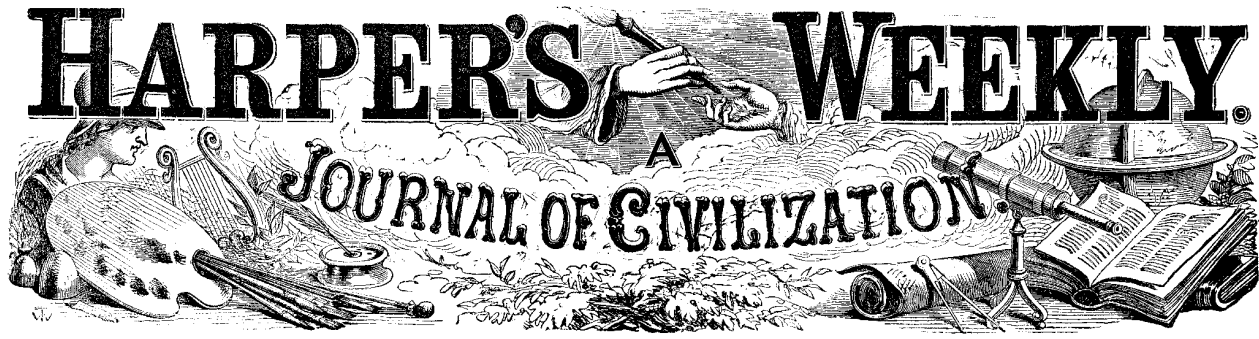


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. VII.—No. 319.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

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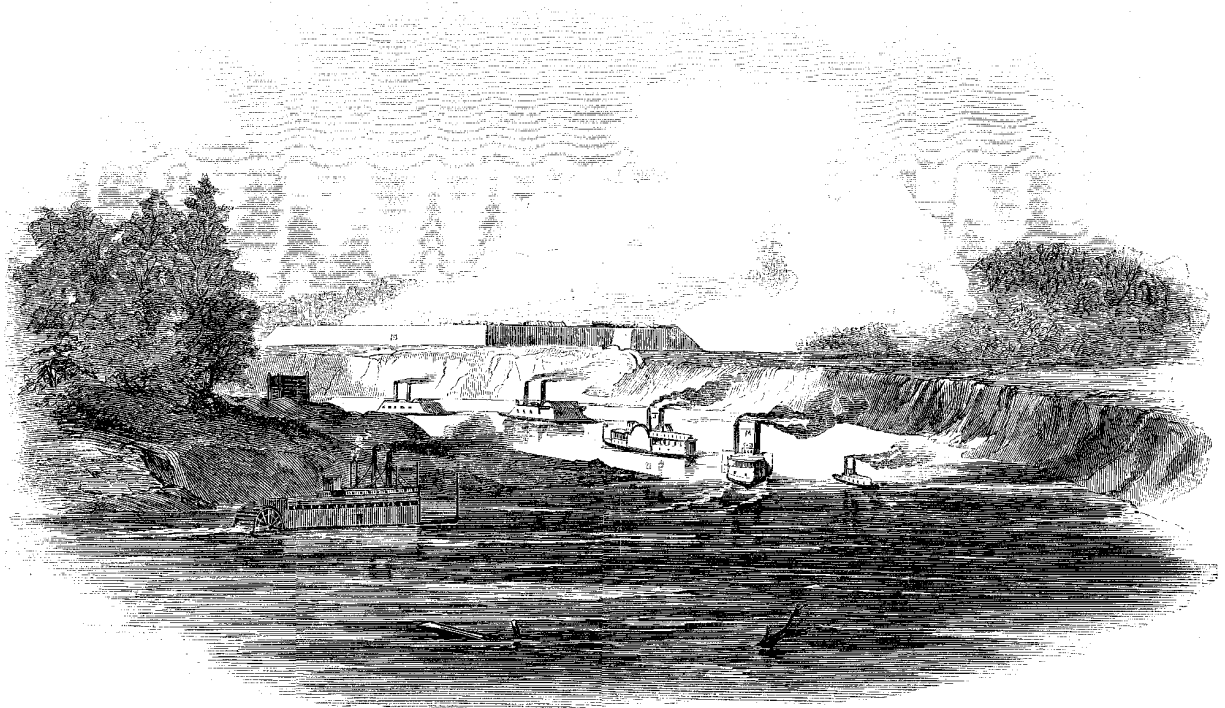
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REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, COMMANDING MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. MCCLERNAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS, JANUARY 11, 1863.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

LINES TO JEFF DAVIS.

"Our trials have been converted into blessings." — Jeff Davis's Message. So yu kaount gure trials blessins? Why thet's jest what we hev told yu! Evry lickin gi'n a rebel is a blessin in disguise. Yu air set up as a sort ov mark fur the world tu behold yu, And ponder the reward ov those whu scoff et good advice. When yu tore sour stary banner from the flag-staff and the steeple, And raised a pesky rebel rag tu be a guide insted, Did yu think yu'd meet no warfare from the hands ov honest people? Had yu no fear ov the livin' no thorts ov the patriot dead? Trials, hev yu? I shoold like tu see yu git along without 'em! They'll flock around yure path es thick es skeeters flock in June. Ef yu keep up yure present kourse yu'll never be without 'em; They'll be the death ov yu, in short, unless yu change yure tune! Yis, yure trials air a blessin! Yu was rite in that, Jeff Davis, But 't strikes me in announcin it yu've bin amazin slow.— See Freedom's solgers shout burrar wherso a traitor's grave is, And yu'll find the North agreed with yu a long, long while ago!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

WALL STREET.

THAT famous mystic spot, Wall Street, is going through one of those fevers which render it so terribly enchanting to persons of a speculative turn of mind. Stocks have risen enormously within a month, and fortunes have been made and lost as if by enchantment. Gold has advanced twenty per cent. in a few weeks or days, and the hook-nosed, long-bearded speculators in the commodity have swelled their little monish accordingly. 'Tis a period which occurs but once in a century—perhaps but once in a couple of centuries.

Alison tells us that when the Bank of England suspended specie payments at the close of the last century speculation received a tremendous impetus. The business of the London Stock Exchange quadrupled in extent, and rendered it necessary for the members to secure additional accommodation. Fortunes were made by magic, and lands and stocks changed hands as universally as if the kingdom had passed through a revolution. The Normans swooping down on the fair fields of Kent and Devonshire, grasping whatever suited them best, and driving the Anglo-Saxon boors out to work or starve, did not cause more extensive mutations in the ownership of property. Creditors were cheated, debtors were relieved. Bankrupt corporations once more raised their head, and saw their stock at a premium. The battle raged fiercely, and to superficial observers, with doubtful results; but in the end victory rested with the debtor class, and creditors went to the wall.

History does but repeat itself. What England experienced in 1787-1815 we are now going to attempt. There is this difference in our case. The Bank of England, under suspension, did not materially increase its paper issues. Our Bank—which is the United States Government—has already issued as much paper as there was affloat in the whole country in 1860, and is going to issue an indefinite number of hundreds of millions more.

We are witnessing the commencement of the new era. Gold has risen to 155. Stocks have risen 100 @ 200 per cent. The broker class has doubled in numbers. Instead of one board we have two, and each transacts far more business than was ever done in old times on the legitimate stock exchange. Speculators in stocks have increased in the ratio of the square of the brokers. If the latter have doubled, the former have quadrupled. In this era of newspapers, rail-roads, and telegraphs, intelligence is transmitted rapidly throughout the country; our stock exchange represents not this city alone but the whole country.

One of the largest operators of the day lives in Wisconsin, and operates by telegraph. We deem him to be a quiet, thoughtful man, who never reads any thing in the papers except the facts, and religiously declines to notice editorial comments and opinions. He is one of the few men of the present day who do their own thinking. He does not live in a city, and probably hears few opinions on current events. Hence his views are based on pure theory, and though the accomplishment of his predictions may be delayed, it arrives, sooner or later, with the unerring certainty of fate. He began business (in stocks) with a cargo of corn as his capital; he has already realized over a quarter of a million dollars. For, you see, he has this advantage

over city operators—that he is not swayed by the temporary and deceptive currents of Wall Street, arrives at his conclusions on abiding principles of political economy, and steadily adheres to them until they are realized.

Very different has been the course of our smart friend Whiskerandos. His misfortune has been that he knew too much. He had private advices from Mr. Seward that the "waning rebellion" would collapse in a few weeks, and operated accordingly. He was confidentially told by General Halleck that a million bales of cotton would be liberated by New Year, 1863, and sold gold short at 133 in enormous amounts. He was, from private friendship, allowed to know that old Jeremiah—the leading director of the great Painted Post Railway—was going to sell his stock, and he hastened to improve the information by putting out short contracts in Painted Post stock. What is the consequence? Whiskerandos is a bankrupt. He placed his trust in Seward, in Halleck, in our pious old friend Jeremiah, and the consequence is that all the money which he made last year, and which led to his being so generally envied in Wall Street, has vanished in smoke, and he is left a "lame duck." O! si non norit!

There is a man in "the street" who, three months ago, had a horse, and nothing more. Calumny alleges that the horse was spavined. One fellow hints that he was broken-winded; likewise. Spavined or no, broken or sound wounded, he proved a treasure to his master, who, desiring to purchase a hundred shares of Erie, put up the horse as margin, and deposited him at his broker's stable. The adventure proved profitable; was succeeded by others, equally successful: with increase of means, ventures increased; and so, at last, the owner of the spavined horse found himself, for the first time in his life, in possession of \$20,000. You see, he had no private sources of information, and no sympathies.

Nothing is more fatal in Wall Street than sympathies. Jones had a brother a Brigadier-General in the Army of the Potomac: was consequently confident of victory because he wanted victory; operated on the confidence, and was so thoroughly used up in August, 1862, after the battles of the seven days—which were not quite so brilliant things in victories as he expected—that he was glad to enter the office of Smith as book-keeper. Smith was a man of a different stamp. His father, his brothers, and his cousins were in the rebel army. He had a sister who was a rebel in New York, an aunt who was a rebel at Philadelphia, and an uncle who was a rebel at Baltimore. The uncle communicated, by rebel post, with a relative at Richmond—sent him letters, pins, needles, opium, and quinine—and received intelligence in return—Smith paying the bills. This intelligence was quickly transmitted to the female rebel relative at Philadelphia, and by her to the other female rebel relative at New York, and so Smith had a monopoly, the possession whereof tempted him so to operate that in a few months he smashed to pieces. His sympathies and his private exclusive information always led him to expect that Stonewall Jackson would be in New York, or at least in Washington, on the Monday morning following; and, operating accordingly, he met his fate.

One remarkable fact about the late—or, perhaps, we should say the present—fever in Wall Street, is that the old experienced kings of that region have not profited by it. The patriarchs of Wall Street—whose experience dates back to the deluge—have always seen a rise followed by a fall. When the December rise occurred, they said to each other confidentially—wagging their wise old heads—there will be a fall in January! and acted accordingly. January has passed, and prices are considerably higher than in December. The wise men have gone home wiser and poorer; they had never seen a paper-money era before; and the fools—or, perhaps, we should say the new men who appreciated and realized the situation—have become mushroom millionaires.

How will this end? Echo answers—how? To make money by buying stocks and selling them at an advance corresponding to the depreciation of the currency is really not to make any money at all. Prices must eventually adjust themselves to the gold standard, and the "purchasing power" of \$100 of paper-money with gold at par will ultimately prove the same as the purchasing power of \$150 with gold at 150. The boy who thought he had made a sharp bargain by exchanging one \$5 note for five \$1 notes—his stock of paper having been quintupled—was not siller than the Wall Street operators who fancy they are making money when they sell at 90 a stock they bought at 85, gold having, meantime, advanced ten per cent.

We must see, however, how the new financial scheme of Congress will affect Wall Street. That measure was designed to check speculation in gold and stocks, and was calculated to produce that end by creating a temporary stringency in the money market. If it succeeds, not a few of the nouveaux riches will realize the proverb about riches having wings. If the ingenuity of Congress can evade the inexorable law of political economy which declares that issues of irredeemable paper must cause that paper to depreciate steadily, and prices to advance in a correspond-

ing ratio, a triumph of no mean import will have been won.

THE LOUNGER.

RUSSELL'S DIARY.

TRU Diary of Mr. Russell, "our own" correspondent of the London Times, which is just republished by the Harpers, is not a reprint of his letters written in this country, but literally his diary, his daily comments upon men, scenes, and affairs, as he moved rapidly through the country. His shrewd and observing eye, trained by most various experience, and a pachydermatous organization, which is invaluable to a special newspaper correspondent, because it enables him to bear and to repeat many things which a more sensitive nature could not, have given us a book full of value to the historian of the war. His Irish blood keeps him in the best humor possible under the circumstances. He sees for himself, and although being a product of the civilization of Ireland, he clearly disposes the civilization of America; and although having seen the humanity and justice and national right of the British Government in India and the Crimea, he is profoundly convinced of the absurdity of the American Government's effort to maintain its supremacy over its own domain, yet his book is sure, although not so intended, to reveal the real character of the rebellion, and to attract the sympathy of all friends of civilization and human liberty to the cause of the United States.

Mr. Russell was unfortunate in his first impressions of the country, and he never recovered from their influence. Upon his arrival in New York he fell into the hands of certain persons who breakfasted him and dined him, who had wealth and a certain social position; some of them were foreign born and others Americans "in theory." In seeing these persons he had right to suppose that he saw a fair representation of the general sentiment of substantial and respectable Americans in regard to the situation of their country. Had he come to London when the integrity of the British empire was threatened by an insurrection in Wales, which put forth no other manifest than that the right of universal freebooting was in danger of suppression by law, and the progress of society and civilization, and had been invited to breakfast and dine with the magnates of Lombard Street and Cheapside, he would not have been confounded to hear that the country was gone to the deuce—that Lombard and Cheapside could not think of allowing the authorities to maintain order—and that although every donkey in every rubbish cart in London had the right of kicking when a fly bit his leg, the Government of the British empire had no right and no power to lift a finger to save itself from destruction.

This was the airy doctrine which Mr. Russell heard in bewilderment from the persons who hastened to call upon him, and to show him upon his arrival in America. He did not then understand it, but history will explain it. These persons almost, if not entirely, without exception had been the recent political allies of those who were beginning the war. During the Presidential canvass just ended they had given their money and devoted their influence to the support of their party friends, who openly threatened to destroy the government if they did not carry the election. It was not carried, and those friends began their war. It had not when Mr. Russell arrived, yet came to actual battle. The hope of the Southern leaders and of their Northern friends was, as Mr. Hunter, Mr. Sillwell, and Mr. Mason privately stated in Washington—a hope publicly supported by their organ in New York—that the revolution would be peaceably accomplished; that the Government would quietly succumb without a blow; and that a new government would be constructed from the ruins which should secure a perpetual immunity for slavery, and leave New England outside, or admit her as a single State to the Union. It was of the last importance that Europe should suppose that the Government must yield; that the revolution was already in fact, if not yet in form, accomplished. To that end rebel emissaries had already poisoned the European mind with falsehood; and the official representatives of the Government virtually renounced it, and prophesied the inevitable dissolution of the existing Union. The point made was that the nature of the Federal bond, as it was called, did not allow the forcible coercion of a State. The sophistry and falsehood of the position were perceived by few Americans resident abroad, however patriotic; and the political argument went against the country, despite the noble efforts of Mr. Motley in England and a few others. But that there might be no doubt whatever remaining in foreign public opinion, it was essential that Mr. Russell, who was to speak to Europe through the London Times, should report that the revolution was already virtually successful, and had the assent of the better population of the free States. The allies of the conspiracy in the North hoped in this way to avoid two results—the appeal to force, in which case, as Mr. Barlow's letter to a Southern Senator, published last year, plainly shows, they were not so confident of the consent of the North to national ruin; and, secondly, the light that such an appeal must throw upon the real character of the Federal bond which they had so carefully misrepresented. These persons, therefore, took possession of Mr. Russell upon his arrival, reiterated the senseless doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's Message, that the Government had no right to save itself; and, says Mr. Russell, "although they admitted the Southern leaders had mediated 'the treason against the Union' years ago, they could not bring themselves to allow their old opponents, the Republicans, now in power, to dispose of the armed force of the Union against their brother Democrats in the Southern States."

These persons secured their point. Mr. Russell wrote that the Union was virtually dissolved. Europe sneered "Told you so!" and arrayed her-

self more confidently and contemptuously than ever against this country. It is a result which the country owes, in great part, to those who successfully labored to prove to a foreigner that their country had neither a decent perception of honor, nor manliness, nor common sense, nor knowledge of the nature of its own government. But certainly it is not surprising that those who worked with the Southern leaders, after their plain declarations during the canvass, should have both hoped and believed in the utter pusillanimity of their fellow-citizens. Nor is it wonderful that the same persons, whose idea of nationality was the support of an oligarchy, which then used them as tools, should now, under the plea of conservatism, counsel submission to that oligarchy in rebellion, which now spurns them as cowards.

The opening chapters of this book are thus full of humiliation and shame for every honorable and earnest American. Mr. Russell was compelled to accept the character and opinions of the oligarchs whose hands he fell as those of the Northern people. That there was a true-hearted, clear-headed, patriotic people in this country which would accept the war, endure all its necessary reverses in the beginning, lavish its blood and money, and wage the war until the aristocracy was overthrown and the Constitution maintained and perpetuated in its original spirit—how could the bewildered Irishman suspect in the soft drawing-rooms where pretty ladies looked disdain of the howlid vulgar nail splitter, or in the profane dining-rooms where the very brink of a fearful civil war which must involve their lives and their fortunes, bankers and lawyers, "all men of position in New York society had the same dilettante tone, and were as little anxious for the future, or excited by the present, as a party of savans chronicling the movements of a magnetic storm." Taking them as the representatives of the American people, the correspondent of the Times justly inferred that the destruction of the Government was already accomplished, and that the great Republic was an ignominious and farcical failure.

From New York he moved southward to Washington, and pressed on to New Orleans. His description of the general condition of society in the States unhappily cursed by slavery agrees with that of every intelligent observer. He saw too many patrols and sentries to guard against slave risings; he heard too many curfews to warn the slaves home; he heard too much of the "happiest and most contented race in the world"—as he knew the truth. His account of the extreme luxury of the life of the great planters, and the utter squalor, misery, and barbarism of the rest of the population, is not new, but it will help open the eyes of thoughtful Europeans to the necessary state of a society which rests upon the glorious "corner-stone" of slavery. The London Athenaeum, in alluding to this part of the book, remarks: "Deep drinking, swearing, incessant duelling, loud swagger concerning ancient pedigrees, are the ordinary characteristics of men whom it is the growing fashion of England to romantic about as the descendants of the old English cavaliers. * * * Of New Orleans," continues the Athenaeum, which has been bitterly hostile to us from the beginning, "Mr. Russell speaks in terms which lead us to believe that its present state, under the iron rule of General Butler, must be an improvement on its former condition. * * * Well may Mr. Russell exclaim, 'Shame and horror to a Christian land!' Such is the special correspondent's picture of the South—such his description of the Southerners whom Mr. Seward, a few months since, was puffing as refined and chivalric gentlemen, anxious to tilt their ancestral acres in pastoral simplicity and to be at peace with all the world."

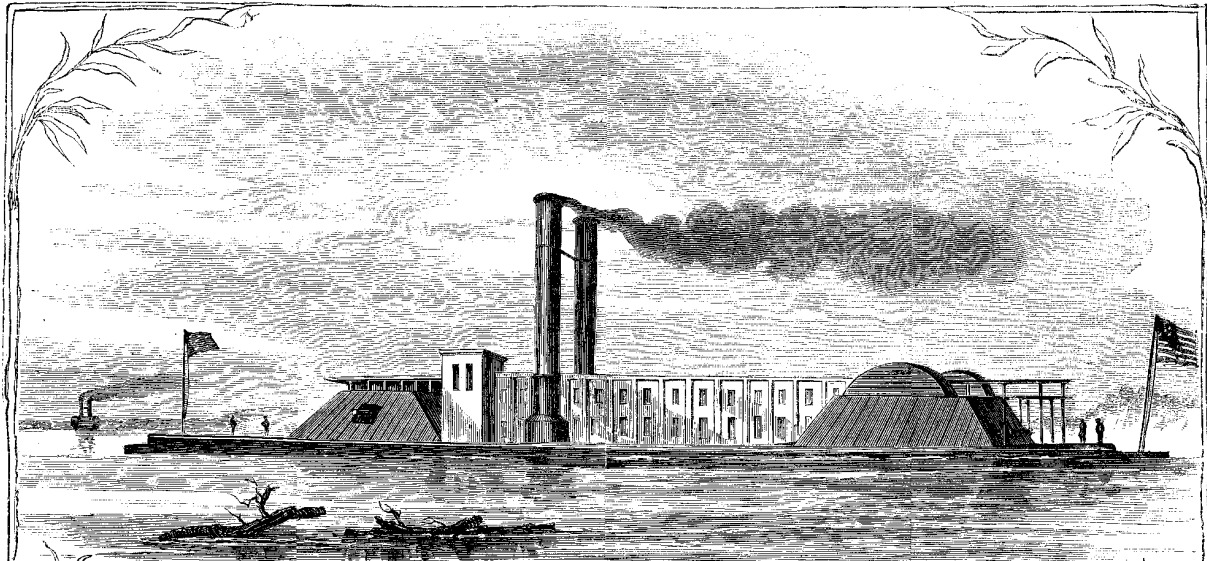
Of course the reader will understand that Mr. Russell cordially dislikes us all, North and South. He believes that the Union is hopelessly severed, and that the free States will be greatly the gainers by the dissolution. But it is for his observation of life, not for his political speculation, that his book is valuable. It is also very instructive. It reveals the true character of men and parties. It helps us to decide who is and has been national in this country; who had been and are Conservative. It shows the oligarchy at the South politically claiming to be democratic and fighting for a foreign prince; and it exposes their allies at the North—with the affectations, but without the character of an aristocracy—also professing a fellow-democracy, and spurning the Irish "mob" of the city" upon whose votes they rely for political power. The book shows very clearly, but quite unconsciously, that the war is truly a struggle of right against privilege—of the many against the few—of man against men—of Liberty and the people against Slavery and an oligarchy.

THE NECESSITY OF SUCCESS.

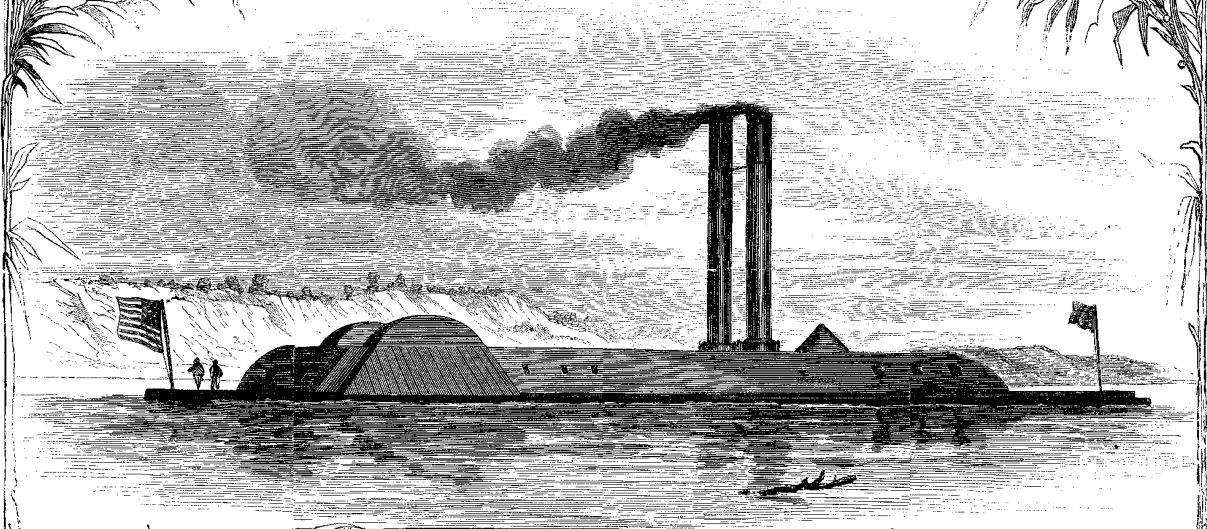
"DEAR LOUNGER.—I have been pondering your last week's article upon 'Reaction.' I observe that you may by state facts, do you not express an opinion on the subject, whether you doubt the issue? Do you think the reaction will prevail?"

Certainly not. For the war is controlled by fundamental principles, chief of which is the character of the Saxon race. If that is modified by the large Celtic element, it is again reinforced by the German which, like the Saxon, is Teutonic. The tradition of that race is personal Liberty. It will have free tongues, free pens, and free hands. Against that instinct nothing can stand. Thus in England, when Charles I., in 1628, began the invasion of those rights, the civil war began, and it lasted for sixty years, until, in 1688, the Bill of Rights settled the question and gave peace to England. Meanwhile there were the wildest and most stupid reactions; but the course of civilization could not be withstood, and every thing was uncertain until the guarantees of those rights were secured.

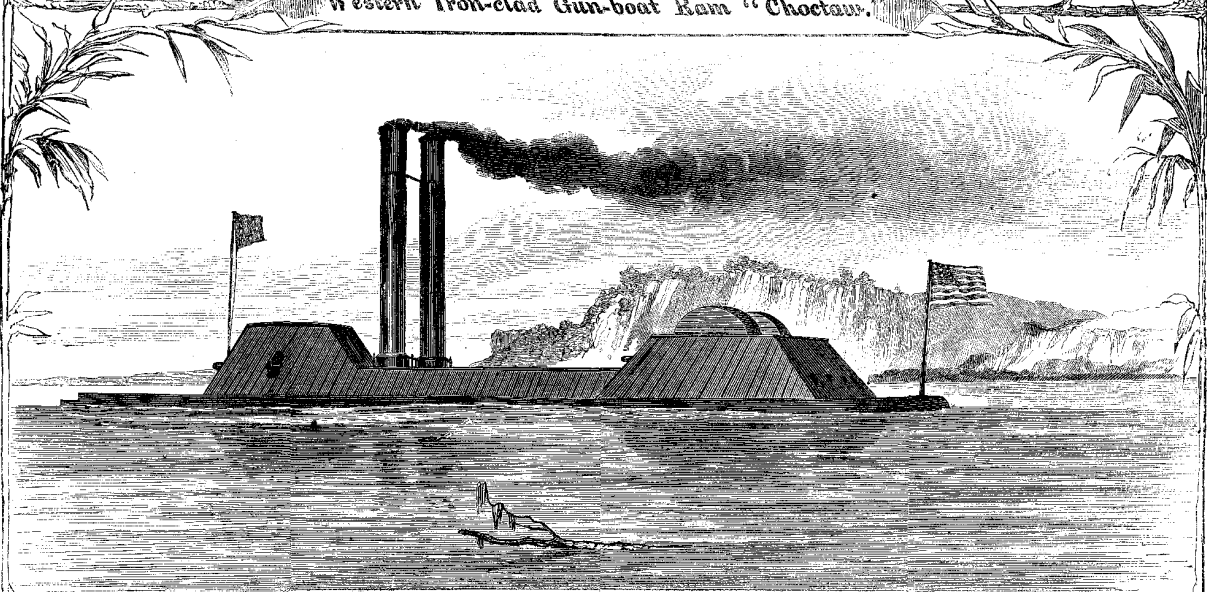
Now in our own war it is clear that, if the rebels will yield to reunion at all, it will be only upon condition of the amplest security for the slave sys-



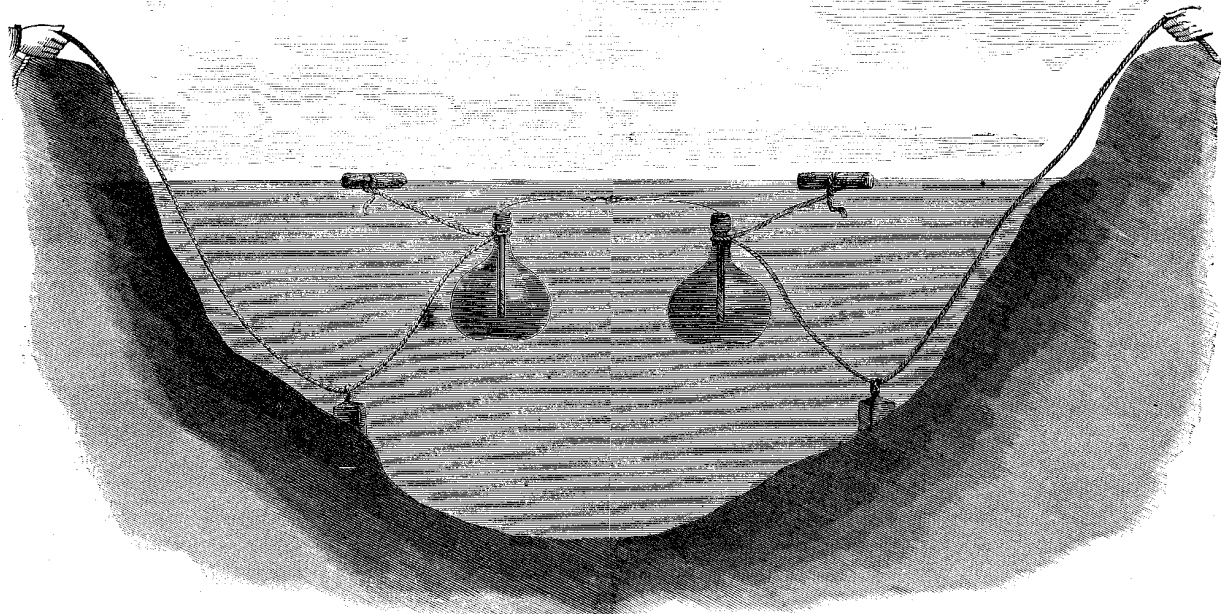
Western Gun-boat Ram "Indianola."



Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Choctaw."



Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Lafayette."



TORPEDO IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

THE NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.

We publish on page 84 portraits of three of the New Western Gun-Boats, which will shortly be heard from. They will form part of Commodore Porter's flotilla. The following descriptions will explain the pictures:

"INDIANOLA."

The *Indianola*, Lieutenant Commander George Brown, is a vessel of the following dimensions: Length, 170 feet; beam, 60 feet; depth of hold, 7

feet; and will draw when ready for action about six feet of water. She is propelled by four independent engines, two attached to the wheels and two to the propellers. She has four high-pressure boilers, and, with this great steaming power, it is expected that she will run against the current about thirteen miles per hour. She is covered with two-inch rolled plates. She has one stationary turret with sloping sides. She carries two 11-inch Dahlgren guns in the turret, and several 21-pounder guns in broadside. She has also a powerful ram; and with her great power she will no doubt prove a very destructive boat among the rebel craft.

"CHOCTAW."

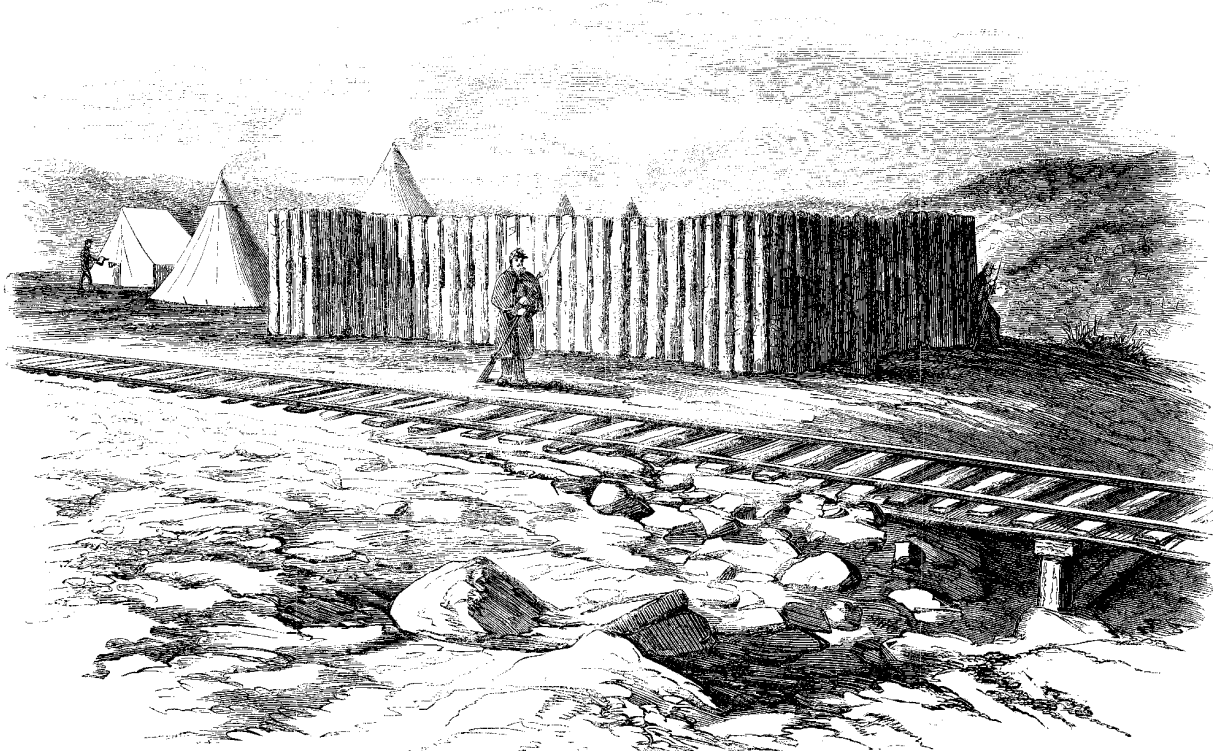
The *Choctaw* is another vessel of the ram class, with a turret on the bow, and a few broadside guns at the stern of the vessel. She is more extensively mailed than the *Indianola*, but in other respects she is not far from being identical with her.

"LAFAYETTE" OR "FORT HENRY."

The *Fort Henry* is a ram vessel without a turret, having instead a heavy casemate forward, in which are six 11-inch guns. She has great power and speed. She was built from plans furnished by Commodore W. D. Porter, United States Navy, and was known as the *Fort Henry*.

STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

On this page we reproduce a sketch sent us by our special artist in Tennessee, Mr. Frank Beard, representing one of the numerous Stockades erected on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for the protection of the track. Every bridge of consequence is guarded by one of these stockades, and most of the stations likewise. Garrisoned by a few disciplined troops, these stockades can resist the attack of a very large force indeed. What a picture of grim war these stockades conjure up!



STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY MR. FRANK BEARD.]

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It was just before the last force charge.
When two soldiers drew their rein,
For a parting word and a touch of hands—
They might never meet again.

One had blue eyes and clustering curls—
Nineteen but a month ago—
Down on his chin, rest on his cheek:
He was only a boy, you know.

The other was dark, and stern, and proud;
If his faith in the world was dim,
He only trusted the more in those
Who were all the world to him.

They had ridden together in many a raid,
They had marched for many a mile,
And ever till now they had met the foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

But now they looked in each other's eyes
With an awe that gladdened him,
And the tall dark man was the first to speak:
"Charlie, my hour has come.

"We shall ride together up the hill,
And you will ride back alone;
Promise a little trouble to take
For me when I am gone.

"You will find a face upon my breast—
I shall wear it into the fight—
With soft blue eyes, and sunny curls,
And a smile like morning light.

"Like morning light was her love to me;
It gladdened a lonely life,
And little I cared for the frowns of fate
When she promised to be my wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
And send back the fair, fond face;
Tell her tenderly how I died,
And where is my resting-place.

"Tell her my soul will wait for hers,
In the border-land between
The earth and heaven, until she comes:
It will not be long, I ween."

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy—
His voice was low with pain:
"I will do your bidding, comrade mine,
If I ride back again.

"But if you come back, and I am dead,
You must do as much for me:
My mother at home must hear the news—
Oh, write to her tenderly.

"One after another those she loved
She has buried, husband and son;
I was the last. When my country called,
She kissed me and sent me on.

"She has prayed at home, like a waiting saint,
With her fond face white with weep;
Her heart will be broken when I am gone:
I shall see her soon, I know."

Just then the order came to charge—
For an instant hand touched hand,
Eye answered eye; then on they rushed.
That brave, devoted band.

Straight they went toward the crest of the hill,
And the rebels with shot and shell
Flowed rifts of death through their toiling ranks,
And jeered them as they fell.

They turned with a horrible dying yell
From the heights they could not gain,
And the few whom death and doom had spared
Went slowly back again.

But among the dead whom they left behind
Was the boy with his curling hair,
And the stern dark man who marched by his side
Lay dead beside him there.

There is no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover said;
And the mother who waits for her boy at home
Will but hear that he is dead,

And never can know the last fond thought
That sought to soften her pain,
Until she crosses the River of Death,
And stands by his side again.

L. C. M.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

A few days afterward Ellinor's father brought himself that some further communication ought to take place between himself and his daughter's lover on the subject of the approval of the family of the latter to the young man's engagement, and he accordingly wrote a very gentlemanly letter, saying that of course he trusted that Ralph had informed his own father of his engagement; that Mr. Corbet was well known to Mr. Wilkins by reputation, holding the position he did in Shropshire, but that as Mr. Wilkins did not pretend to be in the same station of life, Mr. Corbet might possibly never even have heard of his name, although in his own county it was well known as having been for generations that of the principal conveyancer and land-agent of—shire; that his wife had been a member of the old knightly family of Holsters, and that he himself was descended from

a younger branch of the South Wales De Wintons or Wilkins; that Ellinor, as his only child, would naturally inherit all his property, but that in the mean time, of course, some settlement upon her would be made, the nature of which might be decided nearer the time of the marriage.

It was a very good straightforward letter, and well fitted for the purpose to which Mr. Wilkins knew it would be applied—of being forwarded to Mr. Ralph Corbet's father. One would have thought that it was not an engagement so disproportioned in equality of station as to cause any great opposition on that score; but, unluckily, Captain Corbet, the heir and eldest son, had just formed a similar engagement with Lady Maria Brabant, the daughter of one of the proudest carls in—shire, one who had always resented Mr. Wilkins's appearance on the field as an insult to the county, and ignored his presence at every dinner-table where they met. Lady Maria was staying at the Corbets at the very time when Ralph's letter inclosed. Mr. Wilkins's, reached the paternal halls, and she merely repeated her father's opinions when Mrs. Corbet and her daughters naturally questioned her as to who these Wilkinses were; they remembered the name in Ralph's letters formerly; the father was some friend of Mr. Ness's, the clergyman with whom Ralph had read; they believed Ralph used to dine with these Wilkinses sometimes along with Mr. Ness.

Lady Maria was a good-natured girl, and meant no harm in repeating her father's words, touched up, it is true, by some of the dislike she herself felt to the intimate alliance proposed, which would make her sister-in-law to the daughter of an "upstart attorney," "not received in the county," "always trying to push his way into the set above him," "claiming connection with the De Wintons of—Castle, who, as she well knew, only laughed when he was spoken of, and said they were more rich in relations than they were aware of"—"not people papa would ever like her to know, whatever might be the family connection."

These little speeches told in a way the girl who uttered them did not intend they should. Mrs. Corbet and her daughters set themselves violently against this foolish entanglement of Ralph's; they would not call it an engagement. They argued, and they urged, and they pleaded, till the squire, anxious for peace at any price, and always more under the sway of the people who were with him, however unreasonable they might be, rather than of the absent, even though the latter had the wisdom of Solomon or the prudence and sagacity of his son Ralph, wrote an angry letter, saying that, as Ralph was of age, of course he had a right to please himself, therefore all his father could say was that the engagement was not at all what either he or Ralph's mother had expected or hoped; that it was a degradation to the family just going to ally themselves with a peer of James the First's creation; that, of course, Ralph must do what he liked, but that if he married this girl he must never expect to have her received by the Corbets of Corbet Hall as a daughter. The squire was rather satisfied with his production, and took it to show it to his wife; but she did not think it was strong enough, and added a little postscript:

"DEAR RALPH.—Though, as second son, you are entitled to Bransley by my death, yet I can do much to make the estate worthless. Hitherto regard for you has prevented my taking steps as to sale of timber, etc., which would materially increase your sister's portion; this just measure I shall infallibly take if I find you persevere in keeping to this silly engagement. Your father's disapproval is always a sufficient reason to allege."

Ralph was annoyed at the receipt of these letters, though he only smiled as he locked them up in his desk.

"Dear old father! how he blusters! As to my mother, she is reasonable when I talk to her. Once give her a definite idea of what Ellinor's fortune will be, and let her, if she chooses, cut down her timber—a threat she has held over me ever since I knew what a rooking-horse was, and which I have known to be illegal these ten years past—and she'll come round. I know better than they do how Reginald has run up post-obits, and as for that vulgar high-born Lady Maria they are all so full of, why she is a Flanders mare to my Ellinor, and has not a silver penny to cross herself with, besides! I bide my time, you dear good people!"

He did not think it necessary to reply to these letters immediately, nor did he even allude to their contents in his to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins, who had been very well satisfied with his own letter to the young man, and had thought that it must be equally agreeable to every one, was not at all suspicious of any disapproval because the fact of a distinct sanction on the part of Mr. Ralph Corbet's friends to his engagement was not communicated to him.

As for Ellinor, she trembled all over with happiness. Such a summer for the blossoming of flowers and ripening of fruit had not been known for years; it seemed to her as if beautiful Nature wanted to fill the cup of Ellinor's joy to overflowing, and as if every thing, animate and inanimate, sympathized with her happiness. Her father was well, and apparently content. Miss Monro was very kind. Dixon's lameness was quite gone off. Only Mr. Dunster came creeping about the house, on pretence of business, seeking out her father, and disturbing all his leisure with his dust-colored parchment-skinned careworn face, and seeming to disturb the smooth current of her daily life whenever she saw him.

Ellinor made her appearance at the Hanley assemblies, but with less éclat than either her father or her lover expected. Her beauty and natural grace were admired by those who could discriminate; but to the greater number there was (what they called) "a want of style"—"want of elegance there certainly was not, for her figure

was perfect, and though she moved shyly, she moved well. Perhaps it was not a good place for a correct appreciation of Miss Wilkins; some of the old dowagers thought it a piece of presumption for her to be there at all; but the Lady Holster of the day (who remembered her husband's quarrel with Mr. Wilkins, and looked away whenever Ellinor came near) resented this opinion. "Miss Wilkins is descended from Sir Frank's family, one of the oldest in the county; the objection might have been made years ago to the father, but as he had been received she did not know why Miss Wilkins was to be alluded to as out of her place." Ellinor's greatest enjoyment in the evening was to hear her father say, after all was over, and they were driving home,

"Well, I thought my Nelly the prettiest girl there; and I think I know some other people who would have thought the same if they could have spoken out."

"I'll give you a papa," said Ellinor, squeezing his hand which she held. She thought he alluded to the absent Ralph as the person who would have agreed with him had he had the opportunity of seeing her; but no, he seldom thought much of the absent, but had been rather flattered by seeing Lord Hildebrand take up his glass for the apparent purpose of watching Ellinor.

"Your pearls, too, were as handsome as any in the room, child; but we must have them reset, the sprays are old-fashioned now. Let me have them to-morrow to send up to Hancock."

"Papa, please, I had rather keep them as they are—as mamma wore them."

"He was touched in a minute.

"Very well, darling. God bless you for thinking of it."

But he ordered her a set of sapphires instead, for the next assembly.

These balls were not such as to intoxicate Ellinor with success, and make her in love with every crimson sofa beside her; she was in the country-house, and the neighborhood and danced with each other. When they had exhausted the resources they brought with them they had generally a few dances to spare for the friends of the same standing with whom they were the most intimate. Ellinor, coming with her father, and joining an old card-playing dowager by way of a chaperon—the said dowager being under old business obligations to the firm of Wilkins and Son, and apologizing to all her acquaintances for her own weak condescension to Mr. Wilkins's folly in wishing to introduce his daughter into society above her natural sphere. It was upon this lady, after she had uttered some such speech as this I have just mentioned, that Lady Holster had come down with the pedigree of Ellinor's mother. But though the old dowager had drawn back, a little discomfited at my lady's reply, she was not more attentive to Ellinor in consequence. She allowed Mr. Wilkins to bring in his daughter and place her on the crimson sofa beside her; spoke to her occasionally in the interval that elapsed before the rubbers could be properly arranged in the card-room; invited the girl to accompany her to that sober amusement, and on Ellinor's declining, and preferring to remain with her father, the dowager left her with a sweet smile on her plump countenance, and an approving conscience somewhere within her portly frame, assuring her that she had done all that could possibly have been expected from her toward "that good Wilkins's daughter."

Ellinor stood by her father watching the dances, and thankful for the occasional glance of a dance. While she had been sitting by her chaperon Mr. Wilkins had made the tour of the room, dropping out the little fact of his daughter's being present wherever he thought the seed likely to bring forth the fruit of partners. And some came because they liked Mr. Wilkins, and some asked Ellinor because they had done their duty dances to their own party, and might please themselves. So that Miss Wilkins usually had an average of one invitation to every dance, and this principally toward the end of the evening.

But considering her real beauty, and the care which her father always took about her appearance, she met with far less than her due of admiration. Admiration she did not care for; partners she did; and sometimes felt mortified when she had to sit or stand quiet during all the first part of the evening. If it had not been for her father's wishes she would much rather have staid at home; but, nevertheless, she talked even to the responsive old dowager, and fairly chattered to her father when she got to him, because she did not like him to fancy that she was not enjoying herself.

And, indeed, she had so much happiness in the daily course of this part of her life, that, on looking back on it afterward, she could not imagine any thing brighter than it had been. The delight of receiving her lover's letters—the anxious happiness of replying to them (always a little bit fearful lest she should not express herself) and her love in the precisely happy medium between a maiden—the father's love and satisfaction in her—the calm prosperity of the whole household was delightful at the time, and looking back upon it, it was dream-like.

Occasionally Mr. Corbet came down to see her. He always slept on those occasions at Mr. Ness's; but he was at Ford Bank the greater part of the one day between two nights that he allowed himself for the length of his visits. And even these short peeps were not frequently taken. He was working hard at law, fighting at it (both in and out); arranging his whole life so as best to promote the ends of his ambition; feeling a delight in surpassing and mastering his fellows—those who started in the race at the same time. He read Ellinor's letters over and over again; nothing else besides law-books. He perceived the repressed love hidden away in subdued ex-

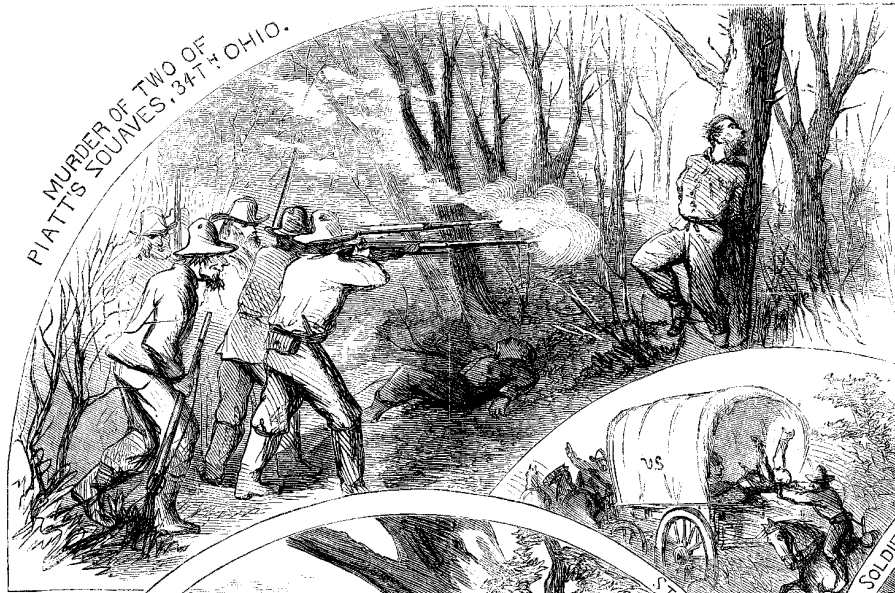
pressions in his mistress's communications, with an amused pleasure at the attempt at concealment. He was glad that her gayeries were not more gay; he was glad that she was not too much admired, although a little indignant at the want of taste on the part of the—shire gentlemen. But if other admirers had come prominently forward he should have had to take some more decided steps to assert his rights than he had hitherto done; for he had caused Ellinor to express a wish to her father that her engagement might not be too much talked about until nearer the time when it would be prudent for him to marry her. He thought that the knowledge of this, the only imprudently hasty step he ever meant to take in his life, might go against his character for wisdom if the fact was known while he was as yet a student. Mr. Wilkins wondered a little; but accepted, as he always did, to any of Ellinor's requests. Mr. Ness was a confidant, of course; and some of Lady Maria's connections heard of it, and forgot it again very soon, and, as it happened, no one else was sufficiently interested in Ellinor to care to ascertain the fact.

All this time Mr. Ralph Corbet maintained a very quietly decided attitude toward his own family. He was engaged to Miss Wilkins, and all he could say was that he was sorry that they disapproved of it. He was not able to marry just at present, and before the time for his marriage arrived he trusted that his own family would take a more reasonable view of things, and be willing to receive her as his wife with all becoming respect and affection. This was the substance of what he repeated in different forms in reply to his father's angry letters. At length his invariable determination made way with his father; the paternal thunderings were subdued to a distant rumbling in the sky; and presently the inquiry was broached as to how much fortune Miss Wilkins would have; how much down on her marriage; what were the eventual probabilities. Now this was a point on which Mr. Ralph Corbet wished himself to be informed upon. He had not thought much of it in making the engagement; he had been too young, or too much in love. But an only child of a wealthy attorney ought to have something considerable; and an allowance, so as to enable the young couple to start housekeeping in a moderately good part of town, would be an advantage to him in his profession. So he replied to his father, adroitly suggesting that a letter containing certain modifications of the inquiry, which had been rather rough, put in Mr. Corbet's last, should be sent to him, in order that he might himself ascertain from Mr. Wilkins what were Ellinor's prospects as regarded fortune.

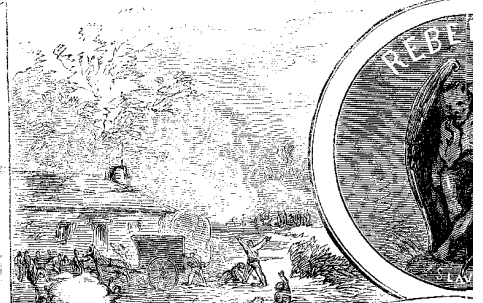
The desired letter came, but not in such a form that he could pass it on to Mr. Wilkins; he preferred to make quotations, and even these quotations were a little altered and dressed before he sent them on. The gist of his letter to Mr. Wilkins was this: He stated that he hoped soon to be in a position to offer Ellinor a home; that he anticipated a steady progress in his profession, and consequently in his income; but that contingencies might arise, as his father suggested, which would deprive him of the power of earning a livelihood, perhaps when it might be more required than it would be at first; that it was true that, after his mother's death, a small estate in Shropshire would come to him as second son, and of course Ellinor would receive the benefit of this property, secured to her legally as Mr. Wilkins thought best to put in a caveat for after discussion—but that, in order that she was anxious, as might be seen from the extract, to ascertain whether Mr. Wilkins could secure him from the contingency of having his son's widow and possible children thrown upon his hands by giving Ellinor a dowry; and if so, it was gently insinuated what would be the amount of the same.

When Mr. Wilkins received this letter it started him out of a happy day-dream. He looked up at Mr. Ralph Corbet, and his action quite well enough to give his consent to an engagement; and sometimes even he was glad to think that Ellinor's future was assured, and that she would have a protector and friends after he was dead and gone. But he did not want them to assume their responsibilities so soon. He had not distinctly contemplated her marriage as an event likely to happen before his death. He could not understand how his own life would go on without her; or, indeed, why she and Ralph Corbet could not continue just as they were at present. He came down to breakfast with the letter in his hand. By Ellinor's blushes, as she glanced at the handwriting, he knew that she had heard from her lover by the same post; by her tender caresses—caresses given as if to make up for the pain which the prospect of her leaving him was sure to give him—he was certain that she was aware of the contents of the letter. Yet he put it in his pocket, and tried to forget it.

He did this not merely from his reluctance to complete any arrangements which might facilitate Ellinor's marriage. There was a further annoyance connected with the affair. His money matters had been for some time in an involved state; he had been living beyond his income, even reckoning that, as he always did, at the highest point at which it ever touched. He kept no regular accounts, reasoning with himself—or, perhaps, I should rather say persuading himself—that there was no great occasion for regular accounts, when he had a steady income coming in from his profession, as well as the interest of a good sum of money left him by his father; and when his expenditure, living in his own house near a country town where provisions were cheap, for his small family—only one child—could ever amount to any thing like his incomings from the above-mentioned sources. But servants and horses, and choice wines and



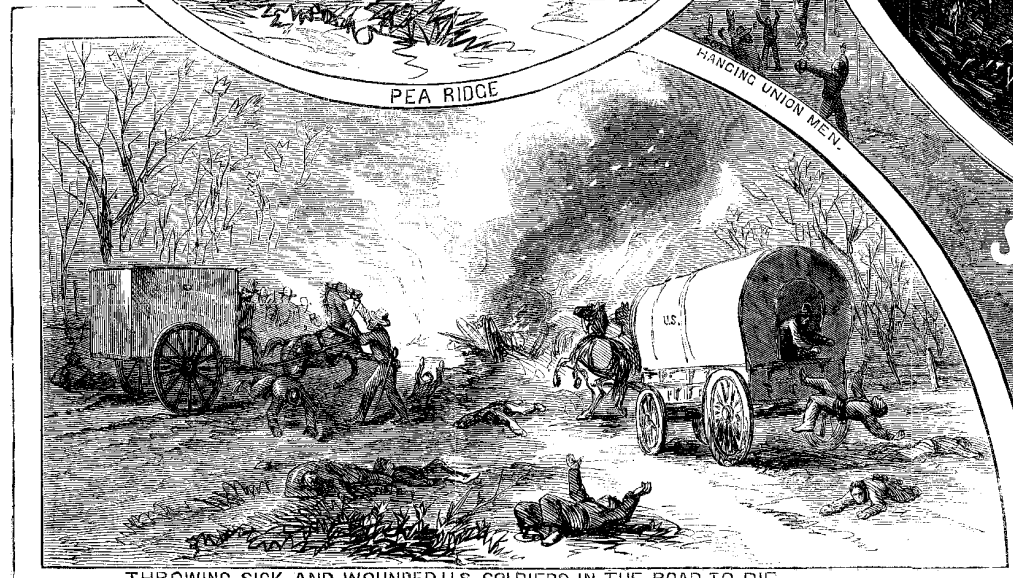
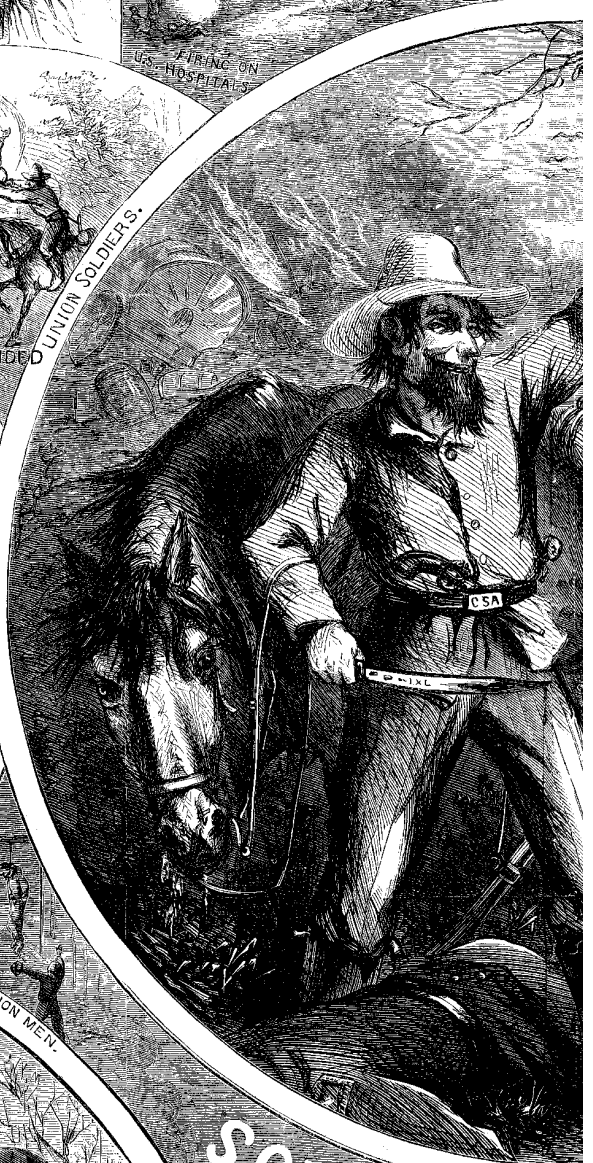
MURDER OF TWO OF PIATT'S SQUAVES, 347th OHIO.



FIRING ON U.S. HOSPITAL.



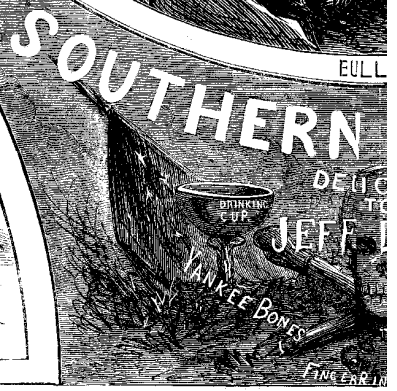
STABBING WOUNDED UNION SOLDIERS.



PEA RIDGE

HANGING UNION MEN.

THROWING SICK AND WOUNDED U.S. SOLDIERS IN THE ROAD TO DIE.





THE MURDER OF GEN. ROBERT L. MCGOOK.

DEPRIVING NEGROES SOUTH

SOUTHERN WOMEN GLORIFYING OVER DEAD UNION SOLDIERS

UNION SOLDIERS

NO QUARTER.

SHOOTING U.S. PRISONERS.

MASSACRE OF NEGROES AT MURFREESBORO PIKE.

CHIVALRY:
DEDICATED TO JEFF DAVIS.



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE STORM OF 20th JANUARY.—[See Page 36.]

W. H. P. 1863

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in lieu of General Burnside.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hauser as Aide-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while McClellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Extolior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When McClellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and ordered to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

After the battle he sent the following report to General McClellan:

CENTREVILLE, Md., Sept. 15, 1862.

Major-General McClellan: A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carnage has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded, for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot. J. Hooker, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of one of the three grand Divisions into which it was distributed. He commanded his Division at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the fight.

The Herald gives the following memoranda of his:

In person General Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of

great physical endurance, of a light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—and altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humblest personage who approaches him. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty aspect of the commanding military chieftain.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained the now historic name of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had distin-

guished themselves for their fighting qualities, thus adding to the fame of their commander, a dispatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "Fighting Joe Hooker." Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The *solo factum* was also adopted by the army and by the press, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an unpretending, innocent copyist, unaware that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live forever in the annals of the country.

But it appears that General Hooker does not like his title; for, on one occasion, when called so by a friend, he is reported to have said, "Don't call me Fighting Joe, for that name has done and is doing me incalculable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a hot-headed, furious young fellow, accustomed to making furious and needless dashes at the enemy." By this remark it would appear that, although he has the characteristic of unadulterated bravery and boldness, he still possesses some of that prudence and caution without which no general can be great.

General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a handsome testimonial in remembrance of his past services. It is a sword of the finest steel, with hilt thickly studded with diamonds, a scabbard of solid silver, heavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of this magnificent sword will be between \$4000 and \$5000. The inscriptions are as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,
FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,
December 25, 1862.
Williamsburg—Fair Oaks—Glendale—Matvern Hill—
Ball Run—Gettysburg—South Mountain—
Antietam.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ONE of our correspondents, Mr. Oertel, has illustrated one of the few agencies of war, the INTERCHANGE OF CIVILITIES BETWEEN TWO MOUNTED PICKETS on the Upper Rappahannock. When the war first broke out the pickets on either side used to fire at each other on sight, and it gave our officers a good deal of trouble to check the murderous practice. The rule is now the other way. The pickets no sooner find themselves within hailing distance than they begin to converse; and the chat generally ends in an interchange of rations, liquor, and newspapers. This custom is severely reprobated by most of our Generals, but is very common nevertheless. Mr. Oertel writes: "During the recent engagement at Fredericksburg it was a most essential precaution to guard against a flank movement by the enemy, and the fords above on the river were vigilantly watched. This important duty was assigned to the Sixth New York Cavalry, who by former experience knew all the fords and roads throughout well, and they were there by special order of General Burdette, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McVicar. They are at the post still. The duty is arduous, and one of danger, being at the extreme right, and in sight and within easy reach of the enemy. The pickets sometimes meet, by special agreement, in the middle of the river, first laying down their arms at their respective shores, and in this wise they friendly converse, and exchange such commodities as tobacco and newspapers."



MEETING OF UNION AND REBEL PICKETS IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SKETCHED BY MR. OERTEL.]

tested superior military ability. For his gallantry on these occasions he was, on the 21st of March, made by Congress a Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tennessee River toward Savannah.

TORPEDOES IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.

THROUGH the politeness of an officer in the navy we are enabled to lay before our readers, on page 85, the picture of a REBEL TORPEDO in one of the Western Rivers. All the tributaries of the Mississippi are filled with these destructive implements of warfare, and the rebels seem to be improving in their manufacture.

THE "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE GALE.

WE illustrate, on page 92, the new Monitor "WEEHAWKEN" in the gale of 20th. Her performance on that occasion was admirable, and set at rest the apprehensions which had been created by the loss of the original Monitor.

FOURTEEN MONTHS, January 9, 1863. We have arrived safely, and all well. On Tuesday, about two P.M., had to cast off from the Boardman for her safety; weather very threatening.

HOMELESS.

JESSE, as I came home to-day, I saw That crippled man upon the flag, we have So often seen— who moves on my eye.

BURTON ON DU CHAILLUS AND GORILLAS.

CAPTAIN BURTON has written a letter, as follows, which we find in the London Critic: "Sir—Arriving—volens, nolens—in this unpleasant land by the last West African mail, I was established to find in your columns my name cited by a private correspondent, and passages from one of my private letters quoted to the detriment of M. Paul du Chailly.

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