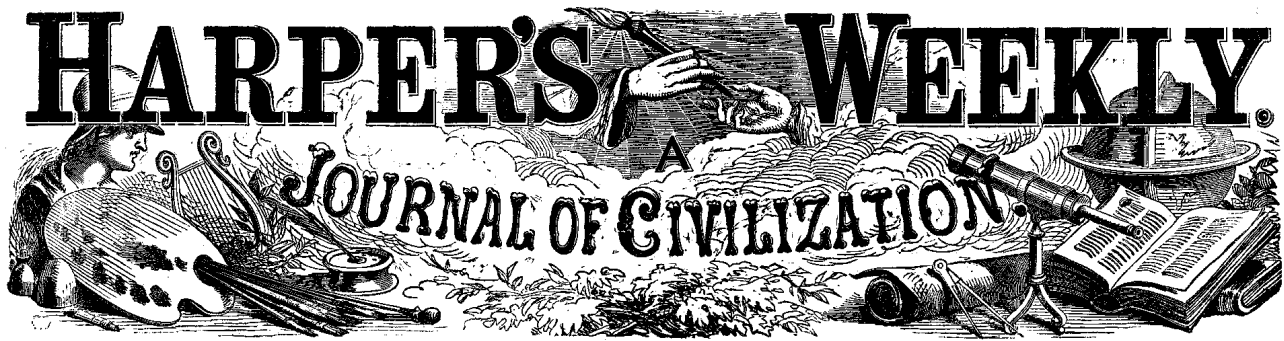


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. V.—No. 239.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

[SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
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GENERAL PRENTISS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY AMES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAMS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON AND HIS COMMAND FROM BOONVILLE, MISSOURI, FOR THE ARKANSAS BORDER.—SKETCHED BY O. C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MY HERO.

My hero came to say farewell to me: There was no school-boy burst Of needless speech from him. He simply said, "The country's call was first."

I think sometimes that when the trump of peace Again our land shall fill, And treason shall be crushed from out the soil, He may be living still.

Yet many a woman nearer God than I, With mingled pride and pain Awaits its seeming calmness news of those Who may ne'er come again;

GENERAL PRENTISS.

ON page 466 we publish a portrait of GENERAL PRENTISS, Commanding the Illinois Volunteers at Cairo, Illinois. Of General Prentiss's previous career but little is known.

GEN. EDWARD C. WILLIAMS.

GENERAL EDWARD C. WILLIAMS, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born on the 10th of February, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia, where he resided until the year 1838.

But the quiet of life was not compatible with his disposition. In December, 1846, he left the city of Harrisburg in command of the Cameron Guards, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to join our army, then in Mexico.

General Williams was married in the year 1841 to Miss Hetzel, of Harrisburg. Three brothers of this lady wed with distinction through the entire Mexican war.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON FROM BOONVILLE.

ON page 465 we illustrate the DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON WITH HIS COLUMN FROM BOONVILLE, MISSOURI, FOR THE ARKANSAS BORDER, near which he expects to capture the runaway Governor Jackson, Ben McCulloch, and the other secessionist leaders in that region.

The time, since the battle at this point, has been spent in preparations for a march to the southwestern portion of the State. Not less than three thousand men will leave from here, and as thirty-seven days' rations are to be taken along, it can easily be imagined that the preparations are neither few nor small.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

EARLY in August we shall commence the publication of Sir EDWARD LYTON BULWER'S new Tale, entitled

A STRANGE STORY.

It will be handsomely illustrated, and will be continued from week to week till it is completed.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

TWO weeks before the meeting of Congress sundry people and papers tested the quality of the loyalty of this nation to its government, in other words, to itself, by suggesting either that there ought to be "peace"—by which they meant the destruction of the Government

All these suggestions indignantly failed. They failed more ignominiously than any political dodges in our history. They were the feeble efforts of treason to discover if it had any hope in the city of New York.

Then Congress met, and the Message and reports were published. They were all, without exception, papers of great and unusual ability. But they all assumed the resolution of suppressing rebellion at all cost as a matter of course.

Congress organized without any partisan or factious opposition. The necessary war-measures were put upon their passage. Senator Salisbury attempted to withstand one of them in the Senate. He was assisted by two Senators from Missouri, one from Maryland, and one from Kentucky.

While these things were happening in Washington the Government asked New York for five millions of dollars, and got it in three hours.

These signs show that the people of this country are fully persuaded that as their Government is the best to live under, so it is the best to give life and fortune to maintain, if necessary.

THE portrait of GENERAL SCOTT, published in a recent number of Harper's Weekly, was from a photograph by Gurney, not Brady. It is considered the finest photograph of the old hero ever taken, and Messrs. Gurney & Son are fairly entitled to the credit of it.

THE LOUNGER.

DIFFERING DOCTORS.

THE London Saturday Review has an article upon the letters of Dr. Russell to the London Times. It thinks that he is not equal to Thucydides. It thinks that he tells much more of what befell himself than of what he saw in the land he described.

The truth evidently lies between these eminent Doctors. When the correspondent of the London Times arrived in this country there was a great deal of unnecessary gasconade about the embassy of the press, and of the people of England, etc., etc., the pure humbug of which Doctor Russell, being an old hand upon the press, perfectly understood.

From this point of view the Doctor has contemplated the movement in this country; and it determines the value of his observations. Of course that value is not great. When the Doctor says that he saw twenty guns in a fort; that the commander gave him ice in his Champagne; and that the wind blew a gale as he sailed, as he sailed; there is no doubt of the guns, the ice, and the wind—not the least.

The Saturday Review, true to itself, is too flippantly severe. The Tribune, in its unqualified commendation of letters which have undoubtedly injured the Constitutional cause in this country by prejudicing England, is also true to its extraordinary policy of embarrassing the Administration.

DU CHAILLU.

THE story of Du Chaillu has all the old fascination of Mungo Park and Captain Parry's. It is a story of wild adventure in new lands and among new dangers; for no other known traveler has ever written that he has seen by the gorilla.

Mr. Du Chaillu passed eight years in Africa, and half of that time was devoted to the journeys and explorations of which his book is the history. In that time he traveled on foot, in the sole company of the natives, about eight thousand miles. He shot, studied, and brought home more than two thousand birds, of which some sixty are believed to be new species.

Upon his arrival in this country, about eighteen months since, the Lounger called attention to these specimens, which were exhibited in Broadway, and excited only a limited interest. The reason of it was, of course, that to most of us new specimens of animals differ very little from old ones of the same general kind; and one museum of natural history is, therefore, very much like another.

The book of the traveler will interest the public at large as much as his discoveries interested men of science. All the boys in the land will pore over it, as we who were boys once used to hang over Captain Bill's Narrative and Deane and Clapp's book that boys love to read, and which charms their parents.

ASKING A FRIEND TO BREAKFAST.

WE are certainly not fortunate, at this juncture, in our letter-writers abroad—excepting always the clear, calm, masterly hand of the historian Motley.

But the epistolary performances of the worthy Minister to Russia, and the late breakfast invitation of Mr. Tramway Train, must have produced the most ludicrous emotions in the mind of the cool British reader.

We Americans have always laughed with a good deal of impatience at the extravagance of phrase and costume with which the French and Italians adorn their praises of liberty and their republican persons. If they were not so intent upon the color of a ribbon or the form of a hat, we are wont to say, they might secure a little more of the substance of liberty.

As we grow older, we grow more expansive and explosive in our style. "On mighty pens" we soar. At least Mr. Train does in his invitation to a Bunker Hill breakfast in London, which has the true flavor of the exalted French Republican literary style.

"Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Will you come to a Union Déjeuner, at 2 o'clock, on the 17th of June, at the Westminster Palace Hotel—sixty pikes. Sincerely believing that there are many representative men in this garden land of free opinions who bear kind wishes for the continued unity of our people and independence of our nation, I have taken this method to bring together some of the bright minds of the age, in the hope of counteracting the evil effects of those secession journals and statesmen who cheer so loudly whenever the 'bursting of the republican bubble' is alluded to. Let Lancashire and Yorkshire sympathize with the Pirates' Rebellion, and stimulate the traitors on to their certain destruction; and let London, the first city of the world, be too proud and too independent to misrepresent the great English people by selling its sense of right for a bauble of cotton. Nothing will please me more than to have you say 'Yes,' addressed to George Francis Train, 18 St. James's Street, Piccadilly. London, June, 1861."

It is a good rule always to speak and write in such a manner that people will believe you to be in earnest.

BLONDIN AND HUMANITY.

OUR Niagara Lion of last year, Blondin, has been exciting the utmost attention in England. The nation which cherishes the prize ring was delighted with his feats. The Saturday Review ought, consistently, to have waxed rhetorically rapturous over his fulfillment of the true destiny of man, in due continuation of its last year's twaddle about Heenan and Sayers. But the Home Office thought that to wheel his child along the rope was carrying the thing a little too far; and a letter was written to the Directors of the Crystal Palace, suggesting that humanity required them to forbid the risk of human life.

According to the last accounts, Blondin was to wheel "Tom Sayers" along the rope. What Humanity required in this case the Home Office had apparently not informed any body. Doubtless it considers that Blondin and Sayers have both reached years of discretion, but that the young Blondin had not. Still it would seem to be a fair question at what time years of discretion commenced; and whether a man who would suffer another to wheel him in a barrow upon a tight-rope might not properly be treated as a child, and be protected by the requirements of humanity and the Home Office.

TOSSING UP A COPPER TO DECIDE.

THE Tribune proposes that the question of free popular government and of progressive human industry and civilization shall be decided by the chance of what it calls "a fair battle." If the rebels "are beaten," it says, "they must give it up; while, if they beat us, we ought to do the same." The Tribune thinks that fifty thousand men upon each side would be the proper number for the "fair battle," and then if the rebels prove to be the stronger (in that battle), "let us frankly own it, and promptly arrest the wanton effusion of blood."

But since it is entirely impossible to have "a fair battle" between fifty thousand men upon one side, but comparatively easy to secure fairness between two people, why not settle the question by a duel between Beauregard and one of our generals?

Or, better still, why fight at all? Why not have Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis toss up a copper to settle the point?

The Tribune would have considered the question of our Revolution settled by the battle of Bunker Hill, which we lost; and have inveighed against the wicked inaction of Valley Forge, the gloomiest and most glorious epoch of our history.

WHAT TO DO WITH PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE question is constantly asked, What is to be done with citizens of the United States who are taken in armed rebellion against the Government? The reply seems to be obvious enough, that the Constitution of the United States plainly defines treason, and the laws distinctly state its penalty.

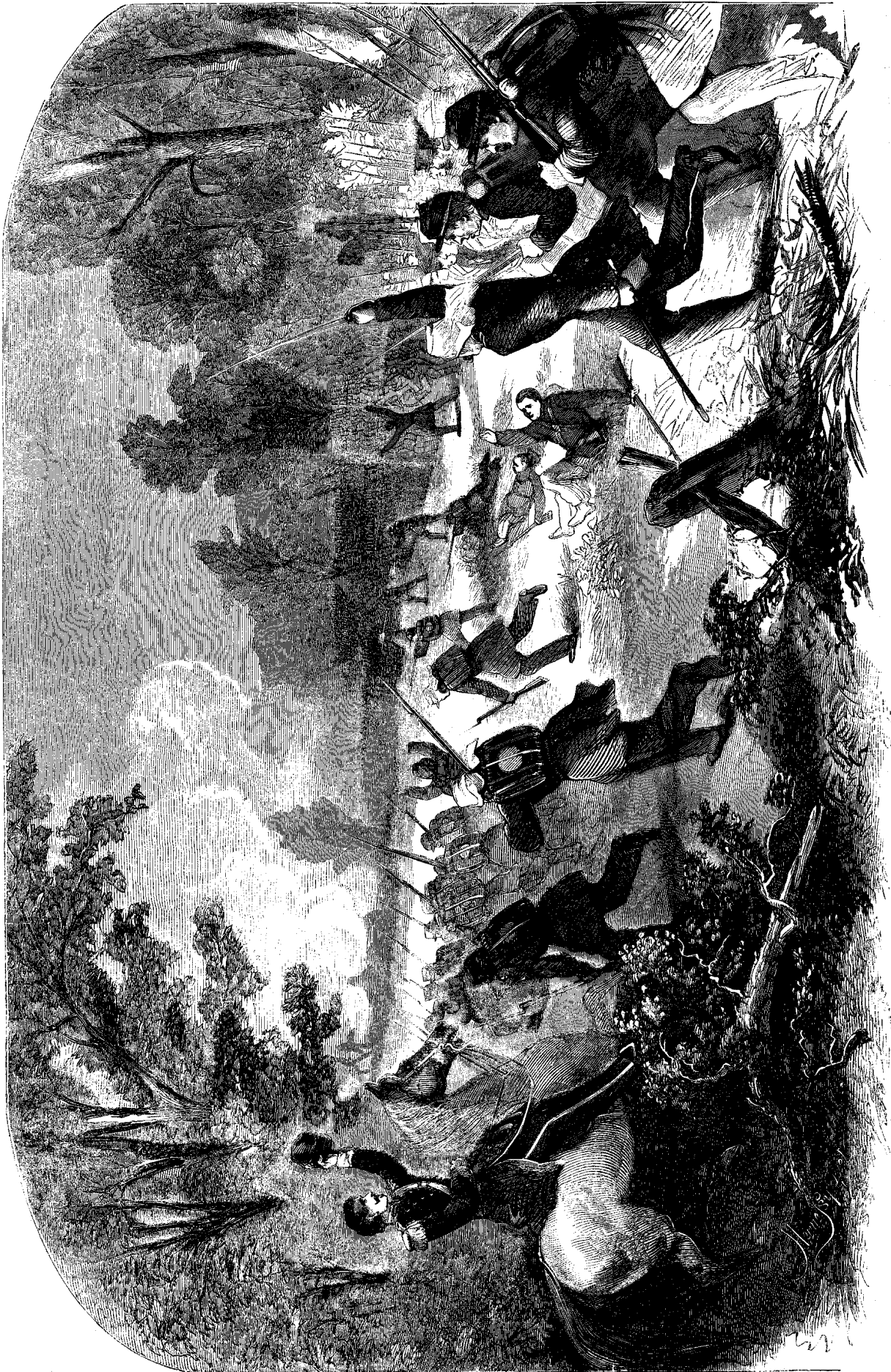
But when General McClellan, or any other general, captures six hundred or six thousand soldiers in arms, shall they be tried at a drum-head court-martial and summarily hung?

That upon their saying that there has been some mistake, and they are very sorry, and they won't do so again, they should be released upon what is facetiously called their word of honor, seems to be trifling with the lives of honest citizens.

Yet they can not well be held as prisoners. What, then, ought to be done?

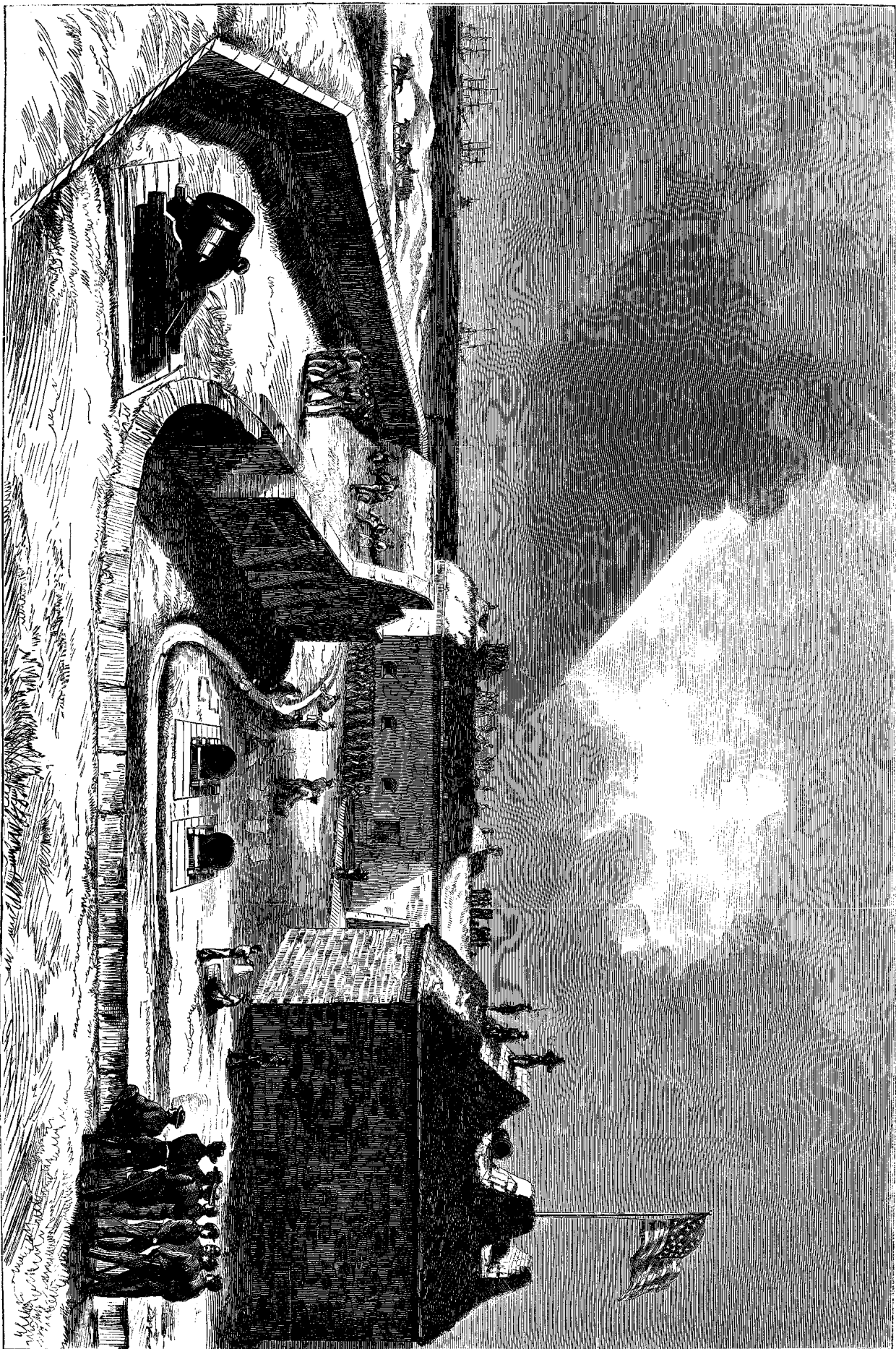
The leaders of such an army, which in the eye of Justice and Liberty is a lawless mob, endangering the peace of the country and the lives of the citizens, ought to be tried, and, upon conviction, hung.

Such a course would be neither vindictive nor sanguinary. It would be exacting the penalty fairly due from the most reckless offenders against the existence of the nation. It would be a wholesome warning to the deluded followers of such men.

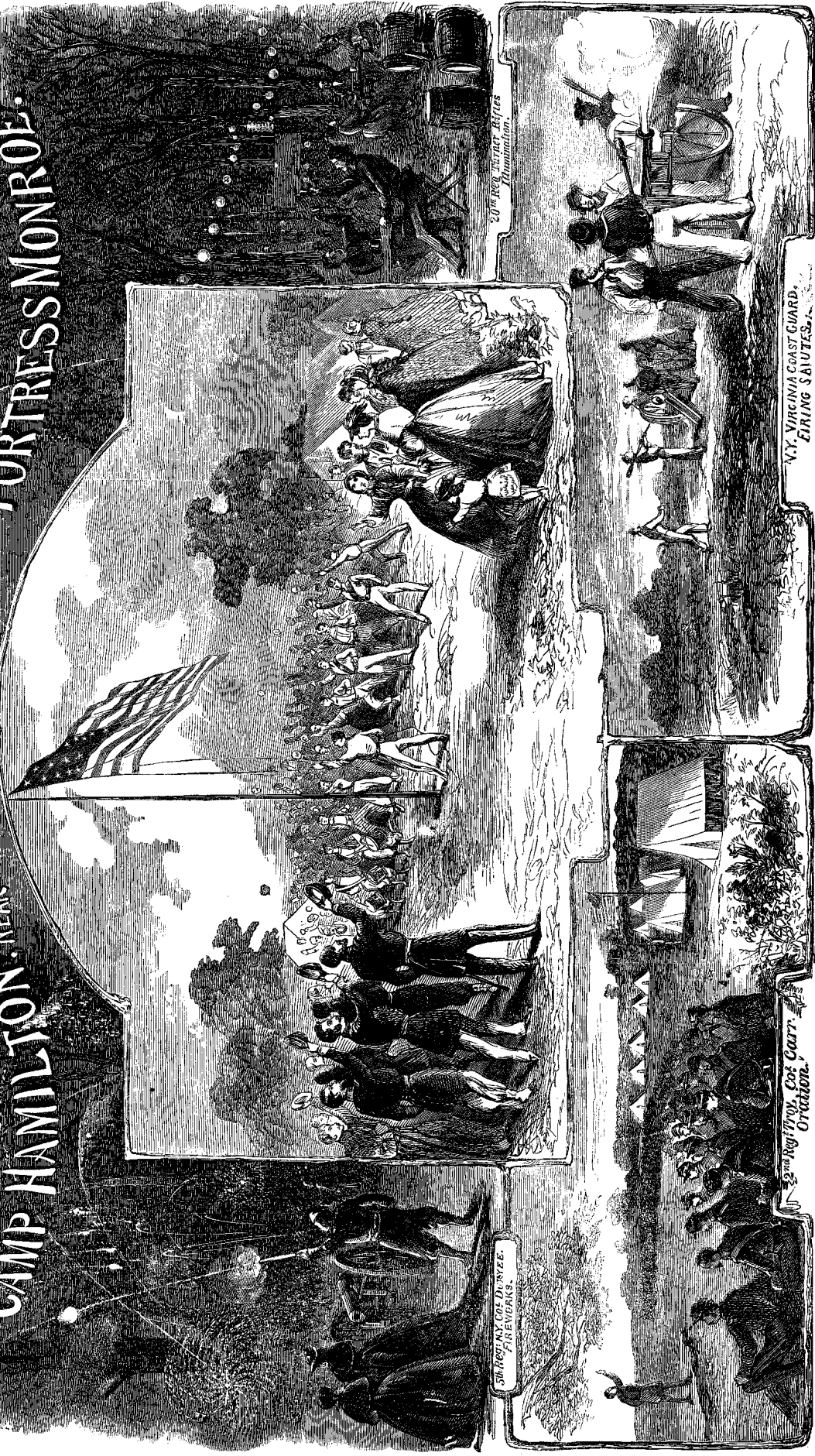


THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA, JULY 13, 1861.

WILSON'S ZOUAVES IN THE DITCH AND COVERED WAY ON THE LAND FRONT OF FORT PICKENS.—SCENED BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



CAMP HAMILTON, NEAR
 AT
 FOURTH OF JULY
 FORTRESS MONROE.



5th REG'T NY CO. 10th DIV. 2nd BRIG. 5th CORPS.

20th REG'T MASS. ARTILLERY.

2nd REG'T ILL. INFANTRY, CO. CARR.

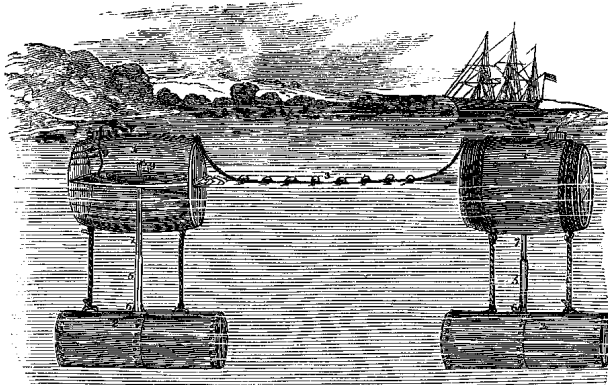
N.Y. VIRGINIA COAST GUARD, FERING SAUTES.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[See Page 471.]

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

We publish on this page an engraving of the INFERNAL MACHINE lately discovered by the Pawnee. The correspondent who kindly sent us the sketch writes us as follows about it:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1861. The Pawnee, by the activity with which she has carried on the blockade of Virginia, and by the precision with which she has, on more than one occasion, thrown her nine-inch shell among the rebels, has given the secessionists a strong desire to cause her destruction. Feeling unable to subdue her by the rules of regular warfare, they resort to the Chinese expedient of torp-ees and infernal machines. The accompanying drawing is a correct representation of one of those instruments of destruction picked up in the Potomac, a few hundred yards from the Pawnee, on the evening of Sunday, 7th inst. In the case used for floating the iron cylinders were placed platforms on which were coiled the slow-matches for communicating fire to the fuses. The fuses connect with the cylinders, which are filled with powder. Had this machine drifted, as was intended, athwart the bows of the Pawnee, and there exploded, its destructive effects would indeed have been great. J. MASON.



REFERENCES.—No. 1. Large oil-casks, serving as buoys. 2. Iron boiler or bomb, 4 feet 6 inches long, 18 inches in diameter. 3. Rope 3 inches, with large pieces of cork at a distance of every 2 feet. 4. Box on top of cask, with fuses. 5. Gutta-percha tube fitting in to copper pipe. 6. Brass tap on bomb. 7. Copper tube running through cask. 8. Wooden platform in centre of casks, in which fuse was coiled and secured.—U. FUSE.

INFERNAL MACHINE PICKED UP ON THE POTOMAC BY THE U. S. STEAMER "PAWNEE."

THE BATTLE AT HOKE'S RUN.

Our artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us a sketch, from which we publish, on page 476, an engraving of the WISCONSIN REGIMENT DEPLOYING AS SKIRMISHERS AT THE BATTLE OF HOKE'S RUN, on the march of Patterson's Division from Williamsport to Martinsburg. A correspondent of the Herald thus describes the affair:

As soon as the advance reached the brow of the hill, opposite Williamsport, the Wisconsin regiment deployed as skirmishers two or three companies, the Philadelphia Independent Rangers still leading. These were supported by the Eleventh Pennsylvania. In this order of march the advance continued slowly along the direct road to Martinsburg. They passed Falling Waters without more than occasionally seeing a rebel trooper at a most respectable distance. They had almost begun to despair of finding a foe. About two miles from Falling Waters they alighted stunted upon him concealed in a farm-house or barn, behind a stone fence, in a grain field. With this advantage of concealment and position the latter opened. Our troops, raw and green, never having been under fire before, did not hesitate a moment. They at once returned the fire and the skirmish grew brisk. The first skirmish must have lasted a half hour between the infantry and riflemen of both sides. Neither party showed any disposition to give way. In the mean time McMiller's Rangers, the whole Wisconsin, and the left wing of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, became involved. The right wing of the Eleventh was moved forward rapidly to outflank the rebels.

While these movements were rapidly progressing, a section of Captain Perkins's flying battery was pushed forward and opened upon the enemy, who by this time had brought into action two full regiments and the right wing of a third. The round shot told beautifully upon them, but when the shell began to burst among them, their Virginia "cavalry" departed. They seemed to have forgotten that "the illustrious blood of the cavaliers flowed in their veins." They did not stand so well as their forefathers stood in-Martin Moore and Nasby—and they ran with higher speed. They brought forward a cannon and attempted to reply to Perkins's two guns, but this order was given to our troops and about to be executed, to charge bayonets in double-quick time to carry the piece, when the piece was withdrawn. I do not think it fired but a few shots in reply. The skirmish was continued over a space of two miles, when the enemy retreated with singular facility.

CAMP-LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE.

Our special artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 474, and which will enable our readers to understand the published descriptions of the movements of that gallant corps. The pictures need no letter-press description. We may observe, how-

ever, that the members of the Council of War which is illustrated were Generals Williams, Cadwallader, Keim, Nagle, Wynkoop, and Colonels Thomas and Longnecker. It was at this council that the plan of the movement was determined. McMiller's Rangers crossed the river at 2.30 A.M., and attacked the enemy's picket, which gave way at once. The headquarters of General Cadwallader were a RATHER PICTURESQUE LOG-HOUSE.

WILSON'S ZOUAVES AT FORT PICKENS.

We publish on page 469, from a sketch by an officer of the garrison, a picture of the DITCH AND RAMPART AT FORT PICKENS, with some of Wilson's Zouaves strolling about. A letter from the Fort, of recent date, thus describes the state of affairs there:

There are now in Fort Pickens some 1600 regular United States troops, which, together with our regiment, will make about 2400. These will be increased by the arrival from New York of additional volunteers, swelling our army to between 5000 and 6000 men. Our regiment will not take quarters in the fort but will camp outside, and engage themselves in the erection of batteries, which, when completed, will pay special attention to the Pensacola Navy-yard. When the troops I have just alluded to have arrived, and sufficient execution been done by the batteries to the Navy-yard, the fleet will open on it in one direction while the troops will attack it in another by escalade, and attempt to carry it at the point of the bayonet. General Drayg is now in Pensacola at the head of 7000 or 8000 men. Fortunately the walls of the Navy-yard are of no great height or thickness, and those who understand these matters give it as their opinion that there will be but two or three volleys, a general rush, a close hand to hand combat, in which the bayonet, sabre, and butt-end of the musket will be the most conspicuous weapons, and in a short time the affair will be settled. Should it come to this it will be both desperate and bloody. We have been selected to lead the van. The remainder of the volunteers will follow next, and then the regulars. The boys seem to enjoy it mightily. That this regiment possesses the raw material for fighting there can exist no question, but they will be more effective after they shall have had more discipline.

THE LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS.

We publish on this page a group of the LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS, now in the hands of our troops at Fortress Monroe. Two of them, who claimed to be deserters, gave the following account of themselves to the correspondent of the Herald:

The elder of the two, Franz Minule, is thirty years of age, and was born in Bavaria. He arrived in this country about a year since, landing at New Orleans, where he has since lived, working his way as a shoemaker. He was taken off by force on the evening of the 16th of last April, while returning home having visited some friends. His brother, on learning of his imprisonment, offered \$300 for his release, but to no purpose, and he left the city of New Orleans on the 15th, forced into the army of the rebels. The other, John Alxevot, is twenty-four years of age, and was born in the province of Saxony; has lived in this country but two years, and speaks a little English. He landed in New Orleans, and thence went to Quincy, Illinois, where he gained his livelihood as a journeyman printer in the office of the Illinois Courier. A short time before the Presidential election he went to St. Louis, and was employed on the St. Louis Democrat. In December he started for New Orleans, and until his imprisonment, on the 15th of April, he worked on the Louisiana Deutsche Zeitung. They are both intelligent men.

The First Louisiana Zouaves (of which they were members) number four hundred men. They have a coarse Zouave uniform, and carry the old style of musket. In lieu of food, which they had not tasted for twenty-four hours, they were supplied with twenty rounds of ball cartridges. After these two men left New Orleans on the 15th of April last, they went by boat to Hall's Landing (eleven miles from Mobile), and thence started for Pensacola on foot, a distance of sixty miles, which they accomplished in three days. Their regiment is composed of more than one-half Germans and poor Frenchmen. From thence they went to Montgomery, where they staid but two days, when they proceeded to a place called West Point, then to Atlanta, and finally reached Augusta, in Georgia. While in Augusta a poor soldier was villainously sacrificed by a wretch named McNeil, who held the position of second lieutenant. The company had halted, when he started a few rods to buy some tobacco, and, without any warning, was shot dead on the spot. No excuse was given for this wanton cruelty. They then proceeded on their way to Richmond. Soon after leaving Augusta they lost one man, who was accidentally shot in the right foot. He

died from the want of proper surgical attendance. They arrived in Richmond about the 2d of June, and remained there, at Camp Benjamin, near Howland's Creek, until the 10th inst., when they left in a steambath, and were landed about eleven miles from Yorktown, which they reached by a forced march the same evening. They were at first mistaken by Colonel Hawkins's Zouaves, they thinking they belonged to their own corps. The uniform is that of the French Zouaves—very full pants, tied about the ankles, and made of very coarse and heavy material.

THE FOURTH AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We devote page 470 to illustrations of the GLORIOUS FOURTH AT FORTRESS MONROE, from sketches by our special artist with General Butler's command. A correspondent of the Times describes the celebration as follows:

Virginia never before saw such a celebration of the nation's natal day as that which the "Red-legged Devil" had yesterday. On the Fourth, the Fifth Regiment was doing duty as a picket-guard, watching the approaches to the camp, while their comrades within were making merry. Their own celebration was, therefore, deferred to the sixth. In the afternoon the New York Brigade, which is again under the command of Acting Brigadier-General Durfee, General Pierce having been assigned to the command of the Massachusetts troops, was reviewed by General Butler and staff. It was nightfall when the regiment returned to its quarters, and immediately after the men were dismissed the illumination of the company streets began. In each of these there are rows of transplanted trees, brought from an adjacent thicket. Among the branches candles were placed, and in various parts of the camp huge fires were kindled, around which the "Red Devils" danced and sung like so many imps in Hades. Meantime, in front of the color-line all manner of fireworks were blazing and whirling, and ascending and bursting, and in the red, white, and blue light the Zouaves, in picturesque costumes and postures, were standing for a painter. It was a scene to remember, and tell one's grandchildren when we take them on our knees, head and shoulders, and fight the battles of the present o'er again. Tattoo was postponed for one hour that the men might more fully enjoy it.

A correspondent of the Herald writes:

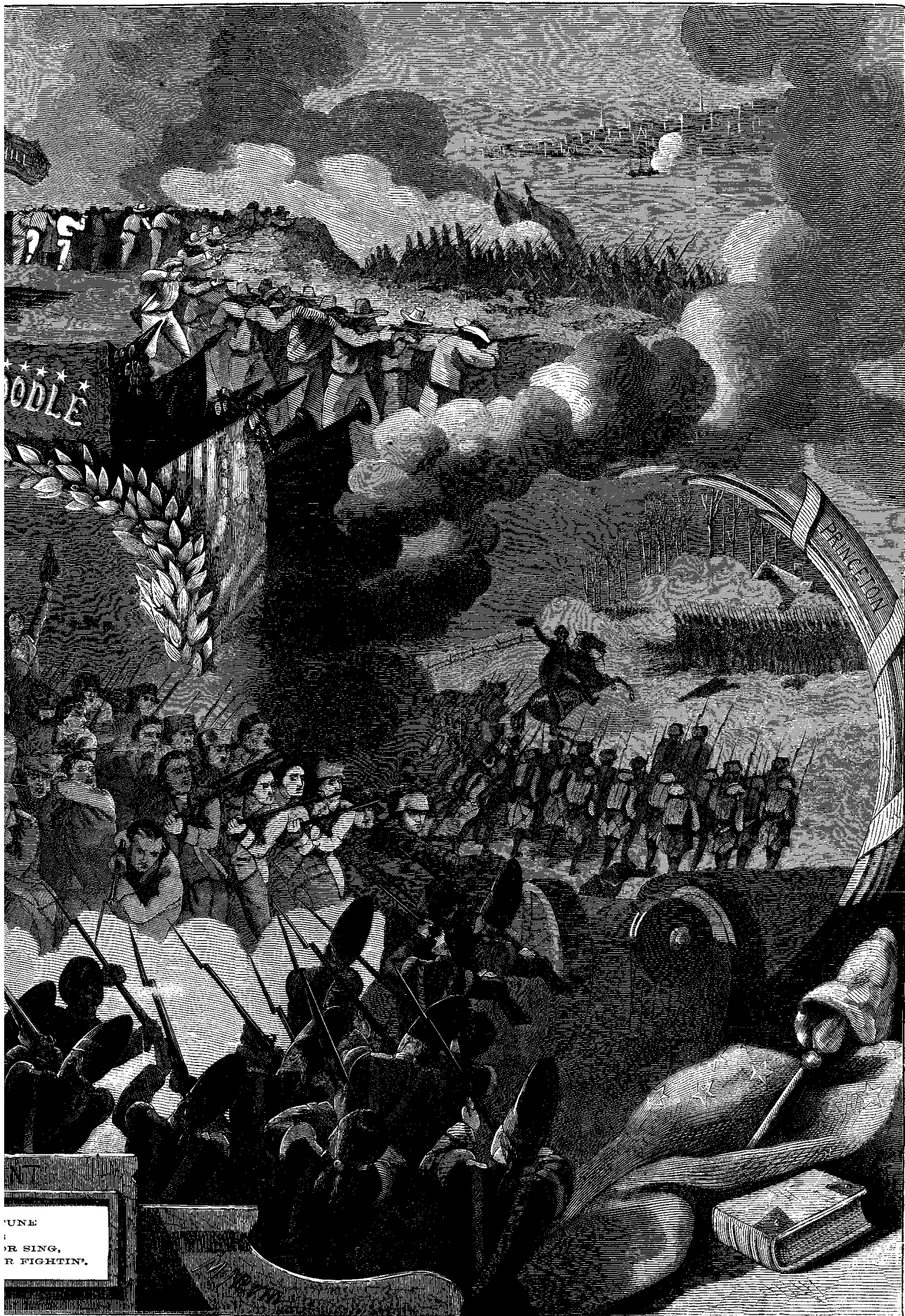
A grand concert had been projected by the Twentieth Regiment for the evening; but unexpected orders to parade in the fortress before General Butler, in the morning, disconcerted the general plan, and it was thought by the Colonel that no entertainment would be offered in the evening. But Captain Myers, of Company A, was not satisfied with this, and they determined to take hold of it alone. They gathered a large quantity of evergreens, and planted them on Broadway, the main street in camp, so thickly that it resembled in the dusk of evening a small forest. In the absence of candles or other lights they placed oyster and clam shells in all parts of the trees, and with oil and wick they speedily improvised brilliant lights that shed a flood of light upon the grounds. At eight o'clock the bugle gave the signal for the commencement of the concert, and presently the benches about the musicians' stand were occupied by the officers and wives and invited guests, while the soldiers standing ranged themselves in front. The scene was most beautiful and picturesque. Hundreds of tiny lights gleamed among the dark branches of the evergreens, and partially lit up the forms of the soldiers in their gray uniforms as they were gracefully grouped about. The host of decorum was preserved at all times. The Germania Band, Herr Stieglitz leader, favored the assemblage with fine selections from opera and the German composers, most creditably and excellently executed. An interval a glee club, made up of members from the singing bands of New York, sang some choice songs, which were rationally discussed by the company, and at ten o'clock the concert was closed by the sound of the drummer's tattoo. The affair was a grand success, and every one expressed his delight with the music. An equally pleasant concert was given the previous night by Captain Brackling, of Company B, the only company from Newark, and the affair passed off most agreeably. The Germans certainly know how to enjoy themselves under all circumstances, and their mode of enjoyment gives pleasure and a relief from the monotony of camp life to others who do not know how to discover the bright side of the picture. The health of Colonel Weber's regiment is most excellent.



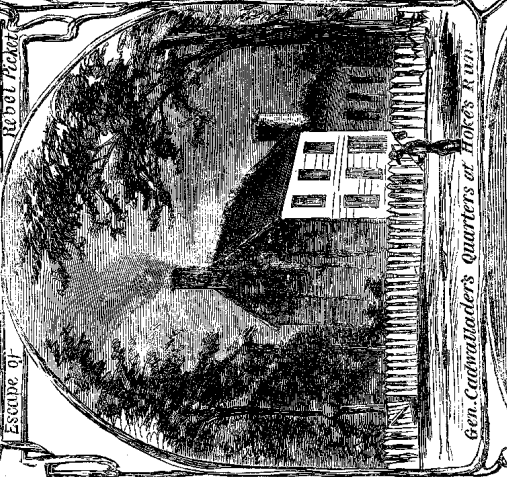
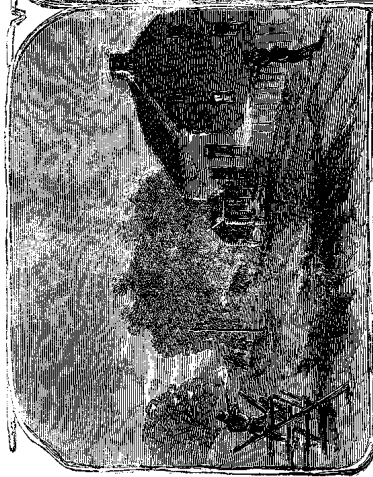
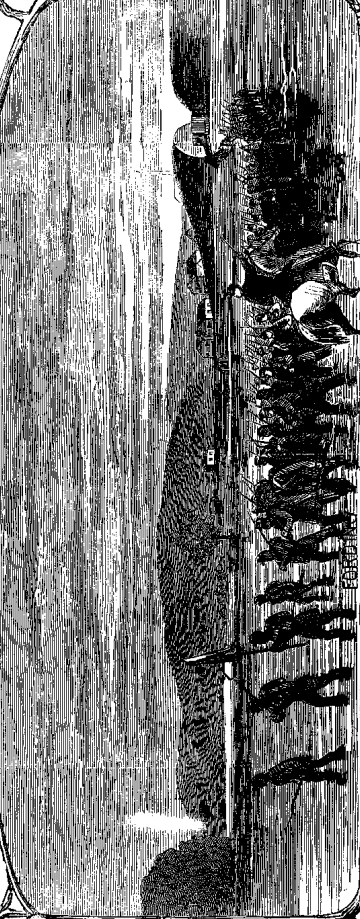
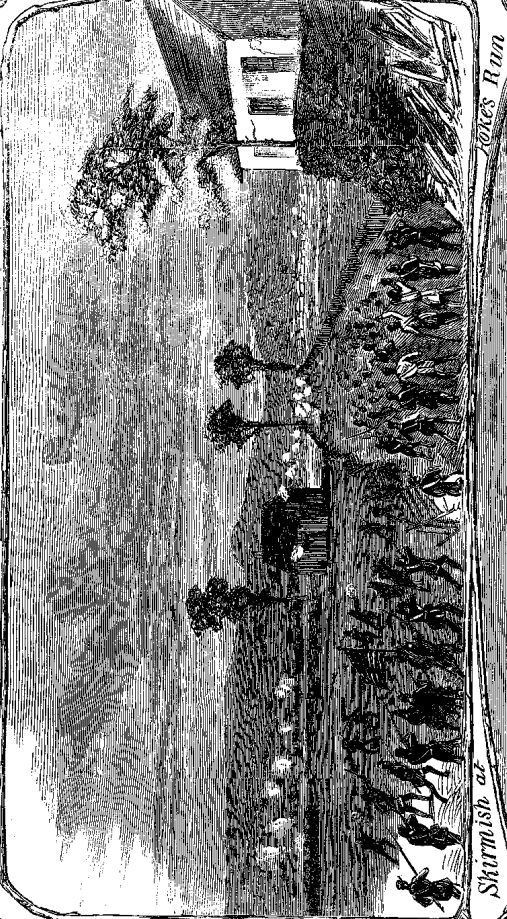
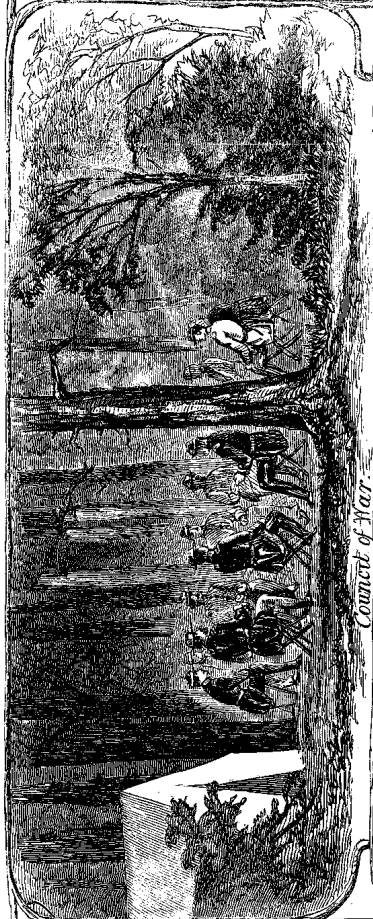
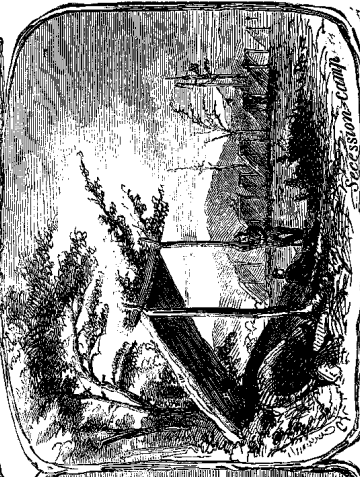
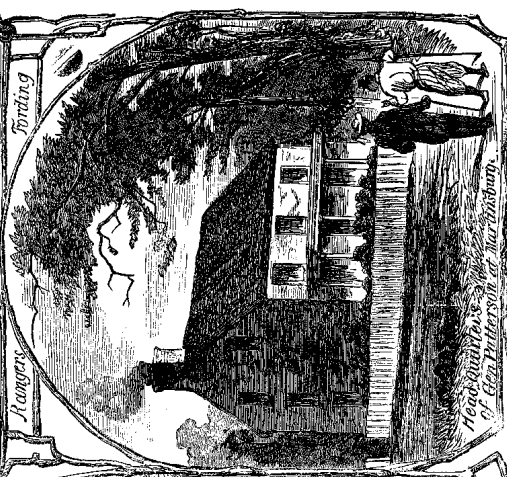
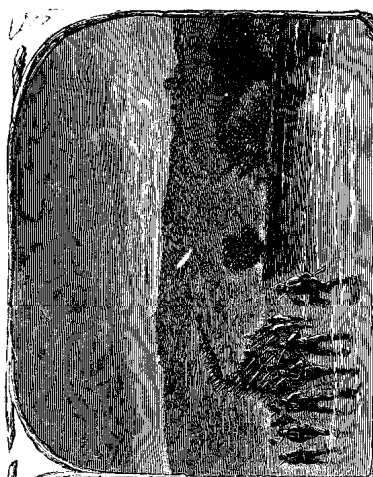
LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE AT FORTRESS MONROE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



STONY POINT
YANKEE DOODLE IS THE
AMERICANS DELIGHT IN
GOOD TO FIDDLE, DANCE,
AND JUST THE THING FOR



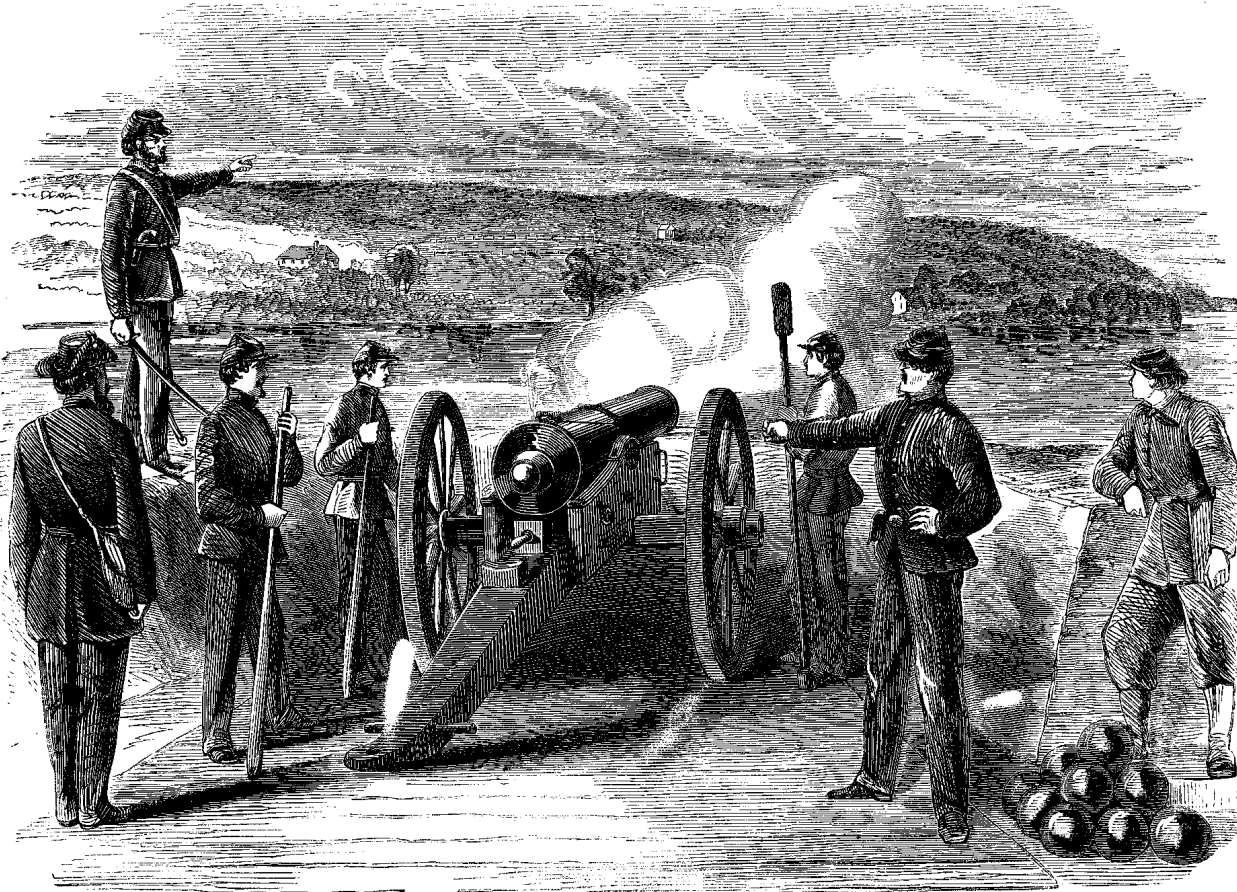
TUNE
OR SING,
OR FIGHTIN'.



CAMP LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST ON HIS STAFF.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



BATTLE OF HOKE'S RUN—COL. STARKWEATHER WITH HIS WISCONSIN REGIMENT DEPLOYING AS SKIRMISHERS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

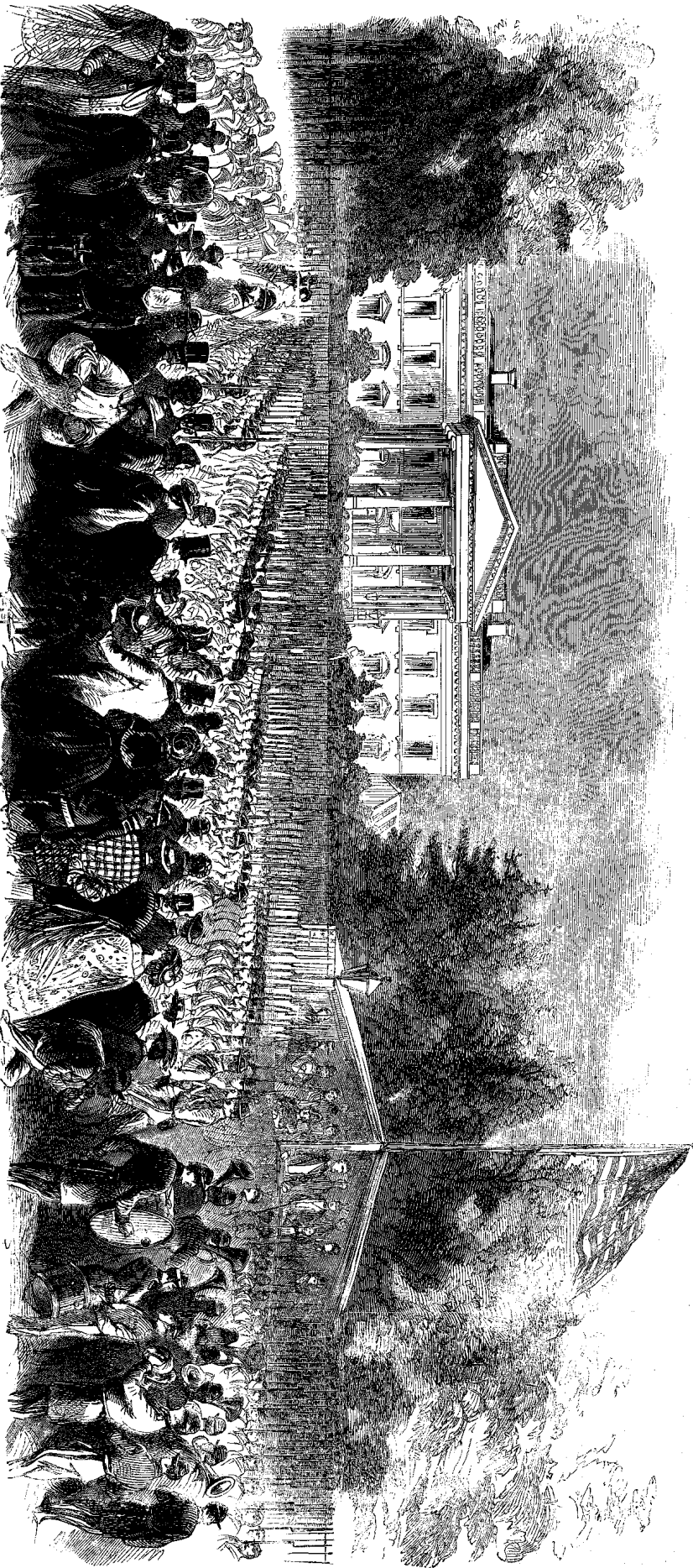


LIEUTENANT HALL'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 479.]

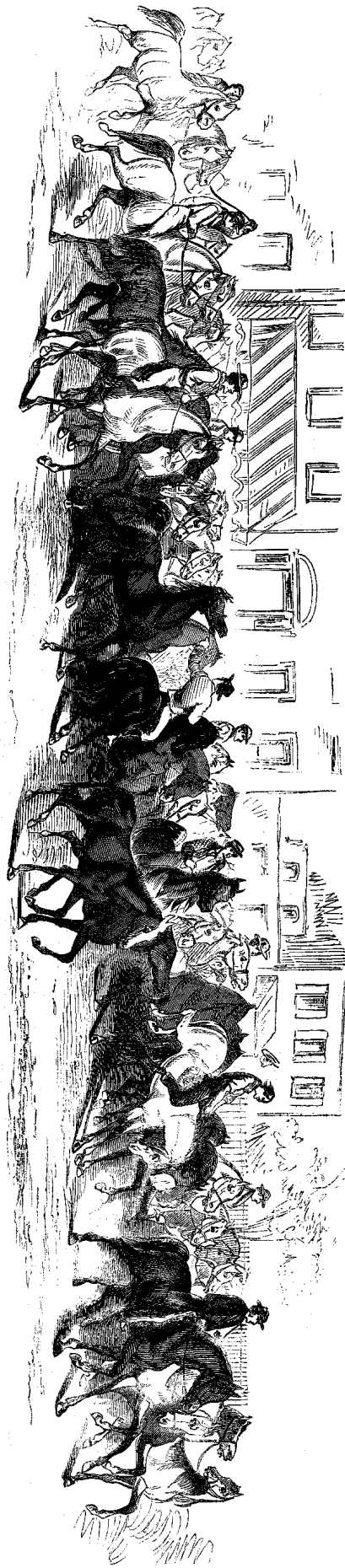


...LLOON VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS AT WASHINGTON BY GENERAL SANDFORD, IN PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, JULY 4, 1861.—[See Page 473.]



ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT WASHINGTON FOR THE ARMY.—[STREETED BY OUR SPECIAL ANTHONY.]





"THE FLACID LOOK AT THE WHITE CHELUNG CAME BACK, AND PASSED AWAY, AND HIS HEAD DROPPED QUIETLY ON HIS BREST."—See preceding Chapter.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LXI.

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the mean while to underlet them. At once I put bills up in the windows; for I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began to be seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. I ought rather to write that I should have been alarmed if I had had energy and concentration enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not to put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else, and was even careless as to that.

For a day or two I lay on the sofa or on the floor—where according as I happened to sink down—with a heavy head and aching limbs, and no purpose and no power. Then there came one night which appeared of great duration, and which teemed with anxiety and horror; and when in the morning I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it I found I could not do so.

Whether I really had been down in the Court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that I supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had found myself lighting the lamp, possessed by the idea that he was coming up the stairs, and that the lights were blown out; whether I had been inexpressibly harassed by the distracted talking, laughing, and groaning of some one, and had half-suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was consuming within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay that morning on my bed. But the vapor of a lime-kiln would come between me and them, disordering them all, and it was through the vapor at last that I saw two men looking at me.

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

"Well, Sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

"What is the debt?"

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, fifteen, six. Jeweler's account, I think."

"What is to be done?"

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house."

I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them they were standing a little off from the bed, looking at me. I still lay there.

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here I think I shall die by the way."

Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. Forasmuch as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread, I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

That I had a fever and was avoided; that I suffered greatly; that I often lost my reason;

that the time seemed interminable; that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house-wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time. That I sometimes struggled with real people, in the belief that they were murderers, and that I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer them to lay me down, I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people—who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size—above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later, to settle down into the likeness of Sower.

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "Is it Joe?"

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it air, old chap."

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

For Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side and put his arm round my neck in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!"

After which Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back toward me wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"

Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but I was holding his hand, and we both felt happy.

"How long, dear Joe?"

"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"

"Yes, Joe."

"It's the end of May, Pip. To-morrow is the first of June."

"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post, and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart—"

"It is so del'ful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you. What you said to Biddy."

"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be among strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a visit at such a moment might not prove unacceptable."

And Biddy, her word were, "Go to him without loss of time." That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy." "Go to him," Biddy say, "without loss of time." In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

There Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment at stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or not, and that I was to submit myself to all his orders. So I kissed his hand and lay quiet, while he proceeded to indite a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

Evidently Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again with pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter. My bedstead, divested of its curtains, had been removed, with me upon it, into the sitting-room, as the airiest and largest, and the carpet had been taken away, and the room kept always fresh and wholesome night and day. At my own writing-table, pushed into a corner and lumbered with little bottles, Joe now sat down to his great work, first choosing a pen from the pen-tray as if it were a chest of large tools, and tucking up his sleeves as if he were going to wield a crow-bar or sledge-hammer. It was necessary for Joe to hold on heavily to the table with his left elbow, and to get his right leg well out behind him, before he could begin, and when he did begin he made every down-stroke so slowly that it might have been six feet long, while at every up-stroke I could hear his pen spluttering extensively. He had a curious idea that the inkstand was on the side of him where it was not, and constantly dipped his pen into space, and seemed quite satisfied with the result. Occasionally he was tripped up by some orthographical stumbling-block, but on the whole he got on very well indeed, and what he had signed his name, and had removed a finishing blot from the paper to the crown of his head with his two forefingers, he got up and hovered about the table, trying the effect of his performance from various points of view, as it lay there, with unbounded satisfaction.

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

"Is she dead, Joe?"

"Why, you see, old chap," said Joe, in a tone of remonstrance, and by way of getting it by degrees, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't—"

"Living, Joe?"

"That's nigher where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

"Did she linger long, Joe?"

"Arter you was took ill, pretty much about what you might call (if you was put to it) a week," said Joe, still determined, on my account, to come at every thing by degrees.

"Dear Joe, have you heard what becomes of her property?"

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddleshell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? 'Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew.' I am told by Biddy that air the writing," said Joe, repeating the legal term as if it did him infinite good, "'account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

I never discovered from whom Joe derived

the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds; but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool.

This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done since I left the forge. I asked Joe whether he had heard if any of the other relations had any legacies?

"Miss Sarah," said Joe, "she have twenty-five pound perannum fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have twenty pound down. Mrs.—what's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?"

"Camels?" said I, wondering why he could possibly want to know.

Joe nodded. "Mrs. Camels," by which I presently understood he meant Camilla, "she have five pound fur to buy rush-lights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night."

The accuracy of these recitals was sufficiently obvious to me to give me great confidence in Joe's information. "And now," said Joe, "you ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more nor one additional shovelful to-day. Old Orlick he's been a usurin' open a dwelling-house."

"Whose?" said I.

"Well! Not but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe, apologetically; "still a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be bosted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsum'er the fittings on his part, he wore a corn and steadman in his hart."

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they drank his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpost, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annals to prevent his crying out. But he knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

By these approaches we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become less weak, and Joe staid with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

For the tenderness of Joe was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in his hands. He would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassessable protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was one of the mental troubles of the fever that was gone. He did every thing for me except the household work, for which he had engaged a very decent woman, after paying off the laundress on his first arrival. "Which I do assure you, Pip," he would often say, in explanation of that liberty, "I found her a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket for sale. Which she would have tapped yourn next and draw'd it off with a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradually in the soup-tureen and vegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots."

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lane, Joe wrapped me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom he had so abundantly given of the wealth of his great nature.

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought



"JOE NOW! . . . DOWN TO HIS GREAT WORK," ETC.

how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there came like a check upon my peace. But when I heard the Sunday bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough—that I was too weak yet to be even that—and I laid my head on Joe's shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when he had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young senses.

More composure came to me after a while, and we talked as we used to talk, lying on the grass at the old Battery. There was no change whatever in Joe. Exactly what he had been in my eyes then he was in my eyes still; just as simply faithful, and as simply right.

When we got back again and he lifted me up and carried me—so easily—across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not now made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in him, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?"

"I heard," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

"Well, I heard as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip."

"So it was."

"Astounding!" said Joe, in the placidest way.

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with increasing diffidence.

"Which? Him as sent t. a bank-notes, Pip?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Joe, after meditating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I did hear tell that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction."

"Did you hear any thing of his circumstances, Joe?"

"Not particular, Pip."

"If you would like to hear, Joe—" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa.

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?"

I was ashamed to answer him.

"Very good, then," said Joe, as if I had answered, "that's all right; he's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwix two such men is forever unnecessary? There's subjects enough as betwix two such, without unnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Ticker?"

"I do indeed, Joe."

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe. "I done what I could to keep you and Ticker in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclinations. For when your poor sister had a mind to drop into you, it were not so much," said Joe, in his favorite argumentative way, "that she dropped into me too, if I put myself in opposition to her, but that she dropped into you always heavier for it. I noticed that. It ain't a grab at a man's whisker, nor yet a shake or two of a man (to which your sister was quite welcome) that 'ud put a man off from getting a little child out of punishment. But when that little child is dropped into heavier for that grab of whisker or shaking, then that man naturally up and says to himself, 'Where is the rood as you are a doing?'—and then he says, 'I see the man, but I don't see the good. I call upon you, Sir, therefore, to pint out the good.'"

"The man says," I observed, as Joe waited for me to speak.

"The man says," Joe assented. "Is he right, that man?"

"Dear Joe, he is always right."

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "then abide by your words. If he's always right (which in general he's more likely wrong), he's right when he says this; Supposing ever you kep' any little matter to yourself, then you was a little child, you kep' it mostly because you kep' it as J. Gargery's power to part you and Ticker in sunders were not tully equal to his inclinations. Therefore, think no more of it as betwix two such, and do not let us pass remarks upon unnecessary subjects. Biddy giv' herself a deal of trouble with me afore I left (for I am most awful dull), as I should view it in this light, and viewing it in this light, as I should so put it. Both of which," said Joe, quite charmed with his logical arrangement, "being done, now this to you a true friend, say, 'Nately. You mustn't go a over-doin' on it, but you must have your supper and your wine and water, and you must be put betwix the sheets.'"

The delicacy with which Joe dismissed this theme, and the sweet tact and kindness with which Biddy—who with her woman's wit had found me out so soon—had prepared him for it, made a deep impression on my mind. But whether Joe knew how poor I was, and how my great expectations had all dissolved, like our own marsh mists before the sun, I could not understand.

Another thing in Joe that I could not understand when it first began to develop itself, but which I soon arrived at a sorrowful comprehension of, was this: As I became stronger and better Joe became a little less easy with me.

In my weakness and entire dependance on him the dear fellow had fallen into the old tone, and called me by the old names, the dear "old Pip, old chap," that now were music in my ears. I too had fallen into the old ways, only happy and thankful that he let me. But, impetuously, though I held by them fast, Joe's hold upon them began to slacken; and whereas I wondered at this at first, I soon began to understand that the cause of it was in me, and that the fault of it was all mine.

Alas! Had I given Joe no reason to doubt my constancy, and to think that in prosperity I should grow cold to him and cast him off? Had I given Joe's innocent heart no cause to feel instinctively that as I got stronger his hold upon me would be weaker, and that he had better loosen it in time and let me go before I plucked myself away?

It was on the third or fourth occasion of my going out walking in the Temple Gardens leaning on Joe's arm that I saw this change in him very plainly. We had been sitting in the bright warm sunlight, looking at the river, and I chanced to say as we got up:

"See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now you shall see me walk back by myself."

"Which do not overdo it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy for to see you able, Sir." The last word grated on me; but how could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, and asked Joe for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

I, for my part, was thoughtful too; for how best to check this growing change in Joe was a great perplexity to my remorseful thoughts. "See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now you shall see me walk back by myself." "Which do not overdo it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy for to see you able, Sir." The last word grated on me; but how could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, and asked Joe for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

It was a thoughtful evening with both of us. But before we went to bed I had resolved that I would wait over to-morrow, to-morrow being Sunday, and would begin my new course with the new week. On Monday morning I would speak to Joe about this change; I would lay aside this last vestige of reserve; I would tell him what I had in my thoughts (that Secondly, not yet arrived at), and why I had not decided to go out to Herbert, and then the change would be conquered forever. As I cleared Joe cleared, and it seemed as though he had sympathetically arrived at a resolution too.

We had a quiet day on the Sunday, and we rode out into the country, and then walked in the fields.

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're almost come round, Sir."

"It has been a memorable time for me, Joe."

"Likewise for myself, Sir," Joe returned.

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I know, that I did for a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

"Pip," said Joe, appearing a little hurried and troubled, "there has been larks. And, dear Sir, what has been betwix us—have been."

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

"Yes, dear Joe, quite."

"And are always a getting stronger, old chap?"

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a husky voice, "Good-night!"

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was full of my resolution to tell Joe all, without delay. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress as of old and go to his room and surprise him; for it was the first day I had been up early. I went to his room, and he was not there. Not only was he not there, but his box was gone.

I hurried then to the breakfast-table, and on it found a letter. These were his brief contents.

"Not wishful to intrude I have departed fur you are well again dear Pip and will do better without. Jo."

Inclosed in the letter was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my creditor had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed of Joe's having paid the money; but Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

What remained for me now but to follow him to the dear old forge, and there to have out my disclosure to him, and my penitent remonstrance with him, there to relieve my mind and heart of that reserved Secondly, which had begun as a vague something lingering in my thoughts, and had formed into a settled purpose?

The purpose was, that I would go to Biddy, that I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back, that I would tell her how I had lost all I once hoped for, that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then I would say to her, "Biddy, I think you once liked me very well, when my errant heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like me like you did half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments on my head, all my faults and disappointments on my head, all my faults and disappointments on my head, and indeed I am as sorry, Biddy, and have as much need of a hushing voice and a soothing hand, I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was

—not much, but a little. And, Biddy, I shall rest with you to say whether I shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside, when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you."

Such was my purpose. After three days more of recovery I went down to the old place to put it in execution; and how I sped in it, is all I have left to tell.

THE FOURTH IN WASHINGTON.

On page 477 we publish an engraving, from a sketch by our special artist, of the GRAND REVIEW OF NEW YORK TROOPS at Washington on 4th July. A correspondent thus describes it:

The parade of twenty thousand New York troops, under command of General Saxton, previously announced, came off in the morning according to programme. A stand was erected on the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House, which was occupied by the President, several members of the Cabinet, General Scott, and various Major and Brigadier Generals.

The military field in the following order:

- FIRST BRIGADE.**
 Eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Blinler.
 Twelfth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Blair.
 Fourteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. M'Quade.
 Fifteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Murray.
 Sixteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Davis.
 Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Lansing.
- SECOND BRIGADE.**
 Eighteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Stonewall.
 Nineteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Clark.
 Twentieth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Rogers.
 Twenty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Phelps.
 Twenty-third Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Chalmers.
 Twenty-fourth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Von Steinwehr.
- THIRD BRIGADE.**
 Twenty-eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Donnelly.
 Thirtieth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Frink.
 Thirty-first Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. C. Fratt.
 Thirty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. M'Chesney.
 Thirty-third Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. M'Connell.
 Thirty-fourth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Ward.
 Garibaldi Guard Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. D'Utasi.
- FOURTH BRIGADE.**
 Fifth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers . . . Col. Schwarzwalder.
 Twelfth Regiment N. Y. State Militia . . . Col. Butterfield.
 Seventy-ninth Regiment N. Y. State Militia . . . Col. Cameron.
 Seventy-first Regiment N. Y. State Militia . . . Col. Martin.

The troops having passed in review, the crowd immediately surrounded the platform, when loud calls being made for General Scott.

President Lincoln came forward and said:

Fellow citizens—I trust you will not blame me to-day for standing in front. It is a sort of rule that constrains me to do so. I know that you will not blame me for standing in front. I know that you will be more gratifying to you than a speech from me. I take great pleasure, therefore, in introducing that distinguished gentleman to you.

General Scott then came forward, when he was cheered with the most deafening applause. The old General, the bulwark of the nation, the man that had formed part of the Revolution, acknowledged to the enthusiastic people below him, and his eyes met the upturned gaze of the vast crowd and marked the fervor of their feelings in eyes that gleamed with grateful emotion, and on whose cheek proclaimed a people's thanks for peace preserved and a Union saved. He must have felt rewarded for the great services he has and is still rendering to the country. Cheer after cheer followed, and it was only when the aged chief bowed and retired among his friends, leaving the front of the platform clear, that a partial calm was restored.

THE WAR ON THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 475 an engraving from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, entitled, "LIEUTENANT HALL'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS." We need hardly explain that it represents the experimental firing of a field-piece across the Potomac at some of the fellows who have lately been amusing themselves by shooting our sentinels and pickets. Lieutenant Hall is, we believe, the officer of that name who formed part of the Sumter garrison under Major Anderson.

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