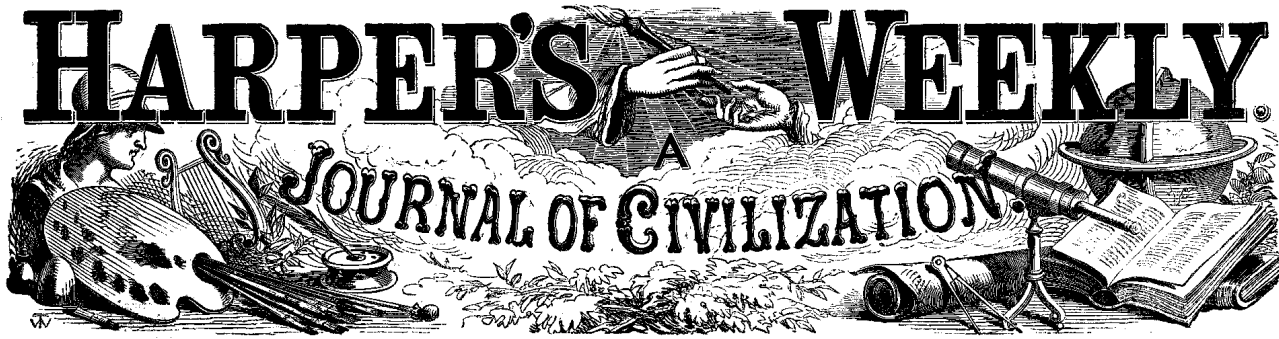


HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. V.—No. 237.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

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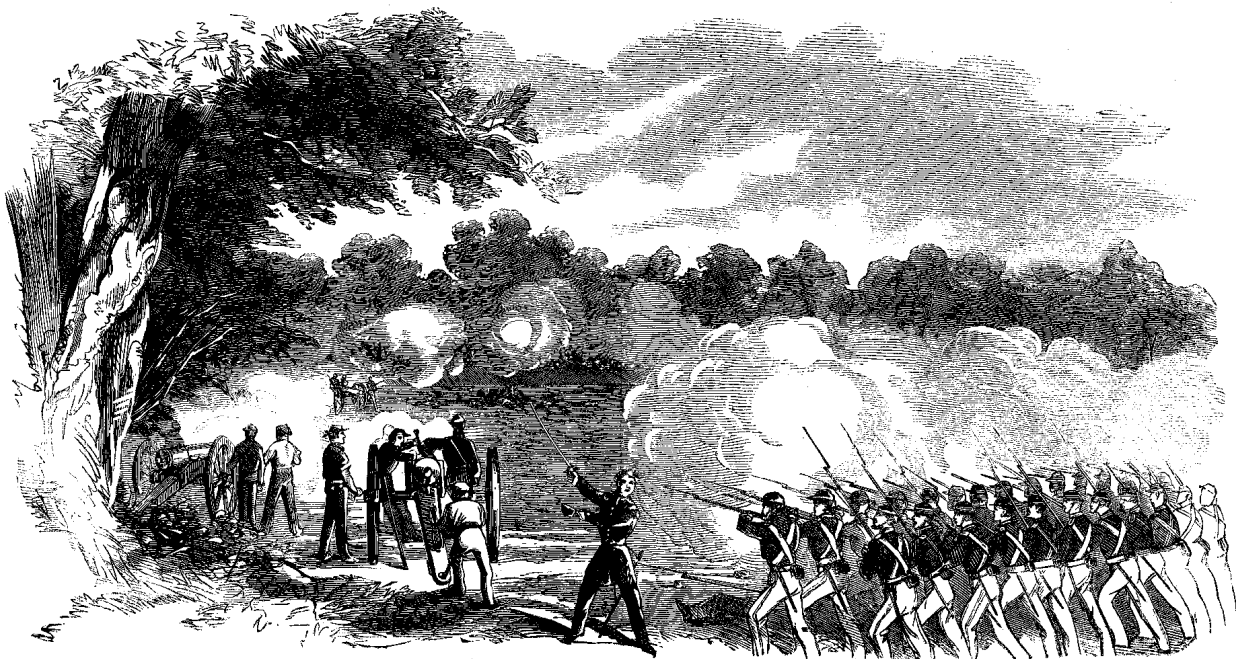
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BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLMES.
[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE LATE CAPTAIN WARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. LUCE.
[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.
[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

BRIG.-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.

On page 488 the reader will find a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON, commanding the United States forces in Missouri. The following brief sketch of General Lyon's career will show that he stands right upon the record:

General Nathaniel Lyon is the son of a substantial farmer of Ashford, Connecticut, and is the eldest son, maternally and maternally, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution—one, the famous Colonel Knowlton, who, as Major, commanded the Connecticut boys at the Old Red Bank, on the left wing of the American army, at Bunker's Hill, and was afterward killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York.

General Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and has remained in the army ever since, having risen to the rank of captain in the Second Infantry; and by the recent choice of the Missouri volunteers has become their Brigadier-General. He is now in the prime of life as a military commander, being forty-two years of age. He has had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, and has been promoted to his present position. His service has been principally upon the frontier—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas, and other Indian wars, and in the campaign with General Scott's division during the Mexican campaign, and was breveted August 30, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Contreras, Mexico," and was wounded at the Belen Gate of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847.

General Lyon is the right man in the right place. He has a strong physical constitution of order and intellect, and an energy which knows no bounds.

THE LATE CAPT. WARD, U.S.N.

We publish on page 483 a portrait of the late CAPTAIN WARD, who was unfortunately killed in a reconnaissance at Mathias Point on 27th. Captain Ward's record is as follows:

He was born in the year 1806, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. On the 4th of March, 1823, he first entered the United States service, as a midshipman, under Commodore McDougal, in the frigate Constitution. After serving faithfully for four years, under the above Commodore, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was for some time attached to the Mediterranean squadron. Many years of his life were spent on the coast of Africa. He served also as a midshipman on the United States steamer Vixen; indeed, nearly all of his naval life was spent on the ocean: he had served some sixteen years at sea and only nine years on shore. He held for a time a very responsible position in the Naval School at Annapolis, and still later was placed in command of the receiving ship North Carolina, lying at the Navy-yard. This position he held for nearly four years, and while in it made many friends. At last the troubled state of the country demanded the service and experience of such officers as Captain Ward, and he placed himself at the command of the Government. Appreciating his abilities, they placed him in command of the steam Rodia at that time fitting out. It was placed in commission on the 15th of May. He had hardly sailed in Chesapeake Bay when he made an attack on a rebel battery, silencing it and driving the soldiers away. Since that time he has proved himself to be one of our best and bravest officers; that we had, fearing no danger, and placing those under him in none that he would not gladly lead them through. He was married in the year 1830 to Miss Whittemore, of this city, daughter of Samuel Whittemore, Esq. From this union has sprung four children, three of whom, a daughter and two sons, are with their mother in Germany.

THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE.

On page 483 we publish a picture of the BATTLE OF BOONVILLE, from a sketch by an attentive and intelligent correspondent. The following account of the fight is from the Herald correspondence:

At just three minutes before seven A.M., on June 17, the order was given to move. The morning was cloudy, with occasionally a few drops of rain, but before the battle was over the sun shone out clear and bright as ever. As the column ascended the hill the rebels were seen and driven in. After an advance of three-fourths of a mile one of the advanced guard rode hastily back to the head of the column and informed General Lyon that the whole body of the State troops was drawn up a few hundred yards in front. General Lyon at once ordered the regulars under Sargent to advance, and the former the Schuler's regiment to the right. Captain Totter's battery was ordered to the front to occupy the road.

The enemy were drawn up about three hundred yards in advance, on the crest of a hill, or rather a low ridge, over which the road passed at the highest point. The road was occupied by Colonel Marnadadek, with a small body of horsemen and a battalion of infantry. Immediately on his left was a brick house filled with rebel troops, and back of this, toward the river, was a narrow lane, where his left wing was posted. The rebels were scattered in the wheat field, and in this were immediately scattered small crowds of men, apparently without order or regularity. To his right was another wheat field, separated from an adjacent corn field by a narrow fence. The rebels were in force his right wing was posted. Soon as our men were in position Captain Totter unlimbered a twelve-pounder and six-pounder, and sent the former to the right, and the latter to the front. A puff of smoke rising from among them showed that the gunner's aim had been true. The next shot was directed upon the squads of men in the wheat field and caused them to make a hasty retreat. The fire now became general along the whole line, the regulars on the right, and the German troops on the left, advancing in the last order. Our line was formed on a ridge similar to that occupied by the enemy and parallel to it, separated from the latter by a valley with a gentle slope. To our right was a corn field, and on our right a copse or grove of scattered oaks. The regulars advanced in the corn field, to the crest of the ridge, excepting the right, where the opportunity occurred, taking for their motto that of an old man at Donnybrook Fair, "Whenever you see a head hit it."

The hollow between the ridges was full of scattered oaks, and these served as a cover to our men. Captains Stone, Cole, and Cavender were sent to support the right of the regulars, and in this way they all advanced to the fence where the enemy were posted. The battalion from the Second, supported by Captains Maurice's, Burkes's, and Yates's companies, were at the same time doing good service on the right. In about five minutes from the time Captain Totter fired the first shell the rebels were in full retreat, and our men occupying the line first held by the enemy. The horse on the right had been completely routed by the last shot from the battery, and one shell burst in the very centre of the building, at a time when it was full of soldiers. Several dead bodies of the rebels were found in the wheat field near the fence, showing that our fire had been effective. In fact, at the first volley from the right wing several soldiers were omitted of their riders, two horses galloped over to our lines. The correspondents of the New York Herald and St. Louis Democrat entered the battle on foot, by the side of the battery, but were very soon routed, having succeeded in capturing these transferring to our lines.

The number of killed and wounded on the part of the rebels has not and probably will not be accurately ascertained. Out of one hundred and thirty-five of the County Rifles thirteen are known to be killed and several wounded. The number of dead already brought into Boonville or taken to friends in the country can not fall much short of fifty, and the wounded now heard of are at

many more. On the side of the Union troops there were three killed, ten wounded, and one missing. We took eighty prisoners, nineteen of whom have been released, and the remaining sixty-one put on board the Louisiana.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

THE LEADERS OF THE NATION.

WE devote an unusual proportion of our space this week to PORTRAITS OF THE MEN on whom the eyes of the people are at present fixed.

On page 440 will be found an admirable portrait of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT, from a recent photograph by Brady; and on the page following an accurate copy of an exceedingly well executed portrait of the same General Scott, made thirty-four years ago, when he was forty-one years of age. The present crisis was essential to the full perfection of General Scott's fame. Had he died a twelvemonth since, history might have classed him as a mere successful soldier. That he will now go down to posterity with no name between his and WASHINGTON'S is certain. His early career was an unexampled success. Though he was bred a lawyer and not a soldier, his first campaign as a captain of volunteer artillery developed the mettle that was in him; he rose, without patronage, without friends, without money, or favor, from grade to grade, winning each step with his sword on the battle-field, until he was a Major-General in the United States Army at the age of twenty-eight. This was forty-seven years ago—when few read these lines were born. How honorably and usefully this long stage of forty-seven years has been spent by him in the service of his country, no history fails to recount. And now his long career of greatness is being fully closed by the noblest and most splendid of his achievements. It must never be forgotten that when the loyal people of the nation were sleeping, in October last, WASHINGTON SCOTT foresaw the present war, foretold it to the Buchanan Cabinet, and showed how the rebellion might be crushed in the bud by a few very simple precautions. It was not his fault that the honest and brave who had disgraced the honorable name of the nation into rebellion, and sedition in our open war, foretold it to the Buchanan Cabinet, and used even such vile instruments as Buchanan to ripen Southern treason for the halter, and to crown the last years of Scott with immortal glory.

Let no man doubt him. His intellect is as bright as it was forty years ago, his hand as sure, and his judgment as sound. He has never yet failed as a soldier; let those who carp at his slowness take patience; what he proposes to do he will do thoroughly, once and forever. We also publish on page 437 a group of THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET. It may not be impertinent here to say that, while Mr. LINCOLN was not the choice of the proprietors of this journal for President, they conceive it to be the duty of every patriotic citizen at the present juncture to give a cordial support to him and to his Administration. When civil war is raging at our doors, and it is a hanging matter to raise the stars and stripes in one half the country, it is surely no time to cavil at errors of detail which may be committed by the Administration in the discharge of duties more arduous than have devolved upon any government since this Confederacy was first formed. For our part we are free to confess that thus far Mr. LINCOLN seems to us to have been fully equal to the stupendous task which Fate has set before him. We can not thus far detect a single fatal error in his administration of the Government. He appears to be fully conscious of the situation, and to be discharging his duty with a keen perception of his responsibility to God and to the people. We have yet to hear of the first particle of evidence implicating him in the villainous schemes which are afloat for the surrender of the liberties of this nation at the demand of an armed mob. Under these circumstances, we submit that Mr. LINCOLN is entitled to the cordial support of every honest man in the country. Nor can we perceive that any thing can be gained by carping at the real or supposed errors of the members of the Cabinet. It is probable, as they are men, that they have their faults. But there is no evidence any where that they have thus far done any wrong to the country, while, on the contrary, there is abundant evidence that they are working, one and all, heart and soul, for the preservation of our national existence, for the suppression of rebellion, and for the maintenance of law, order, and good government. If it patriotic, is it decent, under such circumstances, to cavil at this or that Secretary on the basis of idle scandals, or for the gratification of private rancor? By-and-by, when the rebellion is put down, and all that we cherish is secure once more, it will be timely, perhaps, to inquire into the conduct of each department of the public administration with a close and jealous eye. But what is wanted now from the people of the United States is faith in the men they have set over them, a

magnanimous trust in their patriotism, and a generous forbearance for inevitable shortcomings. Without these, we can not expect to survive our present dire peril. The public must never forget that opposition to the Government at the present crisis is aid and comfort to the enemy. The most signal service that could be rendered to Jefferson Davis at the present time would be to create a general distrust, in the North, of Mr. Seward or Mr. Cameron.

Finally, we publish on page 444, a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, in his old trapper costume, with the gallant KIT CARSON and other prairie chiefs beside him. Public fancy points to him as one of the most probable heroes of the campaign now begun. He is known to possess almost unrivaled qualifications for the command he has just obtained. His campaign in California was one of the most brilliant military operations in our history. He is believed to be a thorough soldier, theoretical and practical. His energy, rapidity of combination, and daring, are notorious. He has potent incentives to develop whatever may be in him; for he must vindicate the judgment of the million and more citizens who desired to make him President in 1856. If, as rumor states, he has been appointed to the command of the army which is to advance from Alexandria and Arlington Heights, he will have an opportunity of satisfying or disappointing public expectation. We are inclined to believe that he will be found the right man in the right place: that he will neither make reconnaissances in railway cars, nor march troops up to masked batteries and then back again, nor yet lie encamped week after week in sight of the enemy while his pickets are shot or captured every dark night. He has been bred in a school in which performances of this character were not popular.

WE have received a letter from W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London Times, which will appear in our next.

THE LOUNGER.

A SHORT FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Eighty-five years ago to-day, after the most prolonged and solemn debate, continued in many ways for twenty years—after the most patient and respectful appeals to the Government—after the most stringent and conclusive argument against injustice—after the plain and final declaration that the crown of England would govern its colonies simply and only at its pleasure, and without advice or voice from those colonies—after long, and strenuous, and vain protest against a taxation to control which they had no representation, and upon the clearest conviction of the human and political rights of every man in society, the thirteen colonies slowly and sorrowfully took up arms, recited before the world the wrongs they had suffered, and appealed to God and mankind for the justice of their cause.

The tale is familiar and sacred. To-day let it be read again. To-day let every descendant of the men who fought read the manifest of their war. And then let him contrast with it the manifest of the people in this country who profess to justify themselves by that declaration.

The patriots of '76 declared it to be a self-evident truth that all men are endowed by God with certain inalienable rights.

The rebels of '61 declare that they are not.

The patriots of '76 asserted that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men.

The rebels of '61 declare that they are not.

The patriots of '76 proclaimed the right of the people to alter or abolish any government which did not secure those rights.

The rebels of '61 declare that any discontented faction may forcibly overthrow the government which the people have thus established.

The patriots of '76 declared that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes.

The rebels of '61 declare that a government may be overthrown by any number of people who suppose that at some time and in some way it may pursue a policy they do not like.

The patriots of '76 said that when a long train of abuses and usurpations pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, the people may throw off the guilty government and provide a new; and they proceeded to cite the long array of long continued outrages upon their rights by the King of Great Britain which justified their action.

The rebels of '61, by the mouth of their Vice-President Stephens, declared on the 14th of November last, that the Government against which they have now taken up arms, although not perfect, "comes nearer the objects of all good government than any other on the face of the earth."

The success of the patriots of '76 was the earnest of peaceful, progressive, popular government which should secure to every man the permanent security of his inalienable rights.

The success of the rebels of '61 would be the destruction of all constitutional government and the subjection of individual rights to a military despotism.

The leader of the patriots of '76 was the type of their movement. His word was as sacred as truth.

The official word of the leader of the rebels of '61 is a scorn and hissing among the nations. It is a synonym of repudiation.

The patriots of '76 built their house upon the rock of justice, and the winds and rains have not and shall not prevail against it.

The rebels of '61 built their house upon the sands of injustice; and the rain is descending, the floods are coming, the winds are blowing and beating upon that house, and great will be the fall of it.

PETITIONS FOR PEACE.

Why do not the people who wish that the United States Government would surrender to the armed rebellion of Jefferson Davis say so openly? Why do they circulate petitions in the dark, and cajole boys to sign them, without telling them what they are signing? The right of petition is secured to every citizen by the fundamental law. It is competent for any body who chooses, to petition Congress to establish a monarchy and legalize polygamy.

So when a faction of armed citizens have seized the property which belongs to all the people, and stand with hands stained with the blood of loyal men defending their Government, it is competent for any body to petition Congress to make peace with the rebels upon their own terms. But if any man honestly wishes to do it he will do it openly. People who sneak about with petitions they are afraid to show, carry petitions they are ashamed of.

And they are ashamed, because they know that they have no fair reason to urge for what they are doing. Their conduct betrays a conscious meanness, not manliness. They say wincingly that they want peace. Very well; who does not? Who has broken the peace? Those who yield quietly to the constitutional operation of the Government, or those who resist it with arms? When the Astor Place riot occurred, every good citizen wanted peace. There was but one way to get it. That way was taken, and peace was secured. What would have been thought of a man who went about at midnight during the riot beseeching signatures to a petition that the city government would make terms with the rioters, because dear peace was so desirable?

Then civil war is so unnatural, they add. Of course it is; and therefore the people who undertake it should be dealt with in such manner that neither they nor their posterity will care to try it again.

Every pretense of argument applied to this case is applicable to every other case in which the operation of the law is forcibly resisted. There is no more reason for compounding with armed traitors engaged in war upon the Government than with any other criminals. In both cases the Government can only conquer or be conquered. To compound is to confess defeat.

If applied to the case is so clear, that this poor effort to maintain the political ascendancy of unprincipled men at the expense of the whole American political system is already lost in ridicule and contempt. The right of every man to petition is unquestioned and unquestionable. But when your petition is one you are afraid to show openly in your office, and frankly to solicit signatures, it is a petition which every honest patriot immediately sees is meant to help treason under the plausible pretense of peace.

KENTUCKY AND HER LOYAL MEN.

A FRIEND in Kentucky, who does not spare the Lounger in his remarks upon a late article, writes as follows: "The friend will pardon the Lounger's natural reluctance to print the abuse of himself:

"You are surely aware that we have a traitor Government, a milk-and-water Legislature, and a string of senseless party in the State. We can not therefore put the State as a State, in her true, loyal, position; for that can only be done through the Governor, and he is a traitor. We can not impeach him, for the Legislature would be strongly disinclined were they not afraid of the people.

"The Legislature was elected some two years ago, and the Representatives grossly misrepresent their constituents. As an instance of this, Adair County will give but three disunion votes, two of which are her late Senator and Representative.

"We can not volunteer and go to the assistance of the Government as individuals, for we leave a strong party behind us, who will use every means, be they foul or fair, to drag the State out of the Union. Every Union man taken from Kentucky now increases the chances of her going out.

"Don't you see, Sir, that our position of neutrality is one of necessity, and not of choice?"

"Please see Kentucky right in your next issue. Fiat justitie, ruit cælum." Uxion."

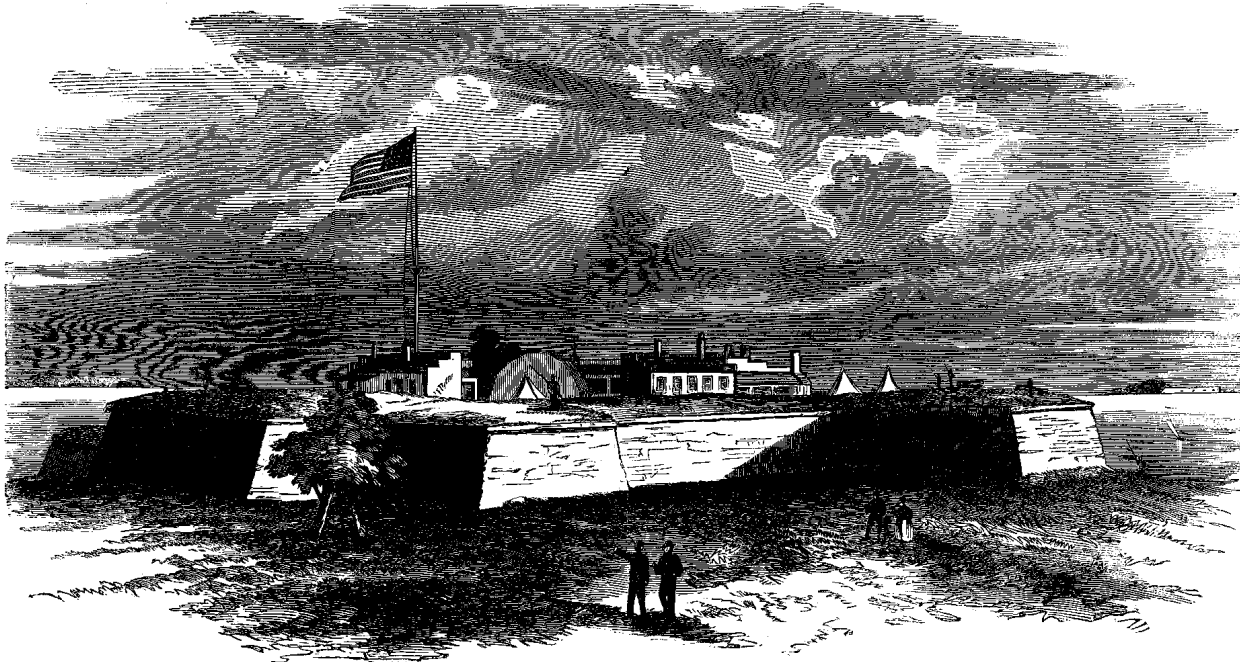
FACT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

THE second thought of ENGLAND is what we thought it would be. But when it is said that corporations have no souls, the remark may be extended to nations, and then it has great significance. A soulless body, or a brute (if it be possible that the little dog Tib, asleep beside me, has no soul), evinces simply the instincts of immediate self-preservation, and makes no sacrifice for principle, nor sees that present suffering may be future triumph. Corporations and States act in the same way. They do not move from moral principle, but from party in the sense of selfish interests.

An intelligent clergyman in England, American-born, writes to the Lounger: "Morley has been doing the North service by setting before the British public, in the Times, the constitutional merits of its case. He has done it very ably. But revolutions do not follow constitutional prescriptions very closely; and even if his essays be much read, England will decide more by what is actually accomplished in the Cabinet and the field, North and South, than by any thing else."

The tradition of England is constitutional liberty. If a ministry should offer to recognize this rebellion before it has struck a blow, a successful revolution establishing a new Power, such a ministry would be howled out of office by popular clamor. But if the rebellion maintains itself for a long time, how then?

The right and wrong will remain quite the same. But England and all other Powers will ask, "How about the fact? Grant that it is a wanton and wicked rebellion, and that it maintains itself. How long do you expect us to wait? How long did you wait in the case of Mexico and Texas? We



Columbiad pointing to City of Baltimore.

Columbiad covering Washington Monument.

FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY A MEMBER OF COMPANY D, 3D RIFLES, M. V.

FORT M'HENRY AND MARSHAL KANE.

ON 27th June General Banks astonished the people of the rebellious city of Baltimore by arresting Marshal Kane at 3 A.M., and marching him under guard of a file of soldiers to Fort M'Henry. Of his traitorous proceedings no doubt is entertained, and every one applauds General Banks's vigorous course. We publish on page 445, in illustration of the event, a portrait of MARSHAL KANE, from a recent photograph; and on this page a view of FORT M'HENRY, lately sent us by

a member of Company D, 3d Rifles, M. V. It is an extremely strong fort, and the Columbiads which are now placed in position command the city thoroughly.

Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, thus describes Fort M'Henry at the present time:

Fort M'Henry is now in very good condition to resist any assault. When the Baltimore riot occurred, as was very fully explained soon after in a letter from the fort to the *Times*, it was in a very bad condition, and could scarcely have resisted a vigorous assault. It is a small work, of the old style, surrounded by a dry ditch, and scarcely provided with any defenses on the landward side, from which, when it was built, an attack was never con-

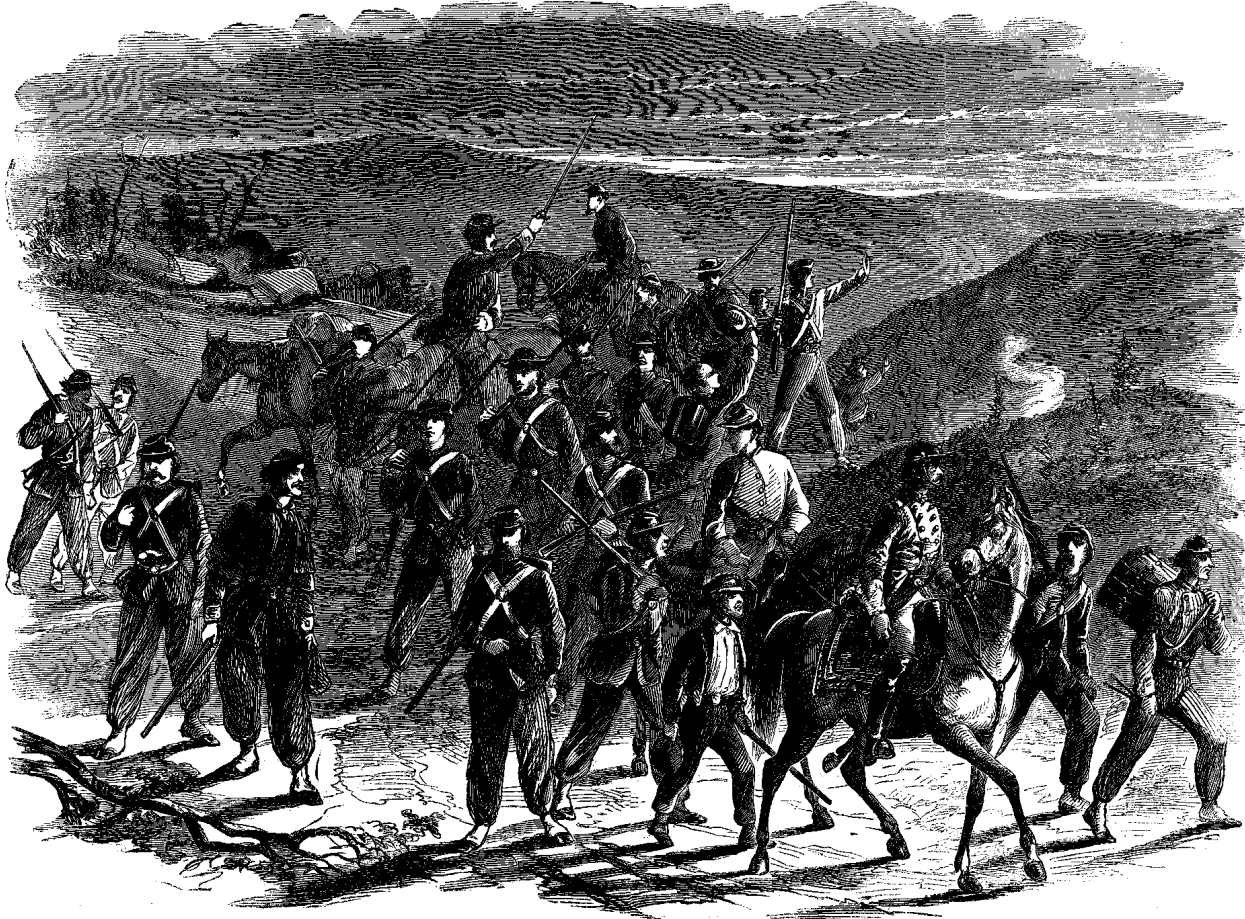
templated. But now, thanks to the energy of Major Morris, of the regular army, who has been for some time its commandant, it may defy attack from any quarter. Batteries have been erected to guard the entrance. An abatis of trees, with projecting branches, has been erected around the fort. Several platforms have been extemporized under the curtain originally intended only to shelter infantry. Sand-bag guards have been placed over the door and window of the magazine. Gutters have been provided to roll hand-grenades upon the heads of an assaulting force. Fresh guns have been mounted, and I observed that all the mortars and a part of the Columbiads on the landward side are kept loaded—in preparation for any emergency. Fort M'Henry is about two miles from the centre of the city, and it is well understood that it could drop shells, hot or otherwise, into all the houses in the infected district with the utmost ease. I trust the

necessity for so doing may never arise; but it is consoling to know that, if it does, it can be promptly met.

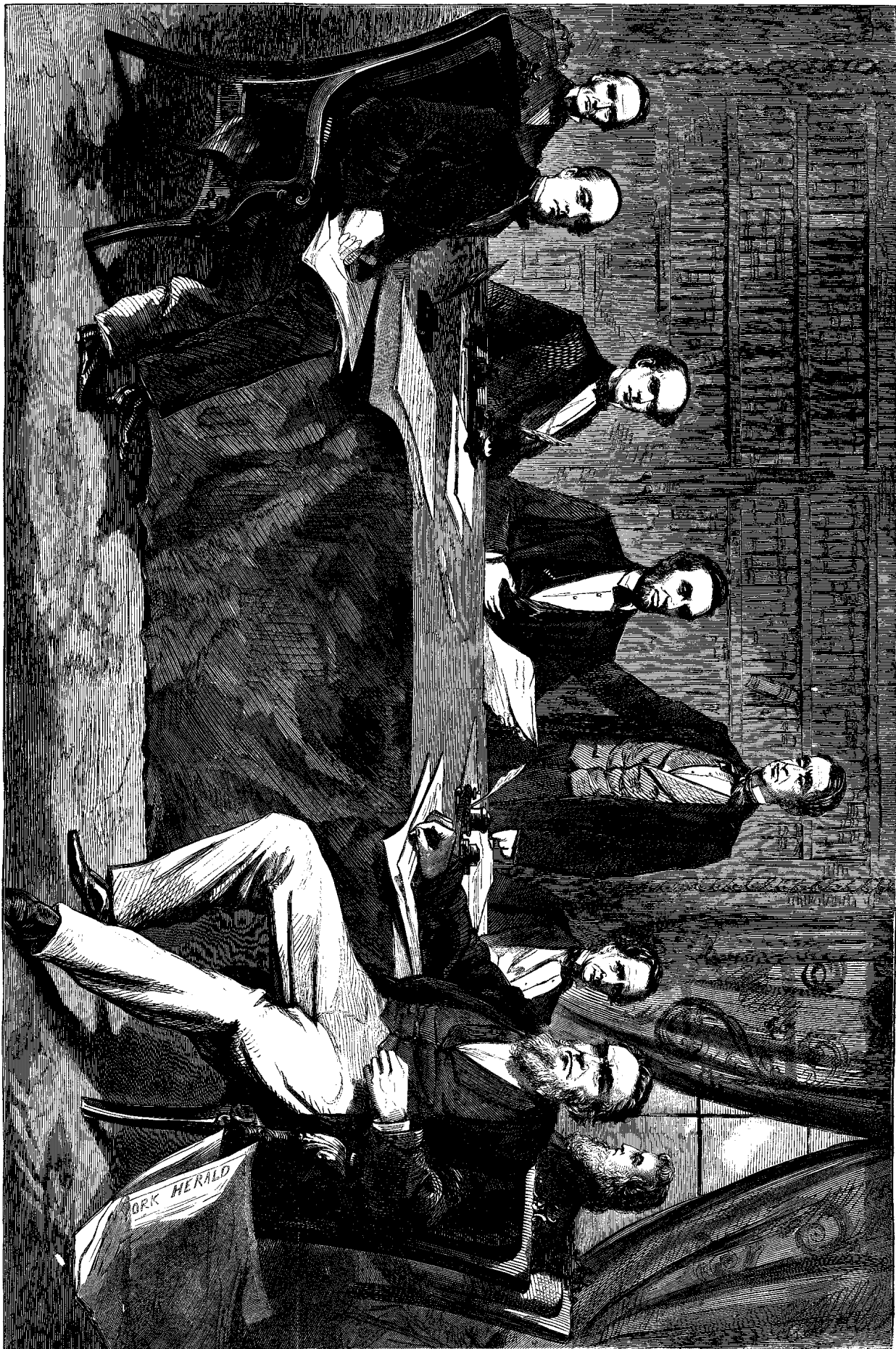
A correspondent of the *Herald* says:

The "unconstitutional" examination of Marshal Kane's premises, since his arrest in Baltimore, has brought to light some curious pieces of personal property, an enumeration of which may be of some interest to the public. Here are the articles:

Cannon, four and six pounders, 6; assorted shot, lbs., 3000; shell, lbs., 1000; shot for steam guns, lbs., 300; muskets, 63; carbines, 48; rifles, 45; double-barreled shot-guns, 3; single-barreled shot-guns, 3; horse pistols, 9; small pistols, 65; bullet mounds, 132; cartridge-boxes, 8; dirk-knives, 8; swords, 5; drums, 8; gun coats, 23; powder-flasks, 64; canisters, 11; cartridges, 40,000; canisters of shot, 7; besides a lot of screw-drivers, &c.



VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT LAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SEE PAGE 443.]



Montgomery Blair

Charles B. Smith

Salmon P. Chase

The President

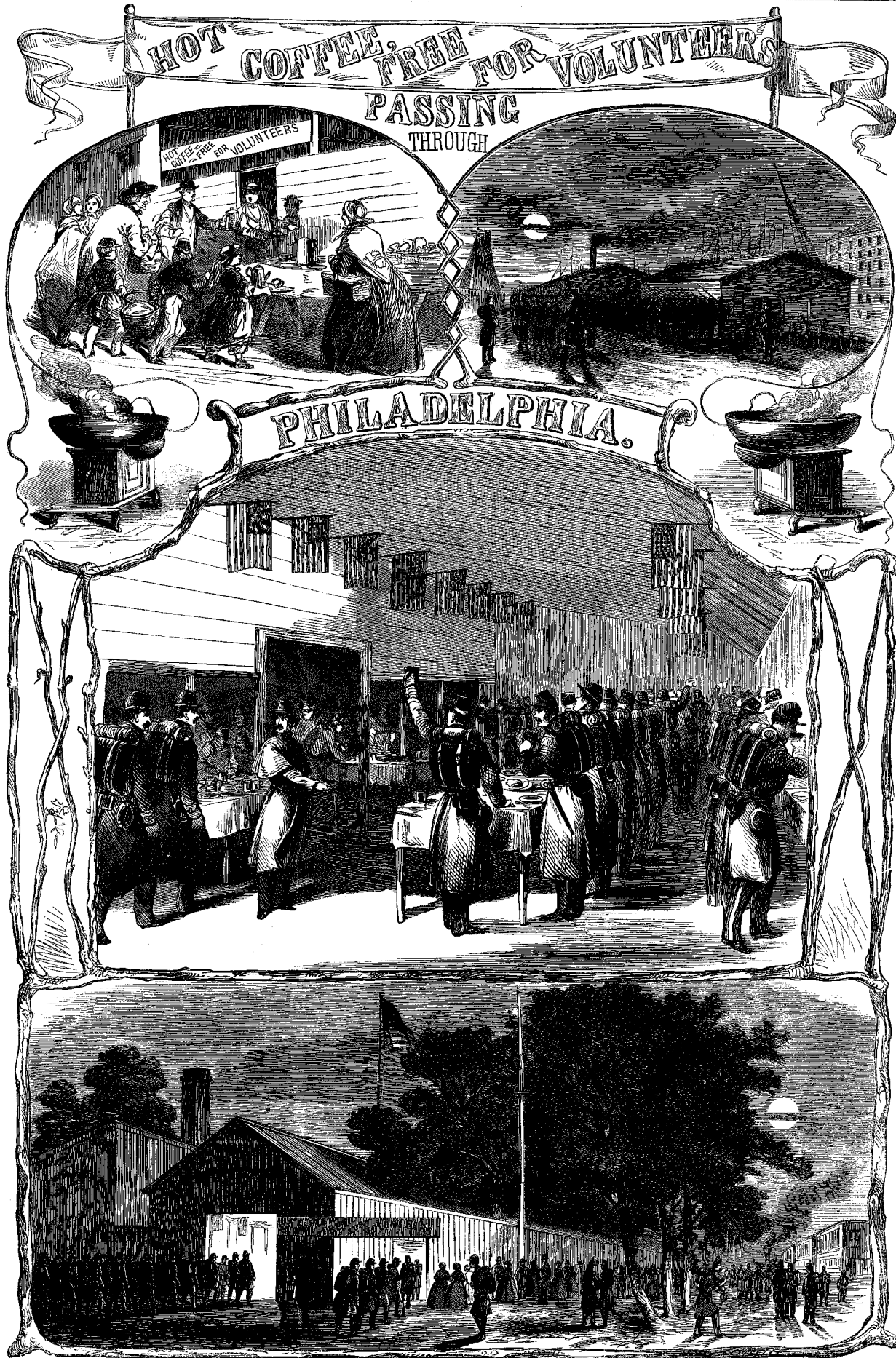
William H. Seward

Simon Cameron

Edwin M. Stanton

Charles M. Schenck

THE CABINET AT WASHINGTON.



HOW VOLUNTEERS ARE TREATED IN PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

CREW OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "COLORADO," SHIPPED AT BOSTON, JUNE, 1861.—[See Page 448.]

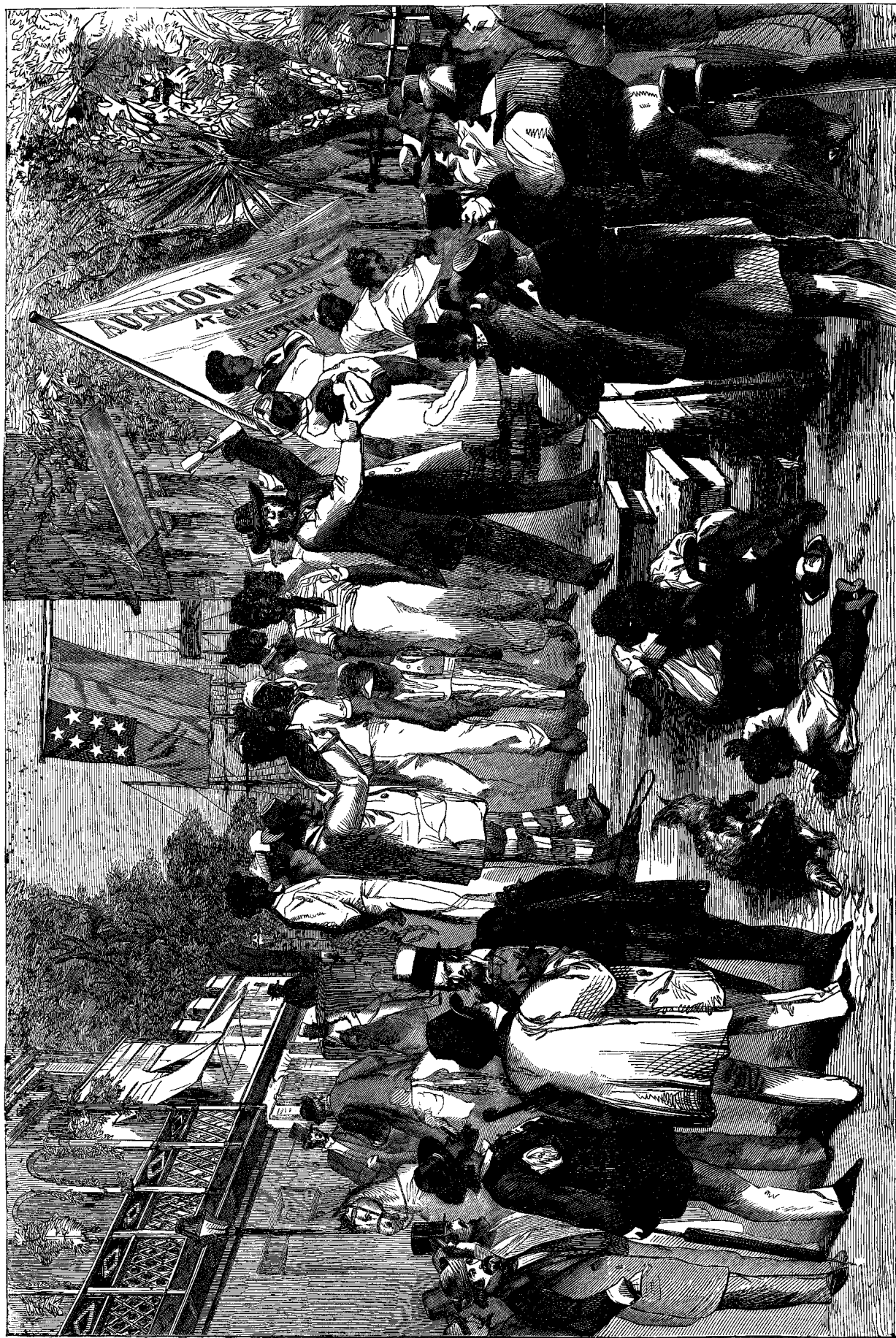




WINFIELD SCOTT, ET. 75, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT, ET. 41.—[FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GIMBREDE.]



A SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

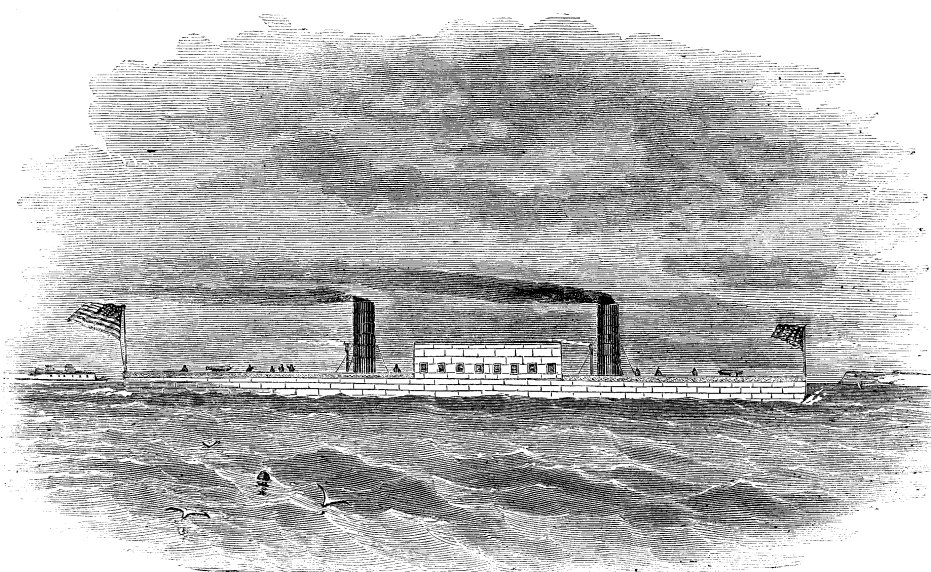
A BOMB-PROOF BATTERY.

At the present session of Congress there is but little doubt that orders will be given to finish the celebrated BOMB-PROOF BATTERY, designed by R. L. Stevens, and which for so many years has lain at the yard at Hoboken, securely guarded by watchmen and dogs. Until very recently no one connected with the press has ever visited it. Our artist, however, embraced an opportunity of visiting the monster ship, and has furnished us with the sketch, which we reproduce on this page. He also learned that this vessel, when about to engage in an action, is sunk so that its decks are just above water. It will mount a powerful battery of sixteen rifled guns in the bomb-proof casemates, while two heavy Columbiads for throwing shell will be mounted on the deck—one forward and the other aft. The funnels, or smoke-pipes, will be constructed on the telescopic principle, and can be lowered at pleasure, or in action, when they would serve for a mark for the enemy's shot. Mr. Stevens says that if the vessel is fitted out according to his plans, he would be willing to guarantee the capture of Sumter in a less number of hours than it took the South Carolinians with their seventeen batteries.

REFRESHMENTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

We illustrate on page 438 an admirable Philadelphia "institution," which we commend to the notice of the public. The artist who obligingly sent us the sketch describes it as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1861. I send you herewith a few sketches, illustrating an admirable idea for furnishing the volunteers for the United States, passing through Philadelphia to the seat of war, with a real solace, in the shape of hot coffee and plenty of bread, butter, and cold meat, free of expense. When the troops began to hasten to the defense of the Government most of them passed through here, travel-worn and hungry, without any intimation to our citizens of their visit, and nearly all at such hours after midnight as precluded any public reception. Then it was that a few patriotic individuals would bring baskets of bread and a few gallons of coffee to comfort and refresh a few of the strangers. These limited yet thankfully received supplies were handed in the car windows until the war became known, when, from the bare suspicion that a regiment was coming, many would stay up nearly all night, making what coffee their little domestic articles would allow, and taking it to the gen-



THE STEVENS BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

eral table near the depot. But this was too limited, many soldiers getting none, which soon attracted the attention of some energetic persons, who determined to carry the affair to a complete and creditable form. Donations of money, and means were solicited, and were given with a liberality suitable to the cause. The two large heaters and boilers (in the sketch) were given by Mr. Savory. The use of the two buildings at the southwest corner of Water and Washington streets was obtained (each about sixty feet deep, which have been furnished with tables, neatly covered with white cloths, set with ironstone plates and tin cups, and can accommodate three full companies at one time, having now complete facilities for furnishing a regiment with as much food as they can eat, and nearly a quart of coffee for each man. As few men can drink over a pint, it is a rich treat to see them emptying the whiskey from their canteens to receive the coffee. "Och moor!" said a big Scotchman with the Highland Regiment the other day, after clearing his tin cup at one draught and smacking his lips—"och mon, but that's guid!" Arrangements have also been made to receive telegraphic communications from regiments or companies several hours in advance of their arrival, when our citizens are notified by the firing of cannon—one gun announcing the fact, and the requisite number telling the hour at which they will arrive. The first call of the volunteers is frequently for water to wash with, and to-morrow the plumber will finish the introduction of water pipe and forty spigots. A suitable number of wash-basins and towels, with plenty soap, have been furnished. Gas will also be introduced by Thursday, when a grand public festival and flag-raising will celebrate the completion of this patriotic and really substantial display of sympathy for a great cause. I have sent you the sketch, as you have the largest circulation of any paper in the country. Should you find it worthy of publication it may be the means of conveying the idea to the patriotic in other sections. As one of the

Massachusetts boys told me to-day, "Coffee is better than whiskey."

THE VIRGINIAN ARMY.

The attentive correspondent to whom we have been indebted for so many interesting sketches of the rebel army in Virginia has supplied us with the drawings which we reproduce this week on pages 436 and 445. They represent VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT DAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION, and a CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, ON THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD. These pictures are intrinsically interesting, and those who can form an idea of the difficulty with which the sketches are obtained will not prize them the less on that account. Our correspondent writes:

HILLSBORO, VIRGINIA, June 23, 1861. The sketch of troops crossing the Blue Ridge I made a few days ago. It strikingly illustrates a Virginia regiment on the march. I think I shall paint the same subject when the war is over. The other sketch, made on Thursday, is the camp of a portion of the large army now under the command of General Beauregard, whose headquarters are somewhere about Manassas Junction. It is said there is now upward of fifty thousand men in that neighborhood; but of that it is impossible to tell, as the whole country is a camp. I never saw so many tents, soldiers, and horses before in my life. I would freely give you all the information in my power in regard to matters here;

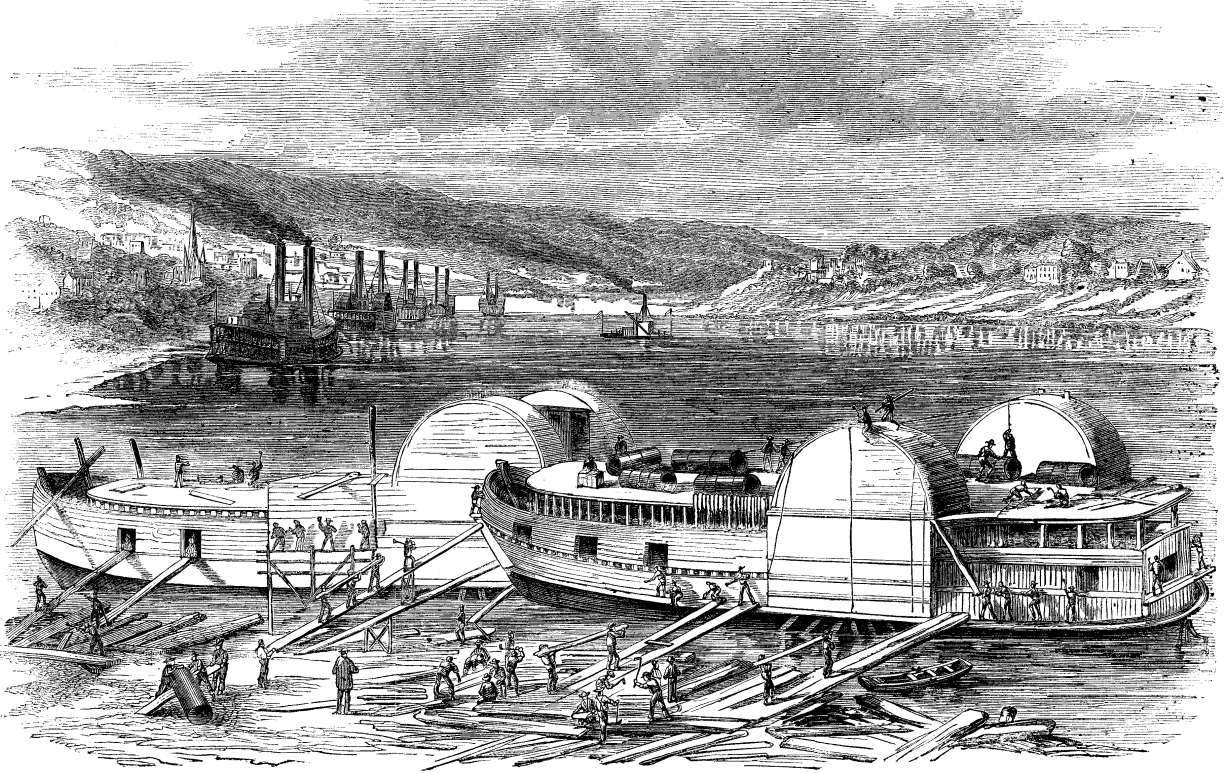
but it is one of the conditions upon which my friend has consented to take charge of my letters, that I send no intelligence abroad as it might place us both in an ugly fix if any thing of the sort were foisted upon him. The people here are very suspicious, and no man who values his life should come here for the sake of curiosity. As for me, I shall get away as soon as I can. Living here is both unbecomingly and expensive. Food is plenty; but in traveling you are obliged to get horseback or on foot, as railroads are mostly taken up for the transportation of troops, and Bayonets bristle at every town. You are stopped at every step; and a stranger, even with a pass from a commanding officer, finds the greatest difficulty in getting about. I never was in such a warlike place before, and shall be glad to get back to Maryland, where at least there is some show of peace. When I leave here I think I shall try the Federal Army, where, no doubt, I will find more facility in sketching.

The Washington correspondent of the Times says:

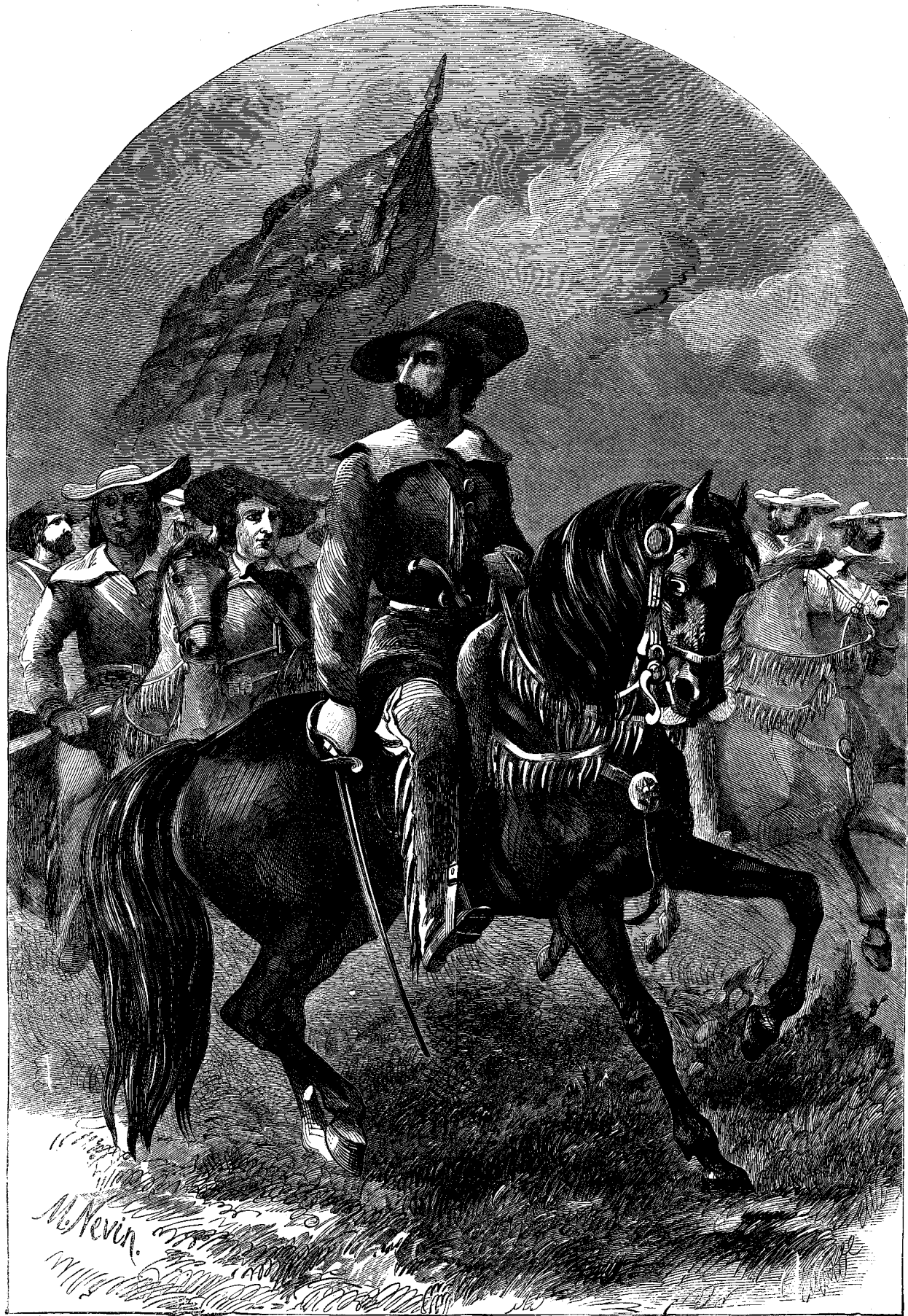
A lady arrived here last night from Richmond. She prepared to leave Virginia several days since, but, from her well-known intimate relations to leading Union men in Virginia, was flatly refused the courtesy of a pass from Jeff Davis. A subsequent application to Beauregard met with a similar refusal. She escaped, however, and upon reaching the bank of the Potomac, several miles above Washington, procured the services of a boatman, who brought her down the river during the night, and she reached town in safety. She informs me that scattered along the route from Richmond to Manassas, and thence to Fairfax Court House, the Confederates have a large body of troops. General Beauregard openly declares his intention to move toward Washington, and hopes yet to be able to take it. His plan is—so this authority avers—to get as near our Arlington outposts as possible with his main force, and to shell the city. Thence, meantime, he designs to push his column on, to engage our forces, and to carry such points as he is able to conquer, and with a reserve march finally upon the Capital. She adds that General Beauregard, through his emissaries, who are constantly coming to and going from this city, is thoroughly informed of all the movements of our forces.

THE CREW OF THE STEAM-FRIGATE "COLORADO."

On page 439 the reader will find a truthful picture of the crew of the United States steam-frigate Colorado, which has lately sailed from Boston to join the blockading fleet. The men were all recruited and shipped at Boston, and we understand that an unusual proportion of them are Americans. Their physique goes to show that the race has not degenerated in that part of the country, and that when occasion offers they will do full justice to the reputation which our gallant tars have won in many a fight and on many a sea.



GUN-BOATS FITTING OUT AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, FOR GOVERNMENT SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, IN HIS PRAIRIE COSTUME

ALL IS WELL!

THEY stood, mute lipped, with sullen eyes
 When spring was fresh and green,
 A tiny coffin at their feet,
 A new-made grave between.
 The earth was rich with bursting buds,
 The wind with grand perfumes,
 God's music, in a thousand tones,
 Swept softly round the tombs.
 The preacher, with a voice attuned
 To meet the music's swell,
 Stood heralding an angel's birth,
 The promise, "All is well!"

The neighbors, with uncovered heads,
 In saddened groups stood by,
 With many a listening, trembling lip,
 And many a dimming eye.
 For every one of all the groups
 Who gathered sadly there
 Knew why, on either side the grave,
 Stood James and Ellen Ware.
 They knew how words of bitter strife
 Had words of love defied,
 And how a wandering man returned,
 The day his child had died.

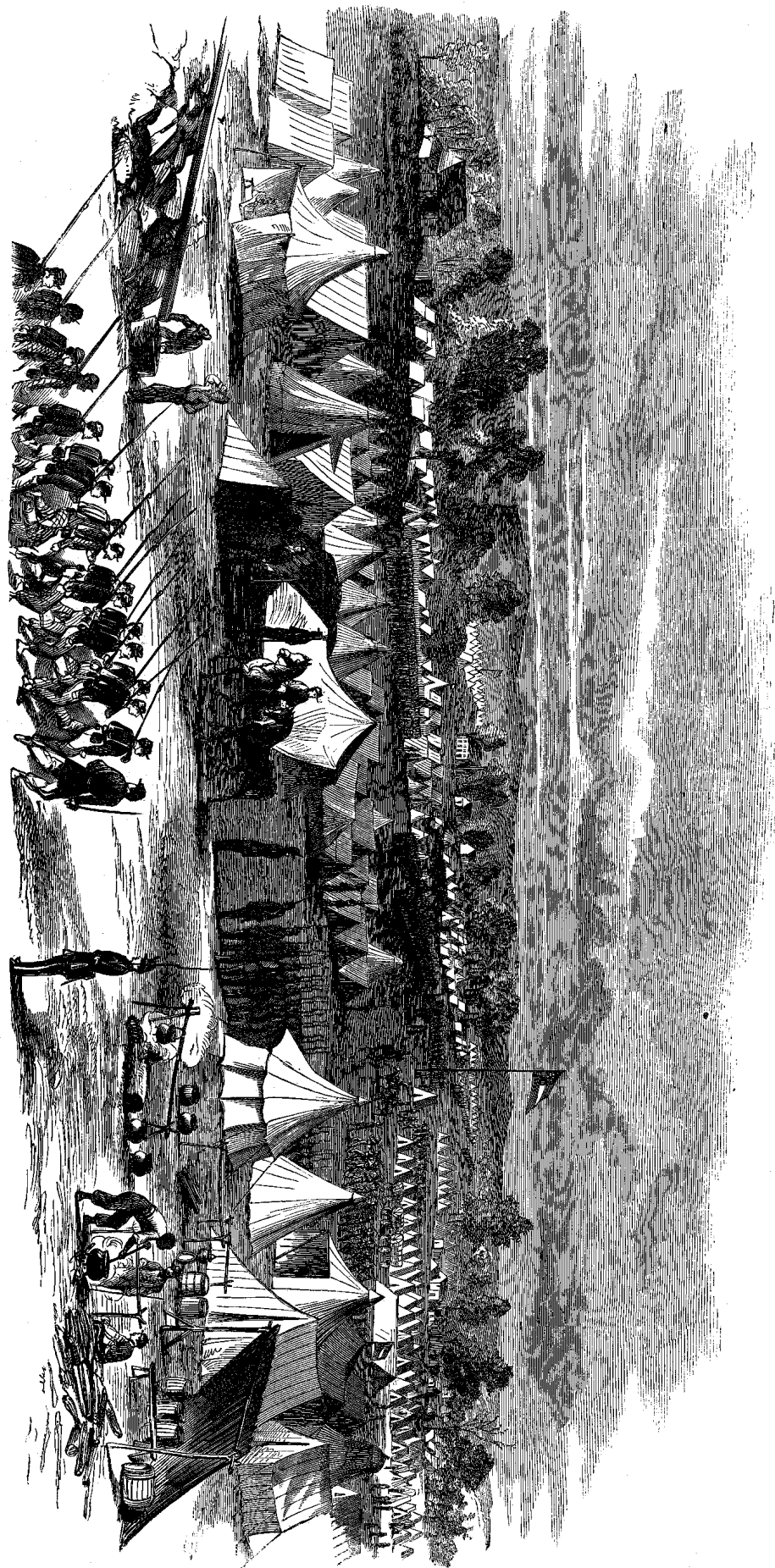
Returned too late to kiss the lips
 He loved so well with life;
 Returned with anger in his heart
 Against an angry wife.
 For she, when first the babe had drooped,
 With sullen scorn denied
 Her wish to have the father by
 The little sufferer's side.
 She steeled her heart with every word
 His angry tongue had said,
 And called him only to his home
 To find his darling dead.

And so they stood beside the grave,
 The husband and the wife,
 Still warming in their heart of hearts
 The olden words of strife.
 The only two of all the crowd
 Unmoved to love and tears,
 With them the promise, "All is well!"
 Fell on unlistening ears.
 The prayer had ceased, the sexton stooped
 To lift the tiny load,
 To lay the baby child away
 Within its last abode.

From either side the open grave
 Stepped James and Ellen Ware,
 And knelt beside the baby child
 That lay so silent there.
 Their heads were bowed, their hands were clasped
 Upon the coffin lid;
 The tears that struggled from their hearts
 Could be no longer hid.
 The preacher cast his eyes aloft,
 And stretched his hands in prayer,
 No word he spoke, we knew he prayed
 For James and Ellen Ware.

Their hands crept blindly o'er the lid,
 And met in warm embrace,
 Their heads were lifted from their breasts,
 To gaze in either face.
 In sad, heart-broken tones they called
 Their baby's name aloud,
 And sobbing in each other's arms,
 They kissed its wooden shroud.
 And as the sexton stooped to lift
 Once more the little shell,
 They whispered to each other's heart
 The promise, "All is well!"

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, NEAR THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD.—[See Page 448.]



MARSHAL KANE, OF BALTIMORE.
 [See Page 485.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return, were questions utterly unknown to me; nor did I vex my mind with them, for it was wholly set on Provis's safety. I only wondered for the passing moment, as I stopped at the door and looked back, under what altered circumstances I should next see those rooms, if ever.

We loitered down to the Temple stairs, and stood loitering there, as if we were not quite decided to go upon the water at all. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready and every thing in order. After a little show of indecision, which there were none to see but the two or three amphibious creatures belonging to our Temple stairs, we went on board and cast off; Herbert in the bow, I steering. It was then about high-water—half past eight.

Our plan was this: The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend, between Kent and Essex, where the river is broad and solitary, where the water-side inhabitants are very few, and where lone public houses are scattered here and there, of which we could choose one for a resting-place. There we meant to lie by, all night. The steamer for Hamburg and the steamer for Rotterdam would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning, and would be in our part of the river at about noon. We should know at what time to expect them according to where we were, and would hail the first, so that we might have no more taken aboard, we should have another chance. We had a pocket-glass with us, and knew the distinguishing marks of each vessel.

The relief of being at last engaged in the execution of the purpose was so great to me that I felt it difficult to realize the condition in which I had been a few hours before. The crisp air, the sunlight, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself—the road that ran with us, seeming to sympathize with us, animate us, and encourage us on to the end of the world with hope. I felt mortified to be of so little use in the boat; but there were few better oarsmen than my two friends, and they rowed with a steady stroke that was to last all day.

At that time the steam traffic on the Thames was far below its present extent, and watermen's boats were far more numerous. Of barges, sailing colliers, and coasting-traders, there were perhaps as many as now; but of steamships, great and small, not a fifth or a twentieth part so many. Early as it was, there were plenty of scullers going here and there, and plenty of barges dropping down with the tide; the navigation of the river between bridges, in an open boat, was a much easier and commoner matter in those days than it is in these; and we went ahead among many skills and wherries, briskly.

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate Market with its oyster-boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitors' Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping. Here were the Aberdeen and Glasgow steamers loading and unloading goods, and looking immensely high out of the water as we passed alongside; here were colliers by the score and score, with the coal-whippers plunging off stages on deck, as counterweights to measures of coal swinging up, which were then rattled over the side into barges; here, at her moorings, was to-morrow's steamer for Rotterdam, of which we took good notice; and here to-morrow's for Hamburg, under whose bowsprit we crossed. And now I, sitting in the stern, could see with a faster beating heart Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond stairs.

"Is he there?" said Herbert.
"Not yet."
"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"
"Not well from here; but I think I see it. Now, I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!"

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on his feet and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river pilot as his heart could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done. Thanky, thanky!"
Again among the tiers of shipping, in and out, avoiding rusty chain-cables, frayed hempen hawsers, and bobbing buoys, sinking for the moment floating broken baskets, scattering floating chips of wood and shavings, cleaving floating scum of coal, in and out, under the figure-head of the John of Sunderland making a speech to the winds (as is done by many Johns), and the Betsy of Yarmouth with a firm formality of bosom and her knobby eyes starting two inches out of her head, in and out, hammers going in ship-builders' yards, saws going at timber, clashing engines going at things unknown, pumps going in leaky ships, captains going, ships going out to sea, and unrecognizable sea-monsters roaring courses over the bellmarks at respondent lightermen, in and

out—out at last upon the clearer river, where the ships' boys might take their fenders in, no longer fishing in troubled waters with them fly out to the wind.

At the Stairs where we had taken him aboard, and ever since, I had looked warily for any token of our being suspected. I had seen none. We certainly had not been, and at that time as certainly we were not, either attended or followed by any boat. If we had been waited on by any boat, I should have run in to shore, and have obliged her to go on, or to make her purpose evident. But we held our own, without any appearance of molestation.

He had his boat-cloak on him, and looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene. It was remarkable (but perhaps the wretched life he had led accounted for it), that he was the least anxious of any of us. He was not indifferent, for he told me that he hoped to live to see his gentleman one of the best of gentlemen in a foreign country; he was not disposed to be passive or resigned, as I understood it; but he had no notion of meeting danger half way. When it came upon him he confronted it, but it must come before he troubled himself.

"If you knowed, dear boy," he said to me, "what it is to sit here alonger my dear boy and have my smoke, arter having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me. But you don't know what it is."

"I think I know the delights of freedom," I answered.

"Ah," said he, shaking his head gravely. "But you don't know it equal to me. You must have been under lock and key, dear boy, to know it equal to me—but I ain't a going to be low."

It occurred to me as inconsistent that for any

posed and contented as if we were already out of England. Yet he was as submissive to a word of advice as if he had been in constant terror, for, when we ran ashore to get some bottles of beer into the boat and he was stepping out, I hinted that I thought he would be safest where he was, and he said, "Do you, dear boy," and quietly sat down again.

The air felt cold upon the river, but it was a bright day, and the sunshine was very cheering. The tide ran strong, I took care to lose none of it, and our steady stroke carried us on thoroughly well. By imperceptible degrees, as the tide ran out, we lost more and more of the nearer woods and hills, and dropped lower and lower between the muddy banks, but the tide was yet with us when we were off Gravesend. As our charge was wrapped in his cloak, I purposely passed within a boat or two's length of the floating Custom-house, and so out to catch the stream, alongside of two emigrant ships, and under the bows of a large transport with soldiers on the fore-castle looking down at us. And soon the tide began to slacken, and the craft lying at anchor to swing, and presently they had all swung round, and the ships that were taking advantage of the new tide to get up to the Pool, began to crowd upon us in a fleet, and we kept under the shore, as much out of the strength of the tide now as we could, standing carefully off from low shallows and mud-banks.

Our oarsmen were so fresh, by dint of having occasionally let her drive with the tide for a minute or two, that a quarter of an hour's rest proved full as much as they wanted. We got ashore among some slippery stones while we ate and drank what we had with us, and looked about. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon; while the winding river turned and turned, and the



"HE WAS TAKEN ON BOARD, AND INSTANTLY MANACLED AT THE WRISTS AND ANKLES."

mastering idea he should have endangered his freedom and even his life. But I reflected that perhaps freedom without danger was too much apart from all the habit of his existence to be to him what it would be to another man. I was not far out, since he said, after smoking a little:

"You see, dear boy, when I was over yonder, 'tother side of the world, I was always a looking to this side; and it come flat to be there, for all I was a growing rich. Every body knowed Magwitch, and Magwitch could come, and Magwitch could go, and nobody's head would be troubled about him. They ain't so easy concerning me here, dear boy—wouldn't be, leastwise, if they knowed where I was."

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again within a few hours."
"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale, and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me, "Ay, I s'pose I think so, dear boy. We'd be puzzled to be more quiet and easy-going than we are at present. But—it's a flowing so soft and pleasant through the water, 'praps, as makes me think it—I was a thinking through my smoke just then, that we can no more see to the bottom of the next few hours than we can see to the bottom of this river what it catches hold of. Nor yet we can't no more hold their dills than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers and gone, you see!" holding up his dripping hand.

"But for your face, I should think you were a little despondent," said I.

"Not a bit on it, dear boy! It comes of flowing on so quiet, and of that there rippling at the boat's head making a sort of a Sunday tune. Maybe I'm a growing a trifle old besides."

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as com-

great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and every thing else seemed stranded and still. For now the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some ballast-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat shoal light-house on open piles, stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud.

We pushed off again, and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and Startop persevered, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until the sun went down. By that time the river had lifted us a little, so that we could see above the bank. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black; and there was the solitary flat marsh; and far away there were the rising grounds, between which and us there seemed to be no life, save here and there in the fore-ground a melancholy gull.

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council: a short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for any thing like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles. It was very cold, and a collier coming by us, with her galley-fire smoking and flaring, looked quite a comfortable home. The night was as dark by this time as it would be until morning, and what light we had seemed to come more from the river than the sky, as the oars in their dipping struck at the few reflected stars.

At this dismal time we were evidently all pos-

sessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore; and whenever such a sound came, one or other of us was sure to start and look in that direction. Here and there the set of the current had worn down the bank into a little creek, and we were all suspicious of such places, and eyed them nervously. Sometimes, "What was that ripple?" one of us would say in a low voice. Or another, "Is that a boat yonder?" And afterward we would fall into a dead silence, and I would sit impatiently thinking with what an unusual amount of noise the oars worked in the thowels.

At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterward ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be a window of a public house. It was a dirty place enough, and I dare say not unknown to smuggling adventures; but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there were eggs and bacon to eat, and various liquors to drink. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms—"such as they were," the landlord said. No other company was in the house than the landlord, his wife, and a grizzled male creature, that "Jack" of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low-water mark.

With this assistant I went down to the boat again, and we all came ashore, and brought out the oars, and rudder, and boat-hook, and all else, and hauled her up for the night. We made a very good meal by the kitchen fire, and then apportioned the bedrooms; Herbert and Startop were to occupy one; I and our charge the other. We found the air as carefully excluded from both as if air were fatal to life; and there were more dirty clothes in bandboxes under the beds than I should have thought the place possessed. But we considered ourselves well off, notwithstanding, for a more solitary place we could not have found.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up too," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."
"A four-oared galley, eh?" said I.
"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."
"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to give the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it at least."
"Why?"

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.
"He thinks," said the landlord—a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack—"he thinks they was what they wasn't."

"I know what I think," observed the Jack. "You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.
"I do," said the Jack.
"Then you're wrong, Jack."
"As I!"

"In the infinite meaning of his reply, and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do any thing.

"Why, what do you make out, that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" asked the landlord, vacillating weakly.
"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Cluucked 'em overboard. Swallowed 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be ehecky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.
"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious words with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which, he went out disgusted; and the landlord, having no one to rely upon, found it impracticable to pursue the subject.

This dialogue made us all uneasy, and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was rattling round the house, the tide was flapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared galley hovering about in so unusual a way as to attract this notice, was an ugly circumstance that I could not get rid of. When I had induced Provis to go up to bed, I went outside with my two companions (Startop by this time knew the state of the case), and held another council. Whether we should remain at the house until near the owner's time, which would be about one in the afternoon; or whether we should put off only in the morning, was the question we discussed. On the whole we deemed it the better course to lie where we were until within an hour or so of the steamer's time, and then to get out in her track, and drift easily with the tide. Having settled to do this, we returned into the house and went to bed.

I lay down with the greater part of my clothes



THE BOMB-SHELL (Gen. Scott) and THE RAT-HOLES.

"I was amused to observe that most of these works had galleries in the rear, generally in connection with the magazine passages, which the constructors called 'rat-holes,' and which are intended as shelter to the men at the guns, in case of shells falling inside the battery. They may prove to have a very different result, and are certainly not so desirable in a military point of view as good traverses. A rush for the 'rat-hole' will not be very dignified or improving to the morale every time a bomb hurtles over them; and assuredly the damage to the magazines will be enormous if the fire from Pickens is accurate and well sustained."—Dr. RUSSELL'S Letter from Pensacola to the London Times.



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