

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 235.]

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THE WAR—MAKING HAVELOCKS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

THIRTEEN AND THIRTY-FOUR.

Cheerful, Sons of Freedom! brightly
Still our flag floats o'er the brave;
Forward hearts hold honor lightly;
Hold the trust, its flame to save!
Strike for the Country and Home restore!
Risks for the old 13! Unite their hearts once more!
Hurrah for the old 13!
Charge for the old 13!
Salute the 34!

Soldiers, up and at their legions
Who our Union would assail,
Woe's foe or foreign militia's;
Young must perish—right prevail!
Stand by the 34! Bear all your fathers' load,
Stand by the old 13! proudly ride cannons' roar,
Charge for the old 13!
Salute the 34!

Parlors, ours to guard the ramparts
Of our proud inheritance!
Equal hearts—fearlessness—true hearts,
Still our rock and sure defense!
Equal the 34! from lake to ocean's shore;
Equal the old 13! as thrilled in days of yore!
One cause the old 13;
One heart the 34!

Speed the day when pride, ambition,
Party feuds, intestine strife—
All shall yield to the fruition
Of a new-born civil life!
Glorious the 34! glorious as ne'er before!
Honored the old 13! in the days of yore!
Glorious the old 13!
Honored the 34!

God of Truth! in glouciest hour,
When all other bulwarks fall,
Thou wilt be our strength and Tower,
Against us none can o'er the fraction
Spare us the 34! humbly we Thee implore;
Spare us the old 13! elapsed forever more!
God bless the old 13!
God bless the 34!

MALDEN, PENNSYLVANIA, June 8, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

A TEST QUESTION FOR MR. LINCOLN.

THE capture of the privateer Savannah will test Mr. Lincoln's nerve. Will he have the courage to hang the pirate captain?

In law the case is clear. The privateer was a pirate craft, and every man on board of her was guilty of piracy. It is impossible to conceive a more obviously piratical act than the seizure of the brig Joseph, which was taken into Georgetown, South Carolina, by part of the crew of the Savannah shortly before her capture. The law declares that the penalty of piracy is death. Will the President suffer the law to take its course, or will he interfere to protect the pirates?

People are asking each other this question with no little anxiety. Merchants and ship-owners, who have come forward nobly in support of the Government, are trembling in apprehension lest Mr. Lincoln should not have the nerve to carry out his policy, and crush piracy in the bud. Foreigners will decide, from Mr. Lincoln's action in this case, whether the President's proclamations are in earnest or mere bug-a-boos.

It is a question of nerve merely. The rebels threaten to retaliate upon Northern men if we hang their pirates. But they are already hanging every Northern man they can find—while we are actually liberating the scoundrels who fire upon our pickets, on condition that they swear allegiance to the United States. What worse can they do?

We incline to the belief that as the United States army advances into Virginia, the rebels will be chary of using the halter in a public way. The more sagacious among them must begin to see that by-and-by the fate of not a few of the secessionist leaders will be in the hands of the United States Government. What that fate would be, if the threatened "retaliation" were attempted, they can readily infer.

☞ We are indebted to the Captain of the State of Georgia, transport, for favors.

☞ We have received Thro's City Directory, as full as usual; an indispensable work for every counting-house and store.

☞ BACHMAN'S Birds-eye View of the Seat of the War in the West is an excellent sheet, and gives a very good idea of the relative positions of the rebel and United States forces.

THE LOUNGER.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

The blood of the heroes who fall in this war for liberty and humanity consecrates to the work every man who remains. Our brothers who have marched before us are encamped upon the field; and we, whose turn has not yet come, are but encamped upon our hearth-stones. Yet the red hand that strikes one camp wounds the other. The soldiers fall, but the homes suffer. They suffer, but they do not shrink. They are the nurseries of that patriotism in which this wild conspiracy had no faith. They cheer their children, and send them forth with smiles in their eyes and victory in their hearts. They have counted the cost.

"We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation."

Such homes, such soldiers, make the terrible armies; for they know what they fight for, and they fight through death to victory. They know how fearful war is; but they know also how holy, and wise, and imperative it may be. And whether after many years and long service they return old men, wounded and weary, or whether they fall in the very opening of the struggle and in the bright flush of their own youth, the same love, and glory, and honor follow them, and their names are sweet and blessed forever.

Such a soldier fell in the action at Great Bethel when Theodore Winthrop, an aid and military secretary of General Butler, sank mortally wounded. What quiet heroism, clear intelligence, steadfast faith, generous hope, thoughtful enthusiasm, tempered by singular coolness, skill, wide experience, and personal bravery, which would as surely have made his name shine in this war as they had already advanced him, are lost with him to his country, only the friends who know him very intimately can know. And with them only remain the knowledge and the hallowed memory of the stainless candor, ready humor, shrewd sympathy, heroic reticence, and utter unselfishness which, with his various cultivation and sagacious observation in much travel, made him so charming and beloved a companion. He had the Yankee tact which is never at fault in practical life; and, with a romantic courage, a deep poetic refinement of nature, which inspired him with literary ambition, and made him a lover of art and the friend of artists.

Those who know him truly counted among their friends few men so well appointed as he. But, partly from ill health, partly from temperament, a dreary sadness overhung his life and dispirited his efforts. Glad of his friends' success, and conscious of the kindred impulse, he still wistfully delayed. Of great industry and restless endeavor, he saw success slide by, and seemed to be waiting in melancholy patience the rising of a happier star. It has risen at last, and shines upon his grave.

On the Sunday afternoon after the fall of Sumter he was walking with a friend in the woods upon Staten Island, near his home. No man could have a clearer conception of the significance of that event. An American in the noblest sense, he felt that the time had come in which our liberties could be maintained only in the same way that they were won. "To-morrow," said his friend, "we shall have a proclamation from the President. Then to-morrow," he answered, "I shall enlist." He did so. He had hesitated before there could be no hesitation now. Mother, sisters, brother, farewell! It is God who calls in the voice of my country.

With his brother he marched among the first soldiers from New York in the ranks of the Seventh, dragging a howitzer. The passionate enthusiasm of that departure is best told in his own story of it; and of all those thousand young men who marched in that April sunset with steady step, amidst a tumult of shouts and sobs and prayers and blessings, to an expected immediate battle, he is the first who has met the death which each one of them heroically awaited.

Writing from Camp Cameron early in May to the same friend, he says: "I wish to enroll myself at once in the police of the nation, and for life, if the nation will take me. I do not see that I can put myself—experience and character—to any more useful use." In this spirit he acted, and such was his evident ability that in a month he was aid and military secretary to General Butler, and held at his disposal a first Lieutenancy in the army. The success of his paper in the Atlantic, and his ardor and advance in military life, indicated to his friends that his public career was opening just as he would have it. To him the cause to which he gave himself was that of mankind, and was worth all it might cost.

"Follow-soldier," he writes again, "what do you think now of the necessity of our trade? It seems that the world can not do without us. It is shabby that mankind will not keep the peace and be decent. Did you suppose, in the epoch gone by, that your beloved country was civilized? The success of that at arms was obsolete. And well! perhaps—perhaps we are now assisting at the dying agonies of Belloona."

Again he says: "As to the threatened guerrilla warfare, have no fear of it. The Virginians are not Spaniards or Swiss. They are not united, and they have their slaves always in the rear. Guerrilla warfare is nearly impossible in a country like this. There are no Pyrenees or Alps to defend. Our flankers and skirmishers will take care of all the fellows behind fences. A few burned villages, a dozen guerrillas hung, one scouring skirmish or battle will pacify a wide State. Under the discipline and esprit du corps of a regiment or an army the South may fight; but they will not have moral conviction enough to risk their separate lives except in assassinations, and those a few sharp examples will terminate. We heard their threats at Annapolis. We heard also the pitiful plaints of the timid who believed the threats. No, if we are patient and well led, we shall do our work without much massacre."

In the same letter he adds, in the most characteristic strain: "I have fun. I get experience. I see much. It pays. Ah yes! But in these fair days of May I miss my Staten Island. War stirs the pulse; but it wounds a little all the time."

A few hours before the expedition left Fort Monroe he wrote: "If I do not come back, give my dearest love to all." So, also, by a sad and curious coincidence, the last words of his paper in the unpublished number of the Atlantic—words whose significance no one more fully apprehended than he—are "Good-by, every body!"

The expedition left Fort Monroe and the camps at midnight on Sunday, June 9. Adjutant Schaffner of the Seventh (volunteers) says:

"I made a reconnaissance with Major Winthrop about 12 o'clock in the day, and can testify to his bravery and daring. He was very much exhausted, having wanted for sleep, food, and water, and the day had turned out very hot. We stuck our heads out of some bushes, and in-

stantly there was a perfect shower of balls rained upon us, which compelled us to withdraw a few paces. Major Winthrop hid himself behind a tree, saying if he could only sleep for five minutes he would be all right. He remarked, as he hid this, that he was going to see the inside of that trench before he went back to the fortress—his manner being that of cool, ordinary conversation. He immediately disappeared, and did not reappear throughout the whole engagement, up to the time when he received his death-wound, which happened by the side of Lieutenant Merring, Company E, who remained with him, and cared for him until life had fled. He was shot in the side."

Another says:

"The gallantry of Major Winthrop is the subject of universal admiration with both the Federal and the rebel forces. The rebel emissaries in the pits before the Bethel battery state that they several times took deliberate aim at him, as he was all the time conspicuous at the head of the advancing Federal troops, loudly cheering them on to the assault."

Eighty-six years ago, on the day on which these words are written, Joseph Warren fell, "last in the trenches," upon Bunker Hill. He gave gladly his heart's-blood to gain the peace of Liberty for his country. Not less gladly fell Theodore Winthrop to secure that holy peace; nor with less honor be his name remembered. Farewell, brave heart! Farewell, manly soul! By such sharp pangs is the nation born again. In blood so costly are her sins washed away!

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

The next question is, What will Congress do? It is very clear what should be done. The amplest authority should be given to the Administration to carry on a vigorous and overwhelming campaign. Either that, or the Slave-conspiracy should be acknowledged.

There has been some feeble talk of what is called compromise. Compromise what? An incendiary is trying to fire your house in which your family is sleeping, and you have him within range of your rifle. He proposes compromise. If you will let him steal quietly away with his weapons and matches, he will agree for the moment not to kindle your house. No, no. For that reckless and cruel assassin there is but one compromise. You will shoot him as he crouches, or hand him over to justice. In either case his doom is sure.

For this cruel and cowardly rebellion, which began in perjury and robbery and is continued in desperation, there can be, and there will be, no other compromise than absolute surrender, and then the course of justice.

A great nation is peacefully pursuing its career. Under a Constitution of singular wisdom and adaptability to every event, its flag is every where respected; its name is the synonym of power; its people enjoy a general well-being unprecedented in history; its position secures it from the contagion of other national troubles; by the quiet operation of its laws it is gradually eliminating the defects of its own system; so that, in the lapse of a few years, every man should be secured in the enjoyment of every right that God gave or society can protect; when, suddenly, without the pretense that any law or right has been violated, that any injury has been done to the person or the property of the citizens, a large body of people, led by men who, sitting in the seats of lawful authority, have conspired its overthrow, because they have lost the personal control, appear in arms against the Government. They steal its property, its ships, arsenals, mints, hospitals, navy-yards, and forts; they fire upon its flag; they murder its loyal citizens; they send emissaries to corrupt the opinion of other nations; they blight the national prosperity; they impoverish the individual citizen; they cover the name of the country with doubt and disgrace; they aim, by overthrowing the Government, to subvert the foundations of all peaceful society; they cruelly destroy private happiness and public peace, and intentionally plunge the land into the bitter, bloody horrors of war, and then, when the nation, springing from its paralysis of consternation and incredulity, rouses itself, obedient to the tremendous impulse which thrills from its Atlantic to its Pacific shores, starting the whole frame into a majesty of wrath and power, raises its hand to cleave the barbarous, wanton, wicked conspiracy asunder, the leaders, both outside and inside its camp, begin to suggest compromise.

If any word justly stinks in the nostrils of this nation, it is the word Compromise. Because it is a principle of human action, founded in common sense, that we must do what we can, not what we would, it seems to be assumed that we must do nothing at all. The principle of doing what you can is perfectly correct; and the thing we can do at present is to suppress this rebellion. And that is the thing we ought to do, in simple justice to ourselves and to posterity. For what is there to compromise? Is the obedience of the citizens of the United States to the Government a question of compromise? The moment the Government treats with traitors it surrenders to treason and subverts itself.

And with what and whom will you compromise? With the faction that carried the Missouri bargain under the pretense of peace? Do you say the bargain would have kept the peace if it had not been broken? But what was it broken? Because there was no faith on the side which had derived all the advantages from it. And it is precisely that side—which holds, in regard to the Free States of this country, the doctrine of Philip Second toward the Netherlands, *No faith with heretics*—which now begins to whisper compromise.

The slave oligarchy which contends for the control of this Government against the mass of the free citizens, and which takes up arms to recapture that control when it lawfully loses it, has always carried its point under the mask of compromise. When the Missouri bill was passed, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, sadly conceded that the oligarchy had conquered. William Pinkney wrote exultingly home in the same strain. The oligarchy politely bowed, and called victory compromise.

And they have always done it. Compromise,

in the history of the United States, means in the Slave States victory, and in the Free States surrender. What has been the object of this kind of compromising? To prevent the slave oligarchy from taking up arms to dissolve the Union. But they have done it. They are armed now, and moving. They have spit upon the flag. They have murdered our loyal brothers. They have been the sore spot and canker ever since we were a nation. They have humiliated us abroad. They have disgraced us at home. They now ask us to surrender again. For what? To buy them off from doing the very thing they are engaged in. To allow them to hold the threat of disunion as a permanent terror over the Government.

Is there any man in the country who wants more of this? No. The oligarchy has always threatened rebellion; and under the fear of that threat the nation was well-nigh demoralized. It has always threatened, and now it is acting. Let us settle the question at once and forever. Let us prove the scope of the threat. Let us understand whether the Government of this nation exists by the sufferance of any faction in the country, or whether it is able to crush treason and punish traitors.

ADAMS AND CALHOUN.

In Josiah Quincy's "Memoir of John Quincy Adams" there is a great deal of most interesting detail of conversations between Calhoun and Adams which have a singular pertinence to this epoch.

One day, during the debate upon the Missouri bill, Mr. Calhoun remarked to Mr. Adams that he did not think the slave question, then pending in Congress, would produce a dissolution of the Union; but if it should, the South would, from necessity, be compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain. Mr. Adams asked if that would not be returning to the old colonial state. Calhoun said, "Yes, pretty much; but it would be forced upon them."

Mr. Adams inquired whether he thought if, by the effect of this alliance, the population of the North should be cut off from its natural outlet upon the ocean, it would fall back upon its rocks, bound hand and foot, to starve; or whether it would retain its power of locomotion to move Southward by land.

Mr. Calhoun replied that in the latter event it would be necessary for the South to make their communities all military.

Mr. Adams pressed the conversation no further, but remarked, "If the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as any thing that can be foreseen of futurity that it must shortly afterward be followed by a universal emancipation of the slaves. A more remote, but perhaps not less certain consequence would be the extirpation of the African race from this continent by the gradually bleaching process of intermixture, where the white is already so predominant, and by the destructive process of emancipation, which, like all great religious and political reformations, is terrible in its means, though happy and glorious in its end."

ANOTHER VOICE.

In a time like this every man who has the opportunity of speaking to the public is recreant if he does not swell the universal and indignant chorus which demands that the costly lives of American citizens shall not be sacrificed to the criminal blunders of imbecile commanders. The Government is no more justified in appointing city politicians and country lawyers to high military commands than it would be in sending lieutenants and captains of the regular army to argue abstruse legal cases before the courts. War is a science. It is not a question of personal bravery, but of strategic skill. It is a science which, like every other, is to be mastered only by devoted study; and lawyers and politicians are no more likely to be adepts in it than chemists or tailors.

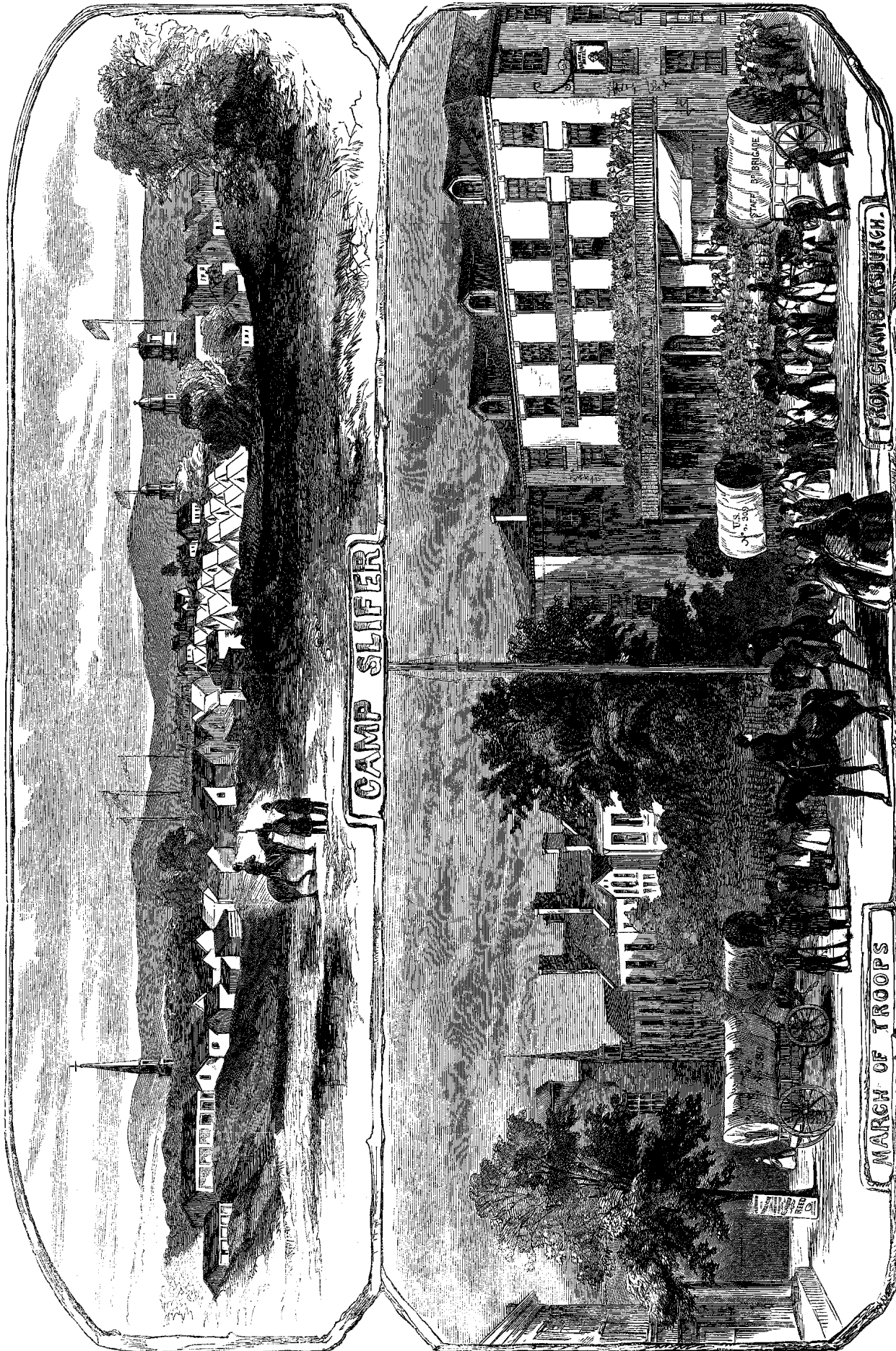
Look at the case. Here is a formidable rebellion organized against the Government. It is in the hands of men who have controlled that Government for many years. It is the wisest, first of all, a military despotism. It silences the press. It seals every opposing mouth. It is encamped upon a vast territory, and has stolen the most valuable military property and advantages from the United States. It appoints to important commands only experienced soldiers. Brigand-General Floyd may call for arms in obscure quarters; but Beauregard and able officers direct the essential movements in critical positions. The conspiracy works silently and secretly and swiftly. Its sole hope of temporary success lies in the bold dash it may make; and instead of confronting it upon the Florida Keys or the remote Gulf shore, the Government of the United States is entrenched before its own capital, disputing its very seat upon the Potomac with the rebels.

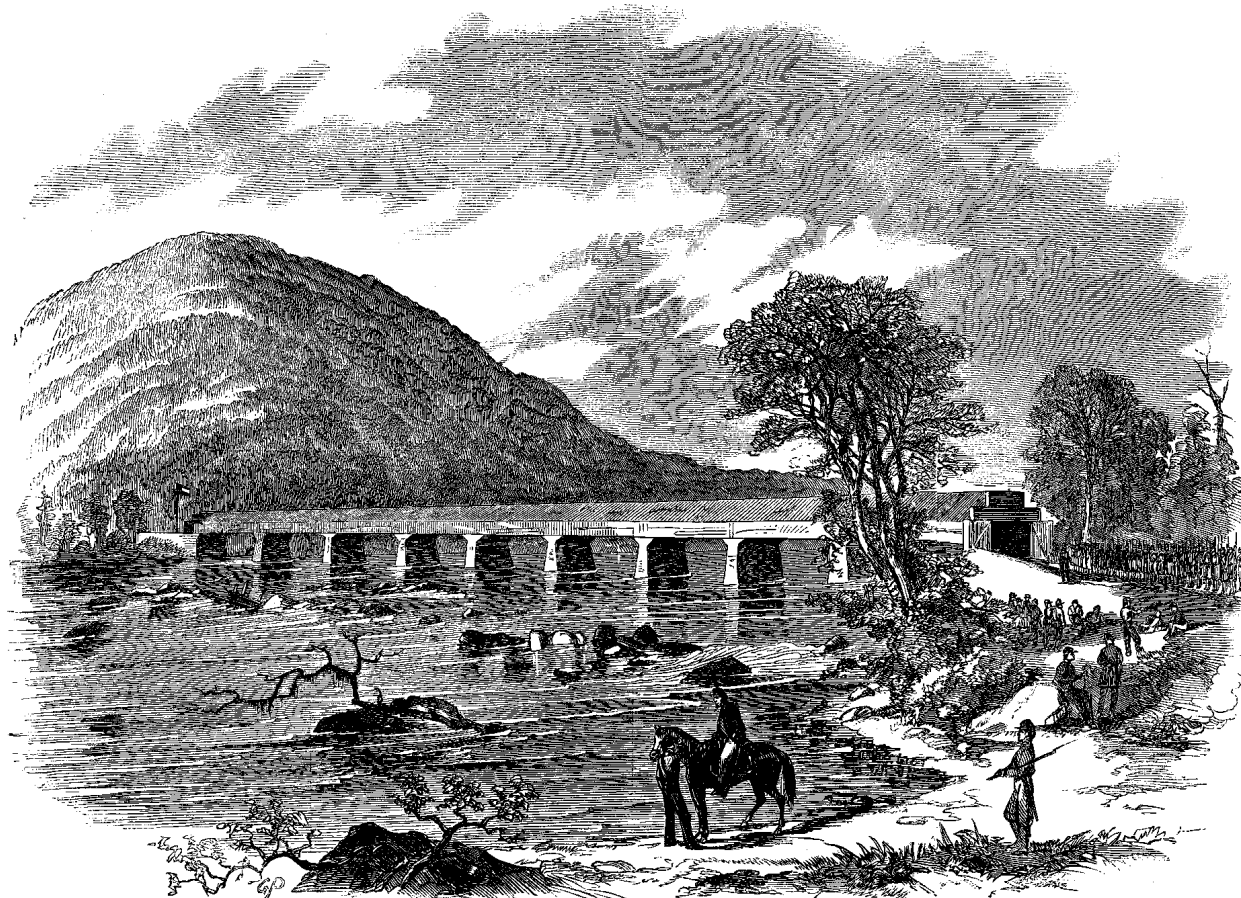
That Government, to insure speedily the victory which it must finally achieve, requires only three conditions—and it has them all at command—

- First, It wants plenty of money;
- Second, Plenty of men;
- Third, Plenty of skilled leaders.

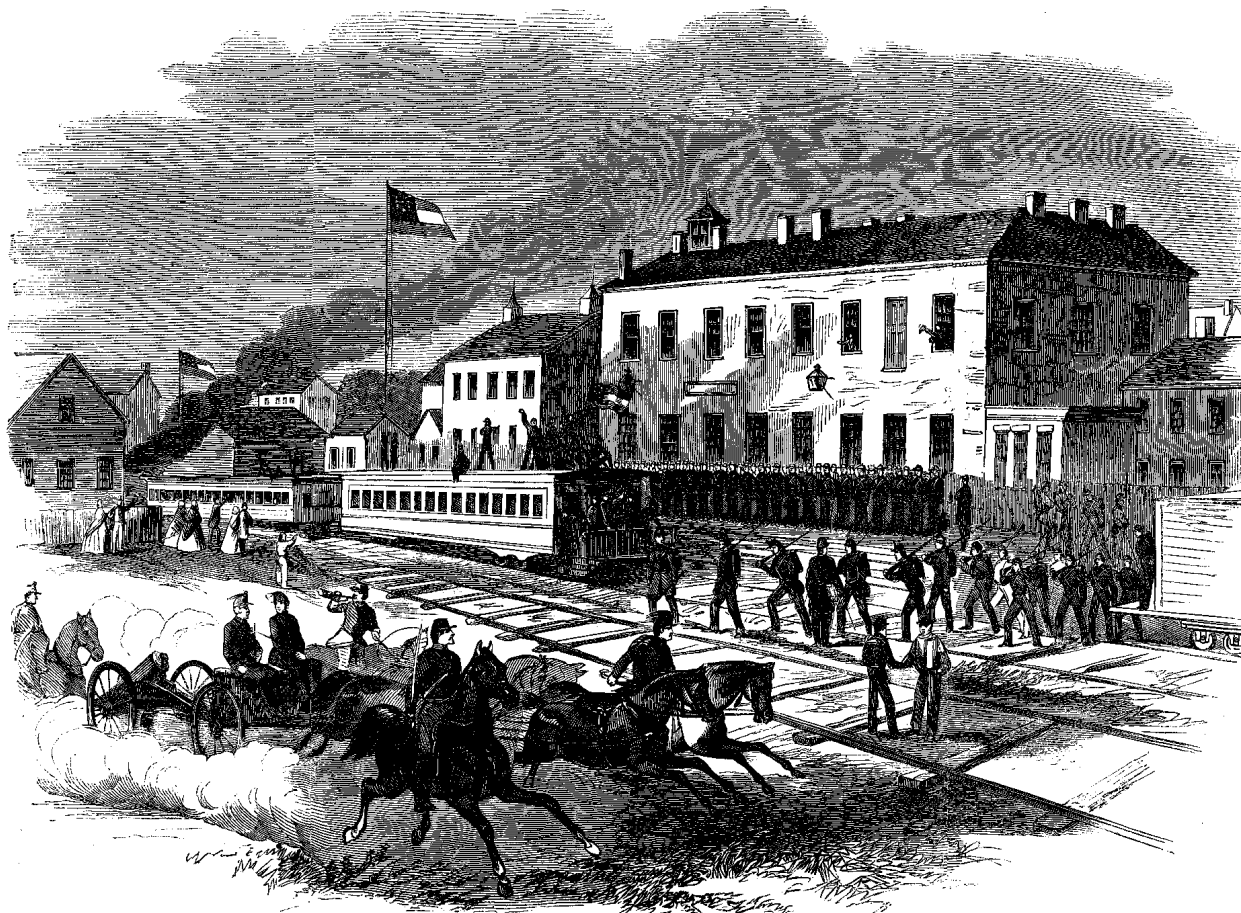
It has all of them, if it chooses. If three hundred thousand men are wanted, they are ready and anxious to march. If more money is wanted, people will be pinched, but it shall be had. And for leaders, there is not a second lieutenant in the army who would not have gone out and hung himself had he commanded at Great Bethel.

It is true that our Government depends upon volunteers. But then volunteers are our army; the army with which we must carry on war; and war is still a science. If, therefore, the volunteer officers are unacquainted with it, skilled officers must be substituted before the army is allowed to go into action. Otherwise the army is demoralized, and defeated before the battle begins. What man hereafter could do his best under the unfortunate General Pierce? But hereafter every inexperienced civilian is a General Pierce to his soldiers. A man may be intelligent, energetic,





LEESBURG BRIDGE, ON THE POTOMAC, BELOW HARPER'S FERRY, LATELY HELD BY THE VIRGINIANS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]



REBEL TROOPS ARRIVING AT AND DEPARTING FROM MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 406.]



WHIPPING-POST ON THE PREMISES OF MR. WELSH, BY NEWPORT NEWS, VA. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY LEAVING CHAMBERSBURG.

We have received from our Special Artist attached to the staff of General Williams the sketches which are published on page 404. They represent CAMP SLIFER, near Chambersburg, where most of General Patterson's army was assembled before the march; and the DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE (Colonel Thomas, U.S.A., Commanding) of General Patterson's army from Chambersburg on 7th inst. The Chambersburg Repository of 8th thus describes their departure:

Yesterday morning about eight o'clock a considerable number of the soldiers who were quartered here took up

the line of march for the South. The following, as well as we could ascertain, were those who left: Four companies of Cavalry, regulars, well mounted, and the first City Troop of Horse, of Philadelphia; two companies of artillery, acting as infantry; and two companies of regular infantry—the four last named under Captain Doubleday, of Fort Sumter; the 6th Regiment, Colonel Noyes; the 21st Regiment, Col. Baller; the 25d Regiment, Colonel Davis; and Captain McMullin's Independent Rangers—the whole forming the first brigade, and are commanded by Colonel Thomas, of the regular army.

Their appearance was excellent; their marching of the best order; and their carriage such as to assure all who witnessed their movements—and they were thousands, for every available spot was occupied by our people—that they were perfectly able to endure the fatigues of a long march. This brigade, being the first, will lead off in the column that is shortly to take place, and their movements are watched by an eager community with deep interest.

REBEL ARMY AT HARPER'S FERRY.

An enterprising correspondent has sent us sketches from which we have prepared the illustrations on page

405, representing the LEESBURG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, and the ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA. Leesburg Bridge crosses the Potomac River 13 miles below Harper's Ferry, connecting Maryland with Loudon County, Virginia, and is distant about 20 miles from the town of Leesburg. The river at this point is a quarter of a mile wide, and flows over a very rocky bed. The high land seen on the Virginia side is Bull Run Mountain, from the top of which a splendid view of the surrounding country is obtained. This position is at present held by about 2000 Secession troops, encamped on the Virginia side, with strong pickets thrown out for some distance along the Maryland shore.

A description of Martinsburg is hardly necessary. It is one of the principal stations on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 100 miles from Baltimore and 19 miles beyond Harper's Ferry. Our correspondent says he doesn't know how many troops are stationed there now; the greater portion of them were sent down to Harper's Ferry some days ago. This view was taken from opposite the Railroad Hotel, where the cars stop, looking east toward Baltimore.

THE PRIVATEER "SAVANNAH."

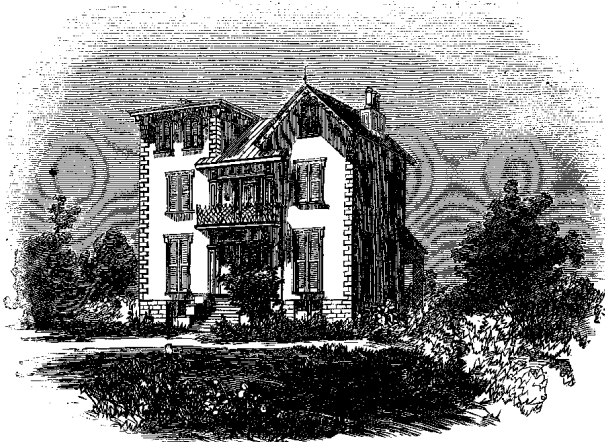
We publish on page 413 a picture of the Savannah, a Charleston privateer, taken into the port of New York last week, under charge of a prize crew from the United States brig Perry. The following account of her cruise and capture was given by one of the officers of the Perry:

The Savannah was fitted out as a privateer in Charleston. She was provided with a crew of twenty men. Two or three days previous to their falling into the hands of the Federal Government, the Joseph, of Rockland, loaded with sugar from Carlenna, Cuba, was fallen in with and captured. The captain of the Joseph was taken on board the privateer, and received the worst treatment. He was refused any of his property, and then stripped almost naked

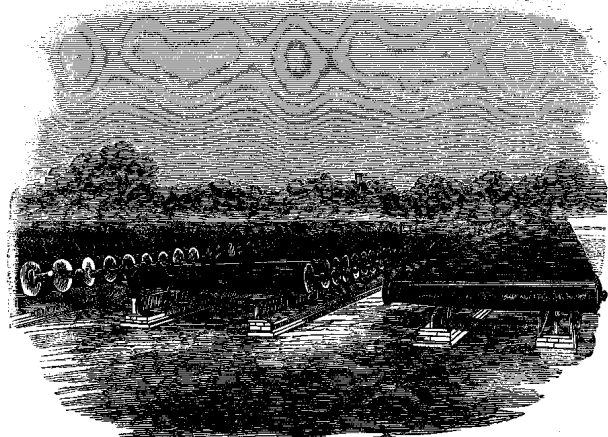
of the apparel which he had on. The privateer put eight men of her crew on board the prize, and transferred the crew of the Joseph to her own deck. The Savannah then left the prize vessel, giving orders to those on board to put into the nearest port belonging to the Confederate States. The Joseph soon after succeeded in reaching Georgetown, South Carolina. The Savannah accompanied them almost to Georgetown.

After the privateer saw her prize safely ensconced in Georgetown, she put out in quest of some further material to practice upon in the way of merchant vessels, and happened to perceive the brig Perry in the distance, which she mistook for a merchantman, as she had her ports closed in order to deceive the advancing enemy. The Savannah pushed boldly forward to the attack, thinking that she had an easy prey, but when almost within shot distance she discovered that she had got into the clutches of one of Uncle Sam's ambassadors, and immediately the chase was quite exciting. When the vessels came within range of each other's guns, a simultaneous fire was opened by both crafts, but no person was injured on either side. The shots of the Savannah had no effect whatever, they flying far above the bows of the ship, and taking every imaginable course but the right one, while on the contrary the attack of the United States vessel produced some havoc in the rigging of the enemy, two shots passing completely through her foremast and cutting away some of her ropes.

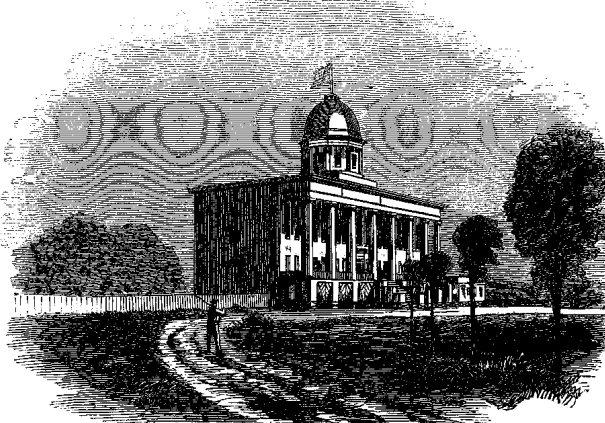
The Savannah at last gave up, seeing no possible chance of escape, and was immediately boarded by the crew of the Perry. The naval officers at once rushed down into the cabin, and secured the papers, etc. No resistance was



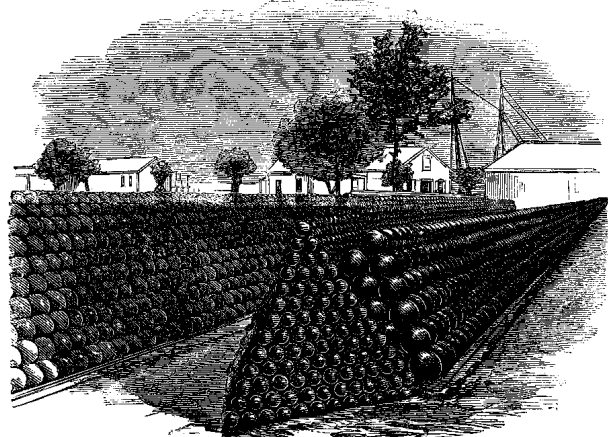
JOHN TYLER'S RESIDENCE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



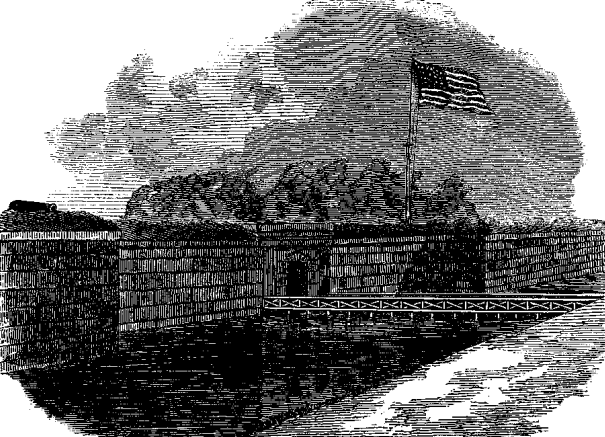
GUN-YARD UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



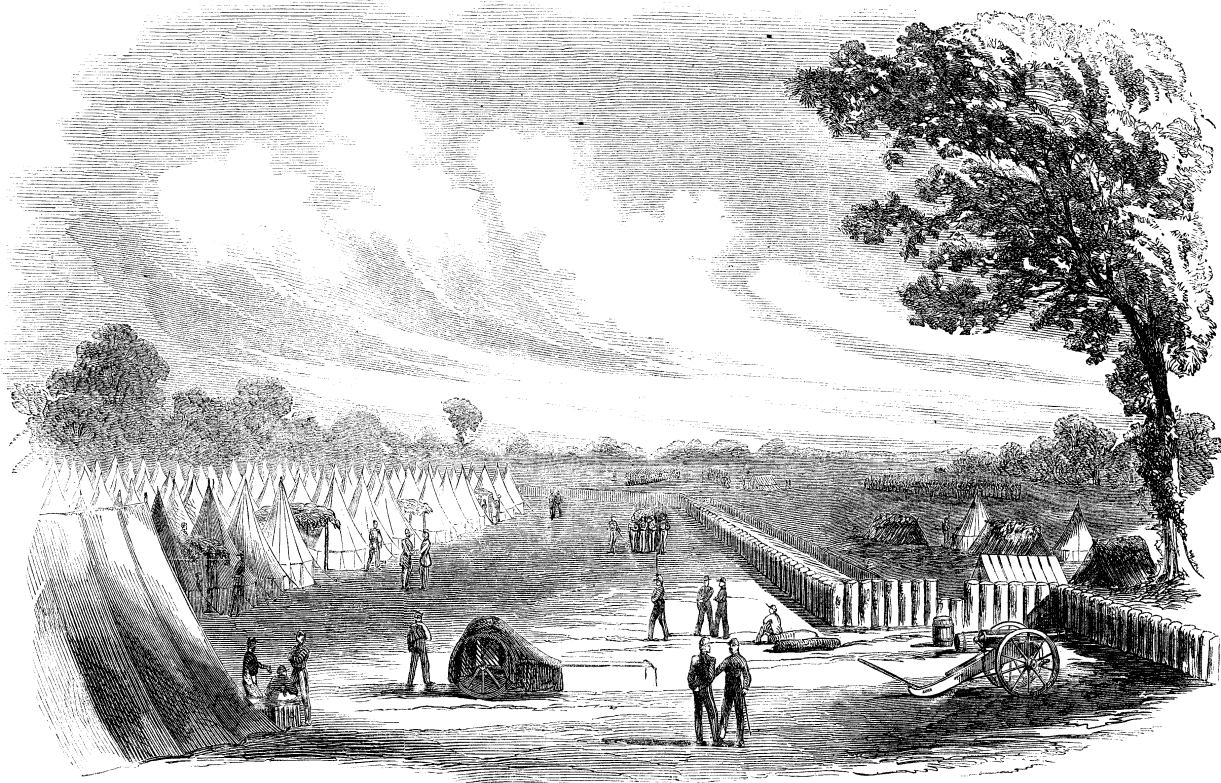
CHESAPEAKE PESALE COLLEGE—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. HERRICK.—PHOTO BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



SHOT AND SHELL HEAPED UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTO BY STACY.—[SEE P. 413.]



THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



CAMP OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT, NEWPORT NEWS, WITH STOCKADE AND EMBANKMENT.—SKETCHED BY SURGEON SANFORD.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

made by the pirates, as they believed "discretion to be the better part of valor." The crew were then all taken prisoners and brought on board, from whence they were transferred to the war vessel *Monitor*, lying off Charleston bar. A prize crew of seven was then detailed for the privateer, and she was sent on to this city under charge of the Master's Mate, M^r Cook.

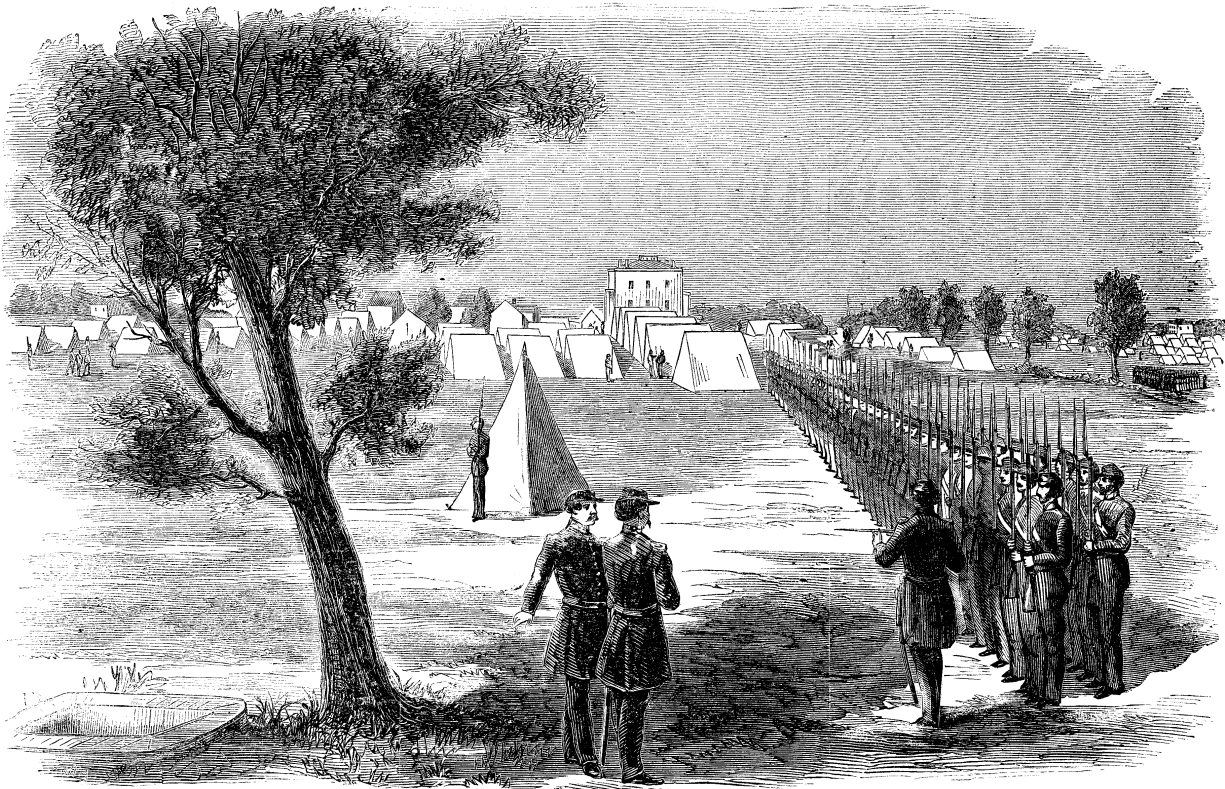
RIFLE PIT FOR SENTINELS.

One of our artists sends us the sketch on page 413, with the following by way of explanation: The practice of shooting down sentries has been denounced by all civilized nations as ultra barbarism—even

strong outposts remain undisturbed by enemies in war, on the humane and soldierly principle that such insignificant atoms of armies, tied, as it were, to their posts by the necessities of their position, serve no other end but useless murder by their destruction; hence the sentry is nearly as safe as the ambassador. But an organized band of murderers, we hear, well acquainted with every cow-path and covert approach between Fairfax Court House and Alexandria, propose to shoot our men, Indian fashion, in detail. And under our present system of placing sentries, I confess, a crawling coward has the advantage of his upright foe. No cover can screen him from the assassin's bullet, no random fire avenge him, under existing practice in our service, especially at night. But I wish to draw your attention to a very simple plan to circumvent the provokers, which the writer has seen practiced with complete success, and which I endeavor to illustrate in this night picture. If you place a sentry on an open plain he is a fair mark

from the nearest rock or copple; if near such rascals, or in a wood, he is sure to perish; but place him in a pit (the work of a few spades for half an hour) deep enough to involve him to the chin, and I will answer for his safety and efficiency! I do not mean a common rifle pit, for there the earth taken out is thrown up toward your foe, and your eye is consequently some distance above the level of the earth. Nor do I mean a *front-de-loop* to entrap an incautious foe. But a simple pit, in shape like the letter T, of any size as to space, but about five feet in depth, and the removed earth either taken away or carefully distributed so as not to interfere with the surrounding level. The effect of position, indeed the science of seeing, is very little understood; and this is one result. A kind of haze appears to ascend from the earth, spreading around every object on its surface an indescribable glow, and the darker the tree-tops the more perfect the luminousness.

But the eye must be on a level with the earth, and some time accustomed to the natural darkness, as in the case of sentries. I should be glad if our soldiers, who have to civilize the chivalry, would give this fact a fair chance; it would save some valuable lives to the patriots, and be a mysterious stronghold against any number of assassins. The best riflemen in Europe, the Sardinian Bersaglieri, have adopted this plan, and actually "go to earth" even on a reconnoissance, as at Kamarg and Bistard. I have tried to give you a night view of the pit and its occupant, the ground in front, and a dark forest in the distance, with the luminous effect surrounding the crawling figure near the tree on the left of the sentry, without any attempt at making an effective picture, and with only enough of exaggeration to define my recollection. I knew you will give the suggestion a place in your valuable newspaper.



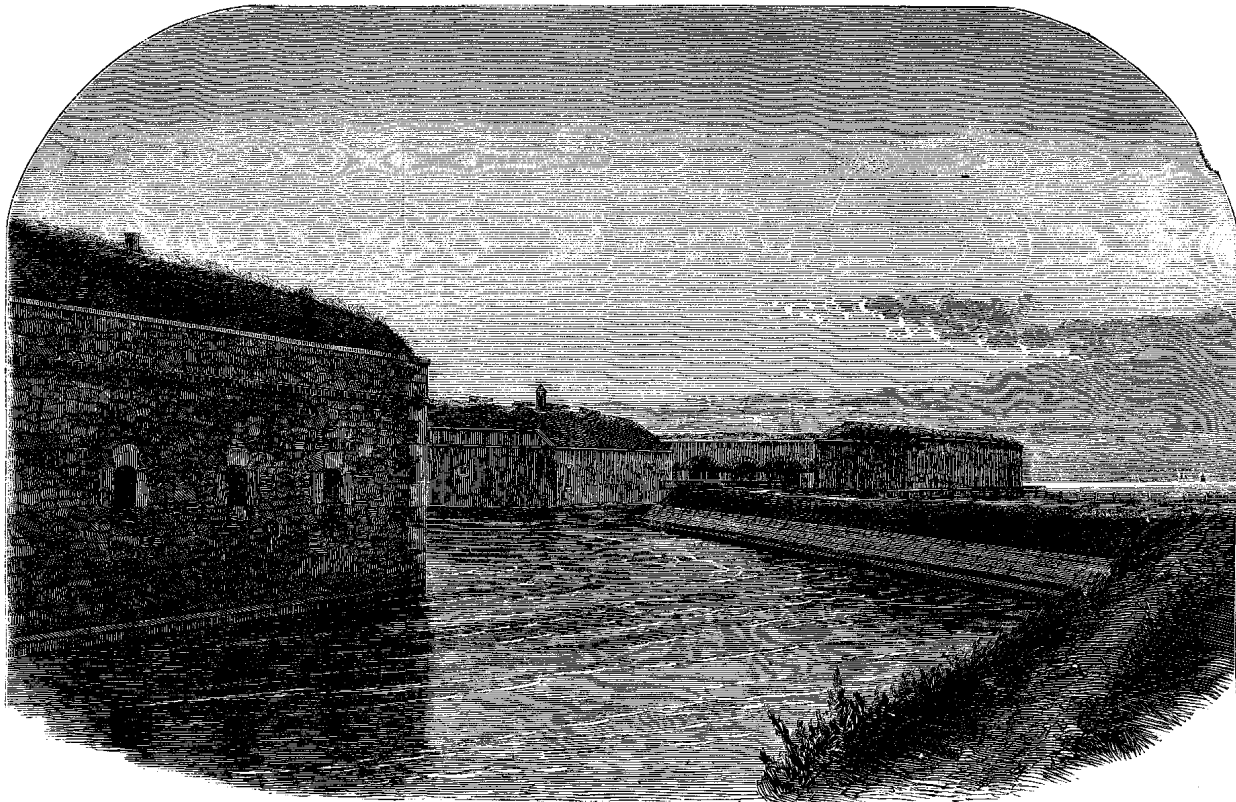
CAMP OF FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL ALLEN, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WHO WAS PRESENT THROUGHOUT THE FIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 418.]

CHARGE OF DUMYERS ZOUAVES (FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS) AT THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—[SEE PAGE 413.]





MOAT AND SEAWARD FACE OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY AT CAIRO.

We continue our series of engravings of our army at Cairo with three illustrations on page 411; to wit, two of the BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE, and a third representing the LANDING OF THE FOURTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT CAIRO. All three are from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Shuplot.

The batteries speak for themselves, and need no explanation. The Fourth, Colonel Cook, and the Twelfth, Colonel M'Arthur, were conveyed to Cairo in the *City of Alton* and *Louisiana* steamers,

and made a very fine appearance. Our correspondent writes us as follows about the camp at Cairo, under date of June 9:

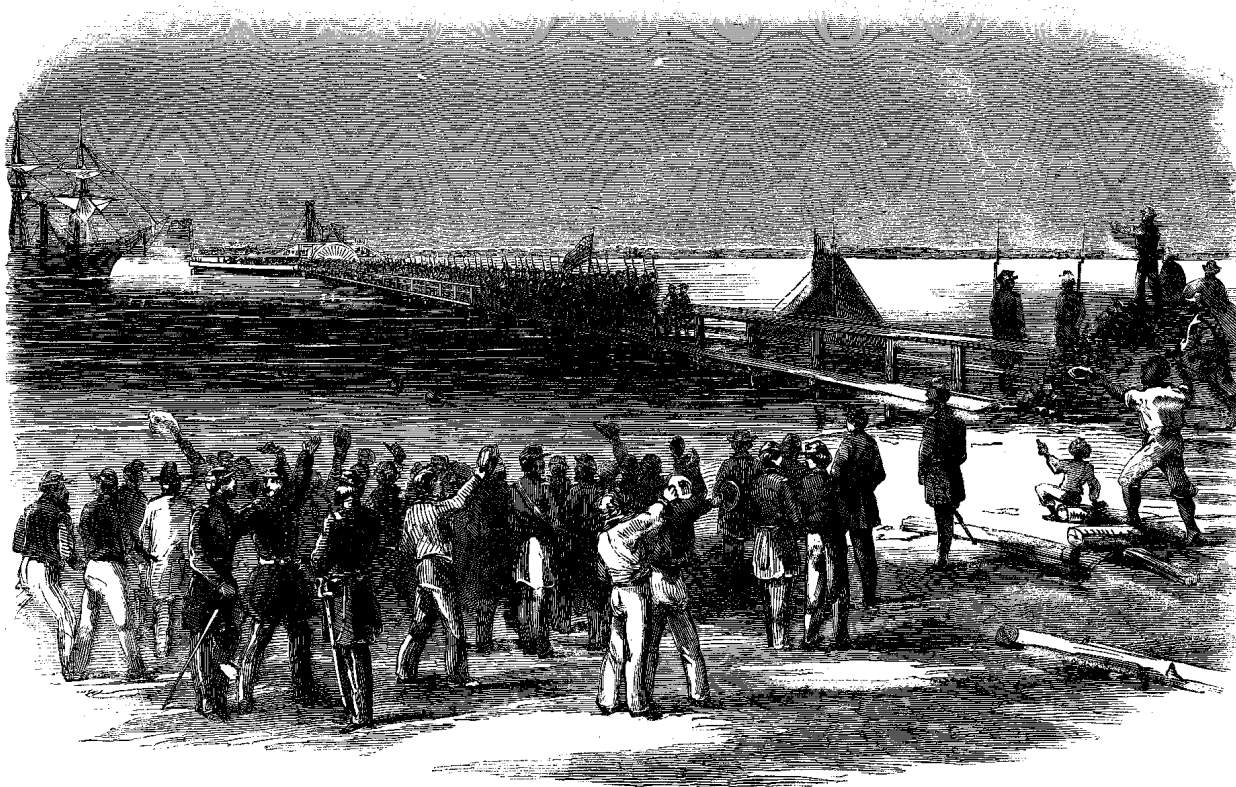
There are now about 8000 men in and about Cairo and Big's Point. Some 5000 are in barracks at the Point, which has been named Camp Bellaire, and lately have been busily employed in removing obstructions and erecting substantial fortifications. All their heavy cannons are now mounted and apparently ready for mischief. Directly above them, near the Mississippi levee, the Seventh and Twelfth regiments are encamped, and still above them is Camp Barker, an encampment of cavalry; Camp Houghtling, and Camp Smith, light artillery. The last three have romantic locations, being fairly embowered in trees, rendered musical by the deliciously-tuned voices of birds

and myriads of mosquitoes. Above the city, on the Ohio levee, is an encampment of light artillery under Captain M'Allister. A company of light artillery from Chicago, under command of Captain Taylor, are quartered at the Illinois Central Railroad Freight Depot. They brought down with them quite a number of cannon, which are now displaying their teeth from the river front of the building. At various points on the Illinois Central Railroad there are several regiments encamped, and so easy of access that, should circumstances require, the farthest could be brought to this point in a day. The programme set forth a few days since, that an army of 80,000 would be concentrated here, seems apparently about to be realized. Within the last week between 3000 and 4000 men have arrived here, and several thousand, I understand, are expected this coming week.

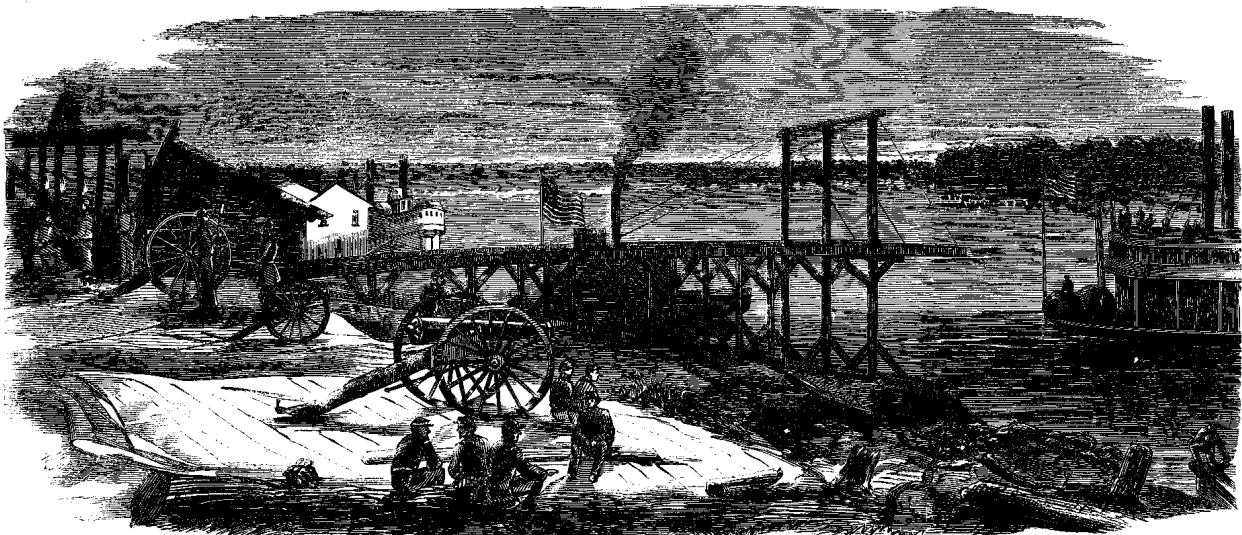
How General Prentiss manages traitors the following anecdote will tell:

A company belonging to General Prentiss's command captured part of an organized band of rebels, and brought them into camp. General Prentiss asked them if they would take the oath, when three consented to do so, and seventeen refused. The General then rose in the presence of the whole party, and addressed them as follows:

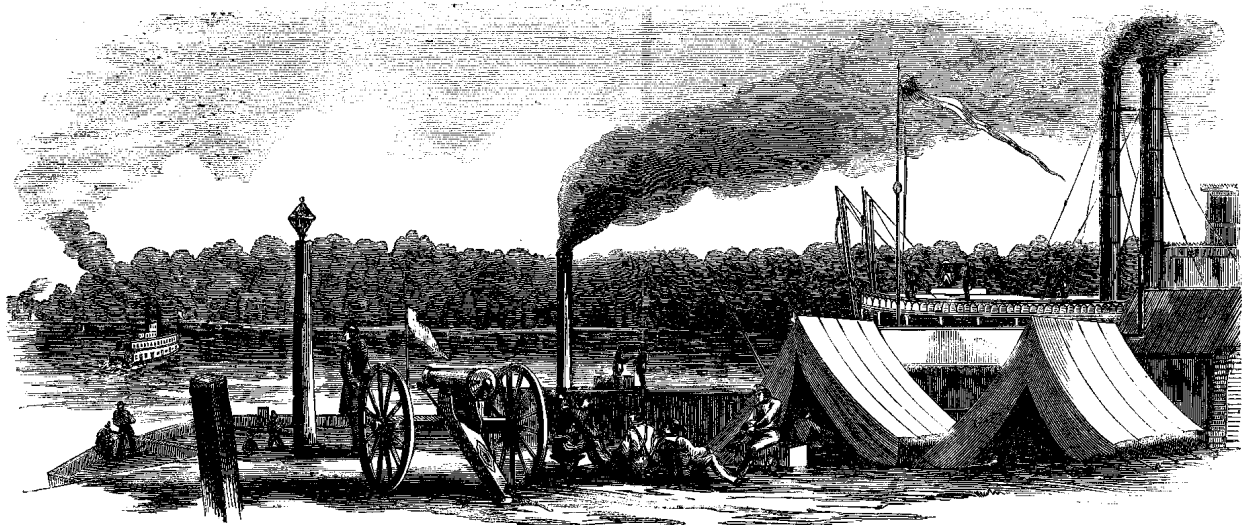
"Go home," said he to the three loyal ones, "raise tomorrow morning the flag of the Union, of your country; load up your weapons and shoot the first man that tries to pull it down. As for these traitors they will be set tomorrow to work wheeling dirt, and shall be kept at it until I get the balance of the witnesses; then I shall send them to St. Louis to be tried for treason."



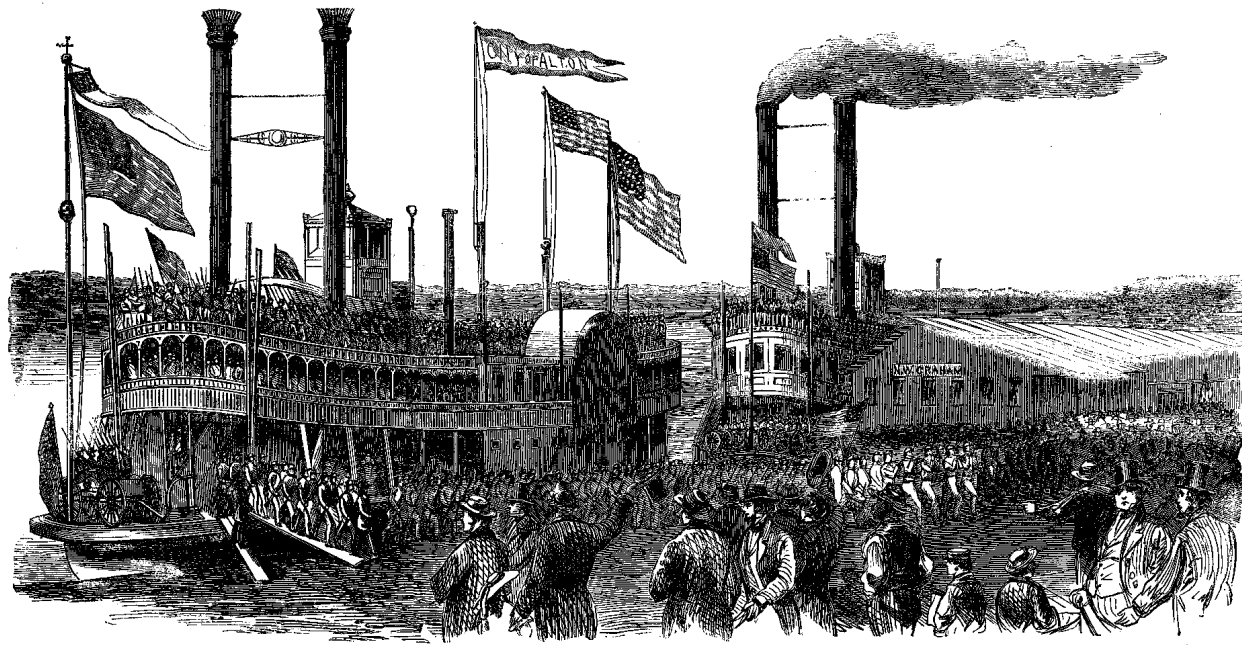
LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD AT NEWPORT NEWS, AT 7 A.M. ON JUNE 7.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



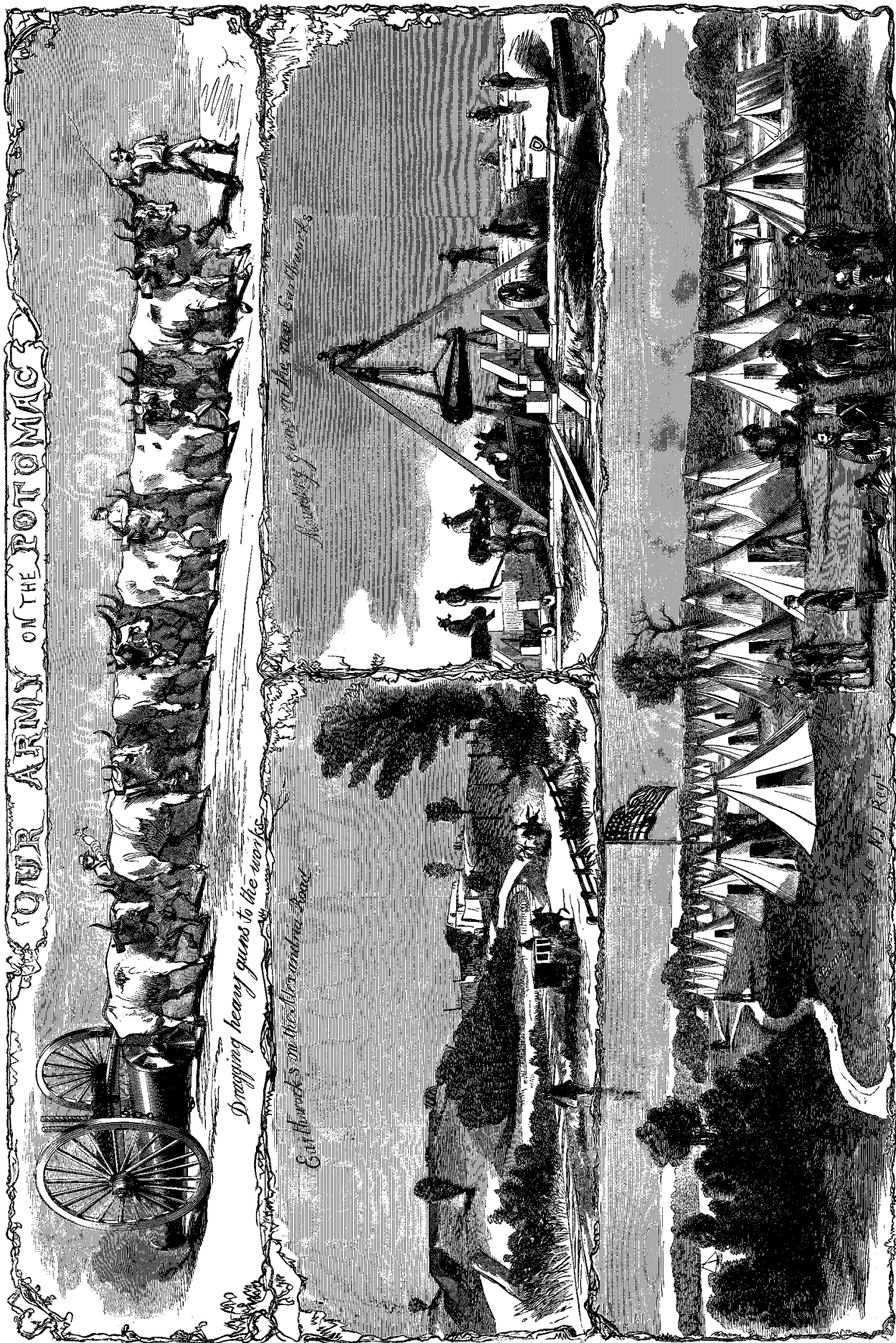
BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE AT CAIRO.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



BATTERY ON THE OHIO LEVEE, USED FOR ORDERING STEAMERS TO.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



LANDING OF THE SEVENTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS AT CAIRO, JUNE 4, 1861.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC

Dragging heavy guns to the works

Exit Howard's and the Alexandria force

Assembly ground in front of the works

Up to Key



THE LATE LIEUTENANT GREBLE, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLARD.]

THE LATE LIEUT. GREBLE, U.S.A.

We publish herewith a portrait of this gallant young hero, from a photograph kindly furnished by his family. The Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following sketch of his life:

Lieutenant John T. Greble was a native of Philadelphia, and was the son of Edwin Greble, Esq. He passed examination in the Kingsold Grammar School at the age of twelve, as a candidate for the High School, at which latter institution he graduated at the age of sixteen. From the High School Mr. Greble went, under the nomination of the Hon. Lewis C. Levin, to the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated high in his class on the 1st of July, 1854, taking his place in the army as brevet Second Lieutenant. In September of the same year he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, and was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy on the 23d of March, 1857.

After receiving his first commission, Lieutenant Greble was stationed for a few months at Newport Barracks, but was soon called to active service in Florida, to aid in protecting the inhabitants of that State from the depredations and murders of the much dreaded band of Seminoles under Billy Bowlegs. He served several years in this war, remaining until his regiment came home. His next service was upon the Academic Staff at West Point, as one of the Professors. In October, 1859, he was ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he was stationed until the 25th of May, 1861, at which time he went with his artillery command to the advanced post at Newport News.

The end termination of his brief but promising military career is told in the sorrowful intelligence made public yesterday. He was born in January, 1834, and was killed while gallantly leading his command in battle, on the morning of June 10, 1861, aged twenty-seven years. The particulars of this engagement show that the United States troops while advancing on Great Bethel were attacked by a masked rebel battery of forty rifled cannon, and that Lieutenant Greble was consequently ordered to bring up his guns. This movement he effected with great promptitude, and fired a number of shots, but without effect, in consequence of the commanding position of the enemy. A retreat was therefore rendered necessary. In making arrangements for the withdrawal of his guns, Lieutenant Greble was struck on the forehead and killed instantly. As an officer he bore the highest character. He was every inch a thorough-bred American soldier—skilled, brave, active, and efficient. In private life he was a gifted and accomplished gentleman, and every where he was beloved and esteemed.

OUR ARMY AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL, and the movements of our army at and near Fortress Mon-

roe. On page 408 we publish, from a sketch by our Special Artist, who was present throughout the fight, a general view of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL; and on page 409 a fine picture of the CHANGE OF DURVEE'S ZOUAVES upon the rebel battery. On page 406 we give pictures of the GUN-YARD AT FORTRESS MONROE, the ROWS OF SHOT AND SHELL piled up ready for use at that work; JOHN TYLER'S HOUSE, now occupied by Federal troops; THE FEMALE COLLEGE, also occupied by our troops—all from photographs by Mr. Stacy; the ENTRANCE TO THE FORT, and a WHIPPING-POST on an estate near the Fort, from sketches by our Special Artist. On page 407 we give a view of the CAMP OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT AT NEWPORT NEWS, from a sketch by Surgeon Sanborn of that Regiment; and a picture of COLONEL ALLEN'S CAMP, at the same place, from a sketch by our Special Artist. On page 410 we present a view of one of the faces of Fortress Monroe, showing the GRACES AND DRUM, from a photograph by Mr. Stacy; and a picture of the LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD at Newport News on the 7th inst., from a sketch by our Special Artist. On this page we give a picture of a GUN BENT DOUBLE by a cannon-ball.

one of the faces of Fortress Monroe, showing the GRACES AND DRUM, from a photograph by Mr. Stacy; and a picture of the LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD at Newport News on the 7th inst., from a sketch by our Special Artist. On this page we give a picture of a GUN BENT DOUBLE by a cannon-ball in the hands of a United States soldier at the Battle of Great Bethel, from a photograph by W. H. Weaver. The next shot from the same gun took off the man's head.

Of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL the following brief account must suffice at present:

About midnight Colonel Durvee's Zouaves and Colonel Townsend's (Albany) regiment crossed the river at Hampton by means of six large batons, manned by the Naval Brigade, and took up the line of march, the former some two miles in advance of the latter. At the same time Colonel Rendix's regiment, and detachments of the Vermont and Massachusetts regulars at Newport, moved forward to form a junction with the regulars from Fortress Monroe at Little Bethel, about half-way between Hampton and Great Bethel. The Zouaves passed Little Bethel about 4 A.M. Colonel Rendix's regiment arrived next, and took a position at the intersection of the roads. Not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the morning, fired upon Colonel Townsend's column, marching in close order, and led by Lieutenant Butler, son and aid of General Butler, with two pieces of artillery. Other accounts say that Colonel Townsend's regiment fired first. At all events the fire of the Albany regiment was harmless, while that of the Germans was fatal, killing one man and wounding seriously two others, with several other slight casualties. The Albany regiment, being back of the Germans, discovered from the accoutrements left on the field that the supposed enemy was a friend. They had in the mean time fired nine rounds with small-arms and a field-piece.

At daybreak Colonel Allen's and Colonel Carr's regiments moved from the rear of the fortress to support the main body. The mistake at Little Bethel having been ascertained, the buildings were burned, and a Major, with two prominent secessionists, named Livery and Whiting, were made prisoners. The troops then advanced upon Great Bethel. In the following order: namely, the Zouaves, Colonel Rendix, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, Colonel Allen, and Colonel Carr. At that point our regiments formed, and successively endeavored to take a large masked secession battery. The effort was futile, our three small pieces of artillery not being able to cope with the heavy rifled cannon of the enemy, according to some accounts being thirty in number. The rebel battery was completely mowed, so that no men could be seen, but only the flashes of the guns. There were probably less than a thousand men behind the batteries of the rebels.

A well-coordinated movement might have occurred the position; but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the Troy regiment stood for an hour exposed to a galling fire, when an order to retreat was at last given; but

at that moment Lieutenant Greble, of the United States Army, and in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon-ball and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command.

Our artist writes us as follows:

CAMP DR., June 11, 1861. I send you sketches and a diagram of the battle. On Sunday evening I went about three miles on foot on a scouting party. On our return we found our regiment forming into line to attack a rebel battery. I immediately started off again with them. After marching out to Hampton without supper we were halted, and received orders to return to camp, where we arrived at four o'clock A.M. At six o'clock we were again called to take up the line of march. No time for breakfast. We marched through the broiling sun twelve miles to Great Bethel, where we had the fight. I went into the thickest of it. Men were cut down at my side. We lost the battle, through the mismanagement of General Pierce. We were obliged to retreat: many of our men fell off with fatigue and sunstroke. We arrived home in the evening. We had hardly got to sleep when we were again called to arms, as the enemy were moving toward our camp. I have had no sleep since Saturday night.

The rebel battery was manned by about 1500 men, with about thirty pieces of cannon, mostly rifled, and two mortars. The arms these men have are the best quality; the muskets are the rifled musket. I do not think the rebels sufficient in number, and, however, this is a very important respondent of the World has collected all the particulars; his statements will be correct. There were several correspondents here at the time. I was the only artist who went into the action, the others not crossing the creek at Hampton.

A correspondent of the Tribune visited John Tyler's house, and describes it thus:

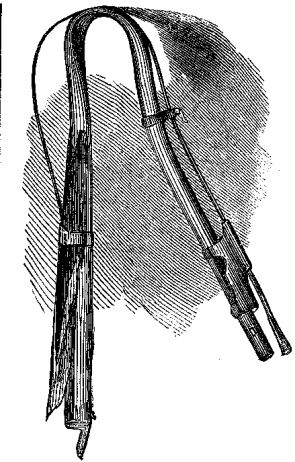
I visited the country-seat of John Tyler, which I found a common sort of half-Gothic affair, standing on Hampton Creek or River, distinguished for nothing particularly interesting or noteworthy, except the fact that it was adorned the highest peak. It is tenantless, except when a Zouave takes lodging on one of the ex-President's comfortable lounges. There are several fine residences in the immediate neighborhood, all of which are either deserted or tenanted after the manner aforesaid.

Of the work at Newport News, shown in the picture of the Vermont Regiment's camp, he says: The vedoubt is a formidable work; stretching across the point of land which makes out and causes the bend in the river, it will afford protection to a large body of men, and would beant to contemplate an increase of the forces now here. The Vermonters, who occupy the centre, appear to have progressed furthest in their labors.

The following private letter from Camp K, dated last week, will doubtless be read with interest:

CAMP BUTLER, NEWPORT NEWS, June 10, 1861.

I went out with a scouting party the other day from Camp Dix, under the command of Captain Bergh. We had forty men. We entered and searched a number of houses belonging to secessionists, captured a lot of cattle, etc. The houses are all deserted, and in most cases they have left their furniture and every thing. We got all the information we could from the niggers. As we approached the house of Mr. J. Watson he was engaged in tying up his chickens, but observing our approach he made off and left every thing. We gave chase, but he succeeded in making his escape by swimming. We posted our men in the house; and the captain, lieutenant, and myself took a two-horse wagon and went further on to the house of Mr. Loper. Coming and Colonel Allen did not think it worth his while to observe our approach, so we took the gentleman prisoner. Here we found several horses, cattle, etc. As our men were engaged in guarding the different houses, we thought it best to send for a reinforcement. I volunteered to go for them, and had a nice little trotting horse hitched up. This is a beautiful country in time of peace, but had in war, as it is a rocky hush and woods; our way lay pretty much through the woods. This was a very dangerous errand for me. I did not seem to realize it at first; but after thinking it over a little, I saw my chances were pretty good to fall into the hands of some of the enemy's scouts, as there are a number of them hid in the woods even within a mile of our camp. It was too late to give up, so I took a nigger with me to show me the road back—for which little piece of service I gave him his freedom. After traveling about a mile I met two secessionists on the road, both armed—one with a sabre, and the other had an old-fashioned piece on his shoulder, the stock ornamented with brass. I did not so much fear them, as I took my pistol in hand, and would have shot the first one that attempted to move his piece. When within about two miles of camp I thought I was gone—in fact, I made up my mind to it. Two armed men, without uniforms, came out of the bushes, followed by fifteen or twenty, and raged themselves along the road. I turned to my nigger. Says I, "It's all over with me." The darkey, who was pale enough to pass for a white man, said, "Jesse, give me the reins; let me turn him, and they can't catch us." It was too late for that; we were not fifteen yards from them. I drew my pistol, and rode up to them and discharged them. They belonged to the Naval Brigade, and had strayed out from camp, which they should not have done, as no one is allowed to pass the picket-guard. I returned with forty more men, and learned from the party we had left that they had seen a party of rebels drilling on the other side of Back River, about three quarters of a mile off—close enough to see their muskets and uniforms. They wore red pants; blue shirts, trimmed with red. We got information from a nigger that there were 250 of them, with three field-pieces, in a church there, and only two hours' travel from Yorktown by the boat. In Yorktown there were about eight hundred rebels under arms. We returned to Watson's house and camped there, and collected our guards together. The men slept on their arms that night, as we fully expected an attack; we threw



GUN BENT DOUBLE BY A CANNON-BALL. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

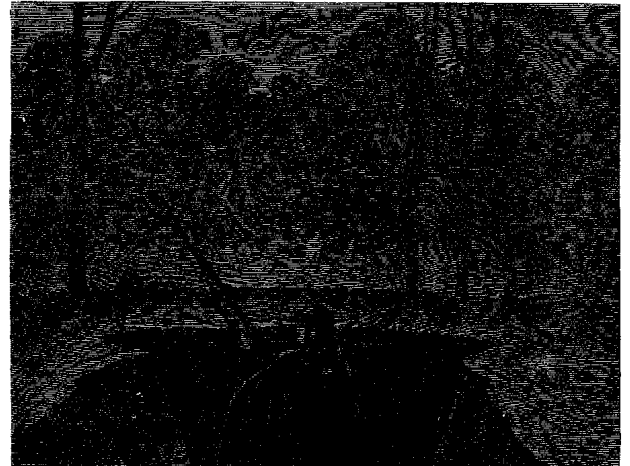
out pickets and barricaded the house. Before doing this, however, we chased a spy out from the bushes near the house. The enemy were burning signal-lights all night, which was evident to us in our communication with Yorktown. However, we passed the night without an attack. In the morning I returned again to camp, as I had an engagement that afternoon to go to Newport News with one of General Butler's aids. Colonel Allen sent a messenger to the scouting party to return immediately, as he considered it madness for them to stay after having aroused the country. The time passed, and they came not. Finally, a report came that some of our men had been surrounded and captured. Allen immediately ordered out two companies to go and retake them. I volunteered to conduct the party, as I knew the road. We took up the march and arrived there in fifty-five minutes, a distance of about five miles. We found them all right, but preparing to cover and attack the rebels. Allen sent a messenger to General Butler stating the case, and asking for a field-piece. Although the messenger sent in word that he wanted to see the General on important business, he did not make his appearance until an hour and a half afterward. He said the Colonel should have it; went out of the room, and did not return for two hours; then said he would assemble his aids. They went into session, and at two o'clock sent him back with an order for the piece. We had in the mean while returned home, as it was a bad night, raining, and Colonel Allen did not think it worth while to keep his men out in the rain any longer, supposing something had happened to our messenger. We marched ten miles that night in beating rain all the way. We brought into camp with us sixty head of cattle, one flock of sheep, pigs, horses, mules, etc.

With regard to the WHIPPING-POST, our artist writes:

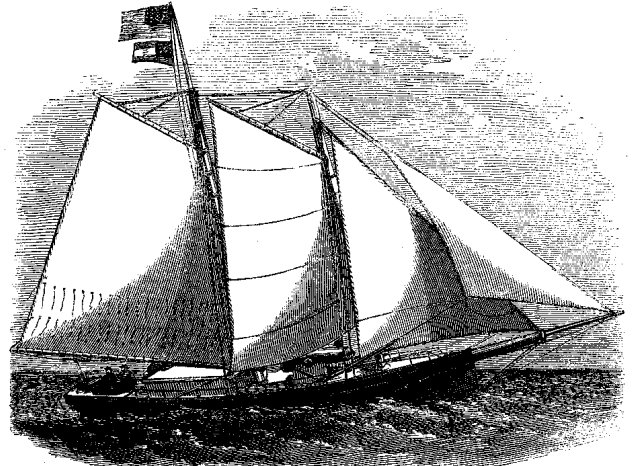
This is a whipping-post on the premises of Mr. West, a wealthy man at Newport News. He is the owner of several hundred negroes, and is now at Yorktown, in the Secession Army. The negro is tied to the tree, standing on the cross-piece, his feet fitting in the two notches, No. 1; his or her breast resting against No. 2, to prevent their moving. No. 3 is a log of the tree hocked up into sharp points. The punishment is inflicted with a cowhide on the bare back. Their usual allowance is ten lashes for women and fifteen for men. I got this description from a woman on the place.

LYRICAL LINES.

As I wandered beside the blue meadowless tide,
While the waters and winds were playing,
A woman, forlorn, pale, weary, and worn,
Arose like a ghost in my way.
Her famine-wringing sigh and her grief-dimmed eye
Were heavy with moan and tear,
As I placed in her palm a drop of the balm
Which the world holds so preciously dear:
And this blessing she gave as she turned to the wave
And gazed up to the azure dome,
"May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
And your heart as light as the foam."
Few words they were; but they earned to be
A magic to cheer and to save:
A beauty was flung by that sorrowful tongue
Like a spring-flower reared on a grave.
And time, who estranges by checkers and changes,
Kind thoughts that have with'd us good-will,
Has left warmly impressed on my brain and my breast
The words of that pale woman still.
They held music and feeling, whose echo-tones stealing,
Yet whisper where'er I may roam,
May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
And your heart as light as the foam.



RIFLE-PIT FOR SENTINELS.—[SEE PAGE 407.]



THE PRIVATEER "SAVANNAH" CAPTURED BY THE U. S. BRIG "PERRY."—[SEE PAGE 206.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

CHAPTER L.

WHAT purpose I had in view when I was hot on tracing out and proving Estella's parentage I can not say. It will presently be seen that the question was not before me in a distinct shape until it was put before me by a wiser head than my own.

But when Herbert and I had held our momentous conversation, I was seized with a feverish conviction that I ought to hunt the matter down—that I ought not to let it rest, but that I ought to see Mr. Jaggers, and come at the bare truth. I really do not know whether I felt that I did this for Estella's sake, or whether I was glad to transfer to the man in whose preservation I was so much concerned some rays of the romantic interest that had long surrounded her. Perhaps the latter possibility may be the nearer to the truth.

Any way, I could scarcely be withheld from going out to Gerrard Street that night. Herbert's representations that, if I did, I should probably be laid up and stricken useless when our fugitive's safety would depend upon me, alone restrained my impatience. On the understanding, again and again reiterated, that come what would, I was to go to Mr. Jaggers to-morrow, I at length submitted to keep quiet, and to have my hurts looked after, and to stay at home. Early next morning we went out together, and at the corner of Giltspur Street by Smithfield, I left Herbert to go his way into the City, and took my way to Little Britain.

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On those occasions Wemmick took his books and papers into Mr. Jaggers's room, and one of the up-stairs clerks came down into the outer office. Finding such clerk on Wemmick's post that morning, I knew what was going on; but I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then bear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

My appearance with my arm bandaged and my coat loose over my shoulders favored my object. Although I had sent Mr. Jaggers a brief account of the accident as soon as I had arrived in town, yet I had to give him all the details now; and the speciality of the occasion caused our talk to be less dry and hard, and less strictly regulated by the rules of evidence, than it had been before. While I described the disaster Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his wont, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his pen put horizontally into the post. The two brutal casts, always inseparable in my mind from the official proceedings, seemed to be congestively considering whether they didn't smell fire at the present moment.

My narrative finished, and their questions exhausted, I then produced Miss Havisham's authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers's eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the check for his signature. While that was in course of being done I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well-polished boots, looked on at me. "I am sorry, Pip," said he, as I put the check in my pocket, when he had signed it, "that we do nothing for you."

"Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me," I returned, "whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her No."

"Every body should know his own business," said Mr. Jaggers. And I saw Wemmick's lips form the words "portable property."

"I should not have told her No, if I had been you," said Mr. Jaggers; "but every man ought to know his own business best."

"Every man's business," said Wemmick, rather reproachfully toward me, "is portable property."

As I thought the time was now come for pursuing the theme I had at heart, I said, turning on Mr. Jaggers:

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, Sir. I asked her to give me some information relative to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at his boots and then straightening himself. "Hah! I don't think I should have done so, if I had been Miss Havisham. But she ought to know her own business best."

"I know more of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child than Miss Havisham herself does, Sir. I know her mother."

Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"And so have you, Sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father too."

A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner—he was too self-possessed to change his manner, but he could not help its being brought to an indefinitely attentive stop—assured me that he did not know who her father was.

This I had strongly suspected from Provis's account (as Herbert had delivered it) of his having kept himself dark; which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers's client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity. But I could not be sure of this unconsciousness on Mr. Jaggers's part before, though I was quite sure of it now.

"So! You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes," I replied. "And his name is Provis—from New South Wales."

Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words. It was the slightest start that could escape a man, the most carefully repressed and the soonest checked, but he did start, though he made a year of the action of taking out his pocket-handkerchief. How Wemmick received the announcement I am unable to say, for I was afraid to look at him just then, lest Mr. Jaggers's sharpness should detect that there had been some communication unknown to him between us.

"And on what evidence, Pip," asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he paused with his handkerchief half-way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim?"

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence."

For once the powerful pocket-handkerchief failed. My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into his pocket without completing the usual performance, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.

Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it; with the one reservation that I left him to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I in fact knew from Wemmick. I was very careful



"KNOW HIM!" REPEATED THE LANDLORD.

"EVER SINCE HE WAS NO HEIGHT AT ALL."

ful indeed as to that. Nor did I look toward Wemmick until I had finished all I had to tell, and had been for some time silently meeting Mr. Jaggers's look. When I did at last turn my eyes in Wemmick's direction, I found that he had unposted his pen, and was intent upon the table before him.

"Hah!" said Mr. Jaggers at last, as he moved toward the papers on the table. "What item was it you were at, Wemmick, when Mr. Pip came in?"

But I could not submit to be thrown off in that way, and I made a passionate, almost an indignant, appeal to him to be more frank and manly with me. I reminded him of the false hopes into which I had lapsed, the length of time they had lasted, and the discovery I had made; and I hinted at the danger that weighed upon my spirits. I represented myself as being surely worthy of some little confidence from him, in return for the confidence I had just now imparted. I said that I did not blame him, or suspect him, or mistrust him, but I wanted assurance of the truth from him. And if he asked me why I wanted it and why I thought I had any right to it, I would tell him, little as he cared for such poor dreams, that I had loved Estella dearly and long, and that, although I had lost her and must live a bereaved life, whatever concerned her was still nearer and dearer to me than any thing else in the world. And seeing that Mr. Jaggers stood quite still and silent, and apparently quite obdurate, under this appeal, I turned to Wemmick, and said, "Wemmick, I know you to be a man with a gentle heart. I have seen your pleasant home, and your old father, and all the innocent, cheerful, playful ways with which you refresh your business life. And I entreat you to say a word that to Mr. Jaggers, and to represent to him that, all circumstances considered, he ought to be more open with me!"

I have never seen two men look more oddly at one another than Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick did after this apostrophe. At first, a misgiving crossed me that Wemmick would be instantly dismissed from his employment; but it melted as I saw Mr. Jaggers relax into something like a smile, and Wemmick become bolder.

"What's all this?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You with an old father, and you with pleasant and playful ways?"

"Well!" returned Wemmick. "If I don't bring 'em here, what does it matter?"

"Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, laying his hand upon my arm, and smiling openly, "this man must be the most cunning impostor in all London."

"Not a bit of it," returned Wemmick, growing bolder and bolder. "I think you're another."

Again they exchanged their former odd looks, each apparently still distrustful that the other was taking him in.

"You with a pleasant home?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Since it don't interfere with business," returned Wemmick, "let it be so. Now I look at you, Sir, I shouldn't wonder if you might be planning and contriving to have a pleasant home of your own one of these days, when you're tired of this work."

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head retrospectively two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor dreams'; you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind. But about this other matter, I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing."

He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he expressly said that he admitted nothing.

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this

that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

"I understand you perfectly."

"But that I make no admissions?"

"That you make no admissions." And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

"Put the case, Pip, that passion and the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellects, and that when she was set at liberty she was scared out of the ways of the world, and went to him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature whenever he saw an inkling of its breaking out, by asserting his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

"Quite."

"Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father were known to one another, were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

"I do."

"I ask Wemmick to put it to himself very carefully."

And Wemmick said, "I do."

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret, Pip? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her, to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life. But add the case that you had loved her, Pip, and had made her the subject of those 'poor dreams' which have, at one time or another, been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I tell you that you had better—and would much sooner when you had thought well of it—chop off that bandaged left hand of years with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick there, and cut that off, too."

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave, and who gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same, and Mr. Jaggers did the same. "Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at when Mr. Pip came in?"

Standing by for a little, while they were at work, I observed that the odd looks they had cast at one another were repeated several times: with this difference now, that each of them seemed suspicious, not to say conscious, of having shown himself in a weak and unprofessional light to the other. For this reason, I suppose, they were now inflexible with one another; Mr. Jaggers being highly distasteful, and Wemmick obstinately justifying himself whenever there was the smallest point in abeyance for a moment. I had never seen them on such ill terms; for generally they got on very well indeed together.

But they were both happily relieved by the opportune appearance of Mike, the client with the fur cap and the habit of wiping his nose on his sleeve, whom I had seen on the very first day of my appearance within those walls. This individual, who, either in his own person or in that of some member of his family, seemed to be always in trouble (which in that place meant Newgate), called to announce that his eldest daughter was taken up on suspicion of shop-lifting. As he imparted this melancholy circumstance to Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers standing magisterially before the fire and taking no share in the proceedings, Mike's eye happened to twinkle with a tear.

"What are you about?" demanded Wemmick, with the utmost indignation. "What do you come sniveling here for?"

"I didn't go to do it, Mr. Wemmick."

"You did," said Wemmick. "How dare you? You're not in a fit state to come here, if you can't come here without spluttering like a bad pen. What do you mean by it?"

"A man can't help his feelings, Mr. Wemmick," pleaded Mike.

"His what?" demanded Wemmick, quite savagely. "Say that again!"

"Now, look here my man," said Mr. Jaggers, advancing a step, and pointing to the door. "Get out of this office. I'll have no feelings here. Get out."

"It serves you right," said Wemmick. "Get out."

So the unfortunate Mike very humbly withdrew, and Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with a visible refreshment upon them, as if they had just had lunch.

CHAPTER LI.

FROM Little Britain I went, with my check in my pocket, to Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant; and Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant, going straight to Clarrikers's and bringing Clarrikers to me, I had the great satisfaction of completing that arrangement. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first apprised of my great expectations.

Clarrikers inform me on that occasion that the affairs of the House were steadily progressing, that he would now be able to establish a small branch-house in the East, which was much wanted for the extension of the business, and that Herbert in his new partnership capacity would go out and take charge of it. I found that I must have prepared for a separation from my friend, even though my own affairs had been more settled. And now indeed I felt as if my

last anchor were loosening its hold, and I should soon be driving with the winds and waves.

But there was recompense in the joy with which Herbert came home of a night and told me of these changes, little imagining that he told me no news, and sketched airy pictures of himself conducting Clara Barley to the land of the Arabian Nights, and of me going out to join them (with a caravan of camels, I believe), and of our all going up the Nile and seeing wonders. Without being sanguine as to my own part in these bright plans, I felt that Herbert's way was clearing fast, and that old Bill Barley had but to stick to his pepper and rum, and his daughter would soon be happily provided for.

We had now got into the month of March. My left arm, though it presented no bad symptoms, took in the natural course so long to heal that I was still unable to get a coat on. My right hand was tolerably restored—disfigured, but fairly serviceable.

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post:

"Walworth. Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn."

When I had shown this to Herbert, and had put it in the fire—but not before we had both got it by heart—we considered what to do. For, of course, my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

"I have thought it over, again and again," said Herbert, "and I think I know a better course than taking a Thames waterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honorable."

I had thought of him more than once.

"But how much would you tell him, Herbert?"

"It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes; then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?"

"No doubt."

"Where?"

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what port we made for—Hamburg, Rotterdam, or Antwerp. The place signified little, so that he was got out of England. Any foreign steamer that fell in our way, and would take us up, would do. I had always proposed to myself to get him well down the river in the boat, certainly well beyond Gravesend, which was a critical place for search or inquiry if suspicion were afoot. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lie by in some quiet spot until we could pull off to one. The time when one would be due where we lay, wherever that might be, could be calculated pretty nearly, if we made inquiries beforehand.

Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to suit our purpose best, and we directed our thoughts chiefly to that vessel. But we noted down what other foreign steamers would leave London with the same tide, and we satisfied ourselves that we knew the build and color of each. We then separated for a few hours; I to get at once such passports as were necessary, Herbert to see Startop at his lodgings. We both did what we had to do without any hindrance, and when we met again at one o'clock reported it done. I, for my part, was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join.

Those two should pull a pair of oars, we settled, and I could steer; our charge would be sifter, and keep quiet; as speed was not our object, we should make way enough. We arranged that Herbert should not come home to dinner before going to Mill Pond Bank that evening; that he should not go there at all tomorrow evening, Tuesday; that he should prepare Provis to come down to some stairs hard by the house, on Wednesday, when he saw us approach, and not sooner; and that all the arrangements with him should be concluded that Monday night; that he should be communicated with no more in any way until we took him on board.

These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

On opening the outer door of our chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me—a very dirty letter, although not ill-written. It had been delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these:

"If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes to-night or to-morrow night at nine, and to be stung by the blue-kits, you had better come. If you want information regarding your uncle Provis, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. You must come alone. Bring this with you."

I had had load enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now I could not tell. And the worst was, that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for to-night. To-morrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. And again, for any thing I knew, the proffered information might have some important bearing on the flight itself.

If I had had ample time for considering I believe I should still have gone. Having hardly any time for consideration—my watch showing me that the coach started within half an hour—I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone but for the reference to my Uncle Provis; that, coming on Wemmick's letter and the morning's busy preparation, turned the scale.

It is so difficult to become clearly possessed of

the contents of almost any letter, in a violent hurry, that I had to read this mysterious epistle again, twice, before its injunction to me to be secret got mechanically into my mind. Yielding to it in the same mechanical kind of way, I left a note in pencil for Herbert, telling him that as I should be so soon going away, I knew not for how long, I had decided to hurry down and back, to ascertain for myself how Miss Havisham was faring. I had then barely time to get my great-coat, lock up the chambers, and make for the coach-office by the short by-ways. If I had taken a hackney-chariot and gone by the streets, I should have missed my aim; going as I did, I caught the coach just as it came out of the yard. I was the only inside passenger, jolting away knee-deep in straw, when I came to myself.

For I really had not been myself since the receipt of the letter; it had so bewildered me concerning on the hurry of the morning. The morning hurry and flutter had been great, for long and anxiously as I had waited for Wemmick, his hint had come like a surprise at last. And now I began to wonder at myself for being in the coach, and to doubt whether I had sufficient reason for being there, and to consider whether I should get out presently and go back, and to argue against ever heeding an anonymous communication, and, in short, to pass through all those phases of contradiction and indecision to which I suppose very few hurried people are strangers. Still, the reference to Provis by name mastered every thing. I reasoned as I had reasoned already without knowing it—if that be reasoning—in case any harm should befall him through my not going, how could I ever forgive myself!

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

My inn had once been a part of an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to cut my dinner, the old landlord with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own story—of course with the popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

"Do you know the young man?" said I.

"Know him!" repeated the landlord. "Ever since he was no height at all."

"Does he ever come back to this neighborhood?"

"Ay, he comes back," said the landlord, "to his great friends now and again, and gives the cold shoulder to the man that made him."

"What man is that?"

"Him that I speak of," said the landlord.

"Mr. Pumblechook."

"Is he ungrateful to no one else?"

"No doubt he would be if he could," returned the landlord; "but he can't. And why? Because Pumblechook done every thing for him."

"Does Pumblechook say so?"

"Say so!" replied the landlord. "He han't no call to say so."

"But does he say so?"

"It would turn a man's blood to white wine winegar to hear him tell of it, Sir," said the landlord.

I thought, "Y'et Joe, dear Joe, you never tell of it! Long-suffering and loving Joe, you never complain! Nor you, sweet-tempered Biddy!"

"Your appetite's been touched like by your accident," said the landlord, glancing at the bandaged arm under my coat. "Try a tender bit."

"No, thank you," I replied, turning from the table to brood over the fire. "I can cat no more. Please take it away."

I had never been struck at so keenly for my thanklessness to Joe as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. The falsher he, the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

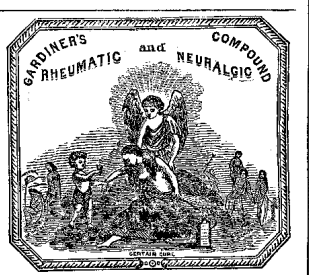
My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire for an hour or more. The striking of the clock aroused me, but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my coat fastened round my neck, and went out. I had previously sought in my pockets for the letter that I might refer to it again, but could not find it, and was uneasy to think that it must have been dropped in the straw of the coach. I knew very well, however, that the string of shoes was the little sluice-house by the line—in the low marshes, and the hour nine. Toward the marshes I now went straight, having no time to spare.

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