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I WALKED down the garden-walk
To bid my love good-by,
And as I passed the roses' stalk
What should my eyes espy
But, nestled like a brooding dove
In some sequestered spot,
The very thing I told my love—
A dear "FORGET-ME-NOT!"

I stooped and plucked the little flower.
He said, "What do you seek?"
I answered, "In the twilight hour
Let *this*, love, for me speak!"
I twined it softly in his vest,
His arms were round me furled—
And as I leaned upon his breast
He said I was "his world!"

His sword was girt upon his thigh,
His plume waved in the breeze;
And all the twilight seemed to sigh
Among the garden trees!
I looked into his eyes and felt
As happy maidens feel,
When first two loving spirits melt
In one for woe or weal.

He drew me closer to his heart,
My hand was on his breast;
He said, "My love! though now we part,
This heart can never rest
Until I bring you back your flower,
And claim, where now we stand,
In some sweet, future twilight hour,
This darling little hand!"

These were the words I heard him say—
The last I ever heard!
I saw him slowly ride away
While not a step I stirred.
I could not move—I saw him turn
And kiss his hand to me.
Ah! how my spirit *then* did yearn
For what would never be.

This little casket that I wear
The rest can better tell—
A withered flower, a lock of hair,
A blood-stained word, "Farewell!"
They buried him upon the field,
Upon the battle-plain;
And life to me can never yield
A comfort to my pain

I often, at the twilight hour,
Steal down the garden-walk,
Where once I plucked the little flower
Beneath the roses' stalk;
And when I reach the wicker-gate,
And no one else is nigh,
I almost think I see him wait,
As then, to say "Good-by."

And sometimes, when the shadows creep
Along the garden-wall,
I hear a voice which makes me weep
Out of the darkness call.
It seems to say—as still I stand
Upon the same old spot—
"I'm waiting for that little hand—
My dear, FORGET-ME-NOT!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

QUAKER EXEMPTION.

THE petition to exempt Quakers from military service, on the ground of conscientious scruples against war, has excited a great deal of thoughtful sympathy. The statement made in it of the undaunted moral heroism and suffering of some Quakers, among the rebels, who had been drafted and who declined to serve is very touching and impressive. In one case a man was tortured and barely escaped with his life. In another, one was ordered to be shot, and when the file of soldiers who were to execute the sentence saw the victim and heard him calmly praying that they might be forgiven for their involuntary crime, they refused to fire. These are incidents which recall the testimony of the early Quakers. They show that the old spirit is not extinct, and that George Fox and James Naylor still survive under other names.

And yet the principle of exempting men from their share of any common public burden merely upon their assertion of conscientious objection to bearing it, is not and can not be admissible. For the evidence of this truth we need look no further than the late proposition in Congress to exempt from service all who were sincerely opposed to the prosecution of the war. That is simply a proposition to submit to the overthrow of the Government, and with it, to the destruction of all the securities of civil and religious liberty. If the principle be allowed that the assertion of conscientious objection to war in general shall exempt a citizen, the same objection to a particular war upon any ground whatever must equally exempt him. But government of any kind, whether proceeding from the popular will or from the will of one man, is based upon force; it is the agreement that we will do, or, failing the will, that we shall be compelled to do, what the public good requires. If A steals B's money, or coat, or bread, is he to be excused from punishment upon the ground that he is conscientiously opposed to the holding of private property?

Of course we are not saying that a man must submit his conscience to the law, nor denying that very bad and very wicked laws may be often made. An honorable man, for instance, would as willingly obey a law to strike his mother, or a law to kill his child under two years of age, as a law to return an innocent man to slavery from which he was escaping. Every human instinct, every noble and just feeling protests against such a law. If you could find a people who would quietly submit to perpetrate such a crime under the pretense that it was law, you would find a people so morally torpid and corrupt that it would be a relief to the world to sweep them out of it.

What, then, is the alternative? It is very plain. It is to acknowledge the necessity of government or of authority, while you refuse obedience to the special claim; and that you do by yielding to the penalty if it shall be enforced. In this country, for instance, the best citizens were conscientiously opposed to Mason's infamous Fugitive Slave Law. The result was that it was constantly evaded, and when occasionally executed it was with great pomp of force. It is not yet formally repealed, but it is practically obsolete, because the universal conscience of the American people repudiates it. Yet, in the days when its enforcement was attempted, it was wiser for those who rejected it to bear the penalty and go to prison rather than resist it by arms; because, when the people see the best men sent to jail for not obeying a law, they can not help asking what kind of a law is it which the purest and most peaceful people repudiate, while by suffering the penalty they acquiesce in necessary authority. If that people is not debauched, they will soon have the law changed or inoperative. If they are debauched, then a free government has failed.

If, then, the Quakers are conscientiously opposed to war, at a time when it seems to the people that their rights can be secured in no other way, it is a hard case for both sides. The prosecution of the war requires the draft. If there were any conceivable way of determining whether conscientious scruples really exist, the release from service ought to be willingly granted wherever they were established; because if the mass of the people were sincerely opposed to maintaining their liberties by fighting, they would be sincerely in favor of submitting to the rebellion, and the war would end in the destruction of the Government, the ruin of the nation, and the overthrow of all hope of civil and religious liberty—and this by consent of the people. But there can be no way devised of ascertaining the sincerity of such scruples. It is therefore plainly impossible that the mere assertion of them should be sufficient. And it seems to us that every honest and patriotic Quaker will a thousand times more willingly acknowledge the authority of the Government which he wishes to see maintained, by paying the penalty of disobedience to its law, rather than by asking for legal release from obedience upon grounds which can never be satisfactorily established.

DELEND A EST CARTHAGO.

THERE are signs of the most extraordinary political freshet ever known. Four years ago it was dangerous even in many Northern cities to allude warmly to slavery. Public opinion was opposed to the discussion of the subject. Men spoke upon it at some peril to their lives. And now it seems that slavery is about to be swept away by a torrent of universal public reprobation. Whoever listens closely can plainly hear the heart of the country saying, "It is the public enemy; let it die the death."

Of course this is not the evidence of an entire moral national regeneration. It is the proof only that the hour has arrived, which always arrives in the progress of civilization, and without which, indeed, there would be no progressive civilization whatever, when it is clearly seen that what is true and good is also politic. It is in vain that this is abstractly shown. But when it is practically perceived a great forward step in civilization is taken. When it is generally felt that morality lightens the taxes a community becomes moral. In this country the slave despotism held us bound so long and so hopelessly, because we were so prosperous and the evil was to us at the North so theoretical, that our sympathies and human instincts pleaded in vain against our apparent interests. The argument against Mr. Lincoln, as against every man whom the slave-lords did not support, was, that if he succeeded grass would grow in the streets and blood run in the gutters. What was called the "Union" party of the North before the insurrection of slavery was simply an organization of timidity, whose argument was, that it was better to let the Southern policy rule the country, because it would otherwise try to ruin it. That was the final philosophy of all such movements as the Castle Garden meeting, and none more than those concerned will freely confess it. It was a question of policy, and it seemed to them to be best to pat and pacify. "Perhaps I compromised too long," frankly says Mr. Everett, in a recent address.

Now a great many persons who supported this policy really hated slavery, and saw the ghastly wounds it was constantly inflicting upon the country, but thought that they had no right to say anything about it. They were ready enough to send an army of missionaries, under the protection of a huge society, to preach against the religion and convert the natives of Cochin China and Thibet—if they could get there; but they were unwilling to say that the industrial system of their neighbors was wrong. Others declined to hear or say anything about it, under the conviction that they had no constitutional right to think or say that it was wrong to imbrute a man, or to sell your own daughter, or whip a woman to death because she pined when her child was stolen from her. Still others, and the larger number, cared nothing about the matter, except heartily to denounce the Abolitionists as incendiaries, and fraternize with "the gentlemanly and high-toned Southerners"—meaning slaveholders. The general feeling was that nothing could be done, even if it were a bad thing, and therefore it was fast becoming the fashion to declare that it was a good thing.

The Kansas troubles opened the eyes of the great mass of the people to the fact that the system was the direct rival of every free settler in the country. The question added a material argument to its moral appeal, and from that moment the overthrow of slavery was fixed. But under the Union its extinction would be peaceful. Consequently, as a last desperate resource, its chiefs tried war, counting upon the timidity of trade and the party-organization of the free States friendly to slavery. Both failed them. Every day, from the 12th of April, 1861, it has been clearer to the American people that slavery is the enemy of their industry, of their trade, of their peace, and of their Union. Every day we have been moving nearer and nearer to unanimity in opposition to it, however we might differ about the method of ending it. The most unprincipled newspapers and politicians see the inevitable and irresistible current of events. Even James Spence, the rebel agent in England, does not dare to face civilization and plead the cause for which the rebels are fighting their fellow-citizens, and massacring the noblest youth. The war is the fierce death-struggle of the monster, and whoever would end the war will strike at the serpent. Men of all parties, of all policies, of all convictions upon other subjects, repeat the cry which long and long ago pealed majestically from despised lips: "It is the common enemy. Let it die the death!"

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE speeches of Thiers and Jules Favres in the French Chambers are the most menacing sounds that Louis Napoleon has ever heard. The criticisms of Thiers especially, upon the imperial policy, are the censure of the common sense of France upon its government. In his last discourse the historian strips the facts of the Mexican expedition of all their glamour, and shows that a French army and fleet are engaged in an enterprise which is costly without profit, and perilous without honor. A year ago the Emperor put forth a resonant programme, and sent

an army to fulfill the destiny of the Latin race, and now the terrible orator of the Opposition declares that all that can be hoped is that France may be able to retire from the imperial programme without disgrace. In fact now, for the first time, Louis Napoleon tolerates a critic, and he will inevitably find that Thiers must be silenced, or that the empire is in danger.

Thiers does not fear an immediate interference upon our part. But he thinks that when our war is over our soldiers will pass into Mexico, and that consequences which he intimates rather than describes will follow. Maximilian must then be supported by French bayonets against American immigrants and the Mexican people; for Thiers says that he does not see that the Mexicans are favorable to France. Indeed, it is very clear that the shrewd old politician, whose political reputation is that of sagacity rather than of principle, is of the opinion of Richard Cobden, that Louis Napoleon has made the great mistake of his life.

Meanwhile we can do nothing but observe. If France, or any other power, directly interferes in our war, she will be called to account, as England was in the matter of the rams. But for the operations of other powers in other parts of the world, however we may consider ourselves indirectly threatened, we can have but an attentive eye. Mr. M'Dougall's proposition in the Senate, to declare ourselves dissatisfied with the attitude of France, and to menace her, compels the inquiry what we mean to do if France replies that she does not hold herself responsible to us for her foreign policy in other countries than our own. Does the Senator propose that we shall make war upon France? If so, will he indicate the army, or the fleet, or the necessary millions of dollars, with which the war is to be waged? Our present contest is perhaps enough for the moment. The vindication of other people's honor may be wisely left until it is finally settled that we have maintained our own. Nor ought patriots of the M'Dougall school to forget that while Thiers is the most dangerous enemy of Louis Napoleon invading and conquering Mexico, Thiers would be the most able and unwavering leader of France in a war with the United States. It is in this view that the caution of the Secretary of State appears to be the truest political wisdom.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WHEN Mr. Douglas appeared at the last inauguration ball as the next friend of Mrs. Lincoln, he took symbolically the position which his party ought to have assumed, if it hoped to retain any hold upon the American people. He said in effect, "I am for the Union and the Government unconditionally." He died, and left no successor. No leader of even tolerable capacity has taken his place; and the party of which he was easily the head has dwindled and dwindled until it has now virtually disappeared. There are, in Congress and elsewhere, many faithful men who cling to the names Democrat and Democratic; but the disloyal men there and elsewhere assume the same name, and it is a question which will finally secure it.

Had Mr. Douglas lived he would have been the dictator of his party. His futile pretense of squatter sovereignty as a solution of our troubles was but the transparent confession that the old platform of his party, the protection of slavery, was untenable. He saw that the only hope of his party for the future was in the extreme anti-slavery ground. How to get it there was a tremendous, an impossible task at that time. He was frantic. He tried to ride two horses, each running furiously in opposite directions. His fall was inevitable; and, like Webster, he fell and died. Yet could he have survived, the war would have shown him the way to future power, and he would have dared to take it. He would have done from policy what Mr. Sumner in the Senate, and Mr. Arnold in the House, have done from principle, and have called for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.

The true men of his party are coming to that position. They see that henceforth emancipation is as much a fixed fact in this country as independence was after the Revolution. They know that hereafter such gentlemen as Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Mr. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut, and Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, are as impossible leaders of any great popular party as Aaron Burr was after the failure of his conspiracy. For such persons as these comprehend neither men nor principles, neither policy nor history. They are the dry froth left upon the sides of a vessel from which the foaming wine has been poured away.

The terrible logic of events has brought all loyal citizens to the same platform. The attempt to perpetuate old names and lines has resulted in the distinct division of the late Democratic party into two wings, one of which practically sustains the rebellion, and the other the Union. Whoever studies carefully the votes in Congress will observe that such representatives as Mallory, Cox, Chanler, and the Woods, work steadily against the Union and the National Government; while such as Odell and Griswold, with their friends, support the Government, while they try to maintain an appear-

ance of party unity with the first-named, under the pretense, as we said last week, of a "Constitutional opposition."

Why do these gentlemen pursue this course? Why do they not see that their true policy is the public repudiation of all such fellowship? They know that the self-imposed mission of Mr. Fernando Wood is the destruction of the party with which he professes to act; and the method he takes is the proposition of measures which he knows will disgust the country. So long as he is permitted to use the party name, so long the party name shares the odium of his measures and of the support of his faction. Upon his ground the restoration of the party is impossible. In his hands the infamy of the Democratic name is sure. The only hope of its honorable salvation is in the cordial co-operation of those who value it with the predominant sentiment of the country in the hearty, open support of the emancipation policy and of the President who has adopted it. The President is the representative of all in the country who believe that the question is simply Slavery or No-slavery; the destruction of the Government or its salvation.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE story lately told and widely repeated that Mrs. Lincoln had sent flowers to a notorious apostle of "peace," to decorate his house for a ball, is a good illustration of the inaccuracy and injustice of the reports upon which we form our opinions of public persons and measures. The facts are merely these: There is a conservatory attached to the White House, which supplies flowers for the Presidential parties and for such friends as the President or his wife may choose. The wife of the person in question wrote a note asking for flowers. A reply was sent that there were no more than the mistress of the White House required for her own purposes, and with the reply a bouquet was sent, that the wife of the President might not seem churlish in refusing.

Such a story is not worth attention, except as an illustration of the persistent hostility of criticism which has pursued the wife of the President from the beginning of the war, and as falsely as in this instance. There was a time when it was openly insinuated that she furnished information to the rebels, and was the enemy of her husband and the country. That time is long passed, but the venomous tongue of gossip still darts at its victim. There was a time, also, when it was the fashion to sneer at the President as an incompetent officer and trivial joker. But of all living men in the country at this moment whose name is likely to be most illustrious in history?

PROFANITY.

UNCLE TOBY tells us that our army swore dreadfully in Flanders. He spoke of the British army; but evidently they did not use up all the profanity in the world. For our army swears awfully in the cars and elsewhere. Why should they? Why should you, dear brethren and gentlemen? What is the use or beauty of saying, "Apple-boy! G—d—your soul to h—! Don't try to shove off your G—d—rotten old apples on me, G—d— you!" Is it manly? Is it brave? Is it anything but a silly swagger? To talk loud, to swear, to whistle, to shout, to sing in a quiet car with quiet people, merely brings you and the whole army into contempt.

It is easy enough to see that it is generally the sheerest affectation. Of course if you get drunk, if you make yourselves beasts, dear brethren, before you get into the cars, you will infallibly behave bestially when you are there. But to hear such hearty, intelligent, sound, and manly fellows as any traveler may now meet upon any train, roaring out the most odious oaths about nothing whatever is pitiful. Of all tricks it is the poorest and meanest. If you get drunk you may steal and be jugged; or you may murder and be hanged. If you lie you may fall into awful scrapes, after which you will never be believed again. There is some risk in these things, and where there is risk there is a certain kind of courage in braving it. But to swear foully, to damn every body and every thing, to be a nasty nuisance with your indecent tongue—this is as honorable, as manly, as soldierly as to insult a woman who has nobody to defend her.

Our army swore dreadfully in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but he did not say that they fought more bravely for it.

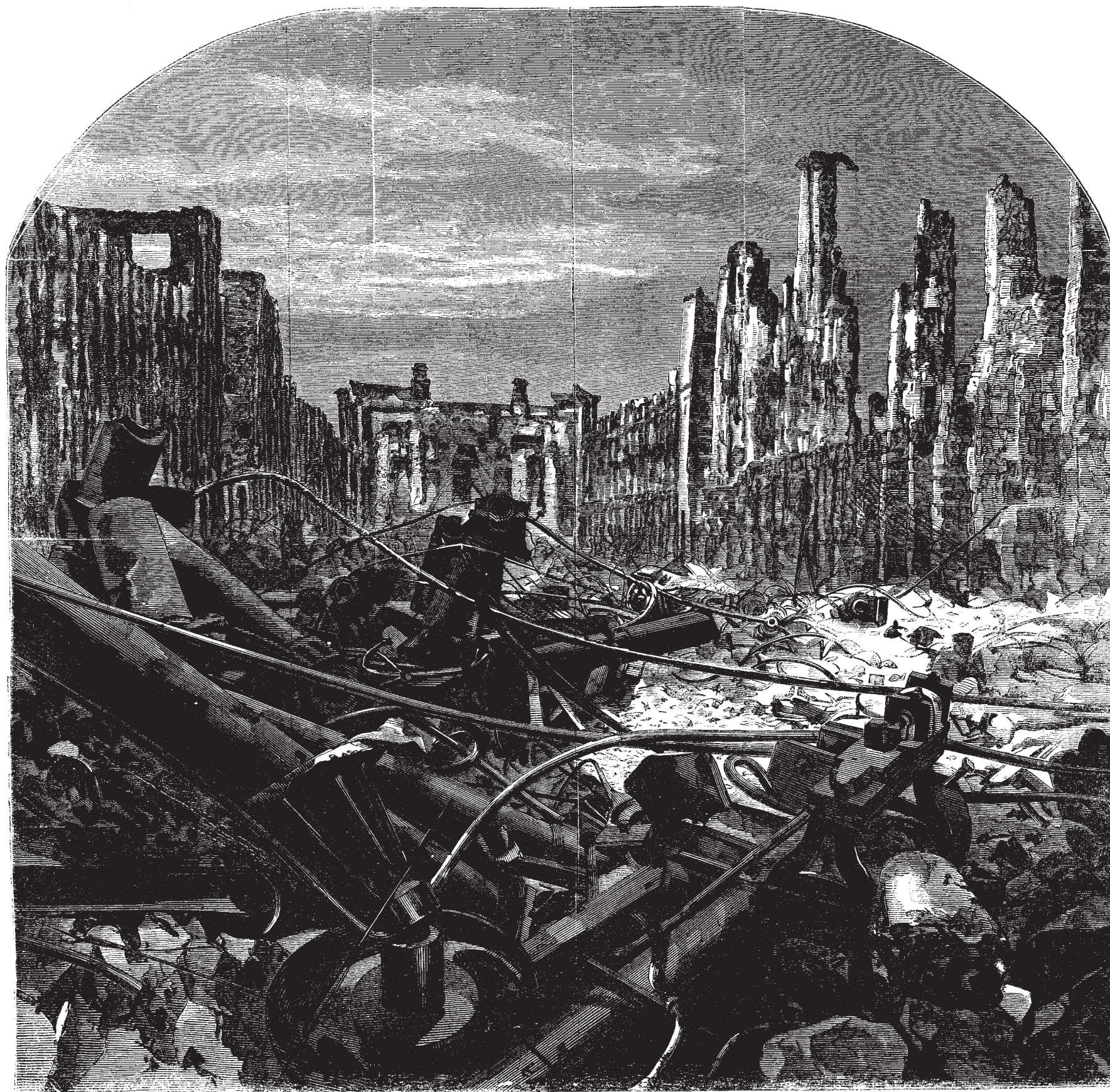
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

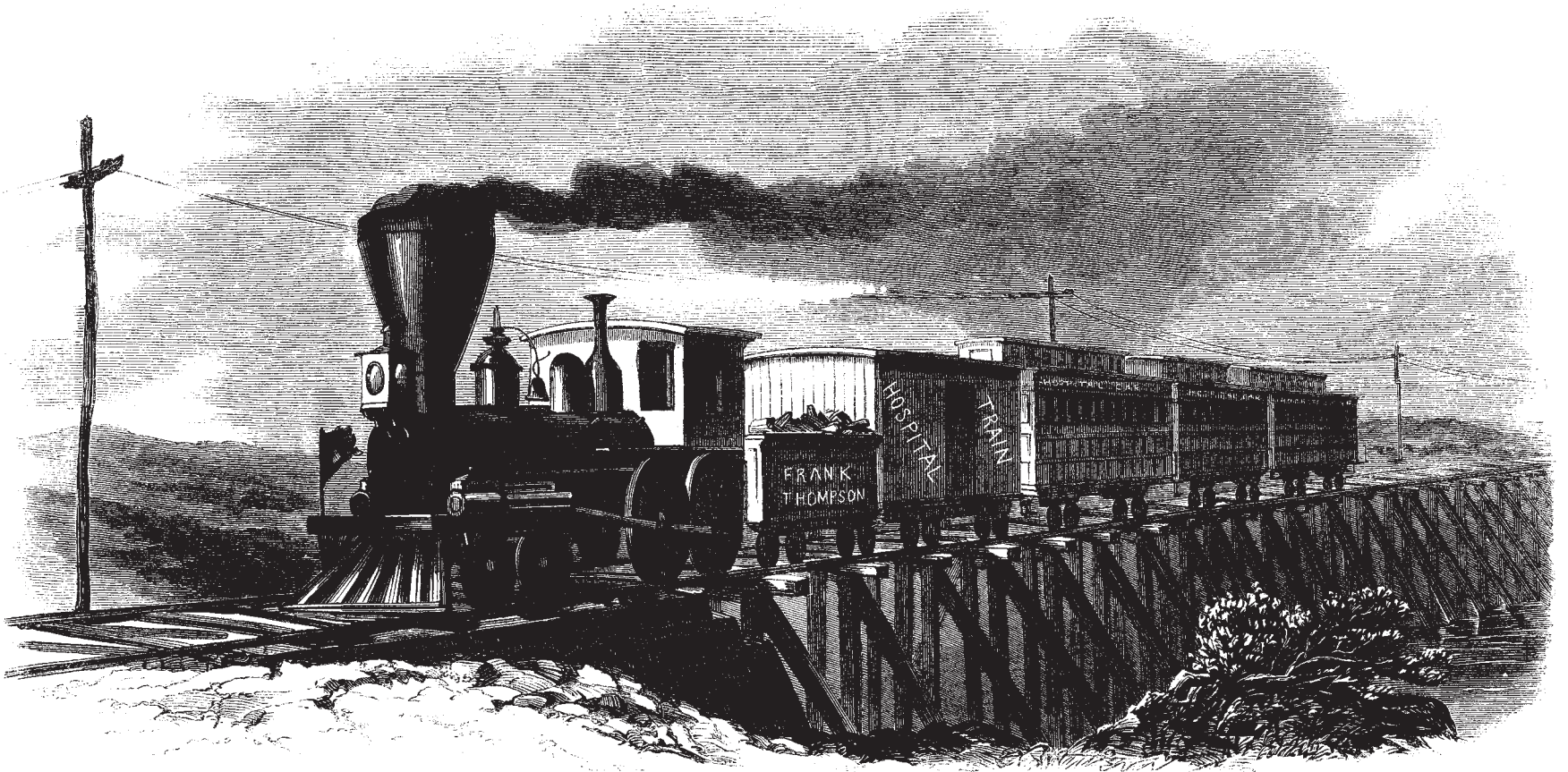
SENATE.—February 10. Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the joint resolution for amending the Constitution just proposed by Mr. Sumner, which reads, "Every where within the limits of the United States and each State and Territory thereof all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave." Some time before Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, had offered a joint resolution to a similar purport. In lieu of this the Committee presented the following joint resolution for amending the Constitution: "Article 13, Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." This article, if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress concur, is to be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths of these, to be valid as a part of the Constitution.—Mr. Clark offered a resolution ratifying the President's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, and giving it the force of a statute: referred.—Mr. Brown offered amendments to the Enrollment bill, confirming the Emancipation Proclamation, abolishing slavery, and sub-



COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—EXTERIOR.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.]



COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—INTERIOR.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.—[SEE PAGE 134.]



HOSPITAL TRAIN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

HOSPITAL TRAINS.

ONE of our special artists sends us from Chattanooga a sketch, which we here reproduce, representing a HOSPITAL TRAIN ON ITS WAY FROM THAT PLACE TO NASHVILLE, under the care of Dr. MYERS. Until very recently the transportation of our sick

and wounded soldiers by rail has been attended with very severe suffering from the jostling motion of the car. It first occurred to a surgeon, while witnessing the intense agony of these poor fellows, that the difficulty might be obviated by mechanical means. Directly and upon the spot he sketched the model of a car, in the contrivance of which the problem was

satisfactorily solved. The plan was immediately adopted by Government, and now constitutes the prominent feature of the hospital train. Food of the most nourishing kind is furnished the wounded men, who, when they have arrived at their journey's end, are taken directly to the hospital upon the same stretchers which answer as couches upon

the car. These beds are suspended from India-rubber bands attached to the frame-work of car, and, yielding to the slightest motion of the car, are as comfortable as the beds of the hospital. Our artist has given not only an exterior view of the train, but also an interior of one of the cars, disclosing the arrangements by which the soldier's comfort is secured.

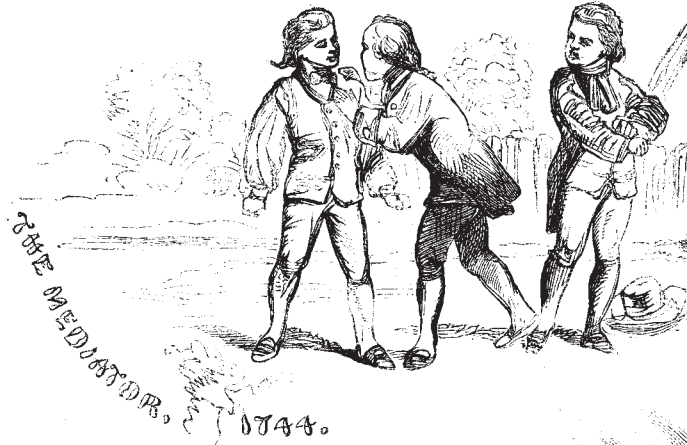


THE INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL CAR.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

PICTURES FROM



MARRIAGE, 1759.



THE MEDIATOR, 1744.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH



RESIGNING HIS



TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY, JULY 12TH 1775.



PRESIDENT, 1789.

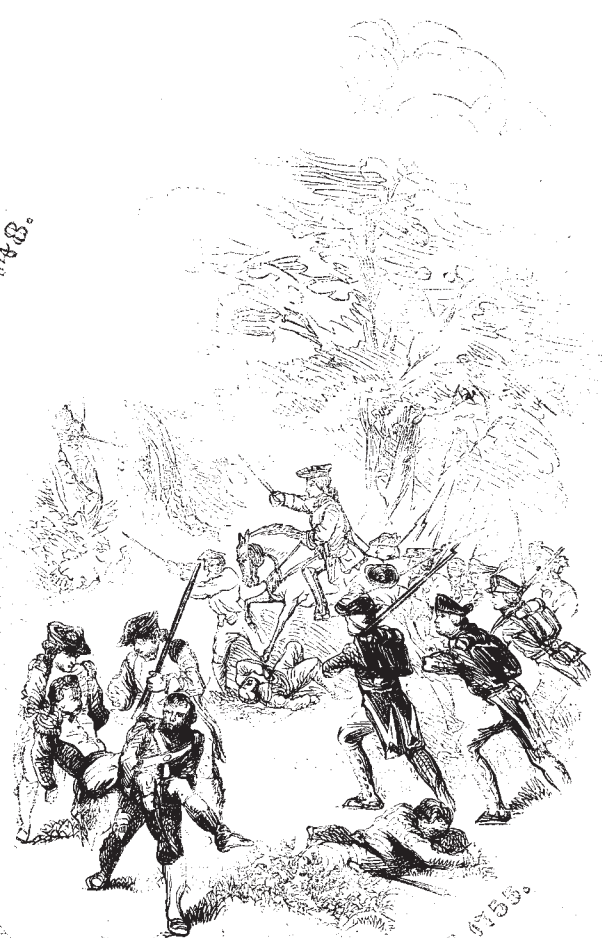
George FEB. 22^D





THE LIFE OF

PLACE, FEB. 22, 1732.



COMMISSION. 1783.

YORKTOWN, 1781.



DEATH. - 1799.

Washington

1732.

"No, you needn't," replied Mrs. W. "I guess I'll put it on. It'll carry easy that-a-way." And suiting the action to the word, she clasped the glittering trophy round her wrist, and walked majestically out of the place.

The cheap jewelry period has expired, thought I. "Do you know that lady?" asked I of the salesman, whom I knew quite well.

"No, do you know her, Mr. Tomkins? She has a smack of 'shoddy' about her, I should say."

"Probably," I answered; "or the equivalent of shoddy. Her name was Jaynan Hubbs when I first knew her, and her mother was my laundress. Subsequently she married a 'boss' soap-fat man, as I was told, of the name of Weevil, and—"

"Weevil!" exclaimed the salesman. "Why, that's the man that has made such a pile of money out of a contract for the hides, hoofs, and the other remains of the slaughtered cattle of one of our armies. He's just bought Ducksandrage's splendid house out, Gooseberry Street, you know, and they're going to give a tremendous opening ball or *soirée*, or something, next week."

"What, at this season?"

"Oh! they'll find plenty of people to go. Besides, now I remember, it's a *matinée*, by-the-by. So he was a soap-fat man, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Two days after this little incident I received, very much to my surprise, the following card, splendidly embossed and engraved in bronzed letters "old English" style:

Mr. and Mrs. Weeville
AT HOME

May the ---th, from 2 till 6 P.M.

[RECEPTION AND BANQUET.]

No. 5 Gooseberry Street.

I did not go, however. My afternoon, that day, was spent in one of the Soldiers' Hospitals, where I wrote sixteen letters from sixteen poor fellows to their families. It wasn't as brilliant an entertainment as I should have enjoyed at Mrs. Weevil's, probably. But quite as useful and instructive, I fancy.

At any rate, I don't regret my absence from the one, nor my presence at the other scene of our domestic drama.

Here ends, for the present, my "ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN."

THE MALDEN BANK MURDER.

THE MURDER OF FRANK CONVERSE, on the 15th of last December, by EDWARD GREEN, whose portrait is given herewith, has excited the most intense interest. The murder was committed in the prosperous village of Malden, a few miles out of Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was done at noonday, in a Bank, situated in the business part of the town, and yet so secretly that it left no trace of the doer, and the murderer passed from the banking-office to his own place of business, with no more suspicion attaching to him than to any other man at that time walking the streets of Malden. The victim was a boy of seventeen, son of the President of the bank, and was alone in the directors' room, in charge of \$5000, which had just been counted out to him by the cashier for business use. The murderer



EDWARD W. GREEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. R. J. CHUTE, BOSTON.]

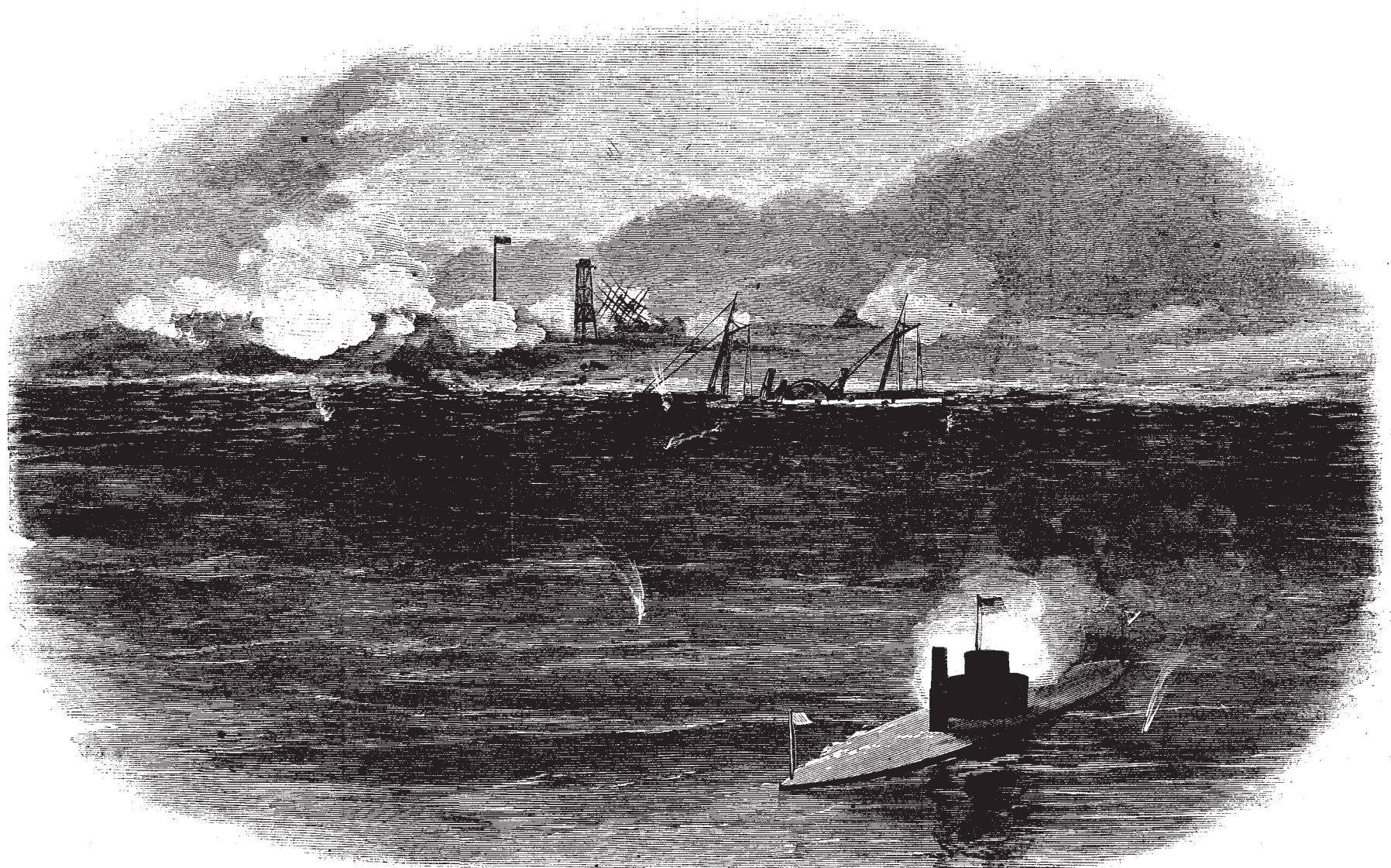
having made a visit to the bank earlier in the day for the purpose of reconnoissance, immediately upon the departure of the cashier returned, and finding young Converse alone, drew from his pocket a six-shooter, and, placing the muzzle within a foot of the boy's head, fired, the ball entering back of the ear; another discharge was then lodged in the temple of the victim, who had fallen to the floor. To secure the bills in the drawer was the work of a moment, and the next the murderer mingled with the innocent passengers on the street. That a murder and robbery had been committed was all that transpired at the time. About three weeks after-

ward certain suspicious circumstances led to the apprehension of Mr. Bailey, who, upon examination, was acquitted. The name of the real murderer was not mentioned or thought of in connection with the crime; he was not one of the witnesses on Bailey's case, nor was he even mentioned in the inquest. But the "miraculous organ" through which the secret of murder always finds its way into publicity speaks through silence no less surely than through overt expression; and, in this case, the fact that there was one individual—the Postmaster of Malden—who never showed any interest in the murder, nor in the most casual manner ever mentioned it, drew

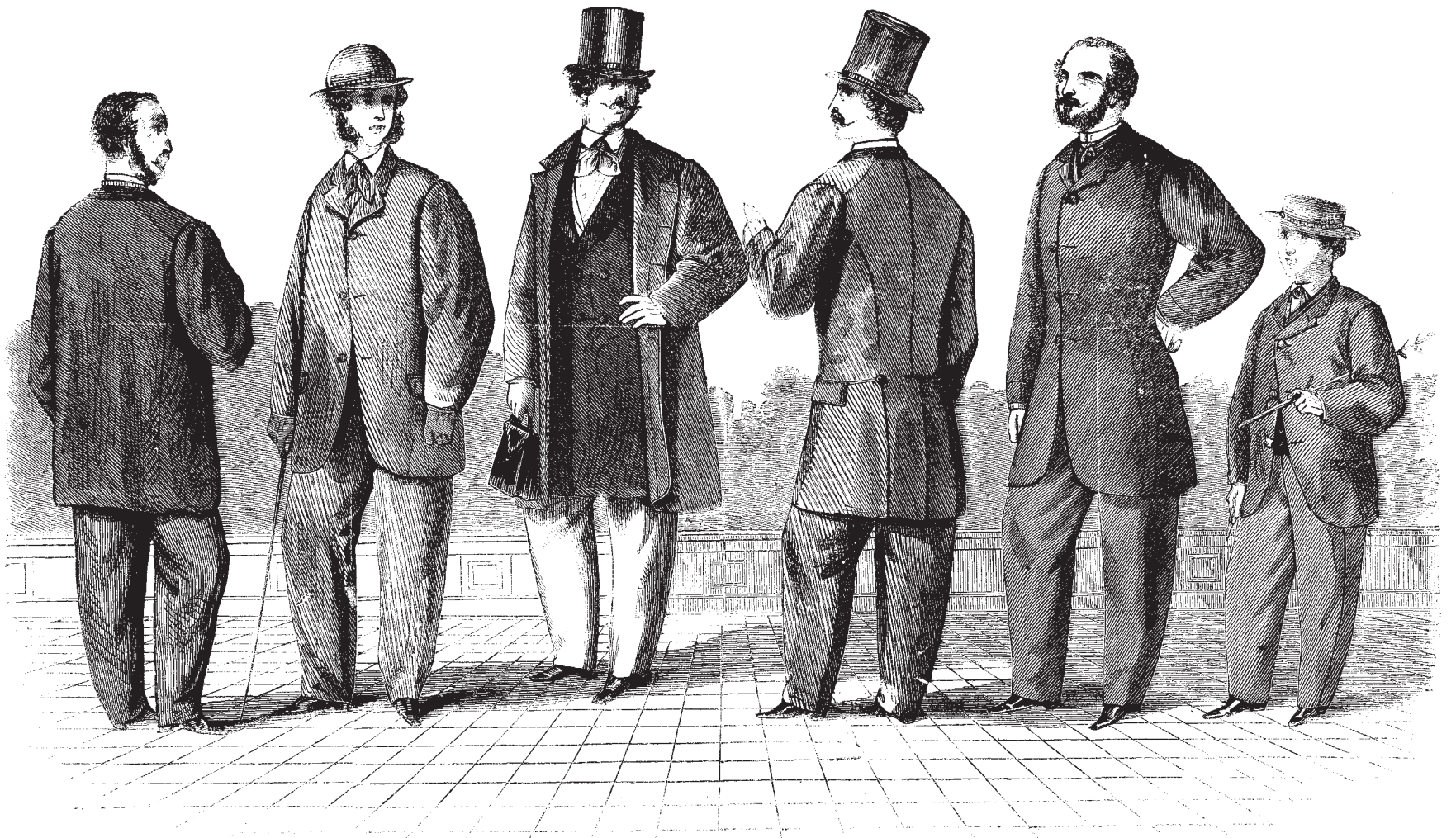
the attention of two detectives, Heath and Jones, who were determined to ferret out the criminal, and also of several prominent citizens. His utter silence was the beginning of the net which soon began to close about the murderer. The other steps followed rapidly after, and as a natural consequence. The bills which had been taken were all of the Malden bank; the Postmaster was known to be involved in debt, and this would doubtless have been the motive leading to the crime. Totally unaware of suspicion, and placed, as it seemed, by his responsible position in society beyond all chances of suspicion, he would venture to pass, at least in Boston, a considerable amount of the plunder in payment of his dues. He was watched by a special detective every time he came to the city; and, step by step, the suspicions which had been aroused ripened into conviction. He had paid a debt of \$700 in Malden Bank bills, and other debts of \$20 and under in the same money. This, taken in connection with the remarkable silence of Green on the subject of the murder, furnished indubitable proof of his guilt, and he was arrested Sunday evening, February 7, at the residence of Mr. Lamson, whether he had been invited. He exhibited very little feeling, but confessed his guilt as soon as he found that he had been watched for the last month, and informed the detectives that they would find the rest of the money, part of it in the post-office, where it was concealed in an old boot, and the remainder in the attic of the Volunteer Fire-Engine House. The arrest of Green caused considerable surprise among his fellow-citizens, who had reposed the most complete trust in him for years. The photograph which we give was taken about a fortnight after the murder—over a month previous to his detection. Green is a young man of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, and rather short in stature. He has a wife and infant child. His wife is an estimable lady, and the fate of her husband excites in her the most heart-rending grief of which a true and honorable woman is susceptible.

SHELLING OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

WE give on this page a sketch, sent us by an occasional artist, of the destruction of an Anglo-Rebel blockade-runner, which was discovered on the morning of February 2, upon the rising of the fog which generally conceals the fleet and the shore during the damp nights of this season. She was a handsome, long, low, white, side-wheel steamer, built on the Clyde, having two smoke-stacks and two masts, of some seven hundred tons burden. The tide was down, and she was fast aground off Sullivan's Island. Four Monitors moved up in line in the beach channel, and poured their ricochet fire into her, while our heavy Parrott guns on Fort Strong (Wagner) and Battery Chatfield opened a steady fire upon her. The result was a hot engagement, which lasted all day, with all the rebel works on Sullivan's and James islands, and the destruction of the blockade-runner close to the wreck of the *Isaac Smith*, whose iron hull is all that remains of that steamer, imbedded in the sandy beach before the fort. The event was a source of great excitement for our brave fellows during the day, and agreeably diversified the monotony of the siege.



SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AGROUND OFF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



Sack Coat. Sack Coat, front View. Spring Over-Coat. English Walking-Coat. Sack-suit. Boy's suit.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1864.

[FURNISHED BY MESSRS. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NOS. 45 AND 47 CHAMBERS STREET, AND 23 AND 25 READE STREET, NEW YORK.]

The above plate represents a few of the various styles of garments manufactured by the extensive house above-named, for their Spring jobbing business. The wholesale clothing trade in this country has become of such vast importance, as well in its magnitude as in the reduction of prices which it has occasioned in what may be justly regarded as one of the first necessities of man, that it deserves a place in our columns, and our patrons will doubtless be pleased to see other representations from the great warehouse of Messrs. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & Co. This branch of industry is of domestic origin, and was almost unknown forty years ago; the nearest approach to it in that day being the manufacture of clothing by a few individuals in this city who had branches for the sale of

their goods at retail in some of the Southern cities. The demand from Southern merchants, however, which arose for clothing ready made for sale soon developed the wholesale clothing business, and prior to 1837 there were half a dozen or more houses in this city engaged exclusively in the trade, and some of them to a considerable extent. The business was almost wholly confined to the South, and the class of goods made up for the trade at that period was mainly of the lower and inferior grades. The revolution of 1837 prostrated this as well as other branches of business, and extinguished the firms then engaged in it. With the subsequent revival of trade new houses entered into the business, other cities became identified with it, the Western country opened up new markets for its sale, and the business rapidly increased, until, in 1860, it had attained

its zenith. Then came the war, and with it the loss of the Southern indebtedness, in consequence of which it again suffered a temporary reverse. But clothing is an indispensable commodity, and hence we find the business quickly revived under the management of larger, wealthier, and more experienced firms. New York has always been the chief depot of supply, and will always control the largest share of the business. New York clothing is famed far and wide for its excellence—the characteristics which distinguish it above the make of other cities being novelty in the designs, durability and taste in the material and trimmings, and superiority in the workmanship. In former times manufacturers hesitated at making-up any thing above the medium grade of goods. But now, in addition to manufacturing heavy

lines of the medium and lower grades, a first-class house like the one above-named is obliged also to keep a full assortment of fine goods, equal in every respect to the very best custom-made work. There are now engaged in the whole sale clothing trade in this city alone over one hundred firms, with a capital invested of at least ten millions of dollars. The number of operatives in New York and vicinity who gain their living from the clothing trade is about 90,000, one half of whom may be employed on Government work and in the retail trade, and the other half by the wholesale trade, which contributes toward their support not far from ten millions of dollars a year wages. The amount of internal revenue which the Government derives from it is probably more than a million of dollars a year.



THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1864.

