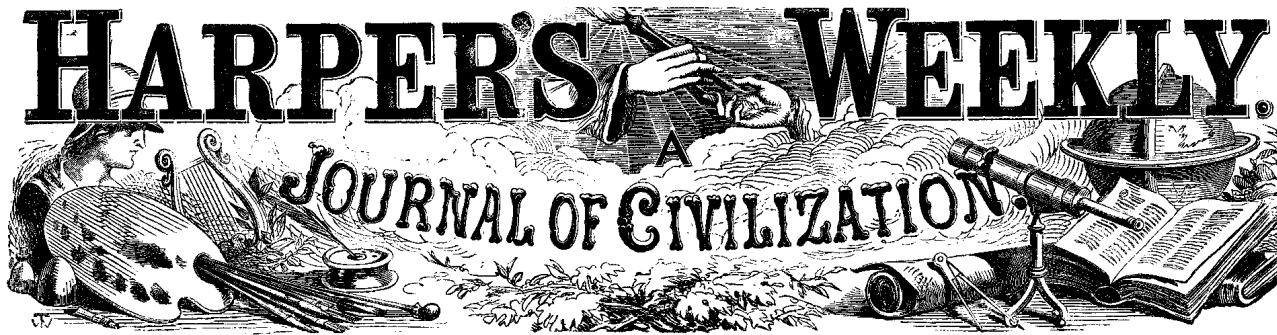


HARPER'S WEEKLY.



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BRIGADIER-GENERAL STURGIS, U.S.A.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE BURNING OF THE PRIVATEER "JUDITH," AT PENSACOLA, BY UNITED STATES SAILORS UNDER LIEUTENANT RUSSELL, U.S.N.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

BRIG.-GEN. S. D. STURGIS.

On page 641 will be found a portrait (from a photograph sent us by our Western artists of this distinguished officer, who has lately been promoted from the rank of Major in the First Cavalry to a Brigadier-Generalship, and is now actively engaged in suppressing rebellion in Northern Missouri.

GENERAL STURGIS was born in Pennsylvania in 1822, was appointed a Cadet at West Point in 1842, graduated in the same class with General McClellan in 1846, and immediately proceeded to join the army under General Taylor in Mexico the same year. He was taken prisoner on the 20th of February, 1847, two days before the battle of Buena Vista, while reconnoitering the enemy with but one man. To this act of daring is attributed much of the success of the battle of Buena Vista, as it was the first reliable information General Taylor had of the exact whereabouts of the enemy, and caused him to fall back and take the strong position which saved him the battle. After the Mexican War Lieutenant Sturgis accompanied Major Graham's command to California, and was constantly in active service there. He was promoted First Lieutenant First Dragoons in 1853, and in 1855 he was promoted to Captaincy in the First Cavalry for distinguished gallantry in a fight with the Mesquero Indians, for which he also received a vote of thanks from the Legislature of New Mexico. He was in the battle of Ojo Caliente, under Colonel Cooke, in 1854; also in the battle against the Cheyennes, under Colonel Sumner, in 1857. He led a column of six companies of cavalry against the Kiowas and Comanches in 1860, overtaking them after a long and tedious march through the sand in the hottest of weather for weeks, and completely routing a large force. Returning from the Plains, he suppressed the difficulties upon the Cherokee neutral lands. When lately in command of Fort Smith, all of his officers having resigned and gone South, with a garrison of two small companies of cavalry, no cannon or fortifications, he thwarted a well-contrived plan of the citizens of the city, in conjunction with the Governor of the State, to take the post, without having previously had any positive information of their intentions. He got his small force ready, and about half an hour before the Governor's forces arrived from Little Rock with ten pieces of artillery, he took his command, taking all that was valuable, including twenty-five wagons, commissary stores, etc., retreating 170 miles to Fort Washita. For this he received a letter of thanks from Colonel Emory. He was promoted to the rank of Major First Cavalry, May, 1861. He commanded the column which moved down from Fort Leavenworth and joined General Lyon on Grande River, July 7, 1861. At the battle of Springfield, General Lyon, seeming to have a presentiment that all would go well with him, told Major Sturgis to keep near him. When the General fell Major Sturgis assumed the command, and for three hours after that desperate fight continued, his little command holding out against about seven times their number. After forcing the enemy to fall back, repulsing all their desperate charges, he found his little army too much crippled to follow them without almost a certainty of losing every thing. He therefore withdrew his force to Springfield, and afterward succeeded in reaching Rolla with the entire command and a train of commissary stores valued at over one million of dollars.

THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.

We publish on page 641 a portrait of the REBEL GENERAL PRICE, who has just taken Lexington, Missouri—from a photograph sent us by our artist in the West.

Sterling Price is a native of Virginia, and resided for some time in Prince William County in that State. From thence he removed to Missouri, where he has resided for the last twenty years. He is by profession a lawyer, has occupied several important positions in the State service, and has also represented it in Congress. He was Governor before Robert Stewart. During the Mexican war he served in the Volunteers and rose to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and subsequently to that of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When the Rebellion broke out he avowed himself a traitor, and was appointed by ex-Governor Claiborne Jackson Major-General of the State Militia of Missouri.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

OPERATIONS IN THE GULF.

IT is generally understood that the Government has chartered the Baltic, Atlantic, some or all of Vanderbilt's steam fleet, and other steamships now lying in the port of New York. The event indicates the early departure of one or more of the expeditions to which we alluded in our last number but one. Common rumor asserts that two of these expeditions are to be fused together, and that a body of 15,000 men, with not less than 300 guns, will operate against a single point on the Southern coast.

Speculation is naturally rife on the subject of the point to be assailed. Not a few would be glad to hear that Charleston had been attacked and reduced. Our present troubles have arisen in great degree from the spite and malevolence of the people of Charleston. Unwilling to accept their own decline and fall as an inevitable fact, the people of South Carolina, in the vain hope of saving themselves, have involved the whole continent in bloodshed, and it would

be only a righteous retribution if Charleston were bombarded and its harbor forever closed. An attack upon Savannah is recommended by the fact that there is a large Union party in Georgia, which would become active in the event of a landing being effected by our troops. Mobile, Pensacola, and New Orleans all invite attack. The occupation of any one of the three would probably reopen the cotton trade. Pensacola could be occupied under cover of the guns of Fort Pickens without difficulty and with a small force. Mobile and New Orleans would require more men and a more elaborate expedition. But the force now being fitted out in the Northern ports would suffice. A much smaller force would be adequate to seize Beaufort, North Carolina, or Port Royal, South Carolina, or Brunswick, Georgia, or any port in Florida or Texas.

Letters from the Gulf state that we have already occupied Mississippi City, and cut off the communication between New Orleans and Mobile. Various points at the mouth of the Mississippi have likewise been occupied by men detached from our ships of war. These landings, considered in connection with the preparations of General Fremont in the West, would seem to indicate the mouth of the Mississippi as the probable destination of the great expedition which is expected to sail southward; though of course nothing is known on the subject, and it is quite likely that the Government may have encouraged the belief that an attack was intended to be made at New Orleans, when, in reality, Charleston, or Savannah, or Pensacola, or Mobile were the points in view.

The importance of the capture and occupation of one or more Southern ports entirely depends on the nature of the occupation. Merely to hold Charleston, or Mobile, or New Orleans, and there administer the laws of the State of South Carolina, or Alabama, or Louisiana, would not inconvenience the rebels, and would not tend to bring the rebellion to a close. All the rebels who could would leave for the interior; the others would submit under protest, and while trying to make as much money as they could out of our army, and devolving upon us the duty of doing their police duty at our expense, would hold themselves prepared to assist the rebels of the interior in expelling us as soon as it was safe to do so. In this country the interior does not follow the dominion of the seaboard. During the revolutionary war, Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were generally in the hands of the British, and yet, from first to last, their cause was desperate. If we are to gain any substantial advantage by the occupation of Southern ports, that occupation must involve intolerable inconveniences and dangers to the Southern people; then they will begin to weigh the policy of submission to the Government; and overtures for reconciliation by the surrender of their ring-leaders and the return of the people to their allegiance may fairly be expected.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The public are reminded that Messrs. Harper & Brothers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured. The OLD POSTAGE STAMPS being no longer available at the Post-office, Messrs. Harper & Brothers can no longer receive them in payment of subscriptions or copies of the Weekly or Magazine.

THE LOUNGER.

THE POST OF DUTY.

THEIR seems at length to be a real effort to call men who are not mercenary politicians into the public service. Of course it is an incident of the war, nor is it likely to last forever. Yet we shall have had a sharp lesson, and it will be remembered for a generation at least.

The names of well-known citizens are mentioned as probable candidates for the Assembly, the Senate, etc. The nomination will be a test of patriotism. Men of large and various relations in life can not easily go to Albany. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, manufacturers of immense business, can only go there at a sore sacrifice of time, money, and inclination.

But is not that the very sacrifice which the times demand? Can they show more plainly their hearty devotion to the great cause, or their clear perception of its peculiar wants at the moment, than by accepting the offices that may be offered them?

It has always been our national reproach that our best and wisest men abstained from active interest in public affairs. The political constitution of other countries compels the co-operation of the great proprietors, and invites, by every prize that can allure ambition, the efforts of gifted and sagacious men. But with us political service, while it may readily be proscribed to venal and office-seekers, and an elusive prize to ambition. We must serve for duty's sake. It is the tax we must pay. And who loves to pay taxes?

Gentlemen who may be called upon to serve, and who recoil from the hard service, let your friends and constituents see, in your ready acceptance, that the great system we are all trying to save is fully worth saving.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

THE University of Michigan is the most amply endowed college in the West, and one of the most completely equipped in the country. It is situated delightfully at Ann Arbor, two or three hours west of Detroit, upon the Michigan Central Railroad. The head of the university is Dr. Tappan, an eminent scholar, a man of the most enlarged views, who has already impressed himself upon the history of education in this country. Dr. Brunnow, one of the younger astronomers who have made a name, fills the chair of astronomy. He was called to the Dudley Observatory upon the retirement of Dr. Gould; but he is a man who goes for work rather than show, and the somewhat ornamental position at Albany was less agreeable to him than the post of labor at Ann Arbor, where he was not expected to discover a new comet every month. Andrew D. White is Professor of History and Belles Lettres; an ardent and elegant scholar, a devoted and beloved teacher, a generous and noble man. Professor Frieze is the accomplished teacher of Latin, and the body of instructors are animated by the most intelligent interest in their pursuit. The situation of their University, the pioneer of letters upon the prairies, binds this band of scholars peculiarly close. The State of Michigan, with a liberality which is no less sagacious than patriotic, has not withheld its hand; and no seminary in the country seems to the observer so full of life and energy as the University of Michigan.

The life of the students is necessarily simple. They are drawn to the college by an earnest love of knowledge, and they willingly work their passage. They have a manly, robust quality which does not belong to all collegians, and which makes the impression of the university a little different from that of all our Eastern colleges.

At an early period of the war the military spirit showed itself among the students. They were carefully drilled, and very many of them are already at the war. Their patriotic feeling was carefully fostered, and their manly discipline promoted by the teachers. And now, when it is evident to all of us that all our schools must henceforth be, in some degree, military schools, the Board of Regents are considering a resolution to establish a permanent military department in the university, "under the conviction that this work" [of military training] "can be more economically performed for the State in this university, where civil engineering, the higher mathematics, the modern languages, the natural sciences, and other studies connected with a military education are now taught, than any where else in the State."

The plan is so admirable that it can hardly fail to be adopted in other colleges also. That we are still men, although republicans—that Governments must be defended from traitors as well as foreign enemies—and that we have entirely disregarded the warning to prepare in peace for war, are points that will no longer be doubted or discussed. How to prepare for war in peace is now the practical question; and the University of Michigan leads the way in the practical answer.

A ZONE OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most delightful sights to a stranger in Paris is the flower market by the Madeleine. In the sunny spring mornings, as you stroll among the plants and look up at the church, you might easily fancy yourself in that ideal world which the poet Claude Lorraine loved to paint. But Paris is never contented with what it has accomplished. It must go on and fulfill its destiny of being the most magnificent metropolis and the most beautiful city in the world.

Monsieur Reydenouarde proposes now to gird Paris with a zone of flowers, without taking an inch of ground from any citizen or drawing upon the State treasury. The projector is a famous botanist and horticulturist, and has been for some years at the head of a Government commission of floral and rural science exploring in South America. His plan, as briefly stated in the London Press, is as follows:

"He proposes to the State to transform the fortifications and the excavated space being the city, both of which are now so much unproductive waste ground, into a great *serres* d'acclimation, or a nursery for exotics of every possible kind, whether from cold or hot countries, according to the aspects of the ditch, wall, and earth-works. The administration of the project, which he guarantees to form with a given capital for the commencement of operations, would pay to the State a certain rate per hectare, undertake to cultivate no species of parasitical fruit or flower that would be injurious to the wall or difficult to remove in case an enemy were expected, to sell at a low market price the produce of the fortifications, and in the space of two years and a half clear all expenses that the society may incur in carrying out the project."

His friends, the Parisian savans who have a right to opinions in such matters, declare that the hygienic effects of a vast zone of flowers around the walls would be most beneficial, by absorbing the noxious gases which are bred by the city. Moreover the Emperor approves, and has opened the matter to the Council of State, which, in turn, has whispered it to the Prefect of the Seine. Still a name was wanting. The "project of M. Reydenouarde" would never do. Luckily Lamartine has a cottage near the fortifications at Antent. The projector wrote to him, describing the plan. The poet replied, thanking him, and saying that *Le Jardin de Coeur*—which may be rendered the Flower Zone of the City—would become the crowning pride of the Parisians.

New York could not well have a flower zone, because she has no zone of forts; but when are we to have a flower market? We have beautiful flower shows, especially in Brooklyn; and New York is girdled with gardens. At the various markets, too, there is a goodly collection of plants and flowers at certain seasons. But if there were a special place to which all flowers could be brought and to which all buyers could resort, it would be one of the most beautiful spots in the city. It should be accessible from all sides, and in a pleasant situation, Union Square would be sunny

and attractive for such a purpose; or Stuyvesant Square, in front of St. George's. The concentration of the whole business in one spot would increase both the trade and the taste for flowers.

When Mayor Wood came in, it was upon a distinct promise, made by his own signature in lithograph, that he would keep a single eye to the public good. Has that eye seen flowers? Ought it not to see flowers if it looks straight at the truly good for the public? The Emperor favors the flower zone of Paris. Why should not the Mayor favor the flower market of New York?

"A STRANGE STORY."

THE popularity of Bulwer as a story-teller is only less than that of Dickens. His adroit talent, his tact, his consummate skill in all the details of author-craft, are conspicuous among all late English novelists. When you reflect also, that he is the oldest of them—that Bulwer was famous when Dickens began and Thackeray was unheard-of—that Charlotte Brontë's career began and ended a mere episode in Bulwer's—that Charles Reade, and Kingsley, and Trollope, and Jack Sheppard Ainsworth himself, all began since Bulwer had a name—you can not help recurring to the days of Waverley, of whose great author Bulwer was the immediate successor. The author of "Pelham" which our fathers read with delight, as became gentlemen educated upon Byron, is also the author of "A Strange Story," which follows "Great Expectations," from week to week in these columns.

Now the fashion of a novel changes as absolutely as that of a coat. "It is permitted to a gentleman under certain conditions," says Pelham, "to wear a white waistcoat." The law which governs the character of novels may be as whimsical; it is certainly no better understood. Bulwer has the most sensitive apprehension of a change in the fashion of a novel. He is reputed to have the same regard to clothes. Speaking figuratively, he never ties his cravat in a bow, when brilliant scarfs are *de rigueur*. Other novelists get old-fashioned. Mrs. Gore, for instance, persisted in writing the old style of "society novel" to the end; and Ainsworth can scarcely escape his medieval old clo' shop. James, too, the most amiable of men and the most classically commonplace of novelists, was never at his best in any period later than the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

But the excellent ladies who "opened" their "fall styles" last week would as soon be guilty of offering Madame a last year's "hat" as Bulwer any other novel than one strictly *à la mode*. This last one upon which he is now engaged is as fresh as if he had never written a novel before, yet it is so well done that you feel it to be the work of a long-practiced hand. For whatever may be granted or denied to Bulwer, there is an undeniable mellowness of tone in all he does. In his last story printed in the *Weekly*—"What will he do with it?"—there were passages so softly penned and delicately huesed that the mind recurs to them with curious pleasure. Such were some parts of the opening and of the river-life.

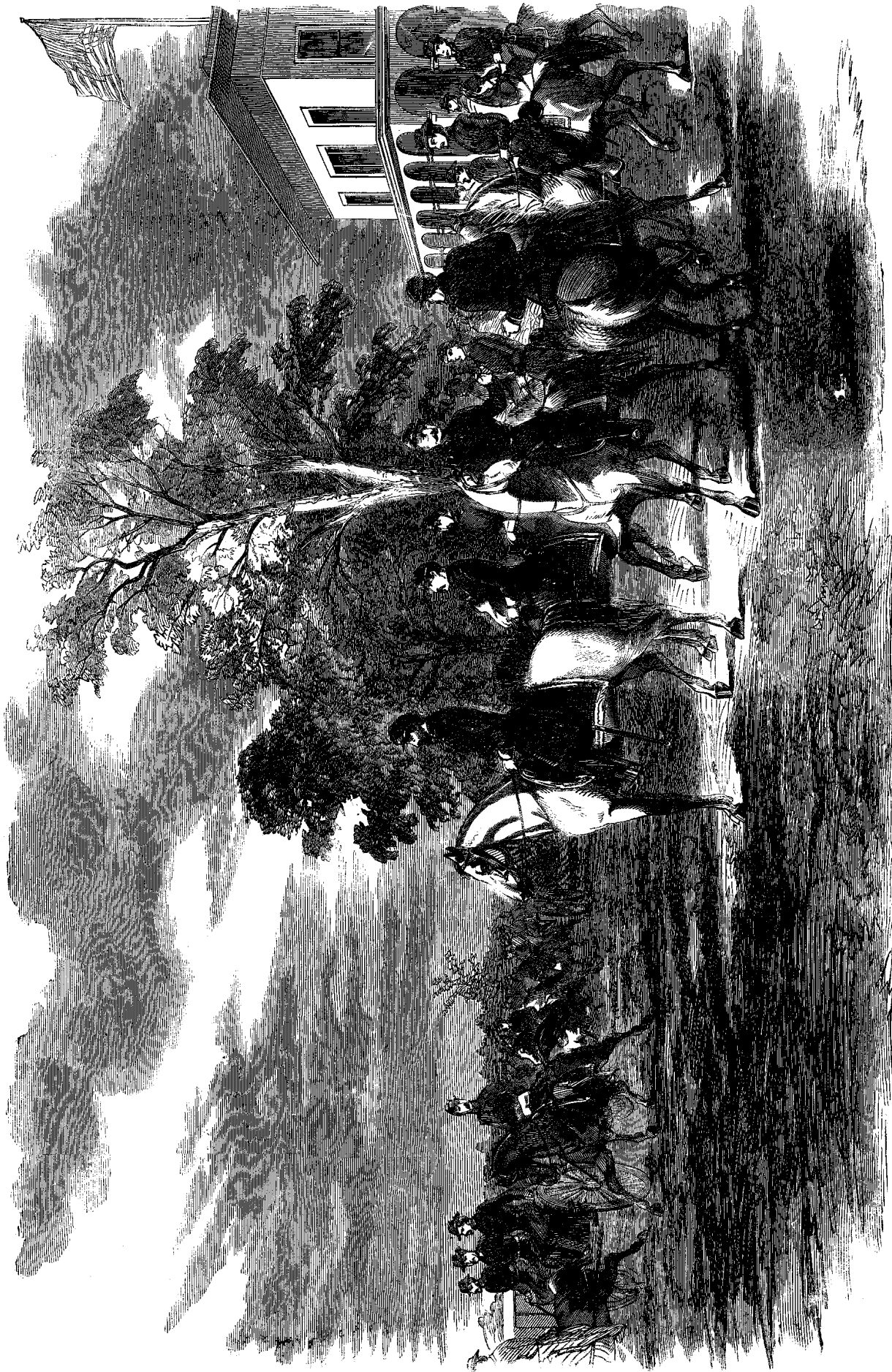
In "A Strange Story" Bulwer strikes the key of "Zanoni," which was one of his most powerful and popular tales. He loves erudition and mystery. He loves a hero who is a learned man, because if the hero be a learned man, or seems to be, he must, of course, derive his learning from—well, the illustrious author of his being. Then, in addition to his learning, if there be no positive goodness, as there seems to be in the present novel, the hero must have a mystery, a gloomy mystery, a tragical mystery, which clouds in the gayest circles his high pale brow, and causes him to support his intellectual head upon the delicate patrician hand upon whose third finger a ring, ruby-red, seems to glow more intensely at such moments, like a flaming blush of guilt and woe and secrecy * * *

Of course it is all clap-trap; but the interest and skill are undeniable. You don't suppose that the Prexidigator does actually jump into his coat-pocket, or pull his legs off and use them for telescopes, however he may seem to do so. It is a capital performance, and extremely cheap for twenty-five cents. No novel reader can have read the few numbers of "A Strange Story" which have thus far been published without agreeing that it is admirably done, with all the old Bulwerian skill, the sprightly knowledge of the world, the romantic sentiment, the constructive talent, and the undeniable charm of interest which, displayed in so many works of so varied but equal excellence, and for so long a period, make Bulwer, or Sir Bulwer Lytton, one of the phenomena of English literature.

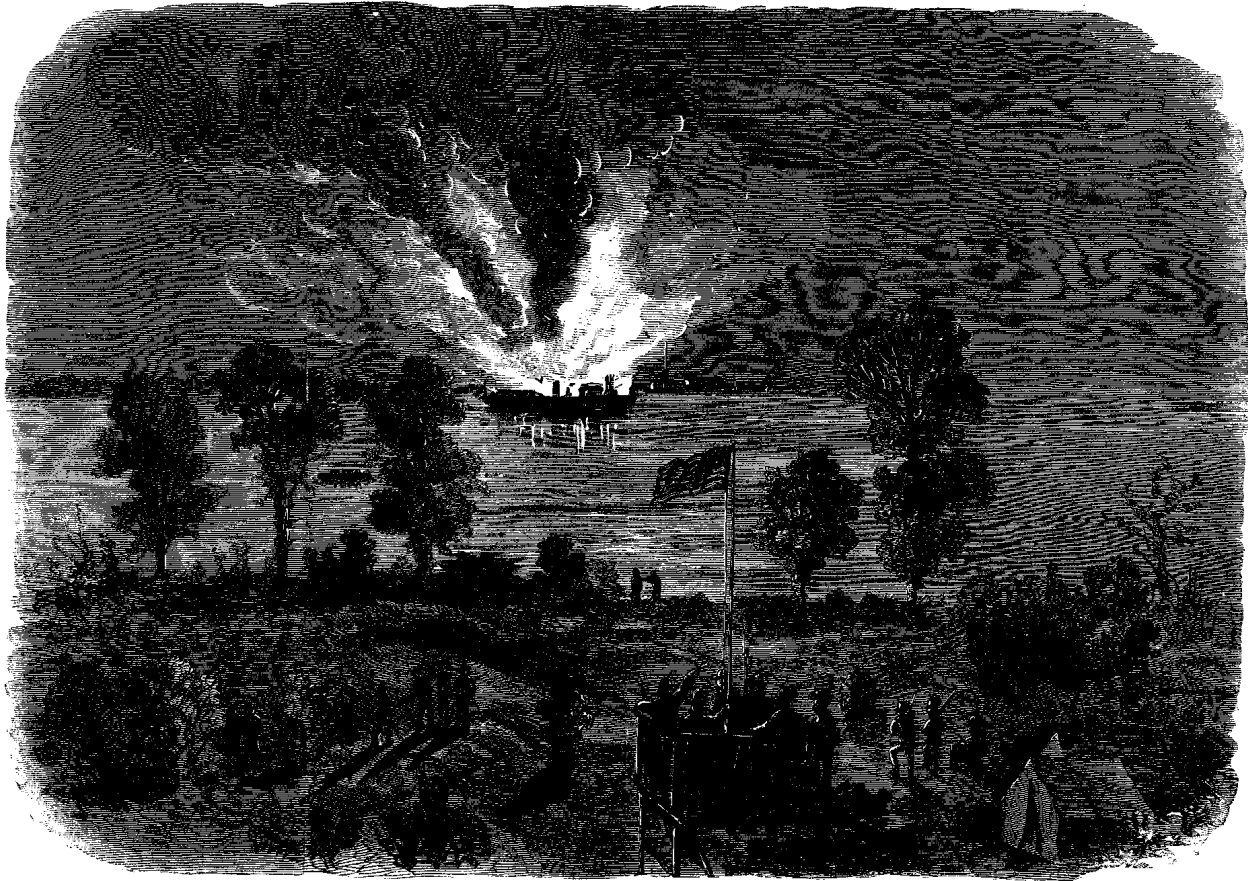
THE FANT.

THERE is not often a Sunday so solemn as the late fast-day. The streets were peculiarly staid. The churches were full of earnest hearers. The pulpits were fervid with earnest speakers. And who can doubt that the praying and the preaching came nearer to the hearts of the great multitude than is the habit of the usual religious service? Whosoever reads the sketches of the sermons must be impressed with their reality. They were not formal. They were not cold. They were not cautious and apologetic. No: for we have reached a time which none of us in this generation ever saw, in which men were free to say what they think upon every great question that stirs us, and are welcomed for the frankest word they can speak.

The effort to serve the rebellion which is made by him who tries by a brisk rattling of old party slang and watch-words to distract, if not to divide, patriots, recoils inevitably upon the head of him who makes it. The man who flattered rebellion in March is very likely to be the man to do its dirty work now, if he can only screen himself. But the great body of the people who are helping to save the nation from perik ask only that a man sincerely works at that task. We all have our own views of the causes and consequences of this rebellion. We all know what the future will inevitably bring.



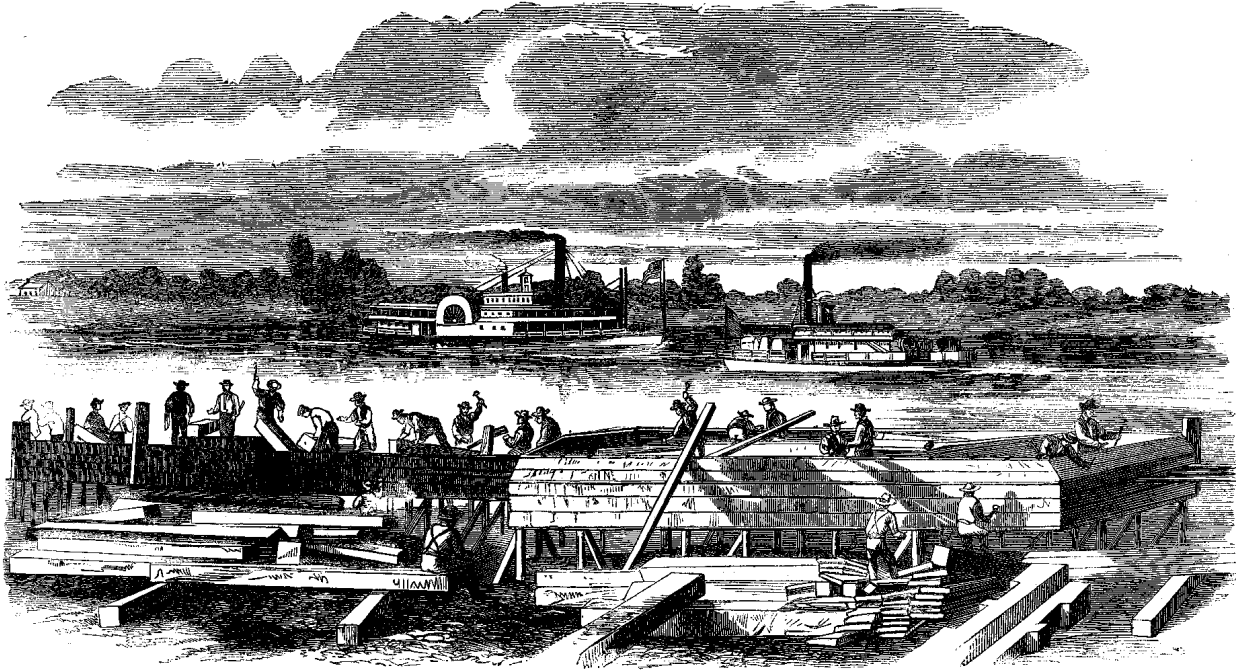
MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT, U.S.A., AND STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, BEFORE STARTING FOR LEXINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



BURNING THE PENSACOLA DRY DOCK, OFF FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, ON AUGUST 31, BY LIEUT. SHIPLEY, U.S.A.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ALLGOWER.—[SEE PAGE 655.]



CHARGE OF THE IRISH REGIMENT (COLONEL MULLIGAN) OVER THE BREAST-WORKS AT LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



BUILDING PONTOONS FOR MILITARY USE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

We devote a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the War in Missouri. On page 644 will be found a picture of MAJOR-GENERAL FRÉMONT AND HIS STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, which is located near the fair grounds, some two miles from St. Louis. The following are the names and rank of the members of General Frémont's staff:

Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General A. Asboth; Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain Chauncey McKee; Military Secretary and Aid-de-Camp, Colonel J. H. Eaton; Chief Topographical Engineer, Colonel John Flais; Chief Ordnance, Colonel Gustave Waagner; Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel James Totten; Judge Advocate, Major R. M. Corwin; Division Surgeon, Doctor T. Tolkan; Assistant Surgeon, Doctor John Cooper; Acting Assistant Q. M. General, Brigadier-General J. McKinstry; Deputy Paymaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel T. F. Andrews; Commander of Body Guard, Major Charles Zagonyi; Medical Director, Captain A. Waldner; Aide-de-Camp, Colonel A. Albert; Colonel Gustave Korman; Colonel J. P. C. Schenck; Colonel Owen Lovejoy; Colonel John A. Gurley; Colonel J. C. Woods; Major James W. Savage; Major Frank

J. White, Major William Dorshelmer, Major H. Ramming, Major B. Birch Plimley, Captain J. E. Howard, Captain Leonidas Haskell, Captain Joseph Remtmy.

The artillery seen in the picture are Totten's famous battery which did so much execution at the Battle of Springfield. The large building in the picture is the officers' quarters, the lower one the soldiers' barracks.

On page 645 we illustrate the CHARGE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE AT LEXINGTON. Every body has read the account of this splendid movement: how the rebels, outnumbering our forces in the proportion of four to one, had driven our outposts in, and were preparing to assault our intrenchments, when Colonel Mulligan mastered his Irishmen, sallied forth, and scattered the rebels at the point of the bayonet. Our artist has caught the spirit of the scene.

On this page we give a picture, from a sketch by Alexander Simplot, of the "New Era," one of the new gun-boats built for Government service on the Mississippi; also, a picture of the PONTOONS NOW

BEING BUILT ON THE MISSISSIPPI for the use of General Frémont's army. Pontoons are used for the passage of rivers by armies on the march. Lately, in this country, our engineer officers have used vulcanized India-rubber pontoons, consisting of three cylinders connected together. From the appearance of the objects depicted in the sketch, we should judge that Frémont's pontoons are more like scows, which will not be taken out of the water, but will be floated down with the expedition which descends the Mississippi.

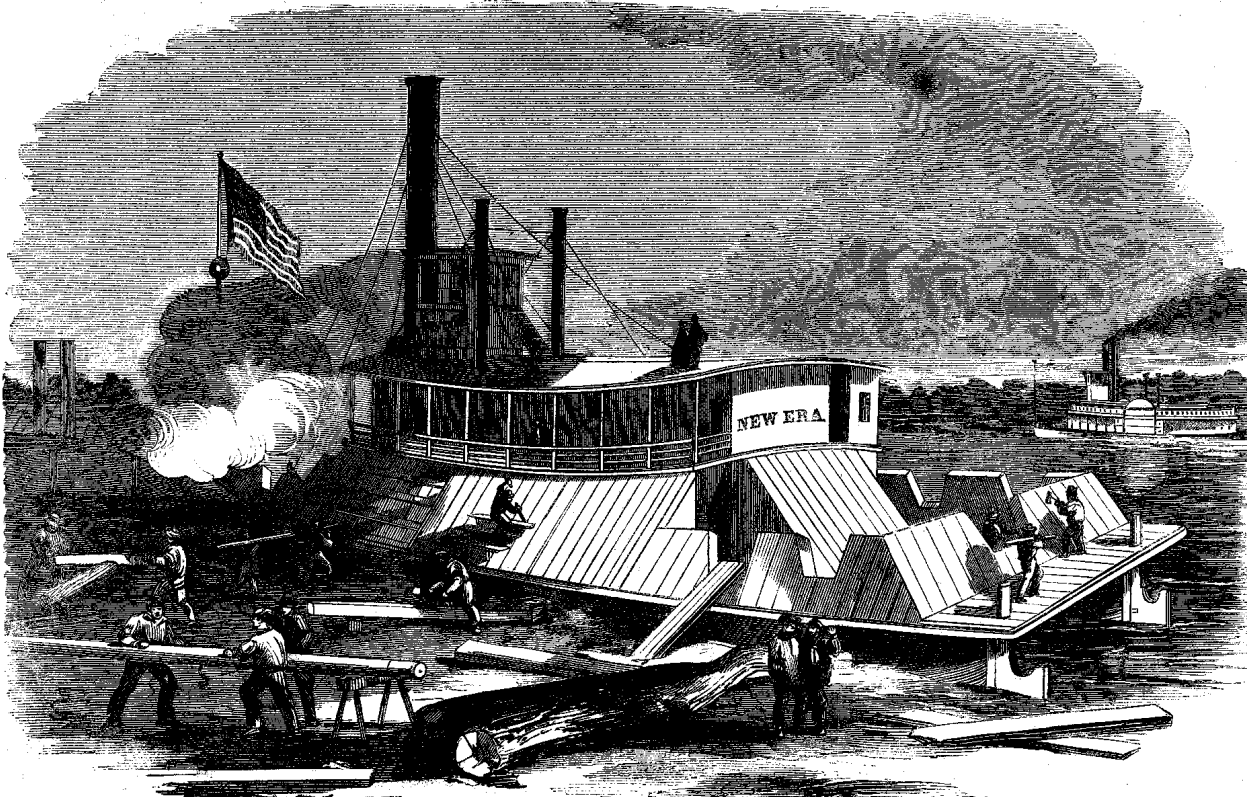
Finally, on page 653, we publish a fine picture of the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, from sketches sent us by one of our Western artists who was in the place when it was attacked. By way of further description of the scene we give the following extract from the correspondence of the Chicago Tribune:

The situation of the Federal troops grew more desperate as day after day passed. Within their lines were picked out the wagons and trains a large number of horses and mules, nearly three thousand in all, now a serious cause of care and anxiety, for as shot and shell

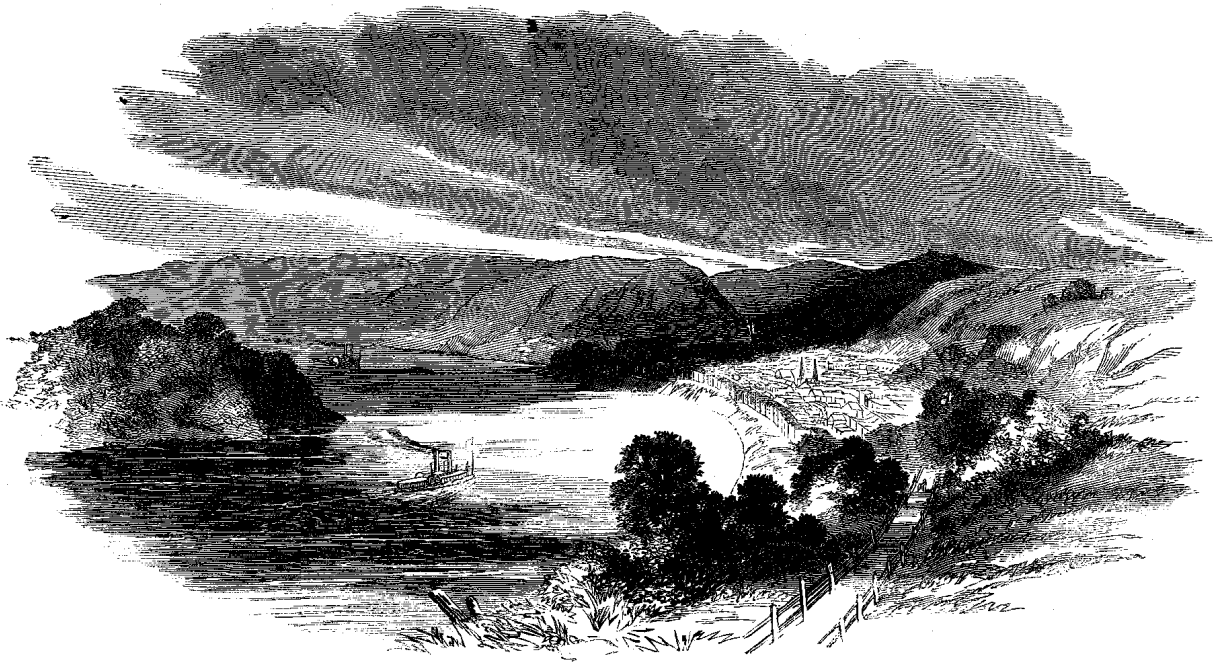
plunged among them, many of the animals were killed and wounded, and from the struggles of these latter the danger of a general stampede was imminent. The havoc in the centre of the intrenchment was immense. Wagons were knocked to pieces, stores scattered and destroyed, and the ground strewn with dead horses and mules.

On Wednesday, the 17th, an evil from the first apprehended fell upon Colonel Mulligan's command. They were cut off from the river and their water gave out. Fortunately a heavy rain, at intervals, came greatly to their relief. But to show how severe the straits of the men, the fact may be stated of instances occurring where soldiers held their blankets spread out until thoroughly wet, and then wrung them into their camp dishes, carefully saving the priceless fluid thus obtained. Rations also began to grow short. The fighting at this time, from the 16th to the 21st, knew little cessation. The nights were brilliant moonlight, and all night long the roar of the guns continued, with an occasional sharp sortie and skirmish without the works.

From the first but one spirit pervaded our troops, and that was no thought or word of surrender, except among some of the Home Guards, who had done the least share of the work and the fighting. The cavalry behaved nobly, and could the full details be written up, some of their sharp, brave charges on the enemy's guns would shine with any battle exploits on record. General Price sent Colonel Mulligan a summons to sur-



THE GUN-BOAT NEW ERA, JUST BUILT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.]



THE CITY OF MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SCENE OF THE GREAT UNION BARBECUE.

read, to which the gallant commander sent a refusal, saying, "If you want us, you must take us." But the defection and disbandment of the Home Guards intensified daily, and on Friday, the 8th, while Colonel Mulligan was giving his attention to some matters in another portion of the camp, the white flag was raised at his own instance by Major Becker of the Home Guards, from the portion of the intrenchment assigned to him.

Captain Simpson, of the Earl Rifle, called Colonel Mulligan's attention to Major Becker's action instantly, and the Jackson Guard, Captain McDermott, of Detroit, were sent to take down the flag, which was done. The heaviest part of the fight of the day followed in a charge upon the recent history of the enemy, the Illinois cavalry suffering severely.

The Home Guards then left the outer work, and retreated within the line of the inner intrenchments, about the college building, refusing to fight longer, and here again raised the white flag, this time from the centre of the fortifications, when the fire of the enemy slackened and ceased. Under this state of affairs Colonel Mulligan, calling his officers into council, decided to capitulate, and Captain McDermott went out to the enemy's lines with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, and a parley took place. Major Moore, of the brigade, was sent to General Price's headquarters, at New Lexington, to know the terms of capitulation. These were made unconditional, the officers to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be allowed to depart with their personal property, surrendering their arms and accoutrements.

Reluctantly this was acceded to, and the surrender took place. At 4 p.m. on Saturday the Federal force, having laid down their arms, were marched out of the intrenchments to the tune of "Dixie," played by the rebel bands. They left behind them their arms and accoutrements, reserving only their clothing. The boys of the brigade many of them wept to leave behind their colors, each company in the brigade having its own standard presented to it by their friends. At the surrender the muster rolls of the companies were taken to General Price's head-quarters, the list of officers made out, and these ordered to report themselves as prisoners of war.

General Price is now in possession of Lexington, and Major-General Frémont has gone up the Missouri River to attack him; while General Sturgis and General Hunter are converging upon Lexington from the northwest and south.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler, a view of CAMP ROSSEAU, NEAR MULDRAGH'S HILL, Kentucky. This is a camp of Union troops, situated 61 miles north of Louisville,

Kentucky, and 7 miles from Muldraugh's Hill, on the railroad to Nashville, Tennessee. Troops from Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky are rapidly congregating here, and there is a strong prospect of an early brush.

We also give, from a sketch by another contributor, a view of MAYSVILLE, Kentucky. The artist writes us as follows:

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, September, 1861. Having attended the Grand Union Barbecue recently held near this place, I seized the opportunity to make a sketch of the beautiful little city. It was necessarily a hasty one, but will serve to give you an idea of the scenery and situation. It was through Maysville that the Government arms were first introduced into Kentucky which had so marked an effect in preventing "precipitation" and near here, in the lovely woodland just behind the lofty, precipitous hill on the extreme right of the picture, around which you may see winding the magnificent Macadamized road that leads to Lexington, and within sight of *Le belle Riviere*, was held the barbecue of which I spoke. This was the largest gathering I have seen for years. There were speakers from Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. Among those from the last-named State was Hon. Horace Maynard. Colonel Charles Marshall, a prominent citizen of this county (Masson), contemplated the establishment of a camp in the vicinity of this place.

Before the introduction of railroads into the State Maysville was the grand gate-way of trade and travel between the South and East. It is still a town of considerable importance, but is principally remarkable at present for the gallantry and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its situation and its women.

Telegrams dated Louisville, Kentucky, September 28, say:

Agents are now stationed along the Ohio River, to prevent the smuggling of arms into Kentucky. The *Bulletin* says that 500 troops from Terra Haute, Indiana, have gone up Green River, Kentucky, and taken possession of locks Nos. 1 and 3. One shot was fired at them, and the fire was returned, killing their assistant. Many Union families have fled to Evansville from the Green River country.

A regiment of cavalry from Ohio has gone into camp near Covington, on the Lexington pike. Cynthia, Kentucky, is occupied by Federal troops. National flags were flown to the breeze from the Louisville Hotel and Gault House to-day.

Seventeen Secessionists, among them James B. Clay and Colonel H. C. Harris, of Madison, were brought to Louisville this afternoon and committed. A writ of habeas corpus in Clay's case has been issued, returnable before Judge Catron on Monday.

Benion Orsby, a lawyer of this city, was arrested, but released on taking the oath of allegiance.



CAMP OF GENERAL ROSSEAU'S BRIGADE, NEAR MULDRAGH'S HILL, KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]



Butler.

Wool.

M'Call. Rosserans. M'Cook. Anderson.

M'Dowell.

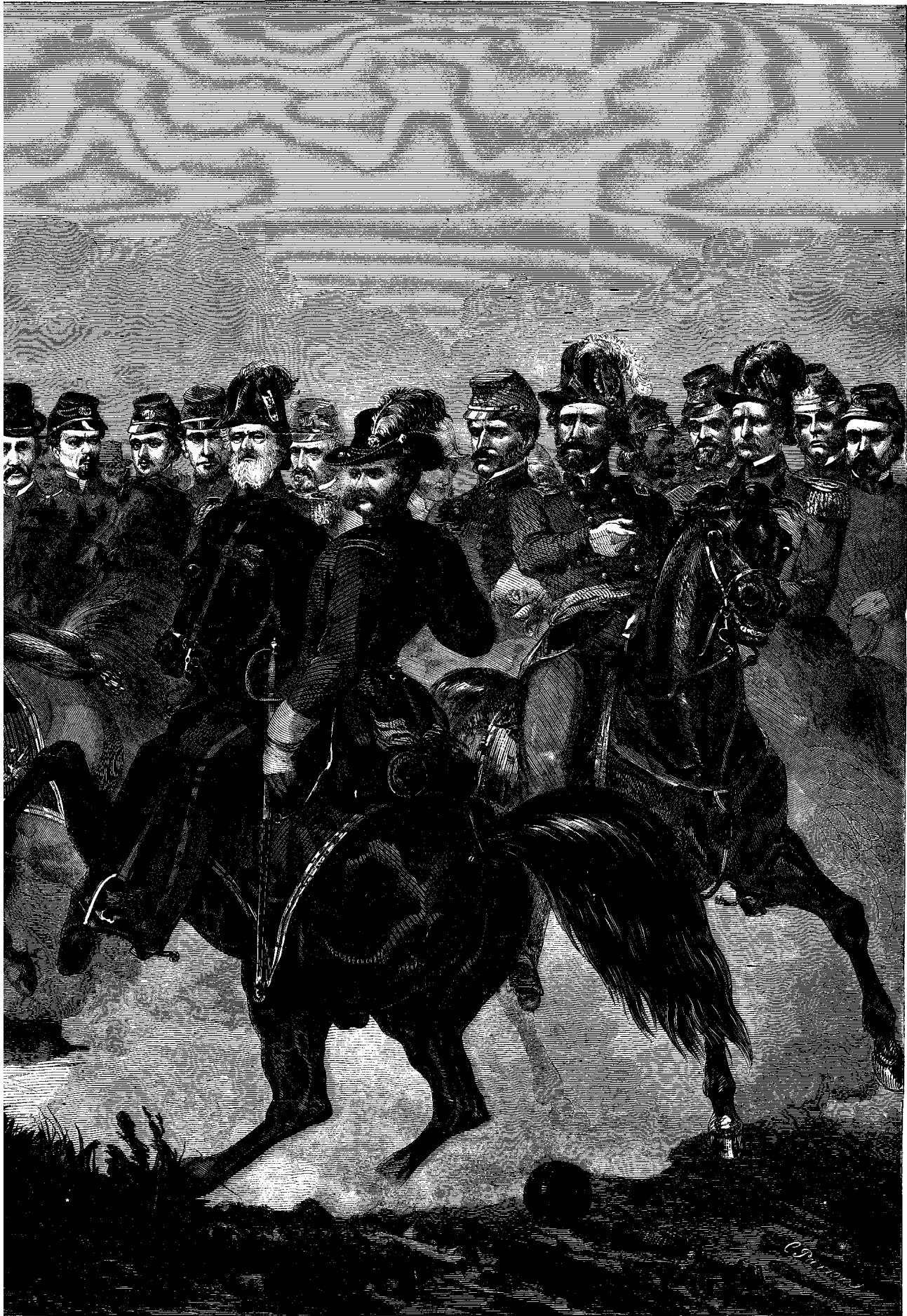
Sickles.

Blenker.

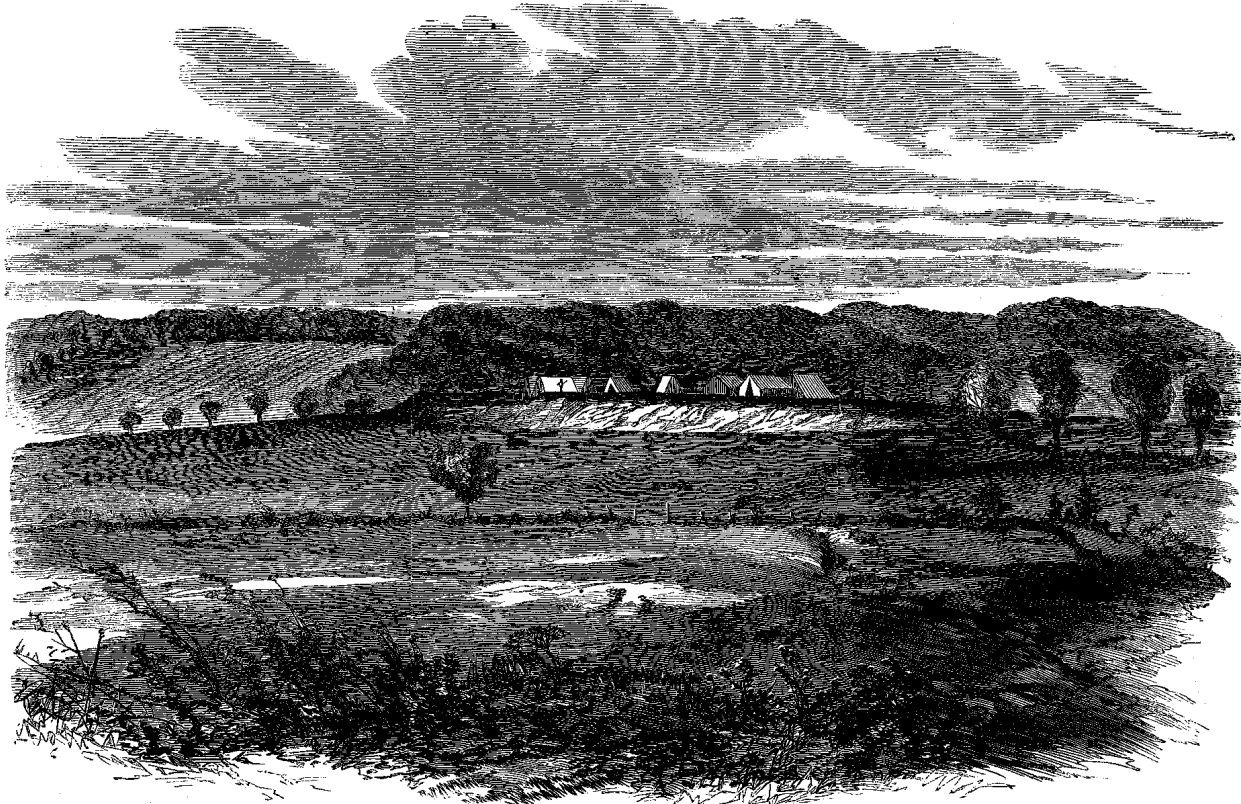
M'Ullian.

Scott.

OUR GENERALS



Hunter. Sigel. Spangue. Prentiss. Mansfield. Tyler. Burnside. Banks. Fremont. Lander. Hinton. Dix. Curtis. Stone.



SECTION OF THE EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, ON THE SOUTH.—[SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF GENERAL GORMAN'S COMMAND.]

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

We illustrate on this page the terrible RAILWAY ACCIDENT which occurred on 17th ult. on the OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. The Cincinnati Commercial thus describes the event:

At ten minutes to nine on the night of 17th the train, consisting of six cars carrying about 250 men of the 10th Illinois Regiment, Colonel Tomlin, had broken the bridge down under the following circumstances: The engine passed the bridge in safety, the first car was thrown off the track, but ran to a place twenty yards beyond the bridge; but

the second car fell directly into the creek, hind end downward; the fourth and fifth cars ran on top of the third, crushing it flat as a board. In the third car was Company I, where the greatest mortality took place. The sixth and last car, containing the field-officers and their attendants, was not injured.

Those who escaped represent the scene as full of every conceivable horror. Fires were soon lighted on the banks, messengers dispatched for assistance, and the work of rescue begun. All the while the air resounded with the groans, prayers, and imprecations of the sufferers.

Before daylight eighteen bodies were recovered in addition to rescuing all the living. Lieutenant Whitten was caught by both legs between two platforms, and it required three-fourths of an hour to chop and saw him out, every blow of the axe causing intense agony. A colored servant, caught in a similar though less painful situation, was

two hours undergoing the operation of rescue. A brakeman, with an arm and leg both broken, crawled from under the bottom car to a place of safety.

Fortunately, both the regimental surgeons, their hospital steward, and Lieutenant Kellot, also physicians, were in the forward car and escaped without injury. Companies I and G were the greatest sufferers—the latter entire company, except Lieutenant Bridges and two corporals, were more or less injured. The Colonel, who is an old Russian campaigner, Lieutenant Kellot, and Life-Major Moore, were accompanied by their wives. These ladies not only rendered great assistance in dressing the wounded, but even tore their under garments off their persons to make bandages.

It is not known whether the accident was the work of malice or misfortune.

EARTH-WORKS NEAR LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.

THESE are apparently but temporary breast-works, inclosing a small encampment erected subsequent to the construction of the works. They occupy the brow of an eminence some four miles distant from Edward's Ferry.

The accompanying view is telescopic, and was obtained from the summit of a mount in the neighborhood of the former place. Numbers of the insurgents are daily seen on and near the intrenchments, although their force is very limited.



TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

PRETTY MABEL.

SIDE BY SIDE WITH PRETTY MABEL
Sate I, with the sunshade down:
In the distance humm'd the Babel
Of the many-footed Town;
There we sat with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.

"Must we part? or may I linger?
Wax the shadows, wanes the day;"
Then, with voice of sweetest singer
That has almost died away,
"Go!" she said; but lightened finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"

FACE TO FACE WITH PRETTY MABEL,
With the gauzy curtains drawn;
Till a sense, I am unable
To convey, began to dawn;
Till the slant sun flung the gable
Far athwart the sleepy lawn.

"Now I go. Adieu, adieu, love!
This is weakness: sweet, be strong.
Comes the footfall of the dew, love!
Philomel's reminding song."
"Go!" she said; "but I go too, love!
Go with you, my life, along!"

HAND IN HAND WITH PRETTY MABEL,
Through perplexities of life;
'Mid all other shiftings stable,
Quiet 'mid surrounding strife;
No mere forms of pleasant fable,
But—a Husband and a Wife.

CADER IDRIS—THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I AM an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darkness of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new spring-time comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as now, a gray-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and, above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who begin the world. Talgyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-worn masonry look old enough to be coeval with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The Hall was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. I was his friend and guest; indeed we were distantly related, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their younger sister, then scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong love over which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of broken words and broken vows, and all the volatile changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had pledged me her simple troth. I was honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hood-winking the world, and even the most guileless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and kind, and wise. For a year Ellen and I separated. I was to work heartily at the bar, as before, the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual retired mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her faith in it. And, if all went well, and we young people continued of the same opinion, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment; how certain that our sentiments would be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may ask their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the bar, where I already possessed a certain footing—more due, I dare say, to circumstances than merit—but won the consent and approbation of all my relatives to the match. And now the weary waiting was over, the year was out, and I was at Talgyn Hall again to claim my bride. All went smilingly with us. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been courted and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the Squire admitted that never had a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people; they welcomed me cordially among them, and they were willing to hail me as a brother, though they would grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the right of their home, the darling of them all, for Ellen was both. She

had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower, and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. It was surprising to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridesmaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talgyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny sea and white-sailed pleasure-boats gayly gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreck and storm. Ellen had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty wariness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into peevishness, never became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a half playful defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But, at some times when Ellen's playful caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle, and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the trunk of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract, slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the ragged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her dare-devil young brothers, ventured so close to the most dangerous precipices as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in face of peril; it was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the little lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and none of her relatives had such a store of these wild tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have but too much reason to remember, which has burned into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh proverb, so old that it is by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair or Cader Idris will be found mad, dead, or a poet." Tradition relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of prophecy.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the cairn is, just above the cliff? It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dottrelis. I beg your pardon, Ellen!"

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and willful heiress, called by her vassals the Lady of Cader Idris, had resolved to undergo this perilous trial in the hopes of becoming wealthy, and the spirit of poetry. How, being a lady of rare courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her tenants, and the authority of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a world-long watch over buried treasure, and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the terrors of the visible and invisible. Finally, how she had been found in the morning, stark and dead, seated on the rocky throne, and with her long, dark hair floating over the stones as she sat in an attitude that mocked life, and with an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of her rebellion against the priest's commands, the pitiless church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid, in silence and stealth, by the hands of sorrowing kinsmen, under a cairn of pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen drew to her harp, and sang us first the Welsh ditty that some bard had composed in olden days, and then the polished verse which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last notes of the harp and the sweet voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to question its authenticity and to challenge its probability. I remember we all took part in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Our wish was, no doubt, to tease, harmlessly, the darling and spoiled child of the household, and who perhaps to atone to ourselves for having been so long and so completely true to the spirit of romance that we cared to acknowledge. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone down-hill. It starts gently, sliding down grassy banks and springing daintily from mound to mound, then leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Our controversy grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had told us one of her favorite tales, one which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that ripper years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and overstrained, and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort. Finally, I declared the "Lady of Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, all but the Squire, who was asleep, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming:

"I will show you that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal, that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I!"

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and unruffled: she joined in the conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the projects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late picnic to some celebrated point of view, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She said, when asked, to turn her piano, but she played but a few bars, and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said, in a low tone,

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the artificial flies Herbert was trying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good-night," as usual. She took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection, and an undercurrent of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that glance—the last that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my home from youth till age. And her lips murmured the old trivial phrase, "Good-night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was gone. One moment I stood irresolute. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed, but the Squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost—forever! What might not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition?—it might have altered the whole current of an existence.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a quiet room in one of the wings, close to the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate, the alarm-bell hung. I slowly descended, often drawing aside the curtains, often peering forth through the Elizabethan casement of diamond panes, many of which were darkened by the heavy growth of the rank ivy without. All was ghostly still in the garden below, where the stiff hedges of clipped holly, and the broad, old-fashioned walks were white with moonshine. An owl was hooting in the wood, and the mastiff in the courtyard bayed mournfully from time to time, and rattled his chain. The moon was high and bright, but black clouds were sailing across the sky; and as I looked, a sudden glow lit up the horizon, as if a trap-door had been opened above some fiery gulf, then vanished as quickly. "There will be a storm to-night," I muttered, as I turned from the window for the last time. I was very ill-satisfied with myself, and, as often happens, I perversely chose to justify my own conduct by blaming poor Ellen. "She had no right to be so positive and so petulant," I said to myself. It agitated ill for our future happiness, that she should resent this words so deeply. But in the morning I would speak to her, reason with her—in the morning? We are blind, blind!

My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the letter. A storm there was. I was awakened by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of heaven was full of the giant sound, and the strong stone mansion rocked like a floating wreck in a sea of storm. The lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with an incessant lurid red, and between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the hurdling of the hail and rain. An awful night! A night for shipwreck and ruin, and death of travelers on lonely moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples that had mocked at the gales of centuries! A grim, wild night! Presently the thunder died away, all but a sullen growl afar off, and the flashes ceased, and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, and a strange dream I had. I dreamed of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terrace of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No, it had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe-fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair, and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghastly sight of things unspokeable, while his fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then

the thunder bellowed overhead, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming din, blazing, red, and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solitary form, alone amidst the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind, swept the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and dismal pageants trooped by amidst the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one last glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face. The face of a young girl—of Ellen!—but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heat-drops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth. The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I woke in the golden, brilliant morning: the sky was blue, the birds were singing gayly, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and firmer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for her willful conduct of the preceding evening, but would be very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The Squire was there, with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time, Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the lazy one," said her father. "Owen, send up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say that the maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all. "Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily leaving the room.

"Soon she'll be back," said she, that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out," said Herbert. "The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads right on to the terrace by the greenhouse, and then there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense," said the Squire, knitting his brows, "that door has been locked these 60 years, and the key lost too. I'll go myself. I'm afraid she is ill."

All we went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing-plate.

"I am afraid, Sir," said the lady's maid, half crying, "something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something painful shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door; the Squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply. Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless—empty.

"She has gone out, after all!" cried Herbert, running to the old oratory, and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible. Yet on tracking farther we found on the terrace a bow of ribbon, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by its owner—and all recognized it as Ellen's—on the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be mad, my poor, poor child," groaned the Squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way."

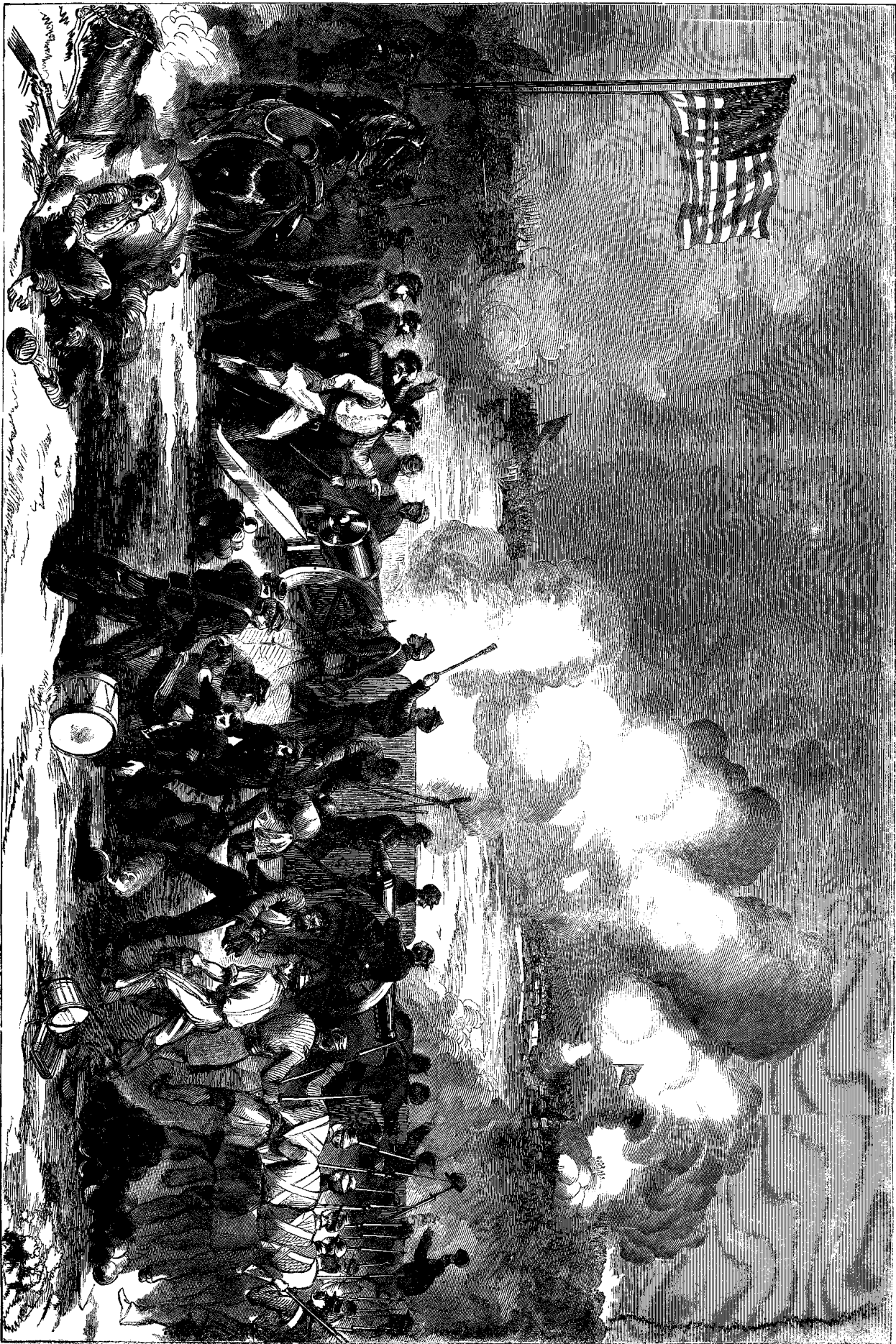
Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night—the strange resolve latent in Ellen's face as she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is," I cried, aloud. "I know it but too well. She is on the mountain, on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accursed cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the Squire. "Cader Idris; how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She is there," cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist; "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I, fool that I was, have slept while she was perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's sake, be so quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were hurrying to the foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the slippery shale and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and water-course, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, a few feet of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realized. There, in the rock-hewn chair, in her muslin dress and mantle of gray plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead! Her long fair hair half hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly clasped together. I clasped her to my breast; I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and on it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen. And I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her face. Since that day the world has been a prison to me.



THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MASS.—FROM SKETCHES BY A WESTERN CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

THE DARKEST HOUR.

Despair not, Poet, whose warm soul aches
To breathe the exalted atmosphere of fame;
Give thy heart words, but purify its fires,
So that thy song may consecrate thy name;
Slug on, and hope, nor murmur that the crowd
Are slow to hear and recognize thy lay;
Thy time will come if thou art well endowed;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Genius, whoso'er thou art,
Whatever the bent and purpose of thy mind;
Use thy great gifts with an unflinching heart,
And wait till Fortune delimiteth to kind.
The world is tawdry in its help and praise,
And doubts and dangers may obstruct thy way,
But light of pierce through the heaviest haze;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Patriot, who in dreams sublime
Seest for thy country glories yet unborn,
And fain wouldst hide the laggard worms of Time,
Because they bring not the transcendent morn.
Be firm in thy devotion: hour by hour
We seem to travel on a sunward way,
And what seems dubious now may yet be clear;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
Slight'st to behold some idol overthrow,
And from the shade of thy domestic hearth
Some green branch gone, some bird of promise flown;
God chastens but to prove thy faithfulness,
And in thy weakness he will be thy stay;
Trust and deserve, and He will soothe and bless;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Man, however low thy state,
Nor scorn small blessings that around thee fall;
Learn to disdain the impious creed of Fate,
And own the Providence who governs all.
If thou art befitted in thy earnest will,
Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy faith and consolation still—
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861,
by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof, shewed by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXV.

My intercourse with Margrave grew habitual and familiar. He came to my house every morning before sunrise; and in the evenings we were again brought together: sometimes in the houses to which we were both invited, sometimes at his hotel, sometimes in my own home.

Nothing more perplexed me than his aspect of extreme youthfulness, contrasted with the extent of the travels, which, if he were to be believed, had left little of the known world unexplored. One day I asked him, bluntly, how old he was?

"How old do I look? How old should you suppose I was?"

"I should have guessed you to be about twenty, till you spoke of having come of age some years ago."

"Is it a sign of longevity when a man looks much younger than he is?"

"Conjoined with other signs, certainly!"

"Have I the other signs?"

"Yes, a magnificent, perhaps a matchless, constitutional organization. But you have evaded my question as to your age; perhaps it was an impertinence to put it?"

"No; I came of age—let me see—three years ago."

"So long since? Is it possible? I wish I had your secret!"

"Secret! What secret?"

"The secret of preserving so much of boyish freshness in the wear and tear of man-like passions and man-like thoughts."

"You are still young yourself—under forty?"

"Oh yes! I save years under forty."

"And Nature gave you a much grander frame and a much finer symmetry of feature than she gave to me."

"Pooh! pooh! You have the beauty that must charm the eyes of woman, and that beauty in its sunny forenoon of youth. Happy man! if you love, and wish to be sure that you are loved again."

"What you call love—the unhealthy sentiment, the feverish folly—I left behind me, I think forever, when—"

"Ay, indeed—when?"

"I came of age."

"Hoary cynic! and you despise love! So did I once. Your time may come."

"I think not. Does any animal, except man, love its fellow-creature as man loves woman?"

"As man loves woman? No, I suppose not."

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCREASED intimacy with my new acquaintance did not diminish the charm of his society, though it brought to light some startling defects both in his mental and moral organization. I have before said that his knowledge, though it had swept over a wide circuit and dipped into curious, unrequented recesses, was desultory and erratic. It certainly was not that knowledge, sustained and aspiring, which the poet assures us is "the wing on which we mount to heaven."

So, in his faculties themselves there were singular inequalities, or contradictions. His power of memory in some things seemed prodigious; but when examined it was seldom accurate; it could apprehend, but did not hold together with a binding grasp, what metaphysicians call "complex ideas." He thus seemed unable to put it into any steadfast purpose in the sciences of which it retained, vaguely and loosely, many recondite principles. For the sublime and beautiful in literature he had no taste whatever. A passionate lover of nature, his imagination had no response to the arts by which nature is expressed or idealized; wholly unaffected by poetry or painting. Of the fine arts, music alone attracted and pleased him. His conversation was often eminently suggestive, touching on much, whether in books or mankind, that set one thinking; but I never remember him to have uttered any of those noble or tender sentiments which come spontaneously to the lips of youth and blossom out from the wisdom which labor accords to genius.

In his character there seemed no special vices, no special virtues; but a wonderful vivacity, joyousness, and good-humor. He was singularly temperate, having a dislike to wine, perhaps from that purity of taste which belongs to health absolutely perfect. No healthful child likes alcohol, no animal, except man, prefers wine to water.

But his main moral defect seemed to me in a want of sympathy, even where he professed attachment. He who could feel so acutely for himself, be unmanned at the bite of a squirrel, and sob at the thought that he should one day die, was as callous to the sufferings of another as the eagle who deserts and butts from him a wounded comrade.

I give an instance of this hardness of heart when I should have least expected to find it in him.

He had met and joined me as I was walking to visit a patient on the outskirts of the town, when we fell in with a group of children, just let loose for an hour or two from their day-school. Some of these children joyously recognized him as having played with them at their homes; they ran up to him, and he seemed as glad as themselves at the meeting.

He suffered them to drag him along with them, and became as merry and sportive as the youngest of the troop.

"Well," said I, laughing, "if you are going to play at leap-frog, pray don't let it be on the high road, or you will be run over by carts and draymen; see that meadow just in front of the left-off with you there!"

"With all my heart," cried Margrave, "while you pay your visit. Come along, boys."

A little archer, not above six years old, but who was lame, began to cry; he could not run—he should be left behind.

Margrave stooped. "Climb on my shoulder, little one, and I'll be your horse."

The child dried its tears, and delightedly obeyed.

"Certainly," said I, to myself, "Margrave, after all, must have a nature as gentle as it is simple. What other young man, so courted by all the allurements that steal innocence from pleasure, would stop in the thoroughfares to play with children?"

The thought had scarcely passed through my mind when I heard a scream of agony. Margrave had leaped the railing that divided the meadow from the road, and in so doing the poor child, perched on his shoulder, had, perhaps from surprise or fright, loosened its hold and fallen heavily. Its cries were pitious. Margrave clapped his hands to his ears—uttered an exclamation of anger—and not even stopping to lift up the boy, or examine what the hurt was, called to the other children to come on, and was soon rolling with them on the grass, and pelting them with daisies. When I came up only one child remained by the sufferer—its little brother, a year older than itself. The child had fallen on its arm, which was not broken, but violently contused. The pain must have been intense. I carried the child to its home, and had to remain there some time. I did not see Margrave till the next morning, when he then called. I felt so indignant that I could scarcely speak to him.

At last he rebuked him for his inhumanity he seemed surprised, with diffident remembrance of the circumstance, and then merely said—as if it were the most natural confession in the world—"Oh, nothing so discordant as a child's wail. I hate discords. I am pleased with the company of children; but they must be children who laugh and play. Well! why do you look at me in that way? What have I said to shock you?"

"Shock me—you shock manhood itself! Go; I can't talk to you now. I am busy."

But he did not go; and his voice was so sweet, and his ways so winning, that disgust insensibly melted into that sort of forgiveness on records (let me repeat the illustration) to the deer that forsakes its comrade. The poor thing knows no better. And what a graceful, beautiful thing this was!

The fascination—I can give it no other name—which Margrave exercised was not confined to me, it was universal—old, young, high, low, man, woman, child, all felt it. Never in Low Town had stranger, even the most distinguished

by fame, met with a reception so cordial—so flattering. His frank confession that he was a natural son, far from being to his injury, served to interest people more in him, and to prevent all those inquiries in regard to his connections and antecedents, which would otherwise have been asked. To be sure, he was evidently rich, at least he had plenty of money. He lived in the best rooms in the principal hotel; was very hospitable; entertained the families with whom he had grown intimate; made them bring their children—music and dancing after dinner. Among the houses in which he had established familiar acquaintance was that of the mayor of the town, who had bought Dr. Lloyd's collection of subjects in natural history. To that collection the mayor had added largely by a very recent purchase. He had arranged these various specimens, which his last acquisitions had enriched by the interesting carcasses of an ugly elephant and a still uglier hippopotamus, in a large wooden building contiguous to his dwelling, and which had been constructed by a former proprietor (a retired fox-hunter) as a riding-house. And being a man who much affected the diffusion of knowledge, he proposed to open this museum to the admiration of the general public, and as his death to bequest it to the Athenæum or Literary Institute of his native town. Margrave, seconded by the influence of the mayor's daughters, had scarcely been three days at L— before he had persuaded this excellent and public-spirited functionary to inaugurate the opening of his museum by the popular ceremony of a ball. A temporary corridor should unite the drawing-rooms, which were on the ground-floor, with the building that contained the collection; and thus the fête would be elevated above the frivolous character of a fashionable amusement, and consecrated to the solemnization of an intellectual institute. dazzled by the brilliancy of this idea, the mayor announced his intention to give a ball that should include the surrounding neighborhood, and be worthy, in all expensive respects, of the dignity of himself and the occasion. A night had been fixed for the ball—a night that became memorable indeed to me! The entertainment was anticipated with a lively interest, in which even the Hill condescended to share. The Hill did not match patronizing mayors in general; but when a mayor gave a ball for a purpose so patriotic, and on a scale so splendid, the Hill liberally acknowledged that Commerce was, on the whole, a thing which the Emptiness might, now and then, condescend to acknowledge without absolutely derogating from the rank which Providence had assigned to it among the High Places of earth. Accordingly the Hill was permitted by its Queen to honor the first magistrate of Low Town by a promise to attend his ball. Now, as this festivity had originated in the suggestion of Margrave, so by a natural association of ideas, every one, in talking of the ball, talked also of Margrave.

The Hill had at first affected to ignore a stranger whose debut had been made in the mercantile circle of Low Town. But the Queen of the Hill now said, sententiously, "This new man in a few days has become a Celebrity. It is the policy of the Hill to adopt Celebrities, if the Celebrities pay respect to the Proprietors. Dr. Fenwick is requested to procure Mr. Margrave the advantage of being known to the Hill."

I found it somewhat difficult to persuade Margrave to accept the Hill's condescending overture. He seemed to have a dislike to all societies pretending to aristocratic distinction—a dislike expressed with a fierceness so unwonted that it made one suppose he had at some time or other been subjected to mortification by the supercilious airs that blow upon heights so elevated. However, he yielded to my instances, and accompanied me one evening to Mrs. Poyntz's house. The Hill was unacquainted there for the occasion. Mrs. Poyntz was exceedingly civil to him, and after a few commonplace speeches, hearing that he was fond of music, consigned him to the caressing care of Miss Brabazon, who was at the head of the musical department in the Queen of the Hill's administration.

Mrs. Poyntz retired to her favorite seat near the window, inviting me to sit beside her; and while she knitted in silence, in silence my eye glanced toward Margrave in the midst of the group assembled round the piano.

Whether he was in more than usually high spirits, or whether he was actuated by a malign and impish desire to upset the established laws of decorum by which the gayeties of the Hill were habitually subdued into a serene and somewhat pensive pleasantness, I know not; but it was not many minutes before the orderly aspect of the place was grotesquely changed.

Miss Brabazon having come to the close of a complicated and dreary sonata, I heard Margrave abruptly ask her if she could play the Tarantelle, that famous Neapolitan air which is founded on the legendary belief that the bite of the tarantula excites an irresistible desire to dance. On that high-bred spinster's confession that she was ignorant of the air, and had not even heard of the legend, Margrave said, "Let me play it to you, with variations of my own."

Miss Brabazon graciously yielded her place at the instrument. Margrave seated himself—there was great curiosity to hear his performance. Margrave's fingers rushed over the keys, and there was a general start, the prelude was so unlike any known combination of harmonious sounds. Then he began a chant—song I can scarcely call it—words certainly not Italian, perhaps in some uncivilized tongue, perhaps in impromptu gibberish. And the torture of the instrument now commenced in good earnest: it shrieked, it groaned; wilder and noisier. Beethoven's Storm, roused by the fell touch of a German pianist, were mild in comparison; and the mighty voice, dominating the anguish of the

cracking keys, had the full diapason of a chorus. Certainly I am no judge of music, but to my ear the discord was terrific—to the ears of better informed amateurs it seemed ravishing. All were spell-bound; even Mrs. Poyntz paused from her knitting, as the Fates paused from their web at the lyre of Orpheus. To this breathless delight, however, soon succeeded a general desire for movement. To my amazement, I beheld these formal matrons and sober fathers of families forming themselves into a dance, turbulent as a children's ball at Christmas. And when, suddenly desisting from his music, Margrave started up, caught the skeleton hand of lean Miss Brabazon, and whirled her into the centre of the dance, I could have fancied myself at a witch's sabbat. My eye turned in scandalized alarm toward Mrs. Poyntz. That great creature seemed as much astounded as myself. Her eyes were fixed on the scene in a stare of positive stupor. For the first time, no doubt, in her life she was overcome, deposed, dethroned. The awe of her presence was literally whirled away. The dance ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Darting from the galvanized mummy whom he had selected as his partner, Margrave shot to Mrs. Poyntz's side, and said, "Ten thousand pardons for quitting you so soon, but the clock warns me that I have an engagement elsewhere."

In another moment he was gone. The dance halted, people seemed slowly returning to their senses, looking at each other bashfully and ashamed.

"I could not help it, dear," sighed Miss Brabazon at last, sinking into a chair, and casting her deprecating, fainting eyes upon the hostess.

"It is witchcraft," said fat Mrs. Bruce, wiping her forehead.

"Witchcraft!" echoed Mrs. Poyntz, "it does indeed look like it. An amazing and portentous exhibition of animal spirits, and not to be endured by the Proprietors. Where on earth can that young savage have come from?"

"From savage lands," said I. "So he says." "Do not bring him here again," said Mrs. Poyntz. "He would soon turn the Hill topsy-turvy. But how charming! I should like to see more of him," she added, in an under voice, "if he would call on me some morning, and not in the presence of those for whose Proprietors I am responsible. Jane must be out on her ride with the Colonel."

Margrave never again attended the patrician festivities of the Hill. Invitations were posted upon him, especially by Miss Brabazon and the other old maids, but in vain.

"Those people," said he, "are too tame and civilized for me; and so few young persons among them. Even that girl Jane is only young on the surface; inside, as old as the World or her mother. I like youth, real youth—am young, I am young!"

And, indeed, I observed that he would attach himself to some young person, often to some child, as if with cordial and special favor, yet for not more than an hour or so, never distinguishing them by the same preference when he next met them. I made that remark to him, in rebuke of his fickleness, one evening when he had found me at work on my ambitious book, reducing to rule and measure the Laws of Nature.

"It is not fickleness," said he, "it is necessity."

"Necessity! Explain yourself."

"I seek to find what I have not found," said he; "it is my necessity to seek it, and among the young; and disappointed in one, I turn to the other. Necessity again. But find it at last I must."

"I suppose you mean what the young usually seek in the young; and if, as you said the other day, you have left love behind you, you now wander back to re-find it."

"Tush! If I may judge by the talk of young fools, love may be found every day by him who looks out for it. What I seek is among the rarest of all discoveries. You might just as well find it, and in so doing aid yourself to knowledge far beyond all that your formal experiments can bestow."

"Prove your words, and command my services," said I, smiling somewhat disdainfully.

"You told me that you had examined into the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism, and proved some persons who pretend to the gift which the Scotch call second sight to be bungling impostors. You were right. I have seen the clairvoyants who drive their trade in this town; a common gipsy could beat them in their own calling. But your experience must have shown you that there are certain temperaments in which the gift of the Pythoness is stored, unknown to the possessor, undetected by the common observer; but the signs of which should be as apparent to the modern physiologist as they were to the ancient priests."

"I at least, as a physiologist, am ignorant of the signs—what are they?"

"I should despair of making you comprehend them by mere verbal description. I could guide your observation to distinguish them unerringly were living subjects before us. But not one in a million has the gift to an extent available for the purposes to which the wise would apply it. Many have imperfect glimpses; few, few indeed, the unveiled, lucid sight. They who have but the imperfect glimpses mislead and dupe the minds that consult them, because, being sometimes marvelously right, they excite a credulous belief in their general accuracy; and as they are but translators of dreams in their own brain, their assurances are no more to be trusted than are the dreams of commonplace sleepers. But where the gift exists to perfection, he who knows how to direct and to profit by it should be able to discover all that he desires to know for the guidance and preservation of his own life. He will be forewarned of every danger, forearmed by the means by which danger is avoided. For

the eye of the true Pythoness matter has no obstruction, space no confines, time no measurement.

"My dear Margrave, you may well say that creatures so gifted are rare; and for my part, I would as soon search for a unicorn as to use your affected expression, for a Pythoness."

"Nevertheless, whenever there come across the course of your practice some young creature to whom all the evil of the world is as yet unknown, to whom the ordinary cares and duties of the world are strange and unwelcome; who from the earliest dawn of reason has loved to sit apart and to muse; before whose eyes visions pass unobserved; who converses with those who are not dwellers on the earth, and beholds in the space landscapes which the earth does not reflect."

"Margrave, Margrave! of whom do you speak?"

"Whom frame, though exquisitely sensitive, has still a health and a soundness in which you recognize no disease; whose mind has a truthfulness that you know can not deceive you, and a simple intelligence too clear to deceive itself; who is moved to a mysterious degree by all the varying aspects of external nature—innocently joyous, or unaccountably sad; when, I say, such a being comes across your experience, inform me; and the chances are that the true Pythoness is found."

"I had listened with vague terror, and with more than one exclamation of amazement, to descriptions which brought Lillian Ashleigh before me; and I now sat mute, bewildered, breathless, gazing upon Margrave, and rejoicing that at least Lillian he had never seen."

"He returned my own gaze steadily, searchingly, and then, breaking into a slight laugh, resumed:

"I know of no other. My recollections of classic anecdote and history are confused and dim; but somewhere I have read or heard that the priests of Delphi were accustomed to travel chiefly into Thraee or Thessaly in search of the virgins who might fitly administer their oracles, and that the oracles gradually ceased in repute as the priests became unable to discover the organization requisite in the priestesses, and supplied by craft and imposture, or by such imperfect fragmentary developments as belong now to professional clairvoyants, the gifts which Nature failed to afford. Indeed, the demand was one that must have rapidly exhausted so limited a supply. The constant stretch upon faculties so wearing to the vital functions in their relentless exercise, under the arduous stimulants by which the priests heightened their power, was mortal, and no Pythoness ever retained her life more than three years from the time that her gift was elaborately trained and developed."

"Pooh! I know of no classical authority for the details you so confidently cite. Perhaps some such legends may be found in the Alexandrian writers; but those mystics are no authority on such a subject. After all," I added, recovering from my first surprise or awe, "the Delphic oracles were proverbially ambiguous, and their responses might be read either way, a proof that the priests dictated the verses, though their arts on the unhappy priestess might throw her into real convulsions, and the real convulsions, not the false gift, might shorten her life. Enough of such idle subjects! Yet not one question more. If you found your Pythoness, what then?"

"What then? Why through her aid I might discover the process of an experiment which your practical science would assist me to complete."

"Tell me of what kind is your experiment; and precisely because such little science as I possess is exclusively practical, I may assist you without the help of the Pythoness."

"Margrave was silent for some minutes, passing his hand several times across his forehead, which was a frequent gesture of his, and then rising, he answered, in weary, listless accents:

"I can not say more now, my brain is fatigued; and you are not yet in the right mood to hear me. By-the-way, how close and reserved you are with me."

"How so?"

"You never told me that you were engaged to be married. You leave me, who thought to have won your friendship, to hear what concerns you so intimately from a comparative stranger."

"Who told you?"

"That woman with eyes that pry and lips that scheme, to whose house you took me."

"Mrs. Poyntz! Is it possible? When?"

"This afternoon. I met her in the street—she stopped me—and, after some unmeaning talk, asked 'if I had seen you lately; if I did not find you very absent and distracted; no wonder—you were in love. The young lady was away on a visit, and wooed by a dangerous rival.'"

"Wooed by a dangerous rival?"

"Very rich, good-looking, young. Do you fear him? You turn pale."

"I do not fear, except so far as he who loves truly loves humbly, and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier than himself. But that Mrs. Poyntz should tell you all this does amaze me. Did she mention the name of the young lady?"

"Yes; Lillian Ashleigh. Henceforth be more frank with me. Who knows? I may help you, Adieu!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Margrave had gone I glanced at the clock—not yet nine. I resolved to go at once to Mrs. Poyntz. It was not an evening on which she received, but doubtless she would see me. She owed me an explanation. How thus carelessly divulge a secret she had been enjoined

to keep? and this rival, of whom I was ignorant? It was no longer a matter of wonder that Margrave should have described Lillian's peculiar necessities in his sketch of his fabulous Pythoness. Doubtless Mrs. Poyntz had, with unpardonable levity of indiscretion, revealed all of which she disapproved in my choice. But for what object? Was this her boasted friendship for me? Was it consistent with the regard she professed for Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian? Occupied by these perplexed and indignant thoughts, I arrived at Mrs. Poyntz's house, and was admitted to her presence. She was fortunately alone; her daughter and the Colonel had gone to some party on the Hill. I would not take the hand she held out to me on contrived-seeked myself in stern displeasure, and proceeded at once to inquire if she had really betrayed to Mr. Margrave the secret of my engagement to Lillian.

"Yes, Allen Fenwick; I have this day told not only Mr. Margrave, but every person I met who is likely to tell it to some one else, the secret of your engagement to Lillian Ashleigh. I never promised to conceal it; on the contrary, I wrote word to Anne Ashleigh that I would not act as my own judgment counsel me. I think my words to you were that 'public gossip was sometimes the best security for the fulfillment of private engagements.'"

"Do you mean that Mrs. or Miss Ashleigh recoils from the engagement with me, and that I should meanly compel them to fulfill it by calling in the public to ensure them—if—if— Oh, madam, this is worldly artifice indeed!"

"Be good enough to listen to me quietly. I have never yet showed you the letter to Mrs. Ashleigh, written by Lady Haughton, and delivered by Mr. Vigors. That letter I will now show to you; but before doing so I must enter into a preliminary explanation. Lady Haughton is one of those women who love power, and can not obtain it except through wealth and station—by her own intellect never obtain it. When her husband died she was reduced from an income of twelve thousand a year to a jointure of twelve hundred, but with the exclusive guardianship of a young son, a minor, and adequate allowances for the charge; she continued, therefore, to preside as mistress over the establishments in town and country; still had the administration of her son's wealth and rank. She stinted his education in order to maintain her ascendancy over him. He became a brainless prodigal—spendthrift alike of health and fortune. Alarmed, she saw that probably he would die young and a beggar; his only hope of reform was in marriage. She reluctantly resolved to marry him to a penniless, well-born, soft-minded young lady whom she knew she could control; just before this marriage was to take place he, from a mad steep-chase, in a drunken fit, left the Haughton estate passed to his cousin, the luckiest young man alive; the same Ashleigh-Summer who had already succeeded, in default of male issue, to poor Gilbert Ashleigh's landed possessions. Over this young man Lady Haughton could expect no influence. She would be a stranger in his house. She then suddenly remembered that she had a beautiful niece. Of that fact Mr. Vigors reminded her. Mr. Vigors and she both thought it would be an excellent thing to bring Ashleigh-Summer and Lillian together. Hence the invitation, and hence my advice to you to secure the hand of Lillian before that invitation is accepted. Now glance at this letter."

Mrs. Poyntz here went to her bureau, found and gave to me Lady Haughton's note to Mrs. Ashleigh. It was short, couched in conventional terms of hollow affection. The writer blathered herself for having so long neglected her brother's widow and child; her heart had been wrapped up too tight in the son she had lost, that she had made her turn to the ties of blood still left to her; she had heard much of Lillian from their common friend, Mr. Vigors; she longed to embrace so charming a niece. Then followed the invitation and the postscript. The postscript ran thus, so far as I can remember: "Whatever my own grief at my irreparable bereavement, I am no egotist, I keep my sorrow to myself. You will find some pleasant guests at my house, among others our joint connection, young Ashleigh-Summer."

"Woman's postscripts are proverbial for their significance," said Mrs. Poyntz, when I had concluded the letter and laid it on the table; "and if I did not at once show you this hypocritical effusion, it was simply because at the name Ashleigh-Summer its object became transparent, not perhaps to poor Anne Ashleigh nor to innocent Lillian, but to my knowledge of the parties concerned, and to that shrewd intelligence which you derive partly from nature, partly from the insight into life which a true physician can not fail to acquire. And if I know any thing of you, you would have romantically said, 'Let me not shake the choice of the woman I love, and to whom an alliance so coveted in the eyes of the world might, if she be left free, be proffered.'"

"I should not have gathered from the postscript all that you see in it, but had its purport so suggested to me, you are right, I should have so said. Well, and as Mr. Margrave tells me that you informed him that I have a rival, I am now to conclude that that rival is Mr. Ashleigh-Summer?"

"Has not Mrs. Ashleigh or Lillian mentioned him in writing to you?"

"Yes, both; Lillian very slightly; Mrs. Ashleigh with some praise, as a young man of high character, and very courteous to her."

"Yet, though I asked you to come and tell me who were the guests at Lady Haughton's, you never did so."

"Pardon me; but of the guests I thought nothing, and letters addressed to my heart seemed

to me too sacred to talk about. And Ashleigh-Summer then courts Lillian! How do you know?"

"I know every thing that concerns me; and here the explanation is simple. Margrave, Lady Delafield, Lady Haughton, and Lady Delafield is one of the women of fashion who shine by their own light; Lady Haughton shines by borrowed light, and borrows every ray she can find."

"And Lady Delafield writes you word—"

"That Ashleigh-Summer is caught by Lillian's beauty."

"And Lillian herself—"

"Women like Lady Delafield do not readily believe that any girl would refuse Ashleigh-Summer; considered in himself, he is sturdy and good-looking, considered as owner of Kirby Hall and Haughton Park, he has, in the eyes of any sensible mother, the virtues of Cats, and the beauty of Antinous."

"I pressed my hand to my heart—close to my heart lay a letter from Lillian—and there was no word in that letter which showed that her heart was gone from mine. I shook my head gently, and smiled in confiding triumph."

Mrs. Poyntz surveyed me with a bent brow and a compressed lip.

"I understand your smile," she said, ironically. "Very likely Lillian may be quite untouched by this young man's admiration, but Anne Ashleigh may be dazzled by so brilliant a prospect for her daughter. And, in short, I thought it desirable to let your engagement be publicly known throughout the town to-day; that information will travel—it will reach Ashleigh-Summer through Mr. Vigors, or others in this neighborhood, with whom I know that he corresponds. It will bring affairs to a crisis, and hence it may be too late. I think it well that Ashleigh-Summer should leave that house; if he leaves it for good so much the better. And, perhaps, the sooner Lillian returns to L— the lighter your own heart will be."

"And for these reasons you have published the secret of—"

"Your engagement? Yes. Prepare to be congratulated wherever you go. And now, if you hear, either from mother or daughter, that Ashleigh-Summer has proposed, and been, let us say, refused, I do not doubt that in the pride of your heart you will come and tell me."

"Rely upon it, I will; but before I take my leave allow me to ask why you described to a young man like Mr. Margrave—whose wild and strange humors you have witnessed and not approved—any of those traits of character in Miss Ashleigh which distinguish her from other girls of her age?"

"? You mistake. I said nothing to him of her character. I mentioned her name, and said she was beautiful, that was all."

"Nay, you said that she was fond of musing, of solitude; that in her fancies she believed in the reality of visions which might light before her eyes as they lit before the eyes of all imaginative dreamers."

"Not a word did I say to Mr. Margrave of such peculiarities in Lillian; not a word more than what I have told you, on my honor!"

Still incredulous, but disguising my incredulity with that convenient smile by which we accomplish so much of the polite dissimulation indispensable to the decencies of civilized life, I took my departure, returned home, and wrote to Lillian.

OUR ARMY AT FORT PICKENS.

WE illustrate on page 645 the BURNING OF THE DRY DOCK OPPOSITE PENSACOLA, and on page 641 the CUTTING OUT OF THE PRIVATEER SCHOONER "JUDITH," BY THE PARTY FROM FORT PICKENS. A letter from Pensacola thus describes the first transaction.

On the night of the 8th of August Colonel Brown got an inkling of the design of the rebels to sink the dry dock lower down in the channel, from the usual stir at the Navy-yard, the frequent passage of boats to and from the shore, and a report that several men were to be led to the furnaces, to the dock, etc. His plans to defeat the accomplishment of the purpose which the enemy had in view were quickly formed. Subsequent to the most trustworthy reports, Lieutenant Shipley, he gave his orders to hold himself in readiness with a crew of picked men, to meet a boat the following night, cautiously to approach the city docks, and upon and set fire to it, then retreat as speedily as possible for the fort.

A few minutes after "tattoo" (nine o'clock) Lieutenant Shipley left the beach in front of the fort in a boat with eleven picked men, rowing noiselessly for the dry dock.

The boat reached the dock without being challenged, was made fast, when the men sprang up prepared to encounter and overcome the sentries, who had often been stationed upon it at night; none were found, however, and they proceeded to accomplish their work. Combustible material of various kinds had been prepared and brought along, together with three large Columbiad shells. These were placed in the boilers. The combustibles properly arranged, were given for the men to go aboard the boat, Lieutenant Shipley remaining to apply the match, which done, he quickly followed in their wake. Scarcely had a distance of twenty yards from the dock-structure been gained by the pliant little band when the flames burst forth, followed almost immediately by the explosion of the shells, which filled the air with fragments that fell in a rain of shower across the retreating boat, but fortunately injuring none of its crew.

The "cutting out" is thus described in a letter to the New York Times:

The affair occurred on the night of the 12th inst. A large schooner had for several days been observed in the harbor, near the Navy-yard, whose motions led to the suspicion that she was fitted out as a privateer, and intended to attempt to run the blockade. Information obtained from a deserter rendered these suspicions a certainty, and it was also ascertained that she was moored under a new battery being erected on one of the wharves, in which a Columbiad had already been mounted. It being determined to "cut out" the privateer and burn her, and also to render useless the gun of the battery, a expedition was set on the night before-mentioned, on board the first launch, and the first, second, and third cutters of the "Colorado," on duty on the desperate undertaking. The boats, with a small crew, proceeded up the harbor to a point a little above the Navy-yard, when their course was changed, and they made all headway direct for the schooner and the battery. The men on the launch and second cutter were to board and burn the schooner, and those in the first and third cutters were to land, change the battery, and spike

the Columbiad. These respective duties were accomplished in the most gallant manner. The "big gun" was disabled in the loss of a man; but the party boarding the schooner lost three men killed and a number wounded, a most gallant fire being poured into each boat as it approached. When the schooner had been so effectually set on fire that she could not be saved, the boats hauled off again, and proceeded back to the "Colorado"—not, however, without giving the crew of rebels who had, by this time, assembled on the wharf a parting salute of cannon. The number of rebels killed in this encounter is not known, but it must have been considerable. A negro, who deserted to one of our vessels, subsequently reported the number at thirty.

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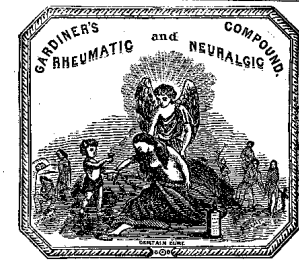
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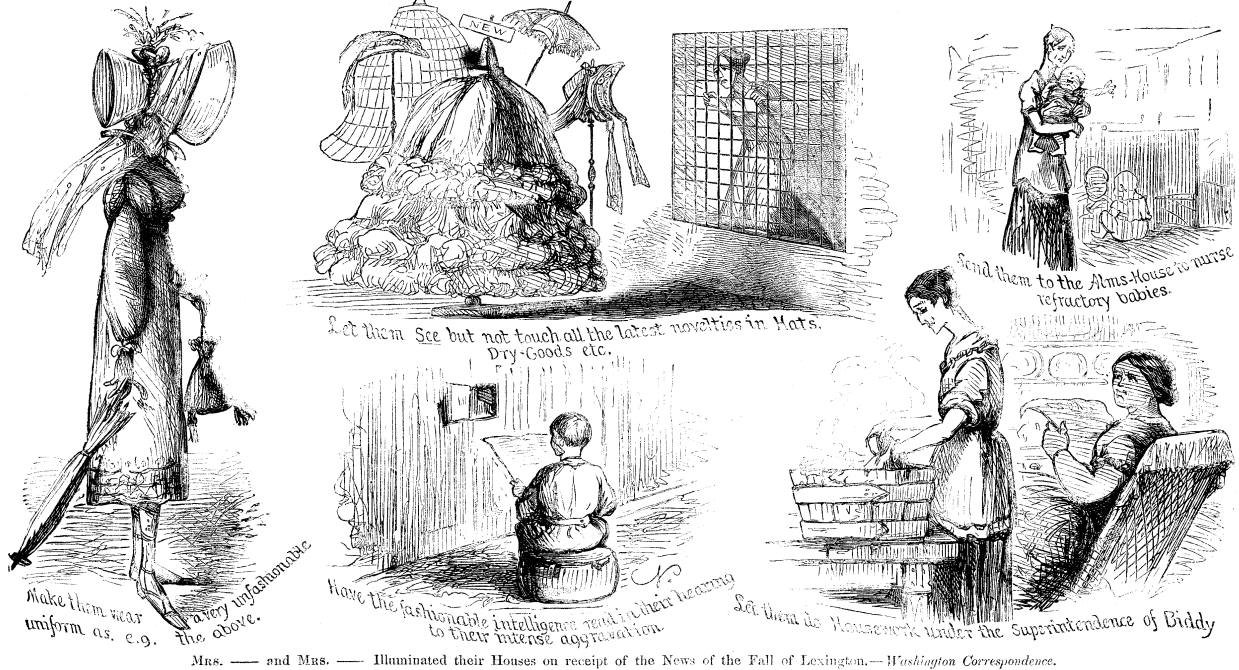
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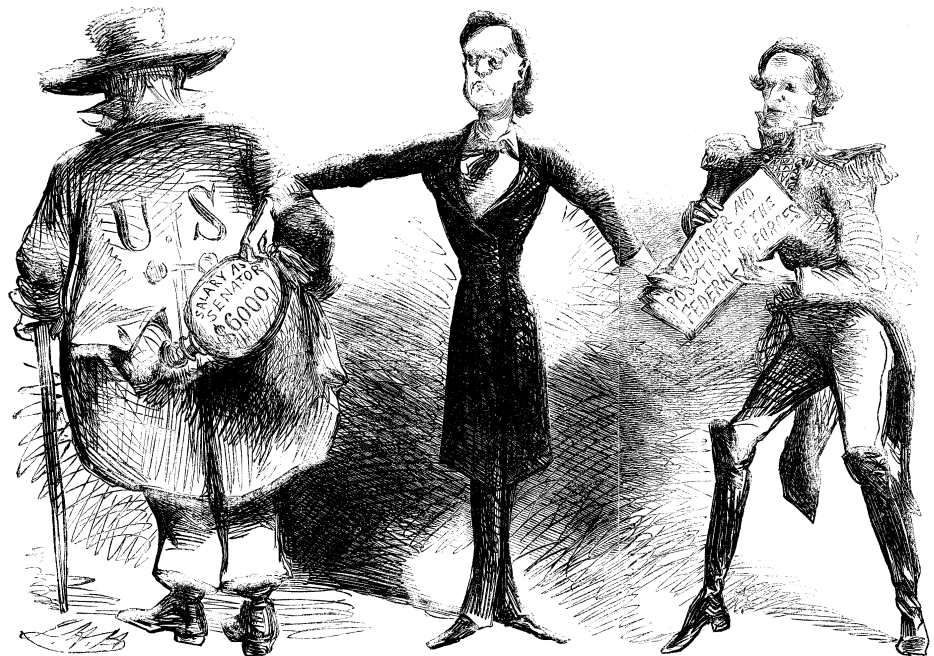
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