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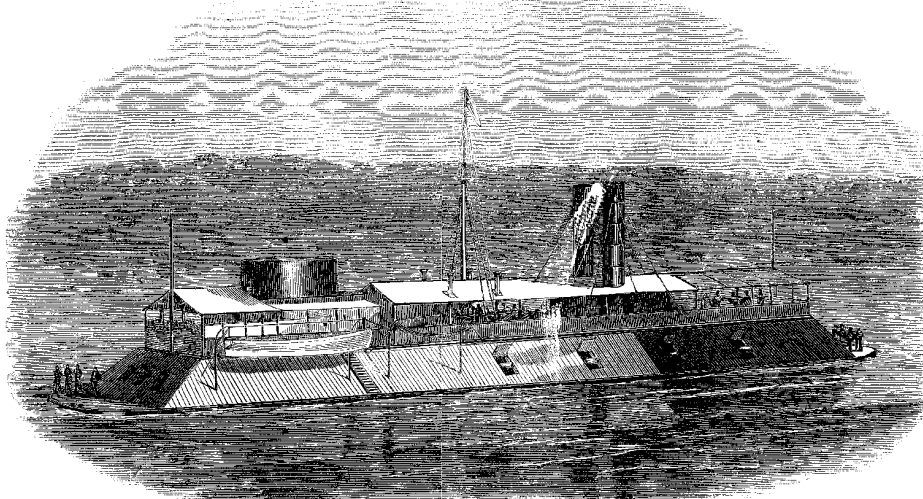
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THE IRON-CLAD CINCINNATI.

On this page we publish a picture of the iron-clad gun-boat *Cincinnati*, as she appeared before she went into the recent fight at Vicksburg, where she was sunk. Our picture is from a photograph by Lieut. Julius H. Krohl, who writes, under date of 27th May:

"This morning the so-called iron-clad *Cincinnati*, Lieut. Bache commanding, went down the river to silence a battery on the top of a bluff just above Vicksburg, which could not be silenced by Sherman's artillery.

"She went gallantly into action, rounded the point, and blazed away at the rebel batteries, but the latter were not idle, and all the guns that could be brought to bear—rilled and smooth-bore—opened on her. Her tiller-ropes were shot away, and she got some heavy shot into her sides. The pilot was killed at the wheel, and her commander took his place. All the men at



THE IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT "CINCINNATI," SUNK AT VICKSBURG.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

the wheel were wounded, but Lieut. Bache escaped unharmed.

"She started up the river, as she made a great deal of water, rounded again the point of the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, and was struck by a plunging 10-inch smooth-bore or 7-inch rifled shot; she then commenced to sink, and her captain ran her inshore, where she sank to her hammock netting. The officers and crew saved nothing.

"According to the captain the *Cincinnati* lost about thirty men in killed and wounded, and 15 to 20 drowned.

"The *Cincinnati* was one of the Western river-built boats. She had 2½-inch iron plating forward, extending aft to about amidships; the after-part was entirely unprotected. The photograph I send I took yesterday before her after-part was covered with bales of hay. The *Cincinnati* only returned last Sunday from Cairo, where she had been repaired and had a tower for riflemen."



THE MONSTER TENT ERECTED AT CHICAGO FOR THE CANAL CONVENTION.—[See Page 361.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE MILLION THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*. Advertisements on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* cost DOLLAR per line, inside SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS per line. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

NEGRO TROOPS.

THE magnificent behavior of the Second Louisiana colored regiment at Port Hudson recalls the fact that it is just two years since a warning, uttered in the columns of this journal, that if this war lasted we should arm the negroes, and use them to fight the rebels, was received with shrieks of indignation, not only at the South and in such semi-neutral States as Maryland and Kentucky, but throughout the loyal North and even in the heart of New England. At that time the bulk of the people of the United States entertained a notion that it was unworthy of a civilized or a Christian nation to use in war soldiers whose skin was not white. How so singular a notion could have originated, and how men should have clung to it in the face of the example of foreign nations and our own experience in the wars of 1776 and 1812, can only be explained by referring to the extraordinary manner in which for forty years slavery had been warping the heart and mind of the American people. A generation of men had grown up in awe of slavery, and in unchristian contempt of the blacks. And that generation declared that it would not have negro soldiers.

It is very cheering to believers in human progress, and to men who honestly admit that the world moves, to perceive that the short period of two years has sufficed to cure an evil of so long standing, and has educated even the hunker Democrat of 1861 into a willingness to arm the blacks. In the abstract, of course, it is a matter of small congratulation that we should at last be doing a thing in itself so obviously sensible and proper that we were clearly fools not to have done it at first. But those who remember how deep the antipathy was, even among anti-slavery men, to any thing which seemed to involve the remotest risk of negro insurrection; how even the most liberal minds among us shrank from any course of policy which seemed capable of entangling us, under any circumstances, in an admission of negro equality, will feel no common sense of joy at our emancipation from so narrow and mean a prejudice.

We have from time to time recorded the slow progress of negro enlistments, and the constant obstacles which have been encountered by the far-seeing men who have desired to raise an army of blacks. When General Hunter raised among fugitive slaves the First South Carolina black regiment at Hilton Head, the officers of his corps—being still uneducated to the times—refused to associate with the few brave men who took command of the negroes; and Secretary Stanton—still barely stammering over the A B C of the work—declined to pay them wages because their skins were too dark. Under the iron rule of Butler at New Orleans a black brigade was organized, and so long as that grim soldier held sway discontent at the measure was prudently silent. But when Banks succeeded a mutiny among the white troops warned the General that his Northern men were not yet sufficiently educated to the times to march side by side with negroes. He wisely solved the problem by sending the blacks into garrison, and keeping the whites in the field. One regiment, it seems, he marched against the enemy, and they, we may be sure, will not, after Fort Hudson, be again exposed to sneers or insult. At the Southwest negroes began to pour into our lines when Columbus fell, and the rush has never ceased. Yet, until within a few weeks, no use has been made of them. They came in droves—as any thing. But our generals, slow to learn that the lesson of the hour was to arm them, treated them as a nuisance; sometimes fed them in idleness, sometimes sent them back to their masters, in a few cases used them as laborers, but never, until recently, put muskets into their hands. It was not till the month of March last, when Adjutant-General Thomas (who two years ago was so "sond"—as the phrase was—on the slavery question that he was even suspected of rebel sympathies) went West at the pressing in-

itation of General Blair and others, that the necessity was discerned of making soldiers of these fugitives. Since then ten full regiments of negroes have been formed, and are being drilled and equipped. It is now stated that ten more regiments will shortly be organized. Indeed there is no limit to the supply of troops which may be drawn from this source. The valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries could furnish, in the course of a year, an army of 100,000 men—enough to hold the country after we have taken it.

At the North, the work of negro enlistments progresses slowly, partly in consequence of the sparse negro population, and partly owing to obstacles created by politicians. In this State no negro regiment has been formed; it is said to be hard work enough to obtain the sanction of the State authorities to the formation of new white regiments. But Massachusetts has already sent off one full regiment, commanded by Colonel Shaw, and another is in process of formation. And the negroes of the District of Columbia will shortly constitute a brigade, and will apply for active service.

Uneasiness is felt in some quarters lest the rebels should execute their brutal threats of hanging the officers of black regiments and selling the privates into slavery. But no apprehension need be entertained on this score. The act of the Rebel Congress on this subject is so ingeniously framed that while appearing to menace our black troops and their officers with dire penalties, it really remits the whole subject of their treatment to Jeff Davis; who, of course, will know that indignities offered to them would at once be followed by retaliation upon rebel prisoners in our hands. The 8400 prisoners taken by General Grant at Vicksburg are a pretty fair security for our negro troops.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE NORTH.

THE prediction of the Richmond papers that the summer campaign would be fought on Northern soil was no idle threat. For some time past General Stuart has been massing the advance-guard of the rebel army near Culpepper, and on 9th a bloody fight took place between that body and a picked detachment of the Army of the Potomac. Of the result of that encounter we know nothing as yet. But unless Stuart has been utterly overwhelmed and scattered, we may take for granted that even if our side has been successful the invasion of Pennsylvania has only been deferred for a time. The rebels are determined to make us feel "the horrors of war" in our homes. They are daring and desperate; the recent cavalry raids into Virginia and Mississippi show how much may be effected by a band of resolute men; there is every reason to expect, and no good reason to doubt, but that the soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland will be invaded within the month.

It may be asked, as it was asked when Lee invaded Maryland last fall, *cut bono?* What can the rebels gain by invading the North? They can gain simply this—that they will make our people feel the horrors of war, and give a practical point to the Copperhead cry for peace. They will both satisfy their thirst for vengeance and supply the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania with pretty substantial grounds for desiring the war to be ended. These ends, in the opinion of the Richmond press, amply justify the enterprise.

What are the prospects of success? The answer to this depends upon the Government at Washington. Because a brigade of swift cavalry was able to ride through the thinly-peopled State of Mississippi without meeting any rebel force, while another brigade contrived, by hard riding and dextrous management, to dash across from Culpepper to Gloucester Court House, that is no reason why a rebel *corps d'armee* should succeed in making good a foothold in the thickly-peopled State of Pennsylvania—unless we are to suppose that the Government neglects the most obvious precautions for the protection of the North.

If, on the first indications of a rebel purpose to cross the Potomac, the entire militia of Pennsylvania and 50,000 men from the adjacent States are called out; if proper measures are taken by competent officers to remove from points of danger, or to protect adequately all depots of supplies; if the splendid but somehow amazingly unlucky Army of the Potomac be manoeuvred so as to fall upon the rear of the invaders, and cut off effectually their retreat to their base, in this case the invasion of the North would probably prove the end of the South as a pretended nation. If, however, matters are suffered to drift along, and the Government declines itself into a belief that the rebels are not energetic enough or desperate enough to try to carry the war into Pennsylvania; or that, being in that State, they will not prove most formidable intruders, then it will be well for loyal people to prepare themselves for another season of heart-breaking disaster and disappointment.

It is a very simple matter, and one which should admit of no debate. If we can not keep the rebels out of Pennsylvania, there must be no more talk of foreign wars, for neither could we prevent the English from landing on our coast.

THE LOUNGER.

WHETHER WE ARE WHIPPED.

It seems that there are some people who think that we are whipped. If we are so, we are all like General Taylor, who never knew when he was beaten. It must be a peculiarity of the American mind, and heart, and pluck that when they are discomfited they can not see it, and push on until they succeed. In one of Thackeray's stories Major O'Gahagan complains that somebody was killed most shockingly out of rule. By all the established precedents it was the adversary who ought to have dropped. In like manner our political O'Gahagans inform us that we are the party which ought to perceive that it is dead; and that our persistency in believing ourselves to be still alive is unpardonable. It is precisely the strain in which John Bull has addressed us from the beginning. "Kicking's no use," sneers honest John; "you are dead as a door-nail, if you only knew it."

That is exactly the point we can not beat into our dull brains. Here we have been fighting for two years. We began without an army, without a navy, with scarcely a dollar, and with no legitimate right to fight. The enemy, on the other hand, had been carefully preparing for many years. We suddenly see that we must fight, whether we are ready or not, and we plunge in pell-mell. We are rebuffed, defeated, and victorious; we win and lose battles through two years of fluctuating fortune; but meanwhile we steadily push on. We drive the lines of war further and further into the enemy's territory. We lose no advantage we once secure; and we prevent their own successes in the field from helping them. A battle won by us is an enormous benefit to our cause; a battle won by them is of no practical advantage. Take the last Rappahannock campaign as an illustration. Hooker was defeated; and what have the rebels gained by it? Take the attack on Vicksburg. Suppose Grant retreats. We have occupied and destroyed the position at Haines's Bluff, and at Yazoo City we have ruined the rebel hopes that were intrusted to rams and boats, while we hold the Yazoo River itself, flanking the city. We played for a terrific stake indeed, but to score eight counts well in the game. Observe, then, with all our reverses, how steadily we have proceeded in the work of opening the Mississippi River. The war has not been an unvarying, but it has been a persistent and accumulating success for the people against the oligarchy which seeks their ruin.

There is but one thing necessary to the complete success of the people, and that is, that their faith shall be steady and patient. They have taken a great work in hand—a work which by its very nature requires long and undaunted persistence. The gain of its success is incalculable. The shame and ruin of its failure are inconceivable. The work can end only in the victory of the people or of the oligarchy. To make terms with the rebels is to concede that we are whipped, while every intelligent man in the land knows that we have steadily advanced upon the rebellion from the first. To consent to their separation from us is to condemn ourselves to final ruin—to fall from a first-rate sovereign power to the wretched condition of a loose crowd of small states, each one of which will be the more despised because it was once part of a great nation.

TO THE FOREIGN OBSERVER.

THAT foreigners who neither understand the character of the Government of the war for its maintenance—who look upon the first as a folly and the last as a crime—who can see nothing in the sharp fight but causeless, meaningless, infamous fratricidal slaughter, should be disposed to regard Mr. Fernando Wood's meeting as a sign of returning reason is not impossible. But they ought to understand, before they attribute too much importance to that event, and before they salute Mr. Wood as the harbinger of the millennial dawn, exactly the character and scope of the meeting.

Its central figure was Fernando Wood. He is a person who is known in this country, and especially in this State and city, as having escaped legal punishment for swindling through the fortunate operation of the statute of limitations. He is further known as the Mayor of the city who refused to obey the laws of the State in regard to the police; who, when the rebellion was collecting and planting its guns against the laws and loyal citizens, apologized to the rebels that he could not help the stoppage in New York of cannon intended for them; and who, before these cannon had begun their bloody work, suggested to the city of New York to secede from the State. He is still further known as the man who, after the attack upon Sumter, insisted that the Union must be forcibly preserved, and that the executive power should be provided with every means to maintain the popular will. He is the man who at the same time declared that he threw himself entirely into the contest against rebels with all his power and all his might.

Mr. Wood is not a person whose moral or political reputation gives weight to his words or importance to his actions. Singularly calm and guarded, if he chooses, in his expressions, his antecedents infallibly destroy confidence in the purity of his motives. Of a restless ambition, and by universal reputation, an unscrupulous political manager, he is yet repudiated by the party with which he acts, and falls in every effort to control it. His argument, however apparently calm and cool, is always an appeal to the basest and most malignant passions, and his sole dependence is upon the most ignorant and degraded class of the community, which he flatters and befools. He represents no other body of citizens than the brutal mob of a great city. His name, whether with more or less justice, is synonymous with political corruption. In general estimation he taints every cause he espouses; and if the zealous seeker should try to find in all the free States the most obnoxious and

servile tool of the radical, prolonged, and perilous effort of the slavholding faction to ruin this Government, to break every bond of social order, to debauch the national conscience, to extirpate the very instinct of nationality, and destroy the natural love of liberty in the human heart, he would cry *Eureka!* when he found Fernando Wood.

His meeting has only the importance which he gives it. No other person of the least reputation, or of any influence or consideration whatever, was concerned in it. Mr. Wood's speech was calm in tone and fiercely defiant in spirit—a characteristic of the plantation school of politics in which he was bred. He is opposed to war with rebels in Virginia or Mississippi, but he is perfectly ready and willing for war in New York, and he invited the Government to try here what General Burnside tries in his Department. His speech was a plainer and compacter statement of the address and resolutions, and when he had spoken every thing was said.

That Mr. Fernando Wood, being the man that we have described in terms which few, whether of his own party or not, would characterize as unfair, represents the present or future conviction or policy of the American people is a proposition which few but Mr. Wood himself would maintain. To suppose it possible is to suppose that the nation agrees that it is not a nation; that the Union is a form more unsubstantial than a cloud; and that there is no national government possible; and that civil order can rightfully have no guarantee.

Foreign observers may think the war foolish and fratricidal, but they can hardly suppose it possible that such a war could be waged for two years by a nation which, under any conceivable circumstances, would accept such propositions as these for political principles. That nation may be conquered, and its government be overthrown. But that it should be so absolutely conquered as to concede that it never had a right to be a nation, is incredible to any body who does not believe that human nature itself has deteriorated upon this continent. The day in which this nation accepts Fernando Wood as its leader, and his tenets as its faith, is the day which seals the destruction of free popular institutions, and inaugurates not the "splendid despotism" for which he frankly pronounces, but a despotism which rivals that of Dahomy in splendor, and that of the Queen of Madagascar in dignity and enlightenment. Such an ignominious fall would be without historical parallel.

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

THE Journal of Mrs. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia as the wife of the proprietor is in press, and will be immediately issued by Harper & Brothers. It is the most thrilling and remarkable picture of the interior social life of the slavholding section in this country that has ever been published. Our previous accounts of that life have been derived from outside observers, either sagacious and philosophical travelers and students like Olmsted, or from the English and other foreign tourists who were made to see only what the slavholders chose; or, again, from the rosy stories told by slavholders themselves, or by "Southside" sympathizers.

But this Journal of Mrs. KEMBLE was jotted down from day to day as she lived upon the plantation of which she was mistress. There is no excuse, no palliation of facts, but the whole system is laid bare and quivering before the eye. So faithful and final a witness we have not had. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is only foisted upon fact. The Journal of Mrs. KEMBLE is the fact itself. And thus day by day, from the most unexpected quarters and the most impartial witnesses, the terrible truth is told that this rebellion, to secure and perpetuate slavery, is an insurrection against human nature itself.

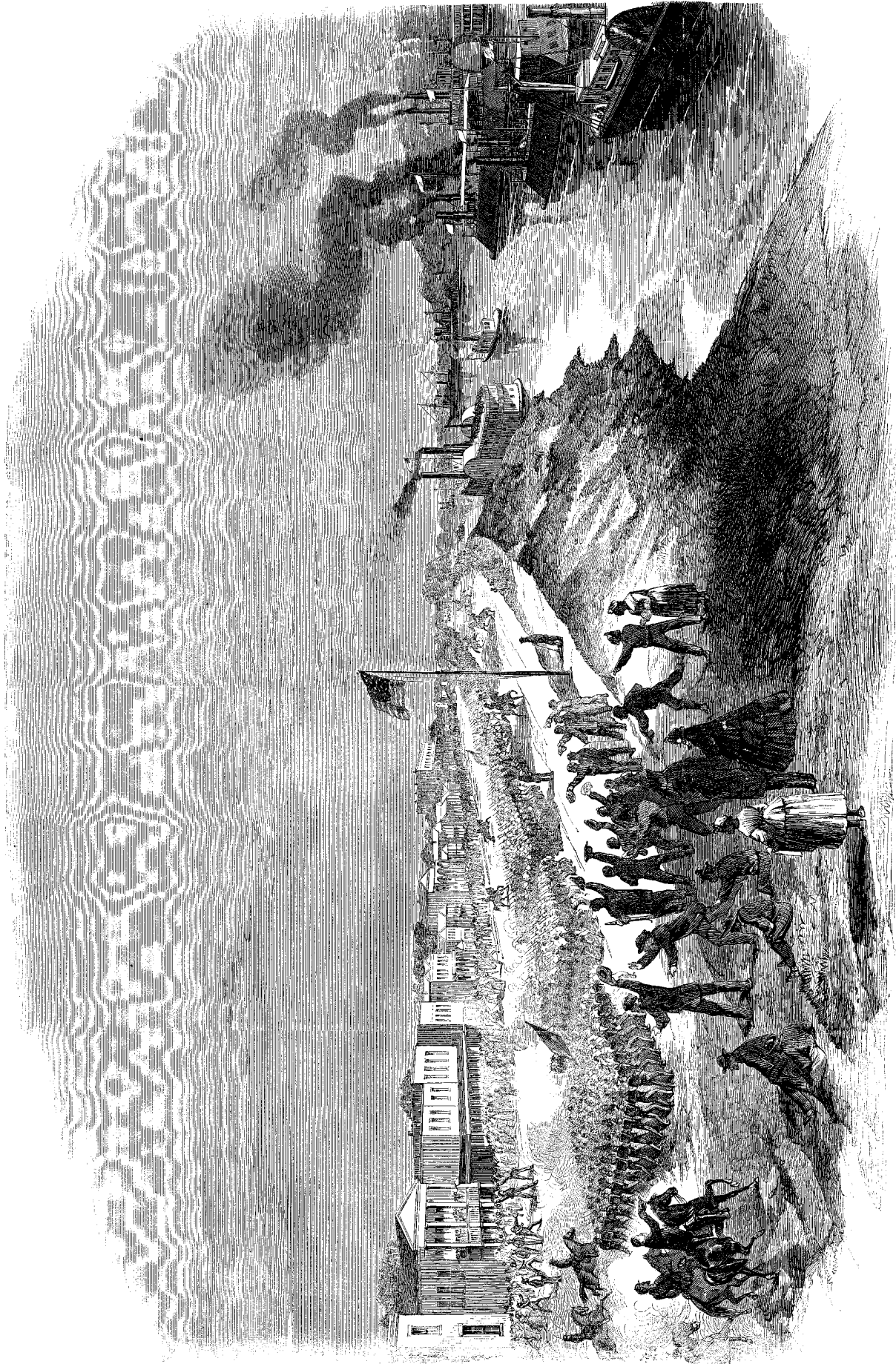
The book will be published at the earliest possible moment, and will be as savagely denounced and denied by the rebels and their friends as it will be heartily welcomed by every intelligent, humane, and loyal man in the land and the world.

MR. KINGLAKE.

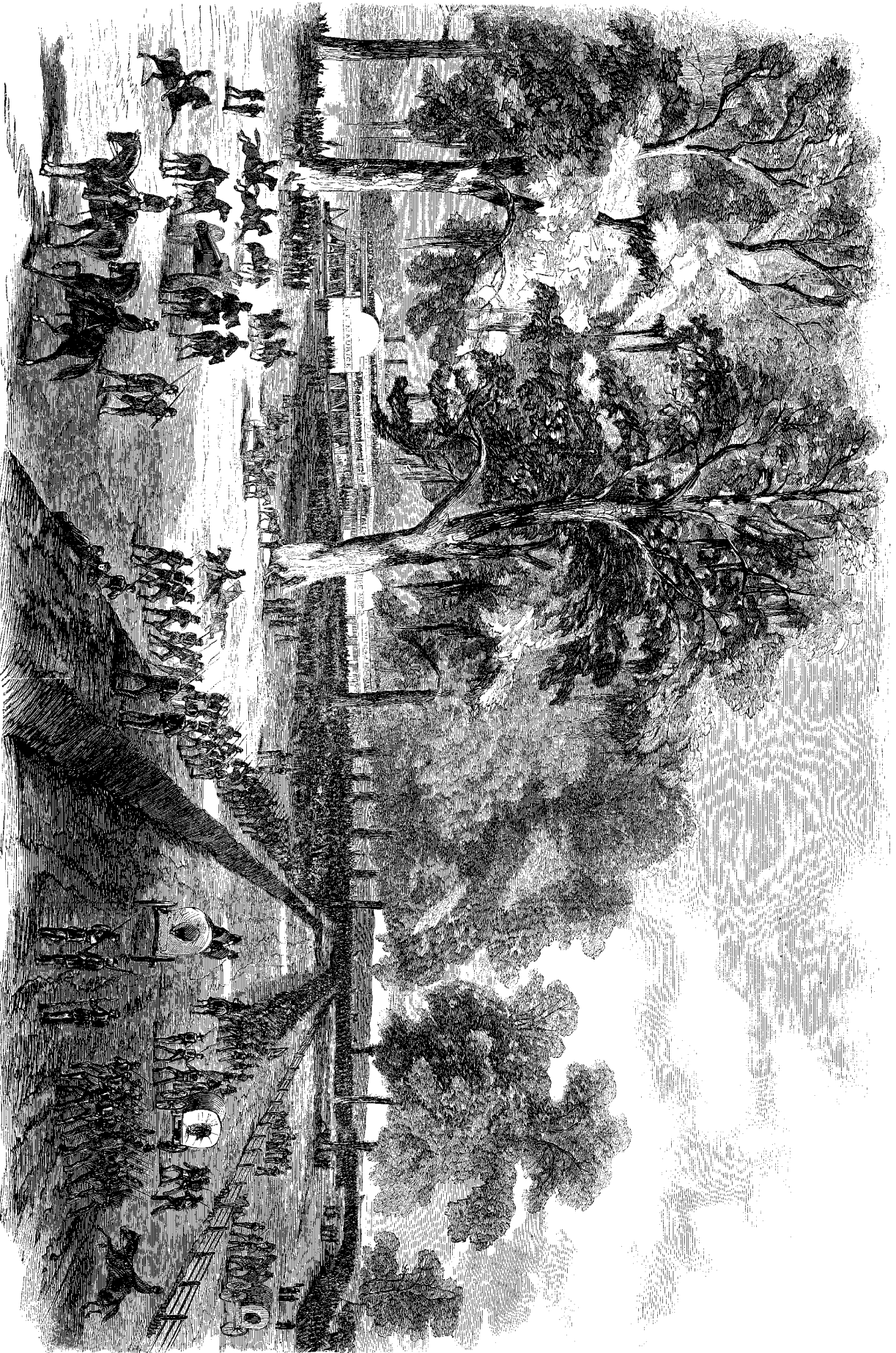
THE unqualified applause which greeted Mr. Kinglake's history, and which—however justified by the picturesque movement and interest of the work—was rather surprising in the mouths of a people who were represented in the book as hoodwinked by their own Government and outwitted by that of France, is at last interrupted. Not only have the ponderous Quarterlies opened upon him, but the pamphleteers have thrown themselves out as skirmishers, and are picking off his weak points. There threatens to be a Kinglake literature.

Colonel Calhoun, in a little work upon the Crimean campaign, introduces the historian in the most ludicrous light—so absurd, indeed, that Kinglake has apparently authorized an explanation of the damaging circumstance. The Colonel says that the first notice taken of the historian by Lord Raglan was on the morning of the battle of the Alma, when, seeing a gentleman in extreme difficulties upon the back of a pony, he said, "I never heard a pony make such a row!" and asked, "Does any one know who the gentleman is?" The Colonel answered, "It is Mr. Kinglake, the author of 'Eöthen.'" "Oh!" said his Lordship, "a most charming man." Thereupon, before their very faces, as the Colonel relates, the most charming man was incontinently run away with, and tossed over the pony's head. To complicate the absurdity, the historian, through a clerical error, actually explains that he got a tumble because the saddle was too large for the pony, who shot saddle and rider over his neck!

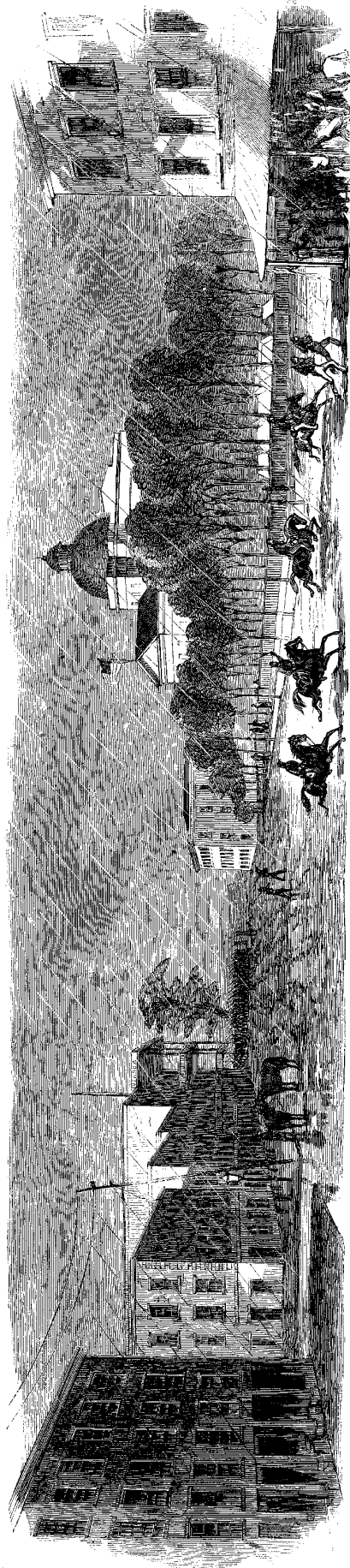
If he is once put into the pillory of ridicule it will go hard with the historian. An author so severely satirical can not complain of satire; and a man so keen-witted ought to know that the only way safely to treat such a story was to laugh at it. Sir Francis Head, about as vulnerable an author as



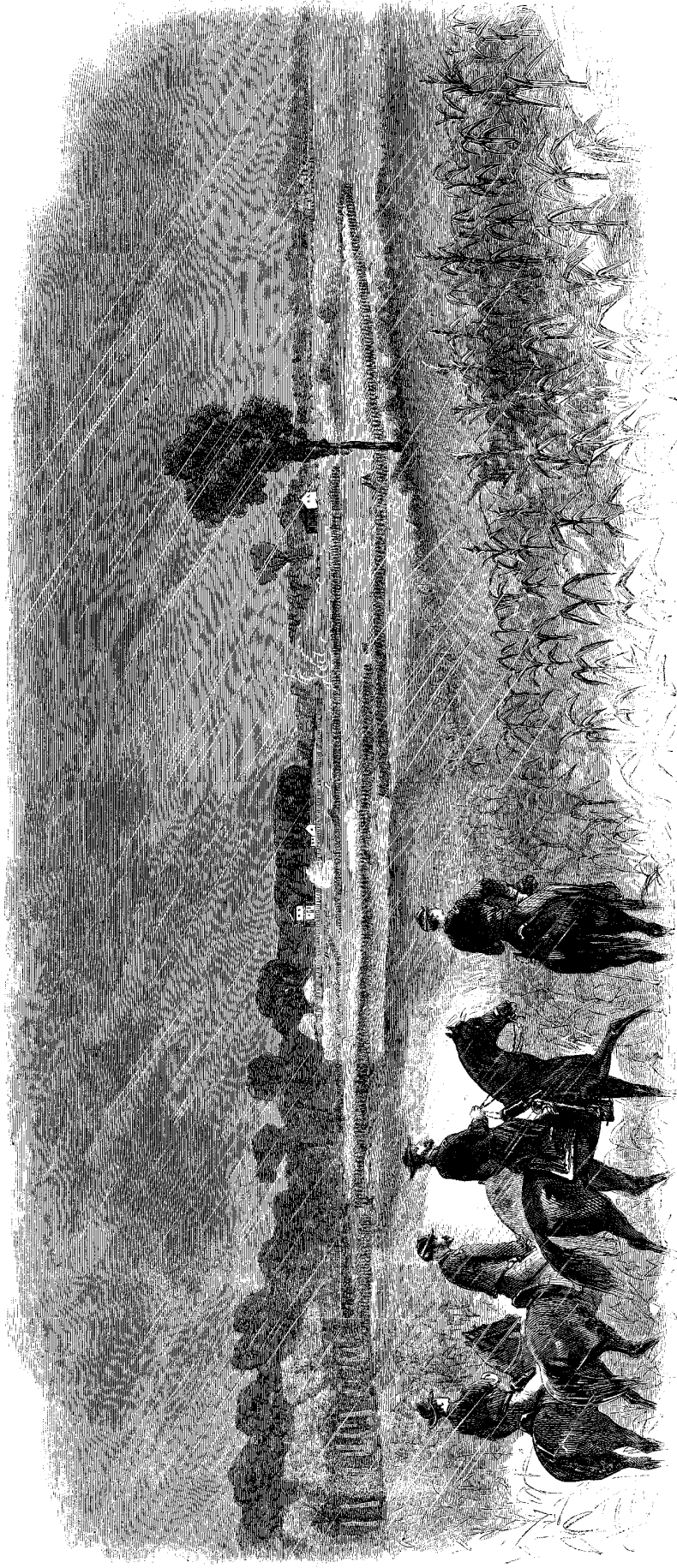
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARMY OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS INTO ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, MAY 4, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BANKS' TROOPS FROM SIMMESPORT, LOUISIANA, FOR FORT HUDSON, MAY 21, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



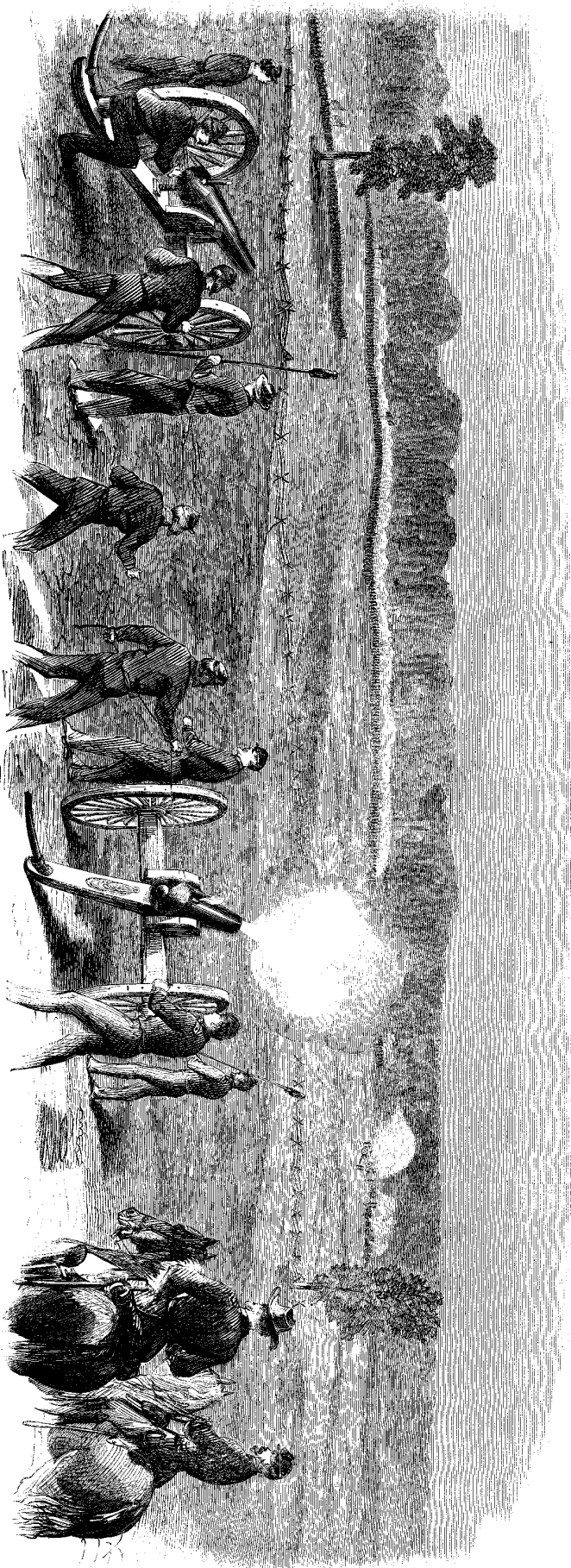
RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



THE BATTLE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 14, 1863.—CHARGE BY GENERAL CROCKER'S DIVISION.—SCRIBED BY MR. THOMPSON R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 386.]



DESTRUCTION OF REBEL PROPERTY AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 25.



THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL, MAY 16, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

LAWRENCE'S ENLISTMENT.

There was a war-meeting in Mooreville. Bull Run had been fought and lost, and the old Anglo-Saxon spirit had been roused into that enthusiasm which seems more easily excited by a defeat than by a victory. With a sense of the wrong done to their own manliness, the men of the North sprang to arms to set things right; and each man felt an individual interest in the rescue of the nation from the disgrace wrought upon her arms by the loss of this little town, man after man came forward this evening, and registered his name upon the roll of the recruiting officer, among the cheers of his companions, and the approving smiles which struggled through the tears of women. It may seem unfair to scrutinize the under-current of motives which combined to produce that great swell of patriotic emotion; but with imperfect creatures like men we can give due credit for the act, and yet acknowledge other elements in the impulse besides the one simple sentiment which all professed, and probably at the time honestly felt. So, when Lawrence Moore dashed down his name as a recruit, it may, without putting him outside the pale of honorable young men, be confessed that he was cherishing several secret fancies. There was a little personal vanity seeking to appropriate some of the applause lavished upon others. There was the notion that a man of his merit must surely rise to that military distinction which to young men appears the highest peak of earthly honor. There was a little weariness of the humdrum routine of ordinary business, and the desire to try a new life, which from a distance seemed full of strange excitement and pleasurable adventure. And there was especially the consciousness that many bright eyes were looking on, to which the act would appear purely noble and self-sacrificing. All these feelings mingled themselves with the impulse to do something for the nation which was really in his heart, frivolous and volatile as may appear the surrounding elements. Finally, there was that pressure of popular sympathy which is experienced in all large assemblies, to the influence of which he was constitutionally very open, and whose effects may be traced in many of the incidents hereafter to be narrated.

He went back to his seat with a proud look upon his face, which brightened still more as he saw the kiodling flush upon the cheek of a young girl, whose bright eyes met his for a moment as she made room for him beside her. Thus he sat down with a particular direction given to his emotions, a feeling of special sympathy with Kate Clare. As the meeting dissolved, and they by degrees got disentangled from the multitude, he was glad to find that the way to her home was almost solitary, a few persons already far in advance being all that stirred its repose. Thinking of her bright look of momentary tenderness, Lawrence's arm drew the little hand that rested on it closer to his side; and in response there seemed to come upon it a slight answering pressure. He looked there, but could only see the soft rounding of her cheek emerging faintly from the folds of delicate web with which her head was covered. What need is there of further detail of such an oft-told story? Neither had ever before felt more than that natural fancy for one another which springs up between most nice commonplace young people; but both were young, both very impressionable, both thinking and feeling together under the influence of the evening's incidents and this quiet stroll succeeding. So they felt that they were in love, and told each other so, producing something of the reality of affection by the very declaration. Thus they drew closer and closer together in youth's dream, of what future years prove such solemn earnest, the pledged union of two hearts for this life and that to come. How many men and women have staked their happiness in just such a careless youthful sport?

Lawrence went home full of happy, boyish visions. Thoughts of glorious achievements mixed with pictures of a charming home with a pretty little inmate envying the passing hours, where he would sit with an admiring and attentive listening to his modest recital of the scenes in which he was to have borne so great a part. In this glow of imagination, with sparkling eye and lofty tread, he came into the quiet room where sat his parents and a distant relative who had grown up as his companion. He did not find it so easy a task as he had fancied it would be to tell them of the step that he had taken; and his enthusiasm sank several degrees as he noticed the pained expression on his father's face, the sudden paleness of his mother's cheek, the quick start of his gentle cousin. He began to feel that his father's reproachful question, "why they had not been informed of his design?" was but just and proper; and it diminished the dignity of the action to have to confess that it was done on the impulse of the moment. He sank still lower in his own esteem when his father began to display to him the inconveniences which would result from his sudden withdrawal from what was in love, and then entered; and though there was comfort in the words with which the women rejoined, acknowledging the obligation to serve the country as before all others, yet even his father's acquiescence in their truth could not prevent him from seeing that there was something selfishly inconsiderate in his hasty conduct. So not a word was breathed as to his love engagement, even to his cousin, who had often been his confidante. Indeed, now that the excitement was over, he began to feel a vague doubt as to the wisdom of that engagement; and the thought of his cousin even made him question the depth of his love for Kate. He was getting into that depressed condition of mind when every thing appears in its darkest hues; so he went quickly to bed, only to toss about sleeplessly, disturbed by the constant mental iteration of all the annoying notions that had taken advantage of the reaction of his spirits to seize upon his thoughts.

By the next morning, however, the buoyancy of his spirits had returned, and he felt ready to let

things take their course. Still it was not with all the alacrity of a lover that he started to pay a visit to Kate. She, too, may have had her misgivings the night before; for though at their meeting both lost all other considerations in the sweet novelty of their new relation, it appeared that she had kept the secret of their mutual vows as closely as he had himself. So it in some way became tacitly understood that there was to be no announcement of the fact at all for the present; and that the future should be allowed to take care of itself. Perhaps Lawrence was not so sure of his retention when Lawrence came in uniform to bid her farewell; for though while talking to him his face and air gave dignity to the attire, yet when he entered, and as he departed, the coarse cavalry jacket and light blue trousers seemed to vulgarize and degrade him in the eyes of this amiable but shallow girl. So Lawrence Moore went to Washington, and became one among a thousand privates in the same regiment, on the same level with them all in the eyes of every one but himself.

II.

Very different was soldiering in practice from what it had seemed to his imagination. He did not find that riding a horse and wearing a sword were his principal duties. Under the stern old Prussian disciplinarian who commanded them the responsibility of keeping arms and horse in proper condition was a burdensome toil to those raw young men, and even the officers led any thing but an easy life. The first two or three months of Lawrence's enlistment were passed in a perfect thunder-storm of curses; and though, after the initiation was over, there was ease and even enjoyment in doing well what had grown into a habit, still there was no romance in being a sort of military stable-boy. But that and the constant drill did him and all of them far more good than harm. They became manly, hardy, ready with their hands and arms. Their clothes began to sit on them with a different air, and to show to advantage their well-developed, active frames. The unromantic society was what affected Lawrence most disagreeably. His companions were so very different from that to which he was used. Tastes, manners, talk, were so strangely coarse and repulsive. Brought up within the influences of home refinements and religious teaching, the vulgar jokes and profane ribaldry which amused the others jarred upon his nerves. If he had been a different man, there is no telling how much he might quietly have improved those with whom he was immediately connected; but, being of a disposition rather to catch the tone of others than to give one to them, he slowly began to imitate their characteristics and to assume their habits. His was but a commonplace character, a little more quick than others to catch the prevailing influences around him; and the same facility of nature which advanced him as a soldier caused him to degenerate as a man. His warrant as sergeant did not come until some time after his first oath, and not much before his first excess in whisky. Still he never sank into the besotted animal habits of some, and kept a respectable standing with officers and men.

So things went on until one day when his company was out scouting the country on the left of the fortifications around Washington. It was a dreary region of bad roads, uncultivated fields, and thick, tangled woods. What houses there had been were deserted, and mostly either burned or torn down by the reckless soldiery of both parties, who debated the possession of the territory. There were certain passes notorious for bloody skirmishes and sudden surprises, and the inexperienced troops were very nervous with apprehensions of imaginary dangers. All at once, at one of the most unpleasant defiles, there came an alarm. Horsemen were seen riding toward their front, and another party appeared upon the flank. There was a panic among the men. One caught the contagion from another, and with a fantastic fear of being cut off, most of the troop turned and galloped to the rear. Here was one of those opportunities which Lawrence had painted to himself in his imagination of the military career, but the reality affected him very differently from the ideal picture. With every intention of doing well, without any special sense of fear, he found himself drifting along with the rest, leaving the captain with but half a dozen men to support the assault. A feeling of shame seized him and some of the others simultaneously. They turned back and began to retrace their steps, but much more slowly than they had retreated. They were still fifty yards off when they heard hearty laughter, and they only rejoined their captain to see him, reddened with mortification, encircled by a party belonging to another troop of their own regiment. The story was too good to keep quiet. The two lieutenants who had joined the flight were forced to leave the regiment; and though Lawrence's return served to save him some of his self-respect, it did not obviate the necessity of his surrendering his warrant to one of those who had stood firm, nor enable him to escape the rude jeers of some of his fellow-soldiers. "Yet this first act was a good one. His eyes began to open to the great defect of his character, and Private Moore became more of a man and sturdier as a soldier than he had been as citizen or sergeant."

All this time the engagement kept its secret life, now and then brightened by a letter. And now Kate Clare came to Washington to enjoy a little of the gayety brought there by the army, while her father was seeking a share in the business created by the same cause. The city was full of officers and soldiers, the multitude of shoulder-straps throwing private soldiers far into the background. Kate heard on every side talk of Generals, Colonels, Captains, while the men in ranks were spoken of generally as rather social nuisances than otherwise. Thus the idea of Lawrence Moore began to lose its lustre, and soon faded from her thoughts, except when accidentally presented to her. Still more was this the case after her introduction to Captain Graham, the commander of the Mooreville force. He was a dashing young fellow, brave, without

very great strength of head or depth of heart, but with sufficient of both to set off to advantage a neat uniform. By degrees Kate and he drifted into a flirtation. They found pleasure in each other's society, and filled up in fancy all the deficiencies that might exist in either when viewed by disenchanted eyes. One day as they were sitting together, neither desiring interruption, the door opened and Lawrence Moore walked in. There was a blush upon Kate's face, and an awkwardness in her manner too evident to be overlooked; but she did not seem embarrassed and ill at ease in the presence of his commander. He could scarcely summon up resolution to sit down, and did not venture to engage in the conversation beyond the first commonplace inquiries. The Captain did not help him. Unaware of any special intimacy, he rather resented the intrusion of one of his men into the society which he frequented, and quickly contrived so to turn the talk that Lawrence was as much disregarded as if he were not in the room. So as soon as he could recover presence of mind, Moore did his best thing possible, and took leave. His address was received with an effort of politeness on the part of Kate, which was more chilling than rudeness itself; while the Captain did nothing beyond giving a military recognition to the military salute. So Lawrence Moore went away, his vanity and self-respect both wounded, and certain that he had lost her to whom he had offered love. After all it was surprising how little he felt the loss. At first he carried the pain of the other's feelings to that account, as being the most dignified; but as this wore off he began to feel that relief which had otherwise. He sent back her letters and likeness, and that was the end of the engagement. After he had taken them from his pocket, inclosed and mailed them, he joined some of his comrades. Then they all enjoyed themselves as soldiers do, and rejoiced at getting back to camp in time for roll-call, and without any difficulty with the Provost-Guard.

Then he began to think, a habit which he had first formed when he had been reduced to the ranks, and which was gradually doing him good. He decided that he had been thoughtless and foolish in all the proceedings of his enlistment night, and that the faults which he committed then had since gradually developed, until he found himself with little credit in his company, and with a false and deceitful pretended love, which had been, without benefiting itself, standing between him and the rightful claimants of his affection. He began now to think of his parents and his home, as in his careless self-engrossment he had not done hitherto, with that often-mentioned strength which makes such memories great purifiers and strengtheners of a man's nature when thrown into a foreign sphere under very different influences. As he thought he drew out a letter from his cousin Lizzie, which he had before but glanced over carelessly while on his way to Kate. Now, as he read it over, he could not but feel its unconscious revelation of a character such as he fain would have seen in himself. There shone forth in it a quiet willing acceptance of present duties, and submission to sacrifices of her own will and pleasure to the interests or tastes of those whom she loved—a love which quickened her perception in helping or comforting its objects; a cheerful spirit that contented itself with the work of to-day, together with a high religious trust that realized that God's to-morrow would be good enough for her—that as her days so should her strength be. Then, as he did not see, there was perhaps in the letter something which betokened a special regard for him; an instinctive confidence tempered with an unconscious sudden reserve; an ascription to him of the qualities which belonged to her ideal of excellence; an assumption that his actions were guided by the same high principle which controlled her life. It may have been this tone which awakened in him a sentiment for the writer which had long been dormant. As he thought with shame how much he felt short of the character attributed to him, his heart dwelt tenderly upon her who so esteemed him; and there rose up in his soul a determination to become more like this ideal character, and to try and deserve a good opinion, which at such moments assumed a higher value in his eyes. It was a good sign that he did not think that he was in love with Lizzie. The feeling associated with Kate Clare was very different from this. Yet here was the beginning of a true love, which might elevate his character in a greater degree than it had been lowered by the first frivolous affection.

III.

The quiet of the camp had been broken. Below the picket line, on the Rappahannock, a small trading-sloop had been fired on by the rebel pickets, and was drifting ashore where it might be plundered. The troops came swarming out with their carbines, ready for attack or defense, and the officers of the post were hastily consulting together. Suddenly a small skiff with two or three men pushed off from the shelter of the bank. Amidst a hail of rifle-shot from the Mississippi regiment who held the opposite shore, it kept on its way. Presently the men sprang on board the sloop. Snatching the tiller from the grasp of the wounded men who crouched beside it, the leader of the party altered the course, giving his orders promptly and sharply to those who manned the sheets; and in ten minutes the little craft rounded to in a little cove, protected from the enemy's fire. The leader quietly handed over the vessel to the colonel, and returned to his post, but not until he had been promoted on the spot to a high place on the non-commissioned staff. It was Lawrence Moore, who had followed the example of his comrades in turning away from this good example, and in the high-sounding and individual bravery. The chance had not been so very rapid. It was six months since the other affair had taken place, and with many a falling back had his advance been checked. To one so impressionable as he it had at first seemed easy to become steady, brave, and reliable. He had attempted a great deal more than he could perform, and had even spoken out his reso-

lutions. Then, time and again, when he had been weak and relaxed, he had had to endure the laughter of his comrades, most discouraging of all things to a sympathetic temperament. But after each trouble, as if by the ordering of Providence, there had come a letter reviving the spirit that was on the point of dying out; and he was slowly not only forming himself but making his mark upon his comrades. Those who gathered around him began to catch his tone and spirit, and when he sprang forward to take the lead in any thing they did, an impulse followed. Thus, without his being conscious what he was doing, he became an important element in the military character of the regiment. The shrewd old soldier at its head was not slow to mark this; and the promotion, which seemed to come as the reward of a single action, was really the result of many weeks of observation.

And now military events began to come thick and fast upon each other's heels. Long, swift marches day after day, with little food and less repose. Sharp fighting and quick pursuit, as Ashley now drew up to hold the ground, and now closed in again to Jackson's rear. Constant watchfulness and incessant excitement began to tell fearfully upon the troopers and their horses. Day by day numbers dropped behind, until there could be mustered but half the strength of the regiment. Then came one final, desperate charge right into Ashley's force. The regiment broke like a wave upon a rock, and in its recoil swept back the officers and all into a mass of confusion. Then Sergeant-Major Moore alone out. From his place in flank he escaped the first rush. Again and again did he become the centre around which rallied a few to check the enemy; and at last, catching Captain Graham as he fell, and throwing him across his saddle, he closed up the rear, firing his last shot at the last pursuer. Thus he rose from the ranks, while his name was repeated proudly in the little town which was his home. To one of his nature the reputation was very sweet, yet it was not now the first thing. Principal in his mind arose the question of duty, and then was the thought that "I am glad that it will please them at home." Lizzie was still but a part of home, though home had been transfused to his heart until he really looked at it as if gathered itself round her. So while he thought of the happiness of his parents, it was as they heard her speaking of what had been done that he pictured them, and tried to fancy the words in which she would refer to him. Thus his mind regarding his conduct in an almost impersonal aspect, he still retained a modest self-doubt which convinced those who might have been jealous of his advancement had he himself presumed; and with the officers, as among the men, he began to have a weight and exert an unconscious influence.

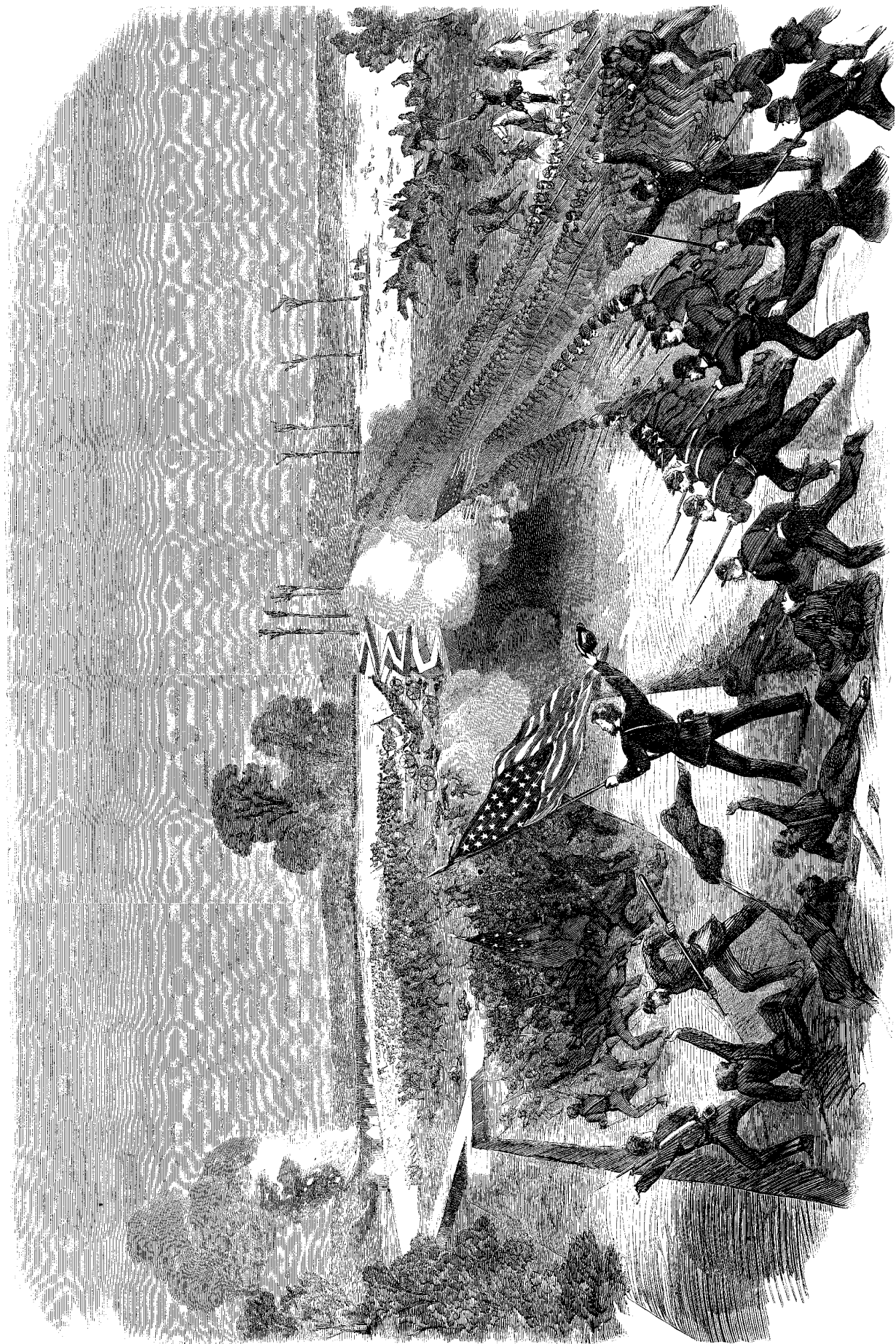
Now came that short campaign of Pope, which seemed so long to those engaged in it, with its varying fortunes and disastrous result. Its end Lawrence was not able to see. From the Rappahannock River he was sent to a hospital, worn down with fever and with a bullet in his leg. There his parents found him lying, and took him home to rest and recover.

Very pleasant the quiet country looked in the September sunlight to one who for a year had seen nothing but the wasted fields of Virginia; and the refining society of home was doubly delightful after the rude fellowship of camp, and the uncultivated manners of the inhabitants of the sacred soil. And now, with her graceful figure frequently before his eyes, with her sweet voice uttering gentle words of kindness and cheer, with her bestowal of care and consideration for every one but herself, striking him as they had never done before; now that absence had dissipated the blindness of habit, and he had himself grown into a perception of these things, Lawrence Moore began to feel that his cousin Lizzie had long had possession of his heart. With an honest sense of his unworthiness of so noble a gift as her affection, he had an earnest wish to gain it, and a secret hope that perhaps it might be his. When he thought of himself he was discouraged, when he thought of her he was revived. She had always out of her own abundant goodness endowed him in her thoughts with better qualities than he possessed. Now, when he told her what he was, confessed his shortcomings, yet assured her that he was studying to rise to the level of her ideal and his own, might she not trust herself to his honest endeavors? So amidst hopes and fears went on the period of his convalescence. Day after day he longed to speak, and yet he could not do so. At length, one day, his mother casually mentioned that Kate Clare was to be married shortly to Captain Graham. Lawrence, who had almost forgotten that he ever cared for that young lady, lifted his eyes as he was answering indifferently, and caught a strange, half-questioning, half-anxious glance which Lizzie threw toward him. As her eyes met his, she fell, and something like a faint blush gathered on her cheek. Disagreeable remembrances came back then to him, and he also colored and became abstracted, as if he had been called away, and they two were alone. Then he told her the history of that enlistment night and something of the sequel.

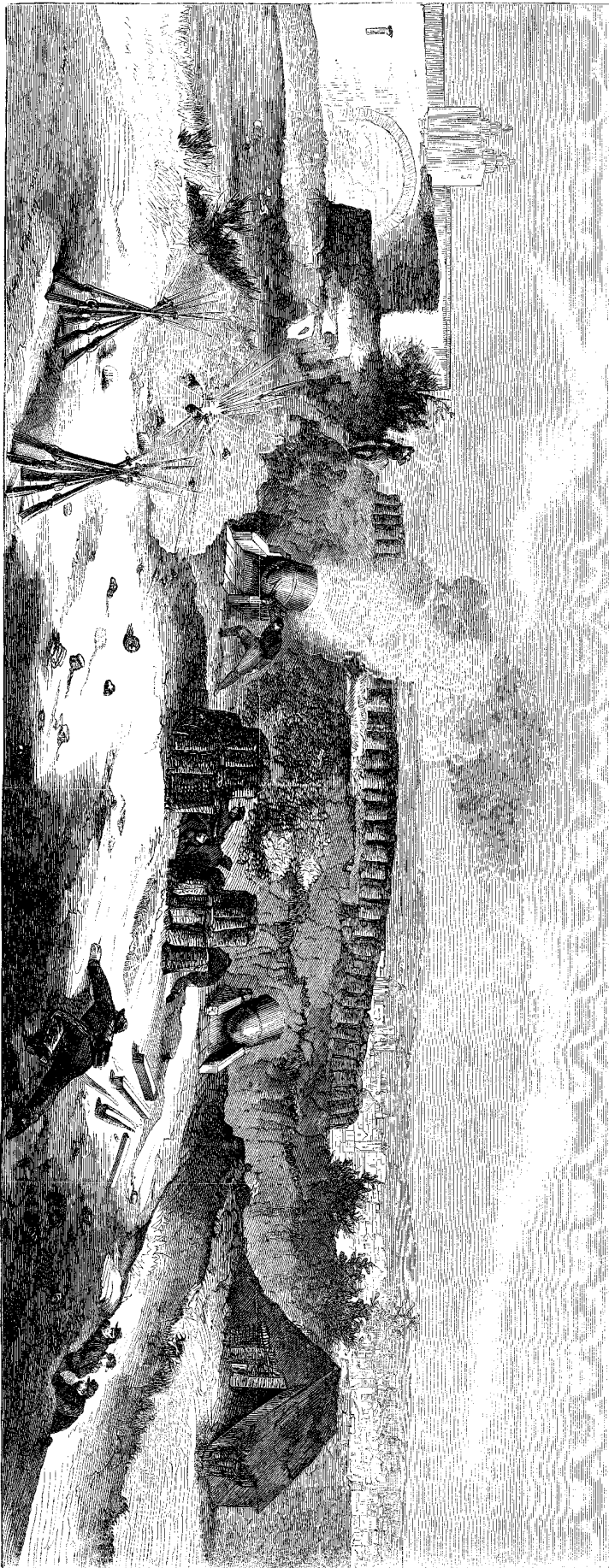
"I knew it," answered she, with a little tremor in her voice, it might be of sympathy with his imagined disappointment. "I thought so sometimes, and then, one day, she told me of the engagement as a secret. I was afraid she was not worthy your regard."

"I fear that it was not even of worth enough for her," replied Lawrence. "It would have been sad to have had to support the realities of life with such a phantom of true love. But do you know what taught me its falsehood and shallowness?"

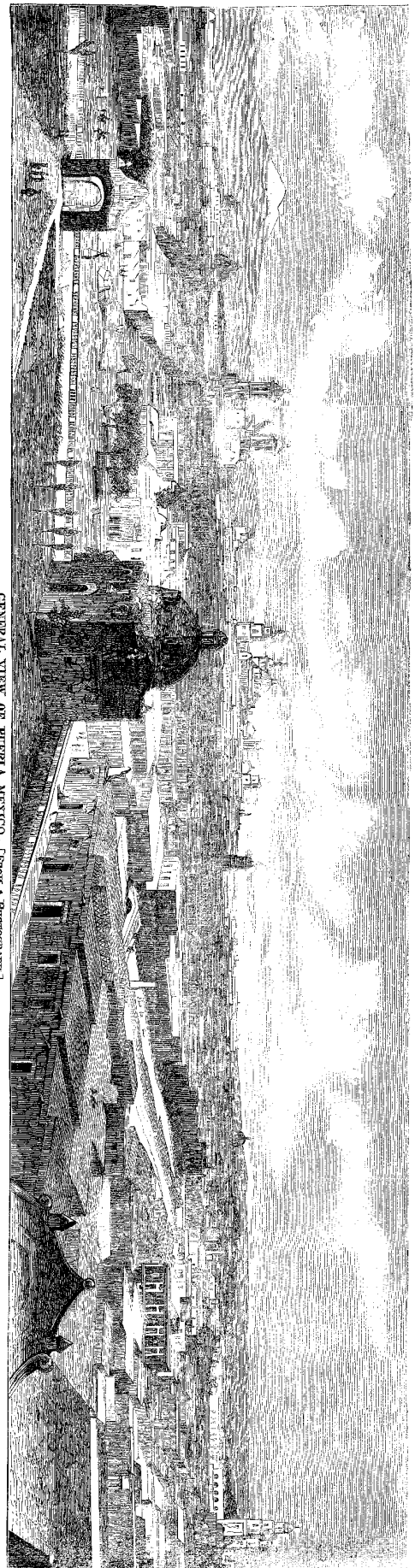
As she looked up, something in his voice awakened an emotion which stirred that natural quietness of her face. Then he told her his thoughts as he read her letter, told her what he was growing to be before, told her what he had tried to be thereafter. The discipline of those months had taught him to see himself truly as he was, and by that



THE BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 17, 1863.—SCRATCHED BY MR. THORORE K. DAVIS.—[See Page 395.]



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO—THE MORTAR BATTERY OPENING ON THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 396.]



GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



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