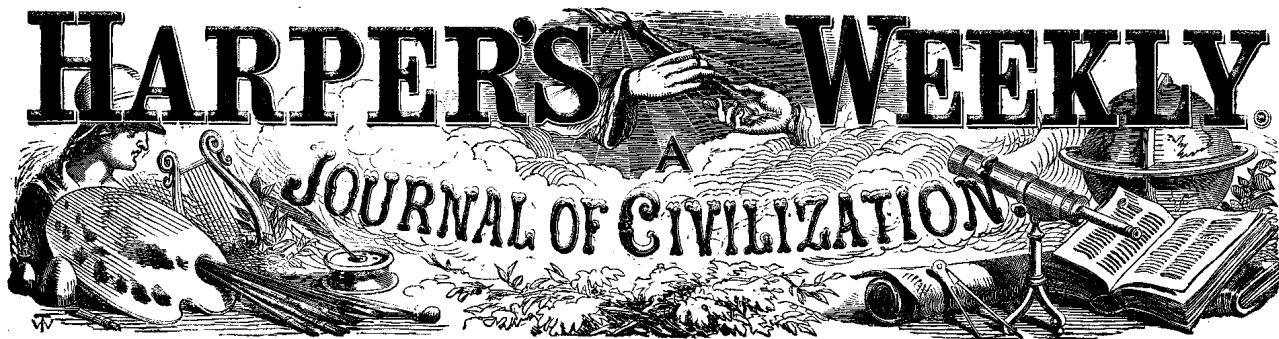


HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



Vol. V.—No. 227.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

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THE HOUSE-TOP IN CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The proprietors of Harper's Weekly beg to inform the public that they have dispatched an artist to the South, in company with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times. Another of their special artists is traveling with the SEVENTH REGIMENT; a third is now in BALTIMORE; and a fourth is with the Southern Army in VIRGINIA. They are making other important changes in Harper's Weekly, involving considerable expense. The present number contains many more PICTURES than any heretofore issued; succeeding numbers will be still richer in illustrations. In addition, the next number of Harper's Weekly will be published on better paper than has ever been used by any newspaper in this country. These improvements, it is believed, will render Harper's Weekly the BEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

In consequence of the additional expense which they will involve, the proprietors beg to announce that the price of Harper's Weekly is raised from FIVE to SIX CENTS for single copies. The subscription price remains the same. The advertisement of terms, etc., will be found on the last page.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

THE WAR.

THE WAR has now begun in earnest. The secession of Virginia, and the attempts of rebels to seize the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the Navy-yard at Norfolk; the bombardment of Fort Sumter; the investment of Fort Pickens; the seizure of the Star of the West by a Southern privateer; the threatened seizure of the Federal Capital by the rebels; the murder of Massachusetts men in Baltimore, and the refusal of Maryland to permit Northern troops to pass through that city to defend the capital—these facts explain the situation without further comment.

It is not now a question of slavery or anti-slavery. It is not even a question of Union or disunion. The question simply is whether Northern men will fight. Southerners have rebelled and dragged our flag in the dirt, in the belief that, because we won't fight duels or engage in street brawls, therefore we are cowards. The question now is whether or no they are right.

If they are wrong, and if Abraham Lincoln is equal to the position he fills, this war will be over by January, 1862.

At the time we write, after less than a fortnight's notice, nearly 20,000 Northern men have left their homes to defend Washington. In the course of another week as many more will have gone forward from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. By 15th May, 100,000 Northern men will be in arms for the defense of the capital. By 15th June, this number can be increased, if need be, to 250,000. Any amount of money is at the service of the Government. The whole Northern people are of one mind on the subject; party divisions are obliterated; twenty millions of people place at the service of the Administration their lives and their money.

With such support, and such resources, if this war be not brought to a speedy close, and the supremacy of the Government forcibly asserted throughout the country, it will be the fault of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We do not propose to re-echo the censure which the Administration has already incurred at the hands of its friends for its want of energy. We hope that in the future it will be energetic enough to satisfy every body. But Mr. Lincoln must remember that this is no time for trifling. The rebels have appealed to the sword, and by the sword they must be punished. Baltimore should instantly be seized and occupied. Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown mean very well, no doubt. But it is evident they can not control the blackguards who are known as "Blood-ubs" and "Plog Uglies," and it is necessary that Baltimore should be held by people who can. Two columns—one from New York and Philadelphia, the other from Harrisburg—should move on Baltimore, and hold it under martial law. In case of resistance, the city should be shelled. The more severe the methods the sorer and more humane the regimen.

Mr. Lincoln must remember that if we can not hold Baltimore we must evacuate Washington. Baltimore secured—either as a city or as a ruin—the Government should operate on Virginia, on a base line from Fort Monroe to Washington City. Both shores of the Potomac must be secured; and this done, a column should move on Richmond. Richmond is important, first as the capital of Virginia, and secondly as the greatest depot of arms and food in the Southern States. The entire rebel force is armed and fed, at this moment, by Richmond.

It should be in the possession of the Government before 1st June.

A similar course should be pursued in the West. St. Louis, Missouri, Louisville, Kentucky, and Memphis, Tennessee, should be occupied by Northwestern troops, and the strong points on the river fortified. At least fifty thousand men should be scattered along the shores of the Mississippi, south of St. Louis, with a home reserve of an equal number to fill vacancies after battles. Kentucky and Missouri, we notice, evince a tardy sense of their national obligations. This is very good, as far as it goes. But Kentucky may as well understand at once that she can not occupy an attitude of neutrality in the present contest. If she is not for us, she is against us; and really, in the present temper of the North, people don't seem to care much which way she goes. If she is for us, we expect her riflemen in our ranks. If she is against us, in a few months Ohio will probably be arming 50,000 negroes who will have fled from slavery in Kentucky. It is hard to say which event would be best for the North.

It will probably take the whole summer to consummate these operations. But they can be consummated, if Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have energy enough, by 1st November. And by that time, the North, holding the continent from Richmond, Virginia, to Memphis, Tennessee, will be ready to commence operations against the Gulf rebels.

These should not be begun before November. It would be fatal to send troops South in the summer. A few frigates should cruise all summer in Southern waters to pick up privateers, and compel the Southern rebels to keep their forts fully garrisoned. In case of neglect, landings might be effected on healthy points, and fortifications erected. But the main operations should be deferred till November.

Then, two armies should move—one in transports from New York, the other down the Mississippi. The one should retake every fort, arsenal, custom-house, and post-office in the Southern States on the Atlantic; the other should move directly on Baton Rouge and New Orleans. With proper energy and suitable commanders, both armies would perform their work by New Year. The work would be sharp, but it could and should be done.

We desire, in conclusion, to present three considerations:

1. The war has now begun, and the trade of the year is as thoroughly ruined as it can be. We shall do no mischief by prosecuting the war vigorously. By prosecuting it vigorously we shall secure peace and a fair trade next year. By pursuing a lax, half-and-half policy, we shall probably involve the country in a ten years' war. Furthermore, the war, which wise men have foreseen for three or four years, should be settled now, for two reasons: first, because, if it is not, we of the North are stamped towards beyond redemption; and, secondly, because we owe it to our children not to bequeath to them a quarrel which we had a fair chance to adjust.

2. As to slavery. This is a matter which concerns the Southern States exclusively. We of the North have never liked slavery. But the bulk of us have believed that it was not our business to interfere with it where it existed. The Government troops will not march into the Southern States under an Abolition banner. But if the South expect that our gallant volunteers are going to hunt the slaves who may run away as they approach, they labor under a delusion. If they expect that we are going to assist blood-hounds to catch runaway slaves, they are mistaken. Wherever the United States Army goes, local, municipal, and State laws will be superseded by martial law; and the Fugitive Slave Act is not to be found in the Army Regulations. Whatever may be the intentions of the Government, the practical effect of a war in the Southern States, waged by Northern troops against Southern men, must be to liberate the slaves. This should be well understood.

3. Lastly, we desire to caution Northern people against the fatal error of underrating Southerners. The Southern States, combined, constitute a powerful nation. Southern men are accustomed to the use of arms. The South is able to raise a great army; the men will all be found brave, and at least as highly skilled in military tactics as our Northern men; they have officers fully as able as we can muster. They have as much money as they need for the present. There are twenty-five millions of dollars at least in specie in the Southern States, and in case of need, Southern troops would take pay in bonds or shimplasters, however depreciated. They can raise plenty of corn, pork, and vegetables for their subsistence. They commence the war with a capital of thirty or forty millions of repudiated Northern debt. They are thoroughly persuaded that they are right, and that their cause is the cause of God and of independence. Some Northern people suppose that negro slavery is a source of weakness to the South. This is only conditionally true. A grate, scientifically filled with paper, dry kindling-wood, and good coal, is quite likely to blaze into a flame if a match be applied beneath. But until the match is applied it is as dead as a wet log. Who has asked the Southern slaves to look out for themselves?

THE LOUNGER.

THE TALK OF RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

Do you, then, deny the right of revolution? reiterate some who have as yet no adequate conception of what is taking place in the country.

No, and again no, you exasperating but possibly honest persons, nobody denies the right of revolution. But do you believe in a revolution without cause? Is it enough that some people think they would prefer a different Government to justify them in trying to dissolve that which already exists? Do the people of this country owe no duties to each other? Mr. Wendell Phillips says: "Standing by the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right?" Why, what are the principles of '76? Simply that when a Government oppresses and refuses redress the oppressed have before God and men a right to seize their arms and redress themselves, even at the cost of destroying that Government.

But the principles of '76 are any thing but a resort to revolution until all legal redress fails. Of course the discontented must themselves be the judges when they are oppressed; but if they refuse to take the lawful, peaceful, sanctioned methods of remedy and appeal to battle, they are the deadly foes of all mankind.

If the people of South Carolina or Georgia felt aggrieved by any thing in the lawful and regular operation of our Government, why did they not invite a convention to deliberate upon redress? Does Mr. Phillips forget that James Otis constantly declared that the remedy for the colonies was in the English Constitution, which had been violated? And he did this although all representation was denied to the colonies. But in our case the Constitution prescribes the very form of remedy, and each State had and has nothing to do but follow it. If that appeal had been made and had failed, there would have been a little better excuse for the effort to plunge the land into anarchy, and the orator would have been somewhat more justified in defending the rebellion.

But the great truth is, that under our system revolution must be considered always and utterly unjustifiable; because there is scarcely any conceivable harm which the Government could do which would not be preferable to the consequences of triumphant anarchy. And therefore it is that this insurrection is a rebellion against the people. It is the onset of a skilled and desperate faction, despotic and aristocratic in its very nature, against the peace and the will of the people of the United States.

No; nobody denies the right of revolution. But a pirate can not plead the principles of '76. A thief can not plead them. A burglar can not point his pistol and accuse us of breaking the peace, if we do not to save wife and child he shoots us. No; when every remedy which the peaceful course of law provides has been exhausted, then, but not till then, may you begin to talk of revolution and the principles of '76. Until then you are the mortal foe of all honest citizens, and, if you are many and dangerous, the continuance of society demands that you be put down at every cost, even that of your extermination.

THE FIRST GREAT VICTORY.

THE great rebellion had counted upon the division of loyal citizens. Jeff Davis supposed that this war was to be fought and finished in the streets of the old Northern cities. New York he considered his special and trusty ally; and the moment his guns opened upon Sumter he believed that his course would triumph at the North.

He fired his shot, and lo! the echo from the North! He kindled the fort; but he lit every loyal heart in the land into a blaze! He took Sumter and he broke the peace. And at the same instant the great cause of civilization and Constitutional liberty took twenty millions of heroic hearts, and in this moment marshaling them for battle. The rebellion was sure that the men and money of New York would go for anarchy. But the men and money of New York have responded in tones that will wither the very heart-strings of treason. "Anarchy is no remedy for political disappointment. While you were true to the laws which are vitally essential to the welfare of all, we were true to you; but when you put down the laws, then by the grace of God we will put you down at every cost."

This was the chorus which the city of New York intoned on the 20th of April, and which is ringing through all the loyal States. Jeff Davis and his rebellious crew forgot that the New York merchants were the first to declare non-intercourse with Great Britain in the old revolutionary day, and that their sons were worthy of them. The rebels have made the same mistake at home that they have made abroad. As they believed that England would recognize their rebellion in order to secure a supply of cotton, so they supposed that the trade of New York would countenance rebellion to preserve peace. Did they think that a man builds his house upon a volcano that it may be stable? There can be no peace without civil law and order. The first necessity of New York is permanent quiet, and it knows that quiet can be obtained only by the most unflinching reliance upon law.

The rebellion, therefore, deprived of its chief hope, must strike out desperately and at once. If they had known this in Charleston, said a Southerner in the streets of New York when the Seventh Regiment marched to the field, things would not have gone so far. Without money, without ships, without a cause—except that which every pirate has—and with four millions of servile population which knows that the struggle springs indirectly from their condition, what can the rebellion do but plunge forward ferociously, and try to carry by terror a victory which it can not compel by force? Meanwhile the rebels know that, as surely as the

sun rises, the honor of the country's flag will presently be vindicated.

WAR!

THE great triumph of these days is that the American people outside of the rebels are not in the least demoralized, and that they are united in heart and hand in this struggle for the very existence of civil society.

The guilt of the leaders of the rebellion is unparalleled in history. For their own selfish and base purpose the hearts of thousands are to be wrung and the blood of thousands more to be poured out like water. Our best and bravest have marched away, with cheerful hearts and smiling faces. They will return to us victors or not at all, for they are heroes. But for the vast blight and desolation which now curses the land there are a few men responsible—a few men directing this colossal treason, by whose side Benedict Arnold shines white as a saint.

At this moment—it may be passed when the writing becomes print—the feat is the capture of Washington. By the treason of Virginia, which is the meanest treason of the whole, and the defection of Maryland, our chief point is far within the lines of the enemy and communication well-nigh cut off. The great hope of the rebellion is a sudden blow. If it can fall upon Washington successfully, it will move triumphantly across Maryland, and give battle to the patriots along the Pennsylvania line.

Meanwhile we are to remember that this is War. The rebels have appealed to arms. They seek to smother us in our own blood. Let us all understand, therefore, that war it is to be. Every loyal State should make it death to hold the least commerce with traitors. The coast of the South should be sternly blockaded, and as the rebellious army presses northward, it should be recalled by the destruction of Southern cities. You can not pat with one hand and strike with the other. War they have invoked; war let them have; and God be the judge between us!

THE FLAG A SYMBOL.

Nobody openly defends the rebellion, because it is not safe to do so. But if any man secretly sympathizes with it, not from treachery, but from ignorance and thoughtlessness, let him remember this—that the flag of the United States is the symbol of the Government which secures and protects him in all his rights and interests; and when he excuses the crime, he invites anarchy and the universal destruction not only of all property, but of all the guarantees of civil society.

Does any body seriously think that a man is absolved from his allegiance to this Government simply because he says that he is so? Is a thief, caught in the theft, to plead successfully that he does not acknowledge the law, that he has thrown off his allegiance, or that he is unjust or cruel to defend the flag of our country against every insult and assault? Is it noble and magnanimous to spring to avenge it when some pirate nation in a remote sea insults it, and base to defend it when the men who have grown and prospered under it more than any nation in the world strike their hands at the flag and their fangs at the peaceful and happy system which it symbolizes?

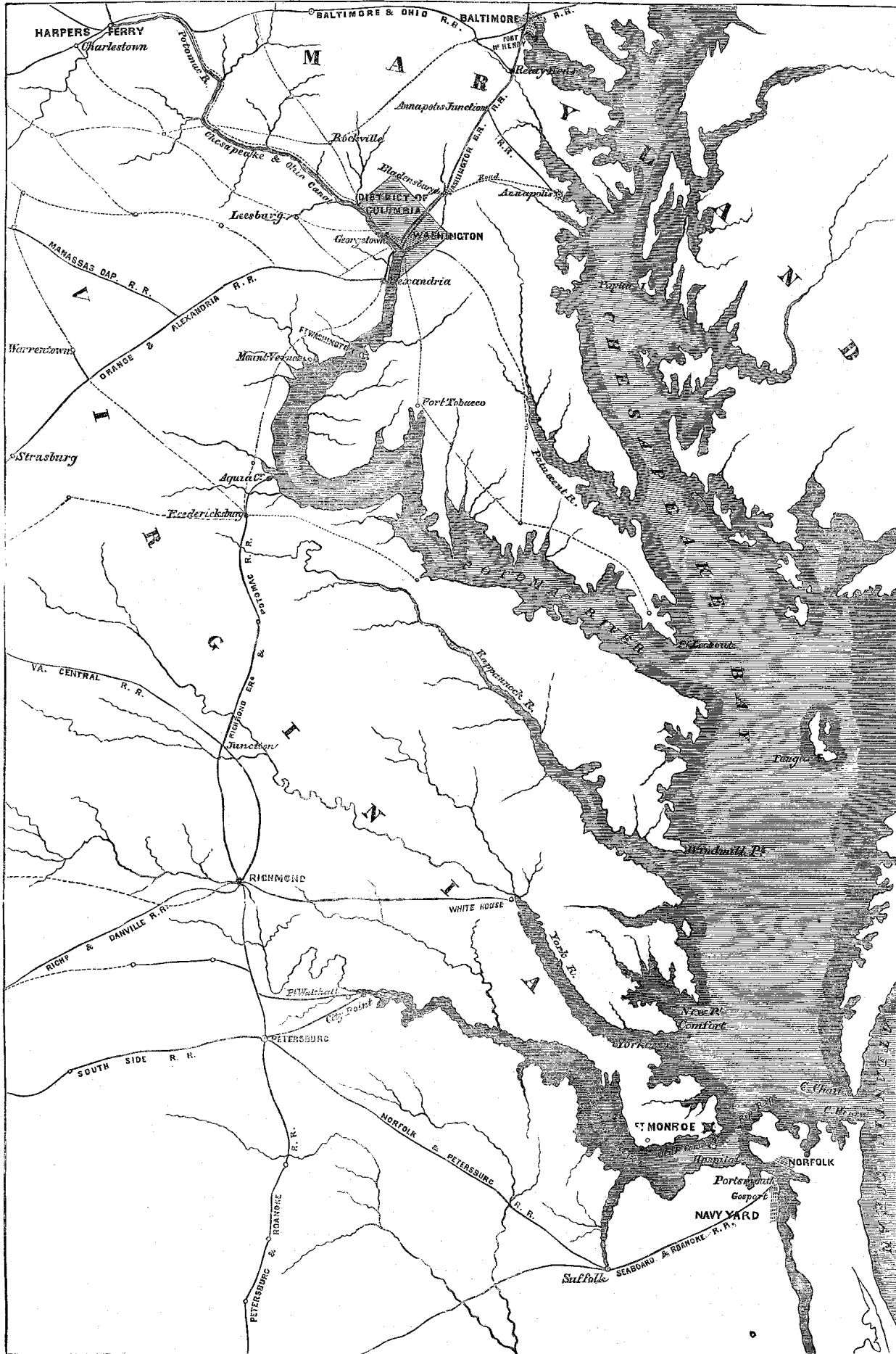
A man so totally devoid of love of country as such a feeling indicates is a moral monster. He is a lump of inhuman selfishness. He has no more conception of civil society than a Hottentot or a Digger Indian. To him Thermopylæ and Marathon and Salamis—to him Naseby and Worcester—to him Lexington and Saratoga and King's Mountain, Lake Erie and Chippewa, are names without music or meaning. The heroic names of history, that shine all along from the beginning to our time, beacons of human hope and progress, are merely names to him and nothing more. He is incapable of that glowing emotion of patriotism which fuses all his thoughts and hopes into one burning power of loyalty to his native land. And when the cause of that land is the cause of liberty and law and human welfare, such a being is not a man but a fish.

GO, OR KEEP STILL.

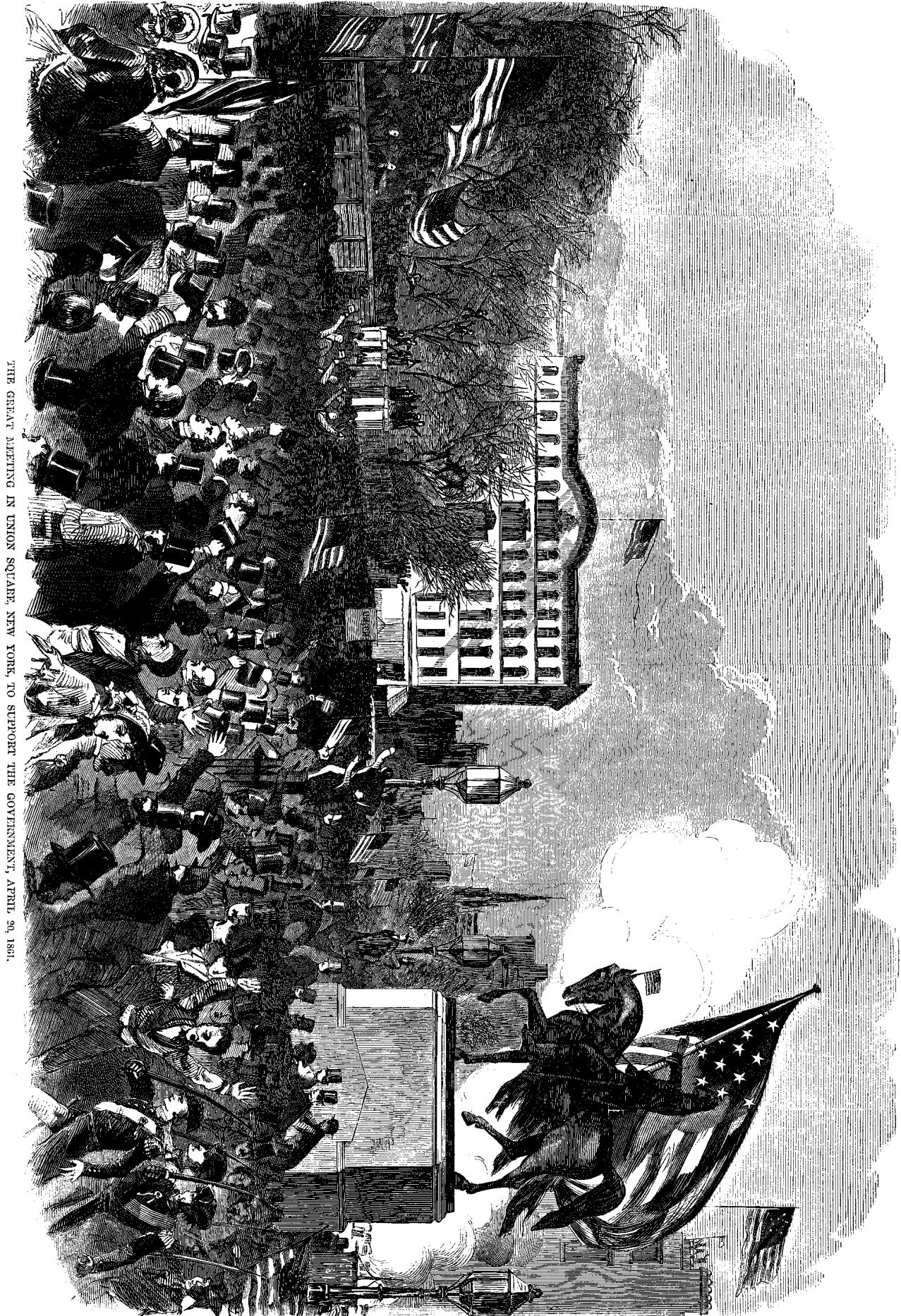
In a struggle so vital as this for the maintenance of law and the fibre of human society, there is no half ground. Every man is a friend or foe. Every man who, by word or deed, sympathizes with rebellion should be marked and watched, not for mischief, but to see that he does no mischief. One enemy within the camp is as bad as fifty outside. And at a time when the best citizens send their husbands, and sons, and brothers, and lovers to the war in which their blood will flow, whoever at home supports the traitors who shed that blood should be made painfully conspicuous, that his power to help the blood-shedders may be paralyzed.

At the same time mob-law of every kind should be sharply and suddenly and hopelessly repressed. It is not a war of vengeance, but of the maintenance of history. The calm and regular course of law, essential to human freedom and the equal rights of the citizens, has been withheld; and armed, irresponsible factions and furious men assume to be higher than the law, and wiser than the tried system of eighty years. Since, then, we are engaged in a holy war for rights and liberty and law, it must be our first duty and vow to show how loyal we ourselves are to law. Let every attack upon private property or upon individuals be as sternly discountenanced as treason and traitors. But if any man openly gives aid and comfort to the enemies, he must remember that the Constitution declares just that business to be treason.

There were plenty of men in the old Revolution, when the people of this country established the Government they are now defending and maintaining, who said that they thought the Americans wrong. Such gentry were known as Tories—and as such they are stigmatized in our history. But they went off. They went to Halifax, to the West Indies, to England, or they held their tongues. They were wise men, and those who resemble them



MAP OF PART OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF THE WAR.



THE GREAT MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT, APRIL 30, 1861.



EFFIE GORDON.

"BEAR me to my lowland castle,
Lay me on my bridal bed,
Let my wife and winsome baby
Kiss my lips when I lie dead."

Up the glen rode brave Lord William
At the dawning of the day,
O'er the braes of blooming heather
Light he spur'd his bonnie bay.

Past the braes of blooming heather,
Hard beside the gloomy Pass,
There he sees the bracken moving,
And a shadow on the grass.

Well he knew that waving tartan,
Well he knew that sable plume,
When he saw the fierce Macgregor
Bounding from the yellow broom.

"Draw the rein, thou false Lord William,
With a mocking laugh he cried;
"Would ye win our Highland quarry
As ye won your Highland bride?"

"Long I loved sweet Effie Gordon,
Bonnie blossom, fair and bright!
Had clasp'd her to my bosom,
Sickle heart, so false and light!

"Pricking homeward from the foray,
When I reach'd the border side,
There they told me, false Lord William,
Thou hadst won thy winsome bride!

"Now ye clasp my Effie Gordon,
Wedded wife with babe so fair!
But I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!

"And this heart that love most cherish
Till I lose its crimson tide,
Lying in my bloody tartan
Dead upon the border side!"

Out he swept his flashing broadsword,
Backward bounds Lord William's steed—
"Coward!" shouts the fierce Macgregor,
"Quick I'll stay thy craven speed!"

Brave Lord William check'd his course
Half-way down the torrent's side;
There Macgregor's arrow struck him,
Drinking deep the fatal tide.

Lead he laugh'd, the dark Macgregor,
As from rock to rock he sped,
"Never more shall perjur'd Effie
Clasp him on their bridal bed!
"Weep and wail, false Effie Gordon!
Widow'd wife, with babe so fair!
Yet I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!"

DANGEROUS!

I AM not going to trouble you about things and people conventionally dangerous—the hawks and moles, the jays and stoats, which society nails up upon its barn-door plain for all folks to see. There they hang, and there I leave them. My business is with people of a very different class—people who are supposed to be "dangerous," but who are not—who don't look dangerous, but who are. And so place *our* dome.

Of the genus *Fascinatoria*, the *Syrena Crevellibra*, or circulating library Syren, is a very well known variety. It infests French romances in yellow wrappers, and the early works of young novelists who write about what they have not seen. The French variety is to be known by the locality of its dwellings and elegance of its furniture; the English, by the whiteness of its linen and the smallness of its boots. One of these latter is now conspicuously before the public, in the pages of a popular magazine; and I protest to you, that if any accident should happen to her washer-woman, or her boot-lace, there would be an end of the character at once and forever. She could do no more mischief, being in fact as powerless as poor Aladdin when he lost his wonderful lamp. The Syren always grows curls, they are invariably perfumed, and she is incessantly shaking them against gentlemen's faces. She is not unfrequently a very naughty person, in more ways than one; and she sings like an angel. I have made her my study. I have her—so to speak—stuffed, and preserved in a glass case. In all candor, I must say that she is a most unnatural production. I am led to class her with those gorgeous contortions of mother-of-pearl and tinsel which one sees in the fishing-tackle shops ticketed "artificial minnows." I know that there are fish who are fools enough to snap at the delusive bait, and am told that the snags of men may be angled for, with a hook, by the *Syrena Crevellibra*. I have never met with one

in my waters. If I ever do, I shall give it a wide berth. So will you. The snowy, lace-edged petticoat will not catch you, or the boots beguile. You will not be struck and landed, or break away and sink in some silent pool, trying in vain to rub a hook out of your gullet. No! this is not the sort of being which I label "dangerous."

The *Virginia Saltifera*, or ball-room belle, is another specimen of the *Fascinatoria*, which is supposed to be "dangerous." She is to be found upon the back of songs, of the "Will you love me then as now?" order, and of dance music. She also frequents the fashionable novel, appears at Christmas in books of beauty and other annuals, and in May smiles upon you from the walls of the Royal Academy. Her dress and general "get-up" is something bewildering to behold. She is always in full costume—wreathed, white gloved, bonneted, satin shod, silver sheened, clothed in white samite, mystic—wonderful! She requires the whole of the front seat of the carriage for the accommodation of self and flouces. She retires to her toilet at five P.M., and the link-boys touch their hats to her at a quarter to midnight. As she enters the "gay and festive scene," a buzz of admiration runs round the room, and in ten minutes her engagement-card is full. Henceforward she reigns supreme. What care those happy youths, whose names are down for the late dances, will take of her chaperon, for fear she should want to go before their turns come round!

What scheming there will be to get her down to supper! What dreadful falsehoods the Honorable Coolman Phitford will fabricate to edge himself in for that waltz which is played while the musicians are taking their refreshment! She is the very flower, spirit, pride—every thing else flattering that you can suggest—of the ball. But time flies; you can not dance and talk soft nonsense forever. The candles are getting low, the daylight streams in through the chinks of the shutters, and the detestable sparrows will chirp their welcome to the smiling morn outside. The *Virginia Saltifera* must go. Never was lady so well escorted to her coach. She is surrounded by a crowd of grief-stricken and assiduous cavaliers. A juvenile peer of the realm has darted up stairs

plenty of *belles* ready to run after his bouquet, if he had one; the barrister will tell that it is a cruelty to ask a girl to marry on six hundred a year; the young squire will get over his little attack, and Colin Grey will go home, stuff a very large pipe with very strong Cavendish, and smoke it gloomily. Our *belle* is like a sportsman who, with a strong shooting-gun and heavy charges, takes aimless shots, right and left, into the middle of a covey before it is fairly off the ground. Half a dozen birds are wounded—one has its leg broken—another has to do without any feathers on its back; a third falls "winged," and running up a drain is lost, and so on. There is nothing for the bag. No execution done. Are you not acquainted with some families in which the "beauty" daughter did not make the first—or the best—match? Do you not know of instances in which that young lady's marriage has brought trouble upon herself and her friends? How many ball-room belles of—well, say nine-and-twenty—have you met about this season?

No! the real object of bachelor dread is the *Anglicana Domestica*, or English Hearth flower. This is a sort of girl that the Royal Humane Society ought to be compelled by act of Parliament to label "Dangerous." She may be found at many a fireside, but notably in country-houses about a Christmas time. She is not a "beauty," like the *Virginia Saltifera*, or a professional enchantress like the *Syrena Crevellibra*, though it must be admitted that she does her bootmaker credit, and that she has a large running account with the laundress. Do not run away, though, with the idea that she is plain. The shape of her head is classical, her eyes are large, kind, and lustrous, her teeth are white and regular, and her figure—perfect. Still she has not a good feature in her face. In stature she is usually *petite*, in complexion a *brunette*. She shakes no perfumed tresses under your nose; indeed, she avoids essences and scents, and is redolent only of that exquisite bouquet which suggests nothing at all but the plentiful use of cold water. I should call it the "odor of sanctity," did I dare to be irreverent and had forgotten that the saintly ones of old were not remarkable for the use of the liquid which produces it. She dearly loves a good dance, but does not talk "ball" or think "ball," and to her ear the march of intellect is not written in two-four time, and published by D'Almaine & Co.

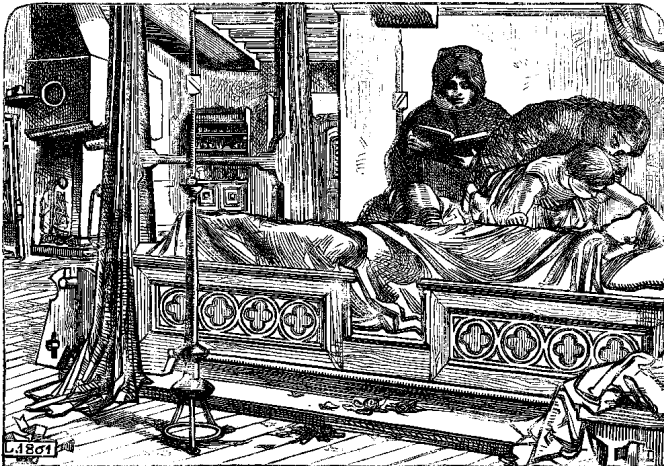
The *Anglicana Domestica* is accomplished, as you



to fetch her bouquet from the mantle-piece; a secretary of legation holds her fan; a Crimean colonel spreads the opera cloak over her lovely shoulders from behind, and a popular preacher ties the cords in front. A sucking barrister has got her broken sandal, and thinks that his fortune is made. She has rejected the proffered arm of young Willows, of the Ruddle, Buckinghamshire, and the poor boy's peace of mind is ruined for a week. She bestows a smiling glance upon all, and slides her little hand along the coat-sleeve of that dark-cyclical Colin Grey, who is just passing out without noticing her, and leaves her chaperon to be handed into the carriage by the lord, the soldier, the pet parson, the country gentleman, and the man of law.—Is not this being "dangerous?"

Well, I don't know. The danger I wot of is incurred when the beadle of St. George's, Hanover Square, waves aside the dirty little boys from the facade steps, and his lordship, my hero, and my heroine, his lovely and accomplished bride, are whirled away by Newman's grays into the unknown matrimonial land. Sometimes the *Virginia Saltifera* is so dangerous as utterly to destroy noble and wealthy bachelors; but, somehow or other, I do not think that, taking it as a class, it is so very "dangerous" after all. I see it about a good deal, with every charm in good fighting order, and every snare set; but where are the victims? The Crimean Colonel and the pet parson have tied opera-cloaks and been smitten upon before. The young lord will soon find out that there are

may find at your leisure. She does not interlard her conversation with French and German words, neither will she pelt you with old red sandstone, pterodactyls, and oödic forces upon first acquaintance. Ask her to play and she will sit down, without an excuse, and run you off sparkling little Reveries, and dreamy Nocturnes, one after the other. You must not expect fire-work pieces and bravura songs. She has not a powerful voice, and is not such a goose as to think she can please you in a back drawing-room, with what you have heard from Titians upon the opera-stage the night before. She will wattle little ditties that you have not heard elsewhere, and is remarkable, generally, for having all sorts of things that other people could have very easily, but, somehow or other, don't find out. Thus she is never dressed in the height of the fashion, but wears what is going to be, or ought to be the fashion. Pretty girls—her companions—bow down and worship her cuff, or her wreath, or the bodice of her dress, and, "Oh! where did you get the pattern of that exquisite?"—whatever it may be?—is their cry. Then our *Anglicana Domestica* gives a little laugh, and confesses that she cut it out herself yesterday; so it is borrowed and lent. She would strip the nose off her face and lend it to a friend, if it would do her any good; but, plague take the copy! it never will look like the original; and by the time it is made she has invented something else about three times as bewildering that puts it quite in the shade. Herein lies her "dangerous" character. She is the sort of girl that a poor gentleman may marry—so patient, so cheerful, so contriving, so unselfish is the British Hearth Flower. I believe that it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Duchess, though, I confess, I never was one. You have only to look



haughty, do nothing, and hold your tongue, consistently, and you will pass for an exceedingly well-bred person, and a superior being altogether. A poor gentleman's wife has much to bear, and I respect and love the home specimen when I see how well she goes through it all.

What is the consequence of this? My friend Jack Stendman—whom I have known ever since he was my fat at school—comes flitting into my chambers as I am writing this. He has come thus flitting about many times before. He had met the Virginia Saltferry, and was going to cut somebody's throat—probably the Honorable Coolman Plimford's—because she did him out of that last gallop, or he was going through a course of strychnine and charcoal-hot-air baths, because she would not look at him in the park. I soon got accustomed to such exhalations. I used to give him one of my strongest cigars, and did him sleep upon it—the lighted effect of it, I mean, not the cigar. He did, and smothered it. But now I see, by the expression of his countenance, that there is something serious the matter. With a shy sort of happy grin, he asks me if I remember the little girl with the big gray eyes that we met last July, at the Pizzeyman's picnic. I know what is coming. The little girl with the big gray eyes that we met at the Pizzeyman's picnic is an *Anglicana Domestica* of the most dangerous type. I remember calling upon her another one day with Jack. The corner of the eyes was practicing in the back drawing-room, and Mr. Jack must needs go and turn over the music for her. I kept a sharp eye upon them while Materfamilias was recounting the horrible profanity of her late cook. There sat the daughter in her simple morning dress, with natty little linen cuffs at her wrists and a natty little linen collar round her throat, a natty little belt round her natty little waist, and natty wavy masses of glorious brown hair glistening in her natty little net. She had just concluded a piece, and was once again hand hanging on the keys, she looked up in Jack's face, while the chords were still quivering, and asked him how he liked "that." I never saw a girl look more "dangerous." I tell Jack that I do remember this person, and then, looking more shy and stupidly happy than he, he tells me that he is engaged to her, and "I say, old fellow, you know, you must be my best man." His best man! Hang his impudence! What else have I been to him all his life?

And so saying Jack is led into captivity. Our acquaintance, the Virginia Saltferry, comes in state to the evening party that is given afterward to finish up the scraps of the wedding breakfast, and dances and flirts till she can hardly stand. But nothing comes of it, and the week afterward her cousin is heard of as about to sell out of the Guards, and settle down into matrimony with one of the bridemaids to the "little girl with the big gray eyes"—another specimen of the *Anglicana Domestica* that nobly heard of before.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We devote most of our space this week to the war.

On page 273 will be found an interesting picture of the SCENE OF THE HORSE-TOPS AT CHARLESTON during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Reporters say that every human being in Charleston had gathered to see the fight.

On page 276 we publish a Map of that part of Virginia and Maryland which, for the present, promises to be the THEATRE OF THE WAR. It shows Baltimore and Harper's Ferry on the north, and Richmond and Norfolk on the south, with all the principal roads, railroads, canals, rivers, cities, etc.

On page 277 will be found an engraving of the GREAT WAR MEETING in Union Square. Of this meeting the Herald said:

"A great mass meeting in support of the Government, in the great crisis of the nation, was held at Union Square, in this city, on Saturday last. The gathering of the people has never before been witnessed in New York, nor throughout the whole length and breadth of the Union. Five stands were raised, from which some of the most able speakers of the age addressed the multitude on the necessity of rallying around the flag of the republic in this hour of its danger. A series of resolutions was proposed and unanimously adopted, inviting the meeting to use every means to preserve the Union and to invade, and agreeing to the appointment of a committee of twenty-five, to represent the citizens in a collected and united manner, and to such other business in aid of the Government as the public interests may require. Great unanimity prevailed throughout the whole proceedings; party politics were dropped, and the entire meeting—speakers and listeners—were a unit in maintaining the national honor unscathed. Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, was present, and showed himself at several stands, at each of which he was most enthusiastically received. An impressive feature of the occasion was the flag of Fort Sumter, hoisted in the stumpy of the steel that had been broken by the rebels, and which was placed in the hands of the equestrian statue of Washington."

On this page we give a small picture of HARPER'S FERRY, showing the Arsenal and Workshops which were destroyed by the United States Volunteers to prevent them falling into the hands of the Virginians. Of this spot a correspondent wrote us some time since:

"Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on a point just opposite the gap through which the united streams pass the Blue Ridge on their way toward the ocean. The Blue Ridge is about five hundred feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on either side on the river, and exhibiting some of the most beautiful and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built in two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the river, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Broad and Market streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has straggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies a level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams."

"It has altogether a population of five thousand; is distant 72 miles from Washington City, 67 miles by turnpike road, and from Baltimore, 90 miles by rail. More the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, 800 feet long, and reaches the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah Street, con-

nnects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge. Potomac Street is entirely occupied by the workshops and offices of the National Arsenal, and its entrance is hedged by a handsome gate and iron railing. Nearly at the angle of junction are the old arsenal buildings, where usually from 20,000 to 30,000 stand of arms are stored. The other buildings on the point, and nearer the bridge, are railroad offices, hotels, eating-houses, stores, shops, etc. Shenandoah Street contains several dwelling-houses for half a mile or more, when we come to Hall's rifle-works, situated on a small island in the Shenandoah river."

On page 280 we publish a picture of the MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT (8th) EMBARKEING IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS FOR WASHINGTON. A reporter of the Herald thus described the scene:

"The ferry-boat with the troops on board reached Jersey City about twenty minutes before two. Long before their arrival landings congregated about the ferry and railroad depot waiting anxiously their arrival. The railroad depot was crowded with ladies, who filled the balconies which extend around the building, nearly every one bearing the Stars and Stripes. The depot was also beautifully decorated with flags, presenting a most imposing appearance. As the troops marched Jersey City a salute was fired from the Long Dock, and the Guard steamer *Versa* dipped her colors several times. A squad of police, under Captain Holmes, also crossed the river to render their services to the Jersey City authorities during the stay of the troops at the depot. As soon as the boat had been made fast to the bridge, and the order given to forward, the band struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which was accompanied by deafening cheers from the crowd in and about the depot. As they entered the railroad depot cheer after cheer broke forth, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and flags, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes. 'The train, numbering eighteen cars, and to which was attached the powerful locomotive 'Wales,' it was covered by the National Guard, and in charge of Mr. J. W. Woodruff, Assistant Superintendent of the road. A little delay was occasioned on account of the crowd in the building blocking up the depot, but the Chief of Police of Jersey City, with his men and Sheriff Francis, aided by the squad of New York police, soon cleared the way. During the time the passengers in waiting to embark on board the train, constantly cheered, and the ladies amused themselves by throwing to the soldiers their pocket handkerchiefs and little flags. The order being given, the several companies were marched to their respective cars, and in about half an hour they were all safely on board the train."

"At one o'clock Colonel Jones informed Mr. Woodruff that the train was ready, and the train slowly glided out from the depot, the crowd on the bridge cheering and waving of flags. Among the ladies could be seen several in tears, deeply affected at the scene; and one old

gentleman cried like a child. When asked if he had any friends among the troops, he replied that he had not, but he felt as though every one who composed the little band gliding out from the depot, were his own children. A New Jersey militia who accompanied the troops as far as Trenton."

On page 281 will be found a fine engraving of the MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY prior to their departure for Washington. The Herald thus sketched the scene:

"With the band playing the national air and the regiment's march-song, the police relieving each other with turns, in frantic efforts to clear a way for the soldiery; with the line broken by the crowd, which surged backward and forward in the ranks, the march of the Seventh Regiment was so dense that it seemed to block up the way impassably. Through walls of human beings, close compact, unshrinking, as if the police, like a modern Moses, had parted the sea of people into living walls. Under a perfect canopy of flags, gilded by the sun with a glory as bright as that which they have always worn and deserved. With cheers rolling along like enthusiastic thunder. Past buildings whose fronts were covered with flags, and above doors, windows, stoops, and balconies were jammed with people. With handkerchiefs waved by fair hands and as numerous as the forest-leaves which the winds rustle, saluting the gallant volunteers. Past Major Anderson, who reviewed the regiment from the balcony of Hill, Biney, Co.'s building, and by his presence reminded them of war's dangers and of its glories. Past an effigy of 'Jeff Davis as he would be'—hung—and with the motto,

"Jeff Davis, Jeff Davis, beware of the day, When the Seventh shall meet thee in battle array."

"Past mottoes more commendable and in better taste, declaring that the National Guard was for the Union, and that its members should imitate 'the National Guard of 1860,' by bearing the flag of the Union, and by marching with step firm; with bearing proud and erect, as befitting the men and the occasion, the Seventh regiment marched down Broadway. Never was a popular demonstration more brilliant and more enthusiastic. New York city is celebrated for her orations, but even that to the Prince of Wales could not compare with this in its heartiness. Its pomp and its grandeur. The crowd parted for the soldiers to Courtland, and the cheers were never remitted. All the people seemed to pay honor to the men who went to defend them, and lining the streets, crying the Park, blocking up Clatham Street and clattering over the Museum, they looked, shouted, and cheered as they have seldom done before. The crowd parted for the soldiers to pass, but before and behind them appeared a dense, solid, impalpable mass. Fire-engines were brought to the front, and the firemen, with their bells as the Seventh marched, reached the corner of Gay Street, where the troops presented arms and fired. Several persons fell on the first round, and the crowd became furious. A number of revolvers were used, and the soldiers took fire in the ranks. People then ran in every direction in search of arms, but the armies of the military companies of the city were closely

On page 282 we illustrate the SAILING OF THE TRANSPORETS FROM NEW YORK, on Sunday, April 21, with Volunteers for the War. The Herald said:

"The day never appeared to more advantage than it did yesterday on the occasion of the departure of the transport fleet for Washington. From an early hour in the morning until sunset, yachts, sail-boats, and other smaller craft, filled with the friends of the troops, dotted the entire harbor, and hovered around the transports until the very last moment. The ferry-boats and shipping were richly decorated with flags, and were crowded to the utmost capacity with an anxious multitude of men, women, and children."

"At a quarter past five o'clock, all being in readiness on board the *Baltic*, the cables were clipped, and the vessel glided out gracefully into the stream, amidst the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the hearty cheers of over fifty thousand spectators. Unlike the *Cuyler* the *Baltic* kept steadily on her course, and, heading for Staten Island, led the fleet on their voyage to the Capital. As she passed down the river, the *Empire State*, the *Cuyler*, the *Catawbas*, the *Columbia*, and other vessels dipped their colors, while steamboats blew their fog-whistles and rang their bells in honor of the occasion. The *Harriet Lane*, Captain Turner, accompanied the *Baltic* down the bay, and led her all the way to Quarantine. The *Cuyler* soon followed in the wake of the *Baltic*, and then the *Catawbas*, *Columbia*, and *Empire State* fell in behind, and at half past six o'clock the entire fleet was under way. All along the line of the North River, reaching from Fourteenth Street to the Battery, the piers were jammed with spectators, and as the transports, one by one, hauled out into the stream, there was a rush for the lower end of the city which carried every thing before it. As the dense mass forced its way along West Street, the very houses shook to their foundations with the convulsions of the water the people were equally excited, and the most frantic efforts were made to keep pace with the transports. Orators strained every nerve to be with the volunteers as long as they could, but after a few minutes' vigorous plugging gave up the job in despair, and contented themselves with waving their handkerchiefs and cheering until their forms were no longer discernible to their friends on board the fast receding fleet."

On page 283 we publish an illustration of the FIRST BLOOD—viz., the conflict between the Baltimore mob and the Massachusetts regiment on 19th April. The Baltimore Sun of April 20 says:

"Yesterday morning the excitement which had been gradually rising in this city for some days, with reference to the passage of Northern volunteer troops southward, reached its climax upon the arrival of the Massachusetts and other volunteers, some from Philadelphia, at President Street depot, at half past ten o'clock. A large crowd

had assembled, evidently to give them an unwelcome reception.

Six of the cars had succeeded in passing on their way toward the South, for different reasons, some by hurrying the track, which they now began to effect by placing large, heavy anchors, tying in the vicinity, directly across the rails. Some seven or eight were jammed on the crowd and laid on the track, and thus the progress of the cars was effectually interrupted.

"Having accomplished this object, the crowd set to work clearing the track for the different Davis, Southey, Collins, and session, and groups for sundry delinquent parties. In the mean while the troops thus delayed at the depot remained, and the head of the line had advanced some fifteen paces, when it was driven back upon the main body by the immense crowd, still further increased by a body of men who marched down to the depot bearing at their head a Confederate flag."

"Eight of the cars started from the President Street depot, and six passed safely to the Camden station. The other two soon returned, the track in the mean time having been obstructed at the corner of Pratt and Gay streets by anchors, paving stones, sand, etc., being put on it by the crowd. Then the crowd in the case of the body of the up track, but the police by strenuous efforts prevented it. A cart-load of sand, which was being driven along, was seized and thrown upon the track."

"After considerable delay it was determined to make the attempt to march the remaining troops through the city, only about sixty of whom were supplied with arms. The remainder were recruits, and equipped second-class and baggage cars."

"At the head of this column on foot, Mayor Brown placed himself, and walked in front, exerting all his influence to preserve a peace."

"Just before the movement was made from the cars a large crowd of persons went down President Street with a Southern flag and met the troops as they emerged from the cars. The Southern flag was then carried in front of the column, and shouting and yelling began, and as soon as the troops turned to the drug store of T. J. Pitt, at the corner of Pratt and High streets, and the other to the eastern police station."

"The police continued, and the stones few thick and fast. At Pratt Street bridge a gun was fired, said by policeman No. 71 to have been fired from the ranks of the militia. Then the crowd, which was the strongest, reached the corner of Gay Street, where the troops presented arms and fired. Several persons fell on the first round, and the crowd became furious. A number of revolvers were used, and the soldiers took fire in the ranks. People then ran in every direction in search of arms, but the armies of the military companies of the city were closely

guarded and none could be obtained. The firing continued from Front Street to South Street in quick succession, but how many fell can not now be ascertained. From Gay to South Street, on Pratt, the fight with the soldiers who marched, or rather ran, through the town, was terrific. Large paving stones were hurled into the ranks from every direction, the negroes who were about the wharf in many instances joining in the assault. As Gay Street the soldiers fired a number of shots, but without hitting any one, so far as could be ascertained. After firing this volley the soldiers again broke into a run, but another shower of stones being hurled into the ranks at Commerce Street with such force as to knock several of them down, the order was given to another portion of them to halt and fire, which had to be repeated before they could be brought to a halt. They then a second time fired some twenty shots, but from their stooping and dodging to avoid the stones, but four or five shots took effect, the marks of a greater period of their balls being visible on the walls of the adjacent warehouses, even up to the second stories. Here four citizens fell, two of whom died in a few moments, and the other two were carried off, supposed to be mortally wounded."

"As one of the soldiers fired he was struck with a stone and knocked down, and as he attempted to rise another stone struck him in the face, when he crawled into a store, and prostrating himself on the floor, clasped his hands and begged piteously for his life, saying that he was threatened with instant death by his officers if he refused to accompany them. He said one half of them had tried to force him in the same manner, and he hoped all who forced others to come might be killed before they got through the city. He pleaded so hard that he was further engaged to be stored upon him, and he was taken to the police station to have his wounds dressed. As soon as they had laid at this point they again whizzed and scattered in every direction, when some three or four parties issued from the warehouses there and fired into them, which brought down three more soldiers, one of whom was carried into the same store with the one before alluded to, and had been a few moments. The others succeeded in regaining their feet, and proceeded on with their comrades, the whole running as fast as they could, but a running fire was kept up by the soldiers from this point to the depot, the crowd continuing to hurl stones into the ranks throughout the whole line of march."

On page 284 we publish the group of Major Anderson's officers at Fort Sumter—THE HEROES OF SUMTER—whose biographies have been heretofore given in Harper's Weekly.

We publish on page 285 two pictures of the INSPECTION OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR. Every day from twenty-five to fifty men arrive at Governor's Island from the various recruiting offices in New York and elsewhere, and are immediately drilled in squads, until they are fit to be formed into companies and drafted into regiments. Every afternoon the troops are marched out upon the grassy slope to the rear of the southeastern battery, and are drilled in every conceivable movement for the space of about one hour, and the success of this rigid training is to be very satisfactorily observed in the precision and rapidity of execution following any given order. A staff of officers usually occupy the rising ground.

Before the departure of the late expedition for Charleston not less than seven or eight hundred men, with arms and knapsacks complete, were rallied in line behind the grove of trees ornamenting the southeastern battery. After going through various evolutions, part of the troops were separated and marched past the officers' houses to the water's edge. Of the recruits on the Island it may be said that their ease and precision of movement, as well as their numbers when all together, render their appearance quite formidable, and they look like a little army. Their officers, too, show indications of being able military men.

MOVING.

The first of May is nearly come, And people think of moving; The cart and truck and wagon men Find business improving; All kinds of costly furniture The heavy fellows lash on— I think I'll move some things myself, And so be in the fashion.

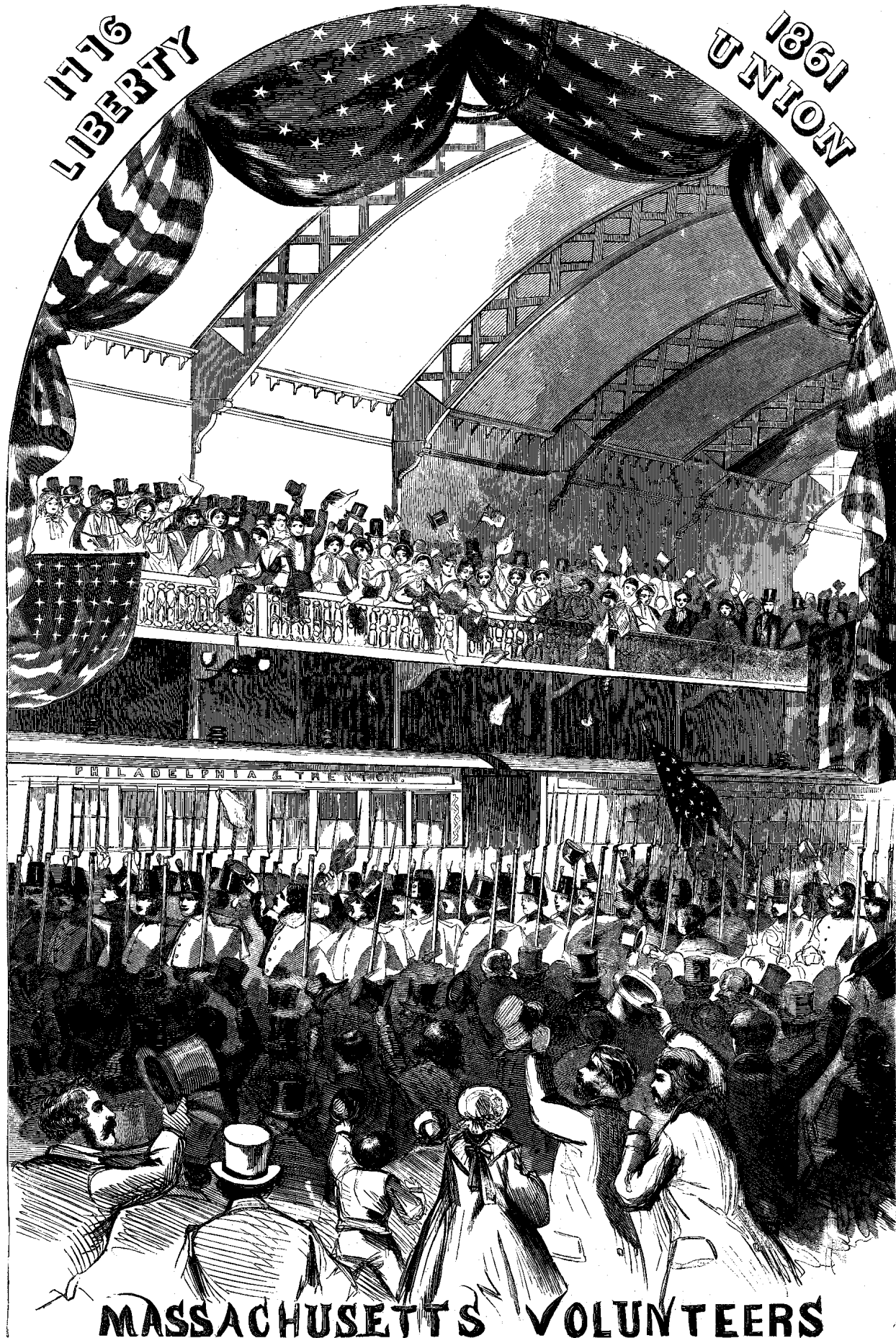
I've got a curious sort of house, Which never had a number; From top to bottom it is filled With lots of useless lumber. And though I live a bachelor, This house is never quiet; But night and day, and day and night, Is given up to riot.

This curious house is called a heart, And although small, is roomy; Some chambers are as bright as day, But some are very gloomy. And there are pictures on the walls— Some beautiful and painted, And some that I regret to say Should never have been painted.

Some rooms are scented all with flowers And memories of my childhood— The boyish days of innocence, The river, and the wild-wood. And one is haunted by a face More beautiful than all others; And my hard face grows young again When gazing on my mother's.

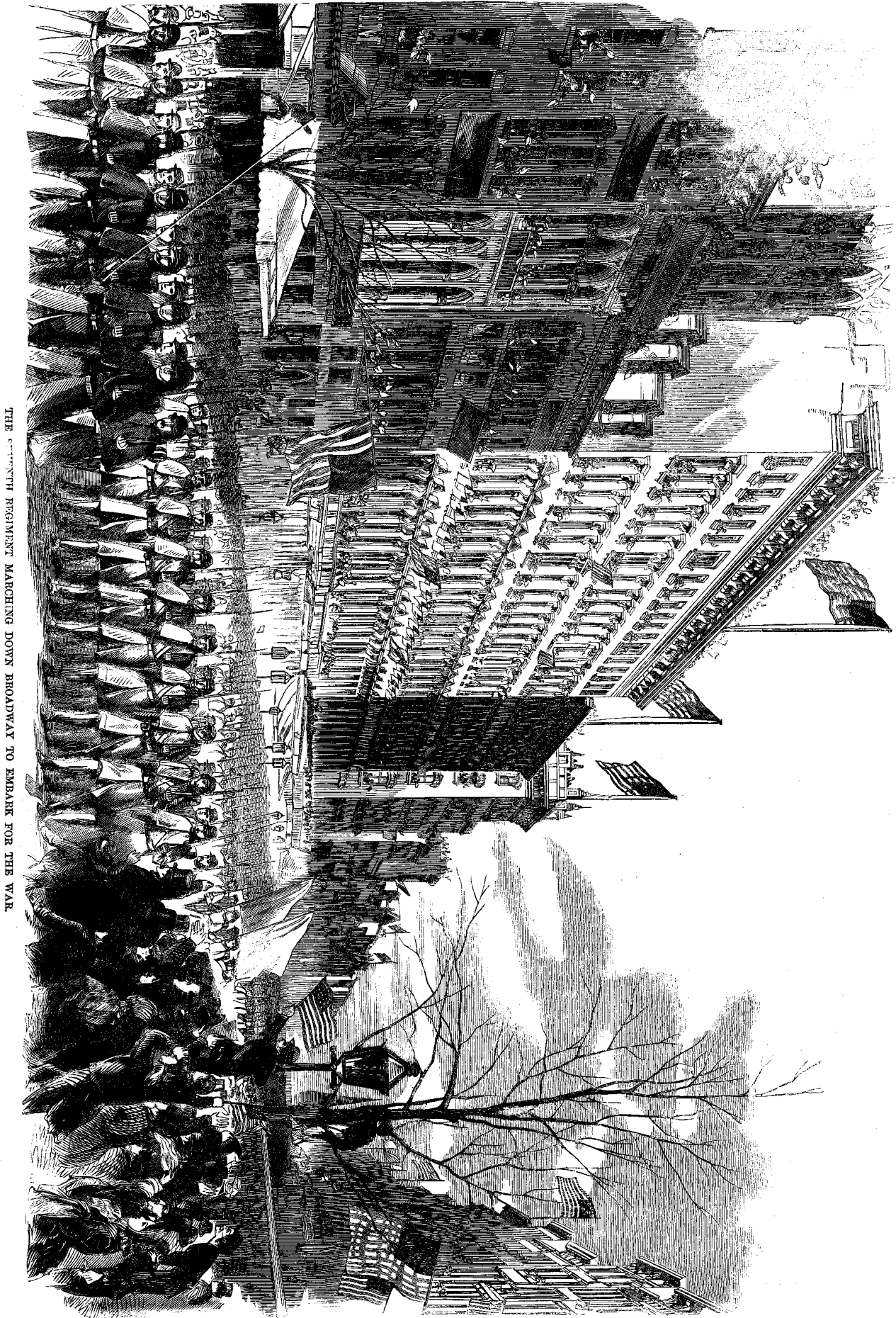
But yet, alas! in many a room Still hang the scents of revel, When fellows made for better things Sank down to toper's level. And there are old, revolting jests Still cobwebbing each rafters With fragments of the prurient songs That vaked the drunkard's laughter.

So now to clear all these away! Come, Virtue, bring your besom; We'll sweep the vile things out of door, And bid the truck-man seize 'em; And when my house is sweet and clean As you and I can make it, I think I know a pretty girl Who won't object to take it.

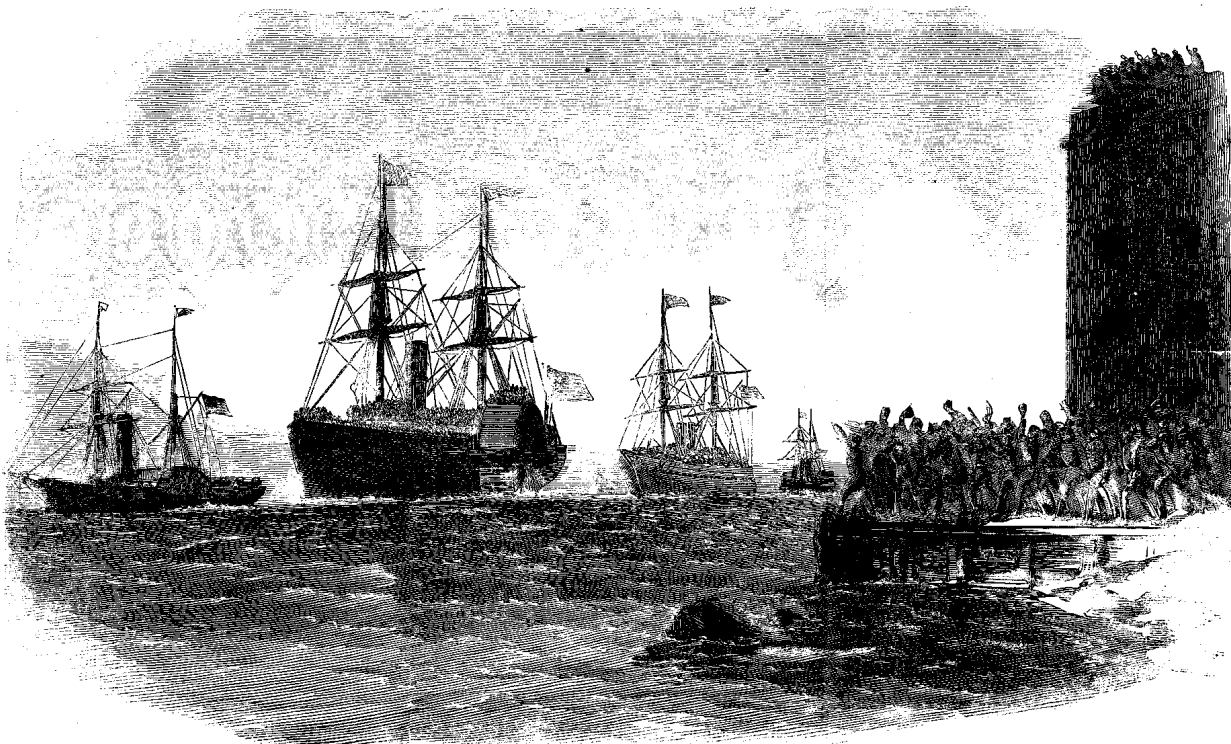


MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

THE BOSTON REGIMENTS EMBARKING FOR WASHINGTON IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY TO EMBARK FOR THE WAR.



DEPARTURE OF TRANSPORT STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK FOR WASHINGTON WITH VOLUNTEERS, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1861.

KING OLAF.

BY ARTHUR LAURENSEN.

In his high seat on the dais,
Round him many a mighty lord,
Lost in thought, in silence brooding,
Sat King Olaf at his board.

With his unsheathed dagger playing
In a half-unconscious mood,
Strikes and hews: he off the splinters
From a piece of fagot-wood.

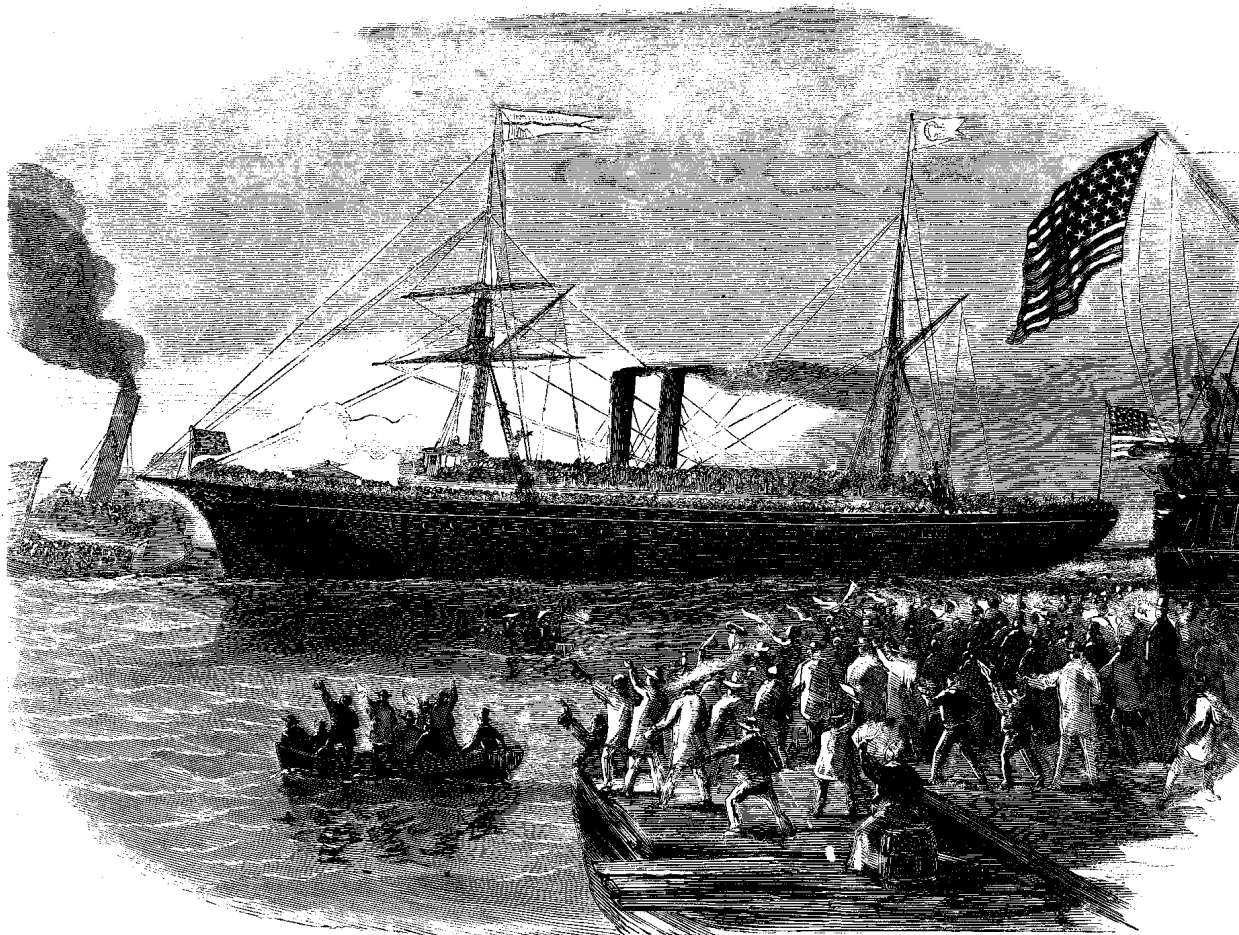
As the lords around him sitting
Mark the King's deep reveries,

"It is Monday, Sire, to-morrow,"
Says an old jarl, meaningly.

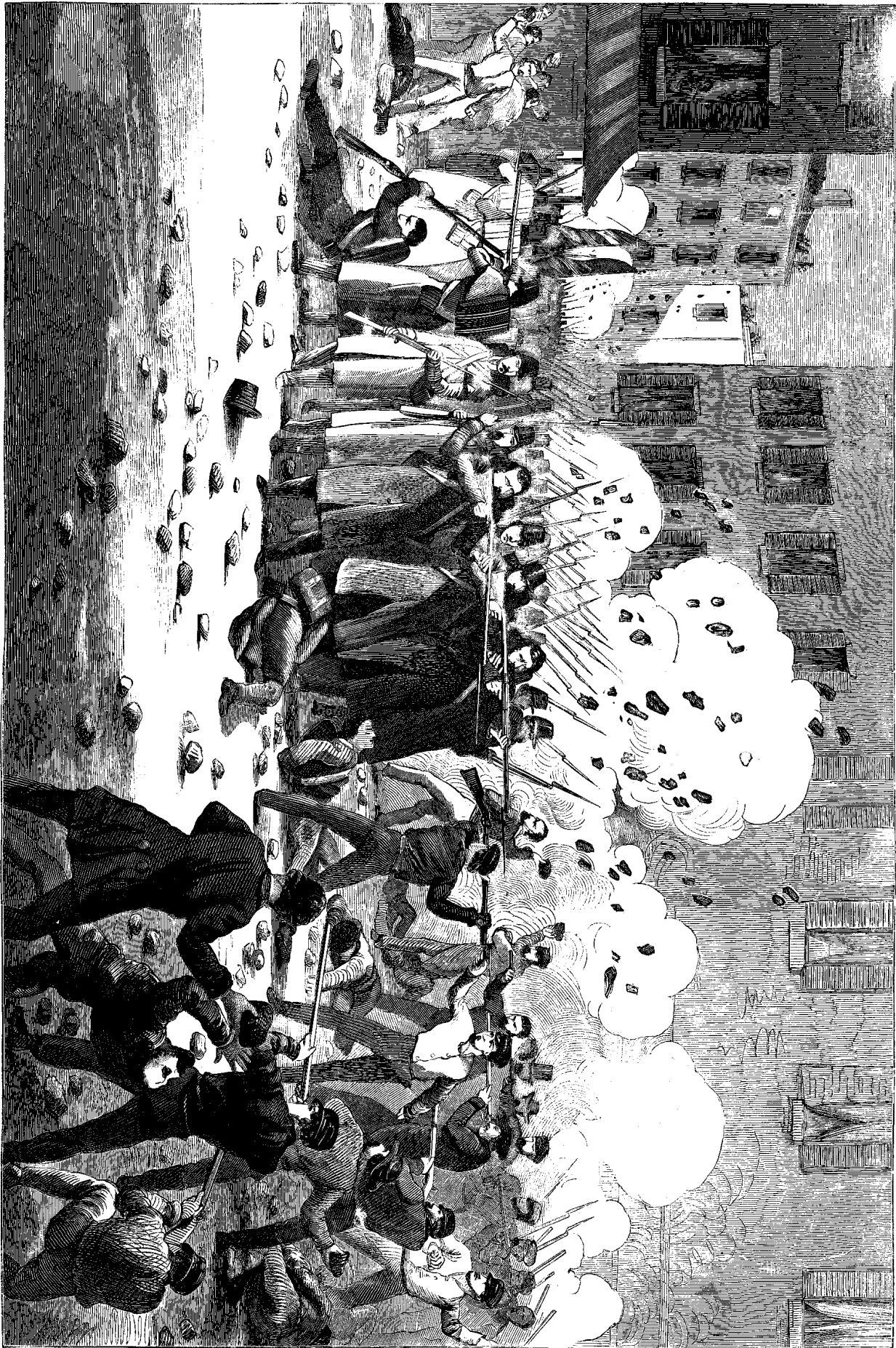
Sudden looks the King upon him:
"Bring me here a burning brand!"
Sweeps the splinters from the table—
Lights them on his naked hand.

Firm he holds it stretched before him,
Never does it backward draw—
Till the wood was all consumed,
Till he the white ashes saw.

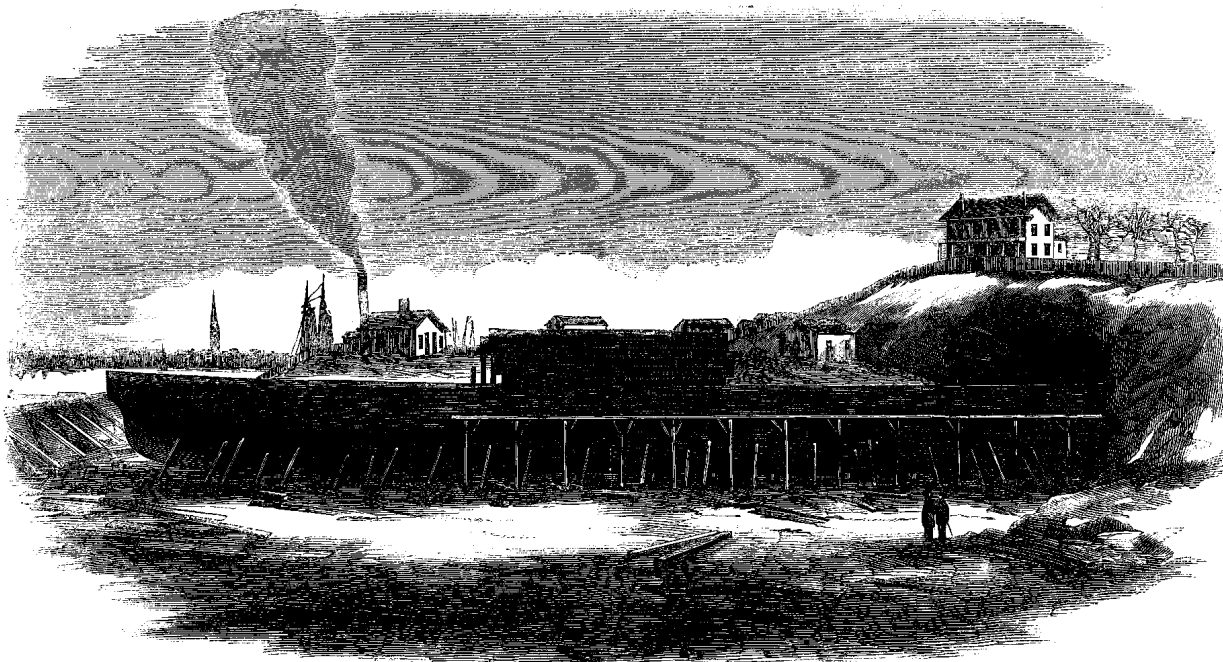
Thus King Olaf made atonement
For his trespass on God's law.



THE "R. R. CUYLER" SAILING FROM NEW YORK WITH THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA ON BOARD, APRIL 21, 1861.



FIRST BLOOD.—THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.



STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

EVERY one has heard of the famous floating battery which has been for many years in course of construction at Hoboken, New Jersey. The idea of this battery occurred to Mr. Stevens shortly after the war of 1812, as an effectual means of protecting the harbor of New York in case of future wars, and the Government appropriated a large

sum for its construction. Every thing relating to the machine was, however, kept a profound secret. No one but a few confidential workmen were permitted to enter the inclosure in which the battery was being constructed. Armed watchmen and fierce bull-dogs guarded every entrance. The most vigorous exertions have been made by newspaper reporters and others, from time to time, to ascertain the nature of the work; but all proved unsuccessful. For the first time since the work be-

gan, a reporter of the *World* newspaper, who is also an artist, penetrated the inclosure, and obtained a sketch and materials for a description of the battery. We publish herewith a drawing made from his sketch, and copy from the *World* the following description:

THE BATTERY.

Descending the sloping side of the dock, which is built in a rude manner, evidently designed to be used for the one purpose only for which it was constructed, we reach

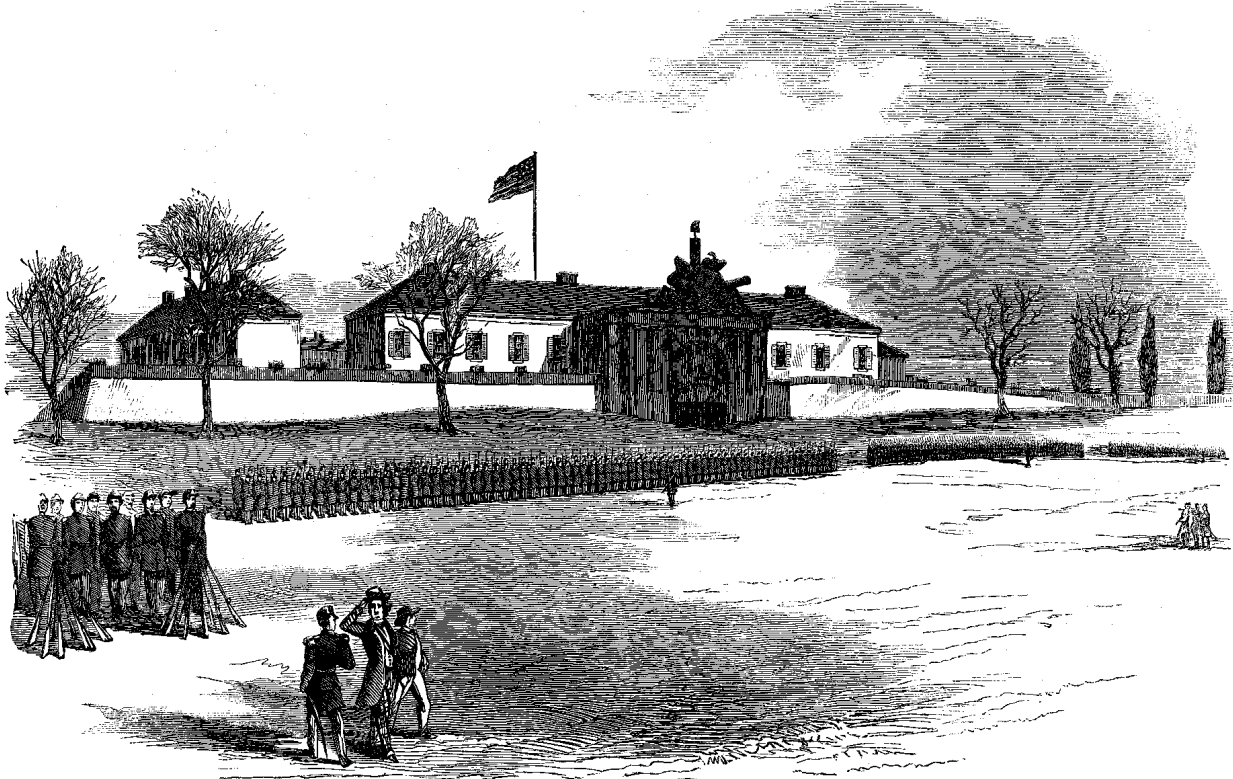
the bottom, which is about twenty-five feet below the surface of the yard. Standing on the bottom, which is formed by the solid ground near the stern of the vessel, and looking forward toward the bow, amidst the forest of shores and beams which keep the hull upright, one can not fail to be struck with the magnitude of the proposed work. It was once stated that she was 700 feet in length, with a beam of 70 feet, but had such been a true statement she would have exceeded the famous *Great Eastern* in size. As far as the judgment of our reporter could be relied upon from eye measurement, she is about 400 feet in length, with about 50 feet beam. Even at this figure she is the next to the



☆ Capt. T. Seymour. ☆ 1st Lieut. G.W. Snyder. ☆ 1st Lt. J.C. Davis. ☆ 2d Lt. R.K. Meade. ☆ 1st Lt. T. Talbot.

☆ Capt. A. Doubleday. ☆ Maj. R. Anderson. ☆ Asst. Surg. S.W. Crawford. ☆ Capt. J.G. Foster

THE HEROES OF FORT SUMTER.



RECRUITS DRILLING IN SQUADS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

largest vessel of which keel has yet been laid. Her huge proportions rose up like a mountain of iron as seen from the bed of the basin. Her beam spreading over so much ground adds to her colossal appearance. If she were so placed upon the level of the ground, where her outlining could stand in greater relief against the surrounding objects, her form would present a spectacle such as never has been witnessed on the shores of the Hudson River. Notwithstanding her great size, she will draw but a light amount of water; and, when completed, the front of the dock and copper dam can be easily removed, and the vessel floated out by the water, which will rush in and fill the dock where she now lies. The stern of the vessel is within a few yards of the river, the ingress of which is prevented by the means of a strong coffer dam. Heavy timber props rest against it to prevent its being forced in by any undue pressure. Following along the bottom of the dock, then mounting the staging, one enters the cave or

tunnel into which the bow of the vessel penetrates about 100 feet. The excavation runs under the sidewalk in the street, and shelters the bow of the vessel from the weather.

THE HULL.

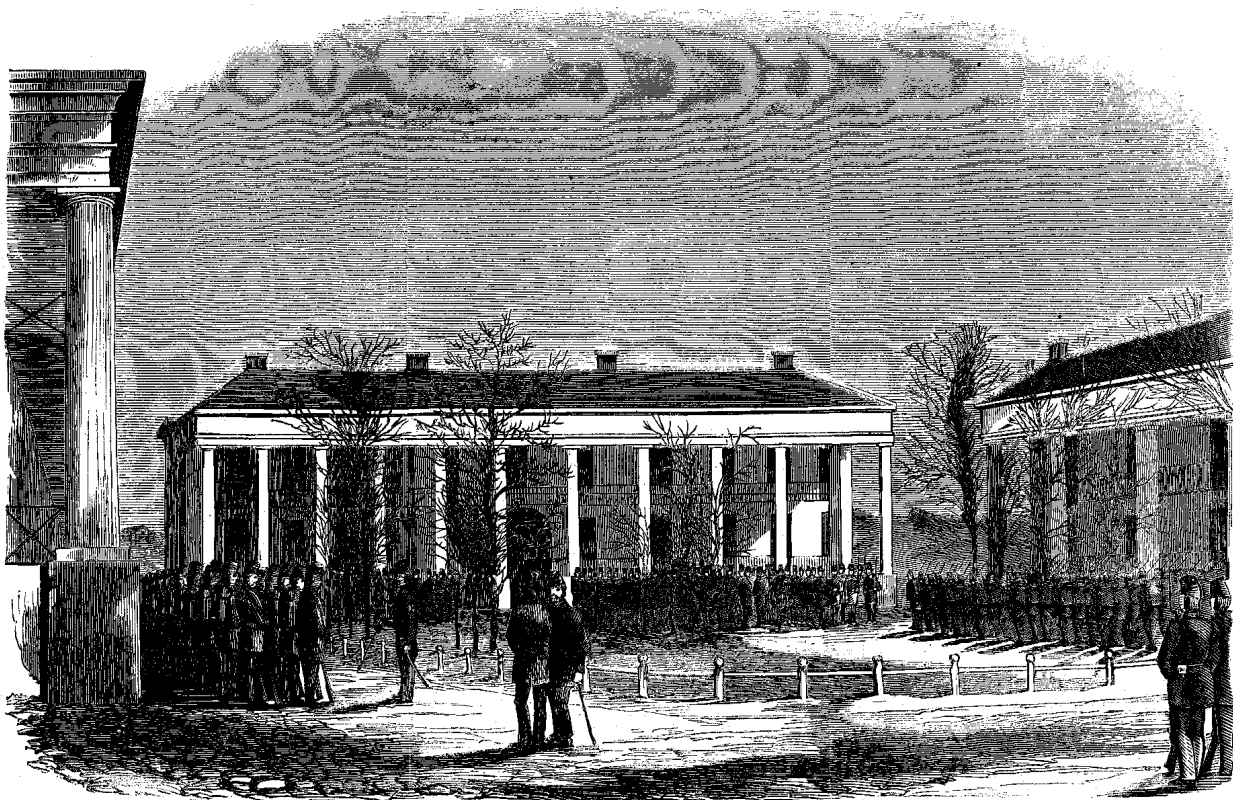
The hull of the vessel is built of iron plates, about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, nearly eight feet in length, and about two feet in width. These are fastened together by rivets placed at about the distance of an inch and a half from each other. The rivets below the water-line are smooth-headed, so that they will offer no resistance to the vessel's progress through the water, while those above the water-mark protrude from the vessel's side over a half inch, terminating in a sharp point. Eight is the average number of plates in depth below the water-line. The work has progressed only so far as that both forward and aft there are but two plates above the water-line; but amid-

ships, or in the centre of the vessel, the number has increased to seven, extending only as far as the engine-room. The interior of the vessel presents a very forcible impression as regards her strength. At intervals of about two feet rise up very large L shaped bars of iron, which are the ship's ribs; two of these constitute a rib, and from the rivet holes in them it would seem that more plates are yet to be added. This is evident when we remember that she was built on the principle of having a series of plates riveted together so that spaces should intervene between each of them. The bow is very sharp, and there are good evidences that she was intended to be fortified in this locality by what is termed dead wood; but in this case it would be dead iron. Passing along aft, and on reaching the beam, or broadest part of the vessel, we find that upright stanchions or beams have been erected. These are arranged by pairs, and are intersected by the lower-deck floor-beams forming, as it were, two crosses joined at the

transverse ends. These beams are built of heavy plate-iron, firmly united together. A portion of the deck has been laid, on which is placed her engines, which are of a novel pattern, but so dimembered that full description of them can not be given.

PRESENT ARMAMENT OF THE BATTERY.

It is said, when completed, there will be nine shells or plates of iron, with space between, making a wall twenty-seven inches in thickness. Being sharp at the bow, she can be used for cutting a vessel in two. She was designed to carry thirty guns of the heaviest calibre on her gun-deck, and mount four Paixhan guns on her spar-deck, and furnaces for heating red-hot shot were to be placed in different parts of the ship. Thus built, she would prove a valuable acquisition to our harbor defenses. She will have no masts, and will probably be about 600 tons burden.



PARADE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND BEFORE EMBARKATION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

If that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. Oh the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering about that house.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brantley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow; the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little if any community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brantley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brantley's house, and out of Mrs. Brantley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favor, conducted to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, pupil relative—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have so meddled to myself further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine became, under the circumstances, an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brantleys on the water; there were picnics, fête days, plays, operas, concerts, parties—all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seek to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said, one evening, coming to such a check, when we were at a darkening window of the house in Richmond, "will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"Of me."

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean you are blind."

I should have reported that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was restrained—and this was not the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her when she knew that she could not choose but obey Miss Havisham. My dread always was that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold, careless smile, that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without for a little while, she went on to say:

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satís. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella?"

"You can, then? This day after to-morrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it; Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room

where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satís House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together. I repeat the word adversely, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip—how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But when we sat by her flickering fire at night she was most wild; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from her, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon this roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutched stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very spectre.

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was

had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor: "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other that was almost cruel.

"You stoek and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; be short, take me."

"Oh, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have avished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no part to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak when it was made it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I love every thing to you. What would you have?"



"SHE CARRIED A BARE CANDLE IN HER HAND," ETC.

beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that cast were cured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

The candles that lighted that room of hers were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burned with the steady dullness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the stopped clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection shown large by the fire upon the ceiling and the wall, I saw in every thing the construction that my mind had come to repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the great room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the drawings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they broke their little quickened hearts behind the panicle, and in the groanings and panishes of the beetles on the floor.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness—"Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe every thing to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me is at your command to have again. Beyond that I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty can not do impossibilities."

"Did I never give her love?" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!"

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live who knows what a steady manumy you have, half as well as I do? I who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

"Soon forgotten!" meant Miss Havisham.

"Times soon forgotten!"

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here?—she touched her bosom with her hand—"to any thing that you excluded? Be just to me."

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her gray hair with both her hands.

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"But to be proud and hard to me!" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to me!"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was just she looked down at the fire again.

"I can not think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence, "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and their causes. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight, and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

"Or," said Estella—"which is a nearer case—if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as the daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight, and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together are me."

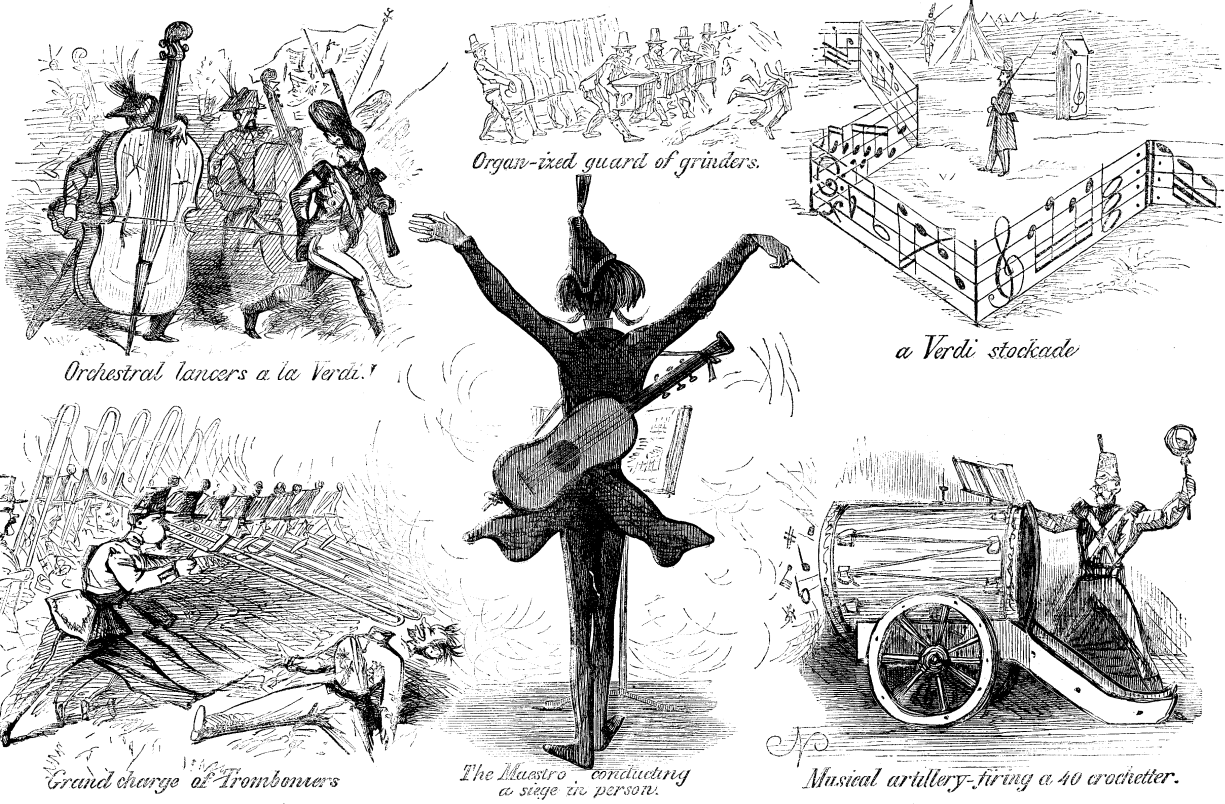
Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's grey hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see.

It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often seen reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterward, Estella and I played cards, as of yore—only we were skillful now, and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever lain down to rest in Satís House, and sleep refused to come near me. A million of Miss Havisham's haunted me. She was on this side of my pillow, on that, at the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—every where. At last, when the night was slow to creep on toward two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place as a place to lie down in, and that I must get up. I therefore got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, designing to gain the outer court-yard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle; for I saw Miss Havisham going along in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a bare candle in her hand, which she had probably taken from one of the sconces in her own room, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footsteps, saw her light pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions to the best of my remembrance. Nor did Miss Havisham's manner toward Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.



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