's hand from her father.

Heinrich Casper, her father, knew nothing of her attachment to the handsome Fritz Wolff, and when Rudolph Bosler asked to pay his court to the pretty Miss he received the full amount of her father, to the overwhelming grief of the daughter.

"FATHER," she would say, "I cannot think of marrying a man old enough to be my father. He

is too good enough. I don't doubt, but I can't love him."
"So you think now," her father would reply, "but once his wife you will soon learn to know your duty."
But Miss was so firmly resolved not to marry Herr Bosler as her father was that she should she at once wrote a letter to her lover, who served in a town some two days' travel from Heidelberg. She stated how matters stood, and urged him to come to her aid, if he could do so without incurring the loss of his place.

Fritz needed no second bidding, but at once resigned his situation, and returned to his native place.

He and Miss met, and held a serious conference, which ended in Fritz obtaining a situation in the house of Heinrich Casper, who did not know that he had voluntarily admitted an enemy into the camp. The young fellow had kept their love a profound secret from all, and now being intimate of the same house, they took care not to arouse the suspicions of the landlady, which might mar all their plans for the future and hasten the catastrophe they so earnestly strove to avert.

"Rest all his advances," Fritz would say to his sweetheart, "and if it comes in the worst, and the old fellow is determined to marry you, I'll manage to serve him a trick which will at least delay his wedding-day."
Fritz had been a servant at the Black Boar about two months when our story opens.

The drover had nearly completed their counting on the evening in question when one of them remarked:

"Rudolph Bosler has a quick eye, and can de-

test miscounts well. I should like to have him tell us now how he does it, by the side of the pile or by seeing us count wrong?" Then addressing the man directly, he said, "Tell us, Rudolph, how is it?"

"I have nothing to do but watch you and discover the mistake," was the quiet reply.

"Could you detect one among a dozen or more placed in a row, if all had not equal number save that one?" was the next question.

"Yes," replied Bosler.

"From where you sit?"

"Yes."

The drover arranged some fifteen piles of gold in rows, and asked Rudolph to pivot on the one that had eleven. The smoker touched six of them before he hit on the pile containing the odd number. His guesses were at an interval of minutes or so. After placing his pipe on one, and a shake of the head denoting a few whiffs, he would repeat the operation until the right pile had been touched. Several days after the last-named drover came to the landlord of the Black Boar, and made the following mysterious inquiries:

"Have you any suspicious persons attached to your tavern?"

"Explain yourself," was the response.

"I have lost nearly one hundred guineas since I stopped at your house last, and I can't for my life see how it could have happened. I must have been robbed in your house."

"Such a grave charge is hard to bear," remarked the landlord, "yet I know that a robber stole my tavern I should like all my custom. Let me hear your reasons for thinking the robbery took place under my roof."

"I had twenty packages of gold, each one containing twelve pieces, save one. When I came to pay down for my room yesterday five of the rolls contained but eleven pieces."

"And you are certain you counted them right?" asked Casper.

"Quite certain, for Rudolph Bosler was present, and watching through his quick eye," was the reply.

"You are sure your old room was guarded Casper?"

"Yes."

"And bolted your door inside?"



Oh, Vision of Glory!—Beam, Spirit of Love,
With the red sunbe broken, Heaven's bow round these curfew,
Looking up, without tears, to the WIZEN Hours above,
From the rose-wreathing homes of a war-wreathed world!

Rudolph Bosler's Pipe;
OR, THE
MYSTERY OF THE BLACK BOAR.

By John L. Ziesler.

THESE were assembled one evening at the Black Boar Tavern, at Heidelberg, some half dozen cattle drovers, who had just properly disposed of their stock, and had come to the tavern—their usual resort—to coast their proceeds.

They were all acquaintances, although they did business separately. The room they sat in was a sort of private apartment, not strictly so, but to which no stranger had access, especially during the meetings of the drovers.

On the evening mentioned only one other person beside themselves was present; a sleep-looking fellow, named Rudolph Bosler. He was about forty years of age, and known to the inhabitants of Heidelberg. Rudolph was a constant visitor at the Black Boar, and, consequently, was well known to all who resorted there. He was an especial favorite with the cattle drovers, to whom he related their tales and legends of the Black Boar and Mainz Mountains.

Bosler was never seen without his pipe, a long-stemmed and broad-bowled one. He usually sat on one end of the table smoking, while the drovers occupied the other end. He smoked them intently as they heaped their coils of gold in piles of equal amounts on the table before them, and occasionally he would take the pipe from his mouth, and touch one of the piles of gold with the bowl, and say:

"There are but eleven on this pile."

Sometimes the drover intimated there were a dozen, and to prove he would be would count



Arrival of the Thief and his mysterious Pipe.



The Drover's robbed of another Guinler.

"I always do so," was the reply.

"It is past my comprehension," said the host; "however, I shall keep a sharp lookout on the inmates, and see if I cannot detect the robber—providing he is in the house. In the meantime say nothing of this; if the money is not recovered in a fortnight I will pay you all you have lost."

"You, Heinrich Casper?" exclaimed the drover, in surprise, as he regarded the landlord suspiciously.

"I've said so, and I'll keep my word," said Casper.

"But why should you do so?" asked the drover.

"To save the reputation of my house," replied the host.

"Very well," was the rejoinder. "I hope you may discover the robber, for your sake as well as my own."

The drover left the house, half suspecting the landlord of the Black Boar for the robber himself, although he subsequently inquired to his companions in trade, who, with one accord, agreed to patronize some other tavern should they meet with a similar loss during their sojourn at the Black Boar.

A month later eight of them met on the same evening at the tavern of Heinrich Casper, and he, not having discovered the thief, and consequently not recovering the money stolen from the drovers, said that presso one hundred guineas out of his savings.

The drover took the money, and was more firmly convinced that the robbery was in some manner connected with the robbery. They agreed to lay a trap for him that night after setting.

After supper they went to the room to count their gold, Rudolph being present, and, according to his usual pipe in his mouth, and he intently took the part of Heinrich Casper. "No man more honest than he could be found in Heidelberg."

The gold lay in piles on the table before the men and the process of counting began. Rudolph



ALEXANDRIA, MARCH 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, U. E. H. DAVENPORT.—SEE PAGE 87.

Guerrero, Mier, and other points on the Rio Grande. Trade is broken up, as that has been entirely by an aid of our forces from Indianapolis.

Immense, large trains freighted with merchandise for the rebels, and our returns laden with cotton, are daily leaving Matamoros for the emporium on the Upper Rio Grande, and especially for Mexico. The trade thus far has only been not stopped, by the "military blockade"—if they ran with propriety and—of the Department of the Gulf, the only cause operating to reverse the disturbed condition of the trade, and the apprehension felt that such a general war in Germany, will cause a falling off in the cotton. It is to be noted that merchants who want to pass citizens of the United States in, see, and expect to continue engaged in this trade with the Gulf, it is easily brought to a halt, and, and before they are taking the benefit of the war's anxiety, if that should be necessary.

Settlers in Texas have lately had of their wagons and teams by order of Matamoros. They for in Confederate paper as the most reliable supply ever used in their construction. We from much discouraged by in other matters, and in one have planted no cotton, and in enough to produce bread for wees, their families and slaves rate paper, when it passes it all, and it has long ceased to be the valley of the Rio Grande, here comes per dollar? We are said to be making a Confederate action as we with the design of selling it, suits to report it to each per- will take the risk of getting it Mexico. They have a cotton situated at Toluca Nueva, and established a custom-house at Mr. Latham in U. S., and S. Collector at Brownsville, our collector at this point.

AN OLD TITLE UPHELD BY A WESTERN COURT.—We are not accustomed to associate the idea of antiquity with anything of value, except when occasion or we are reminded of the time, read explain of the French exposure of the 7th century. We see, however, in the *Western Advocate*, a report of a law

suit in the United States District Court for the eastern District of Michigan, wherein the Court sustained the claim of petitioners in a land case whose rights dated back to a grant of a territory made in 1766 by Louis XV, then King of France, to the French officers. The grant included a large tract of land adjacent to

the Saint St. Mary's river, six leagues in front and six leagues in depth, a very handsome domain. That a Court in the young State of Michigan should recognize rights so long founded in a grant of such comparative antiquity and made by a sovereign of France, is certainly a memorable fact and worthy

of notice, not only as recalling the time when a large portion of the West was under French dominion, but as showing the disposition of an American Court to hold valid titles which originated under a system of jurisprudence in entire conflict with our own.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—FORT DE BERRY, RED RIVER, CAPTURED MARCH 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN G. LONG.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY BENNETT TERRY.

The harp that I would love to play,
Is not the wild and careless one,
But as it passes through the strings,
Tuttles into music there.

'Tis so the poet's art converges
From many things that round him lie
Into a glorious world of song—
Divinest harmony!

Sweet harp and poet! framed alike
By God, the fit interpreters,
To show the world the silent thought
Of everything that stirs.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Anna M. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THEY were all going out to dine that day, and when Elizabeth came down into the library, dressed, she found her husband sitting moodily over the fire. He looked up as she entered, and it seemed to him that he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her dress was rich, relieved with falls of delicate lace. Her hair was dark and arched and arched like willow leaves decorated with jewels, and her brilliant eyes were so much attracted to light the dull room as she entered. The constant excitement which she was undergoing during those days lent a rich crimson to her cheeks and a strange lustre to her eyes; she looked radiant. This splendid beauty was very ugly in the calm liveliness of former days, and she looked so thoughtful and so sad when she approached.

It seemed to him that her feet impaled was in the room as she sat sitting there, but so of the desire was quickly, standing so near him that the folds of her dress brushed his hair.

"Are you ready too," she said. "Goodness know how long we shall have to wait for Miss and Mrs. Harrington!"

He made no answer; she began chattering and undraping her bracelet, playing a strange tune to her accompaniment as she talked from under her downcast eyelids.

"As you unwell, Gracety?" she asked at last.

"Oh! no; quite well."

"You are so silent, and you sit there in such a dream, as if you were thinking something was matter."

He made an effort to rise himself and shake the oppression on his spirits, but he was so weary that he could not do so.

"I am only stupid," he replied, with an attempt to smile. "I have been so tired that I have not been able to think of anything."

"I am sure your conversation with people in general does not concern you," she said, with a slight smile. "I am sure you are as good as dead."

"How long does Mrs. Harrington stay?" he asked.

"Only till to-morrow. You don't like her, I fancy?"

"I do not like her in every way," he said, evasively. "She dresses too much, talks too much—she tires one."

"I have been very kind and ungrateful; I had confided to me only a little while ago that she had a profound admiration for you," he said, trying to get up and go to the door.

"Don't repeat such nonsense," he said, almost rudely. "You know how I hate it. I think either you or some of your friends deserve to be severely punished as if for an act had committed a social crime."

"I am afraid you would condemn the greater part of our acquaintance," she said. "After all, with most women it tries only from thoughtlessness, and times out of town."

"Thoughtlessness!" he repeated satirically. "It can only say that the woman who endangers her husband's peace and rest of thought is more culpable in my mind than a person who does wrong knowingly, punished by recklessness or passion."

"I have never thought about it," she said, smiling. "I have found something!—I'd give a reward!"

Mellen's face had brightened a little at her entrance, but as she spoke a sudden thought struck her, and she looked down.

"What is it, Elizabeth?"

"You are so good, so generous," she replied, smiling. "You enter into the spirit of the thing, to do your Yankee duty!"

He rose suddenly and stood looking full at his wife's face, fixing her glance with a quick thrill of joy. It was the best thing that had happened to him since he had been married.

"Oh! you provoking things—you stupid wretches!"

Now do guess—oh! Grant, just try to tell what I have found."

Mellen's eyes had not moved from his wife's face.

"I've just found Elizabeth's bracelet!" he asked in a tone which made the unhappy woman almost inclined to faint, and started Elsie out of her playfulness.

"Why, how did you think of that?" demanded Elsie, looking at him with a look of surprise.

She stopped short, the words frozen on her lips by the look which Gracety Melin still fixed upon her. "Without any finding that steady gaze he extended his hand towards Elsie."

"Give me the bracelet!" he said, in the cold, hard, excited tone which was the sure forerunner of a tempest of passion.

Elsie hesitated, she had grown nearly as pale as Elizabeth herself, but she could not resist the entreaty. Elizabeth did not speak or move, but though her face was absolutely deathly white her eyes were still fixed on the bracelet.

"Give me the bracelet!" repeated Melin. "Here it is!" exclaimed Elsie, nervously, putting the bracelet in his hand. "What is the matter with you, Grant? I am sure there is nothing to make a fuss about. I found the bracelet among the things I had been having done—suppose she forgot it was there."

Gracety Melin turned fiercely towards her. "Are you leaning to agree with me also?" he cried.

Elsie burst into a passionate flood of tears. "I have just been told that you do not like me!" she cried. "You ought to be ashamed to talk to me! I haven't done anything; I thought you were only angry because I had found the bracelet, and so here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Grant—I don't know what it all means!"

"I am sure I have been having found the bracelet, and so here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Grant—I don't know what it all means!"

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believe what you please; I will talk with you no longer."

Mellen turned away, and walked up and down the room in a state of great agitation. He was in his mind the love he still felt for his wife, contrasting against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with the force.

He could not tell what to think or how to act. For the moment he felt as if he were a general engaged in a battle, and he was in a state of great agitation. He was in his mind the love he still felt for his wife, contrasting against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with the force.

He looked again at Elizabeth; her story and beliefs irritated him almost to frenzy. He was tormented, excited, and he felt as if he were a general engaged in a battle, and he was in a state of great agitation. He was in his mind the love he still felt for his wife, contrasting against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with the force.

"I have been having found the bracelet, and so here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Grant—I don't know what it all means!"

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elusive for will. Her cheeks grew scarlet; her eyes were radiant. The lips that had been so pale in her husband's presence a few hours before glowed with the rippling of joy upon them.

In her depression she was inspired.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THEY were all breakfast the next morning their visitor returned to the city, perhaps glad to escape the heat of the day, and the girls of the house, returned to the relief of all the inmates of the dwelling.

Gracety Melin and her guests went to the railway train, and as if by a common impulse, started to bid each other adieu. Elizabeth and Elsie, as if by a common impulse, started to bid each other adieu.

"Oh, Jarvis, I wanted to see you."

Jarvis took the pipe out of his mouth, regarded her complacently and said, "What do you want?"

"That's a pair on you, Miss Melin."

"I want to have a pair of very light coats made for me, and I want to have the hair to row it."

"That's easy done," said Jarvis. "I guess I've got a pair of 'em made."

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SOEHL.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Not long after the battle of Lookout Mountain one of our artists, not present at the battle, visited that spot, on his way from the Mississippi, and according to the spot where the rebels so long held their flag waving and their cannon thundering at Chattanooga, was so less surprised than assumed to find on the steep ascent, which Hooker's men had so gallantly scaled, a man and his camera, the work of a travelling photographer, who had phoed his tent here, with the true cut of a wandering son of New England, to take pictures and include a view of the famous scenery.

The view had been for some time ready for use, but we have none of our number artists, sent to us by an officer of the 11th Iowa, who, in the end of the 11th, the photographer, Mr. Wm. F. Porter, who, while picturing a lady and gentleman, lying flat on his back, and down the mountain, a distance of some 200 feet.

EXPLOSION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.

News perhaps have been and explosions come more regularly than within the last few months. The destruction of Colver's factory, the fire at Gloucester, and others in other parts, have crowded fast upon us. We give two sketches this week of a fearful explosion. Merrick and Sons' Iron Foundry and Boiler Manufactory was an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, situated on and entirely occupying the ground bounded by Washington street on the north, Federal street on the south, and Fourth and Fifth streets on the east and west. On the morning of April 20 an immense quantity of gunpowder, at the western end of the



DEATH OF MR. WM. F. PORTER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. LEGGERSY, TOPOGRAFICAL ENGINEER.

open space, formed by the square of the building appropriated to the use of the different departments, exploded, and a violent spread rain around.

It was carried up into the air, and after making a circuit of some 50 feet dropped on the roof of the shipping-shop, demolishing it entirely, and creating in the ruins, George Ward, one of the workmen. The name of the workmen after fragments of iron and is left in all directions. A large piece of boiler was driven through the wall of No. 1 and Fifth street, and a piece of pipe traversed another block, fortunately without injuring any one. The streets around were strewn with bricks so thick that a person could walk on them. Several persons were killed in the country and a number injured, but no one in the street or neighborhood. Our Artist gives a view of the explosion, half and of the scene of ruin after the calamity.

HEAD WATERS OF THE TECHE.

The Teche, one of the most beautiful of the Louisiana bayous, commences in St. Landry parish, a few miles from Opelousas and flows through a rich and fertile country, now unappreciatedly denuded by the war, it empties into Arlatbay Bayou, near Lake Chauvin. Our Artist, while proceeding from one attractive point to another, has sketched the head waters of the Teche in their charming beauty.

GERANIUM LEAVES.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other hurts, even be bruised and applied on lines to the part, and the wound will become destitute in a very short time.



HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. B. EDWARDS.



The Explosion.

DESTRUCTION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. P. SOEHL.



The Ruins.

VIEW OF THE SHIPYARD AT LIVERPOOL OF THE MASS. LAND WITH THE HULL RAHS IN THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 87.



J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Secure Good Jewellery at Low Prices.

100,000 Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Brackets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Gold Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

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FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS



OVER ALL COMPETITORS.

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THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE. Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have known.

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A Superior Heavy Hunting Case of every description. Fine Movement, handsome work and perfect running order. These watches are composed of two metals, the case being the finest quality of silver, and will bear any use, every description. Striking Silver, &c. every description. Sample Watches sent free of expense.

Approved by the Government. Warranted superior to any other make of the kind.

R. REMINGTON & SONS, ILLION, N. Y.

VETERAN SOLDIERS!

We are now prepared to issue all kinds of Veterans Pensions for all who served in the Army and Navy during the late war.

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Stereoscopic Views, Cartes de Visite—New Books, sent by Catalogue. C. B. HARRISON, P. O. Box 5115, Boston, Mass.

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Ident. Gen. U. S. Grant Package. Copyright secured. Agents sent abroad and for Circulars.

Breaker's Block of unadorned goods for sale at 10 cents each.

A certain preventive, cure, and safe and simple remedy for the sudden and dangerous disease, whooping cough.

"Diphtheria." A certain preventive, cure, and safe and simple remedy for the sudden and dangerous disease, whooping cough.

\$10 AGENTS \$10 And Dealers. Something New! Bright-Top! London, London, London!

Medical Compound Senses. Among many others, we have the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Rheumatism, &c.

Whiskers! Whiskers! MY GIGANT will defy them. No one can grow on the whiskers like I do.

Do You Want to get Married? "Courtship Made Easy." Book of 300 pages, illustrated.

Key's Rheumatic Hair Restorative. Superior to any other preparation.

HOY'S MINERAL HAIR GLOSS. Guaranteed to keep the hair soft and shining.

Key's Imperial Coloring Cream. Guaranteed to give the hair a rich, natural color.

Key's French Restorative. Guaranteed to cure all kinds of rheumatism.

Key's French Restorative. Guaranteed to cure all kinds of rheumatism.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid. Published by the author.

WEDDING CARDS. French Style, elegant and simple.

CLARK'S OINTMENT. A Powerful Remedy for all kinds of rheumatism.

MADAME BENNETT'S Millinery & Dressmaking Establishment.

Baker's Rheumatic Balm. BAKER'S PETER COAL. BAKER'S CODD MILK.

Beauty—HUNT'S WHITE LIQUID SOAP. Guaranteed to give the skin a soft and shining complexion.

Whiskers! Whiskers! MY GIGANT will defy them. No one can grow on the whiskers like I do.

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S OINTMENT. A Powerful Remedy for all kinds of rheumatism.

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Beauty—HUNT'S WHITE LIQUID SOAP. Guaranteed to give the skin a soft and shining complexion.

Whiskers! Whiskers! MY GIGANT will defy them. No one can grow on the whiskers like I do.

Grays Patent Molded Collars

Having no bone before the patient, free from all irritation, and the most perfect and safe of all collars.

First NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall Street.

Second NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 61 Broadway.

Third NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 111 Broadway.

Fourth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 15 Broadway.

Fifth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 20 Broadway.

Sixth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 25 Broadway.

Seventh NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 30 Broadway.

Eighth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 35 Broadway.

Ninth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 40 Broadway.

Tenth NATIONAL Bank of New York, No. 45 Broadway.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the land authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue bonds of the amount of \$10,000,000, on the credit of the United States, and not exceeding \$100,000 for any one individual.

Two Hundred Million Dollars.

During the current fiscal year, and to propose and issue therefor Certificates and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be exempt from Taxation.

By order any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions for these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are to be Redeemed in Coin.

At the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than five nor more than forty years from their date, and until their redemption.

Five per Cent. Interest will be paid in Coin.

As Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and all other Bonds not so limited.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 1st and 30th of those months are payable on the first of each month.

Subscribers will receive either Certificate or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are payable on the 1st of the month of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the 1st of the month.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars (\$50), One Hundred Dollars (\$100), Two Hundred Dollars (\$200), Five Dollars (\$5), Ten Dollars (\$10), Fifty Dollars (\$50), and One Hundred Dollars (\$100).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of paying their Bonds in full at any time, or by paying the accrued interest in gold or in United States notes at the option of the subscribers, adding five per cent. for premium on the latter and twenty per cent. for interest in redemption and a profit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxes, and are not subject to any other tax, they are to be held in various parts of the country.

It is believed that a certificate of gold that pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

No. 449—Vol. XVIII]

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

TERMS: \$1.50 YEARLY,
\$4 WEEKS \$1.00.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—VIEW OF NATCHITOCHEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONWILL.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BRIEF MARCH OF THE UNION TROOPS AFTER THE SURRENDER AT FORT WILLOW, APRIL 12.—SEE PAGE 103.

Barnum's American Museum.

YOUR ENORMOUS GLEANINGS—three men...
Drews, each less than two feet high—were...

Osceola's Indian Album.

The publication of this Album to newspapers...
advertising is withheld for the present...

War Reports.

We have encircled your reports from the army of the...
Pine Bluff.
My little brother in Pike Kitter was warmly...

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

Advertisements, Books for Review, etc., must be...
sent to FRANK LESLIE, 112 Nassau Street, New York.

Books supplied and subscriptions received for...
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One copy one year, in advance \$1 00
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Four, if sent by mail, in advance 4 50
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One Dollar a line on the outside or last page...
Sixty Cents a line on the inside and 10th pages.

The Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED...
NEWSPAPER, publishes notices and advertisements...

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Tax-payers, the terms that were in advance...
of the mortgage of the rebel assets, are now very...

NORTH CAROLINA.

The belief of opinion to the Davis tyranny...
through the State. Rebel commission officers...

To sustain its filling power, the rebel Govern-...
ment has made a tremendous effort to check the...

Fort Gray, two miles from Plymouth, on the...
Roanoke, was first attacked, but it was resolutely...

After the attack on Fort Gray was repelled...
the Roanoke was abandoned, and the rebel army...

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KENTUCKY.

Gen. Shackelford and several citizens were captured...
by Bennett's men at Nashville, but subsequently released.

From Eastern Kentucky we learn that the rebels...
have been defeated in two battles on the 2d and 3d...

The rebels attacked the Union forces at...
Palmville on the 12th and were repulsed, after a...

A party of rebels attempted to enter Kentucky...
at Pound Gap on Tuesday, but were driven back by...

LOUISIANA.

After the affair at Orange's Hill, Gen. Banks...
declared the enemy's position at Orange's Hill...

After the affair at Orange's Hill, Gen. Banks...
declared the enemy's position at Orange's Hill...

Being short of rations Banks recalled the 2nd, 3rd...
and 4th regiments of the 1st Louisiana Infantry...

ARKANSAS.

Capt. Phelps, of the gumbot No. 26, on the 4th...
of April, captured a rebel mail carrier on the...

NATL.

The blockade-runner Atlantic was recently captured...
on the Savannah River.

CONGRESS.

Ten Senate, on the 18th, was engaged nearly...
all day on the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill...

The House, the National Bank Bill was passed...
by a vote of 91 yeas to 50 nays.

In the Senate, on the 19th, several important...
measures were discussed.

In the House, the 19th, a joint resolution was...
introduced by Mr. Harris, providing for the...

In the House, the 20th, a joint resolution was...
introduced by Mr. Harris, providing for the...

In the House, the 21st, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 22d, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 23d, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 24th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 25th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 26th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 27th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 28th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 29th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 30th, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 31st, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

In the House, the 1st, the House bill for the...
relief of postmasters rebuffed by rebel troops...

The Senate, on the 2nd, was not in session...
In the House, a bill was passed creating an odd...

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the English House of Lords the Marquis...
of Clanricarde moved for the correspondence with...

The House of Lords had decided against the Crown...
in the case of the vessel, and the vessel would be...

The House of Commons called attention to the...
of the Keogse and Calcutta, and asked Lord...

Mr. O'Connell P. had resigned his seat in the...
British Cabinet, in consequence of the removal...

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gravity, the speaker could not help but be satisfied...
after, while in the month, proffered a grand...

The votes upon the sword were read steadily...
through the week, until at the closing of the...

On Friday the excitement seemed to gather force...
of a single rifle, who had taken part by the...

"I give him a hallid in himself!" In the response...
of a single rifle, who had taken part by the...

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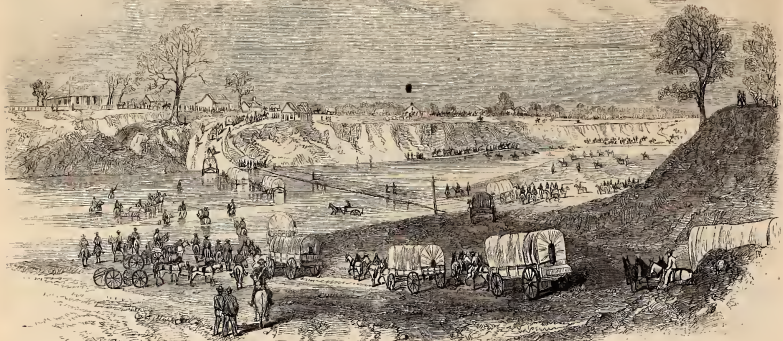
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THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY FORGING GANN RIVER, MARCH 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 102.

THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.

MATAMORAS has always been an object of interest to Americans since the time of the Mexican war. It became a town on our frontier, rising as the daily spectacle of civil war and confusion. During the

present war it has thriven wonderfully, being the depot of a great cotton trade. While the rebels held Texas the traffic was carried on directly from Brownsville. The occupation of that town, however, compelled the rebels to cross with their cotton at Victoria, Vera Cruz and Eagle pass, up the river. The cotton was then carried down to Matamoras. The recent occupation of Eagle pass will tend still more to break this up.

We give a sketch of the cathedral of Matamoras and of the square in front of it, called the Plaza de Hidalgo, in honor of the heroic priest who initiated the struggle for liberty. The signs of the stores show the mixture of Spanish and English. The signs of Amblee & Andrews and one with an inviting air, "Billards" are relieved by one in the background, "Ropes if choice."

Mr. Rock, the player, once advised a scotch shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said:—
"Why, Mr. Rock, wasn't you give us something?"
"Is it not you mean?" says Rock; "why, sounds' man, didn't I give you the list?"



SOLDIERS OF ARMY LIFE.—WAGGING OUT RATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 103.



THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, HAVANA, CUBA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. S. H. BOWLING.

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Oh, the light south wind! It brought us the odor of orange bowers, Of citron trees and of all race flowers, As we sat by our doors in summery hours, Did the light south wind.



Oh, the sweet south wind! It brought us the oracle's love-breathing note, The parson's praise of his pretty green coat, The cry that rashed from the mock-nightingale's throat, Did the sweet south wind. Oh, the loud south wind! It brought the rude song and the African's jest, It brought us—oh, shame!—his deep sighs of woe, When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast, Did the loud south wind.

Oh, the wild south wind! It brought us the murmur of bitterness first, Then threats of the traitor (for ever accurst), And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst, Did the wild south wind.

Oh, the mad south wind! It brought us the story of a battle made-of-iron, The cracking of rifles, the cannon's deep boom, The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom, Did the mad south wind.

Oh, the sad south wind! It told us anew the dark story of Cain, Rehearsing, to grieve us, again and again, The groans of the dying, the dirge for the slain, Did the sad south wind.

Oh, the glad south wind! It brings the sweet high-note, piercing and strong, Proclaiming the triumph of Right over Wrong, And we lift up our voices to join in the song, Of the glad south wind.

MARRIED FOUR Days without Knowing it! MARRIED four days without knowing it! Was such a thing ever heard of? I fancy not; it wouldn't agree with the eternal stores of things. Nevertheless, I was married in broad daylight, in full possession of my senses, and was not aware of the happy fact until four days afterwards! How did it happen? Ah, dear reader, it is just my purpose to relate that:

My father's patronymic was Dimple, and I was the only little Dimple that he and my mother could boast of. My father died four years before I attained my majority, and I fell heir to The Willows, a goodly fortune and large shade of inherent husbandries; inherent, I say, because my worthy mother often told me that my father was the most virtuous, proud man that she ever met with. From the time of my father's death my mother lived very retired, so secluded was I from the outside world, that when manhood's years were upon me, and I was possessed of talents, had an excellent education and much information, for I had been a good reader—and books had been my chief companions—yet with all my studying and reading had neglected the great book of society, that book of so many types.

To be sure, I had some acquaintances—even a hermit knew somebody—yet these were made by no exertions on my part. I had no young lady friends; I belonged to no "set." I knew no "jolly fellows;" and if I mentioned our minister and a few worthy church members, my teachers, persons with whom I had business transactions, and some ancient friends of my mother's, I will have enumerated all who were honored by having me notion there. In my usual intercourse with men I could proceed without embarrassment, but when "out," when in company—as I found I had to be after I had taken upon myself the ownership and management of my home—I was ill at ease; my conversational powers were of the poorest description; I was not affable, even at commiseration; and, knowing my failings, I strove to be as retiring and unassuming as possible. My blushing, stammering and confusion in the presence of ladies was not a just for their shy ridicule, and my impressions of them were not flattering; I conceived them to be a flirting, affected set, who thought it womanly to measure their abilities by their conquests and apply the term "snub" to gossamer gentlemen of modest dispositions. Alas, the string attached to my mother's apron had had very strong ties for her dear boy!

As a matter of course such game as myself was not to be neglected, my wags were well feathered, and the people knew it. In my walks, bows from obsequious individuals were plenty; professional men were "happy to meet" me; elderly gentlemen shook my hand in a fatherly manner, saying me to call and see them at their houses. "And you know my dear Dimple, if I should not be home, why, the ladies will be only too glad to receive you." My terrifying mamma, preparing for gold, thought me a rich spot as they could strike on, and although their daughters were happy in ridiculing my fallings, they would have been much happier had I paid court to them. Did I ever think of marrying? Oh, yes, but had never seen a reality that would approach my ideal of a wife, and sometimes I blamed myself for looking for too much perfection. Invitations to call and invitations to parties were alike neglected, although my mother strove to persuade me to accept of some of them, that I might rub off some of the rust of disease; and I became more of a bookworm than ever, wishing for no other world than The Willows, no other society than that of the speakers of the chief language—my books.

At last, however, a circumstance transpired which materially altered the monotony of my life. A serious trespass on my property gave me occasion to consult Judge Walker, of Salem, who had been one of the executors of my father's will, and who had always been his legal adviser. On calling at his office one afternoon, I found that he was at court, presiding at a murder trial. My business was urgent, it would be imprudent to delay the matter too long, and as it was impossible to confer with the judge then, I concluded to wait and see him at his house during the evening. The Willows was a mile out of town, and the judge's residence just half-way between. Eight o'clock found me at the wicket-gate that opened into the judge's garden, and there I stopped and shuddered—the judge had a daughter! I had forgotten that. What would I do? "Oh, never mind, my boy," said I, to myself; "ask for the judge, transact your business, and depart with a clear conscience." Certainly, just the idea.



Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grape-vine, and I was on the stoop. This was built in piazza style, and within its shadow, the darkness of the night and the want of a light in the hall, I had trouble in finding the knocker. A hard rap at this was unanswer by a pattering of feet—and a voice singing, "Charley is my darling!" The door was hurriedly opened, and before I could speak a pair of arms were thrown about my neck, and a girlish voice said:



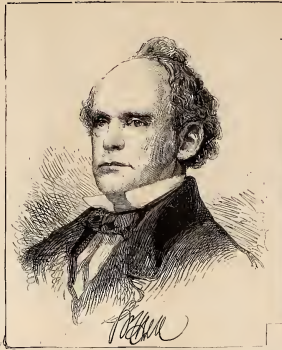
"That little affair of the Trespass."

"What detained you so long, father?" And a plump, warm cheek was pressed against mine, as if the owner was waiting to receive the paternal kiss. This was a predicament for a bashful man. I had never kissed a young lady in my life, and now to have a handsome girl's arms about my neck and a pair of lips so close to mine was rather new, it was more than I had bargained for. I was embarrassed, yet I admit that I actually thought of giving her a loving hug and a kiss, and then beg her pardon and tell her that I mistook her for my mother. As I said, I was embarrassed, and it was not until the arms were taken from my neck, my fair embosomer saying "Why, father, what is the matter?" that I found words to explain myself.

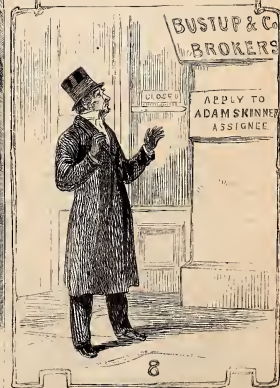
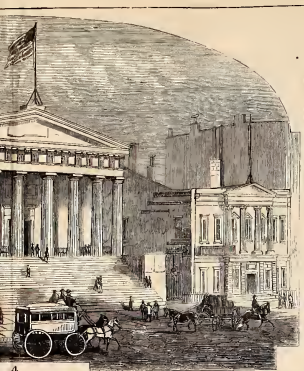
"My dear young lady—that is, Miss Walker, your father is not here; you must—must at least I must—"

At this juncture the appearance of a servant with a light put an end to my elaborate apology, and discovered me with but in hand trying to articulate something, and Miss Walker standing a beautiful picture of confusion. She had retreated a few steps, but had neither screamed nor fainted; her curls were slightly disordered; her cheeks were covered with womanly blushes; and a startled expression was on her face, which related into a smile as she recognized me, and broke the awkward silence. "Why, Mr. Dimple! Dear me, what a mistake I have made! I am sure you were father; you must excuse me, sir." Excuse her! certainly I would. Such mistakes I thought very excusable, especially with such a fair offender. My embarrassment over, I stated my business, and knowing, of course, that the judge was not at home, I was making my leave, begging a world of pardon, when a very pressing invitation to stay and await the judge's coming brought me to a stop. My distrust of woman generally had persuaded me to decline, but Miss Walker's conduct after her first and, to me, pleasing mistake; her unaffectedness and charming nonchalance had awakened my dormant admiration—I liked the girl. I accepted my dinner, entered the parlor, considering myself a doomed man, and was seated in an armchair before one of those grate fires that I loved so much.

According to Law—but no Clergyman.



1. Lady Speculators in Session. 2. Sold to a Profit. 3. Selling a Place in the Line for Gold Certificates. 4. Treat
THE GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK—THE EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SPECULATORS AND BROKERS



4. Treasury Building. 5. Scene in Exchange Place. 6. Misc. 7. The Man that Lost. 8. "Burst."
 BROKERS, THE RUSH ON THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT FOR GOLD CERTIFICATES.—See Page 103.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By GRACE DE LA VERITE.

Measuring time by agony!
Queering, pining, languishing,
Nose to snuff me when I weep,
Nor one hour of 'till reap;

No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Acquy for heroes!
Nose to chide us when I grieve,

Nor the light with us to weave,

No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Why unfold my misery?
None but strangers pass this way,

None who care not to stay,

No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Look, O Jesus, where I lie!

Heavenly light to light me!

Sun, nor moon, nor star is left,

No, not one!

The Gull Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

THE noble sailors went on with their conversation, till relations of the listener, they had had, and when the interest connected with the subject had subsided, they returned to some of the most interesting topics of their own affairs.

One of the chief details of Dolph's soul was to find out early how much money Clorinda had in the bank, but he had never been able, with all his arts, to bring her to that point of confidence when she would make him a partner in that dearest secret of her life.

The other servants and her friends in the neighborhood were very conversant upon accounts concerning the amount, and Victoria openly vowed her belief that—

"Why the log was just gone when I'd leave she had no money no how—she knew'd she was so old that it was her only chance of getting it back."

But Dolph was too wise to be influenced by Victoria's sneers, and he had lately become convinced that the sum was a larger one than he had first supposed. In that case Dolph felt the extreme necessity of allowing his fancy to stand in the way of his duty, and he had assumed Clorinda's serious displeasure by his behavior on different occasions; he had required vast amounts of eloquence to reconcile her to his indiscretions with the strange young woman of old Mother Hopkins's, and his flirtations with Victoria were a constant bone of contention between them.

Dolph felt certain that if he only came directly to the point and made Clorinda a honest disclosure of his money early in the sun, but it required a good deal of resolution to make up his mind to do that.

One day he was out preparing in her appearance, that her most partial friends would have been forced to admit, probably even in her own eyes, that she had never been found, and said that years and years had passed since her decease, it really required the vigor of her reported will to make her endure the sight of Dolph's morose eyes.

Then her brother and her friend looked at which Victoria sneered so openly—that was a tender to her Dolph—he had the true contempt of the world, but which one is certain to find among those of his own complexion.

"Dolph," said the looking at Clorinda and revealing all these things in his mind, while she washed away at her vegetables and made herself busy as usual at the kitchen dresser.

"He is full of mysteriousness, Miss Clorinda," he said in a meditative tone.

"Do not suspect of the tops from the carrots she was preparing for her soup and assented.

"Dar ain't much with livin' for," she said.

"Dolph was frightened at once; when Clorinda got into one of her peevish humors she became very nervous, and he was obliged to get her off by saying that he would most certainly be condemned to Methodist hymns and a prayer-meeting that very day.

"Don't say that, Miss Clorinda; now don't do it," he exclaimed, pathetically. "You're a light and airy creature, but you're a most unmercifully handsome darter about as if suddenly enriched." "Go way wid it, I say."

"Don't be so sensitive, sweet Miss Clorinda," urged Dolph, in a most insinuating tone; "when a gentleman proposes the tenderest feelings of his heart to your feet, don't jest in that way."

To be called by such endearing epithets in two or three sentences softened Clorinda's temper, and this time something unbecomingly was coming—Dolph certainly was in earnest.

"Don't see nothing at my feet," said she, with a little giggle.

"Yes, yer does, Miss Clorinda, jessed Dolph, 'spos' 'spos'—s'wain don't deny."

"La," said Clorinda, with another puffed puff of delight, "you men is no confound."

"It's a matter to be confound, Miss Clorinda," said Dolph; "it's far from my wife's—teast ways wid you."

There was a tender emphasis on the concluding pronoun which quite upset Clorinda. She allowed the carrots to fall back in the water, and she looked herself as if on a stool, and if anything serious was coming she would receive it with the dignity she considered herself entitled to.

As Dolph, profound in his knowledge of the sex, read her thoughts without the slightest difficulty, he was unable to be confound, Miss Clorinda, if it was for any female bear to resist his fascinations. Still he was in a condition of great perplexity, and he was unable to get any satisfaction. He had learned the exact price Clorinda could pay for the services he was prepared to make of both and good-look. On the other hand, he was sorely puzzled how to acquire the information he desired without leaving his heart at her feet; he had tried various plans and they had all signally failed; in that respect Clorinda was astute enough to fully his match.

"Why don't you say something; in a moment more Clorinda might flounce off in one of her tempers, and Dolph could not afford to lose time in minutely particularizing the details of his feelings. He discovered that the table parson whose meetings she attended was becoming quite devoted to his attraction.

"Ah! Miss Clorinda," said he, "de set is all resemble in one lute particular."

"I don't know what yer mean," said she, looking at him with a suspicious eye. "Dolph," he earnestly, "I have, nobody other said I was cruel, I returned of me, and I'm most anxious to get a neck of de chickens and slices de cele, 'cause it's a cook's lookout, but I ain't got a speck of cruelty in my nature."

"Dolph shook his head, then dropped it on one side with an air which he had found very killing in former times, and replied,

"In course 'till dey lively 's de way de set, but de fact is dat—"

"I don't know what yer mean," said she, beginning to resume a little of her usual rigidity; "if yer ain't a tattler, Spanish now, it's jist as bad."

"I allude to de coquetries in which you all indulge."

"No, no," said Clorinda, "I leave all rich foolishness to silly things like dat. Vio—I ain't no patience wid 'em."

"Dat's my name, fat, 'nuff; yer needn't go shouting it out dat way."

"I don't know what my own eyes, 'er," said Dolph, "but I see 'em, and I'm satisfied."

"What has yer said, 'er? 'nuff!" bawled her into the room, and she returned, "I ain't no patience with 'em."

"Clorinda was getting again; she really believed that Dolph was printing jokes; the other girls of that sort were sufficiently rare in her experience to be exceedingly precious.

"I don't know what yer mean," she went on, "no more 's de man in de same."

"No, no," said Clorinda, "I know 'er. Why, I'll never do it, 'er only reason de set looks to me, 'nuff."

"'er's de man in de same," said Dolph, "but I see 'em, and I'm satisfied."

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"In course too well," said Dolph, in a tragic voice.

"I know it too well," said Clorinda, in a tragic voice.

"Laws sake, what has de done to you, Mr. Dolph?"

"Dah's wah de acquaintance comes in," continued Dolph; "dah's jist de subject 'er 'prochin' wid."

"Mr. Dolph," cried Clorinda, in a delirious language, "I didn't know yer even looked at me!"

"I see nater too bad, 'er," returned you, Miss Clorinda," said Dolph; "wherever I may be, wherever my obligations, 'er ever for you."

"Oh, laws sake!" said Clorinda, "Oh, laws sake!"

"Ah! And see you," pursued Dolph, "I see de elder a bending over you, 'er 'prochin' in yer eye."

"Oh, jist de same," said Clorinda, "I didn't do so."

"Oh, yes, he did, Miss Clorinda, dese eyes seen 'er."

"It's a bad pleasant man, de elder," said she, "very pleasant."

"But yer say he wants a wife," observed Dolph, "dey 'er 'prochin' in his eyes."

"But yer will be, Clorinda, yer will be."

"No! 'Tain't no ways likely; don't 'spect I shall."

"Oh, yer, yer will," insisted Dolph. "I was serious, and Clorinda began to grow dirty at the thought of so many coquetries."

"I jist believe her's a serpent in disguise," said Dolph, with a sneer; "she ob 'er want dis of old de one."

"Laws, Mr. Dolph, don't say sich things like dat," said she, "I ain't no patience with 'em."

"It's a right 'till like to squelch, 'er," said Dolph, "and if he pokes himself into my moonshine, I'll squelch 'em."

"Clorinda gave a slight squeal, and caught his arm, as if she feared that he was going to rough her in the neck of the collar, and put his menace into its execution.

"Don't kick up a muss wid me," she pleaded; "I'm bound by de ceremony."

"I 'pend on you, Miss Clorinda."

"Laws now, 'er," said Dolph, "I see 'er, and I'm satisfied."

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"Oh, not at all," he said. "De cookin's a trefle; dah de 'er 'nuff; my head's good at dis."

"They said 'till 'er 'nuff," said Clorinda, with a sob.

"'Tain't 'prochin' de ladies," said Dolph, "dey tatter de trouble 'er 'nuff—'er 'nuff sich matters."

Then Dolph shifted.

"Yer consider what 'er matter," she said; "I was jess certain dat I hadn't been able to save as much as I could, so dat I could be ready to start."

"I see nater too bad, 'er," returned you, Miss Clorinda," said Dolph; "wherever I may be, wherever my obligations, 'er ever for you."

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"You may bring the lunch up here," Elizabeth said to the girl.

Victoria went out and did as directed.

"I believe they would mean if we were dining to-day, we would stop at the door."

"Everything must go on as usual," was Elizabeth's answer.

"If you can stand there and talk so calmly to them," cried Elsie. "It's enough to drive one frantic."

"It is too late now to be anything but quiet," she said.

"I began some shuddering complaints, but Elizabeth did not wait for them; she had resumed her breakfast, walking with the same sort of calmness, with her eyes seeming to look at each of us and to fix themselves upon any object in the room."

"There is another knock," cried Elsie. "I really drive me mad."

"Come in," Elizabeth said.

"Victoria with the luncheon tray, and it seemed as if she never would do these arranging it to her satisfaction."

"I bring you some apricot jelly, Miss Elsie," she said; "I know you had out of your head-aches."

"But Elsie only moaned—perhaps at the misfortune of possessing no appetite when apricot jelly was to be had."

"She only could chicken and eat meat pie," said Vic; "I took do ducks in far warmer."

"There is quite enough," said Elizabeth; "you must eat."

"Yes, miss," returned Vic; "I hadn't had no time yet to do more than to stir aarrison had-cher's only at Calm to day."

"It makes no difference, said Elizabeth, while Elsie threw down the fork with forcible impatience. "I'm miss, but 'tain't pleasant," returned Vic, with her most elegant earnest. "I likes to do your work reg'lar, and in mine, I'm glad to do it."

"Go get into any of her tantrums she sees anything 'tious-er."

"I'll keep out of the kitchen," cried Elsie; "don't be quizzing."

"Laws, Miss Elsie," said Victoria, with all the dignified resignation of a suffering invalid; "my neighbor quarrel's nobody, but I defy an angel to get along with Cleo! She's just the most aggravating creature I ever saw; neither 'tious-er, nor mad, 'cause she's getting' old; but she hates a young girl who never was poor, so she does."

"Go do your duty steadily on the subject of her wrongs, and hurried on before Elsie could stop her, and all the energy of a belated steam engine. Elizabeth had walked into the other room, and Victoria, studying much less in view of Elsie than her, took that opportunity to pour out her sorrows with the utmost freedom."

"I wouldn't, somehow, I think I can't stand it! Miss Elsie, sometimes I wish I was a fiction for my affliction for my affliction and mine, and I'm distressed to see her diplomatically, fearful that her mistress might be within hearing and that the omission would be very much to be dreaded, and she was a great deal greater every day, and some 'Dolph could make his wren's a bear wild and sore head."

"You may make me mad," said Elsie. "Laws, miss, I wouldn't let do sleep."

"That's going along, and let me sleep, if I can."

"Laws, miss, but let me do something for you," said Victoria, out of the goodness of her heart.

"No, no; I only want to be let alone."

"If I'd ye'd let me bathe it with cologne," persisted Vic.

"Don't want it bathed," fretted Elsie.

"Laws, miss, it's done a heap o' good! Pen-ny-royal tea's good—"

"Go do away!" growled Elsie.

"In your eye, I wish; but I'd like to do something for ye—you'll look real sick."

"There's just go away, and don't come up again for the next two hours."

"Yes, miss, I'll just—"

"Go out!" shrieked Elsie.

"Yes, only 'sain' yer chubbin'," said Vic. "Dear me, Miss Elsie, yer allow says I'm real handy when I've had dem headaches."

"Oh, I can't bear anybody to-day."

"Dear me, ain't it a pity?" Now, miss, I know what be good for yer."

"Elizabeth," growled Elsie, "do come and send the invalid creature away."

"The same Victoria deigned it most prudent to make a hasty retreat, for she stood in a good deal of awe when her mistress was concerned. She went out, leaving her desire to be useful and really very full of sympathy, for her eyes were lightened as possible, except where her sunny, Chlorids, was in operation."

"They'll kill me, I know they will!" moaned Elsie.

"Elizabeth did not reply to the slightest attention to her complaints, she regarded with indifference the most piteous laments she repeated in the wailing of sobs, and the cold chicken was arranged in the principal favorite."

"She made an effort to fancy herself disgusted at the sight of food, and turned away her head, but it was easy to encounter the fragrant odor from the tepid, which Victoria hid set upon the hearth."

"Could you eat anything, Elizabeth?" she asked dejectedly.

"No, no; I'm not eating."

"But you never touched a morsel of breakfast, and you're not sleeping to-day."

"I can't eat now—indeed I can't," was Elizabeth's reply.

"Oh, no!" moaned Elsie. "I feel as if a single mouthful would choke me."

"She closed again towards the tray, and began to moan and weep."

"Oh, dear! no! This day never will be over!"

"Oh, I wish I were dead, do truly! Do say something, Besie; don't desert!"

"But Elizabeth only kept up her incessant march, and she said, as if she were a machine, "She rose from the sofa at last, she pushed the window a few moments, but some magnificent drama had taken place on the stage, and she turned the apricot jelly."

"I want things to look as if I had eaten some thing," she said, as she returned again.

"I wish I had better try and eat," said her sister.

"I don't think I will try and eat," observed Elsie. "I wish I could eat!"

"I wish I could eat!" said her sister.

"The put a fragment of chicken on her plate, made a strong effort and actually succeeded in eating it, while Elizabeth was walking through the other room."

"I've tried to eat," she said, when her sister expressed in the dovery again, "but I can't."

"I am so thirsty; I believe I've got a fever," said Elizabeth; "I believe I've got a fever, and Elsie sat down at the table, and she said, "I wish I could eat!"

"I wish I could eat!" said her sister.

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no more, and with a shuddering cry she sank upon her knees in the center of the room:

"Oh, my dear mother, my dear mother!"

Elsie sprang from the couch and ran towards her with a succession of strangled sobs.

"What is the matter with you? Oh, oh! You frighten me so. Are you sick—do you see something?" he he going that way?"

"But the girl said she was not, but her eyes were fixed upon vacancy, an appalling look on her face, which might well have started the strongest nerves of the stoutest man."

"Elizabeth!" shrieked Elsie, in a genuine terror which there was no mistaking.

"I must not lose sight of the woman," I must do it! Alone—I must lose it! And all no use—I tell you, no use!"

"Oh, dear! dear! dear! Get up! Don't look so! Oh, for heaven's sake! Besie, Besie, Besie!"

Elsie threw herself upon the floor beside her sister, crying in her agony, "Oh, my dear mother, my dear mother!"

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ness, but it is too deeply rooted in my nature ever to be eradicated. When I look about the world and see cities, and nations, and empires, and I think what might be his life and those of all omniscient beings, I think what I should do under such circumstances."

"Elizabeth," I could not endure it. You are my life, and my dear mother, my dear mother!"

"But I tell you that I could bear her sorrow which came to me through my wish than through the thought that I should be a girl by her side, as I have, I know, it is an inherited pride, but which, by right, comes down from father to son, and which, by right, comes down from mother to daughter."

"But Elsie is safe—in your hands quite safe. I rest upon that thought. I remember her levelness, her life, and her sweet childish ways, and I can at peace again."

"That was the letter (George) Malin had written of his escape, and the three who said reading it is the presence of that letter, I think, I think that when Elsie had finished up the letters, I think them passionately, and had them away."

"Perhaps it is the last time," she murmured.

"The last time!" I wish I didn't wish! Let the day pass!"

She began walking up and down the room again, breathing slowly as she might not disturb Elsie, but she was so much agitated by the sight of the letter, the only next moment to be kept aside by the black waves of her agony and her fear.

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BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Philadelphia: B. Peterson & Brother.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND REPORTS. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brother.

This interesting book, in a popular and cheap form, the "Life of President Lincoln," Speeches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages, &c., and is a valuable addition to the library of every student of history, and a remarkably low price.

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THE SCROOGLING'S GARLAND. Parts I and II. By M. C. M. KIRKLAND. New York: Scribner's Sons.

Simultaneously with the death of Mr. Kirkland, the author of "The Scroogling's Garland," is also offered, and cannot fail to meet an extended sale.

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THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BANKS'S ARMY, IN THE ADVANCE ON SHERWOOD, CROSSING CAKE RIVER, MARCH 31.—SCULPTED BY G. S. C. E. H. BOWEN.



THE WAYS OF THE ARMY.—NEGRO RECRUITS TAKING THE CARE FOR NEARBY NEGRO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. MILLER.

NEGRO RECRUITS.

There abounds negro recruits taking the care to Marchington comes in and contrast with the scenes at Fort Pulaski. The negroes under the service of the Government, and as implied promises of protection. But in spite of their voluntary enlistment, in spite of their indignation at Milliken's head and Fort Wagner, they are hatched in cold blood, and scarcely a word of indignation or sympathy is expressed, and government is as inert to retaliate as though it were of no importance.

BRIG.-GEN. J. G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph GILBERT TOTTEN was at the head of the corps of Engineers, the most thorough branch of the service, to which only the most accomplished graduates of the military are assigned. He was a veteran and a man of high attainments. He was born in Connecticut, in 1798, and entered the Military Academy on the 4th November, 1820, receiving his first commission, that of 2d Lieutenant of Engineers, on the 1st July, 1821, nearly 20 years ago. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1830, Paymaster and Captain in 1835, was Chief Engineer in the campaign on the Niagara in 1837, was a brevet of Major for his gallantry at Fort George, and of Lieutenant-Colonel for his conduct at the battle of Plattsburgh, in 1847, for he was here, too, Chief Engineer. He received a Major's commission in 1851, and Lieutenant-Colonel's in 1854. Ten years after he was made Colonel and Principal Engineer. During the Mexican war his services were called into requisition; he was twice Chief Engineer at Vera Cruz, when he won the brevet of Brigadier-General, and in the third war of the century stood at the head of his important department, having been recommended a Brigadier-General, March 30, 1855. He died at Washington on Saturday, the 23d of April, 1864.

The War Department has ordered appropriate honors to be paid to his memory. During the 36 years that he was at the head of the Engineers' Department he administered with untiring devotion, spotless integrity and signal ability the varied duties, the manual, mechanical and professional labors of that arm of the service. Our extended line of coast and lake defenses are enduring monuments to his memory.

THE CAVES AT VICKSBURG.

Our readers will recollect the caves in which the inhabitants of Vicksburg took refuge during the siege, which we so copiously illustrated. A Southern lady has just published a work entitled "The Caves at Vicksburg," (London, New York), which gives a thrilling account of them and life in them. Speaking of the running of the batteries, she says: "Some of the gentlemen urged the ladies to go down into the cave at the back of the house, and acted on my going, if alone. While I hesitated, feeling to remain, five striking shells witnessed the termination of the engagement, a shell exploded near the side of the house. Four instantly decided to run, guided by one of the ladies, who pointed down the steep slope of the hill, and I followed her lead for a short time. I was contemplating the best way of descending the hill, when I was comprehending the best way of saving myself, and I was running to the cave, half sitting and running. My feet were so much soiled with mud, blood and dirt, that I could not walk."

month of the one or two more exploded on the side of the hill near me. Breakfast and dinner, I found the kitchen and run in, having left my money slip upon the table. "Our dinner, breakfast and supper boxes were quite irregular. When the shells were falling that the servants' cases in the safety, and our meals waited for completion some little length of time; again they would fall slowly with the layers of many minutes, and out would start the cooks to their work. Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and unbailed on it with milk—providing their crews were not killed—from our milking them to another without any more cooking, until called on to replenish. Though most of us lived on corn bread and beans, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in the water, I had some flour and frequently had some hard, tough biscuits made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could also procure beer. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer us his camp bed, a narrow spring mattress, which fitted within the contracted cover very comfortably; another had his tent fly stretched over the mouth of our residence, to shield us from the sun and storm. I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions, and in looking back to my trials at that time, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kind ones with which they strove to ward off every slight affliction. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the earth, and reaching six feet from the entrance, forming a cave in the shape of a T. In one end of the wings my tent and other I used as a kind of dressing room, in this the earth has been cut down a foot or two below the floor of the main cave; I could stand erect here, and when a fire of shells in other portions of my residence lowered myself into it and stood impressively near the fall height—one of the ventilators in the still shell exposed my life.

Cave were the fashion, the rage, ever besieged Vicksburg. Negroes, who understood their business, hired through me eight or ten from \$20 to \$30, according to the size. Many persons considering different beautiful shades, would still allow to others who had been less fortunate or less provident, and so great was the demand for ever workmen that a new branch of industry sprang up and became popular, particularly as the personal safety of the workmen was secured, and money wretched."

Mrs. Fry on Umbrellas.

"Art" said Mrs. Fry, "umbrellas have a good deal of character; after all. They express themselves very well; much better than their owners sometimes. I can tell, sitting at a window of a cloudy day, just where every passing umbrella comes from. People can deceive you by assuming false expressions, but umbrellas can't."

"That thin, black gentled, silk umbrella, coming up the street, can't be more than a month old. It is a young umbrella, bought in a dry season, and only used on the first time. If it was older, or had been seen by many friends, it wouldn't look as it does now; it would have been barrowed and smashed."

"That blue thing, now, with a hole in the top and stray bones sticking out of it, is the umbrella a friend lent you. It has the look; I'd know it anywhere. You were caught there in the rain, and she said: 'It's a shame to spoil that sweet bonnet; I'll try to find an umbrella' and you know of two black silks, a gingham and an opera, and hope for one. But so; the thing was the product of her researches. It is an umbrella kept to lend a friend."

"That is bad enough."

"But a neighbor's loan of an umbrella is always wrong. One two of the tops are fastened to the wharves; the top has been fastened on with a piece of old wire. The string, of course, is off; and when the sun comes shining out, and you point to them it down, it forms a holy hue, at which people stare and grin. And no wonder—is it full of holes! The handle is broken short in the middle and it holds its own that had a long, sharp and it to hold it by! That was lent me by my landlady, a Jewess."

"The umbrellas that have been stolen might as well have pickpocket placed upon it. It is always shabby-gentled. People watch their umbrellas well in the first glass of success, and stolen umbrellas are not cared for as they have been, because they cost their owners nothing but a pocket of conviction, and confidence doesn't amount to much in 1864."



739 LATE BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Restored according to Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 450—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1864.

TERMS: \$1 50 YEARLY,
14 WEEKS \$1 00.

The War in Virginia—The Prospect a Short and Decisive Campaign.

We are on the verge of the most momentous struggle of the war. Before this article shall have passed into the hands of our readers the chosen battleground of old Virginia, if not precipitately evacuated by the enemy, may be haptised anew in a deluge of blood, and her ancient hills may be shaken as by the throes of an earthquake. We believe that from the smoke of the conflict the flag of the Union will be advanced to the high places of the rebel capital, that the armies which Gen. Grant has summoned around him cannot be successfully resisted; that his plans and combinations are adapted to meet all possible emergencies; that



BOARDHOUSE OF EX-GOVERNOR NORTON, AT YERHLAND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. R. S. DAVID.—SEE PAGE 10.

he has the enemy within his powerful grasp; that the campaign will be "short, sharp and decisive," and that the fatal hour to the rebellion is near at hand.

We have not forgotten our disappointments resulting from each of the Virginia campaigns of 1861, '62 and '63. But all those reverses may be traced to that one grand mistake of scattering instead of concentrating our forces, and if the dearly purchased victories of our Potomac Army have been without substantial fruits, it has been in consequence of wasting delays in following up the enemy. This was the Austrian system of warfare against the little Corsican. The opposite or Napoleonic system of concentration and activity, which has reclaimed an Empire in the



1. Major C. Van Hook; 2. First Lieut. Charles B. Cary; 3. Col. James Grant Wilson; 4. Col. Horace B. Morgan; 5. Lieut. Col. William S. Abert; 6. Col. E. G. Beckwith; 7. Brig. Gen. Charles F. Brown; 8. Col. John S. Clark; 9. Major Gen. M. P. B. Pike; 10. Col. S. B. Huggins; 11. Brig. Gen. Howard A. Wood; 12. Colonel J. S. Crosby; 13. Brig. Gen. A. S. Lee; 14. Capt. Wm. B. Rice; 15. Lieut. Col. George W. Sapp; 16. Major G. Thomas Fisher; 17. Major E. H. Alexander; 18. Captain Charles L. Holley.
MEMORIAL DATES AND STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. JACOB, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 110.



THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE AT THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, APRIL 23.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

AMERICA claims Shakespeare as part of her heritage for the anniversary of the great poet. Yet we may look in vain for any testimonials that give evidence of this feeling.

The Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth naturally aroused enthusiastic interest as well as in England. The erection of a statue in the Central Park was soon suggested, and Saturday, April 23d, witnessed the interesting event of laying the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of Shakespeare.

The Country Club, which initiated the movement, invited the direction of the affair to Mr. Hackett, the well-known actor.

The weather lent its pleasant countenance to the scene. The Park was as still more beautiful by the presence of charming young ladies, among others, Miss Fremont, Mrs. Judge Daly, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Virginia, Charlotte, Miss Rose Kynline. The main portion were presided by the Rev. Dr. Geogard, Father Hickey, Judge Daly, Horwath, the artist, Lewis Thompson, the sculptor, to whom various points are likely to be selected to execute the statue, the Hon. Henry A. Raymond, C. B. Sprenger and Nicholson, of the Press, Hilditch, the poet, Augustus Sabin, the author, Messrs. Woodruff of Fifth Avenue, Henry of Water Garden, and Governor of Chamber street, Philadelphia, Messrs. V. H. Water Garden, &c. In the evening tickets were given at Niblo's and Winter Garden for this object. Mr. Whytler and Mr. Hackett playing Palace and Empire Hall in "Henry IV." at the former, and Mr. Edwin Booth, Miss Jones and Mr. Edwin James playing Romeo and Juliet and Fitz Laurence at the latter. The re-

lated at Niblo's were \$1,250, and at the Winter Garden \$1,000, the largest amount ever received on one night at that house.

It is intended to organize similar benefits in every town throughout the country, and doubtless will

be estimated at \$3,000—the cost of the statue by Washington on Union Square. About \$1,000 is already raised.

The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Park, one of the most attractive and delightful

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AMERICA, 1864.

At 12 o'clock the ceremony commenced with a performance by the Band, after which Mr. A. H. Green read the act of authorization. Judge Daly then delivered an appropriate address, and Mr. Hackett then laid the stone. This closing scene is conducted by our Artist. We trust that before many months it will be our pleasing task to present a view of the inauguration of the statue itself.

RESIDENCE AND SUGAR MILL

Of Ex-Governor Houston.

As additional illustrations of the success of operations in Louisiana, we give two pleasing sketches of the residence and sugar mill of Ex-Gov Alexander Houston, of Louisiana, the same we believe who, as the great Gen. Monro, was killed at the recent battle with Gen. Banks. His fine estates are situated on Vermilion Bayou, on a rich and highly-productive tract, one of the richest sugar regions in the South.



RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR ALEX. HOUSTON, VERMILION BAYOU, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BOWWILL.

the Committee become more enlarged, and widens a little more the sphere of its operations, large private subscriptions will be obtained. No design for the statue has been yet conceived, but the sum to be

within the limits of the ground. A grass streak of and surrounded with rope protects the excavation, in which rest an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

Individual who benefited his own country, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—FLORENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. VON GRIEZE.—SEE PAGE 110.



VIEW FROM PATTERSON PARK, OF LODGENOR'S HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. WHEELER.—SEE PAGE 110.

WHY.

BY JENNIE K. GIBBITH.

YOU SAW HER dead in her rosewood case,
That was freed with silver and lined with lace,
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,
And silver rings whiter than milk,
Folds of linen like snowy drift
Over the honon so breath might lift.
White hands crossed, and pong and show,
Hiding the heart that was brock below.



Had I but known that the little hands
Held faithful dower of gold and lands,
I could have worshipped and waiked aside,
Content in loving, my love to hide—
For their palms had touched me, and evermore
Life would have brimmed with the ecstasy
o'er,
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from
sleep,
With tropical fanners the memory keep.
As star answers star to the twilight of earth,
So a love in her honon like my love had birth.
I kneel to recall th, the love of that girl—
For the gift was an omnia, and son-poor;
All of the wealth of her womanly soul,
Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole;
For how could they give her to such as I?
So my darling is dead, and that is why.

ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott.

I HONOR my roll that day of the quiet
woman who kept the babyhood near my poor lodg-
ing. I liked her ways; she always folded my pur-
chase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with
a little bow and a smile-pleasure. "Thank you,"
which dignified the petty transaction and cost my
penny no pang. At the corner I paused to decide
where I should dine. A simple process, one would
fancy for the bread composed my meal. But, not
being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll
in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose
from—the Park in fine weather, a certain read-
ing-room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and
I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for
hunger had not yet reached his unendurable stage.
The room was deserted by all occupants but the
librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a list
of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove
surrounded my dinner behind a book, and then fell
to breakfast moodily over the desolate state of my

finances and prospects, the first consisting of a
single dollar, the last of slow star-ation or manual
labor, if I could bring myself to do. An abrupt ex-
clamation from the old gentleman roused me, for
it had a hopeful sound.
"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such
a premium."
"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page.
"Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell. I'll
inquire if you like."
"No, I couldn't have him, if you did. But if
you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a
moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know,
Page."
"I will, sir."
The old gentleman put down the list of newly-
arrived books which he had been examining, and
drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove
a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and
address him.
"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overbearing
your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."
"Have you any references or recommendations
to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, frowning.
I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered
to my patrons for the last month. He read the
very flattering letter from a well-known scholar
whom I had served as secretary for a year, and
seemed inclined to try me.
"Write—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give
me a sample of your writing; here's pen and
paper."
I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the

open book I had been reading, dashed off by my
signature in several different styles.
"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's
this? So you understand Italian, do you?"
"Yes, sir, perfectly, I believe."
The old gentleman meditated, and while doing
so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in
which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I
practiced it by saying briefly:
"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's
son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of
employment, and ready to do anything for my daily
bread."
"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentle-
man, almost starting me with the energy of his
emphasis on that first word.
"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where
one does not hesitate long between almost any
humiliation and absolute want."
I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to
please him, for the story in mobility of his face
relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction
crept over it.
"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my
address."
And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old
gentleman walked away.
Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I pre-
sented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily
set at work in his very comfortable office. The
whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the
better for that, and the more eccentric the old
lady appeared the more I desired to remain with

him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He
seemed to take a fancy to me, engaged me for a
week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then
sent me away by informing me that my secret
service I was next intended.
As the clock struck five Mr. North wiped his face
wheeled about in his chair, and set walking till I
finished my last page.
"Mr. Gyle, I have a proposition to make," he



Copying the Work on Italian History and Politics.

begins, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but
I have no explanation to give, and you can easily
refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the
first, but desired to test your capabilities before
offering you a better situation. A certain person
wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted
for the post. You wish independence, agreeable
duties and the surroundings of a gentleman. This
place will give you all of these, for the salary is lib-
eral, the labor light, the society excellent. One con-
dition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If
you will pledge me your word to keep that omnia
secret, whether you accept it or not, I will men-
tion it."
"I do, sir."
"For reasons, the justice and importance of
which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty
to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what
passes in this person's house. I think you are
well fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me
you were ready to do anything for your bread
which was not a crime; this is none. Do you
accept the place and the condition?"
"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"
"Exactly, to any extent that your interest,
integrity and courage prompt you. It is neces-
sary that I should have a daily witness of the
events that occur in that family for the next month
at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer
you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult
one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old
man who has little more to expect of life, I assure
you that no wrong is intended, and that you will
never have cause to regret your compliance. Let
me add that at the end of your service, be it short
or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and
be subjected to no questions, no detection, no
danger or suspicion of any kind."
"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"
"Utterly."
"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I
am forwarding?"
"Never."
"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind
obedience?"
"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to
decide whether you will."
Yet a feature of the old man's face had vanished
from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eyes
searched me while he spoke, and when he passed



The Author and his Amanuensis.



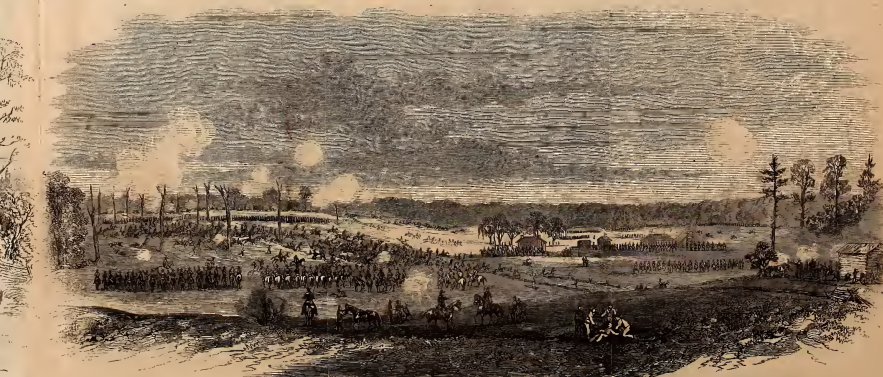
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL, BETWEEN GENERAL BANKS AND THE REBELS



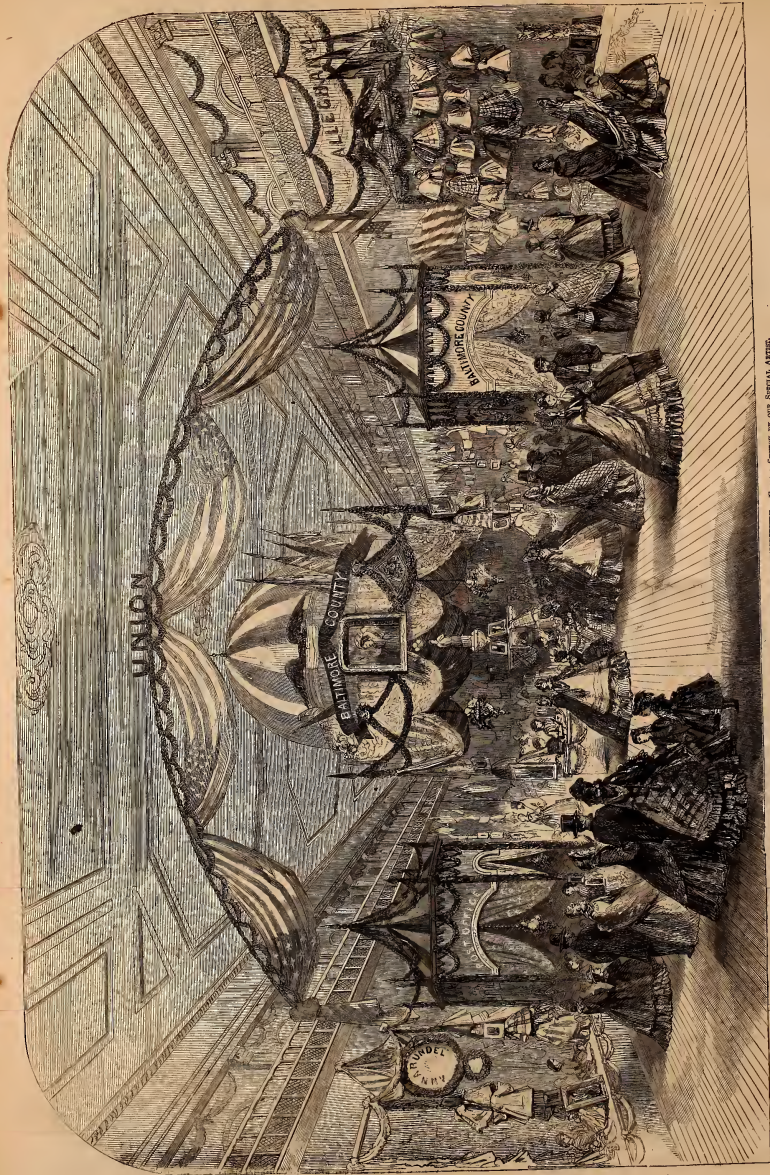
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF WILSON'S PLANTATION, BETWEEN GEN. LEE AND THE REBEL GEN. GREEN, APRIL 7.—SEE PAGE 113.



THE REBEL GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BRIDWELL.—SEE PAGE 11.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, BETWEEN GEN. BANKS AND GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 8.—SEE PAGE 116.



THE BALTIMORE SANITARY FAIR AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.—FROM A PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BRIG-GEN. T. E. RANSOM, U. S. V.—SEE PAGE 119.



COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 10TH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY.—SEE PAGE 119.

THE SANITARY FAIR AT BALTIMORE.

The great success of the Sanitary Fairs in New York and Brooklyn is stimulating other cities to renew the enterprise. We give in the course of this week

a sketch of the Fair at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, made on the spot by one of our Special Artists. It was inaugurated on the 24th of April by President Lincoln, who went in person, accompanied by Speaker Collis and Senator Wilson. The contribution of all

kinds are very fine and attractive, and such is the chance of feeling in Baltimore that the Fair cannot fail to command great success. As the Sanitary Commission extends its forces to all the suffering of other

of charitable feelings away. In connection with this we give a view from Fort Detrick's park on Independence Hall, which will be readily recognized and admired by those who visit the City of Monumental to attend the great Sanitary Fair.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—THE REBEL RAM ALBATROSS SINKING THE SOUTHFIELD AT PLYMOUTH, APRIL 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

RECENT BATTLES IN LOUISIANA.

Battle of Wilson's Plantation. GEN. BATES took camp at Natchitoches on the 17th of April. On the following morning he moved on to the contrary camp, and on the 18th he was ready to move before him again, and the enemy were ready to fight before him again. The running fight was kept up for 3 miles and the army was two miles beyond Pike's Hill.

On Friday a portion of Gen. Banks's forces was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, four miles from the town of Mansfield. Gen. Lee, with 4,000 men, was completely defeated, and was severely wounded. He was taken to the rear, and was held in a prison. He was taken to the rear, and was held in a prison. He was taken to the rear, and was held in a prison.

Battle of Pleasant Hill.

On Saturday morning all Gen. Banks's forces were ordered to the rear. The enemy were two miles from the town of Pleasant Hill. The enemy were two miles from the town of Pleasant Hill. The enemy were two miles from the town of Pleasant Hill.

The attacking was kept up with considerable force until about five o'clock in the afternoon. The attacking was kept up with considerable force until about five o'clock in the afternoon. The attacking was kept up with considerable force until about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Now came the great day of battle. The 10th, on arriving at the top of the hill, the 10th, on arriving at the top of the hill, the 10th, on arriving at the top of the hill, the 10th, on arriving at the top of the hill, the 10th, on arriving at the top of the hill.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE, U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. BY DEGRAAF & TAYLOR, (FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF), No. 57 Bowery, New York.

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The best as well as the cheapest any in use. Retail price, \$5 each. Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

MADAME BENEDETTI'S Millinery & Dressmaking Establishment, in New style with Every Imported Goods of the Season. 115 WASHINGTON PLACE, NEW YORK. 00

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GORAUD'S Italian Medicated Soap. It is the best soap ever used. It is the best soap ever used. It is the best soap ever used. It is the best soap ever used. It is the best soap ever used.

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NEW Army Watches. ABNARD & CO. Importers, 315 Broadway, N. Y. We have a large stock of Army Watches. We have a large stock of Army Watches.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 30, 1864, which provides that all Bonds and Certificates shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or Municipal Authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are invited by the Government, and are made at the rate of 100 per cent. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN GOLD, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than five nor more than ten years from their date, and will bear interest FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN GOLD, on Bonds not over one year from their date, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

Instructions in the National Banks setting a loan against the Bonds are issued. Also all other Bonds. They will be paid in Gold, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than five nor more than ten years from their date, and will bear interest FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN GOLD, on Bonds not over one year from their date, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

NATIONAL BANKS which are depositaries of Public money, and all RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application.

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS. GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! 100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c. WORTH \$500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and to be paid for until you know what you will get. They are sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and to be paid for until you know what you will get.

Who Makes the Best ARTIFICIAL LEGS? The following correspondence will explain itself.

CINCINNATI, March 8, 1863. Dear Sir:—In view of an artificial leg, I do not know what you are doing, and I do not know what you are doing, and I do not know what you are doing.

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY'S NEW UNION PLAYING CARDS. National Emblems.

Mr. Fulton, Cincinnati, O. Dear Sir:—I have just received and examined them. You say you put opinion on the cards, and I have just received and examined them. You say you put opinion on the cards, and I have just received and examined them.

Advantages the Metallic Line over all others. A. I. guaranteed in all cases, as is itself. A. I. guaranteed in all cases, as is itself. A. I. guaranteed in all cases, as is itself.

I have had much experience in my Improved Metallic Leg. I have had much experience in my Improved Metallic Leg. I have had much experience in my Improved Metallic Leg.

Fontaine Pen—No Inkstand Required. Also all other Pens. Also all other Pens. Also all other Pens.

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Agents and Sole Importers in New York City. Agents and Sole Importers in New York City. Agents and Sole Importers in New York City.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 451—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. 52 IN YEARLY.
25 WEEKS \$2 00.]

The War—The Beginning of the End.
The results which have attended the opening of the grand campaign in Virginia indicate that our anticipations of last week are in rapid course of fulfilment. East and West, in Virginia and in Georgia, the armies and the combinations of Gen. Grant are moving with irresistible force upon the last remaining armies and strongholds of the rebellion.
The defeat of Lee and the capture of Richmond, or the overthrow of Joe Johnson and the capture of Atlanta, will be fatal to Jeff Davis and his Confederacy. In striking at Richmond we strike at the head of the rebellion, and in striking into Atlanta we reach the heart of it. The moral effect of the loss of Richmond among the armies and the people of

the rebellious States must inevitably, we think, precipitate the final demoralization of their Confederate Utopia and bring it to a speedy dissolution. Their inflated financial bubbles collapse at once, and with the military barriers of the James river broken down, the whole intervening country to Georgia is laid open to our victorious army of the Potomac. There will be no place of refuge for Davis and his Cabinet and Congress, where they can feel secure to the end of the summer, and no projecting line of defences which cannot easily be turned. In a word, ejected from Richmond and Virginia, Davis, his governmental establishments, his armies and his exhausted people are all thrown into confusion and are all adrift. Thus the overthrow of Lee's army and the fall

of Richmond will, even though Gen. Sherman were standing still meantime, be speedily fatal to the rebel cause.
On the other hand, if Gen. Grant's armies in Virginia were to do nothing more than to hold at bay the rebel forces enclosed within his converging lines, while Gen. Sherman's columns in the West are moving upon Atlanta, the rebel capital itself, and the States of Virginia and North Carolina, would in a very short time become untenable to the enemy, in being cut off from his supplies of subsistence, which are now mainly furnished from the last year's Indian corn crops of Georgia and Alabama and from the cattle of Florida. What possible contingency, then, can prevent the general dissolution of the so-called Southern Con-

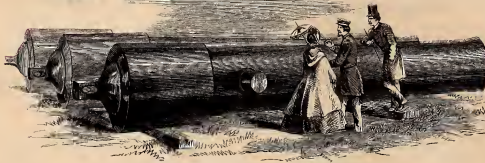
federacy, when the Union armies, moving upon both Richmond and Atlanta, are too powerful to be successfully resisted or evaded?
We are writing in advance of any reported positive Union victory in Virginia, beyond the occupation of last week's battlefield of the Wilderness and the capture of Petersburg. We accept these great initial advantages, however, as clearly determining the final issue of the campaign. We believe that Lee has so far exhausted his strength in his desperate efforts to break the lines of Gen. Meade, that his only alternative is a hasty retreat to Richmond; and that should he reach the city without further interruption, his next step must be to abandon it, in order to recover his vital communications with the South. The campaign



REBEL ATTACK ON GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN AT MANASSAS, VA., APRIL 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 155.



THE PROVOGUE GUARD IN NEW ORLEANS TAKING UP WARRANT NEGROES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHIFF.



TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON AT THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

ARREST OF VAGRANT NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE Federal occupation of New Orleans produced, as in other parts, a decided effect on the slave population. The bonds of the patriarchal institution were sensibly weakened. The slave with the idea of freedom had not realized the idea of labor, and were in a state of perfect bewilderment. Many wandered around the streets, so many in fact as to become a growing evil. To cut this floating population to work was soon a necessity, and the struggle was regularly taken up by the authorities, and employment on Government works at a fair rate of remuneration, unless they preferred to submit to the negro regimen. Our artist probably portrays the mode of arresting and the influence on the children of Africa, denied by the first glimpse of the sun of freedom.

Some commentators believe that, others announce, others that subsequent expression of fun which so often tears up the negro as the trash of his.

TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON.

THE recent articles given in our columns on the Rodman gun dispense with any elaborate description of the two pound rifled cannon which we illustrate. These terrible engines of war were elaborately manufactured recently to the rebels by the Alabama. Already sufficiently formidable, was being mounted a large rifled cannon of this shape captured from it.

BALTIMORE HARBOR.

THE recent Sanitary Fair at Baltimore drew many to it, and few could fail to mark the difference

between the city in 1861 and 1864. In our last we gave a view of the interior of the Fair which has just closed, after a most successful career. We also give a view in this city, taken from Loudenslager's hill, still showing the works thrown up by Rogers' battery in 1861, and the fence-enclosed magazine. The harbor, with Fort Mifflin in the distance, could be seen as you looked over Canton. Today we give a view of the harbor, showing Lookout point, and the railroad wharf, as it was seen on an occasion of interest that drew numbers of boats to that usually more quiet and less stirring spot.

THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

An officer in the blockading fleet off Mobile would in an accurate sketch of the rebel ram Tennessee, built to defend Mobile, and a most formidable affair. Our readers will remember their excitement a month ago on reading the following paragraph, which, unfortunately, proved to be merely a piece of wood.

"The rebel ram Tennessee was struck by a squall on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's pass, causing her to heel over and sink. But two feet of her masts, her deck, and her mainmast, were left above water. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consisted of ten 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and twenty or thirty small pieces."

The hungry month no more readily finds a than the hungry mind made truth.



THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE, BUILT BY THE REBELS TO PROTECT MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



BALTIMORE HARBOUR, FROM FELL'S POINT, SHOWING LOOKOUT POINT AND THE BALABERTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHRELL.—SEE PAGE 127.

ON BROADWAY.

BY EVA W. FERBER.

A wave of streamers—a stifled hum,
Then the ringing of cheers from the
walk high,
And the sound of bugle and life and drum,
As proudly the troops came marching by.



Marching by with their measured tread,
All bronzed by the sun of the Southern land,
Bayonets gleaming and banners spread—
The dauntless of heart and the strong of
hand,
Oh, the old blood warmed in my veins that
day,
And the leaves leaped up so thick and so
proud
I scarcely could see the street or the crowd,
As home came the regiment up Broadway.

For you see it was two long years before—
Ah me! they had seemed so many more—
When the leaves were green on the tender
thorn,
And the linnets were singing amid the corn,
When my boy Charlie went marching away
With the gallant hundred of Company A.
He was young of mien—he was slender and
fair,
With his laughing eyes and his yellow hair;
But dauntless as any, so loyal and true,
The lad of his heart in his soldier blue!
'Twas a dark and dreadful day, you know,
And what could I do but to bid him go,
And pray that God would take care of the
rest?

Though he was my all, and 'twas hard at
heart,
Ah, there was never a doubt or a pause
When he pledged his fresh young life to the
cause—
'Twas a heart's free gift, but I knew, at last,
The pain was over—the waiting past,
And that was why I was glad that day,
When I heard the sound of bugle and drum,
When I saw them coming so gallantly home—
My brave boy's regiment up Broadway!

Steadily—steadily, ah, what a sight
For my old dim eyes, when the noonday
light
Fell on them close in the crowded way—
I looked for the banner of Company A.
It was there—high-waving, I saw it again,
From the battle's baptism of purple rain,

Pierced with the bullet, and rest with the
ball;
And the faces beneath it—I looked at them
all—
I looked at them all, but the sunny hair
And the eyes of my darling, they were not
there.
They were not there with their sparkle and
shine,
Nor any where gleaming along the line,
And not reaching backward to and fro
The street and the crowd they seemed to go
I pressed through the ranks so brown and
tall,
I asked where my darling had might be—
"Killed in the trenches!" they answered me
"Killed in the trenches!"—and that was
all.

Under the light of that noonday sky,
Where the cheers of the crowd rang long
and high,
To the sound of the music, so gallant and
gay,
On went the regiment up Broadway.

I never shall look on my darling again
When the linnets are singing amid the grain.
Oh gallant lad, oh ringlets of gold,
Oh blue eyes hid in the trenches' mould,
All that the wide world had for me
I have laid at the shrine of Liberty!

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And for his sweet sake to-day I stand
By the loneliest hearthstones in all the land,
Listening to hear his voice through the
rain—
His voice that never will come again.
But I stand with my face to the golden west,
And I wait in patience for what is best,
And the white stars look on me as I pray
That unto my heart one hoon be given—
Some happy morning to meet in heaven
My gallant soldier of Company A.

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old watchdog. Anxious to see how he would
explain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:
"What is that light among the leaves, does the
roof burn?"
"Oh, no, monsieur, it is my master's studio.
He paints as he does everything else—directly.
For that room he took the cottage; an artist habit,
and though he does little else, he often lingers
there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so ho-
mely a happy morning to meet in heaven
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ENIGMAS.

BY MISS L. M. ALCOCK.

(Continued from No. 426.)

Just then—Found the house silent as a tomb,
And fancy the sound of carriage wheels which had
woken me at dawn was the only farewell I shall re-
ceive from poor madam. A long, quiet day, Noel
returned at dusk, and went straight to his room.
I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane and
watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed
with light, and but for the appearance of Pierre in
the garden I should have been tempted to ex-
ecute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of
the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the
footpath which turns into the lane from the fields.
Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as
these madonnas are my favorite walk, and my as-
sumption of simplicity has quite blinded his



The Spy's Reward.

and an explanation I could not but believe it, and
saying I should go in and read, I left him. From
my window I watched him far along the avenue,
he and the make chatting in the grave, knew that
madam's nurse had gone with her from a word
Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that any time
had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deep-
ening into night; a light wind was blowing that
filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house
was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear-
ertainment is my element, during my delight, and
I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dis-
honorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western
wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did
I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose
stem, being braced for many feet above the
ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means.
Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the
first bough which topped the roof. With cautious
steps I picked my way, reaching low and making
no sound louder than the whispers of the wind.
The window was closed, and all I heard was a
murmur of voices, but perceiving the leaves at one
obscure corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft
colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot
tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly.
Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, look-
ing like a humorously indolent young scion, in
crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He
was laughing, and till then I had never seen the
real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, dis-
trust or melancholy had veiled it from me, but at
last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing
was impossible to me as he. His white throat
was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands
clasped about his head, and as he laughed he
bounced a sprightly air in which a svelte voice
joined fitfully.

As first he alone was visible, but soon down the
long room came a woman dressing like an air.
Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore
some foreign dress, brilliant and piquant, a lowly
neck and arms show white against the gold and
scarlet of her bodice, and bare feet were scarcely
seen to touch the carpet. Her eyes glistened
through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet,
red mouth was smiling, and as she paced the
blown no art can give depicted beautifully on her
check.



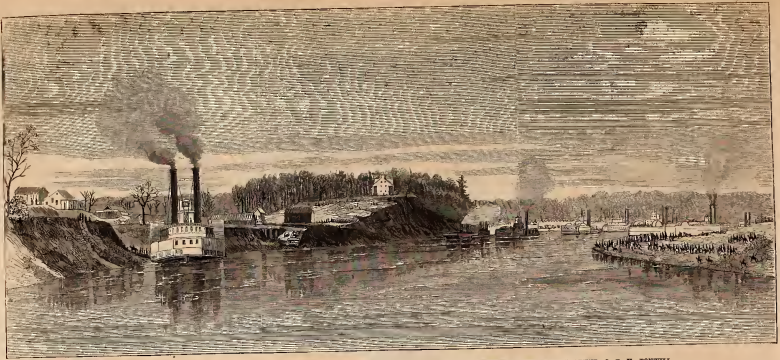
The Envy-copier watching the Two Sisters.



COLUMBIA LEADING ON



HER SONS TO VICTORY.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GRAND EGORE, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAND EGORE—THE FIRST MISSOURI BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.

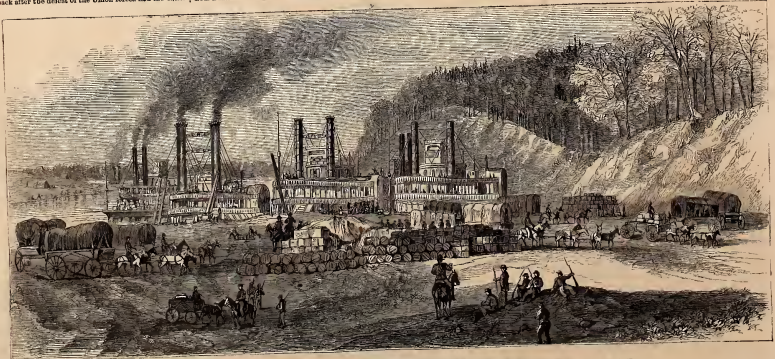
GRAND EGORE, LA.

This is the spot to which Gen. Banks fell back after the defeat of the Union forces and the battle

of Flower's Hill. It is just above Natchitoches, on the Red river, and derives its name from the great bluff on which it stands. During his company of the point Gen. Banks threw up extensive fortifications, a part of

which the 1st Missouri battery, Levi's, Colman commanding, protecting the road to Natchitoches, our artist represents in his sketch. These temporary works were made of logs and snags.

The house on the bluff in the view of Grand Egore itself is the residence of Col. De Bussy, Chief Engineer of the Trans-Mississippi Department in the Confederate service.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—LANDING SUPPLIES AT GRAND EGORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.



THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE—CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. D. HOGUE.

MINNIE GREY.

BY J. H. WEBB.

A VERY strange little being was Minnie, Parson Grey's daughter. So beautiful, yet so hideously wild. I see her now, in imagination, with her large, hollow black eyes, slender fingers and delicate little nose; and I see, too, that expression of settled melancholy that always appeared upon her face.

Minnie and I had been friends, companions, schoolmates, almost from infancy. Our families were close neighbors, and as Minnie had no brother to guard her from harm during the school term, I was only too happy to supply a brother's place. And I remember, too, as I now look back through the many years that have passed, how curious my male schoolmates were at my guardianship, and how often I received a braided bond for defending myself and my little lady from the taunts, the sneers and the jeers of braggart boys.

Was it strange, then, that our friendship should grow with our youth, and strengthen with our strength? And was it strange that when youth ripened into maturity the friendship of school-days should transform itself into a warmer passion—a more than fraternal feeling?



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When I left the little country town, the home of my youth, to accept a situation in the metropolis, the old story had passed between us—'not me.' She would patiently wait a few years for the realization of my dreams of worldly prosperity, and then—

But enough of that. Life in the city was anything but pleasant to me at first. My business seemed tedious and dull; every thing was new and strange to me, and I heartily wished myself back in the little village with the friends of my youth—with Minnie. But I struggled hard to dispel these melancholy feelings, remembering the stake for which I was to play in the game of life—and conquered.

Those precious little missives which I weekly received from Minnie. What a comfort they were to me in my loneliness, and how they served me on to use every energy for advancement and ultimate success. And that tender, loving, yet self-indulgent sentiment which pervaded all her letters—how it reminded me of the little dark-eyed beauty's nature—a pen picture of her inner being.

But time passed on—one, two, three years, and with it my notions of city life underwent a gradual though material change. The strange scenes had become familiar; the bustle and confusion of city



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SECURITYVILLE, NEAR CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 135.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 452—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1864.

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The Clouds Lifting—The Day Breaking.
The stupendous military operations of the last two weeks in Virginia and Georgia, and the great and significant Union successes at-

tending them, will admit of but one interpretation. They disclose a system of combinations and co-operative forces on the part of Gen. Grant, which, under his skilful and energetic direction, must speedily put an end to the

rebellion. The clouds are lifting, the day is breaking in the East, and the golden hour of the nation's deliverance is near. The dislodgment of the main rebel army under Gen. Lee from that extensive district

of almost impenetrable jungle, south of the Rapidan river, known as "the Wilderness," though not a positive victory to us, was to him a fatal disaster. That difficult field to an invader, of hills and hollows, thick woods and



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND MAJOR-GEN. MEADE IN CONVERSATION.—AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 148.

underbrush grown by over old exhausted and disheartened abolitionists. Gen. Lee had deliberately chosen for a crushing surprise to his enemy. For this purpose, vastly inferior as he was in numbers, he had selected for his force, this "Wilderness," inaccessible to artillery or cavalry, was already selected. In thus restricting the battle field to a narrow strip, the rebel army, being composed of able and earthwarriors and familiar with all the inequalities of the ground, possessed many advantages for defense and many disadvantages for attack. Strategically turned out of that strong position, the last chance of success to the rebel cause was thereby made void, and the outcome of the campaign was in the hands of Gen. Grant.

For weeks and months the deeply designing enemy had ostentatiously been busy in making a routeless advance into the loyal States, East and West. They had Longstreet's army, numbering 100,000 strong, having mounted an immense force for a retrograde movement, beyond the Rapidan, the main body of Lee's army, numbering 75,000 strong, having swept around the Shenandoah valley and across the Potomac, were thundering at the back door of Washington. To give credence to these reports, squad after squad of rebels hovered along the Edinburgs and Ohio railroad, gangs of freebooters for a short time secured the mountains of Lee and his 5,000 men while the average Gen. Forrest and his 5,000 square rangers, with fire and daughter in his track, lorded it over Western Kentucky and Tennessee. All these threatened retrograde demonstrations were simply intended to divert large bodies of Federal troops to the frontier of the loyal border States, while the rebel force were concentrating all their accessible forces into the army of Gen. Lee.

These important devices, however, were only secondary maneuvers. The main object they signally failed to divert him from his own plans and combinations. He saw that the strength of the rebellion was in Lee's army, and that it could be destroyed and the war from the day of his first arrival in Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant's energies were directed to the overthrow of Lee and his retrograde force. Now what are the plans of Gen. Grant for compassing these great objects? Comprehending the real design of the enemy, he first proceeds to strengthen the right arm of the Army of the Potomac—horse, foot and artillery. Next, to cut off Lee's reinforcements and supplies from the South, a force of 20,000 men, cavalry and infantry, is ordered to march along the James river. Next, to detach Lee's army and Richmond from the supplies of the Shenandoah and the Potomac, the army of the Shenandoah valley is detailed to give assistance to Gen. Johnston's army, and to fight the terrible Sherman, in overwhelming strength, with his face towards Atlanta, sweeps down from the plains from the mountains of West Virginia.

This, it is said, a formidable military cordon, but it may all be broken up if the Army of the Potomac can be invaded into a mass and cut to pieces, for then, yet once more, the danger to Washington will be the safety of Richmond. The battle of the "Wilderness" has settled that difficulty; and thus while Grant's combinations remain intact and are successful on every side, those of the enemy are thrown into confusion. East and West, the successful and inspiring successes which have followed the overthrowing of Gen. Lee are too deeply impressed upon the public mind to be easily obliterated here. It suffices that his shattered army is between two fires; that his communications and supply lines are cut off on every side; that while Richmond is in jeopardy, unless he flies to the rescue, inevitable capture or starvation awaits him in seeking a refuge within his own defenses; that his army, from sheer exhaustion and destitution, his disheartened and despairing army will soon be dispersed, and in passing to fight again he covets immediate destruction.

The final catastrophe to that gigantic imposture, the "Southern Confederacy" approach, is his huge numbers, his invincible resistances, his reckless self-sacrificing, savage and sanguinary resistances, his terrible punishment only ending in his absolute extinction, will soon be among the recollections of past years. The historian, in defining it, will say that, among all the revolutionary conspiracies on record, this Southern rebellion stands in its revolting audacity without a parallel in the vicissitudes of any nation of modern or ancient times; that there never has been a more suicidal of the earth a more desperate and suicidal a weaker and yet a more formidable rebellion than this; and that in its bloody overthrow, public life will stand as a warning, or as a beacon, to the ruling classes of every land under the sun till time shall be no more.

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To Correspondents.
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DECEASED.—Beesie Gray—First and Last One—Miss Hume—Miss Wallace—Irma—A. B. Beesie—See Notice.

Summary of the Week.
We are now witnesses of a decisive battle, perhaps of the culminating struggle of the war. The great movement in the South is accomplished in almost every State, both parties seem to have gathered up all available resources, called in all allies and concentrated in the great drama. The steps in a wide one indeed, as the operations extend from Dalton in Georgia to the advance of June river, by the movements are all planned by one mind, since at one object, and advance as one man. **VIRGIL.**

In our last week's summary we followed the operations down to Friday the 6th, when Grant had taken the city of Richmond. On Saturday, the 7th, he drew back and strengthened his right, and began with solid attack. By noon it was evident that Lee was retreating to Spotylvania and Cross Keys, abandoning Mine run was a dense forest with narrow paths, and a cavalry for North Anna. Grant pursued, and a cavalry battle ensued on the Cross Keys road. The cavalry, in which Torbert and Gregg repulsed the enemy, Lee, with his infantry, fled from Mine Run.

On Saturday evening Friedrichs was ordered. On Sunday, the 8th, Hancock and Burris led the pursuit. Warren took the Brook road, and coming up to the city of Richmond, he found the enemy in a position to take, in which the enemy were again driven back. We, however, held 300 (from Warpage) on the 9th, where the battle was fought, being severely wounded in the knee. Tuesday evening Grant pushed the 5th and 6th to the city of Richmond.

On Monday, the 5th, there was commanding and attacking, during which Gen. Sedgwick killed 2,000 men. On Tuesday, the 6th, Grant again advanced, Warren's 5th corps in the center, Hancock's 2d on the right, the 9th on the left, falling to take the city of Richmond. Grant attacked the rebel center, driving the enemy to his right, but suffering severely from falling to take the city of Richmond.

In the evening a second attack was made on Gen. Lipin, crossing the river, making, capturing 100 prisoners and several guns. On Wednesday, the 11th, there was heavy attacking, during which Gen. Sedgwick killed 2,000 men. On Thursday, the 12th, Gen. Barlow, of Major-General Hancock's cavalry, the rebel riflemen, capturing a wide range of the city of Richmond. On Friday, the 13th, Grant advanced, and occupied the crests of the hills over the 9th river.

had a brisk engagement with the enemy, but no general battle took place. On the 14th, Sherman turned the enemy's right, and getting to the rear destroyed Lee's depot at Beaver dam, with locomotives, trains, and other property, and captured ten miles of the Orange railroad, besides occupying 500 Union prisoners.

On the 11th he destroyed a locomotive and train at Ashland station, with several stores, and six miles of railroad, culverts, bridges and telegraph. He then moved on to the city of Richmond, and after a stubborn fight receded him, joining his Sheridan, then advanced on the 13th, and on the 14th he crossed the line of the Orange and Richmond. He then crossed the Chatham, striking the enemy at Gaines's mills, and killed Baker.

Gen. Sign's advance along the Shenandoah, led to Lee's difficult position at the city of Petersburg, between Charlottesville and Lynchburg. Gen. Butler moreover holds Despatch in Petersburg, having cut off his communication by the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. He has blockaded the rebel ironclads in James river by Federal vessels in the channel at Turkey beach. On the 28th ult. 22,000 men, consisting of infantry, mounted infantry and cavalry, were sent to the city of Richmond, under Ord, to the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. At Princeton they captured a rebel train.

REMARKS.
Sherman's move on Dalton was perfectly successful. McPherson was the rebel's best position; Johnson advanced on Johnson's front, and broke his flank. After three days fight the rebels fled to Rocky Ridge and Buzzard Knoll. On the 10th ult. 22,000 men, consisting of infantry and cavalry, were sent to the city of Richmond. We have taken 500 prisoners and 10 or 12 cannon.

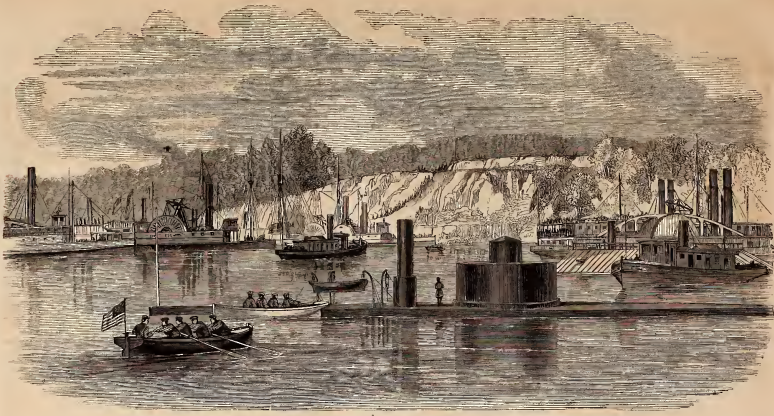
ARMIES.
Marmaduke, on May 1st, had got so near to Little Rock, that he threw shells into the city, but he was driven off by the Federal forces.

REMARKS.
At the latest accounts Gen. Banks had abandoned the Red river and was falling back to the city of Alexandria. Sherman, on the 15th, had got so near to Little Rock, that he threw shells into the city, but he was driven off by the Federal forces.

REMARKS.
The Navy Department has information of the capture by the gunboat Osceola, of the English ex-slavers Lily, Gem and Laura, of Yelaco, the latter of which she had captured. The character of their cargoes. On the 15th ult. 22,000 men, consisting of infantry, mounted infantry and cavalry, were sent to the city of Richmond. We have taken 500 prisoners and 10 or 12 cannon.

REMARKS.
Official information had been received by Mr. Malloy, the Secretary of the rebel navy, from Port Royal, South Carolina, that he had sailed from the United States gunboat Huntsville, one of the best of the rebel navy. It is also reported that the Florida reconqueror the Boston ship, bound from China to the United States.

The rebel General North, in Virginia, supported by four wooden vessels, made an attack on the Osagean on the 1st inst., in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 2nd inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 3rd inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 4th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 5th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 6th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 7th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 8th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 9th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 10th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 11th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 12th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 13th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 14th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 15th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 16th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 17th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 18th inst. in the New Zealand, N. O., and the 19th inst. in the New Zealand, N. 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THE CAMPAIGN ON THE JAMES RIVER.—GENERAL BUTLER LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

GRANT AND MADEIRA IN THE WILDERNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the dailies, Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick, whose clothes our readers will remember, gives this interesting account of Grant during the battle of the Wilderness, which is a better description than we can give of the illustrations forwarded by our Artists:

Gen. Grant's headquarters were located in a field between the plank road and a small road leading to a little hamlet known as Parker's store. During the fight, however, he was principally with Gen. Meade, whose headquarters were on a piney knoll in the rear of Warren's corps. I had seen Grant at Vicksburg and in Tennessee, and his appearance was familiar to me as I strolled through the group of officers remaining under the trees at headquarters. I looked for him some time in vain, each was his lieutenant, unexpressed respect and conduct while the battle was raging in all its fury. A stranger to the details of military rank would have little dreamed that the plain, quiet man who sat with his back against a tree, apparently heedless and unmoved, was the one upon whom the fortunes of the day, if not of the age and country, were hanging. It was only when some aide or orderly rode up to

his side with a communication from some portion of the battlefield that his eyes lightened to seek in those of the messenger the purport of the message. The consultation with Gen. Meade or the direct suggestion or command took place with that same imperturbability of countenance for which he has always been remarkable. No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fierce in resource, the petition for reinforcements was speedily answered. And while all this transpired he stood calmly in the group, at times smoking his favorite cigar—a more vigorous or a more frequent puffing only indicating the travail working of the mind. If something transpired which he deemed needed his personal attention, away he darted on horseback to the immediate scene, the one or two of his aides and orderly exerting their utmost to keep up with him. Arrived on the spot, he calmly considered the matter requiring his attention, with ready judgment communicated the necessary orders, and then plunged away to another part of the field, or to his next command the pine tree, there to rest on the ever-ready arms of one of the battle's progress. It was amazing again at times to see him—the Commander-in-Chief—kidding every man his knapsack on the back of a horse, passing now and then to throw in a word or sentence in the conversa-

tion of those grouped about, and then going to work again with renewed vigor upon the motion of the pine. The contemplation of this by those who were with him at Vicksburg will recall an incident of a similar character in that memorable siege. When the columns were mounted in front of Logan's line Gen. Grant was desirous of superintending the operations. During the preliminary work of cutting the entrenchments he mounted the spittoon, and while the rebel bullets struck all around him, deliberately whittled a nail until the guns were placed in position.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 5-6.

Our sketch of the first of the great battles of Gen. Grant in Virginia will give a striking idea of the headquarters, to be headquarters for ever America in Memphis, Gettysburg, Pittsburg landing or Fair Oaks. The eye can take in the five mile line—chance, which for two days advanced and met hostile advances, gaining ground to lose in a moment, but holding steadily to their line till the furious rebel charge on the fifth swept away Seymour's and Shaler's brigades of the 3d division, and had well nigh won the day.

Sudgewick, soon to fall, saved the right, but our loss in the two days was not far from 15,000, and we mourned General Ely and Wadsworth.

On the left in the Wilderness house, one of the few known habitations in this wild district. The house is the centre in WURTZ'S headquarters.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the board of directors of this company, held recently, the following important resolutions were adopted after mature consideration: "That there shall be added to each policy issued, or hereafter to be issued, the following words: 'This policy is incontestable after five years from its date, for or on account of error, omission and misstatements in the application, except as to age.' " No other American company, we believe, offers this important advantage to insureds. All policies in force five years or more become incontestable, under the operations of this rule, greatly enhancing their value to families and creditors. This liberal and just measure should receive to this company increased favor and patronage, as it exhibits the strong desire of the directors to serve every proper and safe advantage around the policy.



THE GOVERNMENT OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—MEADE'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPIDS, MAY 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 151.



THE GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4.—SEE PAGE 151.

Oh, that last long sweetest!
Clanging lips
Rich with love's complacence—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips.

Oh, boundless Heaven!
Oh, trailing stars!
Dancing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,



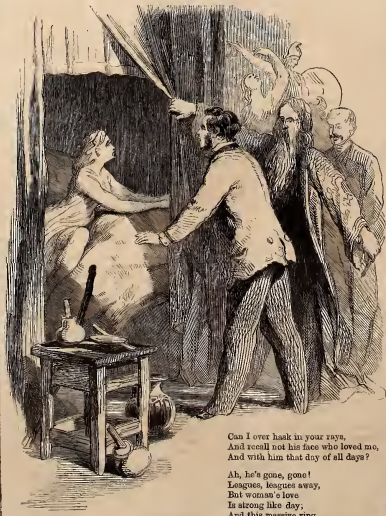
MY RING.

BY MARY E. CRIMMON.

MASSIVE, golden,
Worn and olden,
But I love it
For the giver:
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madecane—
Madecane for their thrilling quivers,
Madecane for their melancholy—
He the giver!

On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Full the dew down
On his hair lacera,
Soft as lip dents
Dropped his accents;
Linger, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

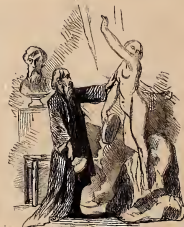
Hot, hot kisses,
One long drinking—
Heart to heart none
Melting, sinking;
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its festoons;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadowland.



The Betrothal.

Can I over haak in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day,
And this massive ring,
This circlet thing,



The Mad Sculptor.

Is a link between us,
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never,
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER I.

He is deformed, crooked, dull and evil.
His fiend, worn-out, his fingers ever true.
Cruelty of Errors, Act IV., Sc. 2.

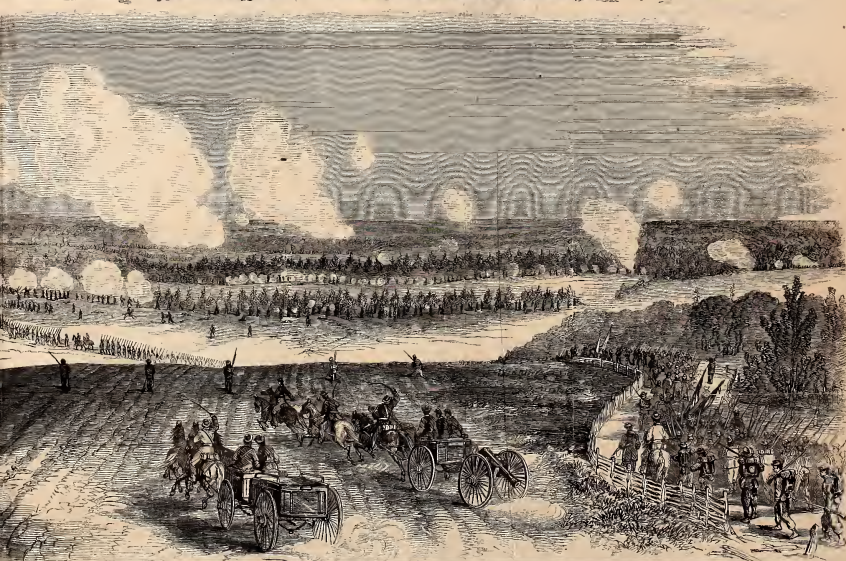
Then last entertained
At a fair, to be the subject of my snarl.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Sc. 4.

On a rainy afternoon in May, about twenty-three years ago, a man was walking in Broadway, in the city of New York, whose peculiar appearance fascinated the gaze of almost every person he met. He was simply and neatly clad, painfully sensible of the curiosity, mingled with repulsion which he provoked, and encountered the most violent stare with which the handsome fops regarded him with a glance of defiance. But he did not only suffer from the eyes of the promiscuous as he passed; their tongues, busy with him as they were out of his hearing, wounded him with wanton raillements.

"Did you ever see such a fright?"
"I couldn't believe my own eyes!"
"Why wasn't he smothered in his infancy?"



1. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL LEE, MAY 5 AND 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY BURNSIDE AND HANCOCK'S CORPS ENGAGING THE



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, MAY 10—THE FIGHT ON THE LEFT.
ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

"She lay dar like a beautiful 'repen'!"
 Everybody gazed in consternation, but she added new satisfaction to their feelings by saying:
 "And missus ain't nohow about. She ain't in Miss Eliza's room, and she ain't in her own, and her bed ain't been touched all night."
 Florida began to nod her turban with a respectful air:
 "What did I tell yer?" cried she. "Now what did I lie 'er tell yer."
 "But what can she be?" wondered Dolph.
 "What do yer 'spose has happened, Miss Florida?"
 "What's happened," returned Clif, "and more'n nuffin. I told yer de tenderest would 'brast, it has."
 They argued and entreated her to speak, but it is so difficult to speak when she literally knows nothing, so she contented herself with going about her work with unusual energy, while the

rest stood round and watched her, deeming this an occasion when address was to be taken quite as a matter of course.
 Clif nodded her head, shook her woolly knots, muttered to herself, and made dreadful confusion among her pots and pans, exciting her fellow-servants to a fearful pitch by her air of mystery, but not a word would she speak beyond 'vase and appalling hints.
 With the servants below stairs more every the morning in such conversation and murmur, growing every instant wilder and more improbable, Grandey Hellen sat in that darkened chamber watching his sleeping sister.
 The physicians arrived late in the evening; but that time Eliza was awake, and he looked a little grave while giving his medicines and examining into the case.
 "Keep her very quiet," he said to Hellen, who followed him into the hall, "it is a severe nervous

attack, but she can endure nothing more. Don't let her get up—'Til come back to-morrow. Where is Mrs. Melton? she is so good a nurse I should like to give her my directions."
 "She—she is not here," Melton answered.
 "In town, I suppose? You had better send for her, or give me her address and I will call and tell her how much she is wanted the moment I reach town. To-night I stay in the village."
 "Thank you, I won't trouble you," replied Melton. "You will be here to-morrow morning."
 "Oh, certainly! Don't be at all alarmed—Miss Eliza is subject to these nervous attacks. So I shan't call on your wife."
 "No, sir, no," he answered, impatiently. "I must return to my duties."
 He bowed the doctor downstairs and disappeared, leaving the son of Escalipagos to go on with all sorts of strange ideas in his head.
 He had another patient in the village, and so

drove over there in the carriage which had brought him from the station. As he was standing on the hotel porch old Jerry Beason came up, caught him by the lattenhole and began a long story, to which the physician listened with such patience as he could find.
COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S GREAT VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.
 One series of war pictures would scarcely be complete without giving the military movements of this great campaign, as well as the battles in general terms and in detail. Hence we give the crossing of the Rappahannock, a crossing that leads to victory. With what selection may not we look in the passage of our well-disciplined army, fully equipped, full of courage, trust in themselves, their commander, their cause and God.



MAP OF GEN. GRANT'S SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.



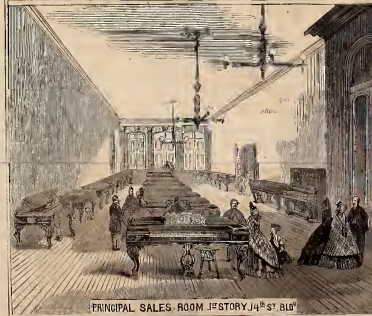
STEINWAY & SONS' NEW PIANO FORTE SALEROOMS N^{OS} 71 & 73 EAST 14TH ST BETWEEN UNION SQUARE AND THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC



SAWING & PLANING ROOM AT MANUFACTORY



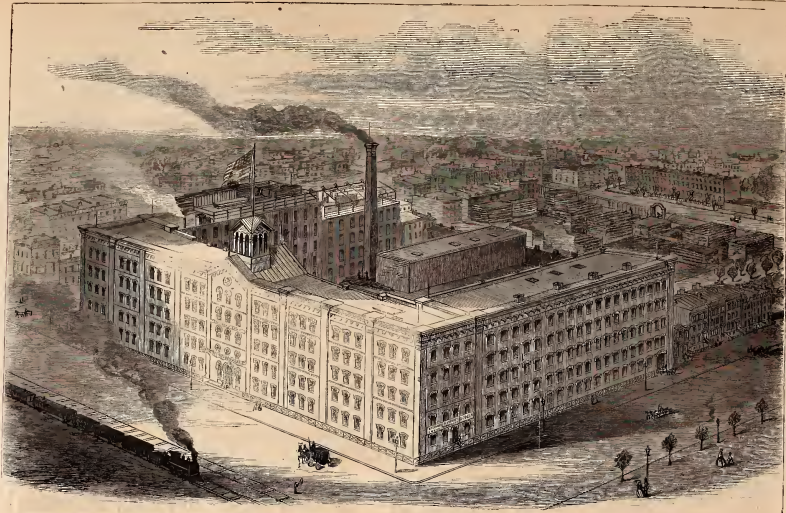
FINISHING ROOM AT MANUFACTORY



PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 1ST FLOOR 14TH ST BLDG



PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 2ND FLOOR 14TH ST BLDG



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOFORTE FACTORY AND LUMBER YARD, OCCUPYING THE WHOLE BLOCK ON FOURTH AVENUE BETWEEN 52ND AND 53RD STREETS, N. Y.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS' NEW BUILDING.

It is only a year or two since we illustrated the magnificent new pianoforte manufactory erected by Steinway & Sons, on a block on Fourth avenue extending from Fifty-second street to Fifty-third street, and now we are called upon to record the extension of that great building and the erection of another splendid structure on East Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, designed by Steinway & Sons, for their own use as a warehouse for their pianofortes. This building is in a commanding situation, and is of such ample dimensions, and is so beautiful architecturally, that it is an ornament to our city, which can now boast of having the finest pianoforte store, probably, in the world. The front on Fourteenth street is of white marble, and is 40 feet wide, with a depth of 22 feet. It has four

storeys above the basement. The first storey is in the Corinthian style, with a portico in the centre 17 feet wide, and projecting five feet from the face of the building. The portico is constructed with rusticated columns and pilasters, with full Corinthian caps, resting on moulded and panted pedestals. These columns support rich Corinthian entablatures with carved capitals. The part of the cornice over the portico is in the form of a segment. From the top of the cornice to the under side of the main cornice the front is in the Renaissance style, and is divided into three compartments by two rows of rustic blocks, attached from the top of the first storey in the main cornice. The width of the centre compartment compares with the width of the portico, and contains one large window in each door, which are either more ornamented than the side windows. All the windows are ornamented with attached columns supporting rich segment-formed cornices. The main top cornice is supported by handsome carved

millstone blocks and carved trusses, with a handsome pediment over the entire part of the building. Over the cornice there is a handsome balustrade, with a vase single pane of plate glass. The four windows in the front storey have in each one a pane of solid and best kind. All the paneled woodwork, from the storey, are solid black walnut, oiled and varnished. The main staircase is six-and-a-half feet wide; the entrance to the building is through a handsome vestibule, ornamented and trimmed with black walnut. The floor is of Italian marble tile of mosaic pattern. To the left of the main staircase is a smaller one for upright piano; and on the second floor is located the large room containing the grand pianos. The height of the ceiling from the floor is 12½ feet in the lower storey. The two upper storeys are used for music-rooms and

artists' studios. The whole height of the building is 75 feet from sidewalk to roof. In the rear of this building a plot of ground is also owned by the Messrs. Steinway, 100 feet wide by 125 feet deep, with a frontage of 100 feet on Fourteenth street, which is reserved for the erection of a large concert hall. The building was designed and built under the superintendence of John Kellum, architect. It is certainly the finest building in the United States of its class and for the purpose for which it is designed, and we doubt if there is a pianoforte store in any of the large capitals of Europe or England that can in any way compare with it. The Steinway's new store was officially and socially opened on Tuesday, the 26th inst., when a large party assembled. It soon to inspect the building and visit the factory. Carriages drove up to the door at one o'clock, and covered the whole party up to 52d street, Fourth



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—DOUBLE LINE OF BARRICADES THROWN UP ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 6, IN THE WILDERNESS, BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS—THE 14TH NEW YORK AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BRUCKER.—SEE PAGE 101.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD INVESTMENT AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, FINGERS, HINGE GENTS FINE WATCHES, FINE TOYS, STUCCO, ETC.

WORTH \$300,000!

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Attention, Company!

DEARER'S COMPENT - A Powerful Stimulant. Each bottle guaranteed to produce a full set of whiskers or without the aid of the brush. Any person, without forming a set of whiskers, can have their whiskers formed in six weeks upon the smoothest face, and without the aid of the brush.

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Published for the benefit and as a warning and caution to young men who suffer from nervous and other ailments.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 458—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1 00.]

"If he Wins in Virginia he Wins
Everything."
It has heretofore been the boast of the lead-

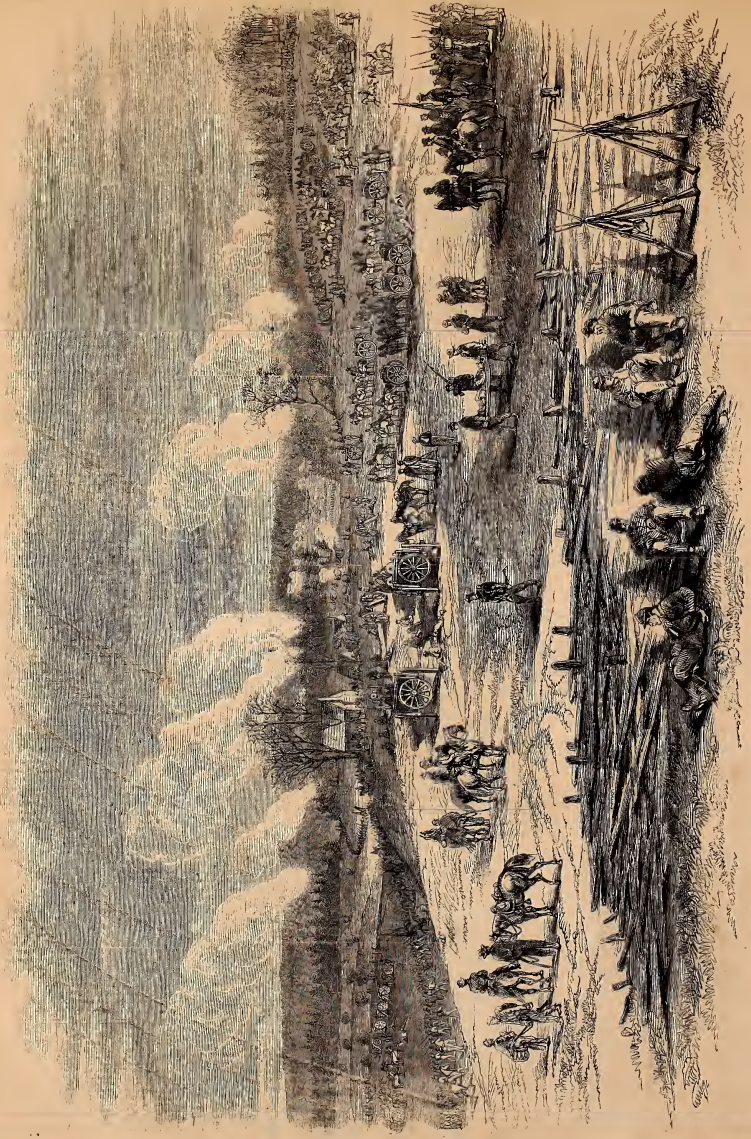
ing outsiders and oracles of the rebellion, that
the independence of their Southern Confed-
eracy is but a question of time. They have
preached this doctrine of ultimate Southern

success against all possible disasters and all
the teachings of history. What, they have
asked, does it signify, though King Cotton be
dethroned, though England and France have

betrayed us, though our Northern friends have
been cowed into submission, though our cities
and towns, from Richmond to Mobile, may
be seized and occupied by the enemy, and



AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—THE REBEL GENERALS BRAXTON BRAGG AND R. E. LEE TAKEN TO THE REAR BY NEGRO CAVALRY, MAY 12.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COUNTY, MAY 8.—STREETED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FROM GEN. WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS.—SEE PAGE 157.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, AT FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
 Angels your christening keep,
 And the worm can never harm you,
 That lies in the budding heart
 But what to my arms can charm you,
 When Death has drawn us apart?
 When they opened the grave so steep—
 Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

... cause he had recently been engaged in an affair which hazarded his personal liberty in England. He was gifted, versatile, and could do almost anything—from the delivery of a sermon to robbery on the high sea—but kept quiet and out of trouble, or pursued a constant and consistent course in any undertaking. He had been almost everywhere; had attempted almost everything, but remained as cleverly foolish and as shortlively cap-



THE CHRISTENING

BY AMANDA T. JONES

The moonlight shivered all the balmy air,
 The wind sang in the woodbine by the door,
 And the young mother, swaying in her chair,
 Her tender lullaby crooned o'er and o'er:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
 Evening shadows are deep;
 Close in my arms I fold you,
 Softly prying, with tears,
 That the Father of souls may hold you
 Through all life's dangerous years,
 Lovingly fold and keep—
 Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
 None but a mother would weep
 O'er a babe as yet unchristened,
 O'er a babe as yet unblown,
 Ere baptism rains have glistered,
 Take pearl showers over it thrown;
 For the worm in the heart I weep—
 Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight shivered all the dispersed night
 And through the woodbine waked the wind's low cry;

While by a marble face, serene and white,
 The mother sang her tremulous lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
 The shadows of Death are deep.
 Out of my arms they take you,
 God you in likeness clean,
 And never disturb or awake you,
 What can this slumber mean?
 Terrors over me creep—
 Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"



The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z W

CHAPTER IV.

Ory, Trains, cry I had his ten thousand eyes,
 And I will all them with prophetic eyes.
 "Let us say my business
 A mystery of that man of men to come."
 Our dearhead brother, Felix, turns to all
 Trains and Crested, Art II., St. 2.

BERNARD HAPWELL had a late teacher named Victor Knaplund, Lady Hapwell's son by her first husband. Victor was a handsome, daring fellow, roistering, adventurous, mischievous and troublesome. He was always getting into or out of a difficulty, and at the time selected for his introduction to the reader was only in France be-



The Woman's Lover.



Parisian Revolutionist.

lie as he had been when comparatively devoid of knowledge and experience.

He accompanied his brother on his second visit to the mad sculptor's studio, and quite won the artist's heart by his display of common sense. He had seen almost every great work of art in the world, and studied the old masters with discriminating grace. While viewing the statue Elifsonne called "Lost Love," Victor whispered to Bernard: "The image of his deceased wife, I saw her often when a boy, and have ever since formed my idea of an angel from her."

As the trio turned from the statue, the presence of Marina Nilonche was perceived. Accustomed as he was to her sudden and singular appearances, she now startled even Elifsonne with the oddity of her costume. She was dressed in a short blue tunic or blouse, worn over a red pelisse, and confined at her waist with a black leather belt. She had a scarlet Phrygian or Liberty cap on her head, and carried a gilt staff, bearing a tricolor flag, in her hand.

"What does this mean?" demanded the sculptor.

"You will know to-morrow," she answered, significantly. "Do I not look dangerous now, Mr. Hapwell?"

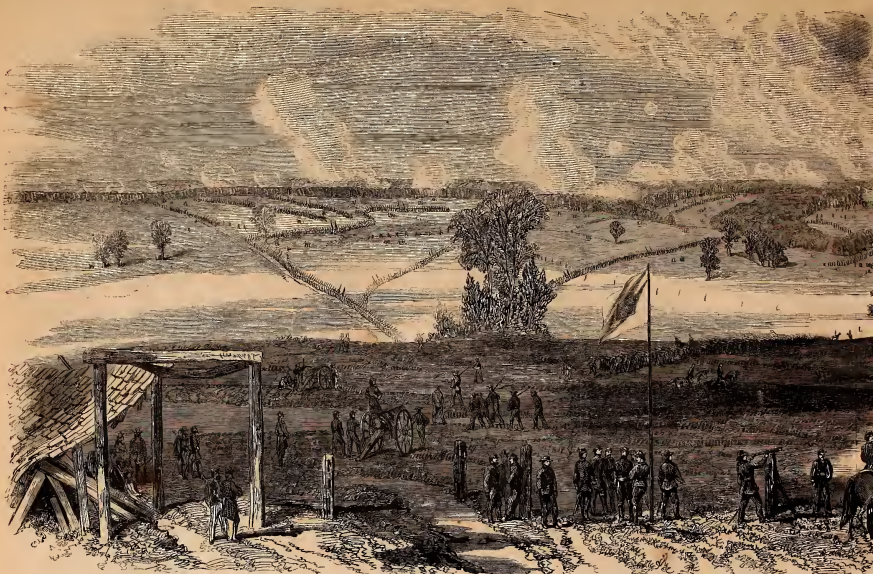
"The sanguinary spirit of revolution could not be more beautifully personified. What do you represent?"

"A daughter of the people. Father, I never knew, and neither I have none, who has more need or right to claim the relationship?"

"At this moment her gasp hastened on Victor Knaplund."

"Has a son of the people's a brother?" she cried, almost throwing herself into his arms and half embracing him.

Bernard Hapwell's brow clouded as he gazed on the girl, and he said: "I infer from this there's mischief brewing in Paris, and you, Victor, are, of course, in the thick of it."



Encamped near the Wilderness Farm.

Signal Corps, 23d Army Corps.
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1862.



THE WAR IN DENMARK—BATTLE AROUND DUPPEL ON THE 18th OF APRIL, 1864.



Gen. Grant and Staff.

FIG. 6.—ENRICHED FROM HEADQUARTERS 5TH ARMY CORPS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 167.

PATRICK'S SIGN.



APRIL, VIEWED FROM THE ISLE OF ALSEN, NEAR SONDERBURG.—SEE PAGE 167.



THE WALK IN VIRGINIA.—SCENE ON THE LINE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 10.—WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORAN.—SEE PAGE 147.



EUROPEAN ACQUISITIONS IN AMERICA—SEIZURE OF THE CHINCHA OR QUANO ISLANDS BY A SPANISH FLEET, UNDER ADMIRAL PINOY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

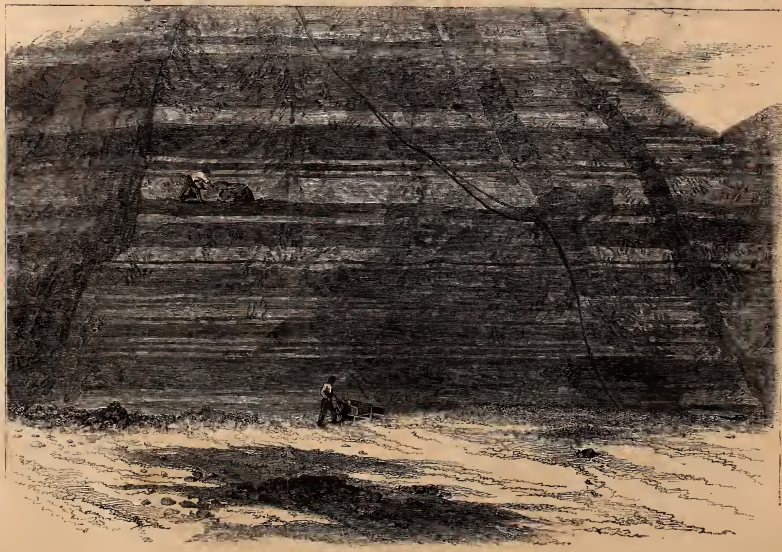
SPANISH OUTRAGE IN PERU.
 The Chincha Islands.

The United States alone, by its power and its success as a republic, had to check the usurpation of

the Old World, who have ever looked with an evil eye on the republics of the Western world, and a longing ear on their vast regions, rich in vegetable and mineral wealth. The temporary usurpation of American power of arms by a great civil war seemed the moment when their harsh propensities could not be suppressed.

The spirit of Monarchy, sprung from tyranny and rapine, Forgetting that God wields the storm, Would make all earth secure its form, As Alexander did Menes' tomb. None can fail to have remarked, since the outbreak of the

rebellion, a series of aggressions committed by European Governments against the States of the American Continent. Among these the Mexican Expedition and the subsequent proclamation of the Mexican Empire; the usurpation by Spain of the Republic of San Domingo; the conduct of England against the Emperor of



THE CHINCHA ISLANDS—FORMATION OF THE SEA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STRATA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 484—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1.00.]



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.—FIGHT BETWEEN THE REBEL BAW ALLENABLE, WITH THE ROKMHELL AND COTTON PLANT, AND THE UNION GENEROAS IN ALLENABLE ROCKS, MAY 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. H. ALLEN, 27TH MARCH.—SEE PAGE 182.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—WOUNDED SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RAFFANANOCK AT FANDRACKSBURO, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SUPTSLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 164.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—1 HANCOCK'S 2d CORPS CHARGING LEFTS RIGHT, IN FRONT OF SPOTSWYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, MAY 12--2. REBEL GUNS CAPTURED IN HANCOCK'S CHARGE.—SCENES BY ONE SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.



HERO—GEN. ALEXANDER HAYS, U. S. A., KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 181.



HERO—GEN. ALEXANDER J. WEST, U. S. A., WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 181.

TWIN VISIONS.

BY A. F. BANKS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DREAM.

A ROSE, girl-woman, a flower of the West, Had a rosy, blissful vision of one far away, (She dreamt it from midnight till dawns of the day), And it all was about the young soldier she'd best.

annual autumn showerbath, and all her pleasant others had been pretty much washed out under the operation. I turned away and commenced making preparations for my long walk in the rain—for a school-teacher's duties must be performed whether the sky smiles or frowns.

"It is absolutely necessary that you should go to the village this morning, Lillian!" implored my mother. "Surely Mr. Myers might dispense with your services while this storm continues."

"Quite impossible, mama. He has his hands full as it is, for the school is large, and to be absent from my post were to insure my instant dismissal. But don't fret about me, not a care more. I don't mind about the walk at all, and with my overboots, waterproof cloak and an umbrella I shall be quite dry and comfortable."

"You always look at the bright side, Lillian," said my mother, with a sigh, as she passed her hand caressingly over the thick braids of my blonde hair. "What would your poor father have said could he have foreseen the life of hardship and privation that his darling must endure?"

"He would have said, mama, that he was glad his daughter had sufficient pride and energy to earn her own living, and not be dependent on others."

"Ah, child, had you possessed less pride, and more sympathy, you might now have been placed to share the necessity of such drudgery." I covered myself up at my mother's remark, but pretended to be too busy clapping my cloak to notice it. "You are very like your father, Lillian," he

continued, "and you inherit all his beauty; the pure Saxon type for which the whole family of Moores are distinguished. You have the dazzling fair complexion, the violet-lake eyes and the tawny hair, waving likest gold and brown."

"Oh, mama!" I interrupted, "modesty won't allow me to listen to any more; you will make me insufferably vain at this rate," and blushing her cheek and bidding her good-bye, I ran off gaily, exchanging the snow warmth and comfort for the damp atmosphere of the outer world.

There were no repining thoughts in my heart as I wended my way through the mist and mire to the distant schoolhouse. I never shared my mother's regrets at our altered fortunes, or thought it hard that, like the great mass of my fellow-beings, I was condemned to earn my daily bread by my daily toil. I had youth, health and energy, and glided in my power to help myself and others. After the bankruptcy and sudden death of my father some years before, his brother, my uncle John Moore, offered to provide for me so far as giving me an education was concerned.

My mother gladly accepted this offer, and for three years I attended the best secondary that the country afforded, at my wealthy uncle's expense. When I graduated he offered to receive me into his family as his daughter, but I promptly, though gratefully, declined a home that my mother could not share, and returning to Milhams, obtained a situation as assistant teacher in the high school of the village.

I liked the profession I had chosen, for it insured me independence, was attached to my pupils, and, as I said before, intangled in no vain regrets for the loss of the luxurious home of my childhood.

I reached the foot of the long lane, where a gate opened on a nicely gravelled path leading through private grounds to the high road of the village. Here I paused and hesitated. All summer I had been in the habit of using this byway, but for the past three or four weeks I had avoided it. Should I avail myself of it now, and thus cut about my two miles walk by nearly one-half? I would gladly do so were I sure that I should not encounter the



She dreamt he was near her, his dark eye loomed o'er her, She felt his warm breath 'mid her tresses of gold, The spell of her slumbers alone seemed to thrall her From chasing her first, only love, as of old.

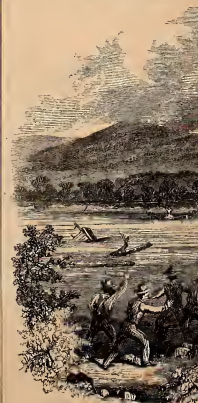
THE POSTMAN'S SOLUTION.

And her dream was a true one, with cheek joy aglow, She read how her dear one, on that very night (While on Death-dealing picket till morn's grayning light), Had a sweet Waking Dream—not of fierce prowling foe, No of deadly assault, not of mangled and slain— 'Twas his Mary's neat chamber the Patriot Dream-dream, His Poe was the Slumber he would not forego, And he gazed the Heart he loved next to his God.

Wrecked and Rescued.

BY CLAUDE CHOPPIN.

CHAPTER I. It was a wild, wet, dreary and altogether disagreeable November morning that I rose from the breakfast table, and turning to the window, looked forth rather anxiously to see if the weather showed any signs of improvement. The appearance of the dripping eaves and leaden-faced sky was not encouraging. Mother Earth was taking her



The Wrecked.



Electric House.

proprietor of the place. Not that the owner of Electric (so the estate was called) objected to the use of the private road as a thoroughfare, he was liberal in the extreme, and the right of way through his grounds was open to all the neighborhood who chose to avail themselves of the privilege. But I had my own private reasons for wishing to avoid a collision with him. A place at the heavy-faded clouds, threatening a deluge of rain, decided me to run the risk, and pushing open the gate I entered the enclosure and took the well-known path. I had straddled but a few rods when the sound of hoofbeats in the distance warned me that I was probably about to meet the very personage I had been anxious to avoid. I hit my eye with vexation, but it was too late to retreat. The next moment the steed and his rider were in sight.

The animal was an splendid specimen of the genus homo and even gladdened the heart of a lover of the equine race. Cockleback in line, with a white star blazing in the center of his forehead; his glossy coat shone like satin, and his flowing mane almost swept the ground, which he trotted daintily, arching his graceful neck as though proud of the burden that he bore. Of the rider I will only say that he was worthy of his steed, of value as second part and parcel, so perfect was his seat in the saddle.

I had crossed Black Ralph, the horse, a hundred times, and he knew the touch of my hand and the tone of my voice, as well as he did those of my master, but I felt no inclination to gratify him by my notice at that time. As they neared I stopped aside to let them pass, and in doing so involuntarily lifted my eyes.

The rider doffed his cap and bowed low; but no



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S GREAT BATTLE WITH J. E. B. STUART, AT YELLOW TAVERN.



...ERN, MAY 11.—THE REBEL RAIDERS' LAST FIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE CURS D'AFRIQUE (S&P KANGAROS) ENIGAS CHING ON VERMILION BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BOWWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE U. S. BARRACKS AT BROWNVILLE, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY O. E. H. BOWWILL.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—FOET CAVALLO, MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 181.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—FOET MONTGOMERY ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY O. E. H. BOWWILL.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 5TH CORPS HOSPITAL AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FOLGER.—SEE PAGE 185.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE—RIGHT CENTER OF GRANT'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FOLGER.—SEE PAGE 185.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1854, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1 00.]

The Campaign—Grant and Sherman— Richmond and Atlanta.

ANOTHER week of signal and uninterrupted successes has been added to the glorious record of our advancing armies, East and West. Grant thundering at the gates of Richmond, and Sherman sweeping down with his irresistible columns upon Atlanta, are the great historical facts of the day. The heart of every Unionist

rejoices, while the chief organs and oracles of the rebellion are amazed and confounded.

These treacherous guides of a deluded people are now beginning to realise their folly, and to hint at their hopeless situation. Their hitherto unfolding devices of audacious falsehoods and brazen deceptions have failed to account, to the abhorrence of their credulous followers, for the presence of Gen. Grant in front of Richmond and of Gen. Sherman at Atlanta. And why? Because the popular

credulity of the South had been flattered with the promises of a crushing campaign through Maryland and Pennsylvania by Gen. Lee, and a sweeping invasion of Ohio by Gen. Johnston with an army of veterans 100,000 strong.

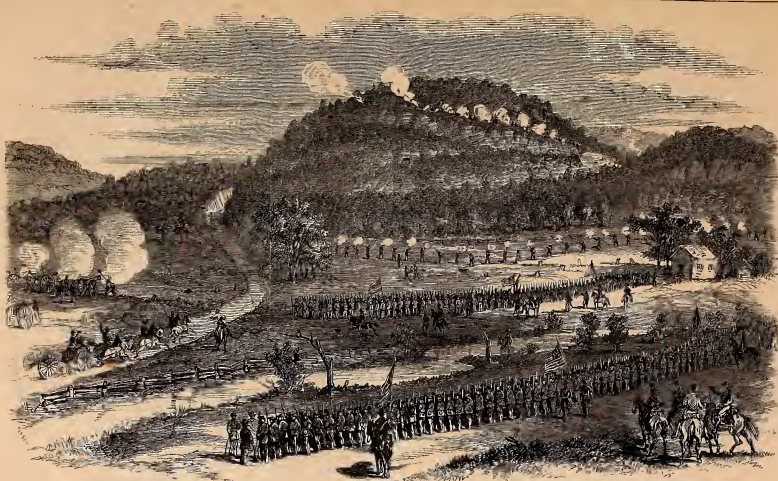
These royal promises, contrasted with the sorry performances of both Lee and Johnston, have demanded an explanation beyond the inventive faculties of the rebel leaders to make. But they have, nevertheless, tried, by the boldest misrepresentations and effrontery, to make it

appear that Lee and Johnston are doing wonders towards the achievement of Southern independence. Thus, when a few weeks ago the people of Virginia inquired why Gen. Lee, instead of moving across the Potomac, was on the road to Richmond, with Gen. Grant close upon his flanks, they were answered that Gen. Lee is driving the Yankees away from Washington. He will still enforce them on to Richmond with a small force, so disposed as to appear a large army, while, with the main body



1. Private Lewis Eldin, Co. A, 44th N. Y. Cav. 2. Private John Strick, Co. G, 4th Ky. Cav. 3. Private George H. White, Co. F, 62d Me. 4. Private Francis W. Beattie, Co. M, 8th Mich. Cav. 5. Private John Q. Rose, Co. C, 8th Ky. 6. Private Charles E. Woodworth, Co. G, 8th Miss. Cav. 7. Private L. H. Beahan, Co. B, 3d W. Tenn. Cav. 8. Private Edward Cunningham, Co. F, 11th Ohio Cav.

UNION SOLDIERS AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR RELEASE FROM THE FORTS PRISON—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY ORDER OF CONGRESS—SEE PAGE 100.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA.—BATTLE OF BRAGG, MAY 14.—GRANT'S 2ND BRIGADE CHARGING UP THE MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY ASSISTANT-SERGEON J. S. THELKER, 76th PENN.—SEE PAGE 197

HEAT OF THE EARTH.—The increase of the earth's temperature, as we descend below the surface, is a subject which possesses great scientific interest, and is also of practical importance in determining the depth at which it would be possible to pursue the working of coal and other minerals. The deepest coal-mines in the world is the Monkwearmouth Colliery, in England, which reaches a depth of 1,800 feet below the surface of

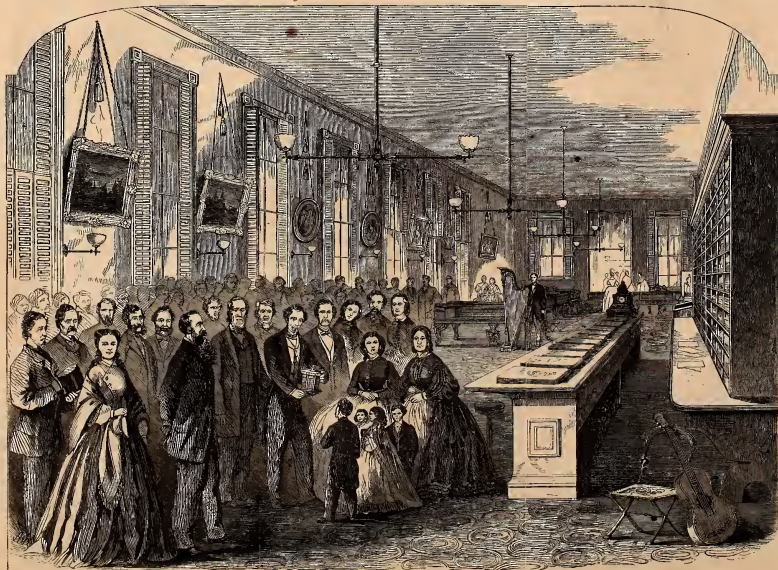
the ground, and nearly as much below the level of the sea. The observed temperature of the strata at this depth agrees pretty closely with what has been ascertained in other localities, and shows that the increase takes place at the rate of 1 deg. Fahr. to about 60 feet of depth. Assuming the temperature of subterranean water to be 50.000 deg., and that the increase of heat at greater depths continues uniform (which, however, is

by no means certain), the thickness of the film which separates us from the fiery ocean beneath will be about 34 miles.

CURIOUS OF THE GRAIN IN WEIGHT.—The grain, which is common to the tray and awolupus weights, has come down to us from older times, and is mentioned in the "Magna Charta." It is described as "a grain of wheat gathered from the middle of the ear." This, of

course, was exceedingly vague and arbitrary, but it sufficed for the simple wants of our ancestors, and since then the scientific weight has been fixed on a far more satisfactory basis.

A GENTLEMAN who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said: "It is 10-some-or-mere! I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."



GEORGE M. BILD'S MUSEO AND PIANO ROOMS, ELLWANGER & BART'S BUILDING, STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y. ON THE OCCASION OF A PRESENTATION TO GEN. TOM THUMS AND LADY, APRIL 6. SEE PAGE 195.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—DESTRUCTION OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT JOHN WALKER BY CONFEDERATE BATTERIES ON RED RIVER, MAY 4—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. M. H. BOWWILL.



THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

From the steeple of our village church a joyous peal rings out,
And post the gray-old handstons, what a joy
Crowd thralls its way!
And foremost 'mongst the merry girls was pretty gentle Ruth,
And at her side, her true, true-love, whom she
Will wed this day.

She was not dressed in costly silks, no bridal
Vail was there,
A simple white rose hid itself amidst her curl-
ing hair;
A modest dress of flowing white, a sash of
orange hue,
And Ruth stood forth as fair a bride as mortal
eyes could view.

She was the village pride, the pet, the darling
Of us all,
Her smile was love and charity, her voice a
pleasant tune,
And she a simple orphan, poor, and in the
world alone,
Was welcome to our hearts and homes, as
sunny days in June!

The story of her life was one we often read
in books—
The rich squire's son would seek her Ruth in
all the quiet nooks.
But how he won that gentle heart, which beat
for love alone,
Must still remain a secret, for their booms
only known.

The village gossip, ever rife, was carried to the
Hall,
And fiercely raged the purse-proud man, nor
waited to be a day,
The curse and disinheritor, the ben from
home and heart,
Were placed against that one great love, in
stern and harsh array.
Yet he would brave them all for her, and give
back scorn for scorn—
But sacrifice and wisdom dwelt with her, the
lovely lass,
He should not lose his home for her—no ban
on him should be.
The love that blossomed 'neath a curse would
withler up and die!
And so they parted. Years rolled on, but
their faith wavered not,
Till Time's great retribution came, and set
love's prisoners free.

And here upon this sunny day, before the
altar old,
The orphan weds the rich man's son, and
proud of her is he.
Ah me! It was a blessed sight to see that
youthful pair,
So trustful in their constant hearts, so bumbly
kneeling there;
To know how they had struggled, waited,
hoped, and not in vain,
For now their hands are joined, and none can
sever them again.
The closing benediction given, they take their
homeward way,
The sunshine, glowing on their path, in golden
gladness lay;
They knew not that it shone so bright, as they
walked side by side,
The sunshine in their hearts eclipsed all
thought of aught beside.



The Abode of the Witch of Fontainebleau.

And as we reached the grand old Hall, no
larger grin, though gray,
Each window seemed a friendly eye that bade
no welcome there;
And soon a merry throng was seen around the
festive board,
Which not for many years had ground with
such a lordly fare.
The laugh and jest went round and round, and
no one felt the thrill—
The clunker—the forbidding—the present-
ment of ill.
With glasses filled up to the brim, with one
accord we cried:
"A health! a health! and three times three,
to bridegroom and bride!"
Up rose the bridegroom full of joy—but
easily, deadly pale—
He slowly spoke, and painfully—"I know not
what to say—"
I thank you all—my wife—my heart—my heart
is all too full—
He passed—and in that solemn pause, his life
had passed away.
From the steeple of our village church the
tolling bell doth toll,
That he who three days since was wed now
sleeps passing well,
God help the widowed orphan, and soothe her
heart's great pain—
Alone once more—we take her to our hearts
and homes again.



THE WITCH OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Is a miserable house that seemed every mo-
ment ready to tatter to the ground, in an obscure
street in Fontainebleau, lived during the Reign of
Terror in France one Madame Emprostus. The
venerable matron was so haunted by the inhabi-
tants, that all persons passed it with trembling

Madame Emprostus Madame Emprostus.



BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—FORT DARLING, ON THE JAMES RIVER, WITH THE REBELS



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BLOWING UP OF THE U. S. STEAMSHIP CUYAHOGA ON THE RED RIVER, ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BOWWILL—SEE PAGE 107

AFFAIRS OF THE RIVER

Fort Darling.
 Fort Darling, which, with its life familiar to all who have been in our feet into Com. Rodgers on 1862.
 The works which since have been of were lately invaded. Public expectation is not so high as it was but it still stands on the banks of the river, and the rebels plan to approach to the capital.
 We give a sketch of Butler's works, and the rebels plan to prevent our quietude of sleep.

RAIL SHOTS.
 caused by a cloud of iron of cold air, it will be condensed, and the heavy rain to be seen is produced by the steam before its contact with water. That is a very fine thing of the clouds of the sky when the clouds are in the cold of the air, and the clouds of the earth, and a shower is the result.

"I would have I am a man of quality, to a Bachelor," said Erasmus, "and a man



OBSTRUCTIONS AND THE TORPEDO BRIGADE AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY ONE OF GEN. BUTLER'S SCOUTS.

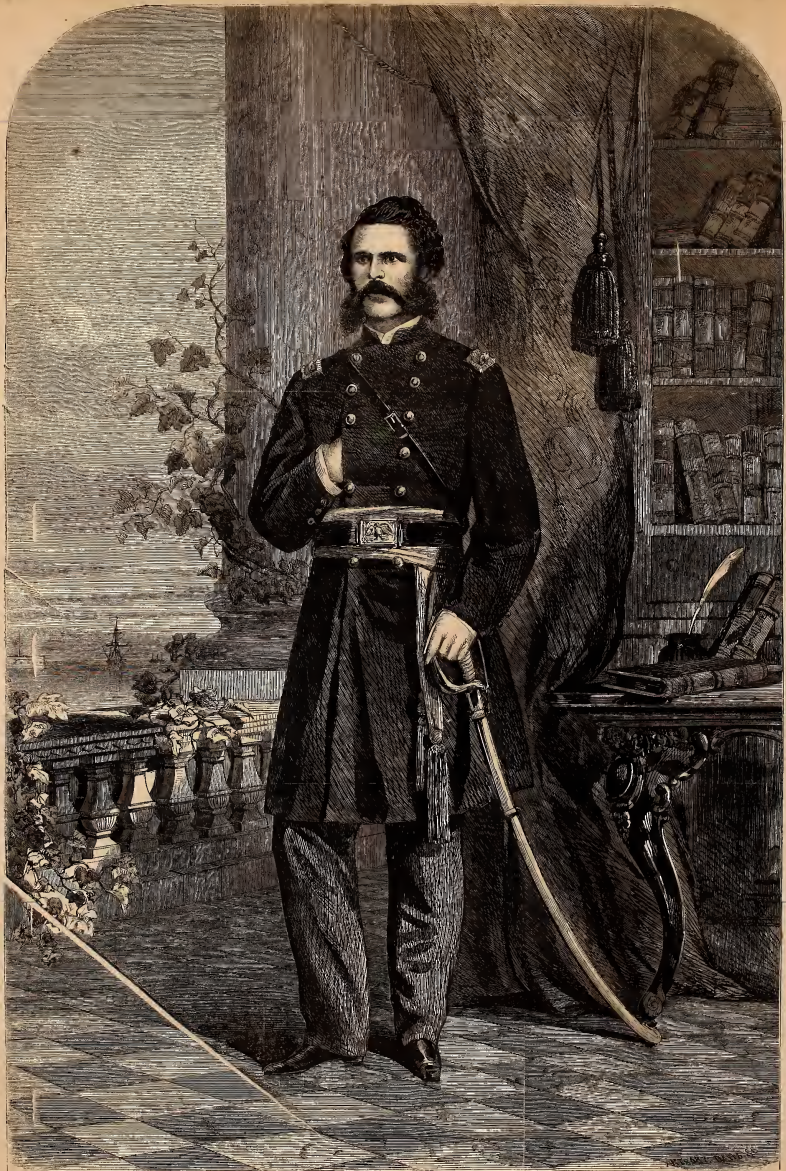
ONTJAMES RIVER.]

... on Deury's
... has been
... under the
... of May,
... and have
... strengthened,
... and
... Gen. Butler
... and public hope
... to its speedy capture,
... made one of the strongest
... rebellion, guarding the
... capital of Richmond.
... made by one of Gen.
... who went up and saw
... their torpedoes to
... reaching the line

... Rain is
... into a stu-
... by which the particles
... and run into drops too
... in the atmosphere. Now
... the particles have collapsed
... fallen caused by the drops
... after they begin to fall
... the falling of the raindrops
... they part with the
... of a cloud in a few minutes
... to have you know that
... quality," said a marquis
... "And I" replied the
... a man of quality.



THE WAR ON THE JAMES—THE UNION FLEET OFF OULT POINT, VA., READY TO MEET THE REBEL BARRAGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY B. S. OSBORN.—SEE PAGE 196.



COL. L. G. BAKER, U. S. A., SPECIAL AGENT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 179.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE AT JERICHO FORD, ON THE NORTH ANNA, MAY 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

BATTLE OF JERICHO MILLS,

May 23.

When Grant compelled Lee to leave his strong ground at Spotsylvania Court-house and fall back behind the North Anna, he pushed on to cross that stream and engage him. Gen. Warren, on reaching Oznol Church, turned into

the Spotsylvania and Empress junction rampike and proceeded to Jericho mills, on the ford of that name, on the North Anna. No enemy was found there to oppose them and for thirty divisions crossed, the water not being deep, though the bottom is rocky and uneven and the current swift.

About four P. M. the entire corps had crossed the river, except the batteries, and was placed in position.

Our skirmishers began feeling for the enemy. Nearly two hours had passed. Only occasional exchanges of shot occurred between the skirmishers. The impression grew that the enemy was in no force in our front, and that he had calculated on our crossing further down the river, where the second corps was then having its passage delayed, as we knew from the heavy cannonading heard in that direction. Our men were taking

matters easy. Some had their arms stacked; many were cooking their coffee. The sixth corps were coming up behind us. Before pushing farther it was deemed prudent to await their arrival. Suddenly—a thunderbolt we never more smitten—the enemy assailed our line. The fourth division for a moment gave way under the sudden shock, but it was only for a moment. They quickly rallied, and were unshaken after-



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET ABOVE THE RAPIDS OF RED RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. M. BONVILLE.—SEE PAGE 197.

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ENABLED WHITE. Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last twenty years in preference to white collars.

S. W. H. WARD.

No. 127 Broadway, New York.



GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES

HIGHEST PREMIUM MARKED STITCH. Salesrooms, 495 Broadway, New York.

American, Swiss and English Watches in superior style and quality of clock-work, made from the best of Army, Navy or small private and faithfully attended to.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Ballou's, Washington, Fort Monroe, Harper's Ferry, New York, and sent by MAIL or EXPRESS, should be sent to Ballou's, by HARRISON'S EXPRESS, No. 73 Broadway, New York.

The Beard-It.

It is these cases of early, retarded growth, where the person is over 18, by its remarkably nourishing and stimulating power the Baldness of the Face, and the hair has been found to excite the Beard, &c.

C. W. FRENCH, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISH'G GOODS

A large set complete made of the finest material, and the most perfect workmanship, for the summer and fall wear, consisting all the articles in the wardrobe, and the most complete set of the wardrobe, for the summer and fall wear, consisting all the articles in the wardrobe, and the most complete set of the wardrobe.

THE BROWN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifies 60 times, ready to use by address for 25 cents.

Wheeler & Wilson's Highest Premium LOCK STITCH Sewing Machines

THE BROWN MICROSCOPE. Magnifies 60 times, ready to use by address for 25 cents.

AMERICAN METALLIC COLLARS

The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in America.

A Secret Worth Knowing—How to make the CELEBRATED WHEELER & WILSON

Wheeler & Wilson's Highest Premium LOCK STITCH Sewing Machines.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 456—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS

\$4.00 YEARLY,
13 WEEKS \$1.00.

Richmond—Gen. Grant's Progress—Pa- tience and Confidence.

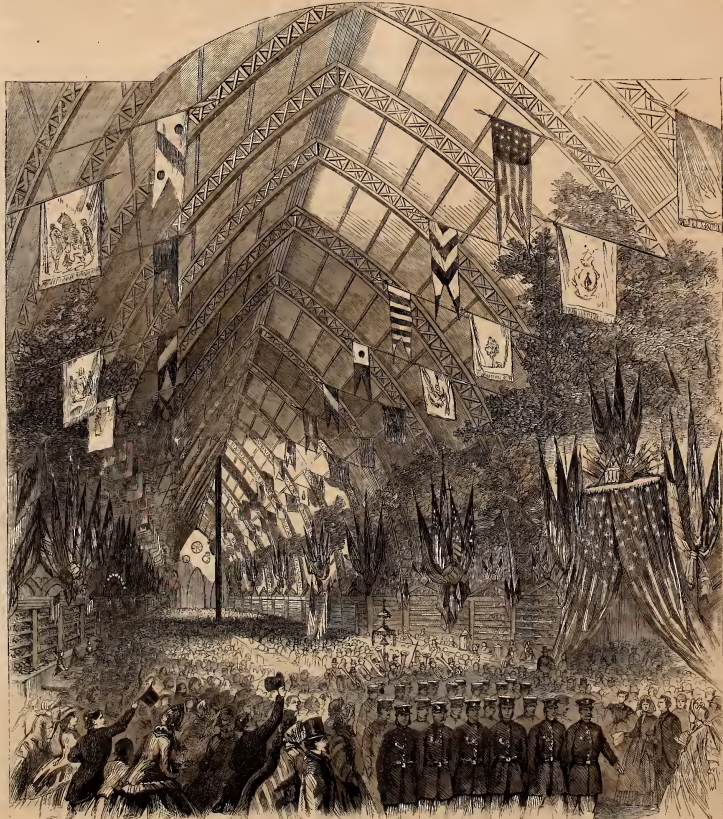
An attentive listener among the busy gamblers of Wall street any day during the week past, will bear witness that all of that class of operators concerned in "bulling" gold and stocks are making the most they can of Gen. Grant's detentions at the northern outworks of Richmond. What do we hear from these birds

of evil omen? Such croakings are these: "Grant is fading out," "awfully cut up," "nothing doing," "just where McClellan was when Stonewall Jackson pointed on him," "Richmond is not Vicksburg, and Lee is not Pemberton," and numerous other flippant, impudent and suspicious remarks of similar import. Unfortunately too, there are "on Change" many ignorant, timid and credulous men, or "lame ducks," as we may technically

define them, who are ready to listen to these croaking owls and ravens. Thus "one fool makes many," and the infectious elements of doubt and distrust are diffused from the heart through all the arteries and ramifications of our financial and political system.

There is not the slightest occasion, however, for any apprehension or doubt as to the result of the present struggle for Richmond. The inevitable issue of the campaign—and it is not

far off—will be the occupation of the city by the Union army, and the dissolution, capture or disappearance of Jeff Davis to parts unknown. Had the co-operative detachments of Union troops in the Shenandoah valley succeeded in the outset in the part assigned them, and had the Rappahannock expedition made thorough work—as was generally expected it would do—in cutting the south side railway connectors with the city, we have no doubt



THE INAUGURATION OF THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 215.



BURNING OF THE COAST TRADE STEVEDOCKS ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 215.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KINGSTON, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY SHERMAN'S TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. F. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 215.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE BATTLE OF RESACA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. F. HALLAM.—SEE PAGE 215.



HERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CAPTURE OF REISER'S REGIMENT AT HOVEY GAP, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. K. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 214.



A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

BY ADA THOMAS.

Last night my darling laid to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh."
"We laugh and jest, and lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile,
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile,
"Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life—
Not always on a faithful breast,
And sacred name of wife,
"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A bitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.
"As one within a prison shrouded,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—
"The right to do, the right to be,
A nobler thing than toy or slave,
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.
"Even so you yearn—ah! me, you smile,
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while—
You care not for our pain.
"The wiser far by stern control—
By latter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

"The better, nobler, to forgo
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which lures no Lethian stream."
I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and sigh'd,
"Come to your home!" She smuck therein,
My own, my plighted bride!

BUT AND VIRTUE MAY FLOURISH BEST, BUT 'T IS AS
NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD TRUST IT.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY E. W.

CHAPTER I.

I will deal to poison with thee, or in bestiality, or in
steel; I will beslay with thee in faction; I will set you
one upon the other with policy; I will kill three hundred and fifty
ways: therefore, tremble and depart."
—*See You Like It, Act V, Scene 1.*

A KISS contest had commenced between Victor
Kingsland and Gregory Grimgrip. The young
man "kissed" the old one copiously, the latter



Marina rescues Mula from Grimgrip's Cove.

Fire and Water.

without not a little under the process, but submitted to it for the nonce.
Victor spent the money thus garnered as freely as if its source had been inexhaustible, like a never-failing water spring. He fell into the ways of the New York prodigals with the facility of instinct, and became a general favorite with them; for while he had money he was always willing to "treat the crowd," and when he was without a cent never dreamed of asking them for one. Gamblers, pugilists and the "lansy" delighted in him, for he could fight and play, and gain and lose with perfect sangfroid and goodnature. He revelled with the fastest women, let on the fastest horses, and seemed to consider the sons of his life to be a career of unremitting dissipation.
Old Grimgrip at first had hoped that he would drink himself with impunity that liquid fire called "Jenny lightning," as if he were a salamander, and preferred this flaming drink as an ordinary beverage to tea and coffee, he relinquished all confidence in this slayer of thousands, and cast about him for quicker means to rid himself of the headstrong young vampire that was feeding upon his life.
"If I must be ruined," said Grimgrip to himself, "I will not allow another to revel in the pleasure of destroying me, but, like a generalist, enjoy the wasting of my own substance."
Knowing a powerful and desperate fellow named John McKill, who had already committed more than one homicide with impunity, Grimgrip beseeched the sanguinary killer to rid him of the incubus that broke his rest and emptied his money bags. As he gave the million a handsome reward when the work was done, the proposed assassination was undertaken without hesitation or reluctance, and with a cold-blooded and deliberate determination which sagged fatally for the intended victim.

how the old scum had half a century more stretched than the blow, and wouldn't come 'em without a scolding. ...

"In the blowed be black that to be yoked to the moose foot?"

"Dinner as a white eye, but a chain and cranky. She was mauling him like lightning's arm, and ceasing so shortly for a cut of honey-tongue—square blue, curly dangle, jam, milkly fustian, and crabsella. He'll fish her wallflowers, and if she don't make a Jew's eye I will dance at my death!"

"What a bracket make the old Poper has! Did you twig his own, kinematics? ...

"Oh, it's all plummer. Hanging Ned to him priggar, who breaks a leg once a month, and will soon be for pulling in the ladybird."

Bertman now thanked his stars, that he had been taught along by his brother. Much of this dialogue would otherwise have been unintelligible to him, but he could "snuff-dodge" well enough to have passed for a "cromoman," and understood every word the burglars had spoken.

"The next day was a busy one with Bertman. He had the police to advise, and the law to contend with, and to him, the difficult task to perform of ascertaining the exact locality of the alley in which Gripp's hide-out was situated. ...

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"The marriage guests had not long to wait for the bridegroom. He entered the room in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white vest and dark pantaloons. He carried a bouquet of the ascendant, and noisily voluminous. ...

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apartment in which the grim face was being played. The extinguishment of the light was quickly followed by a succession of the noise of tramping, and when Bertman opened the door, he found a man in a blue coat and dark pantaloons. ...

"Fugos the 'til' crime case."

"Next up the female, and enable his red rag to show above his shoulders, and to be seen by the rest of the party. ...

"The rest of the party, and enable his red rag to show above his shoulders, and to be seen by the rest of the party. ...

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nothing of the Massachusetts troops, while posted at the city of the detention of the rebels. The reports of the Fair are in the appendix of \$20,000, ...

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which lasted for several hours. At four o'clock these men were ordered to disband, and their arms were taken away. ...

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THE BATTLE OF GOLD HARBOR.

June 1st, 1863.

GOAL HARBOR, the scene of a recent battle in the struggle of General Grant's army with the rebels who have followed the operations of the war, ...

"The rebels were ordered to disband, and their arms were taken away. ...

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THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

We continue this week our series of sketches of Sherman's campaign, and among other a view of the battle of Resaca.

"The battle, which was fought on June 20th, 1864, was one of the most important of the campaign. ...

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BATTLE OF BETHLEHEM CHURCH, MAY 20th.

Early on the morning of the 20th the 5th corps (Warren's) advanced across Telegraph Creek, ...

"The battle, which was fought on May 20th, 1864, was one of the most important of the campaign. ...

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KINGSTON, CA.

After the battle of Resaca, Sherman, with his whole force, followed in pursuit, penetrating to the city of Kingston, Georgia, ...

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HAWEE'S STORE, VA.

The war has brought into the prominence and center of attention the town of Hawee's Store, ...

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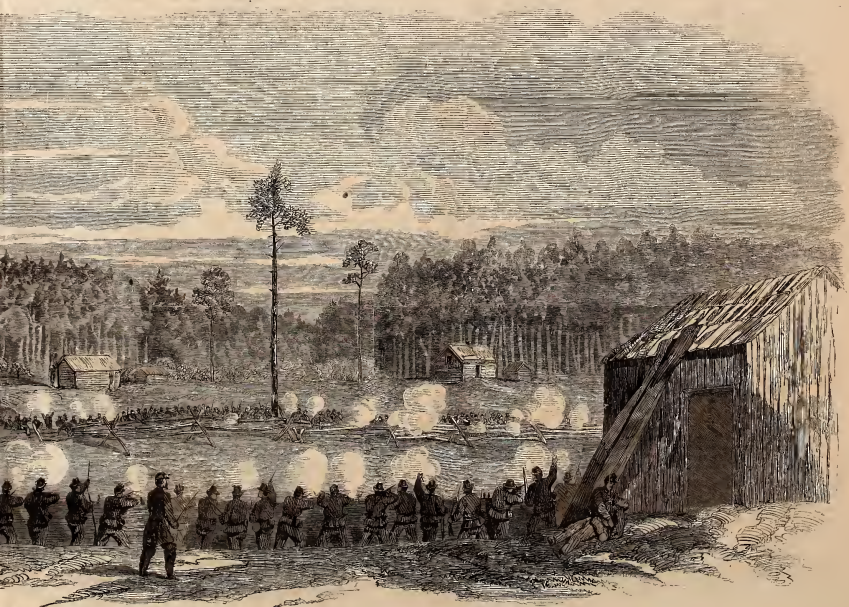
GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT COAL HARBOR



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT BETHESDA CHURCH, BETWEEN CRAWFORD'S DIVISION



REBELS, JUNE 1ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORDE.—SEE PAGE 15.



DIVISION, 5TH CORPS, AND THE REBELS, MAY 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORDE.—SEE PAGE 215.



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—GUEBILLES ATTACKING A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHMIDT.—SEE PAGE 221.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—BUILDING BREASTWORKS AT HAWK'S STORE, MAY 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, SEYMOUR FORNER.—SEE PAGE 215.

THE EGG A MINIATURE UNIVERSE.

The following remarkable passage occurs in Professor Agassiz' *Methods of Study of Natural History*:
 "One can hardly conceive the beauty of the egg as seen through the microscope at this period of its growth, when the whole yolk is divided, with the dark granules on one side; while the other side, where the

transparent part of the vesicle is seen, is brilliant with light. With the growth of the egg these granules enlarge, become more distinct, and under the microscope some of them appear to be hollow. They are not found in ferns, but rather irregular, and under the effect of light they are exceedingly brilliant. Presently, instead of being scattered equally over the space they occupy, they form clusters—constellations as it were—and between these clusters are clear spaces, pro-

duced by the separation of the albumen from the cell. At this period of its growth there is wonderful resemblance between the appearance of the egg, as seen under the microscope, and the firmament with the celestial bodies. The little cluster of constellations are equally divided. Here and there they are two and two like double stars, or sometimes in threes or fives, or in seven, recalling the Pleiades; and the clear abundant tracts between are like the empty space separat-

ing the stars. This is simply true: such is the actual appearance of the yolk at this time; and the idea cannot but suggest itself to the mind, that the thoughts which have been established in the universe are recalled here within the little egg, presenting a miniature diagram of the firmament. This is one of the first changes of the yolk, ending by forming regular clusters, with a sort of network of albumen between, and then this phase of the growth is complete."



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON—THE BURNING OF THE BRECKENRIDGE ON THE NIGHT OF THE 5TH OF JUNE.

THE CERRILLAS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The defeat of the ill-adviced expedition of Gen. Banks up the Red River has led to the... The Louisiana was captured and burned by part of Merritt's forces...

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The following piece of elegant poetry, written by an Arkansas rider who loved nothing more than to thank the beauties of the nation...

PREVING says: "Men talk fluently about... PREVING says: "Men talk fluently about... PREVING says: "Men talk fluently about..."

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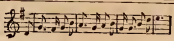
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the Year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 437—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 10 YEARLY.
10 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Gen. Grant on the South Side of Richmond.

In the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the peninsular swamps of the Chancellorsville on the north to the south side of Richmond, Gen. Grant has executed another of those masterly flank movements for which he has become so pre-eminently distinguished. The immense labors required, the difficulties overcome, and the dangers avoided in carrying out this enterprise, may be inferred from Gen. Grant's brief but comprehensive report of the movement. He says: "Our forces drew out from within 50 yards of the enemy's entrenchments at Cold Harbor (north side of the Chickahominy), made a flank movement of about 25 miles march (a vast army, with all



"HUN BACK, JOHNSON—HUN BACK, TANKER"

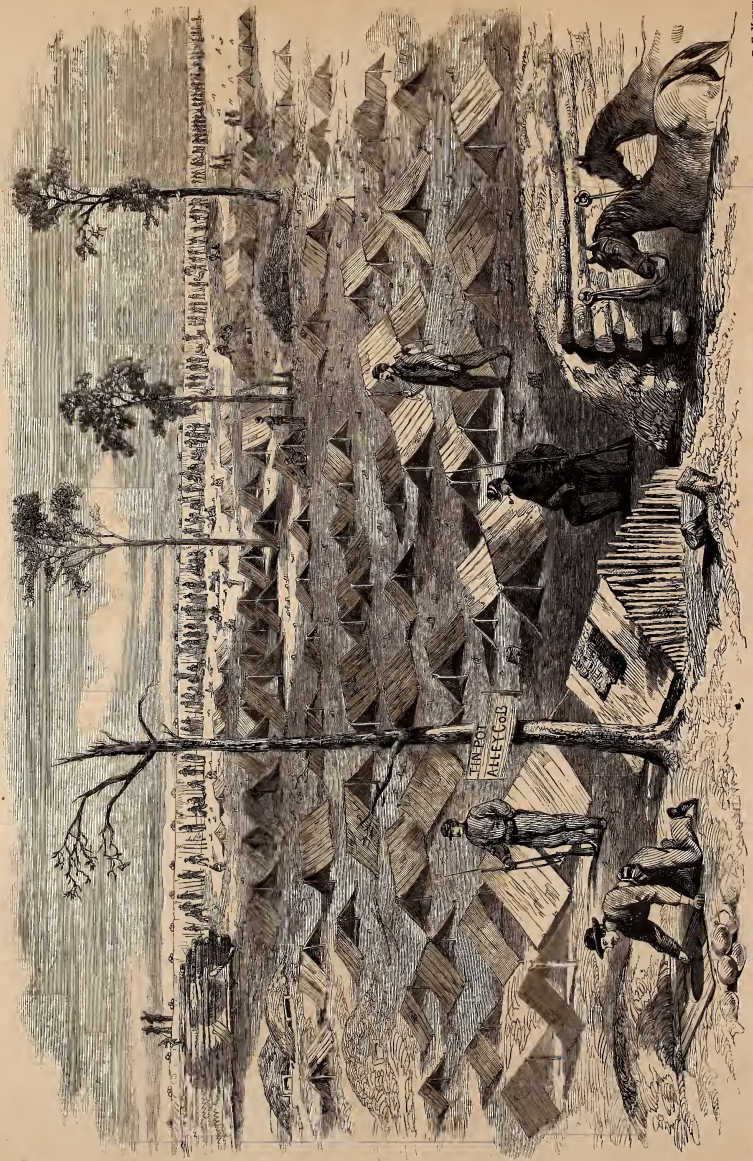
its artillery and trains), crossing (by pontoon bridges) the Chickahominy and James rivers—the latter 2,000 feet wide and 84 feet deep at the point of crossing, and surprising the enemy's rear at Petersburg. This was done without the loss of a wagon or piece of artillery, and only about 150 stragglers were picked up by the enemy."

This is, indeed, a difficult, delicate and hazardous flank movement, most admirably accomplished. Had not Gen. Lee, from his rough experience in this campaign from "the Wilderness" to the defenses of Richmond, been so severely crippled to justify the venture, he would surely have seized the opportunity for harassing at every step, front, flank and rear, this side movement of his fearless adversary, for we



"Out jump the fellows from the rade, and putting down their caps stretch their mangled forms upon the grass. Sharpshooters covertly also drop from their perches in the trees and kill about in water alcohol. Trade is quickly opened, and all sorts of commodities are exchanged."—Correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

THE LULL IN THE STORM.—SEE PAGE 231.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—NUTTER'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES, WITH TROOPS IN POSITION NEAR OUR CENTER, AWAITING AN ATTACK PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL OF GRANT'S ARMY, JUNE 3.—SCULPTURED BY OUR ARTIST, E. P. HENNES.



SEEMAN'S CAMPAINS IN GEORGIA—TROOPS STARTING FROM KINGSDOM FOR THE FRONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. R. F. HILLY—SEE PAGE 231.



CHARGE OF THE CASH BRIGADE
At the Brooklyn Fair.

BY DE TOLEMAC.

Mais, comme l'a dit Meistre,
Qu'il faut à ces jours
Tous, dans cette galère?

'Cross the river, 'cross the river,
'Cross the river, onward
Up into Montague street
Marched the eight hundred.
'Forward! the Cash Brigade!
'Go straight ahead!' he said
Into the Academy
Marched the eight hundred.

In marched the Cash Brigade;
'Think you they were afraid
That by some stilet maid
They would be plunder'd?
Their, but to go and view,
There, not a thing to do,
There, not to open a sou,
Thus through the Academy
Stride the eight hundred.

Ladies to left of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Looked up and wonder'd;
Seeing they did not buy,
None of the chances try;
Nothing would take their eye—
For all admirers
Thought the eight hundred

To ribs to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables in front of them,
Piled up and number'd;
Thinking no little spare,
Tended with charming grace,
By the abuse of the place,
Of none of which the fact
Struck the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Wearily and hunger'd!

Pushing with all their might,
Seemingly out of sight,
As if 'twere their delight
To cease at once the fight
Of the eight hundred.

"Anything here to eat?"
"Something, I entreat!"
"Anything for a seat?"
"I can't stand on my feet!"
Each of them thunder'd;
No resource but to pace,
This done with charming grace
By every one, until
Into a quiet place
One of them blunder'd!
Then sat they down—but not
All the eight hundred.

Seats all could not get,
'Least resting some were set,
Much marching there was yet
Others pretended;
Thanks to all who did aid,
Thanks to all who then made
Strong efforts to persuade
That these ends should be stayed—
The good friends render'd;

For it was their intent,
The next hours should be spent
In peaceful instrument,
And thus, in order, went
Went the eight hundred.

What was there else to see?
What should their next move be?
Asked, when the gallery
Left, through the dense crowd, they
Slowly meander'd;
Hungry as they were all,
Passed by table and stall,
Passed by each "waterfall,"
Through Kitchens, stage and Hall,
Each of them wonder'd;
But nought found they for all—
All the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Scrambled and thunder'd;
Hungry ones everywhere,
Pushed the ladies there,
'They that had stood so well,
Back, from this splendid Fair,
In contentment rare,
Once more in open air,



Dr. Kent's Offer of Marriage.

March'd forth, in grim despair,
All the eight hundred.

When can their memory fade?
At the wild trip they made,
They themselves wonder'd:
Forget the words they said,
Honor the trip they made!
Honor the Cash Brigade,
Happy eight hundred!

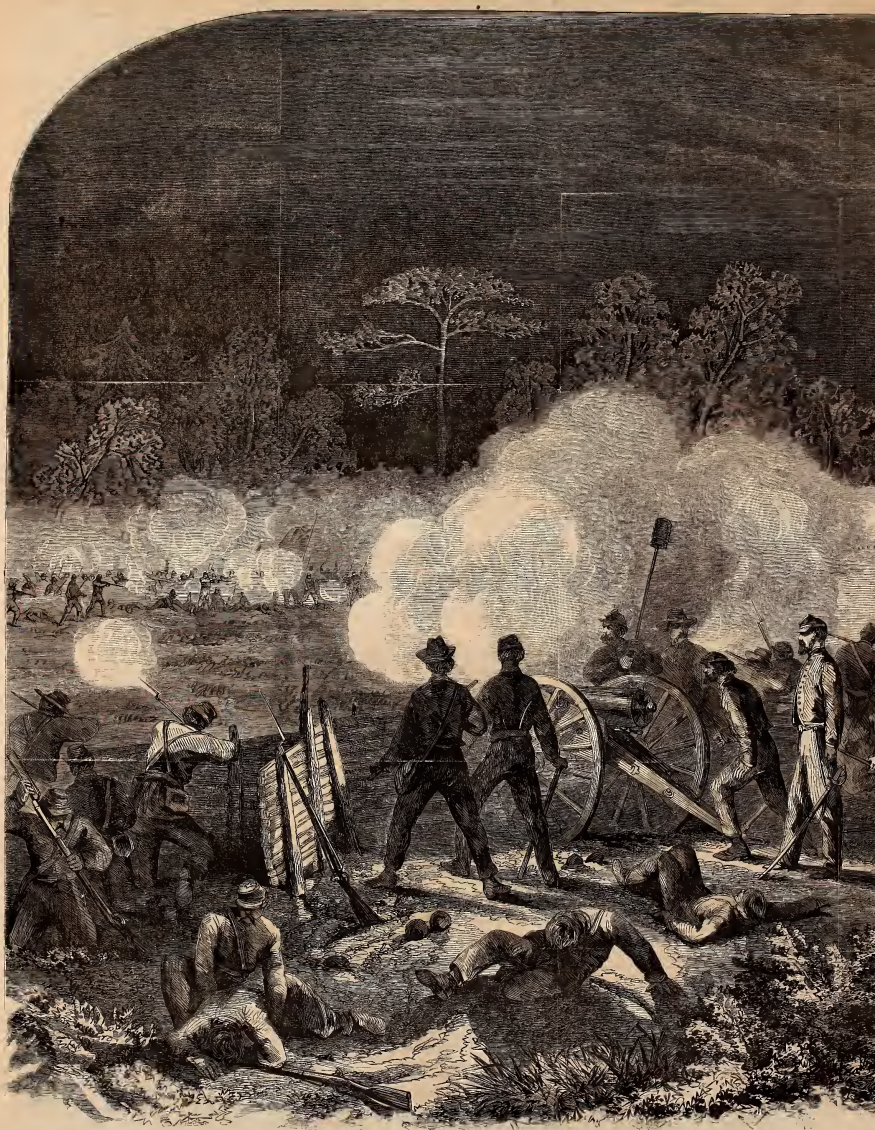
A Visit to a Fortuneteller.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX SMITH.

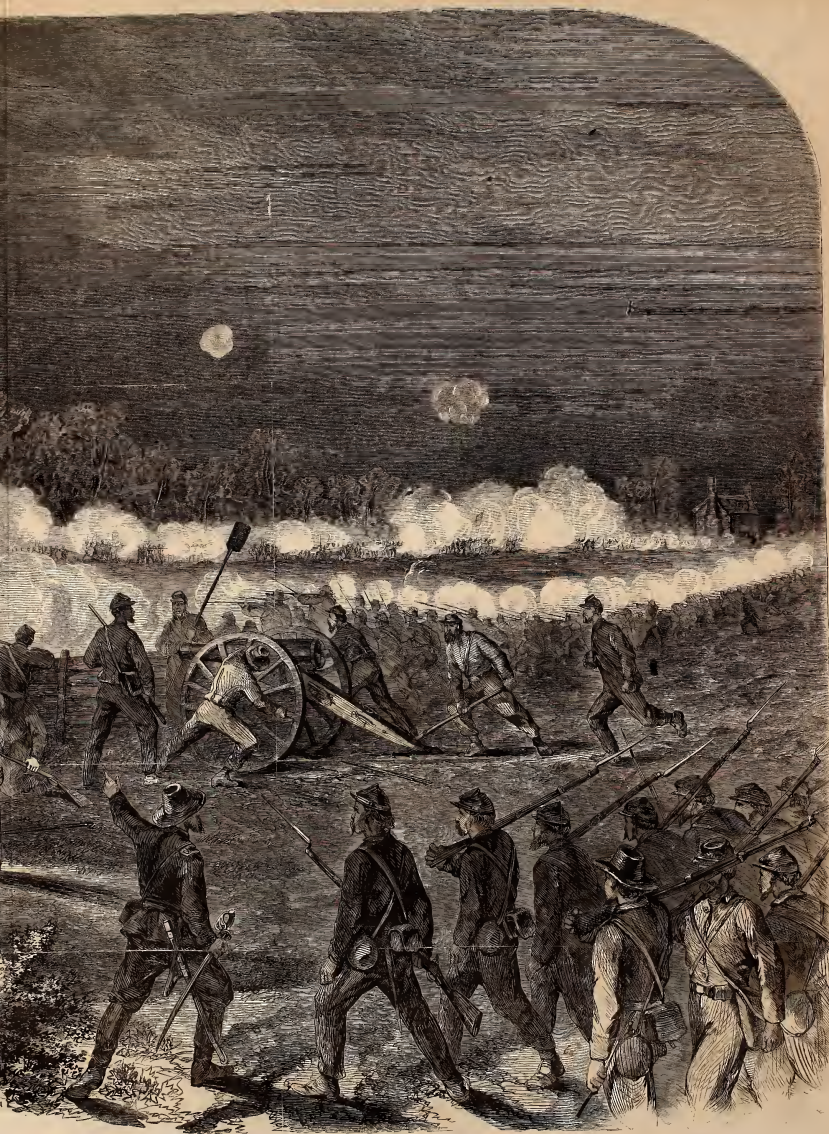
ROSA TEMPERANCE sat alone in her room, her face buried in her hands, her heart lost in a melancholy reverie. She was a young woman—only twenty-three—fair to look upon too, and yet she had already endured such suffering as does not often afflict one person in the course of a whole life. Three years ago she had been at happy a creature as ever lived; the beloved darling of a home where her lightest will was law, with two fond parents, a stalwart brother and a sweet young sister to make up the happy family, surrounded by luxury, knowing that all belonging to her were respected and welcome; herself the reigning belle of the town, a favorite with her young companions and adored by the young men, her position was indeed an enviable one, and the god enjoyed it to the full, naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition, the present had been all sunshine, and the future had seemed all promise. The first shadow came in the failure of her mother's health, but just as this trial began to distress the soul that made even this threatened sorrow for the time seem impossible—Rosa fell in love. She had had a score of suitors with whom she had laughed, and perhaps sometimes flirted, but not one had touched her heart, until she met Robert Harrington. From the moment when she first saw his handsome, manly face, and looked into his earnest eyes, up to the time when he whispered to her his strong, deep love, it was all a wild delightful dream, and life was such a golden aspect that sorrow and death seemed the greatest misdeeds. But almost immediately after her happy engagement a new trouble came in the parting with her lover. Robert was junior partner in a large mercantile house, and at this time there arose a sudden necessity for one of his firm to go out to



Before the Secrets.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—REPULSE OF LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, HANCOCK



HANCOCK'S CORPS, FRIDAY, JUNE 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 231.



● WAR IN VIRGINIA—COLD HARBOR, THE SCENE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FLANK MOVEMENT AND OF GRANT'S SECRET OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

COLD HARBOR.

Cold Harbor, called in many of our papers Cold Harbor, has come into considerable prominence, and will live hereafter in Virginia annals with its countless other battlefields. The name Cold Harbor has been trampled upon as a sad misnomer. It is simply a sad perversion. Its real name is Cold Arthur, and the hazant derives that name from a neighboring

plantation once owned by Oscar Dalney, who gave it the name. An Englishman, or one of our name Northern friends, would have called it Good Arthur, but it is a curious fact that from Southern lips you seldom hear the word good. Everything is evil or bad. They go to extremes, and do not halt at intervening stages. What Cold Harbor actually is the graphic sketch of our artist at the front portrays with characteristic

PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, BROOKLYN.

For the German Hospital Fund.

Not content with their contributions to the Sanitary Fairs and similar institutions or organizations, our German fellow-citizens have an especial hospital fund, and on the 19th of June a picnic for its benefit came off at Schach's Park, East Brooklyn, which most

have been highly successful. A procession of Turner and of one or six military companies marched to the spot in the morning, and great numbers of men, women and children, in fitting garb arrayed, thronged thither during the day, on charitable deeds latent, enjoying themselves in the usual ordinary and reasonable means which prevail among them. We hope to give, as early as possible, a detailed statement of the success realized for the benevolent object in view by the numerous



MOORE'S PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, EAST BROOKLYN, JUNE 19, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL FUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 458—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS \$4 00 YEARLY \$10 WEEKLY \$1 00.]

Richmond—What Progress and What is the Prospect.

SEEN our last review of the military situation in Virginia, another memorable and important chapter of sanguinary battles, heroic achievements and masterly strategy has been added to the glorious history of our veteran Army of the Potomac. The practical questions, however, which we are required to answer are, what actual progress has been made towards the reduction of the rebel capital? and what is the prospect now before us? Sanguinary battles

involve a great waste of human life, heroic achievements signify nothing, and masterly strategy is foolishness without substantial results. What, therefore, has Gen. Grant gained from his last seven days of battles and strategic operations? and what are the advantages contemplated? and what is the prospect from his last bold movement by the left flank? Let us briefly endeavor to answer.

First, towards the reduction of Richmond and the rebel army defending it, an important point has been gained by Gen. Grant in the actual occupation, south of Petersburg, of the

Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the principal artery through which Richmond draws its supplies and Lee his reinforcements. The only remaining line of communication between the rebel capital and the States beyond Virginia supporting it is the interior Danville road, which, if not occupied by our forces, soon will be, and in the meantime has been seriously interrupted by our cavalry operations in that direction. It must not be forgotten that Gen. Grant, from the beginning of this Virginia campaign, has been, and is now, acting under the conviction that Richmond

and the rebel army defending it may be more readily and cheaply overcome by cutting off their lines of supplies than by storming or laying siege to the city's extensive and formidable chain of defences. He believes, as we believe, that Gen. Lee, if reduced to the substance stores of Richmond, will soon be compelled to abandon the city, or to make a sortie from his entrenchments to reopen his communications, and that, in either case, the city, his army and his cause are lost.

In this view, Gen. Grant's operations in Virginia of the last seven days, and especially the



THE COLORED INFANTRY BRINGING IN THE CAPTURED GUNS, AMID THE REMAINS OF THE OLD TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 247.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 22ND COLORED REGIMENT, DUNCAN'S BROADS, CARRYING THE FIRST LINE OF RIFLES WORKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 19TH ARMY CORPS BEHIND A FORT ON THE RIGHT OF THE REBEL LINE BEFORE PETERSBURG, JUNE 15.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

HIERONYMUM.

BY PARLANCE

The gold sun smiles a sad adieu
On flowers and streams and woods to-night,
And long hills doff their dreamy blue,
To wear his crown of parting light.
At this sweet time fair Memory brings
Her garlands from the withered Past,
And sheds a radiance from her wings
On joys that were too bright to last.

Oh! still the echo of thy words
Rings through my heart in ling'ring chimes,
Like music of rich summer birds
That trill in air their rippling rhymes.
And still my spirit hovers to thee,
As some east messenger from Heaven,
To whom the tide of harmony
In all its glorious strength is given.

Around my life a richer hue
Thy warm soul atmosphere has thrown—
Like flowers that drink the sunlight through,
Deep in that vinedike life I've grown.
On the bright day our eyes first met,
When perfumes reeled from every grove,
(I feel the sweetness of it yet),
I knew my soul had chafed its love.

Brimmed with the poet's high desires,
The humming solitudes are thine,
Where Nature in baptismal fires
Lifts to her child her bright propine;
And gliding down the ocean walks,
Her mystic meaning pales and burns,
And through the sweet earth's emerald halls
Thy wit with mosses and with ferns.

An elfin world of gracious gleams
Thy pure tones fling adown thy soul,
And evermore in slumbering dreams
I hear immortal rivers roll.
I drink the glorious light of Love,
I trodden in the heavenly dew,
And feel the Spirit-ocean move
The great pulsations of the True!

And horn within that noble land
Are Thoughts and Feelings white away;
They walk upon the stony strand
And seem the children of the Day.
I bless thee! yes! that thou canst bring
A realm like this within my ken,
Thus—all its milky glories fling
A lustre on the brows of men.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET, C. S. A.—SEE PAGE 243.

And I, through all the years that roll
In fringed vellelets over me,
Shall hold my life as a starlike soul
That dips the life in melody.
And I shall bless thee evermore,
For the dear light that soul has given,
Till life shall break on Lethe's shore,
And swell within the chimnes of Heaven.

CECILE;
OR,
THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.
CHAPTER I.

In the Rue Plâtrière, in the same house which, some years later, became the home of Jean J. Rousseau, and near the same window rendered famous by those delicious little breakfasts which

he there enjoyed with his poor Therèse, a young man, apparently a visitor, was working silently on a large portrait of a man in a military dress. By his side stood a young girl in morning toilette, attentively observing the corrections he made, and expressing from time to time her appreciation of his kindness by words of grateful acknowledgment.
"I shall not dare to put my name to this masterpiece," she said, with charming grace, as the young man turned to her with a look that implied "is it improved?—will it do?"
"It is far too well done—too beautiful, Robert," she replied, answering his glance. "I shall be proud in future to ask your assistance or advice; and yet what could I do without you, who had me your talent so generously?"
The young man took her hand and pressed it in silence. There was something in his look which implied a hidden sorrow, a suppressed thought. The young girl continued, smiling:
"What shall I do of the Marquis de Maucombe,

charged with his portrait, which he believes a lady my own work, should succeed in calling me to Versailles?" You could not follow me there, assist me during the sittings of my models, nor repair secretly my blunders. I would lose at once both my undervalued *reputation* and my hopes of extended patronage."
"You will never become a great artist, Cecile—you work for money," said Robert, without turning towards her.



The Inactive Painter.

"Not for myself," murmured the young girl. "I know not for whom then," Robert replied in a careless tone. "True, I've no right to question you."
"You cannot intend to be so harsh," Cecile replied, turning away her head to hide the pain caused by his words.
"No, indeed, Cecile," exclaimed the impetuous young man. "But this mystery with which you surround yourself, why can it not be revealed? And these nightly sittings, on which I warn you so every one is countenancing—how long as you treat me?"
The young girl replied, faintly:
"Dearest Cecile, I have loved you without questioning, and would not now inflict upon you the real and avowed of my love, but for this portrait—the odious portrait—which, for your sake, I touch up patiently, with resignation and perfect self-abnegation. I have not even asked by what miracle you have contrived to reproduce so faithfully upon your canvas a countenance so hapless, so devoid of expression. Cecile, you love the Marquis de Maucombe! True!" he added, with a strange, forced laugh. "For it is the marquis

Perhaps, within the Future's maze
Together we shall rove the plains,
Where light eternal round us plays,
And Truth falls down in golden rains.
Our souls may pierce all mystic state,
All glades of bliss—all symbols deep,
And look from off the eyes of Fate
The lids of their unstaring sleep.

Oh! joy to wander thus with thee,
To feel thee with me high and strong,
To live within thy melody,
The fragrance borne from off thy song!
There, down the wide columnar aisle,
Conspirest with dewy, amber floss,
Perfume we'll walk Love's shining aisle,
And kneel before the incense Cross.

Night from her shon halls on light
Comes down the world with darkened sweep,
Her trailing skirts touch earth and sky,
And stars among her tresses sleep;
I kneel in worship unto her,
As slow she trends the blue, like sea,
And listen to the downy whirl:
That drips her murmuring minstrelsy.

Oh! love that all my being fills!
Oh! passion of the pulsing heart!
Oh! flower that blood and dew distills!
Is less through all my senses dart!
As tropic growths in tropic seas,
Dues to wooing air each plume,
So, though last best the sunlit breeze
That kissed my soul life into bloom.



The Amateur and Professional Artists.

comes here to-day and cannot go to-morrow. We part now for ever. O'Connell has expressed neither fear nor courage.

"Is it your promise to me? Have you forgotten our agreement?" she asked, proudly, and with perfect composure.

"I would have said, 'I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose.'"

"You speak like a child, my poor Robert," said O'Connell, in a tender, caring tone.

"I have been so long in the hands of the Chevalier, and I am so weary of his life, that I would have said, 'I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose.'"

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of my fiancé by her incapacity of loving. It is the more, bring me back to life gradually; tell her there are still hopes of my recovery, and obtain for me a copy of my will, with my little will of 'And, if in place of being yourself wounded, you should wound or kill the Chevalier Robert, the favored girl?"

"I feared I palaw—the idea is but a phantom of my imagination."

"But still, what if you should wound my friend?"

"I am sure, my dear friend, I will spare my own cause."

"All right! but if you should be killed?"

"If I am killed, my dear friend, I will spare the one that is the object of my affection, and do as he may order you to do."

"The Chevalier's carriage was soon in it, and their road to the Bois de Vincennes."

CHAPTER III.

"WELL," said DANFORTH, "as your record, I have the right, I presume, to ask the history of this love affair?"

"You are right," the marquis replied, "the record will serve for a purpose. I will add to your own experience and help to shorten the history of my imagination."

"I am sure, my dear friend, I will spare my own cause."

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"All right! but if you should be killed?"

"If I am killed, my dear friend, I will spare the one that is the object of my affection, and do as he may order you to do."

Would you believe it? I was repulsed with great loss, and in despair. My wife, I told her of the meeting on Sunday. She saw the picture of my wife, and in a fit of jealousy, she drew a dagger, and impaled her to grant me one sign, one tear in my face. She will be able to describe for her life."

"Well?"

"I expected of course a scene—an exhibition of some emotion. O'Connell heard me with the greatest tranquillity, seeming to doubt, rather than to be angry with me, and listening to our killing ourselves with his own hands."

"You would have said, 'I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose.'"

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He buried his face in his hands, and wept. More than an hour elapsed before the physician came, and he found the Chevalier lying on the floor, and wiped the carriage, saying: "I would have said, 'I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose.'"

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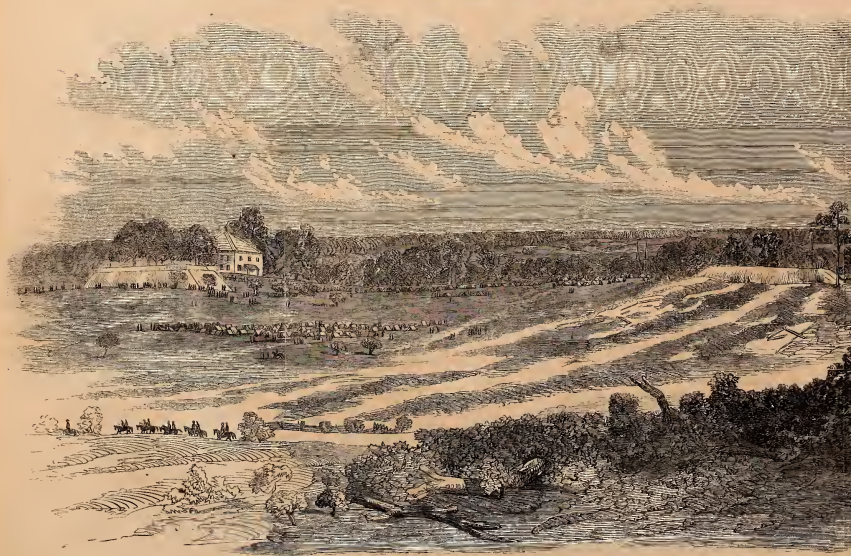
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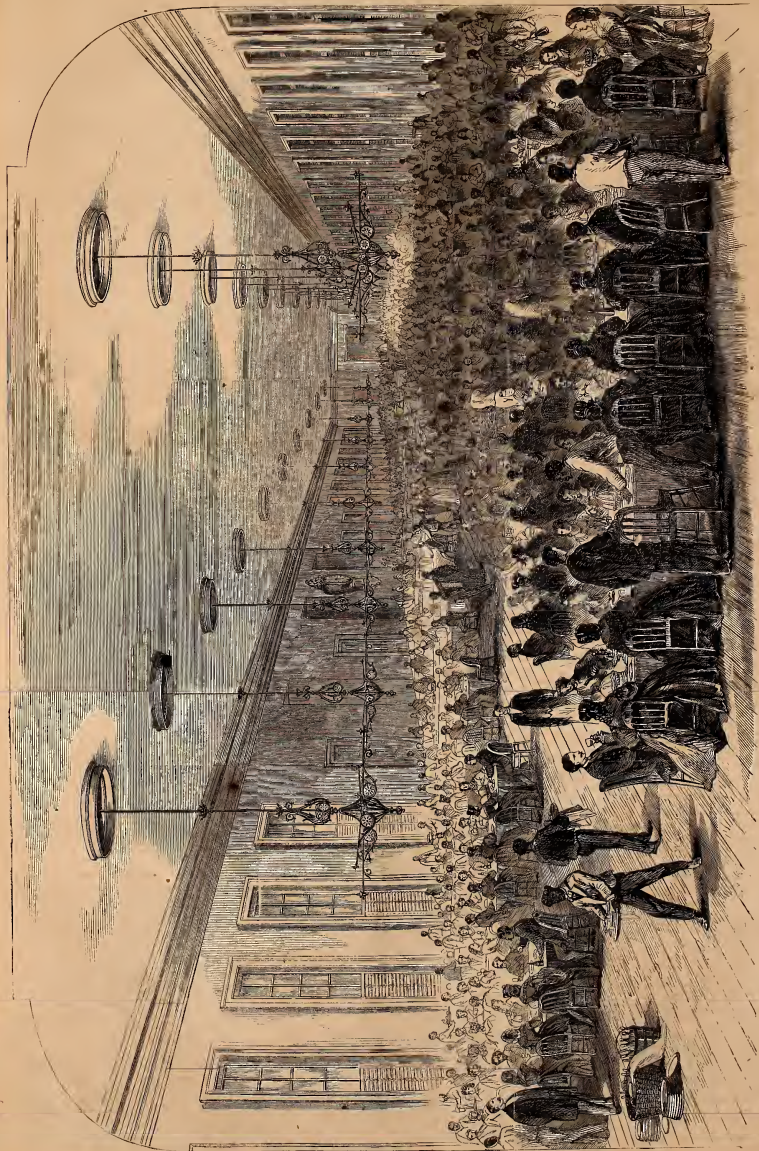


THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FORTS AND BRISTOWS NEAR PETERSBURG STORMED BY THE 16th ARMY



NEAR FORT POWHATAN, ON FORBIDDEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

MY CORPS (W. F. SMITH'S), WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247, V



ONE SUMMER FROTH-TOXON HALL, SARATOGA SPRING—THE DINING-ROOM.



OUR SUMMER RESIDENCE—UNION HALL, SARATOGA, WILLIAM LESLIE, ESQ., PROPRIETOR.

UNION HALL, SARATOGA.
Wm. W. Leslie, Proprietor.

DESCRIBE SARATOGA! Who will attempt it? The throne has been seized by so many yet American life is so volatile, so overcast, so full of strange changes and strange contrasts, that the well studied description of one season by the next excites the excitement of all and when five years old has all the requisite trappings of antiquity. All the world knows Saratoga, and who else has engaged Saratoga, with the comforts and conveniences, its piazzas and its beauty, leaves Union Hall. But how long ago did you know Union Hall? Remember down to the year 1832, when Napoleon I. was Emperor—and Napoleon III? Oh! Then Union Hall was a small village, 200 feet by 25. We mean Union Hall as it is, with Hall as the splendid wing, its loggias, its colonnades, its magnificent lawn. Do you know this, and do you know that it is long by W. W. Leslie, Esq., one of that wonderful family who have achieved the greatest of modern enterprises—who can keep an hotel? Well readers, you know it now. Now we say more—and we tell you that it is the largest hotel in Saratoga Springs—that the front is so long that when you have before walked it in fragments—and you have newly accomplished a mile? Look at the exterior, what can be more attractive? We do not suppose that you have here the old-fashioned four by six rooms. These are built for comfort. Enter the dining-room. A thousand—yes, and half a thousand more are seated here; and, admirable as it may appear, seated comfortably, the tables being placed across the room at intervals of five feet, and a passageway down through the middle no less than six feet.

At the tables the maîtres d'hôtel are first to greet you, each one, so that you may breathe, dine and nap at ease, without fear of upsetting your neighbor's glass of wine, or what ever he orders, examine your own, in liquid words, along the costly skirt of the lady beside you. Not for the victor's sake do we say this, for choice or good wine is in these glorious days of ours, Mr. Leslie's wine-rooms represents a value of \$20,000.

There think of the substantial food provided here, and of the delicacies of every shape and kind that a gourmet caterer can supply, at the least

WILLIAM W. LESLIE, PROPRIETOR OF THE HALL.

gourmet can desire. Is anything lacking? Are not the tables loaded with all that is most exquisite and refined? Have you ever seen anything so approach as a banquet table? A banquet without every form. It is not their attendance requisite, is it not? Well?

Indeed, the quieting, the sleeping, never to be found, call when you will from six to the morning till twelve at night, in the mansions of the great mansions, and it never will be a sleeping alive all, but rather like the telegraph or something impaled by some new and unappreciated power.

You run from the office for air, Union Hall and welcome you. Right now ever stand at the door to receive your baggage and conduct you to your rooms or your cottages.

There you find comfort, and without the many word lawn, with its slender trees, gives a shade to make an easier step writing for the very thought of it, and pack off for the spot, having already in imagination dined there.

The scene from the piazza of Union Hall is most attractive. Being itself comes forth the most distinguished of men, the most well-to-do, and of women; from the porch dash half a century that have no match. For a splendid team out, Union Hall has great attention. Your carriage and pair are well taken care of; your coachman has a room in the magnificent carriage-house. All is in good order. Your carriage rolls to the door in good trim when you need it to ride to the lake, the hotel-ground, or where you will.

The Ladies are well-known, having conducted Clinton Hall, and subsequently the Metropolitan, with a skill which the discerning public respect by the tone of success.

Within you now alone assumes the management of Union Hall, and whose portrait we give, was at one time in immense vogue near to

Texas, where his realm was counted not by acres but by miles. He is here North; a Union man, certain the man for Union Hall, as all who are happy enough to enter his empire during the heated term will attest.

Old habits, who have and appreciated Messrs. Putnam and Perry, they will remain clear to welcome them warmly, and point out approvingly the improvements in life.

In the office, Mr. W. D. Harlow, who has had eight years experience in the office, will officiate as room clerk; Mr. James H. Martin as bill clerk, assisted by W. A. A. Drake, as cashier, who speaks French and Spanish fluently. The bar will be under the charge of Montgomery Avery, assisted by N. K. Hoy and others. Dr. T. Wallace, the capable and popular house-keeper for thirteen seasons, will continue to fill that position. These details, the capable head waiter, who has been connected with the house for twenty years, is retained, as also the excellent Robert Jackson. The kitchen department will be under the skilled supervision of Stanislaus Victor Combe, chief cook of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, with Anthony Bades as sous-chef.



OUR SUMMER RESIDENCE—LAWYER OF THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

A NEW NOVEL

By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, THE INDIAN QUEEN. This fine romance is just issued in No. 10 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER...

SEEDS OF SCIENCE For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums. Contains: Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and sweetening the Breath...

American Gold Pen Co. Manufacturers of GOLD PENS and PENCILS of every description. Sole manufacturers of the celebrated ANGEL and NIBBLED PENS.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT. Ground in Oil in six shades abides for VILAS, OCEAN, ROSE, &c. H. BAYBOLD, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Nervous Debility and Physical Debility, arising from Strain, excess, in both sexes, and other ailments, cured by the celebrated Anglo-American...

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W.M. KNABE & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS, BALTIMORE, MD.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY! Manufacture of all kinds of PHOTO-ALBUMS ordered by soldiers for themselves or friends, giving them a record of the full value of the money paid.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS. New engravings about 5,000 Officers Army and Navy, Blockades, Arctic, copies of Works of Art, etc. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y. GENTLEMEN'S FURNISH'G GOODS. A large and complete assortment of the most fashionable Goods for the season...

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE, Manufacture of all kinds of PHOTO-ALBUMS ordered by soldiers for themselves or friends, giving them a record of the full value of the money paid.

EDGE'S FIREWORKS! Wholesale and Retail. DEPOT, No. 438 BROADWAY.

ALFRED WOODHAM, 424 Broadway. Sole Importer of the celebrated "The Boys' Own" Magazine, published by CHAS. D. CLAYTON, Philadelphia.



PREFERRED YOURS LINT—"There mind your amble, Jennie, we had better go with short skirts than our brave soldiers' round bandages."

\$15 PER DAY \$15 GUARANTEED TO ALL AGENTS who sell our great and wonderful Extra Strong Day Stationery Paper. 500 can be made in a few hours by Street Agents...

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FREMONT CAMPAIGN MEDAL!

OR NEAT AND BEAUTIFUL. SOLD ONLY BY THE WORKS OF A BADCOP & CO. 100 N. 5TH STREET, PHILA. PA. Send no orders at once.

Munro's 10 Cent Novels!

They are No. 1. The Strangers. - 2. The Trapper's Boy. - 3. The Prairie Highwayman. - 4. The Blasted Camp. - 5. The Lone Star. - 6. The Lone Star. - 7. The Lone Star. - 8. The Lone Star. - 9. The Lone Star. - 10. The Lone Star.

AMERICAN SPINE AND ENGLISH WATCHES. The Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Times says: "Messrs. Steinhilber's endorsement by the Times is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY! Agents can sell from \$10 to \$10 a day selling our celebrated FRENCH COLLATION TABLETS. We have every variety to suit the taste of all, retail for 10c each.

Use of Tobacco, in all its forms, Cured and Uncured, Particulars Sent. Address: STEINWART & SONS, No. 71 and 73, Fourteenth Street, New York, Conn. \$1.50 per Year. Send no orders at once.

\$7 ARMY WATCH \$7

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Double Case, Leaf Cap, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Double Glass, "Double Movement," and Correct Timekeeper, sent free, by mail, in next case, "WITH A BEAUTIFUL CHAIN" only for \$7.

A SILVER WATCH sent as above, single case, by mail, \$7. Especially adapted to the ARMY. \$18 ALGERINE \$18 ON OFFICER'S WATCH. A SILVER "EXTRA DOUBLE GOLD-PLATED" engraved of "EXTRA-STRONG" Double Case Watch, made by "M. V. PONS" - Independent artist and manufacturer - "Warranted one year" will stand such a perfect exhibition as the ARMY.

A \$100 Gold Watch used by the British Army Officers. Sent free, by mail, in Engraved Morocco Case, for only \$7. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of July 30th says of the "European Timekeeper": "It is a worthy hero, and an indication of the excellent character of such an article as this, being a perfect specimen, and a guarantee to meet the wants of our soldiers in the field."

WARDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS. Self-Measurement for Shirts. Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars, sent free by mail.

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Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar as they are easily adapted to use. To Military Men and Travellers they are invaluable. On the WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Agents: WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

10 INCH MESH GOWN. FACSIMILES OF THE 320 ARMY CORPS BADGE. A New Arrival, Jersey, and other articles of Dressing, for the Army and Navy. Sold by WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS! All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, and other places, sent by mail, for the lowest price, by MAIL, and delivered by WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

George B. McClellan SWORD AND GENERAL FUND. The undersigned has been solicited by many in the army and citizens of this city to be the recipient of a fund of money to be used for the purchase of a sword for the General. The fund will be open for contributions until the 1st of August. Contributions should be sent to the care of GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

WANTED. 10,000 ARMY OFFICERS to sell new Watches of GEN. GRANT. \$10 per day can be made. It is the largest and best paid for in the world. Address: WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

Shirts' Omelette - Warranted to produce a full set of Wrinkles in 30 Weeks or more. Best made, best paid for in the world. Address: WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

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"Enamelled Snow White" and Lisen Basher. The utility of these tooth, nail, and hair preparations, and the fact that they are made in this country, and are of the highest quality, is a fact that is well known to all. Address: WARD & WARD, 10, 587 Broadway, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1854, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 459—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1864.

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The Resignation of Mr. Secretary Chase—Our Financial Difficulties.

The startling—because wholly unexpected—announcement from Washington on Thursday last, of the resignation of Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Ex-Governor David Tod, of Ohio, to fill his place, instantly created a more painful and profound sensation in New York than any tidings for a long time of any disaster to the national cause. Men of all parties, and all classes, began instinctively to inquire of each

other—why has Mr. Chase resigned at this critical period in our financial affairs? Has he abandoned the heavy task imposed upon him of sustaining the national credit and currency in despair? Or have political difficulties among his members of the Cabinet, which we had supposed were adjusted, broken out afresh, and precipitated this resignation? If so, may we not anticipate a general breaking up and reconstruction of the Cabinet, with every probability of more serious embarrassments than, even in the working of the Government machinery? And who is this Mr.

Tod, of Ohio? Is he recognised anywhere as a statesman of the requisite abilities to assume at this crisis the management of the National Treasury? What does all this mean? With the present fearful depreciation and still downward tendency of our paper currency, are we not hastening to a sweeping financial collapse and revolution?

These were among the many difficult questions suggested by this startling news of the official retirement of Mr. Chase, and the appointment of Mr. Tod, of Ohio, in his place. Nor was there any encouraging answers at

hand from any quarter. There was nothing consoling in the statement that Mr. Chase had resigned, because Congress and the President had failed to support him; nor in the allegation that Mr. Chase did not expect his resignation to be accepted. Doubts, distrust and despondency prevailed, and gold, that invisible standard by which the grocer, the baker and the butcher make their advances, from day to day, went up with a new momentum that was positively appalling. Mr. Tod's declaration of the Treasury, and the appointment of Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator of Maine, to



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT IN A CAUCUS OF WAR AT MANASSAS CHURCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.—SEE PAGE 105.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—BATTLE ON THE LEFT OF THE RIVER, CAPTURED BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN 1862.—SEE PAGE 251.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—BATTLE ON THE RIGHT OF THE RIVER, CAPTURED BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN 1862.—SEE PAGE 252.

THE BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

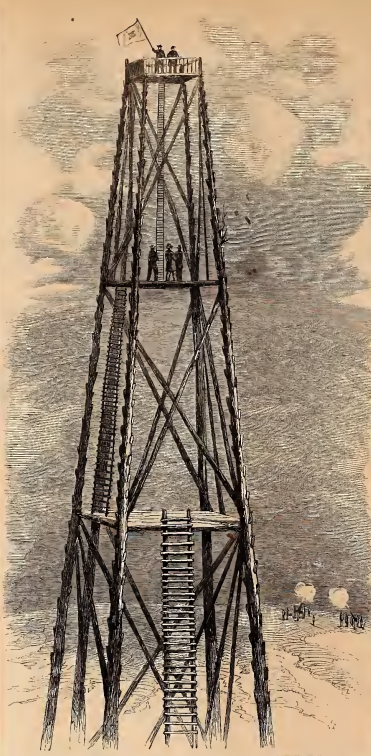
BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Oh, once the Southern folk was bold;
He would sell his fair estate
His faithful slave, his mansion old,
His heart that burned for love or hate—
"But spare our rights?" the North replied,
"With equal worth ye have to deal."
"Up! fire the Southern heart!" he cried,
"We'll teach these Yankees how to kneel.
The Southern heart begins to leap,
We'll drop the whip, we'll grasp the steel,
We'll take no rest till 'neath our feet
These coward Yankees kneel!"

Then brought he forth his stolen guns,
With boastful speech and daring oath;
He laughed to scorn our heavy arms—
"So prone to toil—to fight so loth!"
Our Northern men their tools aside,
And listened, listened all alert:
"Come on, oh, if ye dare!" he cried,
"But know our blades are sure to hurt.
The Southern heart begins to learn;
Our lardly nature we'll assert;
Come, Yankees, one and all, had learn
Our blades are sure to hurt!"

Oh hump! Southern, will the day
When Treason thus in arms did start!
For flames that roared o'er Charleston lay
Swept on, and fired—the Northern heart!
Then basked the sun on scathed steel,
Then Northern words were proud to hear!
"Who dares to hid our Freedom kneel
Shall meet a foe who cannot fear!"
The Northern heart began to heat,
The Northern voice rang far and clear:
"Who hits our Freedom kneel shall meet
A foe who cannot fear!"

Upon our glorious Yankee blade;
Our craft the rolling billow chafed;
Loud roared the grand Columbiads;
The rires rattled right and left.
The slave went free; the fair estate
In gore was drenched, with fire was girt;
The vanquished Southern learned too late,
That Yankee blades were sure to hurt.
The Northern heart with courage burned—
Our freedom rights we dared assert;
Too late the vanquished Southern learned!
Our blades were sure to hurt.



Signal Station near Point of Rocks, Shiloh, and struck by the Rebels when Gen. Butler was there.—From a sketch by our special artist, R. P. HULLER.—See page 257.

which, on arrival in such cases, the return of reason was the most significant.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" he murmured, continually—"do not tell her—let her know of this," he said, to his attendant. "Tomorrow she will come, and I shall be well." Then looking towards the window he asked: "Is he known who fought the duel to-day near the forest, and what was the result?"

"Nothing very serious, sir, come," the man replied. "Some of our people who heard the gentlemen talking say it was our officer de sen; and these things are of everyday occurrence."

Those careless words touched a chord in the old man's heart, and reminded him of the cause of his suffering. He made no reply, but tears, big drops of agony, were seen to fall silently chasing one another down his pallid cheeks for the rest of the day. An night drew near his fever returned, and he talked incoherently and without ceasing. His whole life passed in panoramic review before him—his experiences, his love and jealousy, the duel which caused the loss of his friend; then the death of his young, beautiful, yet but sixteen years; the ruin of his fortune, and the noble heroism of his ill-fated child—all were pictured in glowing colors to his fevered imagination, till exhausted by mental suffering, the old man's eyes gradually closed, and he seemed to sleep.

"He is very ill," the doctor whispered low, "his daughter should be sent for."

"Yes! I shall be very glad to see my daughter," he said, starting up suddenly; "but you need not send; for she is even now coming—she is here!" He had not ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Cecile entered the house.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of the young girl on hearing of the fatal accident to her father. But the habit of self-control, learned in the school of adversity, soon cooled her to calm her emotion; and in a few moments she was alone with her father, sitting by his pillow, with a sweet, hopeful smile upon her lovely face, while his eyes looked into hers with inexpressible love and tenderness.

"God will surely bless my child and make her happy!" he said, laying his hand upon her head; "but has she not been to me in spirit of light and love? Would that I could have left her in the keeping of some noble heart that would have cherished her as she deserves."

Her father's words took Cecile in imagination back to Paris; and she thought first of the marquis, then of Robert de Saintonge. Singular coincidences! the dream of a duel had, during the whole of that day, agitated her heart, while the sight of one had nearly caused her father's death. Could this be a premonition of further trouble? Was it the marquis had deceived her, and failed in his promise not to meet Robert? This thought seemed like a hallucination. They have fought! Robert has been wounded, perhaps killed—poor Robert, who left her in anger—whom she loves as

CECILE;
OR,
THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAPPY is the belief that the dead had not taken place, and still more happy in being able to take for father a much larger sum of money than usual, which would better satisfy the wants of the old man, Cecile had gone to Vincennes with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time. The way had never seemed so pleasant to her; and, dressed with more than ordinary taste, so as to reflect the ray of sunshine within, she had never looked so lovely. It was the first time since her happy childhood that the poor young girl had possessed so much gold, and the thought it had been earned by her own labor made it of much more value in her eyes. In who told her that which usually satisfies the daily wants of life will surely gratify with our young heroine, and will excite the tears that fall over the gold when she obtained them over and over, thinking how each will gratify some desire of her now childhood but still beloved father.

Smiling and happy she arrived at the house, and secretly observed the look of restraint and embarrassment on the face of the attendant who admitted her.

The old man's fall had not, after the effects of the first shock had subsided, been considered fatal, but it was followed by alarming symptoms, among



The Doubled of Cecile's Father.

Dr. Goussard giving Advice.

a brother—to whom she owes the few comforts and pleasures she has been able to give her father—whom love she could not return, as it deserved to be—Robert has been killed, and by the marquis! Did the marquis then really love her, that he could thus forfeit his ward to rival himself of a rival? If so, can she ever acknowledge her love for him, and be ungrateful to the memory of her friend, her generous benefactor?

The greater part of the day was passed in these and similar meditations.

"Speak to me, Cecile," said her father, when they were again alone. "Is there no one to whom you can turn for sympathy in this season of trouble and sorrow?"

Cecile trembled violently, and knelt beside her father.

"My dear father," she sobbed, "if you alone I am now occupied, from you, I desire sympathy; to you look for comfort. I have but you in this wide world."

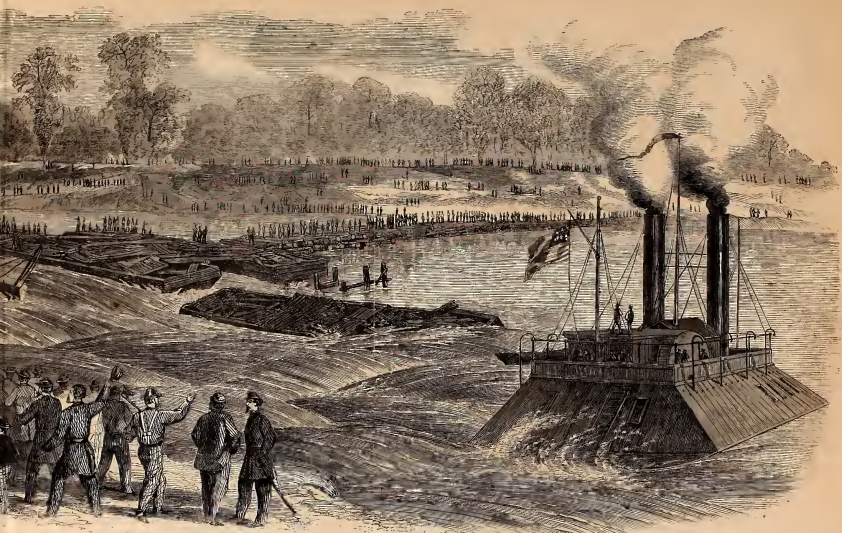
"But, my child, I cannot leave you alone. God is calling me away from earth, and I shall very soon pain her whose name you have so jealously guarded during my mortal straggles—my locality. That has passed away, as the light of another world dawns upon my mind; and memory now has been the form of me who, in the midst of all your sufferings, and during your hours of devoted labor, stood by you with unflinching devotion, ever ready to inspire hope and confidence in the future—ever near to cheer and comfort. Tomorrow I will send for the Chevalier de Saintonge—for Robert, as he would have you call him—and



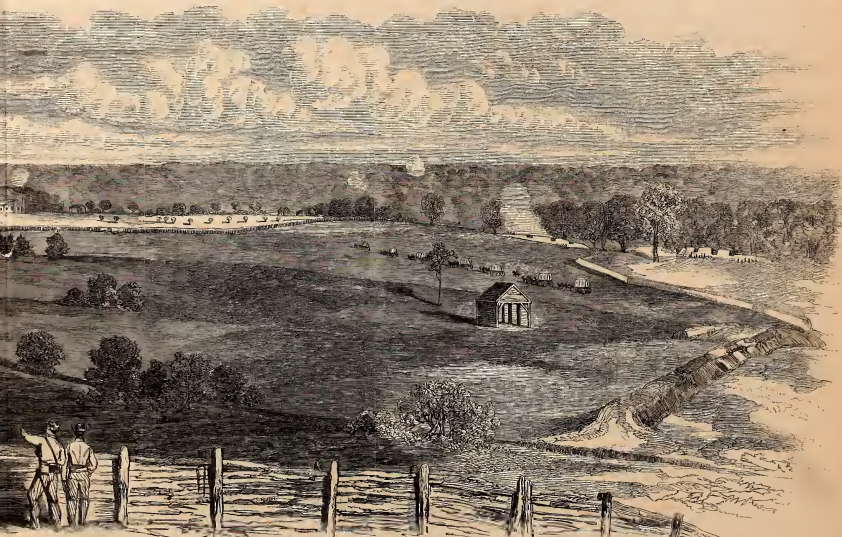
THE WAR ON THE RED RIVER—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH COL. BAILEY'S DAM ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY, 1864.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE ADVANCE OF THE UNION LINES AGAINST THE



1864, AFTER SAFELY GETTING OVER THE RAPIDS BY ITS MEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 26...



THIS CITY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.



1. WATERSKIN AND MODE OF CARRYING.



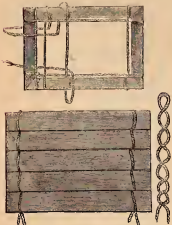
2. SIGNALING WITH A PIECE OF LOOKING-GLASS.



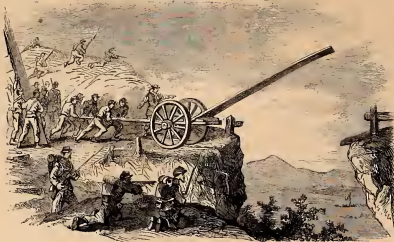
3. CUTTING COARSE FORAGE INTO CHAFF.



4. EFFECTIVE MODE OF SECURING A FRIEND.



5. METHOD OF MAKING RIFLE-BUTT-STOPPED CHAIR.



6. BRIDGING ACROSS A GAP.



7. METHOD OF ERECTING DANDY COT.



8. SQUARE-TWO ROOFED TENT WITH TWO ROOFS.



9. METHODS OF DESCENDING A STEEP HILL.



10. FRAMEWORK FOR SMALL TENT.



12. SECTION OF TENT WITH FIREPLACE.



11. A STRAP HINGE OF FASTEN- A STRAP HINGE HINGE. 100 EDGES PAILED.



13. SLED MADE OUT OF A LOG.



14. SHELTER AGAINST A DRIVING WIND.

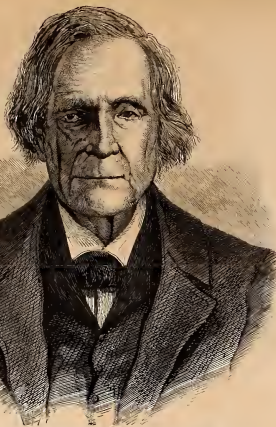


15. MODE OF DISTILLING SEA WATER.



16. SAFE MODE OF SLEEPING WITH A LOADED GUN.

HINTS TO SOLDIERS IN THE CAMP AND ON CAMPAIGN.—SEE PAGE 267.



WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, NOW OF PENOBSCOT, MAINE.



JONAS GATES, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, DIED JANUARY 1864.

TWO CENTENARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

1764-1776-1864.

As an appropriate illustration for a paper issued on near the anniversary of the birth-day of American freedom, we give portraits of two of the best warriors of the Revolution, of the men whom Washington led, and by whose blood and toil the independence of Independence, now on the lips of grateful millions, became a reality and the cornerstone of a great republic.

William Hutchinson, one of these, was born in York, in the county of the same name, in what was then called the District of Maine, subject to the rule of Massachusetts. He saw the light in 1764, just at the close of the last struggle between the English and the French colonies, in which the last were defeated.

He was but 11 years of age at the commencement of the war, and did not of course enter the service till towards the close, but he made up by his zeal and courage for the short time allowed him to display it. After the close of the war he resided in his native State, but has since it became a thriving State. He has acted for every President from Washington to Lincoln, has seen the country pass through almost every successive war, and now, having entered a century, would die happy if he could see 11 more years added.

James Gates, whose portrait we also present, was born at Barre, Mass., July 6, 1764, and joined his father, Capt. Gates, in the army, when only 14. His father, disabled by a severe wound, was compelled to leave the service; but his patient son, determined to take his place, carried and fought steadily on till the independence of his country was acknowledged.

When war was again declared against England, Mr. Gates came bravely forward and was made 3d Lieutenant in the 1st Infantry, April 23, 1812.

After the war he returned to Chelsea, Vermont, and resided there till after he selected his home year, when he died towards his family, Jan. 11, 1864.

THE BRIG VISION.

Vision is not a bad name for one of the most visionary schemes ever made. A bit of our own reality was seen of a vision than a reality, but most visionary of all visionary things is a voyage across the Atlantic on such a cockle-shell. Yet Capt. Donovan-Dunovan would find—may be a final development!

1764. THE LAST OF THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION. 1864.

These two Irish sea rovers who in the early age laughed at Neptune and Poseidon, and made long voyages from their island in coracles or wicker boats, covered with hides. They then reached England under good St. Brendan, ploughed the coasts of Ireland, England and France, and carried on a pleasant trade with their Mexican country in Spain.

Five voyagers, Vikings, Danes, who, taking all favorable winds, made sail on Sunday afternoon, June 26, amid the greetings of thousands of spectators who lined the Sabbath stables by their expressions of satisfaction.

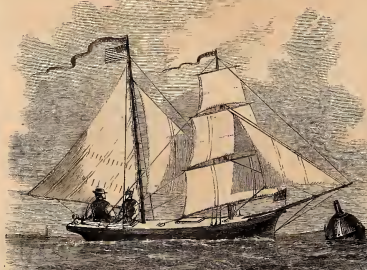
The Viking boat had four masts, 40-foot masts, beam, and 2 feet 10 inches depth of hull. She is rigged as a hermaphrodite brig, and carries a large quantity of canvas. Her tonnage is about a ton and three quarters. She was launched at the foot of Grand street E. St., on the 17th June, and sailed with Capt. J. O. Donovan, and Mr. Wm. Spenser of Providence, R. I., as Captain and crew. A lively sea fog surrounded the passengers. The only provision for cooking is a lamp, the voyagers trusting mainly to canned meats for their fare and carrying 25 gallons of water in brass pans and in casks.

When all was ready Capt. Donovan set his foremast and foretopgal and masted, and, giving her the go, she started down in her last "stained ship" and reached over to Whitwell, when he again backed, heading for Scudroy Island, and making one more tack, he stood down the bay with a new breeze, making at least eight knots.

Capt. Donovan intends to make the coast of England about Lamb's Head, and proceed direct to London. There is no reason to doubt that the Viking will safely reach her destination. Capt. Donovan will be ready at all times to time for return voyages in the sea and to be enabled to bear the full expense over the Atlantic.

The pilot boat was the first to give notice of her, having passed her on the 25th, 45 miles east of Fire Island.

It requires some nerve for such an undertaking, and we hope to see such English in safety and shore to the Southampton line, although they have seen the horses in it, and Mr. Donovan says that the smallest vessel can carry the masts and rigging across to Spain. If this is successfully accomplished, then let her make a run of it; for it would not be unlikely, in the event of a foreign war, that a fleet of our North river ships might cross over and tow to be commercial, and perhaps destroy her crossing trade.



THE ONE TWO BRIG VISION, CAPT. DONOVAN, NOW ON HER WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—BORDERLAND VIEW OF ROYAL GAY, SHOWING JOHNSTON'S RESERVE CAMPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. BAKER.

55 Chula

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1864.

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13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

The Late Rebel Raid into Maryland.

The authorities and people of the Maryland and Pennsylvania border, Baltimore and Washington, have just been favored with a surprise party, which will not soon be forgotten. Had the daring rebel invading column, which so unexpectedly streamed over the Potomac the other day, and over all the roads leading to Frederick city, come up out of the ground, or dropped down from the clouds, it could hardly have created more astonishment, confusion and alarm. There had been abundant and timely warning given of its approach, its strength and its purposes; but the facts were so intermingled with conflicting rumors and wild inventions, that until the sanguinary battle with and defeat of Gen. Wallace on the Manassas river, it was impossible to tell whether the invading forces of the enemy fell short of 15,000 men, or crossed twice 15,000.

How is this mystery to be explained? How is it that neither the War Office at Washington, nor our several corps of observation scattered along the upper Potomac, knew anything definite of this daring and dangerous foray of the enemy until they startled Gen. Sigel from his fanciful security at Martinsburg, and drove him down the river to Harper's Ferry, and thence across to the Maryland Heights for safety? Let us briefly answer these questions.

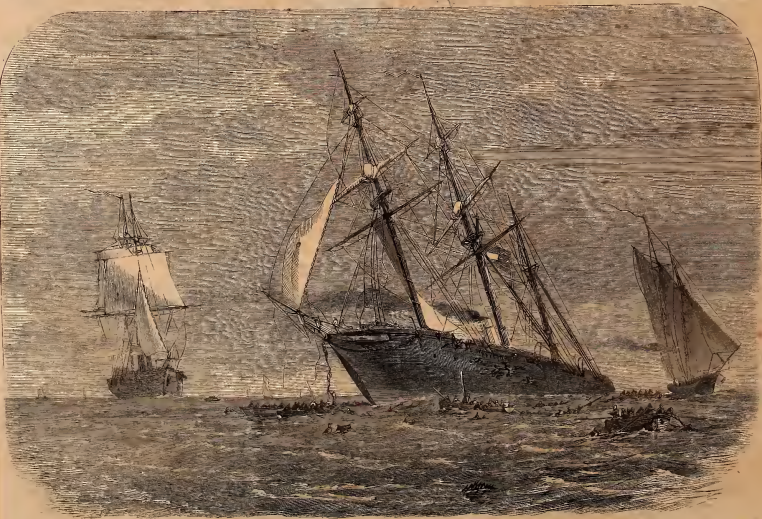
It was as but a few days ago that we were rejoicing over the capture of Staunton, 140 or 150 miles up the great valley of Virginia, from Martinsburg. Hunter had cleared the valley of the enemy in the very sources of the Shenandoah river, and was still pursuing them, scattering them from Staunton right and left, he pressed



CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. B. HARRIS, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 270.

on, without a provision train and without depot or base of supplies, to Lynchburg. There he was repulsed; and from the heavy converging detachments of the enemy sent forward from Richmond to destroy him, he next discovered that his line of return, down the Shenandoah valley, was cut off, and that a retreat westward, to the Great Kanawha river, and thence to the Ohio, was his only chance of escape. Accordingly he passed over the western mountain homality of the great valley, and so to the rebel force sent against him that valley was left completely open from Staunton down to the Potomac. The opportunity thus offered for a dashing surprise to the Marylanders and Father Abraham was tempting to be resisted. Between Staunton and Martinsburg not a man, so it appears, had been left of our forces to watch and report the enemy's movements. And yet, from various sources, including Gen. Grant, timely warnings were given to our Federal authorities at Washington and our loyal border States directly concerned, to enable them to make the useful preparations for a decisive settlement with Early and company, with their heading on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Why this was not done it is needless now to explain. Nor would it amend the matter to discuss, in this connection, the responsibility of Gen. Hunter, the War Office, or Gen. Grant, or anybody else.

We turn, therefore, to the inquiry. Does not the Northern division of a large force from Lee's army afford a splendid opportunity to Gen. Grant to move upon Petersburg, or around the city upon Richmond, and why does he not act accordingly? Will our military



THE NAVAL VICTORY OFF CHESAPEAKE, JULY 10—THE IRON ALABAMA (30), CAPT. BIRNEY, DESTROYED AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT OF ONE HOUR BY THE U. S. STEAMER ST. ALBANS, CAPT. WINSLOW—PAGE 274.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—A REGIMENT OF THE 116th CORPS CARRYING A PORTION OF REUBEN BARKER'S LARK IN FRONT OF DETONATED.—FROM A PICTURE BY ONE SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. HUNTER.—See Page 281.

APRIL DAYS.

BY MISS T. PIERCE.

LEARN the reason's crystal chain,
April days, April days;
Did the snowbirds melt in rain,
Teach the snowbird brother lays,
Deck with verdure wood and plain,
April days, April days.

Years are long—the years are three,
April days, April days,
Since my love went forth from me,
Craving neither cold nor prize,
But free scope for valor free,
April days, April days.

Sunbright flags for unsullied men,
April days, April days,
Swung from heaven's off hill and plain,
All your minds may battle-join,
Southward and northward ever then,
April days, April days.

Flunt your sunbright flags once more,
April days, April days,
For the ship is near the shore,
And he comes when all must pause—
Northward doth my eagle soar,
April days, April days.

Gaily shine, oh brightly shine,
April days, April days,
Wounded in the vanguard line,
Victor of a hundred fray—
Welcome home this day of mine,
April days, April days!



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE STRANGLER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEAHY.—SEE PAGE 273.

now I will give you anchors on behalf of my uncle, Dr. Deman.

"You are so good, Isabelle, that one cannot help blushing in advance everly and everything in which you may be interested," and Maxine's eyes sparkled with the pleasure she felt in her speech.

Isabelle Deman was tall and had a clear, beautiful complexion, whose dazzling brown eyes would have spoken to the chosen reader of them a story of strength and will and intensity of purpose; but to those who looked far into their depths there was a yielding, womanly desire to be led, a tinge of soft, conceding affection, that which destroyed the theory of passion and will. Perhaps, had Isabelle Deman passed a different life, these admirable traits may have come forth, had not the quiet refinement of the home where she now was, and where she had been forty years, also background into a simple, lovable girl, not without a highest degree of pride, and yet so innocent as a child.

she was entirely in the hands of Dr. Alexander in far as regarded her future.

It was some hours yet to evening, and the doctor, without expected until nightfall, and, consequently, the "setting to rights" went on. Within a few minutes after the preceding conversation Wilson

Peyton entered the room. He was a fine-looking, tall and aristocratic man, of about twenty-five, with a quiet assurance of manner that could only have come to him through travel and contact with the world. He spoke first to Isabelle:

"What faith you have, Isabelle, in promises! Now, I'll be bound, you really believe this uncle will be with you punctually at the hourst down?"

"Certainly I do," was the response.

"The watched pot never boils. Do you remember that, Isabelle?"

"Now, I declare this is too bad, Wilson! You are seeking to discourage without any gain to yourself. You shall forbid for it, sir; and the fore-fell shall be as colored as darkness on me. Come, you shall walk as far as the landing with me, that I may meet uncle Alexander and welcome him to Brown Cottage."

The punishment in a temptation to commit another crime, holy fair," answered Wilson, laughingly and opening the door for the aid of his fair companion.

In leading at which the stenographer looked expected to bring Dr. Alexander Duncan from Baltimore was a full mile away, and almost before had the distance was traversed they saw her round the point and drop alongside the wharf, and from her gangway emerged three passengers. Isabelle strained her eyes over the distance that she might recognize her uncle among the trio, but there was an evident look of disappointment upon her face. Two of them went the opposite way, and one only, a tall man, in a loose neck and travelling cap, came towards them.

"It cannot be possible that uncle intends to disappoint me," she broke out, in a voice of real vexation. "I shall begin to bid, Wilson, that you have indeed been a bird of ill-omen."

"What a moment, Isabelle, you have not given time to know whether this may not be him coming."

"How can you be so absurd, Wilson, or do you imagine I cannot see? Why that is a great, thick man, dressed in a sack coat, and uncle always called those coats."

They stood, nevertheless, straining their eyes towards the solitary traveler, who was coming up the road, until at last he was within a few yards of them, when Wilson spoke again.

"As you say, Isabelle, that this is not your uncle I remember, it is five years since you have seen him, and your remembrance may not be perfect."

Isabelle was staring by the time with all her eyes full in the stranger's face, who was returning the stare heartily. He was a man of nearly sixty, one who had been well kept up to within a few years, and then, possibly, just discovering that he was growing old, dropped off the care, and grew suddenly from youth to age. He had harsh gray hair and mustache, both looking as if they had once been familiar with the dye bottle, and had not yet been able to shake off the rusty green lichen hid behind that article when one it is discarded, and old gray eyes that almost matched his hair in color.

Perhaps something came to Isabelle's memory as the stranger got within a few feet of her, for, without moving a step from her place, she said, almost as if asking a question:

"Uncle?"

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

It was a warm and delightful day in April, especially delightful because it was the first of the spring weather that had suffered windows to be opened and windows formally to declare itself, which it did by glancing gallantly through the white muslin curtains of the Brown Cottage, and lighting up pleasantly a snug parlor, in which several ladies were pleasantly seated at what is termed "setting to rights," which is supposed to mean putting away all those little nothings that make a room look cozy, arranging the furniture so that it shall stand in the strictest kind of angles, and heading each piece so that not a atom shall appear out of the polished surface. Though this might not have been exactly the manner in which our group achieved their setting to rights, yet it was clear that the cars bestowed upon the ceremony was in honor of some occasion of more than ordinary import.

"An elderly lady by the name of the party, who did not seem to be an active participant in the labor, but sat upon a sofa, watching them, at the younger one dressed the planar room with fresh flowers, evidently gladdened from a conservatory, and the gift of the elderly lady, who held them in her lap.

"Indeed, you have shown great taste and have succeeded in making our other old room look quite gay. But you will make us jealous to think that you should take so much more trouble in your decoration to-day than you have ever done before."

"Oh, ma'am, you must not say that! You know that it is seldom that we have anybody of consequence to prepare for," was the quick answer of one who was buried among the busy bands.

"Upon my word, Miss Jones, you are not saying much to dispel my jealousy. Do you mean to say that 'Wilson' is no one of consequence?"

"No, indeed! I think he is of great consequence; but, then, you say, ma'am, he is only our brother."

"And so, darling, you think my uncle is of consequence, even though you have never seen him? I cannot see how I can take this so anything less than a pure compliment to myself. Is not that so?"

And the speaker, a beautiful girl of nineteen, came across the room and laughingly took the face of Mattie between her hands and kissed her forehead.

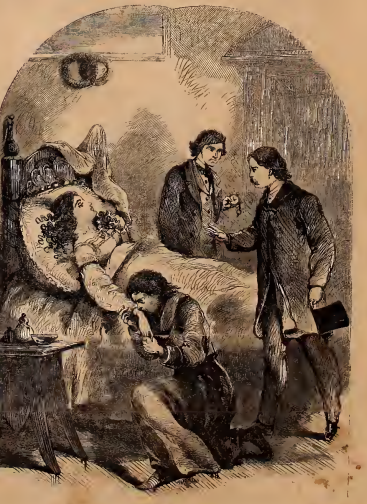
"That kiss is for the compliment to me, and

she was entirely in the hands of Dr. Alexander in far as regarded her future.

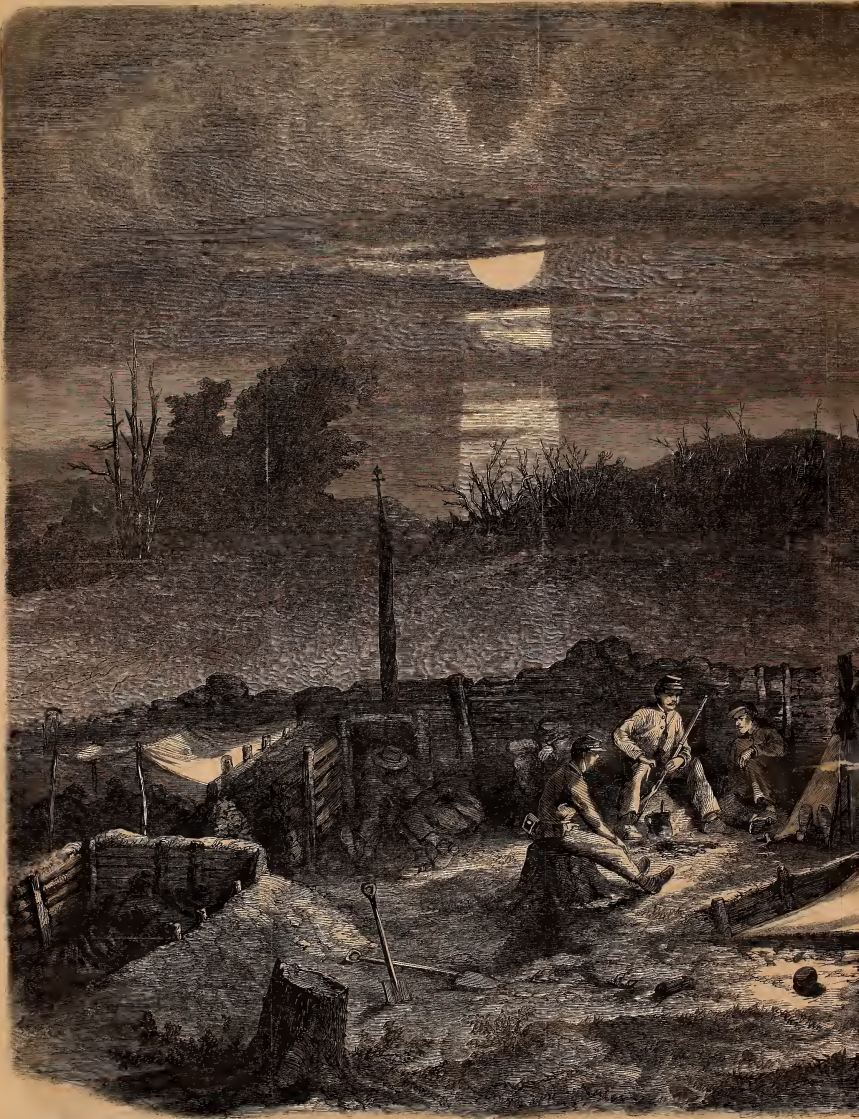
It was some hours yet to evening, and the doctor, without expected until nightfall, and, consequently, the "setting to rights" went on. Within a few minutes after the preceding conversation Wilson

she was entirely in the hands of Dr. Alexander in far as regarded her future.

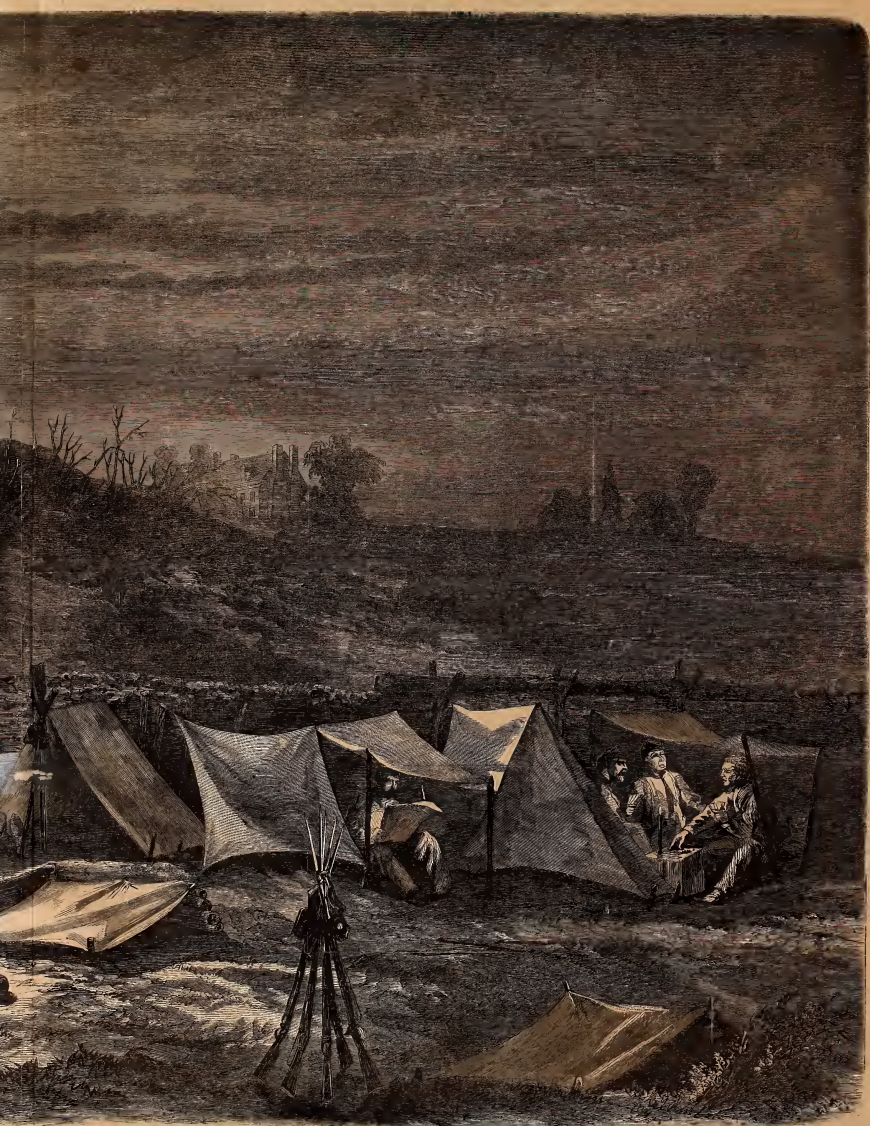
It was some hours yet to evening, and the doctor, without expected until nightfall, and, consequently, the "setting to rights" went on. Within a few minutes after the preceding conversation Wilson



The Strangler of the Mystery.



NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PEIERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A SOLDIER.



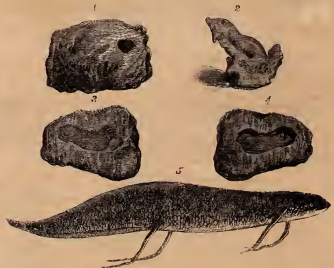
—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 283.



THE URN VASE PRESENTED BY THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, BY MESSRS. BAILEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA.



'PRESENTATION' SWORDS, MANUFACTURED FOR THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, BY HENRY EVANS & HARRIS, PHILADELPHIA.



Lump of clay as taken from the river. 2. Lump opened showing cyst. 3 & 4. Lump opened showing mould. THE LEPIDOTRICH ANTRACON.—SEE PAGE 285.



THE WASHINGTON, CAPE MALLORY, THE FIRST STEAMER OF THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL COMPANY'S LINE.—SKETCHED WHILE LYING IN THE BAY OF THE UGLE AT HAYNE.—SEE PAGE 286.



PHINEAS T. BARNUM, ESQ., THE WORLD-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

THE TESTIMONIAL SWORD

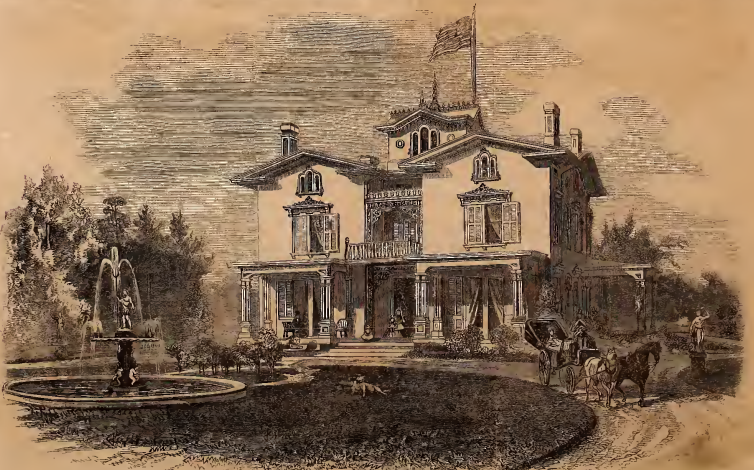
This elegant presentation sword was manufactured and donated to the ladies of the great Centennial Fair, Philadelphia, by Messrs. Evans and Hensel, manufacturers and military furnishers, 415 Arch street, Philadelphia. The sword is without doubt one of the most elegant and expensive ones yet produced in the country. It is a straight Damascus blade, perfectly straight, but so lettering appears, except the simple initials U.S. The grip is straight, and carved out of

solid silver with richest band in gold. In the grip diamonds to the value of \$1,000 are set. The guard is an elaborately wrought wreath, which is also embellished with gems. There are two scabbards, one of silver, heavily plated with gold, and the other of oxidized iron, both elaborately sculptured with appropriate designs. On the former are three illustrious names, and the latter the United States, finely ornamented in gold and with the appropriate colors. The scabbard case is also a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is made of rich satin wood, with metal bands and ivory ornaments, the handle being lined with silk velvet. The

hilt is of the finest quality of Russian leather, counterpaneled richly with gold, which all the clasp and knuckles are heavily plied with the same metal. There is also a very heavy half-inch Magnesian steel, the appropriate shoulder-strap, and an elegant pair of solid silver spurs. In fact the whole is not complete, but was richly worth its valuation of \$1,000. This sword was composed of its present name manager as the one presented by the Hon. Tiffany at the New York Fair. The names inscribed are: Gen. Meade, 3,000; Gen. Hancock, 1,200; Gen. McClellan, 200; Gen. Grant, 177; scattering, 138. Total, 4,707.

THE UNION VASE.

This remarkable work of art was donated by Bailey & Co. to the great Centennial Fair of Philadelphia, for the Sanitary Commission, with the understanding that it should be awarded to the individual or organization receiving the greatest number of votes at \$1 each, the party becoming a contributor to be put in nomination by paying a total of \$20 for that purpose. The vase is solid silver, and 40 inches in height; the base a fine piece of wood, antique marble, triangular in shape,



LENDERBROOK, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF P. T. BARNUM, ESQ., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—SEE PAGE 184.



The 10th Army Corps Badge, Gold, E. Also all kinds of national orders of badge-work worn by soldiers, officers and band leaders. Look at the design. Address: MOORE, Manufacturer of Badges, 115 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW NOVEL BY Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, THE INDIAN QUEEN.

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The Beard, etc. In these cases of beard, reduced growth, the person over 25, by the regular application of our... having power, the balance of the Waxen Beard being thus the best found to excite the Beard, Waxen Beard, to a fine and vigorous growth. (See advertisement accompanying the Journal of the Business, with seal and receipt. It will be sent post, on receipt of return postage. TOLLE & WELLS, 42 Broadway, N. Y.

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No. 401—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$1 00 YEARLY.
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**The Late Rebel Raid—What it Was—
What it Came For—and the Results.**

The surprise, the panic, the smoke and

dust, the clamor and confusion, attending the late daring, destructive and dangerous rebel raid into Maryland having subsided, we are enabled to scan the field of its operations, to

see what it was, what it came for, what it accomplished, and in what it failed.

Its main object was the surprise and capture of Washington, and the plan of operations

pursued to this end was well considered and promising. The Army of the Potomac, on the south side of James river, could be held in check before the fortifications of Peters-



MAJOR-GEN. FRANKLIN CARRIED OFF IN A WAGON.



ESCAPE OF GEN. FRANKLIN FROM HIS GUARDS AT NIGHT NEAR TOWSON TOWN.



GEN. FRANKLIN HIDING IN THE WOODS TO AVOID SCOUTS.



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THE INVASION OF MARYLAND—CAPTURE OF A TRAIN OF THE PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD AT MAGDOLE, NEAR GUNPOWDER RIDGE, JULY 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—CAPTURE OF LAST MOUNTAIN BY GEN. HOOKER, JUNE 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEN. FRANCIS AUSTIN, J. F. E. HILTON.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KNAPP'S PENNSYLVANIA BATTERY BEHIND FORT ENOCH, AND KILLING THE REBEL GENERAL FOLE, JUNE 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. H. H.—SEE PAGE 293

SPRING SONNETS.
BY PAINE BENJAMIN.

The birds sing merrily; the streamlets shout
With cheerful voices; tones are all around,
The air is filled with a prevailing sound
Of happiness; bright creatures fill above—
Slight spears of emerald glitter on the ground,
And many flowers, the stars of earth, are found:



And from the invisible array of fair things
Flows a murmur, like a fan of sea;
I hear the charms of the insect king
March to their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life universal, 'tis all music—all,
From the rejoicing cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters, as they fall,
Released by Spring to perfect liberty.

The virgin, May, young, gay and blushing,
Trips
Along the fields with dew-drenched, modest
eyes,
And, looking round her with a sweet sur-
prise,
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips
Of tender leaves, and buds that open their lips
To the sweet kisses of the amorous air,
Whose rival is the bee, Oh, false and fair—
To yield your honey-dew to wanton lips
The sky is angry with ungrateful May
That she her blooming favors thus bestows,
And no sharp darts from misty quiver
throw,
And the Spring's darling weeps the morrow
away,
Capricious nymph! at eve no more she sighs,
And the bright sunset flashes fit on her a eye.

HEIR SECRET.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Was, Grace, you sly little puss! I protest, I shall keep a lookout for your doings after this. Oh, you needn't look so so innocently, I know you," and Mary Leo pinched her friend's shoulder and kissed her cheek.
Grace gave a little scream at the pinch, and then asked with a puzzled look:
"Oh, very well, my dear—that's right; put on your little air of mystery, but you can't help my knowing that you're going to be married."
"Don't draw it, Grace."
"Oh!" said Grace, with a laugh and a blush.
"I don't mean to; furthermore, if you put me in the confessional I'll acknowledge to being efficients of Albert Edmunds, the best, dearest, handsomest."
"Hush! interrupted Mary, probering that dubious remark to indefinite lengths. "You vain little puss. I suppose she thinks she has secured the pearl of man. There! Don't fly into a fit of indignation—ho! all your fancy painted him—a ready to acknowledge it; and, jaking aside, congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you every joy in the world. I declare she's crying Grace, my dear!"

"Hush, Mary; I'm just so happy that if I'm not laughing I must be crying. Albert's coming to-night; won't you stay and see him?"
"I hope I have a little more common charity and understand the etiquette of lovers a little better. No, thank you; happy to spend the evening with you any time after the honeymoon."
"You and Albert always were such good friends, you know," pursued Grace, pretending not to understand.
"Yes, and that we may remain so I'll not have him with the presence of a third party when he wants to say pretty things to the girl of his heart. Good-by."
Albert paid the promised visit to his pretty betrothed that evening; and though perhaps it required the eye of love to see all the perfections boasted of by Grace, it was plain to any disinterested observer that he was a young man of comely looks; that his curling hair was black and glossy; that his steel-gray eyes were frank and bright, and that his whole appearance was calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the heart of an admiring maiden.
The young lovers passed the evening as that class of the community generally do, and talked over their little plans for the future till a late hour, and when at last they separated Grace found that she was full of projects, to be executed when

she became Mrs. Edmunds, to think of retiring just then. So she pulled up her windowblinds and sat down to look out on the quiet street and the bright cold stars in the dark blue sky. she had a faint hope that she might catch another glimpse of Albert; she knew that in story-books lovers often walked past their mistresses' windows just to catch the glimmer of light through the shutters, and why wouldn't Albert? He was certainly as much in love as the most romantic hero could be; but after looking out on the still night, and thinking how very quiet the street was, for searching more than half an hour, she was going to pull the curtain down and go to bed when—



Albert's Double at the Depot

Heaven and earth! Yes, that was certainly Albert. She never could be mistaken in that face and figure, and she wait she linger on well. But, alas! though she had hoped with a warm and beating heart that he might pass up or down the street just for the pleasure of looking across at the window, now when she saw him her heart burst; it was cold and stood still within her. Yet she could not take her eyes from that sight. It was Albert; that she could not doubt; but she never looked near the window, and on her arm a woman was leaning who was looking up in his face and intently expecting to what he said. Grace had just stepped through enough left to draw the blind and leave a small loophole to look through. She had no wish to be seen there, but she would watch them. Her false lover and his companion stopped right opposite her window, and then placing up and down the street retired into a gateway and were hidden in the shadow. With strained and agonized gaze Grace followed them, but could not see them. Presently she saw a third party come along the street, and at the moment who he was opposite the gateway Albert started out—her head was, and millions of stars seemed glancing before her eyes, but still she beheld with fearful distinctness all that followed; and then, with a groan of anguish, she fell fainting on the floor.
When Grace recovered from that painful swoon her first thought was that she had died and awak-



"Our Engagement is at an End."

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WALKER.

DARTFORD-SMITH came in on the cold.
Through the window he saw the
Although the March breeze blew keen on her face,
Although the white morn'g lay on many a place.
The even'g rambles
Of the stream, as they burst of their white water
chains
Of the whistling spring wind and the patter
rains.
"Now then," thought Duff, deep down in her
heart,
"It's time I should leave this!"
So she pushed her hair loose through the hair
ribbon ground.
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.
There was now all about her, gray clouds over-
head,
The trees all blacked dead,
Then how do you think Duff-don't fly,
That when she would not shine and the ice would
not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Duff, still working
away;
"The earth's half frozen,
There's not a half of me that's not ice, e'en,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!"
"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can."
"It's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring here's
dead."
So, little by little, she brought her hair
out,
All clustered about
And then her bright floss began to unfold,
Till Duff stood robed in her spring green and gold.
O Duff-don't fly! no brave sad too true!
With all her life
So ready to die in all sort of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY MISS STEELE.

LENA LAMBERT stood before a tall mirror in
her bedroom, one winter evening, gazing at a
reef in her hair. She was a maiden of rare charms;
and as she stood there in her beautiful garb of
blue and gold, delicate and almost imperceptibly
glimmered with silver threads among the wavy
curls of her soft chestnut tresses, she looked
loveliness; her bright eye beaming with health
and happiness; her hair bound, not at the wrist
with a golden bracelet, delicately interlacing
the rose's stem amid the snaky curls of her hair—
now steering the tip of a dusky ribbon beneath
her surface, now gathering into a soft, wavy
the soft, white palm—her lovely lock, turned to the
most unerring shade of perfection, bent a little
on one side, her coral hair a breathy spray, sur-
rounding a white row of pearl teeth within the sacred
part; she seemed to glow for a palace to look
upon, and, looking, felt her artist soul.

Next her was a maiden whose plianse garb had
been polished or lapped the domestic, yet
whose face one could not fail to note an expression
of gentle confidence such as one seldom meets,
even among the choicest of the sex. She stood gazing
with affectionate admiration upon her little mis-
sioner, smiling sympathetically which the maiden
gladly expressed a wish for her to be married.
The room was one that denoted it the abode of
wealth and elegance. Nothing was wanting in the
apartment that could give comfort, luxury and
beauty their pleasantest garb. From the table
that hung in front of massive gold, to the
toilet-table that paraded itself to sleep, with
grateful drone, upon the velvet rug before the
dressing table, all denoted the presence of the
master wealth, and the mistress elegance.

"There, Mary," said the fair girl, as she turned
from the mirror to her companion,
"My, Lena, indeed," was the reply; "nothing
could be sweeter than your appearance now. If
you thought, I am sure you could bring old
Boose to your feet, for ten years he has not
glory. I know—and I am thankful to know it is
not in vain the applause and admiration of the
crowd cry. Your object is to be a model
in seeking to out-gladen the eyes of Preston
Lowell. There could be no handsy to you, for
such good and gentle eyes as his, I repeat
in the chance that brought him to you! It
gives me a probability to feel that Lena is
ought to go aside."

The blush that glowed on Lena's cheek, as her
companion thus praised her, was not a mere
maiden appeal still more lovely; as she also gazed
into the looking-glass, and murmured, "It is truly
lovely!" her eye was lit by a gleam of joy,
which explains happiness and content beneath.
Lena Lamont, reader, was not a person of
unmistakable taste that she never yielded to the
influence of disappointment, or would she suffer
herself to realize the truth; she was a woman
sensitive as was her nature, it might be to deny
the love of being to say that she was not excited
by praise and affection, and that she was not
disappointed or rejected, in an equally sensitive
nature. This, all said, was Lena's G. Miss Smith,
if only it could be said, was a woman of
sensible and refined. It was a true, but, how-
ever, if her situation was not a person of
through the course of education she passed
through, and graduated as pure. The only child
of a wealthy parents; getting her education
from her father; but her maidenhood—was it
indeed strange that her wealth, caprice and self-
will was as her beauty, although she was
the flower nourished in such a home, so pure,

as healthily-hearted and as sweet, as Lena Lamont,
but who was Preston Lowell? Starting up,
when I saw—no relation. I know that the
right of romance may be said to be a tale
by this shocking revelation—yet Preston
Lowell, the favored lover of the perfect Lena
Lamont—she admitted her admiration, her
glance, courtesy, kindness, honesty and philan-
thropy—the friend of the oppressed and the
enemy of evil doers, and who would I would
voluntarily and risked paper in a bookish study
each day in which he was not otherwise
employed.

It may, however, redeem my narrative in the
estimation of the reader, if I describe in a few
hard, red hands, steady brow and brawny muscle,
to know that Preston's father had been a pro-
fessional soldier, and that he had formed
himself to do so pastor Lowell had read from
the Book of Life to a contented and respectable
occupation as any village of the size of A-
would afford. As, his frame began to waste
away, and his voice to give forth a hoarse
of the septuagenary, in his waning years
turned from his stock, gave his little into
young hands, and went, as did his father
to till the soil, until it should be his time to pass
away.

Shortly after this, Preston, having finished his
scolastic course, yielded to his father's advice
and entered a bookkeeping in Boston, where he
was more interested in the study than he
worked as one who loved labor.
Lena and Mary sat awake, thinking by the light
of the chamber candle, and that she observed
glimmer upon the luxuriant tresses of the
chamber candle, and she descended to the
dressing-room to wash her garter.

They came with happy feet and red cheeks,
with flushed countenances, and their hair
were they all young, intimately acquainted
and thoroughly imbued with that free-heartedness
that shows grace in all its workings, were
they were all young, the less formality there is
in it. This has ever been found true, where
the atmosphere is clear, and the atmosphere of
detail.

It was not my purpose to describe the manner in
which the evening was passed by the two
persons. The description of one such scene will
not waste a single page of this story, as the
way one or two of the guests notice a shade
of displeasure resting upon the gentle Lena's
countenance, for which they, as the account
I ventured quickly, if one of her guests passed a
joy or a pleasant remark with her; but it is
only a passing remark, and she is not
We possess the power to explain away the mystery.
She wears, leaning upon a marble statue
pensive, but her face is not so much as her
companion, Mary.

"What can be the reason of Preston's absence?"
said the fair one, in a tone of dissatisfaction
and impatience directed her low. "Could he be
sick? I wish to know, for I am sure he is
truly so, and I am sure he is not so much as
Mary. I wish to know, for I am sure he is
not so much as Mary. I wish to know, for I
am sure he is not so much as Mary. I wish
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Edwin Fox, sc.

INVASION OF MARYLAND, 1864—REBELS DRIVING OFF CATTLE



CATTLE AND PLUNDER TAKEN FROM THE FARMERS.—BY EDWIN FORBES.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—B. JAMES'S BATTERY, 3rd DIVISION, 9th ARMY CORPS, KILLBUCK HILLS, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. MCGOWAN.

See.



THE PIRATE FLORIDA FIRING THE BARQUE COLOCODA, OFF CAPE HENRY, JULY 8.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

STAGGERINGLY with the arrival of the gratifying intelligence of the defeat and destruction of the pirate Alabama coast the news that her consort, the Florida, is on our coast, running her course of piratical ruse. She seems to have struck across in the Chesapeake and at once began waylaying tonnage. She is now commanded by Capt. Morris, and carries 120 men. She has two 120-pound rifle guns, two 12-pound howitzers, and a battery of six guns.

On the 6th she captured and burned the barque Colocoda, Capt. WILSON, on her way from Philadelphia, with 1,000 barrels of oil, and soon after the barque Liverpool, with coal for Pennsylvania, the Gen. Berry for Fortunes Illinois, with hay for Margaret T. Davis, barque Perry; barque Sicilia and schooner Moravia.

On the 10th she captured the Electric Ship, a new steamer, of 600 tons burthen, built in Philadelphia, and a very fast boat.

Capt. Graham of the Electric Ship thus describes the capture, which we represent to our illustration:

"When within three miles of me she hoisted the British flag. We maneuvered by running up the shore and 100 yds. she started on rapidly, and, when within 1,000 yards, she hoisted down the British flag, hoisted that of the United States, and fired a shot across our bows. It did no damage, and we continued rapidly on our course, when she fired another shot, which crossed our

stern. As we still held on, the Florida fired a third shot, which passed over us, striking, about midway between the foremast and the mainmast. I then ordered the captain to be stopped and our colors hoisted. The Florida immediately sent aboard a boat's crew and an officer, who proved to be Lewis Jones. He ordered me on board the Florida, with the ship's papers. I at once complied, and on reaching the deck of the privateer was asked by Capt. Morris where I sailed from and to what port I was bound. I answered from New York to New Orleans. He then asked for my papers, which I handed to him. After looking them through he ordered me to return in my own ship, and transfer my passengers and crew to the British schooner Leno, which he had boarded that day at noon. The Captain of the Leno at first refused to take me, as the vessel was loaded with fruit; but Capt. Morris finally struck a bargain with him, by which he tacitly agreed to take us to New York for \$750 in gold, which was to be repaid in the gold pieces of the Government of the privateer, and of the capture of the Electric Ship."

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Our readers will be able to study the siege of Petersburg in our illustrations this year, as they did that of Vicksburg last year. It is one of those cases where pictorial illustration has no advantage over mere verbal accounts. To say that Grant is pushing the siege of Petersburg, but when, as here we show, how he has

pushed it, the reader has a different look. In previous chapters we saw the distant capture. Here we see the 54th New York Infantry (Howe's), and the 7th Maine (Cruikshank's) of Wilcox's 2d division of Burnside's 9th Army corps shelling the city itself as it stands in full sight, and lost then three miles off. The rebel lines between us gradually approached us first back, and the city is hourly nearing its destined fall, as clearly as the current of Erie that sets towards Niagara.

HOOVER'S CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN, JUNE 24.

In the advance of Gen. Sherman, after the lucky commanding of Pitts mountain that cost the rebel a Lieutenant-General, 20,000 men crossed the Snows, Burner moved on Knoxville and Howard on Pitts mountain. So Hoover was assigned the assault on the difficult position at Lost mountain.

On the 14th he pushed forward, with Gray in the advance, and soon came up with the enemy. Having driven the rebels from two hills, Gray being without support upon his right, was forced to halt.

Brintnield and Williams, having arrived, and formed in open fields on the right of Gray's position, about 3 p.m., Gen. Hooker ordered an advance of the corps. The lines moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets rapidly before them, halting now and then a moment

to discharge some of the more stubborn of the rebels who maintained their fire until almost under the feet of the advancing troops. Gray's division was the first to encounter the enemy in strong force, with whom a sharp volley or two was exchanged, and they then fell back to their sternly entrenched lines, from which they opened a terrific fire.

This was the commencement of the fierce struggle which lasted until after dark. The main line of 54th division had pushed to within 100 yards of the rebel works, its skirmishers having driven those of the enemy within cover, and having advanced close to the works. Volley succeeded volley, and it was sometime after night had closed in the contest about the ordinary breast-works of the opposing lines of skirmishers. Bullitt's, on the right, met the enemy, but became hotly engaged. Under the cover of darkness the enemy threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and the morning of the 15th opened with heavy firing, resulting in pushing an attempt of the rebels to break the picket line of Gray's 54th and its brigade.

The night had not been spent in Howe's by Gray's troops, who, aided by Burnside's brigade of the 1st division, threw up lines of works. The final show which advanced still more closely to the enemy. The right of the 1st division line being ordered to be maintained. It was again to the rear a short distance, and the main line of works was within 100 yards of that of the 54th. Artillery was placed along the line, and on the 16th both divisions part in the struggle, which continued



THE PIRATE FLORIDA INTERCEPTING THE U. S. MAIL STEAMER ELECTRIC SHIP, FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY QUARTZMASTER JOHN HOOKER.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 489—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

The Late Peace Conference at Niagara Falls.

There has of late been an extraordinary meeting of peace-makers at Niagara Falls. Considering the strange characters thus strangely brought together, face to face, the magnitude and gravity of the subject of their consultations and correspondence, and the calm equanimity stamped upon their proceedings by "Honest Abe Lincoln," it was indeed an extraordinary Peace Conference, without a precedent in the records of the domestic diplomacy of any nation on the face of the earth, before or since the rebellion of Abolition. Stripped of its false pretenses, its disguises and its delusions, however, it appears "like a tale told by an idiot," and is in its conclusion

"—full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But the designs of the self-constituted peace ambassadors from Jeff Davis, as betrayed in this affair, are worthy of some special attention. Mr. George N. Sanders, in his own peculiar way, as a Southern Democratic seceder and revolutionist, has for many years been playing in both hemispheres the role of Warwick, the King Maker. His plan of operations, usually employed, has been very simple—the manipulation of a half dozen leading politicians, at any time, over a houzouff private dinner, lacking nothing from the appetizing raw oysters in the outset to a quiet game of bridge at the close. These costly entertainments,



VIEW OF THE BLAIR MANSION, NEAR WASHINGTON—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

in the next place, on this side the water at least, have cost him nothing; for he has always contrived to make the Democratic party, in fact offices and contracts, foot the bill. With the outbreak of the rebellion, he was found on the side of Davis, and deep in the plot of a Southern Confederacy, having entered into it as offering an unbounded field for vast and lucrative speculations abroad as a confidential agent of the new Government. In this capacity as a "Confederate" contractor in England for ironclad vessels of war and swift blockade-runners, it is said that Mr. Sanders "realised something," and "Confederate" ironclads from English ports were discovered by her Majesty's Cabinet to be contrabands, and the building of blockade-runners at a venture was found to be a losing game. Then Mr. Sanders hearing of the postponement, on the peace question, of the Chicago Democratic Convention, from the 4th of July to the 29th August, crossed the Atlantic to try once more his luck of a finger or two in this Democratic pie.

This explanation concerning Mr. Sanders will enable the uninitiated readers to guess who was the initiating spirit of this late Niagara Peace Conference. It was Mr. Sanders. He breaks the ice in his introductory dispatch to Mr. Greeley; he then retires into the background, and the late United States Senator, Clement G. Clay, of Alabama, and Professor Holcomb, of Virginia, are brought forward as the representatives of Mr. Jeff Davis, who desire to open negotiations for peace. Mr.



THE BACK OF THE BLAIR MANSION—REAR-GARDENING NEAR THE GARDEN VASE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

Greely communicates with Mr. Lincoln, and is authorized to bring these resolutions before an extraordinary day to Washington. But brought to this test, they find it expedient to explain that they are not intended to be passed by the master Davis but that a volunteer peace advocate they would like to be passed through to Washington, and thence to Richmond.

They would like to see Mr. Sanders along with them. Mr. Greely writes for fresh instructions to "Honest Old Abe" who, in a brief note to his private secretary, says, "I am sure that you will be concerned," says, "that if the points indicated are ready and competent to treat for peace upon the basis of the Constitution, and the abolition of slavery, they may come along." Messrs. Clay and Holcomb, indignantly rejecting these overtures, voted to disney Mr. Greely's return to Gettysburg, a sadder and a wiser man; Mr. Sanders disappears from the public eye, and so ends this Niagara Peace Conference.

The question recurs, what were the objects of Mr. Greely's mission? His immediate object was to get to Richmond, to settle his accounts and secure the balance that may be due him from the secret service fund of the so-called Federal States. He was never rendered in Europe, not en route to Richmond, he desired, perhaps, a little quiet conversation with some of our leading political figures concerned in the movement of the Chicago Convention. But the great purpose of Mr. Sanders and his associate diplomats was either to induce Mr. Lincoln to withdraw through the restoration of the rebellious States, or to put the Administration on a false position, and the Chicago Convention on a promising Southern peace platform for the approaching Presidential election. The correspondence in the premises, and the late emphatic declaration of Mr. Davis, Mr. Lincoln's rejection of Boston, that the rebellious States will be satisfied with nothing short of Southern independence or Southern extermination, show that Mr. Sanders and Company had no shadow of authority from Richmond for this Chicago conference on the footing originally intended by Mr. Greely. We must conclude, therefore, that Mr. Sanders contrived this peace experiment for the benefit of the peace faction interested in the Chicago Convention. We conclude, too, that President Lincoln, through his chief advisers from Richmond on the peace question, are through the means of Mr. Sanders, and that he has effectually blocked it.

Peace must triumph through the powerful negotiations of Gen. Grant and the military operations which are steadily progressing to the desired consummation of a substantial and durable peace, under the old flag, from Maine to Mexico.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
327 Pearl Street, New York.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

Summary of the Week.

MEMORANDA.

The rebellion opens with all its attendant horrors. Indeed, as we remarked last week, very little else ever reaches the rebel capital. Gen. Hunter, who has been sent to the front, reports that Gen. Averell, with his cavalry, attacked Ely, in front of Winchester, on the 10th of July, and captured and wounded 1,000 rebels, and prisoners, among them Gen. Lilly, four cannon, and a large quantity of arms.

At Richmond, a very sad number party were punished by Gen. Crook, and 500 negroes of plunder received by a party at Highgate's camp, advanced to the 11th of October, and 12 negroes and freed.

On the 20th the rebels stabled our line before Petersburg, but our army was not to lose that one of their citizens was killed.

The next day a general bombardment took place on the rebel lines. On the 21st, the rebels destroyed the depot of the Weldon railroad, with nearly all its contents.

On the 22d, the rebels captured the command of the 18th corps. Maratime success at Gen. Barry's command to the 12th army corps.

MEMORANDA.

Sherman, having crossed the Chatahoochee, reached Johnston, and drove him into Atlanta. His cavalry manœuvre out the railroad east of Johnston, preventing Johnston from sailing or being aided by the sea.

On the 12th he made another flank movement, that his army, the 11th, and the 12th, 20,000 destroyed the depot of the Weldon railroad, with nearly all its contents.

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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The city's quiet, under the new rule...

Gen. Dix has ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Paine...

The morning newspapers, with the exception of the Herald, have increased the price from three to five cents.

The user-man's clerk of this office has received the following notice from the State of New York...

It is officially announced that Governor Throop has received a letter from the President...

It has not been decided whether the 7th and 8th regiments are to be sent to the front...

Gen. Sherman will not repeat this again to report in the Southern States...

L. O. Dwyer, of Orange, Erie county, New York, has 20 negroes engaged to work on his farm...

The United American Relief Society have purchased of Mr. M. O. Holburn's new and magnificent steamship...

The Herald.—The Herald has been published for the first time in our varied appearance...

A Southern boy living in Vermont is said to be turning both ways on the same road...

The correspondent of the Times says: "I thought the cost of a nation, by becoming such a central hub...

Personal.—Several of our readers have conferred on the subject of the "Herald"...

Mr. Wm. W. Leland received a letter from the Rev. Dr. H. W. H. of New York...

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The Atlanta Express says: "The Mayor of that city has just received a letter from the President..."

There is no doubt that the new rule will be a great benefit to the city...

The new rule will be a great benefit to the city, and it is hoped that it will be a permanent one...

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stranger, and may the light before have served a useful purpose...

The good gentleman in the next row in church may be a great deal better than he is...

Spiritualism has apparently attracted much of the public mind...

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CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Keep Them at Home.

AVOIDED THEM, and of course more voluntarily than they would have done...

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KNABE & CO.'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

The energy and enterprise of her client have, within the last few years, wonderfully developed...

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WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FINISHING DEPARTMENT AND OFFICE, NOS. 1, 3, 5 AND 7 NORTH BAZAAR STREET.

the counting room and remodeling rooms; and the first floor of the 100 Baltimore street contains—besides the storerooms, where there is constantly kept a large stock of all sorts of hardware, such as every description of other small metalware, also the commissions and sales of all wares, and especially the metal in the city.

More than 100 men are constantly employed in this factory, and about 2000 are every thirty planks put away, large instruments that Knabe & Co. contemplate making important additions to their already extensive factories, in order to enable them to keep up with their orders.

The house of Knabe & Co. is one of the oldest and most celebrated in the United States. Its reputation has not been made only upon the squares. Although, of course, the largest number of that class of instruments is sold; the Grand Pianos of this firm have helped to establish that reputation, and place the firm in a first class position before the world. Their French Pianos are also admirable in point of tone, touch and finish, it will thus be seen that Knabe & Co. manufacture all classes of pianos, a fact which can only be stated of

the greatest manufacturers of the country. The business of Knabe & Co. is indeed enormous and is only equaled by that of two other firms in America. Their pianos are sought for only in America, Canada and South America, but also in Europe their fame having been carried there by the great pianists who have found their country.

In America the pianos of Wm. Knabe & Co. have received all the honors that could be bestowed upon them. Wherever they have been exhibited, they have invariably carried away the gold medal over all competitors. The great Europeans and resident pianists have discovered their and tested their various styles of instrument, and have uniformly ascribed them the unqualified approbation, and have given to the firm the most valuable certificates of their opinion, a few of which we subjoin.

Testimonial from Fleisberg.

"I have great pleasure in certifying that I have tried your famous Pianos, and find them equal, if not superior to any in the country. Among the great qualities which distinguish them, is the ease with which they are played, and the volume of tone. Working agreeable and easy touch, and volume of tone. Working



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—WAREHOUSES, NO. 850 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

you all the honors you so highly deserve. I am, Sir, yours very truly,
S. FLEISBERG.

Testimonial from Guttschalk.
"After having played on the Piano of Messrs. Knabe & Co., it is impossible not to bear testimony to their qualities, which have acquired for them an eminent reputation which they enjoy. The Piano of their manufacture on which I have played, are distinguished by their ability to bear qualities of tone. The base is powerful, without harshness, and the tone notes very clear without harshness, and the tone instruments very brilliant. In respect to these instruments my opinion is, that they are the best manufactured in Europe, and I do not see any other in this country by the most celebrated makers."
I. M. GUTTSCHALK.

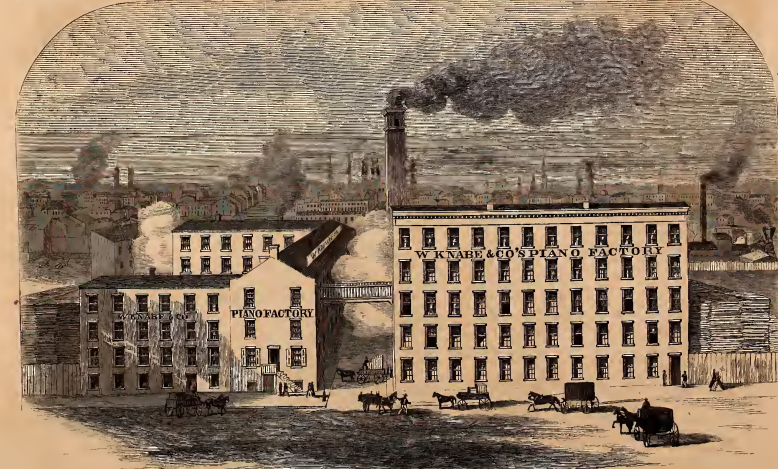
Testimonial from Gustave Sater.
"Though not personally responsible to you, it affords me much pleasure to make you a communication, which, as a strict friend of justice and candor, I cannot withhold from you. On a recent visit to Philadelphia, I

had the pleasure of performing on one of your pianos, and to my admiration, I found it to be every particular a most excellent one, and your name has since that time been fresh in my memory.
"With much esteem, yours,
G. SATTER."

Testimonial from Merwin Straloch.
"I cannot but congratulate you upon the immense progress and improvements which you constantly make in your pianos, which, in my opinion, rank among the very best in the country.
M. STRALOCH."

Testimonial from Henri Platenberg.
"I was delighted on hearing the clear and full tone of your really excellent Pianos, and I congratulate you on the progress you have made in the branch of art."
H. PLATENBERG."

Opinions such as the above, from gentlemen so eminent as artists, are so conclusive of the merits of the pianos manufactured by Knabe & Co. that they leave nothing to say, so that we can only endorse them.



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FACTORY CORNER OF BAZAAR AND WEST STREETS.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

The summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,
The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The elected lightning in the heavens blazing,
O'erues clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can
travel,
It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

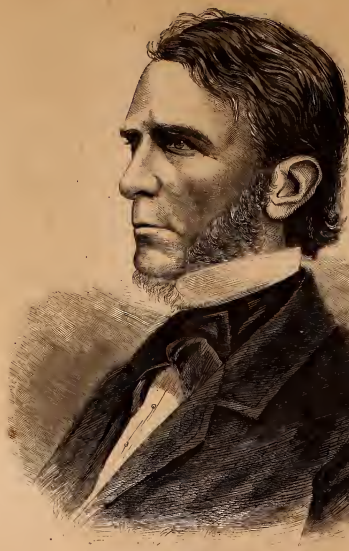
And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy
cloudland
Of the ideal.

There is a cloudland also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armor
For sovereign sway.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken
powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warms not; and the deepening
shadows
Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and
frozen
On fields of white.



WILLIAM F. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 315.



But in our cloudland, if there's sometimes
darkness,
There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right,
If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its pho-
nisms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the shivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.

The Flower of the Family.

Dr. THORNDAL, of Thornsdale, was known all over the county. The black horse, driven at a rapid pace, and the shabby chaise, with the torn blue lining, would have been recognized anywhere within twenty miles of the village. The doctor's person and motions were alike unmistakable and familiar. A gray overcoat, worn with excessive impartiality summer and winter, a soft cotton cap—there was an alternative of henna in the shape of a brown Leghorn—a tall figure, slightly drooping shoulders, a gentle face, keen, bloody blue eyes, these were the externals of Dr. Thorndale. His medicines were most definitely known by their real or supposed results. In theory the doctor was high aliphatic, in practice, colodetic.

There's many a battle in our shadowy cloud-
land
Of Heart and Brain,
When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn
and listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloud-
land
When they first
Troup for the first time, houseless and forlorn,
A-down the street.

When little blue eyes, wandering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thine of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn deathbeds seem at best but
galleys,
Where miser's hands
May jostle with each other in the phinder
Of golden sands.

And there are many battles that do almost
Nature outvie,
Fought between good and evil, with the
weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless, heedless passion's dread re-
bellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or hung away.



The Blacksmith speaks too late.

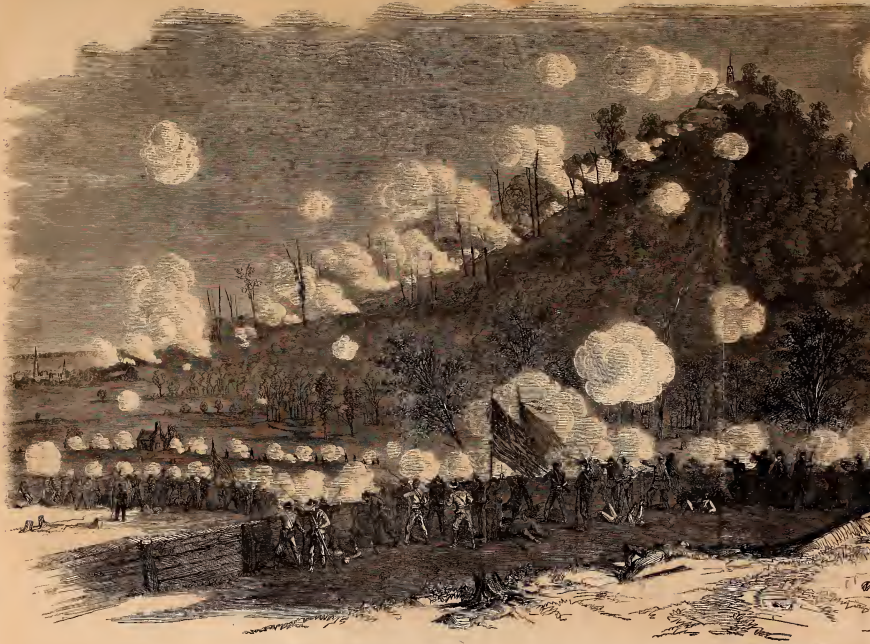


"What shall I do?"

Heretical, it was certainly effective. If a patient declined to recover under his care, it must be willfully, not by any means the doctor's fault.

It was this singular faculty in his practice that made Dr. Thorndale and his horse and chaise known far and wide. People on the outer margin of his parish knew very little about Thornsdale. There was a vague impression that it was an enclave of the doctor's exuberant personality, and related by its entrance, which was a very great mistake indeed. Thornsdale was a positive fact in itself, having a stubborn individuality of its own.

In his earlier days it had borne some foolish classical name, but later the Thorndales acquired an ascendancy, and before long Thorndale became a legacy for the enjoyment of an ascendency, the town petitioned the Legislature for leave to change its title to the more emphatic one of Thornsdale, a proceeding, however, that met strenuous opposition from that part of the community which considered itself specially called to resist every innovation to serve as a sort of wall against which the advancing wave of progress may dash and break itself in vain—a class of persons abundant everywhere, and useful where barriers are necessary, but very unobtrusive and disagreeable when it becomes desirable to remove them. The village lay in a green hollow. Smooth fields sloped down to the small stream which eaned along the valley, wide meadows full of flowers and rich in luxuriant grasses ran out between the hills, a picturesque bridge spanned the river, and all this looked over and crowned the flowing water.



March 18.

11th Army Corps.

Rebel Breastworks.

Battery and Signal Station.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE 16th AND 17th ARMY CORPS ATTACKING THE REBEL POSITION.

JUST MYSLUCK.

We know exactly how many there are always waiting for something to turn up, and when it does not contenting themselves with abating the said luck; but the oddest instance I ever knew was one of those specimens of which so many flocked to the California mines in 1849, and who were known there as "Flukes," whether they came from Missouri or not. It had been

hard times with Mr. Pike, and he had not struck anything for a long time, the result of which was that he was dead broke, or, as he expressed it, "the doctor broke man you ever saw." "The doctor broke man you ever saw," said Mr. Pike, "the doctor broke man you ever saw." The truth was Mr. Pike was busy, very busy, and would scarce spare time to work at any time. He was first-rate at playing poker, bluff or even-up, and was a master hand at playing the 21, being thoroughly posted in all dealing-games. One day, when things looked un-

ingly dark with him, Mr. Pike met upon the head of an old barrel, stumping a villainously dirty pack of cards upon another, apparently for amusement. Just at this moment along came a gentleman, and stopped up to the unemployed man. "You play the 21, don't you?" he said. "No, what care?" was Mr. Pike's response. "Why, there's a little party about half a mile below here, and they sent me up for you. If you'll come

down and play a little for these to dance they'll give you ten dollars." "Come on," said Mr. Pike. "Come on!" said the gentleman, astonished, knowing that Pike hadn't had a chance to make so much in a month before; "why can't you?" "Because I can't—don't have the reason! I've just my back to get an invitation to a party, and—no go." Mr. Pike was excited.

I once saw a specimen of Pike games on the wharf at Francisco, who had come over from Missouri, and was full with open-mouthed wonder why for the first time. It had been raining in the night but the sun was shining out brightly like great bonfires of gold. Mr. Pike looked at for several minutes, and turning to me, he said, "Well! I've often heard about these California things being, but I never till now how they brought. Now I see they fetch 'em here bags!" Another gentleman of the style, making his first visit to where he was mortified and fastened by attention on a name which being a known remark was: "Now, what caused that but that are big pick out to some? They must a be they couldn't a got it up mine!"



A V. S. RAIL RAILROAD TRAIN CARRIED UP THE JAMES RIVER—FROM A RESCUE BY LEUT. G. W. MARRIS—SEE PAGE 311.

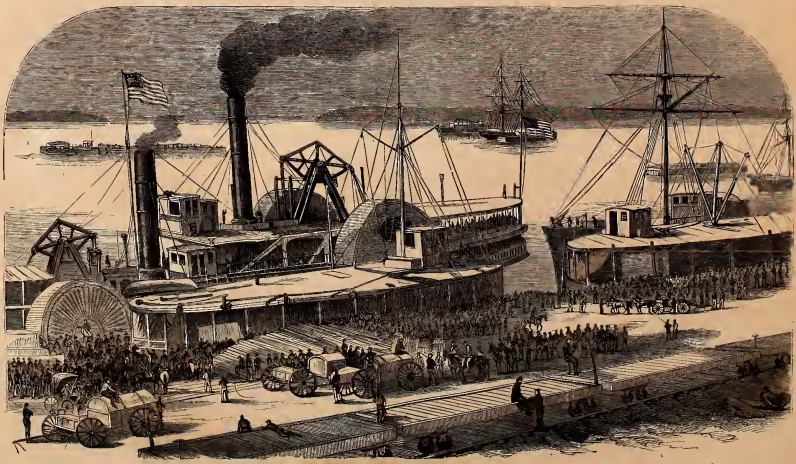
A FLAG OF LUTHERS.
A flock of Luthers once covered an inhospitable tract near the city of Port in stands a mountain, which natives call Klamath. One morning a flock of Luthers, charging their forest of evergreen, which, falling on side of a hill, discovered an immense quantity of gold. The mine, says Pike, that got some time sold at the seven or eight pieces of eight per a ton of this kind would be profitable to the proprietor of the mine; but the part who was saved in so a town with silver and for the whole year that they never been able to get other hands that had first instance.

It is said that the silver from the books he heard that prevention is than cure.



Battery. POSITION ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. H. HILLEN.

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 and was gazing
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 school at Har-
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THE SIXTH CORPS EMBARKING AT CHIT POINT, TO PROCEED TO THE BELLE OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 311.

ISABEL.

Laze two roundels of Isabel in
Are the cheeks of Isabel;
Lips the vibrant lips of Isabel.
"Mong the dainties in the dish
Are hers eyes, the stars of night
N'er a mortal hand did wield
With such pure and fond delight
As the eyes of Isabel."

Moss treasuries on his lips
Of the fairy Isabel.
"Oh! I'd give you another to sip
Which that Cressa ne'er could tell;
I would give you a kiss for it,
Could the misting by a spell
That would melt my heart
With and win me Isabel."

As the sound of silver fife,
In the voice of Isabel,
We, the habebles of the wine,
Purs to pass in ocean sail,
Sparkle through her golden tresses,
Joyful in a marriage bed,
I could glide alone like a stream
In one boat with Isabel.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE."
A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"And so, my dear, you couldn't say certainly about the figure that you saw and spoke to in the room, the first time, that it was a woman?" Isabel could not say. The light was so imperceptible that it was impossible to see with certainty, but she could not say that it was a woman.

"Could she tell, by what she saw of the face, how it might be that of a woman?" "Oh! perhaps about thirty or thirty-five. But the face had such a strange, striking expression, something unaccountable, that it could not be set down for an especial age."

"Was there no smile uttered by it?" "None," only a hard breathing, which could be heard near the room."

Mr. Darnis Brockett descended every step into the study of Miles, and asked every question, and then discussing a hearty supper under the eagle eyes of Miles, expressed his opinion, was courteously returned by Mr. Brockett, though less observant, announced his intention of taking a walk to the village, a mile distant, where about an hour afterwards he could be seen seated at the village store, getting ready for a group of country people, having, before his departure, said to Mr. Brockett, "The Place," mentioned both Isabel and Wilson against mentioning the name of the person, or speaking of him in any other light than as a humble friend of Mr. Peyton's, some down to him with a message."

"And so," said Mr. Brockett, "your purchase is ten miles away. Well, that's better than having it under your nose, don't you see, and I suppose you haven't got many vegetables, so that as a permanent thing."

"I suppose you are of the opinion, 'who ain't troubled with this ere sort of cattle much.'"

"No woman, nor, for instance," suggested Mr. Brockett.

"There ain't a right poor woman out of the poor as this twelve mile, and that's why I suppose she ain't no better here than she is at home."

"You say every body, nor do I suppose, nor do I, Mr. Brockett's next observation."

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don't say 'I'll give in, but I shouldn't like to see it to get around my place as far as you to Brockett."

"I'll give in, but I shouldn't like to see it to get around my place as far as you to Brockett."

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It was long after midnight, and all the inmates of "The Place" were supposed to be hushed in bed. Isabel, who had been sitting up, and who had been sleeping in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, was sitting up in bed, and looking out on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

The first breath to break the monotony of the night was the sound of a quick rattle from the room above, not without a frightened call had been made, and almost instantly the sound of feet from the door of the room above, and Mr. Brockett picked up his cane and entered with an intensity that should have penetrated walls and doors. He had the hall and stood on the stairs of the hall of a heavy body, and Mr. Brockett, starting to his feet, opened his door, and saw the man who had been sitting up, and who had been sleeping in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, was sitting up in bed, and looking out on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

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than the day before, and in her very tone and manner of address to Wilson showed a striking contrast to that which, whether in a real or unreal sense, she had shown in the presence of Miles.

He entered the room to find Colonel Swinton seated at the table, and a woman sitting up, which was still burning upon the man's white face and bloodless lips, accompanied by a look of intense interest, and which, if it were not for the fact that it was a woman, would have been varied, if not to the society, at least to that point where the light glitters and is constantly. Swinton, who had been sitting up, and who had been sleeping in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, was sitting up in bed, and looking out on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

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SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE ATTACK OF THE 14th, 16th AND 20th ARMY CORPS ON KENNESAW MOUNTAINS, JUNE 22.—TOWN & SCENE AS ON SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HIGGINS.—See Page 311.

THE OPERATIONS NEAR WASHINGTON—SCENE OF THE FIGHT IN FRONT OF FORT STEVENS, JULY 12 AND 13.—From a sketch by one General, Army, R. E. MILLER.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1854, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 463—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
15 WEEKS \$1 00.]

What is the Prospect?
What is the prospect? When will this long night of dreadful war give way to the welcome dawn of peace? Notwithstanding the apparently inexhaustible military forces, resources and facilities of all kinds possessed by the loyal States, as developed in the prosecution of this gigantic war, we are beginning to feel its pressure on every side, in everything and in every way. With the continued expenditure of a thousand millions a year, for even another year, against a national income from war tariffs and war taxes of less than one-third this enormous outlay, the national currency must still continue to decline, in value, more or less, the prices of the essentials of life, of labor, and all the products of labor, must still continue to advance, until we reach that fearful crisis of a financial collapse, and its dreadful consequences of universal bankruptcy and confusion. We think there is reason to apprehend that unless, in the interval to December next, some victories are obtained by our armies so decisive and comprehensive as to launch all efforts to subside, and to break all doubts of the issue of this mighty struggle, the national treasury will not much longer be able to sustain itself, although Mr. Secretary Foster may display the highest financial



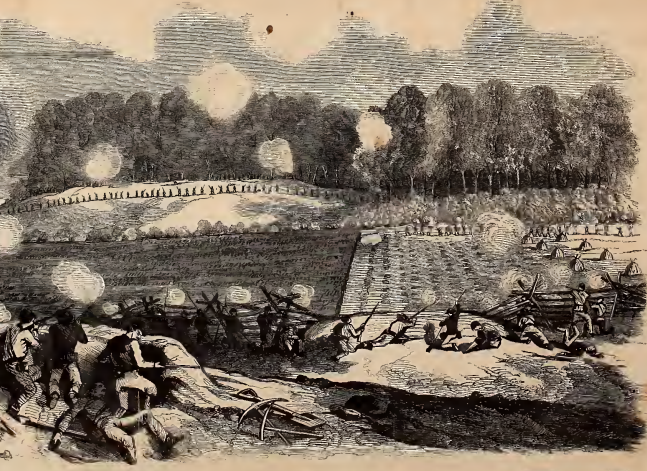
HOW HORSES ARE TREATED IN THE ARMY—CASES OF THE TERRIBLE LOSS OF HORSES—FROM AN ACTUAL SEARCH BY OUR

abilities, and the broadest sympathy, in his efforts to weather the storm. The war drags heavily. The rebellion, in this campaign, exhibits a degree of vitality and tenacity which it was supposed it had forever lost with the staggering disaster of

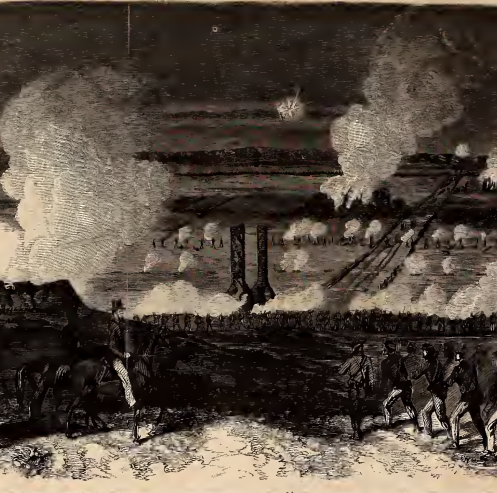
Chattanooga last November. The late contemptible peace-at-any price faction of the North is becoming bolder, bountiful and defiant, and threatens to rule the Chicago Democratic Presidential Convention; the original enthusiasts of the great Northern war party in

tainly demolish or disperse the two great armies upon which Jeff Davis has staked his fortune and those of his sinking Confederacy. Neither successful rebel raids nor disgraceful Union defeats of a secondary character, East or

no longer visible to the naked eye; dark forebodings are entertained, and gloomy prophecies are uttered on every hand; and yet the general confidence of the country in the crowning result of this terrible contest was never so firmly set, nor so clear in its perceptions as it is to-day.
How are we to explain this strange anomaly between the doubts and fears which are everywhere manifested and unmovable faith in the approaching triumph of the Union which everywhere seems to exist? This is an interesting enigma, but its solution is simple and easy. There is, whatever may appear upon the surface, a prevailing impression in the public mind that the vital forces of the rebellion are nearly expended, that strong and energetic as it still appears, it is but the strength of a dying man, and the energy of despair. In a word, the great body of the intelligent people of the loyal States believe that Gen. Grant and Sherman, before they go again into winter quarters, will certainly demolish or disperse the two great armies upon which Jeff Davis has staked his fortune and those of his sinking Confederacy. Neither successful rebel raids nor disgraceful Union defeats of a secondary character, East or



SCENE BEFORE WASHINGTON DURING THE REAR RAID—BESSÉ ASSAULT ON THE WORKS NEAR WASHINGTON, REPELLED BY UNMOUNTED CAVALRY AND INFANTRY, JULY 12.—REPRODUCED BY GEO. H. DUFFIE.



SCENES NEAR WASHINGTON, DURING THE REBEL RAID—NIGHT ATTACK, JULY 11, ON FORT SEVEN WHILE THE PRESIDENT WAS THERE.

COL. B. F. TRACY,
JULY 11, '64.

It would be unfair to the officers of inferior rank if we were to confine our illustrations simply to the many brigadiers and major-generals. We have taken as a creditable specimen of the colonels the commanding officer of the 106th New York.

Col. B. F. Tracy was, at the beginning of the war, a successful lawyer in Tappan county. He was born at Orange, in that division of the State of New York, on the 26th of April, 1820. Here he was educated and admitted to the bar. At the age of 23 he was so prominent that he was, in spite of his youth, elected District Attorney, and filled the position with such credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents that he was re-elected.

In the fall of 1861 the people of his county were deeply interested in the operations of the Chesapeake Canal, and urged Mr. Tracy to endeavor to put forward a candidate in the election to be held in the winter of 1861-2, to be held before the passage of the National measure. He was elected, and discharged his duties with credit.

He was, however, failed to become a law firm in New York. The Governor of 1862 he was selected by the Military Commission for the 106th New York Regiment to raise a regiment of volunteers. It was a very difficult matter to raise, but he undertook the task with his usual energy, and raising two regiments, offered to get up a third. On the 21st July, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the 106th, and



THE DEFENSES OF SAVANNAH—THE REBEL RAN SAYABRAN, THE DEAD FOR ACTION.



RAIL STATION OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ERUPTED BY THE REBELS DURING THEIR OCCUPATION.

on the 11th of August marched with his regiment and after some time spent in the defenses of Washington it was ordered to Washington, where it joined the 9th corps, being attached to Gen. Hartranft's brigade of the 1st Division of the Army.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 31st, it carried out every principle, though unable to hold them. In a second charge they again carried them, and pushed on their column in the van, but as he was not supported he fell back to the support works, and forming lines, held them against all attacks.

THE CENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Is situated on Gates Avenue, corner of Hunter street, Brooklyn, and was constructed during the past winter and spring, under the supervision of Mr. John H. Miles, for the Cenevan Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was ready for occupation in April, last, owing to the absence of the pastor (Rev. W. B. Leeb) who was not detailed until the 10th of June.

The edifice is built of brick, and its exterior appearance is neat, symmetrical and substantial. Within, the principal room or auditorium is about 35 feet by 60 feet, and 20 feet in height, abundantly lighted and well furnished. Opposite the platform and back and under the front gallery is an ornamental stained window, bordered by leaves of oak, encircling the heraldic "Lion with the Crown"—The Lion of Righteousness—an old and famous emblem of Christ.

The trussing of the roof timbers is exposed, having been finished and craned in view, in conformity with the other woodwork; the walls are rough cast in blocks, representing granite; the whole effect is pleasant; the vocal and instrumental accompaniment is provided for in a room well adapted for the purpose, and placed in the rear of the main sanctuary, and presided over by the Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D. The house was an internal and substantial development of the Church of God, as

illustrated by the twin pinnacles of the nave and the stained glass. In addition to the pastor, Rev. W. B. Leeb, the Rev. Drs. Hooper and Harris assisted in the service. In the afternoon, the dedication service was conducted by the pastor from Westchester city. "Let them build me a sanctuary that I may solemnly improve and strengthen."

The Rev. Mr. Wolf administered the ordination of laymen in the youngest child of the pastor previous to the service, and of the commission of the diocese since the formal ordination of the Rev. Mr. Leeb, the President of the Synod, were also present and detailed in the exercises.

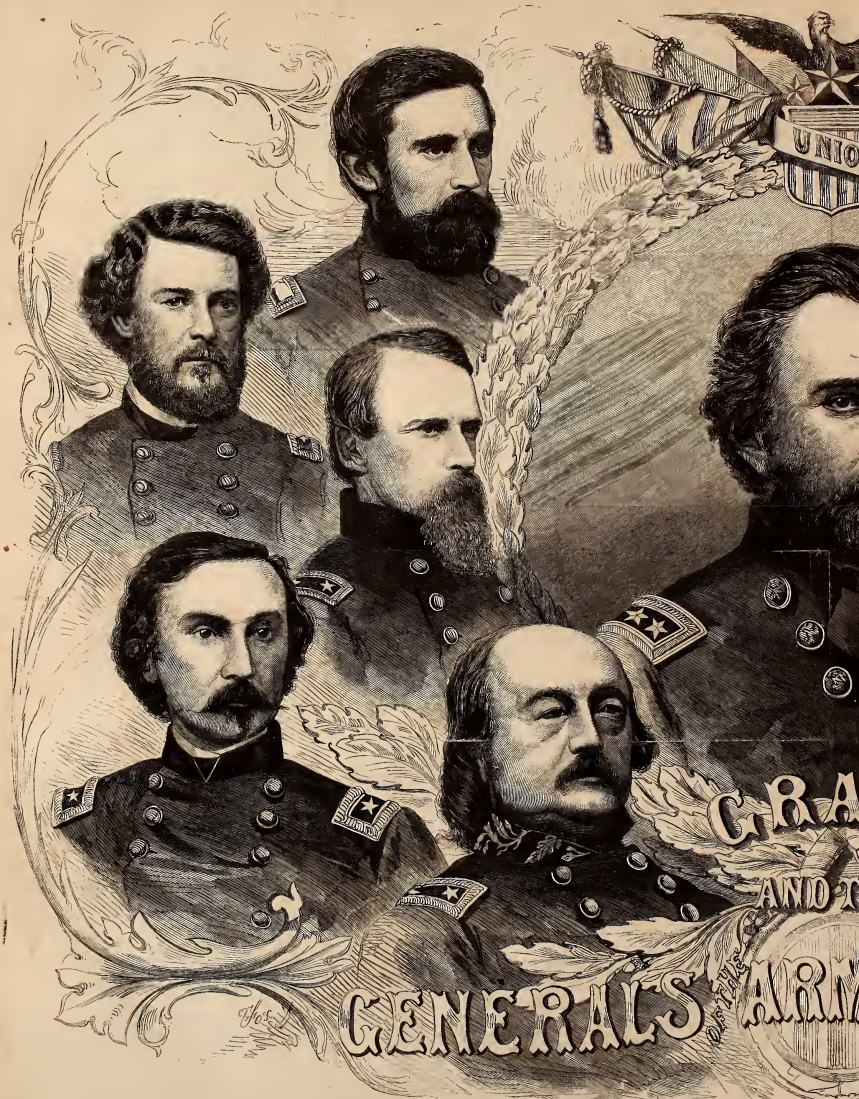
In the evening the Rev. Dr. Lee presided from Epiphany at 8. By grace are ye saved; and was assisted in the accompanying service by the Rev. B. E. Jenkins, D. D., and the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain of the Reform Church, and also by Rev. Mr. Scudder, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, several other clergymen also were present. The house was filled throughout the day with a most attentive and intelligent audience.

In our old age the interest bright together the scenes of today and those of the long gone time. We stand in pairs like each other like the joints of a post in the ground.

There are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unbelief or folly. They are adversities which do not seem to come from the bow of God and God's sovereignty in the governing hand.



THE CENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



WRIGHT.
WARREN.

RAWLINS.
BIRNEY.

BUTLER.

GRANT.



GENERAL
OF THE
POTOMAC

POTOMAC

SHERIDAN.
SMITH.

BURNSIDE.
HANCOCK.

MEADE.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHOOTING BEGINS FROM FORT MORGAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. OLNEY.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The long siege of Charleston continues, if indeed we can properly still deem a distant bombardment. The massed approach of our army seems hardly possible, but recently a movement was made by which Beaufort, a place frequently figuring in our accounts of operations, was shelled by Gen. Foster from Morris Island.

Our artist gives an interesting view of Fort MORGAN which bore the brunt of destructive shot and the leveled fort. This fort is situated on the upper end of Folly Island, and was erected by Major-General Moultrie. It is two and a half miles from Morris Island.

These bombardments are not without effect. They are resisted by the enemy who fire in our direction, and are followed by the heavy loss carried off by small arms and other errors, and the same operations of which our capability to resist the operations of our Southern allies.

We give also a view of Fort Johnson, the Citizens' Battery and Battery Stephens, James Island, S. C.

The above rebel works are located on the extreme northern end of James Island. The "Citizens' Battery" and "Battery Stephens" face the Union works on Morris Island. Fort Johnson appears to be a mere mass of rubble and, but for the mortar cast and other formidable guns, Charleston is seen in the background. A recent assault by the Union troops upon Fort Johnson proved unsuccessful, owing to a lack of proper support, resulting in a loss of 150 Union soldiers.

Our sketch was taken from Fort Wagner.

GRANT AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Our double-page groups together the men in whose hands are the great operations now carried on against Richmond and Petersburg, all men whose

services, during the past three years have made their names familiar to the country—men whose capacity has been tested by a thousand events.

Of Grant it is unnecessary to speak. The man who, at the beginning of the war, was regarded in his own country, and finally placed at a dead end, by a sagacious perseverance, a wonderful energy and fortitude of courage, made his mark at Belmont, Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, and the series of splendid victories that resulted in the reduction of Vicksburg, the more recent dislodgment of Bragg from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; how, step by step, he forced Lee back from the

And who has been around him to accomplish his plans? Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac proper; the man who led the Pennsylvania reserves on so many bloody fields; who, recently, a year ago, placed in command of the army, met and broke Lee's course of triumph at Gettysburg.

Buller, commanding the department in which the operations are now carried on, the man of energy and administrative talent, who first shed light on the negro question by his heroic deed done by the enemy's capture of war; who, in his government of New Orleans, achieved wonders that even now can scarcely be recalled, giving that city freedom from poverty, from daily and universal outrage, and giving it, too, such a thorough sanitary government that the yellow fever has ceased to visit.

These men are world known.

Of the Corps Commanders and other Generals grouped around camp are as well known.

Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, once commander of the army in which he now commands a wing, led a brigade at Bull Run. John Buford, in February, 1862, and defeating the enemy at Round Bay and Fort Mifflin, in the national army in North Carolina, and reducing Fort Mifflin, made that state the weak spot of the rebellion. How he fought at South Mountain and Antietam all know. His defeat at Fredericksburg, in



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE 16TH ARMY CORPS FORDING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE AT BOWWELL'S FERRY, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEN. D. B. PATLICK, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.

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My Brother and I. The Wife's Story. Mrs. Baskin's Last Will. Notes from the Life of a Transgressor.

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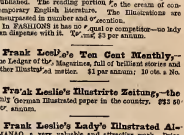
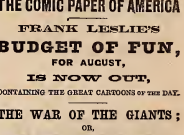
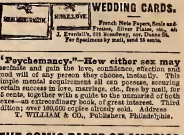
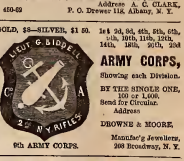
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NEWSPAPER

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No. 464—Vol. XVIII]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS

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15 WEEKS \$1 00.

The War for the Union—What We Have Gained, and What We Have Yet to Do.

"War have you gained by this fratricidal war?" is the familiar inquiry of that incredulous partisan whose hostility to "the process that he" has carried him and his sympathies over to the enemy. "What have you gained from this unholily crusade for the subjugation of the South? How much nearer are you to Richmond than you were in the summer of 1862? How much longer can you sustain three annual drafts of 500,000 men, and this war expenditure of a thousand millions a year?"

Let us briefly endeavor to answer these questions in good faith, concerning the points that we have lost much in men, time, means and money, that might have been saved had the war been more vigorously and wisely prosecuted than it has been. First, then, we turn to the inquiry, "What have we gained by this war?" We have gained in territory one-half the domains claimed as belonging to the so-called "Confederate States." In the last rebel Congress the States represented were Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas,

North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—thirteen—when the whole section of country now under the actual occupation and authority of Davis and his confederates has been reduced to the interior portions of the last eight States show-named. The Northern military line of the rebellion, which, in 1861, ran north-westward from Massachusetts to Kentucky and thence through the heart of that State to Columbus, on the Mississippi river, a thousand miles and more above the sea, has been pushed so far down into Georgia as to threaten the complete isolation of all the "Confederacy" north of the Savannah river from the States below. From Columbus to the Gulf of Mexico, overcoming numerous armies, and a chain of fortifications, armed flotillas, railroads and other obstructions unparalleled in the defenses of any other river of modern or ancient times, the Mississippi has been opened and occupied, and is now in the shortest and permanent occupation of the Government.

Thus that half of the Davis Confederacy which lies west of the Mississippi is in the condition of a wing of an army hopelessly cut off from the main body, so that, in a practical military view, we have reduced the vital forces of the rebellion to the interior portions of the single tier of States, and parts of States, lying between Richmond and Mobile.

So much for the territory recovered, in a military estimate, practically. In the population reclaimed from the rebellion we have gained two-thirds of the original strength; and in the valuable resources for peace or war wrested from the enemy, our gains have been correspondingly great. Nor do these constitute all our gains. In the beginning of this war the rebel leaders, from the commercial power of King Cotton, confidently counted upon a timely coalition from England and France, upon the destruction of our commerce on the high seas, and the raising of the blockade by numerous fleets of foreign-built privateers and ironclads, and upon the active armed co-operation of a powerful division of the Northern Democracy. We have gained the neutrality of England,

which secures the neutrality of France; there is not one rebel privateer now left dodging about upon the high seas; the ironclads built for the enemy are out of the way, and as for a rising of the Northern peace Democracy, in support of King Jeff, we dare say that they are fully convinced it would not begin to pay expenses.

All these things we have gained—one-half the original area claimed by the rebellion, two-thirds of its population, two-thirds of its most valuable military resources and lines of communication, including the whole line of the Mississippi river, the detachment of King Cotton, the neutrality of England and France, and the substantial unity of the great North and the loyal States of the South upon this great, permanent and supreme Jacksonian idea that "the Union must and shall be preserved." If we have changed the issue from 15,000,000 of people against 12,000,000 to 27,000,000 of people against less than 5,000,000, is it not manifest that we have gained enough to insure our final success, and as the crowning reward of the present campaign?



THE BIRD OF PETERSBURG—THE 85TH PENN., LINE-CO. PETERSBURG, THE ARMY CORP, MINED THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

63



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—CONTRABANDS COMING IN TO THE UNION CL.M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, EVANS FOSBER.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. INCROYABLE COAT. 2. DRESS OF LIGHT GREY MELÉ. 3. DRESS OF FIGURE—SEE PAGE 330.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

BY J. W. WATSON.

"My darling climbed upon my knee,
With fond, radiant laughter,
"Papa," she said, "you sweet papa,
"Is you that I am after!"



I want such lots of pretty things,
Such toys, and books, and dresses;
I want a hat with silver wings,
And dolls with golden tresses.

"And then, papa, you sweet papa,
I want a velvet bonnet,
I want a dress of snow-white silk,
With tiny ruffles on it,
I want a house as high as me,
With chairs and sofas plenty,
And then I want—oh, let me see!"
Of books—I want full twenty!

"I want—" had he closed the mouth
With kisses and embraces,
And took between my open palms
The happiest of faces.
I said, while gazing in her eyes,
Where love in light lay looking,
"My darling, when my ship comes home,
You shall have all your asking."

True Love.

BY MARION POWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, good-bye, George! I'm off," said Fred Hamilton; "I go this way."
"I should like you to go to the theatre with me; I expect to meet some of the boys. Put off your engagement for once, Fred—come!"
"No, not to-night. I hope you will have a nice time and enjoy yourselves; but I must go. So come more good-bye."
So saying, they parted. Fred Hamilton walked thoughtfully along the quiet streets, while his

friend made his way towards the gay thoroughfare of Broadway.

Fred Hamilton was a young man of middle height, not in the true sense of the word handsome, for his features were not perfect, but his bright, intelligent, dark eye, his noble brow and glossy brown hair made many think him so. His generous heart seemed to speak from his eyes, to show him was to love and respect him.

After walking some distance he suddenly stopped in front of a large brick house, gazed at the well-lighted windows, then ran up the steps and rang the bell. In a minute or so the door was opened by a respectable-looking girl, who seemed to know him, and at once asked him into the parlor. It was a pretty, neat, bright-looking little room; in

fact, both inside and out an air of comfort, though not of wealth, appeared to reign.

Fred Hamilton sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, then looked at the picture, and at length he had seen dozens of times before, and finally seated himself upon the sofa, and read his usual paper. He was attracted by a gentle Shetland. He looked up, and there she stood, bright and smiling as ever.



The Substituted.

"Ah!" she said, holding out her hand, "so you have come again. I thought you had quite forgotten us. Why have you not been?"
"Does it seem so very long since I was here?"
"And his dark eyes brightened. "The last time I called you were out—had gone to the theatre, I think your father said. Did you enjoy yourself?"
"Yes, very much indeed."

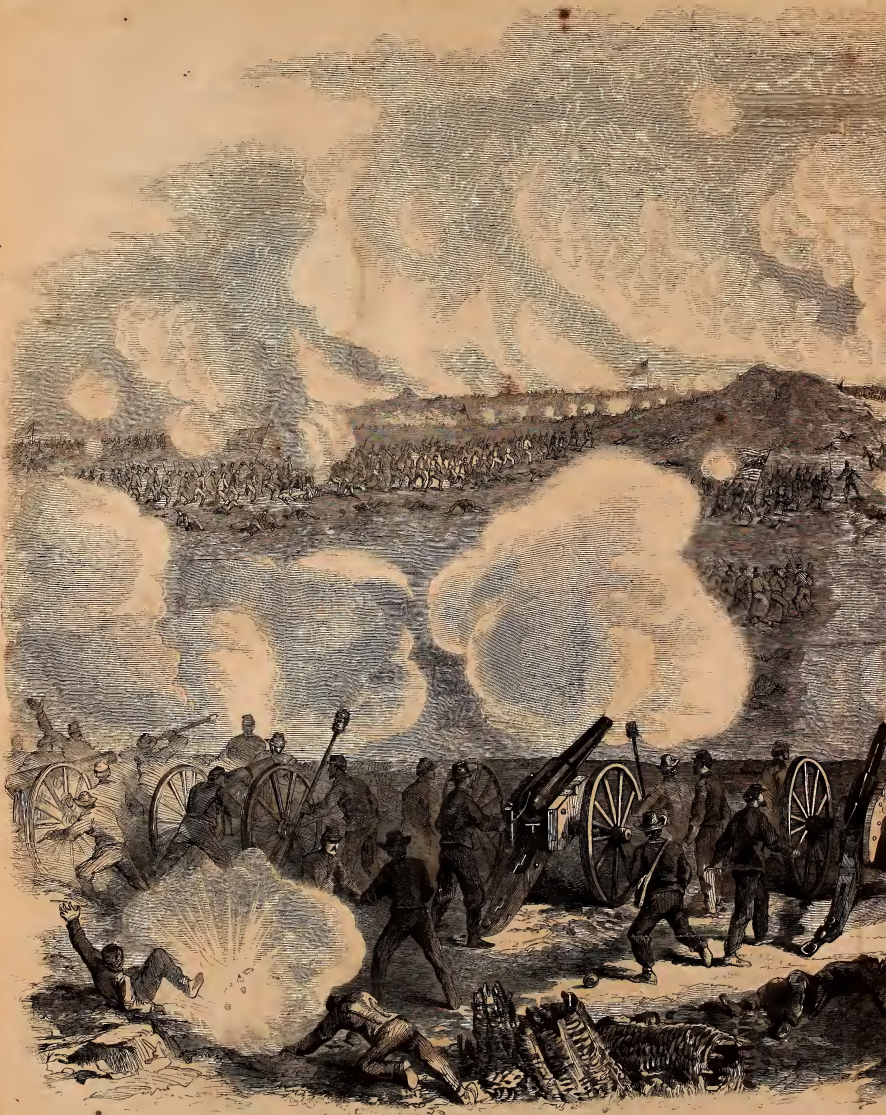
And she blushed, for his eyes were fixed upon her. He saw it, his heart seemed to sink within him, why he knew not. She looked up, their eyes met, and for the first time Lizzy realized the fact that Fred Hamilton loved her. She had looked upon him as a dear friend, and thought he understood it—what! how could she have been so blind?—but her heart was given to another, and she thought he must know it. Now that her eyes were opened the reality knew what to say or how to see. Seeing her embarrassment, he broke the silence.

"Lizzy, you seemed pleased to see me; yet now you do not speak, and scarcely answer my questions. Why is it? Have I offended? If so, it was certainly unintentional."

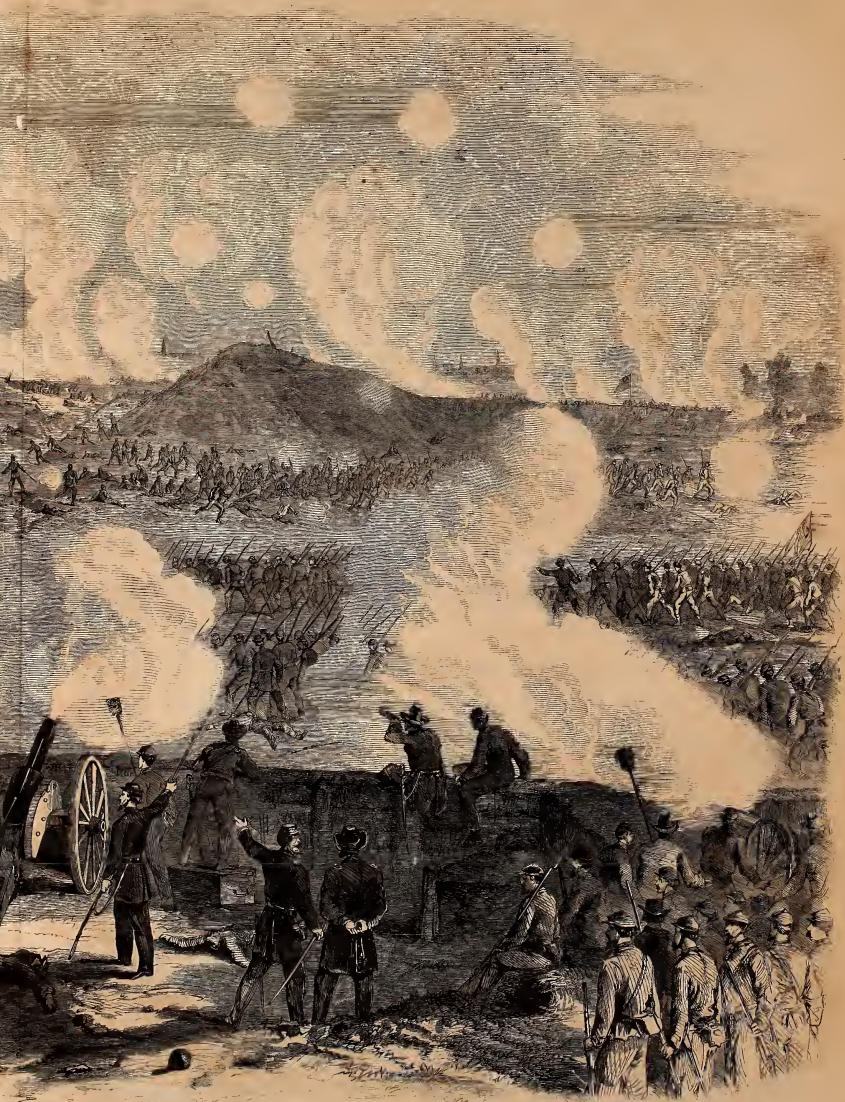


The hidden Passion revealed.

Creators never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they raise for the color of their own fall blossoms.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE NINTH CORPS CHARGING ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AFTER THE J



THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS OF ENGLISH LADIES—NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETINGS AT ALEXANDRA PARK, NEWFEL HILL, NEAR LONDON, JULY 6, 7 AND 8.

the press. The door for taking out the bales below is
 one illustration by the strengthening crossbars slides
 down, and may be arranged to open up in a line with the
 top of the press, but in either case bales would
 slide by gravity against the door open with
 out trouble. The ends of the upright trunk move back

to a distance of about three feet, and slide between the
 front ends and bottom of the press, while faces are ex-
 tended and the top slides back to the cotter, of sufficient
 weight to form a bale, in three or six days. The
 door is then raised, and the two ends of the press
 are attached to hydraulic rams of six inches diameter,

which drive the ends forward in less than a moment
 (the whole force of the pump being applied to the ram)
 and they arrive at the end of the frame of the upright press,
 where they are both fixed at once by the wedge and
 screw. The whole power of the pump is
 then applied to the larger ram (of 14½ inches or 18

inches diameter, and acting perpendicularly, the cylinders
 being below the ground-line, which has only to
 rise about 2½ feet to complete the bale. The charges
 are then removed and the ends thrown back, which at
 once restores the bale and prepares the press for a fresh
 supply of cotton.



COTTON PACKING IN INDIA—DAVID WILSON'S NEW PATENT COTTON PRESS.



THE WAR IN THE SOUTH—PAYING OF NEGRO SOLDIERS AT SHARON BRAD, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. ORRICK.

THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, N. Y.

WHEN New York had its fort just below the Bowling Green, a few weeks in a short place before it occupied the site of the present Battery. This was gradually filled in with a few guns placed as an outer defense giving it the name it has since borne. The special of earth or fort which was subsequently added had a peculiar history, and as the Battery became in time a fashionable promenade, the Castle became a garden, in days when gardens were the rage; then it was transformed into an Opera House, and has since become the center of that most important and well-managed institution, "The Commission of Buildings." The Battery has long ceased to be a fashionable promenade. The fair and their admirers no longer visit it to enjoy the delicious breeze from the bay or the panorama of the commerce of the great city. It is a city where each nation throws away, but with the upstart elegance of fashion it has become deserted.

Our fort has for a time been given up to the destruction of barracks, recruiting booths, etc. The only proper use of the Battery as it is, with the newly discovered means, would have involved it once more with Government funds in the background and could therefore enable our readers to fix the position of the barracks, which are commencing to well build for the superior to those in the Park in every respect.

The buildings to the left are the Commissary Department and storehouses in the center and to the right are the quarters of the men. In the front is the recruiting office where Supervisors stand ready at all times to fill up New York's various quotas, to the right are the Hospital and the Butler's Department, the latter under the charge of Z. L. Frayer, formerly Colonel of the 47th New York, at whose hands the soldiers know they always receive fair dealing. On the right near Castle Garden, in the street where conveyance and volunteers take steamer to go to Haiti Island.

PAYING OFF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

How strange it is now to look back at the commencement of this war! What advances has been made in many days. When it was first suggested that the negroes who escaping from slavery were becoming a burthen on the Government should be armed and drilled, a feeling of intense hostility was aroused. The opponents of the Government and the slaveholders with rebellion were of course loudest and most vehement in their denunciation of the system. The rebel Government threatened us with the threat of driving quarter to negro soldiers and their officers, but Government persisted, and a considerable part of the army is composed of negro soldiers. The matter is no longer a subject of speculation. The regiments differ greatly; some are excellent, others deserving of censure.

those whom the men who hold commissions which the Government had of drilling and paying their arrears.

Our Army before Charleston attacked the paying off of one of the negro regiments, and if we may judge from the bearing of the men, they have found officers who aim to do their duty to their command and their country.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Explosion of the Mine—The Attack on the Rebel Lines.

Since our last, issued just as the news came in of the explosion of the rebel mine, filling all with the hope that within day would give us news of the successful breaking up of Lee's army, fair details have come, unfortunately dimming our expectations.

Our readers will readily understand the position of affairs by our illustration on page 360-1 of this volume, a few weeks since. The fact there shown was that which Lee's Old, Pleasant, Rich Penn., with his drilled miners, undertook to mine. The work was commenced on the 15th of June, and was prosecuted with the utmost secrecy by the very soldiers in the adjoining fortresses being ignorant of the plan and wondering at the mysterious activity. The steady work of the mine at this juncture is from work pursued since, but few spectators the mine.

The excavation was commenced in the side of the hill between our exterior line of works runs. The tunnel, not to be seen the inclosed view, "entry" is about four and a half feet high, nearly as many feet wide at the bottom, and levelled right at the top. The small army gait was not suited to the work, as the cables were bound to permit their escape in the tunnel. This difficulty was easily overcome by digging down the stakes to the side of the regular mining pick. Water was not used but for from the entrance, and for a time gave no little trouble. The men, however, were plucked, and the mine and colling shored up. A girl named was sent with food to convey it, the edge of the tunnel was covered with, so that the latter half was several feet higher than the entrance. The work, as soon as completed, was completed in half a dozen miles of cracker barrel length which were afterwards used on the top of the side of earth bank, placed in the tunnel, and afterwards secured by fire.

The ventilation was improved from the top and was reached, and the information was abundantly wanted in the notice already. The matter of timber and planks could be distinctly heard, and it is not to be doubted that the men were directly beneath the covering for their artillery. An ascent was made by several, the distance from the tunnel to the fort was 20 feet.

After it was suddenly evident that a point directly under the fort was reached, the construction of the mine was commenced. The mouth of the fort opened towards our line, and under this line the tunnel diverged



THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTURED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 465—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
15 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Mobile—Admiral Farragut's Operations and their Military Importance.

It is the late daring and difficult, but brilliantly successful operations of Admiral Farragut, below Mobile, he has administered a staggering blow to the rebellion in the South-west. In running the gunboat of Fort Morgan—a large, substantial, defensive work, carefully built by the United States, at an expense of \$1,500,000, and making, with more than 100 guns, at short range, the main inlet to the bay—the indomitable old Admiral repeated that bold and perilous enterprise which carried him up to New Orleans, in endeavoring, with the assistance of Gen. Granger's land forces, Fort Gaines—another substantial Government work, mounting 50 heavy guns; and in dislodging the enemy from the supporting sand batteries on the adjacent islands, he secured complete possession of Mobile bay and the gateway and

inland line of navigation thence through Mississippi sound and Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. With these advantages gained, the intelligent reader will readily perceive the great value of Farragut and Granger's position, in support of Sherman in Georgia and Grant in Virginia.

We write this article in advance of any authentic reports of any further successes by our land and naval forces below Mobile. We think it probable, too, that, from the extreme shallowness of the water in the upper portion of the bay, and from the number and extent of the enemy's works on all the land approaches leading to the city, that its reduction will yet require something of the labors of a regular siege. It will, however, suffice for our present purpose, that Farragut and Granger are in occupation of the bay and its land and water approaches from the New Orleans side. In possession of these, the work towards the re-

duction of the city may be deliberately prosecuted; and in the meantime the imminent danger which menace Mobile extends to Atlanta and to Richmond.

To strengthen the army of Hood against the exhausting pressure of Sherman, Mobile had so far been drawn upon, that on the approach of Farragut's squadron, the able-bodied men at the disposition of Gen. Mury, we have no doubt, were diminished to the detachments needed to man his ironclads, cottonclads, regular forts and earthworks, perhaps not over five thousand men all told. He, in turn, must be heavily reinforced, or Granger's infantry, with Farragut's light draft fresh water gunboats will speedily enforce the evacuation of the city. But from what quarter are these indispensable reinforcements to Mury to be drawn? The necessities of Hood in Georgia have resulted in draining the country of its rebel reserves, regulars and guerrillas, infantry

and cavalry, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi river. It is apparent, then, that Hood's army or Georgia must be sacrificed to save Mobile, or that Mobile must be abandoned to save Georgia. Assuming that the latter alternative is adopted, the Union forces at Mobile, by those navigable rivers the Tombigbee and the Alabama, secure at once, in a military view, possession of the State, for those vital commercial channels along which are established the most important of all the depots of "Confederate" cotton and corn, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars in value, cannot be lost without losing the State.

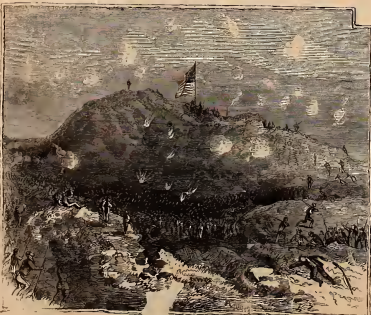
But the possession of Mobile will not only dispossess the enemy of Alabama—for, by way of the navigable Alabama river to the Montgomery railroad, it will enable our forces from Mobile to move conveniently, with reinforcements and supplies, to the support of Sherman in Georgia. We see, therefore, inclined



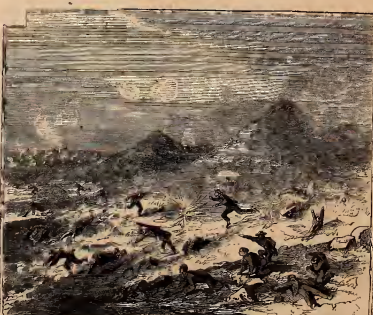
Rebels carrying water to the Union wounded and holding up their cutlasses as signs of truce.



"Come, Yankee, for God's sake take me out of this place! It is all over now, and there's no use letting a fellow sick here."



Planting the Stars and Stripes on the rebel works after the explosion.



The Union wounded running the gauntlet of bullets to reach the entrenchment.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE SIDE OF PETERSBURG—CHARGE OF THE 2nd DIVISION, 9th ARMY CORPS, INTO THE CRATER, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT W. McCLURE.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. WALKING DRESS. 2. EVENING DRESS. 3. WALKING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

EVENING.

Upon the ocean's pallid strand
I sat and dreamed alone,
Walk on the waves, like golden sand,
The sun's last beams were strown,
And twilight in a converse laid,
To early day had gone.



Methought I heard an obdure tale,
Told in the water's foam,
That breathed of hours and that deep vale
Where, in the mouth of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale
Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
The feast of love all day,
Till, with his lamp, the fisher crept
Along the darkling bay,
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
But never said me Nay.

All day, till twilight from the hill
In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
We heard the evening bell,
And then the voice which heralds me still
Whispered—"Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
My memory now is cold,
And only on the surging shore,
Or in the whispering wood,
I feel again the love I bore
In those bright days of old.

If the man gives an example of industry, it is
worth more than a good many unites do.

Jane Benson's Trials.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

CHAPTER I.

HERE, you, Jane!" called Mrs. Mordant, harshly, down the back stairs, "where are you going, I should like to know?"

"I am going to school, aunt," was the bland reply.

"No, you are not," was the decisive reply. "I can't spare you this morning. You must stay at home and help Bridget."

Jane took off her plain straw bonnet with a sigh, and hung it upon the nail behind the door. Then, without a word she went down into the kitchen where she was soon busied in washing potatoes for dinner.

She was now about thirteen years old. Despite the plain calico dress which she wore, her most attractive face made her appear to advantage be-

side her handsomely-dressed but irredeemably plain cousin, Sophia and Annette. Of this the latter seemed quite aware, and as if Jane was culpable on the score of her looks, never lost an opportunity to sneer at and ill-treat her. Annette was about Jane's age, Sophia two years older. They attended a fashionable school, where they learned a little of everything superficially. Mrs. Mordant paid the high rate of tuition without a murmur, feeling ambitious that her children should associate with their social superiors on a footing of equality. She had framed and hung up in a conspicuous position two landscape drawings which Sophia had accomplished with considerable aid from her drawing-teacher. Although Nature appeared to be decidedly disinclined to these artistic efforts, Mrs. Mordant felt proud of them as evidence of her daughter's talent.

"She takes after me, Mrs. Best," she remarked to a neighbor. "When I was a child I was for ever making pictures on the slate. I have no doubt that I should have done myself credit if cir-

cumstances had allowed me to gratify my tastes."

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cumstances had allowed me to gratify my tastes."

were aware that her uncle had for her in trust a property yielding three hundred dollars yearly, which considerably more than compensated him for any expenses he was put to on her account. He and his wife quietly ignored the circumstance, and made Jane a household drudge, making her sleep with the cook, whom she assisted by hand. The fact was Jane's little fortune had been



A CHURNED FOR FRESH DOGS.

swallowed up by unaccounted expenditures, and her uncle would have found it difficult to replace it.

She had scarcely finished this task when she was pressed into the service of the household, and sent to hang out clothes.

The little girl sighed.

"How shall I ever learn anything," she thought to herself, "if I am kept out of school half the time. Then the teacher will blame me because I don't study out of school. I am sure I would if aunt would let me, but she keeps me at work all the time. Perhaps she will let me go to school this afternoon."

But poor Jane was destined to be disappointed in her hope:

"You will have to stay at home this afternoon, Jane," said her aunt, precociously. "I want you to sew on Sophia's dress."

"Miss Whitcomb sends me for netting more regularly," said Jane, timidly.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Mordant, coldly. "You must tell her you are needed at home."

"Can't I sit up this evening and sew instead, aunt?"

"I don't see why you will say nothing more on the subject, Jane," said her aunt. "You can't go, and you need say nothing more on the subject. How-



DISCOVERY OF AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

circumstances had allowed me to gratify my tastes."

And who was Jane?
She was the only daughter of Mr. Mordant's sister. At four years of age she had been left an orphan, and had ever since been an inmate of her uncle's house. Mrs. Mordant represented that she was an object of charity, and obtained the credit of providing her with a home. Jane believed this to be the case. The necessary for who



Petersburg Railroad.

Rebel Fort.

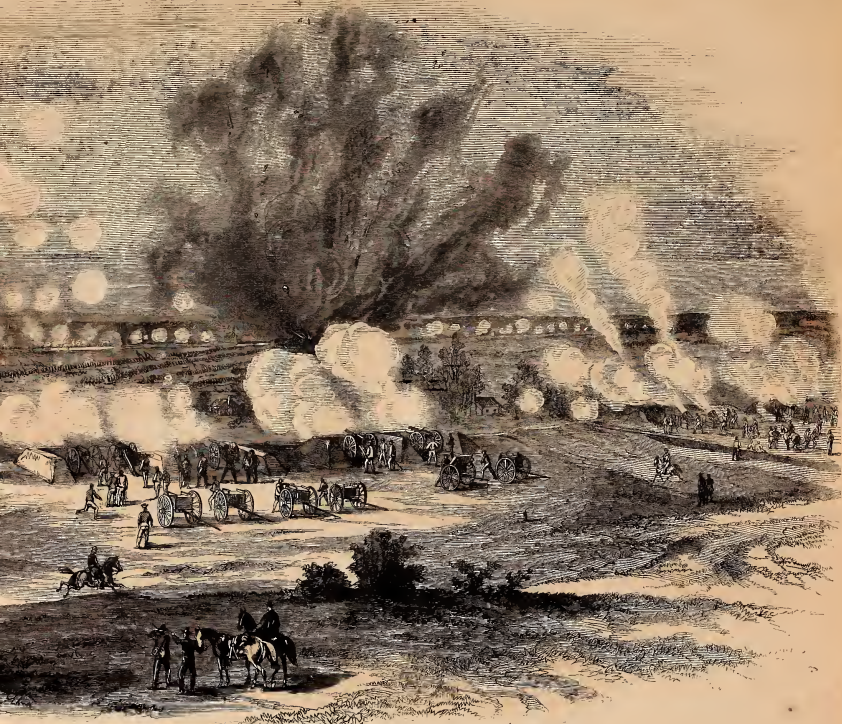
Rebel Mortar Battery.

Streets of Petersburg and burned Houses.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND CHARGE



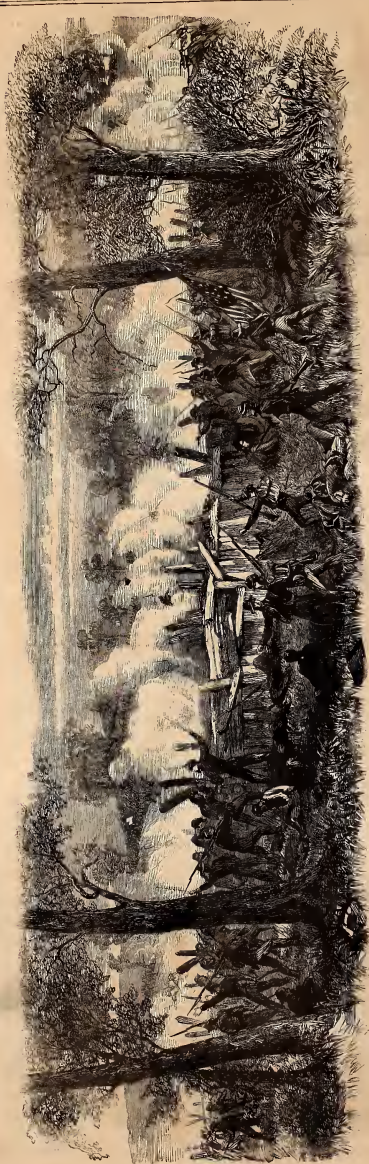
THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—VIEW OF THE



Battery of 9th Corps in Position. Explosion of Rebel Fort
 CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS BY THE 9th CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW McCALLUM.



THE REBEL WORKS AFTER THE EXPLOSION AND BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. MULLER.



THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.—BRIEF ATTACK ON GEN. LOGAN'S CORPS, JULY 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY GUY BEGHAL AKERS

BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 25.

Gen. Logan's 11th corps that again added to the imperishable honors won on a bloody field. It has not, the enemy again had reached there. Two hundred men were slain, and the rest of the corps were scattered. The 11th corps was again a single corps, with a view, if possible, of breaking it, and getting at our communications.

The army of the Confederates, which has been holding a position on our left, had been ordered to take up a position on our right, and had done so. They had only a few miles to go, but had fought at Atlanta and were prepared to receive any attack which might be made.

The 11th corps, which was the only one of our army which was in a position to make a stand, was ordered to take up a position on our right, and had done so. They had only a few miles to go, but had fought at Atlanta and were prepared to receive any attack which might be made.

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Had the charges succeeded, it would have no unperished shot, and on that's own terms.

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The British fleet, which showed up with unexpected regularity from any vessel had raised black flags, and were ordered to surrender. The British fleet, which showed up with unexpected regularity from any vessel had raised black flags, and were ordered to surrender. The British fleet, which showed up with unexpected regularity from any vessel had raised black flags, and were ordered to surrender.

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A CURIOUS BOATRACE IN ENGLAND.

At the King's Lynn Royal Regatta on the Ouse, above the Free Bridge, a curious boat race was held. The boats were of various shapes and sizes, and the race was very interesting. The boats were of various shapes and sizes, and the race was very interesting.

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THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG—THE FIFTH CORPS AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SOCIAL ADVISOR, E. F. MULLEN.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.
July 30.

We give no inconsiderable space to-day to the sketches sent from the front by our special artists, portraying the vivid scenes of the explosion of Plesian's mine and the operations of the army after the enemy's works had been hurled into the air.

On our double page will be found a fine panoramic view of the scene at the moment of the explosion. In the background, near the center, may be seen the ruins of Petersburg and the stack piles of houses destroyed by our bombardment. The Petersburg railroad, on the left, may be noticed and followed, as it approaches the line of the enemy's works, with their lines forming a distance. Our men are seen moving in well-ordered position and with flags ready to advance. The explosion of the mine, however, had the peculiar effect of obscuring the sky with its dark mass, in the wake of interest.

The sketch below is an accurate representation of the enemy's works as they appeared when the explosion was over. It was taken at the moment when the rebels had fled from the works, leaving another explosion, at the moment when our charge, if made, would have been successful.

The charge made finally by the 2d division of the 5th Army Corps is shown from the hand of one who witnessed it face at hand. It was made largely, but from funds which the court of inquiry will explain, time had been lost. Officers were absent, and the result was a sad slaughter of men whom the country cannot afford to lose.

The 6th, awaiting the order to charge, forms the subject of the last of the series, and furnishes a sad commentary on the mismanagement which turned into a disaster what every intention promised to render a success.

Incidents.

With our other illustrations we give some incidents of the exciting 30th of July. A correspondent of one of the dailies says:

"No man can adequately depict the sufferings of the wounded who lay between the lines of the two armies after the fight. Most of them had been shot in the stomachs of backs and other vital parts of the body or killed within our entrenchments, but the badly wounded were so many, and they were so badly treated that these heads to horror are sick and faint. They groan and cry for water, water, can be obtained in fact in our entrenchments without the power to raise it without a certainty of being shot. To the credit of the rebels, however, be it said, they have done what they could and allow our men to do every water in their entrenchments to some of our maddening, holding up their eyes to the flag of truce.

"On arriving at the exploded fort, our troops found it a heterogeneous mass of iron snags, guns and gun-carriages, dead and wounded soldiers, &c. One poor fellow, pulling the cart out of the eye, in his delirium, said: 'That's the old-time drum beat!' He soon proved, however, to be a Union prisoner. Another, buried up to his temples in loose dirt, on being approached, cried: 'Come, Frank, for God's sake, take me

out of this place. It is all over now, and there's no use hitting a blow with here. Come, take me out, please, and I will do as much for you some time.' It was hard to get.

"One of the charging officers, noticing the list there near him as if a mole or gopher were at work under it, commenced digging, and finally dug out a rebel lieutenant, who solemnly revealed, and conversed freely with the officers before being brought from the ground. Several others were extracted from their larva graves, and pushed to consciousness, and will survive.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Owing to the absence of the Imperial Court from Paris, and the departure of many families for the heat of sea, the Paris fashions for August must be considered as those rather of the Department than of that favored locality which generally gives an impulse



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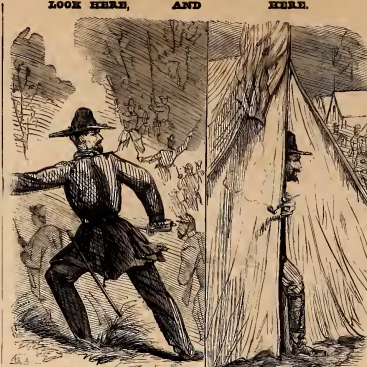
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The Peace Question—The Ultimatum of Jeff Davis.

In the late peace mission of Messrs. Gilmore (or Edmund Kirke) and Jacques, to Richmond, although a whitewash enterprise on their own responsibility, these gentlemen, in our opinion, have rendered no small service to the Government and the common cause of the loyal States. From various sources through the newspaper organs of the unconditional peace party of the North, there had been such positive and circumstantial assurances of a disposition on the part of the chiefs of the rebellion to enter into negotiations for peace, and upon terms that would be acceptable to the North, that, looking to the practical utility of the North, it had become a matter of great importance to ascertain the real opinions of Jefferson Davis upon this question.

We have no doubt that Messrs. Gilmore and Jacques were themselves persuaded, before undertaking their journey to Richmond, that, in view of the desperate situation of the rebellion, they would find the rebel President and

his ruling associates prepared to listen to almost any propositions that would open the door to negotiations for peace. From the interesting report submitted to the public by Mr. Gilmore, through the *African Monthly*, of the remarks of this mission of himself and patriotic colleagues, we infer that they had also argued Mr. Lincoln into such active sympathy with their hopeful anticipations, that he not only aided them in every needful way upon their journey, but that, in the conversation with Jeff Davis, they spoke according to the suggestions they had received at the White House. In other words, although they acted upon their own individual responsibility, and without any official credentials to back them, they doubtless appeared before Davis as the real representatives of the President of the United States, and were manifestly so entertained and dismissed.

Hence the importance of the essential facts connected with this remarkable peace conference between Mr. Gilmore, the learned and experienced traveler in the South, and anti-slavery romance writer, and his brave and

patriotic colleagues of the church militant, the Rev. Col. Jacques, on the one side, and the implacable despot of the so-called Confederate States on the other side. The peace overtures presented by Mr. Gilmore included the abolition of slavery, a general amnesty on behalf of the parties concerned in the rebellion, no confiscation, the return of the rebellious States to the Union, the debts of the so-called Confederate Government to be ignored, and the debts of the United States to fall alike upon all the States North and South. These propositions, we will assume, make up President Lincoln's ultimatum in behalf of peace. We think, too, whatever may be said of the occasion precedent of the abolition of slavery by the rebellious States, the remaining propositions will be among the leading features of a treaty of peace, whether undertaken before or delayed till the 4th of March next.

The peace ultimatum of the rebel President, on the other hand, allows no margin whatever for peace negotiations or an armistice. The independence or subjugation of the rebellious Confederate States is all that he has to offer.

His people, he tells us, are not fighting for slavery, but for independence; that they cannot and will not return and place themselves again under the Government of the United States upon any terms; that, in fact, they are resolved upon an independent Southern confederacy, and will "die in the last ditch" rather than surrender. Accepting this report of Mr. Gilmore as conscientiously correct, we accept this fact as thus abundantly established—that our only available negotiators for peace are such masters of diplomacy as Gen. Grant and Sherman, and that invincible sea-faring ambassador, Admiral Paragot. From a careful reading of Mr. Gilmore's report of this late peace mission to Richmond, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Gen. Grant, therefore, is the proper man to send into the rebel capital as our next ambassador in behalf of peace. His style of argument in favor of remission is so convincing that we are quite sure his presence in the rebel capital will at once settle the question. Nor can we believe that any overtures or any arguments in view of peace negotiations or an armistice will be entertained by Jeff



BARRETT'S NAVAL VICTORY IN NOBLE HARBOR—THE HARTFORD ENGAGING THE REBEL BAN TENDER.



EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES HEADQUARTERS AND GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VA., AUGUST 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.



OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.—COTTON PRESSES AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, ON THE RIO GRANDE, THE CENTRE OF THE BARGE TRADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. ROWELL.

MERCY.

An angel lit on the vesper star,
When the red sun sank to rest,
And her robes were white as virgin snow
On the moonlit valley's breast.

A diamond wand in her right hand bore
A beaded banner rare,
And she sighing looked on the scene below,
Through the brown of the dowy air.

One by one young planets winked
Through the veil of the twilight sky,
Like the stolen glances flashing out
From a harem beauty's eye.

The raging crescent's trembling light
Fell softly soft and mild,
And the world beneath was still as calm
As the soil of a sleeping child.

The robin hopped along the path
Night time as tame may be;
The black had flitted closely by
From the shade of the linden tree.

The drowsy daisy had closed its lid,
The forest birds all were mute,
And the stream crooned sweet on the listening ear,
As the notes of a charmed lute.

"I've seen the ocean's sullen mouth
Point straight to a bow of orris,
And the bloodless hail bound for haycocks,
For a mother had sads in time.

"I've seen the blackened chasm yawn
For a ship on the foam-rimmed wave,
But the wild surge brags like a frightened thing
At the prayer of the wilder brave.

"I've seen the lightning's forked flame
Dart down with a mission to slay,
But the sudden's cry up quicker came,
And the fire-lances turned away.



"There is love even yet for the guilty of earth,
There is joy for the penitent's tear,
O God! that the esign of havoc should end
And the rivers run raddly there.

"Your spirit, vain man! should be dove-like and pure
As the fount of the jewely rill,
But the gates of your Eden so passing fair
Ope wide to the serpent still.

The seraph said, and vasson away
Flaw back to the realms of light,
And the evening star waxed brighter then
In the gleam of the gathering night.

A RING TO WEAR.

BY CATHERINE BAINSWAIN.

CHAPTER 1.

It is four years since I last saw Christine Lindsay. Knowing the hopelessness of my love, I still possessed the dear knowledge that she had one loved me even as I still loved her. I could not strive for the perpetuation of other affections or hopes, for to my heart "was sweeter for her departing" than a triumphal life with any other. Every moment of splendor or beauty brought her name vividly to my memory, and now, as I passed from my window, I seemed to be standing again by her side. Ladies and gentlemen were promiscuously on the piazza below my window—their voices rose in the murmurous music of society in isolated tones. I listened without hearing, wondering if they were as happy as they seemed. The summer season was getting to its height, and every one to-day had brought some new arrival. I had come from Hives but a few weeks before, and was interested in scanning the ways of America's life.

"What the last carriage from the boat," someone on the piazza remarked, as a carriage wheeled into the approach.

"There's not another lost to-night," I thought.



SCENES FROM THE MATTHEW'S BAY, NEAR HILGARD PLATON, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FOLLEN.

"No; that fortune. At this rate of arrivals, somebody would be obliged to leave. If this is a big hotel, I don't care to store many more away."

"Don't grumble," said the other voice, "these late new-comers are an addition to our society. I assure you. If this moonlight doesn't deceive me, the people migrating from that carriage are the Melvins party whom I met a month ago in Newport. Yes, I am sure. You'll see them at breakfast, and if you say so, I'll present you."

"And who, pray, are the Melvins?"

"Don't know exactly—they are not Americans. They are very rich, I'm quite sure of that."

Here the young man walked out of hearing. It was the only connected conversation I heard from the piazza, so I happened to remember it. But it had passed from my mind long before the next morning, and was only recalled by a remark made to me by Felton, one of the gentlemen whose words I had overheard. He sat beside me at table, and asked, after a desultory talk of a few minutes:

"Oh, Stanish, has it happened that you have ever met with the Melvins in your travels?"

"Never, to my knowledge; why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, simple curiosity, that's all. They came here last night, but I don't see them at breakfast. They are English, or Scotch, I should judge, and most aggressively exclusive. I believe you English always are."

"I won't discuss that," I said, smiling, "for I am not English—I am Scotch."

"Not English?" cried Felton. "I could have sworn you were. Why, Stanish is pure English."

"Yes, I know it," I said, feeling the old cloud of my life settling over my face.

Felton looked toward the door which had just opened. An elderly lady and gentleman entered.

"Ah, there is Mr. and Mrs. Melvins. How un-

fortunate that the star of the party, that walk, remains invisible. I wonder if they will recognize me?"

While my valiant companion rattled on, I looked up at the table where the new-comers had taken their places. They were entire strangers to me, and I only gave them the interested glance that a man gives to fellow-countrymen whenever he sees them in a foreign land. Their look was unmistakably Scotch, of the educated, upper class. Resolving that I would introduce myself to them on the plea of a common nationality, so soon as an opportunity occurred, I went on with my breakfast, listening with placid interest to the talk going on round me.

I was absent all that day. I went out, so I had done several times since my arrival here, alone in a little rowboat. The sea was glowing with sunset gold as I had left my boat and walked up the beach, gravelly way I passed through a small oak grove that formed a part of the grounds of the hotel.

I walked listlessly, with bent head and hands clasped behind me. The path I took wound deviously, and passed behind a little graveyard where, when I came down to this I saw the giant of a boy's hands from between the broad leaves. Some one was half-reclined on the other side of the lattice, and had passed her hand through the upper air. All I could see was that scowly head—not rounded at the ladies' hands, but with slender fingers, a shape suggestive of intellect and power. With a sufficing possession of the palace of my heart, I had recognized that finger, for whose honorable possession I would give my life. On one of its fingers burned with coal-like fire the ruby ring I had placed there years ago. I stood still, half-panting with the suddenness of the recognition. Self-indulgent that I had not more con-

troul, I gazed my agitated pulses and walked on up the path. I had hardly taken half-a-dozen steps before Felton, seated to me. He was leaning against the entrance to the arbor; he said:



MARY MONTANA.

"Have you become a wood-or-water-sprite Stanish, that you have deserted us to-day?"

His tone indicated that he wished me to stop, but I continued walking, and answered:

"If I have been transformed it is only into a spirit of Neglect. I've been on the sea all day."

"Well, come back and talk about it—or are you on the first stages of starvation? You must be, unless you devoured your fish uncooked."

Thus called, I turned back. Had the girl in the arbor recognized my voice, or had she, with woman's prerogative, forgotten it as a thing of a never-to-be-remembered past?

I stood in the arbor door, and glanced at her face as Felton said:

"A fellow-countryman, Miss Melvins—Mr. Stanish."

As I had so often in visions seen Christine Lindsay so stood before me now. Fairer than I had seen her look, with less of impulsive sameness of coldness in her face; her mouth showed something of habitual self-restraint, and some would have called it haughty; the purple darkness of her eyes gleamed royally as ever.

She looked distinctly and intentionally, and as she did she let the folds of her handkerchief over her left hand. Was she afraid that she again presumed to cherish his? I knew because still wore the ring she had promised to add to her own as a memento.

"Have you been in the States a long time, Miss Melvins?" I asked. "If I understood Mr. Felton, he said you are not American."

"No; I came to Boston some six months ago, so you see I have not been here so long that I sometimes feel a pang of homesickness."

The old, familiar music of her voice, the old enchanting cadences of her phrases; and I was talking with her like a stranger. I wondered if I should ever recognize myself to this intercourse.

"You still are true to your old love of head, but

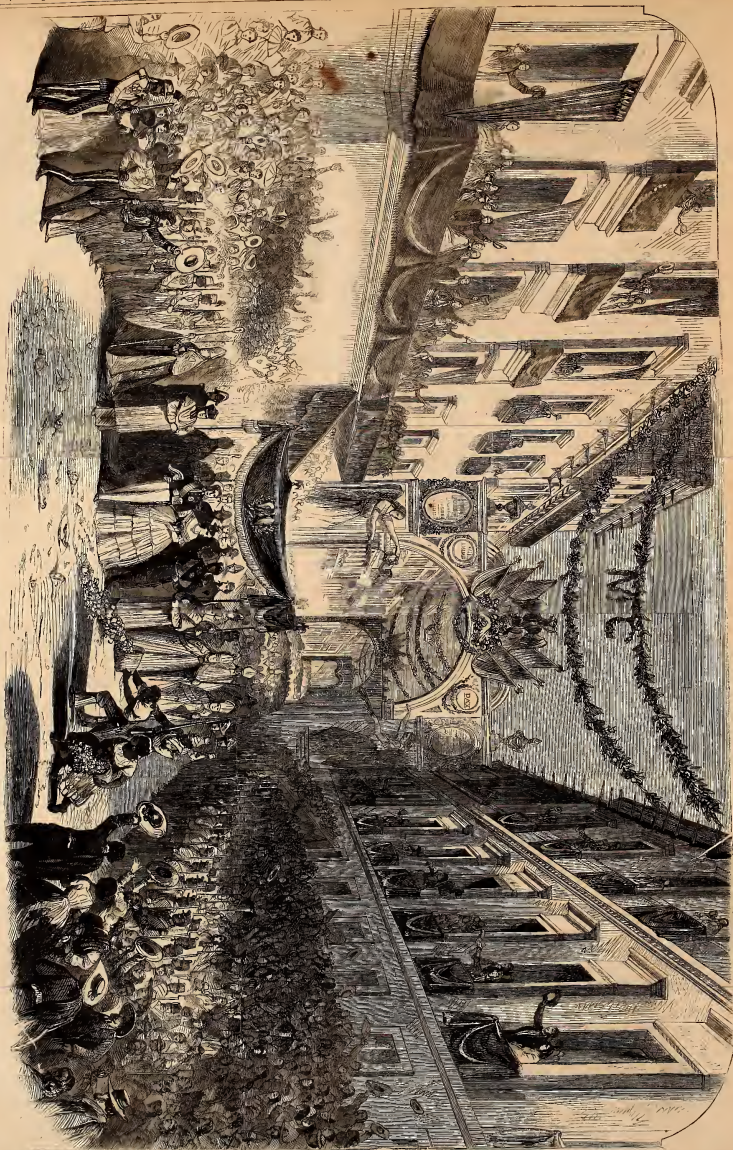


THE RING RECOGNIZED BY ITS OWNER.

THE SCENE OF PETERSBURG—DRAINING THE DEAD BEFORE CHRISTIAN HILL UNDER A FIELD OF TREES, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE NINTH JUNE CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. MULLER.



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPRESS INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO, JUNE 12, 1864.





AVOIDING THE DRAFT—AGENTS OF NORTHERN STATES ENGAGING NEGRO SUBSTITUTES AT MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

NEGRO SUBSTITUTES.

The scheme of Northern States sending down to the Border to pick up negroes as substitutes for white men drafted, is one of the curious events of the day. Massachusetts began it. New York city, preferring a draft of her citizens, has declined it. Our artist depicts a scene of this calling, this new kind of negro market. To men accustomed to being sold this affair cannot be strange, except in the feature that they pocket the money. A story is told of a man in Mississippi made—broke in back got him among the drafted. He wrung up enough to buy a substitute and walked out to the negro quarter, seeing a blacky exploit being by an ally, he baled him with a—"Bible! don't you want to make some money?" "Yes, massa!" was the slowly creaked answer. "Way, I am drafted, and will give my man \$500 to take my place." "Don't say more, no son I, and I have got \$700 to give some fellow to go for me. Will you?"

SHELLING WORKMEN ENGAGED ON REBEL RAM AT CHARLESTON.

We give in this paper a most interesting sketch of the rebel iron building in Charleston harbor, as seen through a powerful glass. This is not a work which our army and navy can allow to proceed unimpeded, and having got the range quite accurately, the rebels sink, our gunners drop shell around with a frequency and effect that often compels them to suspend their labors abruptly, and not satisfactorily for a considerable time.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS, Harper's Ferry.

The appointment of Gen. Sheridan, as an old and tried army officer, to the general direction of affairs

on the Upper Potomac, has restored a confidence sorely shaken by previous misadventure. Gen. Sheridan, whose record we give so recently that it need be fresh in the minds of our readers, has established his headquarters at a mansion on Harper's ferry heights, which we illustrate. The originally fine mansion shows marks of the daily struggles that have been carried on around it, the roof and corridors are torn by shells, and the entrance are shatteringly injured. The whole place betokens desecration and neglect.

OCCUPATION OF NEW WINDSOR.

Our readers will find among our illustrations a view of the occupation of New Windsor by rebel cavalry during the recent raid. New Windsor is a thriving post-tillage in Carroll county, Maryland, near enough to be visited by rebel raiders. As these parties dash into a town some cut-throat-to-escape with valuables;

but are generally pursued and pay dearly. The unfortunate countrymen whose wagons are found standing before the village store are sure to be the first losers, the abolitionists and druggists next, and the publisher, of course, are thinned with others. His soul recoils to turn over the pages of our paper for the last three years and see our picture-gallery of ruined American towns and villages; how many a burning place, in the midst of wailing plenty, with every mark of activity, energy and progress, has been left a mass of ruins or marked in silence by the red hand of war. Our readers, English and certainly French, can scarcely be appreciative, but we unite with generous that in England and France they select our illustrations constantly to reproduce.

FARRACUT'S VICTORY AT MOBILE.

Few commanders by sea or land have won their wars more successfully to the popular heart than



THE IRON BUILDING IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, THE REBELS' LAST WORKMEN ENGAGED IN BUILDING THE REBEL RAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE WAR IN UPPER VIRGINIA.—GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT HARPER'S FERRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



THE RAID INTO MARYLAND.—REBEL CAVALRY OCCUPYING THE TOWNS OF NEW WINDSOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK BIRMAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

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The late Military Operations in Virginia—Their Important Results.

Gen. Grant has succeeded in another important step towards the reduction of Richmond. He has done this not without considerable losses, but his gains are immeasurably greater. All the late mysterious and, to the common chauce, inexplicable movements of our troops from the south side of the James river to the north side and back again, and up the Shenandoah valley and down again, and their solution in the capture and occupation of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the main artery between Richmond and Georgia, the head and the heart of the rebellion. Without dwelling, however, upon the beautiful strategic movements and combinations which have been crowned with this substantial success, let us briefly consider the value of the new position, over which the lines of the heroic old army of the Potomac have been extended.

Down to the 4th of July, 1863, there were three great railroad arteries, with numerous ramifications, between Richmond and the rebellious States, reaching even to the abundant military supplies and reinforcements on the west side of the Mississippi, by way of some one of numerous crossings along the 200 miles of the river held by the enemy between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. With the capture of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, all the country on the west side of the Mississippi river, in a military view, was cut off from Richmond. Next, with the terrible defeat and expulsion of Bragg from Chattanooga, including the expulsion of Longstreet from Knoxville and East Tennessee, one of the three great southern arteries to Richmond, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, was severed. Now, with the late successful extension of his lines by Gen. Grant, the main and direct railroad from Richmond to Georgia is cut off, so that the only railway line



FRANZ NUEBEL, THE ENGLISH RAILWAY MECHANIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK.

now remaining between Richmond and the South is the inferior Denville line, a hastily and imperfectly constructed road, passing, by a circuitous and out-of-the-way route, around to Wilmington and Charleston. This single track railway, with its primitive wagon tire rails, is the last remaining link for military purposes between Richmond and Georgia.

Now, when it is remembered that Lee's army and the cities of Richmond and Petersburg are mainly dependent upon Georgia for their provisions, the loss which they have suffered in the loss of the great Weldon line may be imagined. That Gen. Lee fully comprehended the loss of this vital line is very evident from his desperate attempts of three successive days and nights, by furious charges in solid columns, to recover it. The greatest difficulty as perceived by Gen. Grant in this campaign has been the difficulty of getting Lee out of his earthworks. From Spotsylvania Court-house down to the Chancellorsville thence to Petersburg, Gen. Grant in finishing his wily adversary out of one strongly fortified position, has never been able to catch him till snugly sheltered behind another. But at Petersburg, the chain of Lee's hideousness ends; and hence Gen. Grant's flank movement upon the Weldon road, through which Lee's army has, of late, mainly drawn its subsistence, compelled him to come out and do his best to repel it. He chose, for this object, the favorable time of a dark night, and in the midst of a heavy storm, to make his assault. It was an effort marked with the cunning of an Indian, and the energy of despair on the part of the attacking rebel columns, and it was a surprise to our unprepared troops, and yet the attack was a failure, and the panic was lost.

From these facts the intelligent reader will perceive, taking the movements on both sides around Richmond, and away off in the Shenandoah valley into the estimate, as parts of



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—SCENE AT TALLENO'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TONNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SCENE ON THE FARM OF S. R. FRISBARD, WHERE SHELDON DWIGHT STOKESWELL JACKSON IN 1862, AND WHEAT CROOK WAS DEFEATED IN AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

BATTLEFIELD OF WINCHESTER.

The spot shown in our engraving is one where the contending armies have twice met in battle. Here, two years ago, Shields and Sherman fought, and here but a few weeks since the gallant, devoted and unselfish Col. Bullen was killed. The place goes by the name of Curranville, although the designation does

not often appear. It is the farm of S. R. Frisbard, and lies three miles from Winchester.

In the rear, surrounded by oak trees, are a church and schoolhouse. Here and in the more distant woods the rebels lay. Our men were posted behind the steep-banked brook in the foreground and behind the palisade stone wall. At the walnut tree on the left Col. Bullen fell, pierced by three balls while rallying his men.

WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA

BY TORCHLIGHT.

No General probably ever attempted a task like Sherman's, as he recovered from the base of his operations. The line of railroad is, of course, a dependence that we can well understand the present strategy of the rebel Wheeler is now aiming, and perhaps destroy Sherman, by demolishing the road to

Chattanooga, burning bridges, blocking up tunnels, &c. The supplies are forwarded to Sherman under great danger, and the advantage is taken of the darked nights. Our artist shows a scene which would be interesting from its picturesque beauty, did not its importance invest it with an interest of a far deeper character. A wagon train is passing through the deep hickory-forest, guided in the darkness by the light of torches.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HAZEN.

ORPHEUS;

Or, the Birth of Song.

By ROSENBERG.

Two blue Hills danced with Joy, and the ribbed Leaves Of the broad Chestnuts quivered—the lute Pine. Bending their Whiplike Stems in the glad Air, As golden Grain in a Sun-ripened Field, Swept over by the swarming Evening Breeze, Answer'd its toy'ng Breath. All Nature throbb'd Through its quick Pulse, responsive to the Tenth That first awakes the Lyre, calling on its Queen, Fresh'her and joyous from its quivering Wires— New Thrushes on which great Thoughts and Dreams were strong Into the Web of the young Melody.

Whence through the blue Breadth of cloudless Heaven— The delicate Circle sweeps serene; in the Grass The crouching Panther skel'd its speckled Hide With rousing Tongue, and quench'd its fire— Its Eyes Beneath a strange Delight; beside it moved, In may Gulls, the pied and glinting Swanke, Glancing, a living Rainbow in the Gladness Of its awakened Hearing; while the Doe Forgot to hallow, as on its gentle Ear The savour'd Music raptur'd. Beast and Flower, Reptile and Bird, and Tree, and Cloud, and Earth, Ocean and Stream, woke to the first-born Song: " Ere Music spake to ye, how child and dark Was Earth; How Careless and Pollution stamp'd their Mark On mortal Birth. God gave the Lyre. He bade me wake its Voice. I sang. And strike it. Let all worldly Things rejoice— Beast, Herb and Bird.



ORPHEUS

It calls ye back to Life, whence ye had fled, Since Birth. Wake all who ere that Wakening had been dead— The Soul of Earth. With gentle Song it speaks. All Life may hear That will, Grape-Cluster, green Fig, Red Peach, Harvest-Ear Sweet, and fall, The Date Tree raises its fruit—a luscious Ball— On Earth, Sun-rounded Melons from that Sun inhale Their juicy Worth; The Lion roars by the Lamb's white aids, Subdued; While the fierce Tiger's black and tawny Pride Batters not in Blood; The Serpent wears in long and swarming Rings Its Girth; Near it, the gray Dove's plumed and fluttering Wings Fan Grass and Earth; The Eagle cedes the Thrush, and learns to hold A Nest, Where Swallow's melody Flashes light and gold Its speckled Beak; The Hand of Man no more shall stain with Red The Earth, Whose Fruits and Trees Things with him were wed By God from Earth. God gave them all to him, to bloom and grow In Love. Love is the Spell of my will with all below And all above. Then let him bid all Things, this side of Death, With Birth And trine from yearning Life, Love's gentle Weath Bound all on Earth.

Scarcely the Song's extatic Voice did it Than Man awoke. Shaking his Locks abroad, He seemed to woo a deeper Melody Than that which crisp'd along his curling Hair A few brief Moments since. Lifting his Speech,



MAJOR-GEN. A. COLBURN, OF LEISLER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

He smote the Song, whose twisted Anthem kept Time to the Memory of the Music. With The Blow roused all which dreamed. Glanced through the Sunshine-dappled Green-wood Shade, As with a vigorous and a sudden Bound He sprang upon the Lark. Scarcely were his Teeth Fleeted in its Neck, than on its spotted Hide Fell the fierce Lion's Paw—with broken Back, But Jaws fast clinched, he writhed. Then, swift as light, The Box loosened from its scaly Rings, And also round the mighty Nupts a Collar More mighty still. While his Bones crunched and creaked, And crunched again beneath its lapping Strength, Forth from his rivet Mouth a Bear of Pain Burst, shrieking. On the Dove the Eagle stooped, Rending its pale Gray Plumage with Iron Beak And dapping them with Flood. And then the Wind, Smiting the Trees together, as in Sport, Wrenched from the Sward their lusty timbered Limbs And tore them from each other. On its Wings Came the swart Cloud and Tempest, lapping Earth.

In madd' Glom, and overwondering All That walked on Earth—Peal upon Peal brake forth The Thunder, while the arrow Lightning leapt Out of its whilom Bosom, as it smote Him who had slain the Deer. When Orpheus saw What chanced, in a white Agony he raised His face to question God. Then the Storm passed. Beasts sought their Owners—the smiting Sun Bathed Earth in living Light, In answering Joy, Earth waked the uprooted Trees with a green Clank Of Grass and Ivy—from the Lightning slain The rotting Plank sank Slinklike, till it grew A Screen of Wild Flowers round the whitening Bones. And even as he gazed, he saw that Life Is twofold: Strife, and Love, and Joy, and Pain. The new-born Agony and Young Delight Are each Necessary. Without the One, The Other were not Gladness. On his Lips All Question died. As the Sun called out Life From Death, Belief leamed that in Error lies



THE MURDER IN THE LAW CHAMBERS.

The appointed Death to Knowledge. Then he struck His Lyre to a new Prayer, the Prayer of Faith— Faith in the Eternal Will—a Faith that All Is so as It is, because the Hand of God Hath made it, Stern and Sunshine, Love and Pain, Each to draw Life from Each—Each Joy from Each— Each one small part of the completed Whole.

THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER I.

At the time the overt transpired with which my story introduces itself I was an "Attorney at Law" of one week's standing and repute. And if any of my readers have ever known by personal experience what it is to occupy such a position at the bar, and in the world, they can adequately appreciate the dignity and consequence of the individual who stood in my paternal law office at that epoch. Victims of the bench were never secondary to that of the Supreme Court of the United States, with the seal of the Chief Justice in the foreground; while in the gauzy tulle were outlines of scenes in the State Legislature, the Congress, and especially the Senate of the United States, in which my form, matured by years and partly developed, constituted an imposing feature, and my eloquence had made eminent my name. That name is not particularly impressive itself. It is simply John Hart. My readers are aware that there has been no Chief-Justice Hart of the United States (hitherto); consequently I have not yet achieved that distinction.

I had survived by one week the period of my novitiate as a student in the office of Philip Fayer, well, Esq., attorney at law, in a respect town of one of our Atlantic States. For reasons which will be appreciated in the progress of this narrative, I decline to be more explicit.

I went to Mr. Fayer from a humble home, My mother was a widow, and could do little towards setting me up in the world; but she had the acquaintance of several members of the bar, and especially the members Mr. Fayer favorably considered her desire that I should "be a lawyer."

When Orpheus saw What chanced, in a white Agony he raised His face to question God. Then the Storm passed. Beasts sought their Owners—the smiting Sun Bathed Earth in living Light, In answering Joy, Earth waked the uprooted Trees with a green Clank Of Grass and Ivy—from the Lightning slain The rotting Plank sank Slinklike, till it grew A Screen of Wild Flowers round the whitening Bones.

And even as he gazed, he saw that Life Is twofold: Strife, and Love, and Joy, and Pain. The new-born Agony and Young Delight Are each Necessary. Without the One, The Other were not Gladness. On his Lips All Question died. As the Sun called out Life From Death, Belief leamed that in Error lies

Upon obtaining my majority I passed an examination; and upon that very day took the usual oath, entered my name in a firm hand on the court's book, and was admitted to practice at the bar. Thinks I, there is a name that will be famous. Among the next Ancestors of the future, John Hart shall have a distinguished position upon the scroll of fame. True, the prediction has yet to be fulfilled.

VEREELLA COFFEEBER.

Upon the evening of that day Mr. Fayer accompanied me by proposing that I should become at once a member of the firm, to be known hereafter as Fayer & Hart. Here was proof that I was useful and appreciated; and Mr. Fayer, who was a bachelor of forty-five, had determined that I should have no time to grow dissatisfied in an inferior position while looking out for myself. True, the partnership was only a small percentage of a fair income for the first five years. But the offer was an exceedingly liberal one, so I extended into the future, "with the cordiality, you know," said Mr. Fayer, "of the whole business, in the ordinary course of nature, as to you say."

I did not like to throw myself into his arms, because I knew that would be unprofessional; and, therefore, I only accepted the proposition at once, with very sincere thanks in the expression of which I thought I was sure he would not fail to be too demonstrative.

"That will do—that will do," said Mr. Fayer. "You needn't think you get it for nothing. We must both work hard, as usual; but hereafter I shall give you a considerably larger share of the burden than you have had hitherto. I shall work my way as a partner for you; perhaps more directly and diligently into the civil courts, and the district and circuit courts of the United States. The criminal business will, in a few years, devote almost exclusively upon you."

"I am agreed, sir." "You will prepare to make your debut in the case of Charles Walker. You will conduct the preliminary examination for the defence, and follow the attorney-general, with an opening before the jury." "Thank you, sir."



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY—THE NEW ARCHBISHOP GIVING THE KISS OF PEACE TO THE BISHOPS



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUG. 21—THE PROCESSION.



THE WAR IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA—THE UNION PRISONERS (10TH IOWA) RECENTLY EXCHANGED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NEW ORLEANS BY McPHERSON & OLIVER.

UNION PRISONERS FROM TEXAS.

THE sketches of Union prisoners exchanged by the rebels after they were released by starvation and imprisonment to death's door, which we gave a few weeks since, were the most appalling that it has ever been our duty to present to the public in our illustrated contemporary history of the time. Gladly, for the honor of our common humanity, would we have avoided the task and thrown a veil over the diabolical malignity of the authorities which could conceive and perpetrate such cruelty.

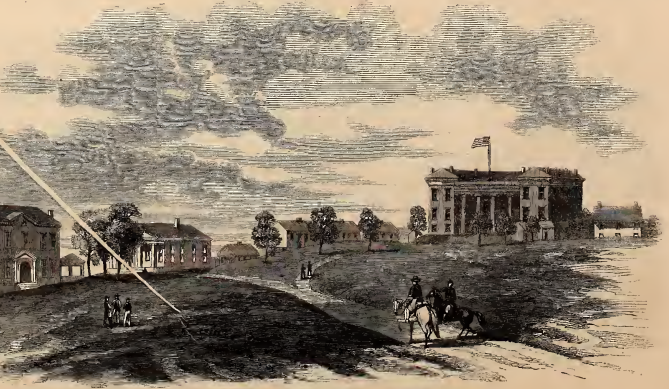
A sketch, which we give today, from a photograph by McPherson & Oliver, shows the captured men of the 10th Iowa, taken on their march to New Orleans, after a long and cruel captivity at Tyler, Texas. This regiment was captured at Mesquite Grove, on the 28th September, 1862, having been sent out with the 10th Indiana, a section of the 1st Missouri cavalry, and some cavalry and mounted infantry, all under Col. J. B. Leake, 50th

Iowa, to divert the rebel Gen. Greave. That officer, however, having been surprised by Gen. Mouton, crossed the Arkansas and cut off Leake from his division. Although attacked on all sides, Leake made a determined fight, and after finding it vain to attempt to cut his way through to his division, surrendered.

Greave at once fell back, and the prisoners were marched, through a maddening rain, to Greave's camp, and having been stripped of everything but their clothes on their march beyond their previous suffering. On the 1st of October they were sent to Alexandria, and after a few days' confinement, sent to Shreveport, suffering from hunger and cold, having no blankets or protection. From Shreveport they were sent to Tyler, Texas, under a guard of rebel river steamboats, who abused and sold them down constantly. They reached Orange Bay, four miles east of Tyler, on the 21st, and had to be taken to their quarters, where they remained, although it did not snow until the following night. Their food was simply corn, the Commissary dealt out 15 days' rations in one meal at once. The prisoners had nothing to hold it in



MERRIDEN'S CAMP—MIDDLETOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. B. TAYLOR.



THE WAR IN OREGON—THE MILITARY COLLEGE, MERIETTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. D. B. BROWN, 50TH COOK.



THE MARCH OF FREDERICKSBURG—GOING TO THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

and used hats, coats, drawers, shirt-bumps, but it was impossible to keep it. They lost march, and suffered all the pains of hunger, as at best the rations were insufficient. They had no means of cooking it, except as they could improvise a stew instead from the militia guard. They began at once to hand up, but there were only three stars given them, and no animals allowed to

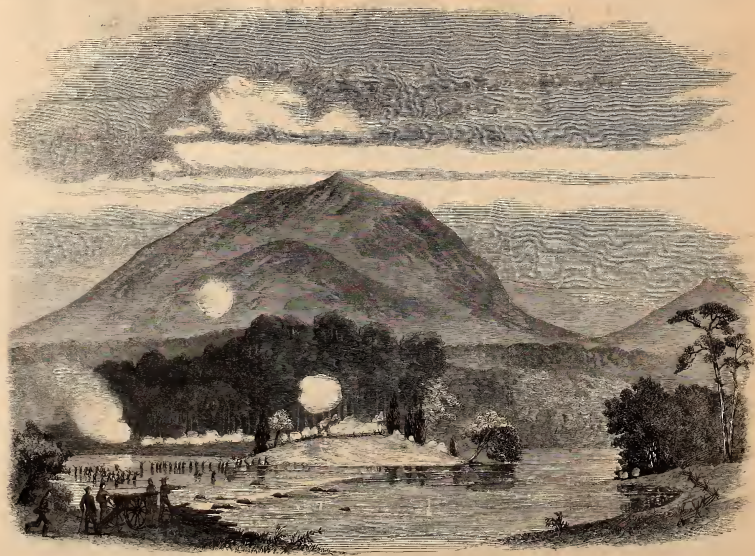
draw a single log. The work was generally slow, and in the meantime the prisoners used to loose (due in the ground and covered with brush.

On the 25th of November they were paroled for exchange, and started for Shreveport almost naked and barefoot, and had barely a shirt and half a horse or mule like a horse. They reached the Sabine, tracking the

road with their blood. Critics intended for them were sold by the rebel officers, and the prisoners confined to barracks. During the winter they were kept near Shreveport. In March, as all hope of exchange had faded, they were marched back to Texas. Their treatment on the march was more brutal than ever. Men who failed to keep up from swollen feet were lashed

and dragged by the neck. Many were wounded by blows of clubs and muskets. Proper representations of this treatment were made to Gen. Kirby Smith, but without effect.

On the 26th of April they were marched to Marshall, Texas, and kept till May 26, when it proving that the Confederates prisoners were not ready for exchange, they



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK, THURSDAY, AUG. 12—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 468—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. 24 00 YEARLY,
10 WEEKS \$1.00.]



MAJOR-GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.

Barnum's American Museum.
INCREASED ATTRACTION.
Illustrated Catalogue, Descriptive of the

OSCEANA'S ORIENTAL ALBUM.
Containing 23 Photographic Portraits of Oriental

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It is our pride here, that we have called
forth a number of writers whose names will
hereafter be an honor to American literature.

Those whose subscriptions expire with the

Atlanta Cur - Grant and Sherman as

Peace Ambassadors.

GEO. SHERMAN'S magnificently conducted

Georgia campaign has at length been crowned

with a decisive and complete victory.

It is particularly deserving the relation from

Georgia to the Mississippi river, and reviews

the capture of Atlanta by Jeff Davis to his

armies forces in Virginia.

In tapping the railroad leading South-west-

ward, the West Point, to Montgomery, Ala-

bama, after cutting the Augusta road, Gen.

Sherman rendered the situation of Hood,

within his strong encircling fortifications, an

Atlanta, exceedingly uncomfortable; but when

Sherman's right wing was swung around so as

to cover the road leading South to Macon,

the strategy adopted to recover or a steadily

evolution of Atlanta, if possible, became an

only alternative to Hood. True to his fighting

principles, Sherman adopted the plan to

desperate alternative of flanking city and

in an effort to dislodge his works situated

at the point of the loop, and this Macon

road, and the disastrous consequences,

which the capture of Atlanta would entail,

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for burying the rebel dead left on the field
of "Thursdays" battle. The fact that the enemy did
not carry off the bodies of the dead, and that
they were buried, is palpable evidence that, although
they drove back the 24 corps, they did not achieve
a complete or creditable victory.

SHERMAN'S DEPARTURE.

Meritt's division of Gen. Torbert's cavalry

came up to Drayton Johnson on the 29th, and

after a short fight, the light dragoon corps

threw back the enemy, and the light dragoon

corps, which the enemy withstood about five

miles, and the enemy's cavalry was pushed

back by Sheridan with his whole army, and

and the enemy's cavalry was pushed back

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by Sheridan with his whole army, and

proportion, with his families, are taking refuge
in the forts.

They will have white leaders, and are better

armed than U. S. troops, or the militia, as was

proved in a recent fight, where they inflicted

considerable loss on our men, and were

retired with the guns in their hands.

THE TALLEHASSIE, after plundering and destroy-

ing along our coast, has been captured by the

Union forces, and the vessel, which was

laden with contrabands, has been

destroyed, and the crew, including the

captain, taken prisoner.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Omaha have been invited in England that no

power in North America should be allowed to

of the British people for the purpose of being

demanded.

The Russian, according to a London telegram

of August 10, was in the Pacific, and was

expected to be the interception of the Georgia.

The last captured fleet, consisting of a

of the British people for the purpose of being

demanded.

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Fitzhugh's Battery.

BATTLE OF SUMMIT POINT, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st, BETWEEN GEN. WILSON'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.

Rebel Skirmishers.



Tangle to Charlottesville.

VIEW OF THE BATTLE FROM THE UNION LINES ON JACKSON HILL, VA.

Tangle to Harper's Ferry, Jackson Hill.



Judge Hunter's House.

FIGHT OF DUFFIE'S CAVALRY NEAR HUNTER'S HOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA., COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE UNION FORCES. SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

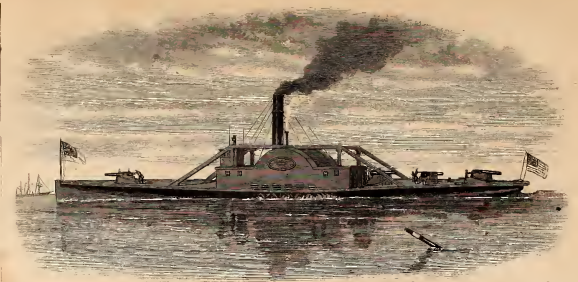
IN VAIN.

Closest arms, press closer lips,
In just and vain embracing!
For never more that pulch' cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing,
Over those vain words and water tears
She waited every even;
He waits you now—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dart fell cold and bold
On wings and you for ever.
Heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild her humming;
The last breath that she heaved to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

How silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover—
Life—never to be rung again
By you, a field of glory!
Till earth's last hours were riven;
Our memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

How vain your love and tender grief,
Vain your unceasing weeping;
Or ebe, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleep—
You not beside that peaceful form
Should living words be spoken—
O, pray to God, "Be merciful
As the whose heart I've broken."



THE STEAMER SARA, CAPTURED IN HOULIH BAY BY THE MUTINEERS, AUGUST 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANCIS WATSON.

street, No. 41. You know it. It will be vacant the day after tomorrow."

"What, that handsome, fashionable brown—"
"Never mind about the handsome and fashionable and all that. I thought the house last week, now, I have been thinking since that if Mrs. Lyse would be housekeeper there I would make it satisfactory to her, and we'll all live together."

"I was delighted, and could not express the exultation of my grateful anticipation of so much pleasure."
"But," said it, "Mr. McFetwell, I think it more than likely that Tom Varra will presently marry the widow."

"Very well, so much the better. Then she will be his housekeeper too—when he is in port. If he is the good fellow you take him to be in port, I will take him for a son-in-law, willingly."

"There was one other thing, but I hesitated to express it. Clara had become so averse to me now that I was inclined to lean towards him and actually to whisper—"

"And then he lifted his eyebrows with well-defined wonder, unalloyed."

"It is possible?"

"I hesitated, with an agonizing sense of my impotence."

"Wonderful! But upon my honor, Jack, I have heard of such things happening at a conjuncture of matrimony before." And he laughed jovially, I tell you—and so did I.

"But I thought it might not be pleasant for you, sir."

"As I have not been accustomed to domestic squalls, &c., never you need about that. We'll make lovers of him and his unto the third and fourth generation."

"But it might be a girl, you know, sir."

"Ah, yes—it might! Then we'll have to amend the plan and make a lawyer's wife of her. If your mother-in-law likes the proposition, which we will arrange in detail hereafter, tell Clara I shall send no denunciations in the other case, up to a doctor. And we will have such fun with them, especially at Christmas, Jack, all—Santa Claus, you know, and all that."

"I went home with such a happy heart, wondering that this man was a housekeeper. I felt confident that there was some hidden cause, some tale of disappointed affection that he could unfold."

They were overjoyed at the house. Mrs. Lyse recovered from her nervous depression with the elasticity of hope expanding into fruition. And the next day there was as usual a little party going a-shopping as ever you saw, in a neat, low carriage bought for the occasion and future sale, as it is the specialty of the new houses. There was dear Clara, of course, of the first importance—and we were all very careful of dear Clara. I can tell you, and Mr. McFetwell not the least so; but he escorted mamma Lyse, and there was no end of the things we bought. Clara whispered to me that the storekeepers would think some pains had come to town and was furnishing her palaces. Yet it was all good, never gaudy, substantial, and blending me with ornament. I was astonished at the exquisite taste which Mr. McFetwell displayed in his quiet suggestions.

"I used to think rather hard of lawyers, John," Clara whispered to me, "but if there were only plenty more such men as Mr. McFetwell, what a world this might be, as one of my songs says."

"And plenty more such dealings as you," I said; and her dear little hand pressed my arm.

"He is a noble man, though."

The hours were dimmed in the course of a few days, after a special festive occasion; and we made a truly pleasant evening of it. The house was surrendered, and at the expiration of a week Captain Wrasall was notified that the five hundred dollars in bank had been transferred to his account, and that he could remove his furniture. It was sold at auction, and I concluded that he had done with Captain Wrasall. But it was not so.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM WARREN, who with a due regard to the proprieties, had not and did not seek to go with us, had taken a new leading-home. He came to the office one day and told me that Wrasall was up to something. He had mattered to him that we thought we were done of him, but he would arrange us yet. And sure enough one morning we received a declaration from Madlle & Pegg—who had had at one time hoped to be considered the rivals of McFetwell & Hart—of a suit they had entered for breach of promise of marriage, on the part of Henry Wrasall on Clara Hart, and Mrs. Lyse, Harriet Lyse and John Hart.

"Breach of promise!" exclaimed Mr. McFetwell;

"that's the form in which we are to wind up with."

"So it appears. But I should think we might find a compromise."

"How?"

"By paying him a reasonable amount."

"Not one cent—for tribute. Compromise, far-footh! Look here—damages had at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Why, the man is a fool!"

"Is he? He claims 'mental distress and shere-"



SEEKING FOR A FIRM.

ration; inability to perform the duties of his station; acts inconsistent with necessity—(that means the twelve-pounders and muskets—loss of confidence with the owners of the Wrasalls; their disesteem; and finally, general ruin of reputation.) That looks serious, don't it? Talk of a compromise! Yes. He has laid his damages at twenty thousand dollars. He will compromise with you for thirty thousand!"

"He certainly could not have entered in mind to that degree, Mr. McFetwell. Do you think it is possible that he has those papers at Singapore, with a view of showing us in this way, for a breach of promise of marriage?"

"Indeed, I can't conceive. He was pretty shrewd in his life. The ship and owners have received no real damage, I judge. I know one of the owners very well, and will ascertain something on that point. No doubt Madlle & Pegg have made up the case from Wrasall's facts, such as they are, pretty ably. And you see, by including the widow in the declaration, they have excluded her evidence about the bills and the gift of the property. The solemn feature of a bargain for the daughter—once as it is in her relation to the shrewy gradier of Wrasall—can't be brought out. You are concluded in the declaration, as a matter of course, as a party to the violation of the contract."

"But, Mr. McFetwell, would it not be better to make an effort to prevent the same coming to trial?"

"Wherefore?"

"The publicity of the thing."

"Foolish, poor—notoriety—a good advertisement—surely, if it is not dishonorable, and therefore, popularity. I wouldn't mind the case upon any consideration. We'll have it recorded among the cases of the day."

"What good humor and engaging spirit! What a support to a young man in the world is such a noble opinion of human nature as Philip McFetwell."

Clara received the intimation of the breach of promise with the utmost equanimity; and even Mrs. Lyse, in her new house and with such pleasant expectations, said she would not trouble herself about it, as long as Mr. McFetwell would be in the case.

"And Hart, mamma," I added.

"And only think," said Clara, severely, "you had no idea when I married you, John, that I was worth twenty thousand dollars, had you?"

And then we laughed heartily at that.

THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning I related to Mr. McFetwell what occurred, and told him what I intended to do. He proved the purpose to let Maxwell take away entirely, and so to clear him out and get rid of him. And then he sat for some time with his thinking aspect on. At length, extending an arm and putting his hands in a fashy way, he said and pretty pressing it, he said: "I, I have been exercised about telling you me time past, indeed ever since your marriage, the acquaintance I formed about that that I am in love."

"I understand, surely there was the least cause of that trouble about the eye which stereotyped jargon in town knew as well as you, over head and ears in love."

"But whose was it?"

"It was one—your mother-in-law."

"McFetwell, you are joking."

"No, perhaps I am; you shall be the judge. I don't know, but I am sure."

"I want a home, Jack, and I have a fancy for it more highly with you and your mother-in-law than with anybody else, no family, no kindred, who know or care for me."

"McFetwell," I exclaimed, "nothing could stop us to have you in our house; and I am sure."

"I don't want to be one of your numerous household of that sort. It would be all very well your young. Now, if you can manage to get Mrs. Lyse, I will better to give up the thing-house, do you think she would do it?"

"I don't appear as a gratuity, I suppose could, but I am sure."

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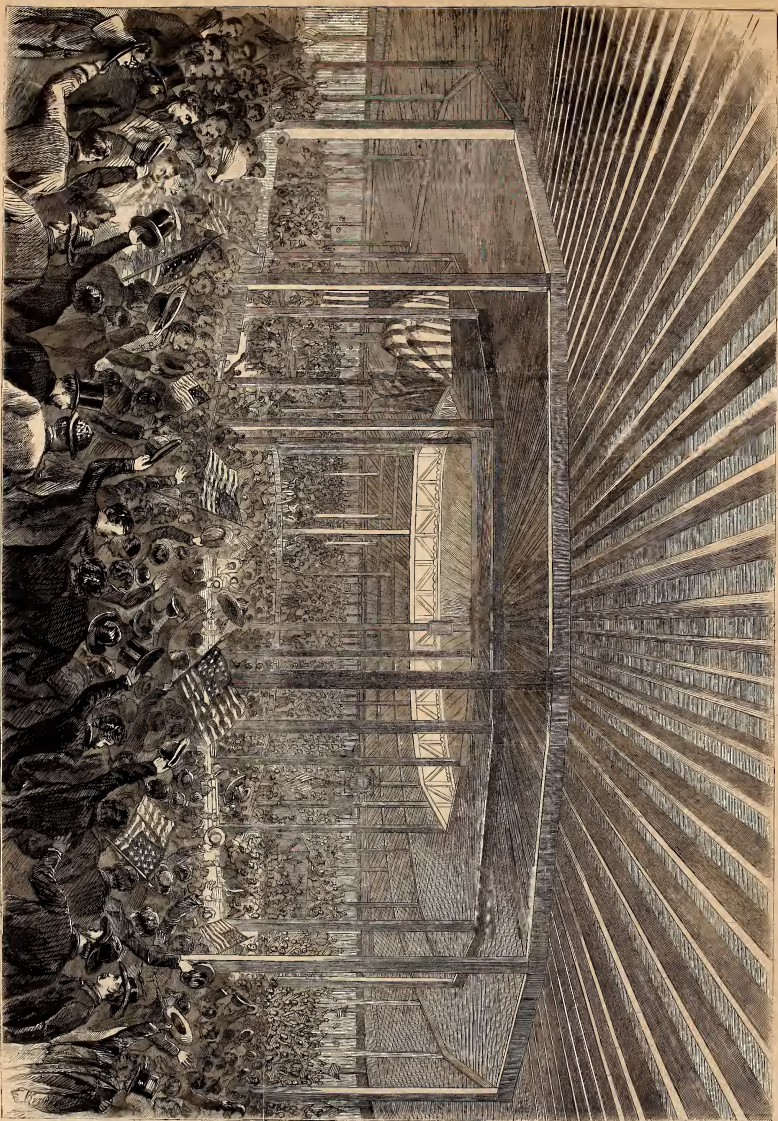
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PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT BECOME FRIENDS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1861.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CROWD AT THE OPENING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, W. T. CHASE.



THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO IN SESSION, AUGUST, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, W. T. CHASE.



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1864—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE SPEAKERS AT THE QUESTION.—From a sketch by our Special Artist, W. T. Cass.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVES.

The redoubt build beneath the eaves,
As in the days gone by,
The wheat fields fall on all alike
And in and out the wood-piles rise
And the windled corn.

The embers fall as warm and bright,
The clover fields are red;
The wild birds warble in simple song,
As formerly the wattle thrush
As if he were not dead!

The thoughtful sinner, with mother's care,
Their rain and sunshine send;
And, standing in the forest, he would
A-footing the landscape o'er—
The rocks he used to tend.

The wild rose and jessamine haw,
Beside the window,
The larkner music is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them there,
Are lying crossed and dead.

About the hills the summer fields
Her walls of golden light,
And, past the willow's silver gleam,
Each glimmer of the stream,
And lilacs cool and white.

But oh! a shadow glimmers o'er
The emphases and the bloom;
The rooks whose kind and loving words
We smother that the song of birds
Is silent in the town.

How soon the summer fall may go
When our farrowed dove,
Whose all the quiet years had—
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod—
Shall know her nestmate!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER I.—NINA'S GREAT STRIFE WITH MRS. MANOR.

CECILIA MARSH had lain languid on at Beechwood Manor. Mr. Marsh had taken a strange fancy to his nephew, and did not like to part with him. Cyril had to leave in England, and could therefore, if he refused his uncle's cordial invitation to make a home of Beechwood Manor. The whole household was of those who could not well speak out—found some expressive, if unfeeling, habit of looking the matters of their own mind.

Nina Marsh, who had lain under an authority which, if kindly and conciliatory, had perhaps been a little too strong for her, had, however, recognized the mediation of Cyril's influence over her husband, and blessed his presence by her smiles, if not by her words. Mrs. Marsh was cold and indifferently by nature, and unaccustomed to let any one interfere with her comfort or convenience, that it was with some reluctance, so far as she was concerned, who went or came; but Kate also was worshipped Cyril, as the child of a household often does a good, kind, and older brother.

But she had a sense of anxiety in all of this. She seemed to be growing beyond her strength, and had deep hectic spots of color on both her cheeks, that it was with some reluctance, so far as she was concerned, who went or came; but Kate also was worshipped Cyril, as the child of a household often does a good, kind, and older brother.

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Captain Marsh did not answer at once. He had never felt less sure of being able to master his feelings, but after a time, he spoke, finding it difficult even to attempt to keep his voice as steady as he wished.

"No, Kate, I think not—that is to say, if she were not that I should feel only able to do so, and not help to a happier home than mine. I could not help grieving for her, Kate, under any circumstances, but it would not do for me to do so, if I were to have you as my wife."

Kate had grown silent and thoughtful again, but after a few minutes she spoke, and said, "I do not wish to see you as my wife, if I might only walk with the fields were getting ready, and the marriage had come to their mutual consent, and I would not do so, if I were to have you as my wife."

"But what makes you think you are going at all?" inquired Cyril, very softly.

"I do not know," said she, "but I feel as if I did so long to smell the violets again you sent me last spring."

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reforms gradually into Kate's own little face, was ready to give up the whole of the matter to the advantage of an encounter with Dame Olivia. So she followed Nina's steps instead of taking the path to the garden.

"The old woman was standing close to the stable, but she was not looking at me," said she, "and she was not looking at me."

"There! I had about my own," she said, pointing to the coachman, "who is going in to see the old woman. He is going in to see the old woman. He is going in to see the old woman."

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THE BARGE OF PEYERSBURG—BATTLE OF BEAM'S STATION—THE ATTEMPT OF THE ENEMY TO REGAIN THE WILSON RAILROAD, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 25TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. BUCKER



VIEW OF THE BRUNNEN-BAUER ARMY, (SERVED), APR. 20, TO SHOW THE WAGON BATTALION.—FOR A SERVICE IN THE SPECIAL ARMY, 1864.



Encamped Camp.

BRUNNEN-BAUER'S CAMP—THE CAMP, BRUNNEN-BAUER'S ARMY, APR. 21, 5 P. M.—SERVED BY THE SPECIAL ARMY, N. K. ARMY, FROM 1864 TO 1864.

Great House.

at night.

at night.

Town of Brunnen.

