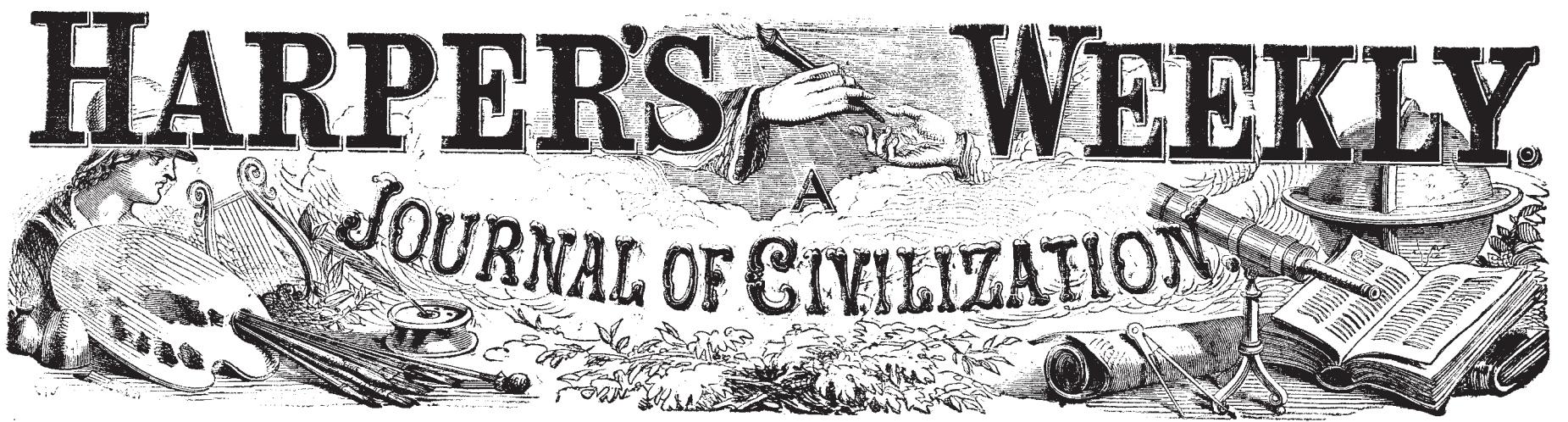


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



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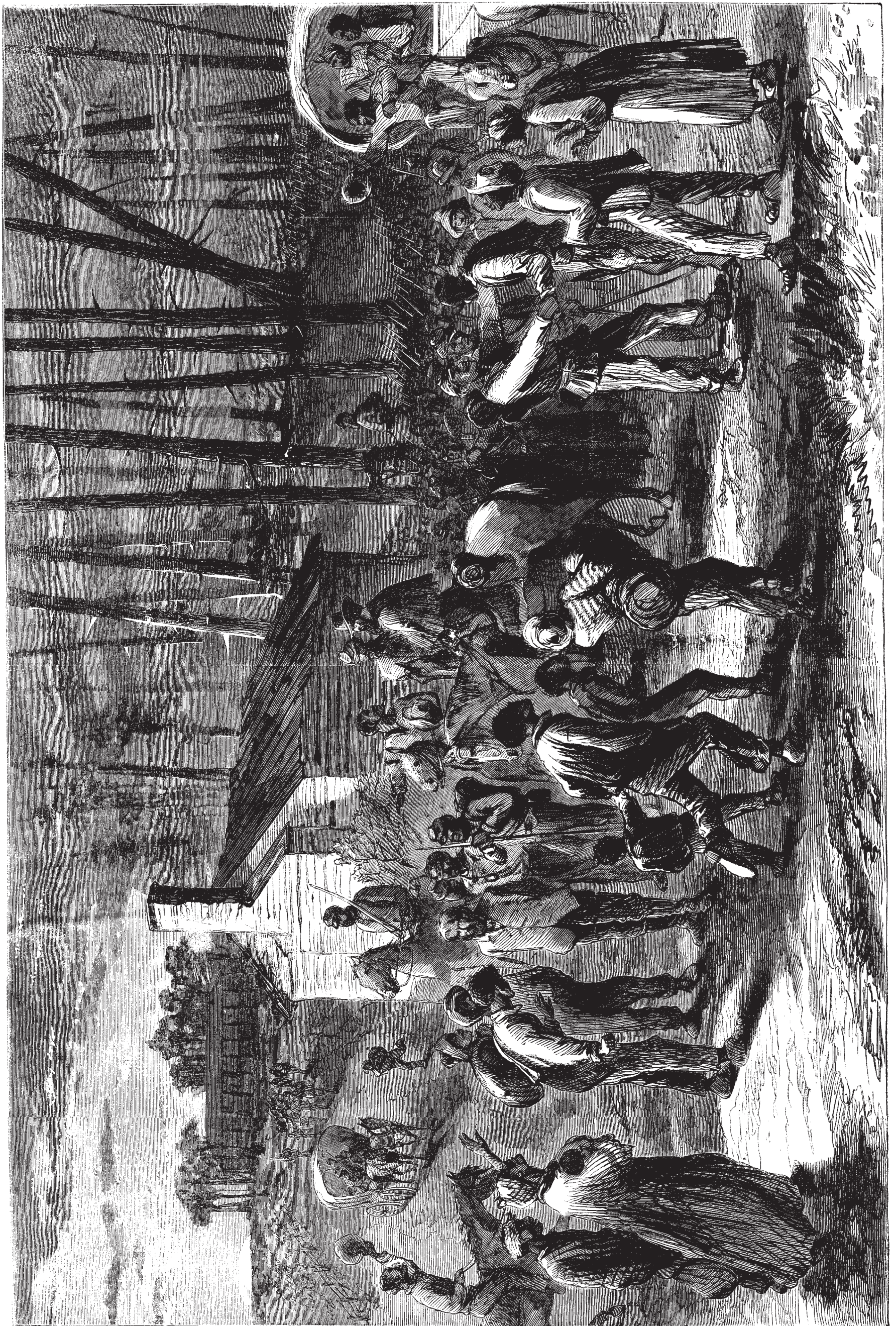
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

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SUFFERINGS IN A SNOW-STORM ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.—[SEE PAGE 53.]



COLORED TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL WILD, LIBERATING SLAVES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



UNDER THE FLAG.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



RETURN OF VETERAN VOLUNTEERS ON FURLOUGH.—[FROM A DRAWING BY MR. DANIEL R. KNIGHT.]



ited upon them. You have shut me out from prayer and penitence; you have been a living doom against me. Yet I am dying at last in your arms."

While he whispered, the words falling with difficulty and pain from his faltering tongue, there came to me once more a sense of ineffable peace and love brooding over us. By some subtle and finer influence the dying man shared it, and opened his eyes again to meet mine looking down upon him with that mysterious renewal of affection. All the long-known consolations, which had been to us only as a very pleasant song, or as good tidings for others from which we ourselves were shut out, entered into our souls in the hour of their extremest need. The pale evening star, steady but very far away, pointed the beginning of the immeasurable distance that was about to separate us; and from my lips, lying close to his dull ear, there fell, almost unconsciously to myself, the words that had dwelt all day in my heart, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

I descended into the Easter streets from the fatal room, which had been the starting-point of both the murdered man and his murderer, into the boundless eternity. No one knew that I had been there; and without distinct aim or design, only hiding in my bosom the sullied and time-worn paper, I wandered back to the poor alms-house. There, with my face turned to the quiet church-yard, which offered me no refuge, though I longed for it greatly, I lay still and silent through weeks of illness, with the treasured paper in his handwriting lying under my pillow, or held for safety in my feverish hands. Afterward I remember, though vaguely, voyaging over miles of visionless waters, and finding Willie, not a heart-broken exile, but happy in a new home, and renouncing the land of his troubles and mine. But I was restless there, and must return; and returning found that the old empty house, with its death-stained attic, had been pulled down as an accursed dwelling, and not one stone of it remained upon another. Yet for me at every Eastertide it is erected again, and the tragedy of my life is acted out once more. Whatever else I forget, or whatever else my mind refuses to receive, there abides with me ever and ever the memory of my fell, remorseless purpose, and of my cruel hatred, darker in its sin than George Denning's unmeditated crime.



HON. LELAND STANFORD, PRESIDENT OF CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, OF CALIFORNIA.

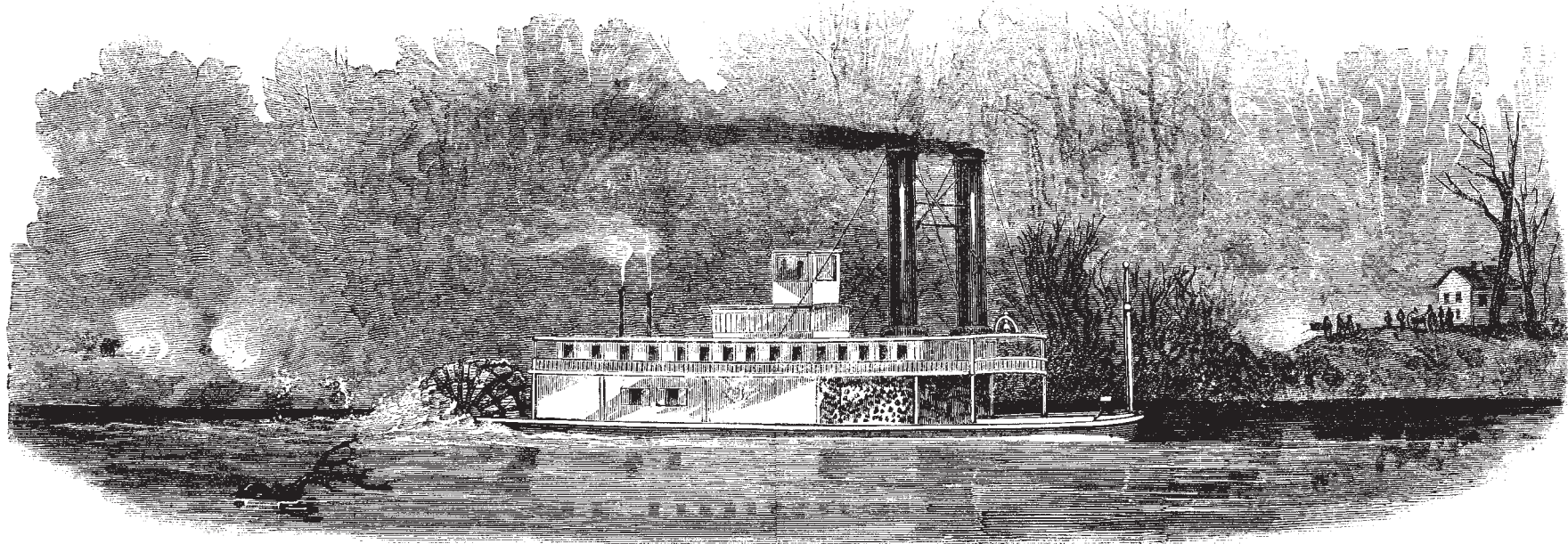
We present our readers this week with an accurate Portrait of LELAND STANFORD, President of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, and late Governor of that State. The Company of which Mr. Stanford is President was organized in 1861. In 1862 the Pacific Railroad Bill was passed by Congress; and under the provisions of this law the Company are pushing their end of the proposed road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the Great Basin, with the permission to continue it until it shall meet and unite with the Eastern section. We need not speak of the importance of this road, which connects the East with the gold-producing region on the coast of the Pacific, and will only say that Governor Stanford has been intimately connected with the enterprise from the first, having at an early period appreciated its value, and having devoted to it much of his time and energy.

THE STEAMER "BRAZIL" FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS.

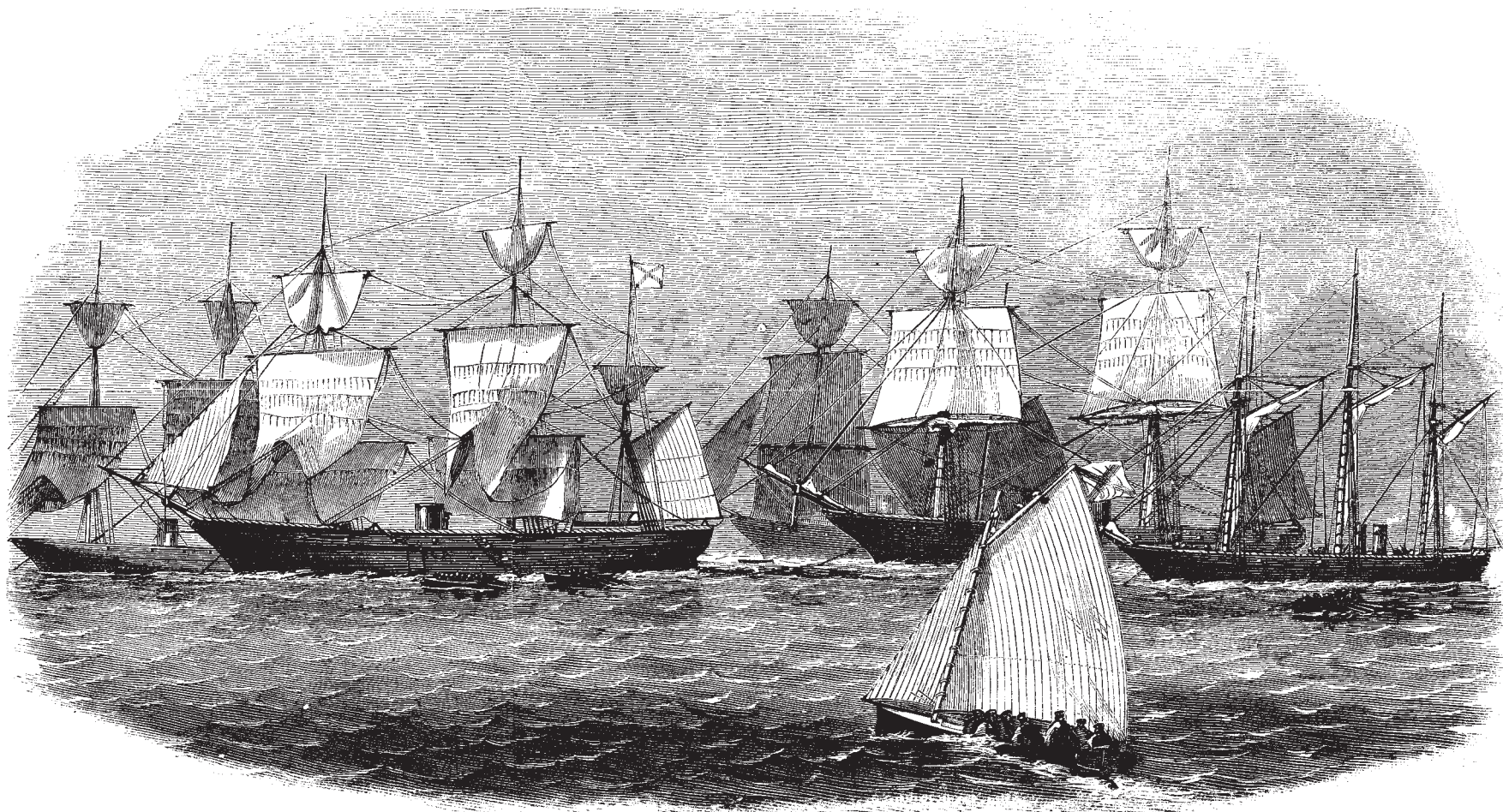
On this page our readers will find a sketch representing an attack made upon the steamer *Brazil* by a band of guerrillas on the banks of the Mississippi, the 11th of last December. The scene is two miles below Rodney. Two ladies were killed in this attack, and three men wounded. The event has been one of frequent occurrence for several months, though it is hoped measures are already being taken by Government to prevent its repetition.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, one of the great English novelists (whose portrait we give on page 61), was born in Calcutta, in 1811, and died in London on the 24th of December, 1863. His father was a civil officer in the service of the East India Company, and died when Thackeray was in his seventh year. The boy was soon after carried to En-



THE STEAMER "BRAZIL," FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

gland, but he never forgot the scenes of his earliest childhood, and in his novels the characters and circumstances of Anglo-Indian life vividly reappear. Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, one of the tenderest and most beautiful characters in fiction, all—as it were—smell of bamboo and camphor trunks. On his way to England the ship touched at St. Helena, and the boy, strolling in the charge of his attendant, saw the Emperor Napoleon, an incident which was always fresh in his memory, and to which he alludes in one of his lectures upon the Georges. In London he was sent to the Charter House School, which he has described in "The Newcomes;" and went afterward to the University at Cambridge, which he left without a degree. His recollections of university life supplied him with the material of delightful chapters in "Pendennis." Soon after leaving Cambridge he came into possession of a pretty fortune of twenty thousand pounds; and to pursue his studies in Art, for which he had much love but less talent, he lived upon the Continent for several years.

Abandoning the profession of an artist, however, in which he felt that he was not likely to excel, and losing much of his fortune by unlucky speculations, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature. His first essays were in the *London Times*, where he wrote a paper upon Fielding, whom he always considered the great master of English fiction; and he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a great variety of essays and sketches, sparkling with exuberant humor and satire, under the names of Michel Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz Booble. The first, which was his favorite pseudonym, is itself a stroke of his peculiar humor, for he had a Michel-Angelesque nose, and his frame was large and tall, and he assaulted with tremendous vigor what are called the little things of society. In one of the author-portraits of *Fraser* called "Our Contributors" (which is reproduced in Bohn's edition of *Father Prout's Reliques*), there is the head which we publish in this paper—a score of years younger, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and humor—a Saxon Rabelais. Yet so little impression was made by Thackeray's earlier writings that *Horne's Spirit of the Age*, published in 1843, which contains sketches of many authors now forgotten, does not even mention Michel Angelo Titmarsh.



THE LATE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"James's Diary" and "The Snob Papers," published in *Punch*, to which he was one of the most constant and the cleverest contributors, made his reputation.

But "Vanity Fair," begun serially in 1847, the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he found a publisher with difficulty, established Thackeray's position among the chief English authors.

"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis" and "Henry Esmond," and by the Lectures upon the English Humorists, which were delivered in 1851, to great and delighted audiences in London and elsewhere in Great Britain, and subsequently in this country. They were, in many respects—as delivered by him—the most delightful lectures ever heard. His American visit was altogether agreeable and profitable to him. Upon his return to England he published "The Newcomes," the ripest and finest of his works, and the best novel of English society since Fielding's "Tom Jones." This was followed by the Lectures upon the Georges, which were delivered in Great Britain and in America, to which he made a second visit in 1855-'6. They were even more popular at home than the earlier series.

Upon his second return to England, mindful of Addison and Prior, Thackeray was not unwilling to try his political chances, and offered himself as a liberal Parliamentary candidate for Oxford in 1857. He was defeated by a majority of 67. He immediately began the serial publication of "The Virginians," a story of English and American life during the Revolution. But his heart was clearly not in the work, and it was less successful than its predecessors. In January, 1860, the *Cornhill Magazine* began under his editorship. He remained in charge of it for two years, and contributed to it "Lovel the Widower," "The Adventures of Philip," and the charming essays lately collected, and the last book of Thackeray, called "The Roundabout Papers." A new novel by him was already announced in the *Cornhill*, but on the day before Christmas, 1863, after but a day's illness, he was found dead in his bed, not having completed his fifty-third year.

We but mention here a few names and dates, which are of permanent interest and significance in English literature. Elsewhere in these pages we endeavor to say something of the character and genius of a great author, of a tender, true, and generous man.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1864.

