## Harper's Weekly.

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# HARPERST: WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION. 




MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.
GENERAL HUMPHREYS.
THIs veteran commander, whose portrait is given above, entered the Military Academy, from Pennpointed Second Lieutenant in the Artillery, but
acted for a short time as Assistant Professor of Engineering. Ho then served on the sea-board and in the Cherokee Country until assigned to duty with the Topographical Engineers. Afterward be served his gallantry in the engagement of June 9, 1836

general william w. averili.--hotogramied by Beady.-[Ser Page 84.]

| In 1838 he was again assigned to the Engincers, | $\begin{array}{l}\text { the means of preventing inundations and increasing } \\ \text { and in } 1844 \text { was put in charge of the Central Office }\end{array}$ |
| :--- | :--- |
| the depth of water on the bars. This work oceu- |  | and in 1844 was put in charge of the Central Office of the Coast Survev at Washington. In 1848 he was appointed Captain. and in 1850 was directed to unsippi River and Delta, the

the depth of water on the bars. This work occupied nearly ten years, in the course of which he visited Europe. He had, moreover, the charge of the Pacific. In 1861 he became Chief of Topograph-



THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA," AT SAN FRANCISCO.
ieal Engineers on General M'Clellan's staff, and in April, 1862, was appointed Brigadier-General
of Volunteers. In September he was placed in command of the Third Division, Fifth Corps-a new division, with which he made a forced march from Washington, performing 23 miles in one night,
and joined M'Clellan early on the morning after the battle of Antietam, supposing that the battle the battle of Antietam, supposing that the battle
would be renewed. The heroic charge of this division at Fredericksburg and its brilliant conduct at Chancellorsville are fresh in remembrance. When this division of nine months' volunteers was mustered out of service its gallant commander was ap-
pointed Major-General. At Gettysburg he com-
manded a division of the Third Corps, whose nobl conduct needs no fresh mention. Since that time General Humphreys has acted as Chief of Staff to the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA."
The Aquila was some months ago sent from New York to San Francisco, having on board, as freight, of the voyage around Cape Horn, the Aquila was
sunk while lying at a wharf at San Francisco. Our correspondent furnishes us with a sketch of the vessel, taken as she lay on the 25 th of November, just after the accident, which we give on this page. He writes: "Early yesterdaymorning it was announced that the Aquila, having the Camanche on board, had sunk in the night at Hathaway's wharf. It was
too true. After surviving storms and escaping pirates, she had gone down within a stone's-throw of our business thoroughfare. I send you a sketch of her as she lies, with only about twenty-five feet of the aster-hull and deck visible, the sea sweeping through and over her decks. The vessel was
brought in and moored alongside the wharf, the wind blowing freshly down the bay, raising a heavy sea, to which the broadside of the vessel was exposed. Under her stern was a hard bottom, against which she beat, or rather was beaten, until a hole was made, and down she went. At high tide there is 37 or 38 feet of water above her bow.

THE ITALIAN IRON-CLAD
We present on this page a view of the iron-clad steam-frigate $R e d$ talia, built for the Italian Gov-
ernment by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York.


## AVERILLS RAID

We give on page 36 the portrait of Geverne AvERLLL, whose ansh upon the Virginia and Ten-
nessee Railroad is "one of tho most hazardous, important, and successful raids sinco the commencenent of the war." We must defer to a future time a sketch of the services of General Averill. The
 our N nstant in this expedition, which is thus described y a correspondent of the press: "All of the col umns suffered severely from cold and hunger; but the severest suffering was attached to Averill command. The nights were bitter. It rained snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of louds, the twilght approaching, the wearned हol the steep mountain roads; then the desconding of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the round, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passes that seemed to be
the terminus of these mountainous creations, and he terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the moro severe, and he can form but a mero

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 16, 1864.

## THE GOVERNOR AND THE POLICE

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has removed the GT Metropolitan Police Commissioners upon
the ground that their report of tho riots of last the ground that their report of the riots of last
summer is sectarian and partisan. The passage of the report upon which he bases this objection ns follow
"Thono volont proceodlogg had a polltlan dollgn and and poritiana of finfluenceo and Intelligencee. The Board
 Which was expected to occur immedhaty. Membern of


Certainly there could be no simpler or calmer in is here presented. Is it "partisan" to say that the riots spocixed of influenco and intellizence? 3ut Governor Soymour has surely not forgoten his own speech at the Academy of Musig on the 4th of July, about ten days before the riots, in which, after
sneoring at the sncering at the-wir and the Government, he
warns the lathin that mobss can play at necesity Hr that mobs can play at necessity
Zovernment. Governor Seymour to dery other man in the counCoverumertang from the bitter hoosility to the Government and the war, and
the the incessant donunciation of the law of the land
which distinguisted the speches of Vallandiwhich distinguisted the speches of Valtandi-
gham, Brooks, and other nien at the regular meetings of Mr. Luke Cozans's Democratic Association, Mr. Cozans, as is well known, being ernor Seymour surely knows, what no law-obeying citizen has forgotten, that not only did the operation; but that he stood at the Cisty Hall, operation ; but that he stod at the City Hat,
the chief civil magistrate sworn to execute the haws, and told the rioters, recking with whocent and divine, that ho had weked the Government to suspend the operation of the law, which they put forth as their excuse for arson and mnssacre. These are facts of history. Is not Governor Seymour a "partisan of influence and intelligence," and is it an offenso incapachim me of all other instigators of the mob?
Or is sit any loss true that influential papers in the city spoke of theso bloody and murderous that they would lead to some signal and fearful embarrassment of the Government in prosecuting the war? And will any honest man read the daily issues of a single paper, The World, for a
fortnight before the outbreak, and not say that fortnight before the outbreak, and not say that
it gave "encouragement" to the rioters? Is it, it gave "encouragement" to the rioters? Is it,
then, "partisan" to say so? Does a man ceaso to be fit for Police Commissioner because he thinks hat the course of such papers was destructive
It public peace?
that a large part of tho police foctare hat a large pan of we police force were of the A mistake, but how is it "sectarian?" Is it erhaps hiablo dof one relimious faith ? Pies that tho mob fact bo more notrous kith? Bu mob was mostly composed of Trish and that the frish are generally of one faith? Why else did tho Inte Archbistiop Huches summon them do his house, and address them as their spiritual head, and beg them not to disgrace the name of Irishmen and Catholics? To mention these facts, without which their report would be curiously incomplete and unfaithful, shows, ac-
cording to Gorernor Seymour, that the Comcording to Governor Seymour, that the Conidispossionste position of pablic officers, and hare lost their useftulness.
It will be plain enough to every attentive
reader of these reasons for the removal that Governor Seymour lends himself to the pitiful attempt of Mr. MKeon not know that they are po these gentlemen not to excite such a feeling is to andibed tools? for whose support it is a bid? Much may be pardoned to the desperate political extremity of Ir. Seymour. A year ago his prospects wer the "Conservative" party for the Presidency This yenr even the rump of the old Whig party passes him by for M'Clellan, and a man would be laughed at who should name Mr. Seymour a candidate. Mr. Seymour knows why. It is his conduct as "a partisan" during the riots and his futile struggles to perplex the Government and the war. Much may be pardoned to his extremity. But when he tries to excite religious hate, it is an effort which shows his own consciousness of his desperate position.

## THE TRUTM CONFESSED

The Richmond Inquirer of December 18 has a very remarkable article upon the rebel conscription, in which it states plainly the political milosophy of the leaders in the rebellion. It i exactly that of Mr. Calhoun. It is that which old. And when the of slavs of the must logically Southern States are once able to comprehend he intentions of the leaders they now so blindly follow, the retribution will be terrible and decrved.
The argument for the universal conscription nys the Inquirer, is based upon the equality of very man, from which it is inferred that every man ought to go to the field. It then asks: "Ie not our war based on the principle and fact,
which all history has demonstrated as a truthwhich all history has demonstrated as a truth-" In other words, the rebellion is a reaction agains the Declaration of Independence. Men have not equal rights, and although we do not ye quite dare say so, that is what we mean.
The great need of the Southern people is deader. Some man who would show them that ander pretense of holding colored men in slavery, he real purpose of the aristocracy is that capital hal own lab of every kind; and that, if seession coald bo accomplished, an immediate rebosis follow Sneh ledertocrat how the people that the scriptural argument for slavery upon which the slaveholders rely, is an argument for the enslaving of white men, for the ld Hebrew slaves were not black; and that, in fact, they are fooled to their own destruction by the men for whom they fight so bravely. It guaranteed by the Constitution, were tolerate in the South, slavery would be destroyed by the common-sense of the Southern people, which made Calhoun and all his school insist upon supressing it. Consequently, in its most import letter in every slave State for more than thirty

Meanwhile as the rebel leaders are all slave drivers, and bound by a common purpose and peril, and as the people have neither the habit of free thought nor discussion, but, being ignoant, are the easy victims of appeals to prejudic and the baser passions, it will be yet a lon time before they fuirly understand their condition, and see that they are fighting merely to rivet their own chains. But some day we shall have mat some remote corner a few men have made a stand against the sweeping conscription. There will not be available force to will spread obedience. Successful disaffection will spread; and once emancipated from the
 heir peace ond progress lie in the prosperity hrow of a system which makes a great sloye driver like Jefferson Davis the direct and overpowering rival of every poer artisan or laborer in the South who lives by the work of his own hands.

## "OUR OWN."

Mr. Charles MLickax, the correspondent of tho London Times, has returned to this country and to his vocation. When he left for England in the ati-
tumn it was suppoedt that he had been recalled on account of the ridiculous position into which his re ports of affairs and opinions upon this side of the lenga, more generally known as Mariotti (a family name), who filled the post of correspondent ad intrim, was a man of very much greater ability than
Mir. Mackay, but of a disappointed and litter feeling, which rendered all his comments upon our af thirs sharp and eyuical.
It seems that it was a mistake to suppose Mr. Yackay recalled. He has resumed the duties of
his post. It is not a pleasant one, and ho las our incere commiseration. To reside in a country for the purpose of finding fault with it; to supply infornation about it derived from its enemies ; to live in New York, and to wish the rebels at Richmond to succeed, when success in Richmond would be an-
arcly in New York; and to do all this in exile archy in Now York; and to do all this in exile, must
be as druary a business as the Now Year is likely to
see. Let us, then, offera ward of friendly advicato this
corrospondent. We adviso him to turn to his lotn
ters of last summer, in June and July-letters in
which he plainly said that the loynl Union men had which he plainly said that the loyal Union men had
virtually given up the contest, and in which he anviruanly given up the contest, and in which he an-
nounced that the riots were the beginning of the counter-revolution-and then consider whether it is worth while to suppose that the Copperheads are th Wrue representatives of public opinion in this strug gle, or that General Lee, who has not had a solitary success since Stonewall Jackson died, is the only "great captain" on this continent.
The wishes to leave the London Times the least reputation for intelligent criticism or sagacious
prophecy, let him consult other oracles than prophecy, let him consult other oracles thar, cnose
which are inspired by the hope of attaining political power by the failure of the Government. He has hitherto made himself the mouth-piece of a faction; retailing all their venomo 1s wishes as probabilities,
and their foolish gossip $\rightarrow \Delta$ the substance of public talk. He has imbibed their frantic hate of whe they call Abolitionism, and rails at the Herculen effort of a great nation to maintain its unity and civil existence, as if it were a mad eballition of fanatic zeal. If henceforth he will try to under-
tand that not the country, and that their hopes, and beliefo and expectations in regard to this war are no more
valuable than his own, he may succeed in writing valuable than his own, he may succeed in writing
letters which will not indeed, be friendly or true letters which will not, indeed, be friendly or true,
but may be less conspicuously and absurdly wide of the mayrk than those he has been in the habit of the mark
writing.

## THE SANITARY FAIRS

Tire call for the great Metropolitan Fair of the Sanitary Commission is issucd. New York is be-
hind her sister cities, and ought to bring up the hind her sister cities, and ought to bring up the
rear with a metropolitan magnificence. Chicago rear with a metropolitan magnificence. Chicago
made eighty thousand dollars, Boston a hundred and forty thousand, Cincinnati is making, let us and forty thousand, Cincinnati is making, let us
hope, two hundred thousand, and New York should continue with not tess than three hundred thousand dollars. Meanwlitlo Rochester has done nobly,
Portland also: Allany is preparing, and in ever Portland also: Albany is preparing, and in every
town and city we hope to hear of the Snnitary Fry town and city we hope to hear of the Sanitary Fair.
For what purpose more humane and lofty can For what purpose more humane and lorty can
busy the brains and the fingers of all loyal men busy the brains and the fingers of all loyal men,
women, and childdren in the land than the continued care of the soldiers in the field? There they are-encamped by river and sea-side, on hills and in valleys, our friends, our brothers, our sons, our iovers, and as they turn their eyes and hearts and
hands toward us at home, cheer so encouraging, as to feel our hands outtretched and our hearts bating in response? The Sanitary Fairs which enlist the industry, the hought, the interest of the country, hold us al toil, and, please God! a common victory. And so long as the war lasts the work of the Commission is unending. Its means of succor for the sick and wounded-its vast supplies for hospitai, and camp,
nnd field-its agents, transports, and depots - must e constantly maintained, replenished dudrenewed It is not an institution which, when once started y stop gieig, and the kind hearts of the country lose the desie or thought of giving, then the great work stops, and the son and husband and father languishes in the fied uncared for. As he, the
oldier, can not and must not rest, but is alway eady for the summons, armed and cquipped, so nust all the rest of us be ready at all our posts with the supports which they have a right to expect.

MONUMENT TO ROBERTFULTON. $\mathrm{I}_{\mathrm{T}}$ is incredible that in this ago and country of team, in lis own city, wasted by the waters of the ive on whe he city which tuat river, by means or that triumpl, Robert Fulton, Of a genius peculiarly American and whose great victory was achieved within the memory of living men, the personality of Fulton is less familiar to us than that of any equally illustrious American.
It seems that there is a Fulton Monument Ass cintion which is now engaged with this subject ty clurch-yard, near Brondway, where Fulton is buried. Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, has made adesign for a monument. It is a structure of Port and stone, resting on massive arches and support ing figures representing American lakes and river Above theso are other figures representing the for quarters of the globe, the wholo crownea, at ton, sitting thr thitir in to that teamboat which he offers to the attention of the world. A photograph of the design may be seen at the Pacific Insurance Company's office in Trinity Building.
It is undonbtelly imposing, and what Mr. Brown does would be nobly done, but we fear lest at the height of fory feet the facco of the statue should bo lost. The obect of such a work is not merelty with the face and form of a benefactor, or hero statesman. If this can be successffully done at that heighlit, the simplicity of the remainder of the design commends the whole. In any case, we hope to
know before long that the work is to be done, and
that abore the clonds and smoke, and stately movethat above the clouds and smoke, and stately move the truele the city mee sitting enthrone the traveler to the city may see, simho sprang.

## LITERARY

Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" (Hiarpers), which has just passed to a second edition in this country, and by its extensive echolarship and vigorous thought hys
alreaty justy given its author so high a place
and among living authors, is being reprinted in En-
glound by Messess. Bell \& Daldy in two splendid
octavo volumes, with a steel portrait of the author.
The work is also being translated into Italian, and will be published at Turin in April.
Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" is now issued complete by the Harpers. Mr. Dickens, who is now
engaged upon his new story, declares that it is the master-piece of the author; and those who have read it as it has appeared from week to week aro aware that to the usual attractions of his style this Work has a peculiar value as a vivid picture of the Working of the lunatic system in England; doing,
in fact, for the Lunatic Asylums the service that in fact, for the Lunatic Asylums the service that
his "Never too Late to Mend" did for the Penitentiary system. It is a tale of a great variety of in terest, and of a much broader, firmer grasp than some of Mr. Reade's later works.
"Dream Children." (Sever \& Francis, Cambridge.). The author of "Seven little People and their Friends," published a vear ago, has written
another book, which, following Charles Lamb, he calls "Dream Children," and which is one of the most perfectly printed and completed little books of the ear. At first glance the book seems to ad-
dress itself to children; but it is really no child's book; it is too full and complex. It has something in it for every one who has not lost his childhood;
who has not so matured himself as to have left out who has not so matured himself as to have left out and humor. This little volume will make an dience of its own, und for that autience there anno other books of the kind. The book is made up of short stories, having a vein of romance rumning through them, without any thing which we are in
the habit of calling sentiment. All of the stories the habit of calling sentiment. All of the stories are characterized by a peculiar humor-not a broad
humor like Dickens's, but nevertheless an exquisite, delicate humor. The author, in the elabora tion of his, work, has shown an artist's skill and taste, with a great degree of enthusiasm, as if his the stories upon the imagination and upon the un-
dercurrent of moral sentiment in advanced children is of the highest and purest character.
Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College,
has attacked Bishop Hopkin's positions uno has atte view of slavery and routed hins upon the ery one. His brief but most comprehensive and carned criticism is issued by the Loyal Publication Society, No. 863 Broadway, and is No. 39
of their publications.
The surprising misstate ments, inconsistencies, nud inevitable conclusions of the Bishop's letter are unsparingly exposed. The it meets the Pishop unon his ovt lows him into the Bible history and into Biblical lows him into
exegesis, and sh
Hebrew slavery Hebrew slavery may have been it more excase for African slavery than the polygamy of the Patriarchs for the Mormon sealing of wives So of the New Testament argument: if it proves
any thing it proves that captives in war may be en laved; it certainly does not legitimate the African dave-trade. Unquestionably there has been slavact is society betore ours; and /undeniably, if the proved. But then crime of every kind has always abounded; and this fact is as equally conclusive of
the divine approval of crime. Morevere every na the divine approval of crime. Moreover every na-
tion as it emerges from barbarism into a higher civ ilization abolishes slavery. Dahomey, Turkey, ani the African tribes that Captain Speke discovered cherish slavery. But Western Europe and North or America discard it. Bishop Hopkins pronounce
or Dahomey, barbarism, and slavery. The huma heart and conscience and the religion of Christ de-
clare for civilization and liberty. That is the end of the matter. Mr. Hopkins will defend his posiwork thet in that he is still following the King Dalhomey. Professor Drisler, in his soler, king ef searching, and conclusive little pamphlet, has done the good cause good service.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY

Wr have no sentimental tenderness for $a$ miscreant,
native or foreign ; but we think that affer a mnn is is hanged
 axit The trinl of the half-ceste prisoner, Hori, on the two




A vear Curyme Districtrox:-A Lover is a Suer-a
Why is a balloonist Ilke a man disisherited? + Becanso
When is an oarsman like a herring? When he has a
"Where shall I go \%" as the ballet esid to the trigger.
To what olor does flogsing change a boy's complexion?
-1 t makes him jell -O ?
"I prefer being foremosh", as the hare said to the
Why should turthes be pitied?-Because theirs is a hard
A Weet Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, hav.
ing fallen aselep, in his chatr, , peero-boy who was in





An auctioneor，whilic engaged in his vocation，thus ex－ olks sell carpets for Bruweels which are not Bruasel，bumi 1 can most poitively yseare yon that the
was made by Mr．Brusels limelf．）
An abbo having a violent cold on his return from Rome，

 No，sir；bo jabers，r＇m a rolunteer

 hang the kettle on theif
purpose like pot－liooke
 It is to pase round $a$ contributition－box．
 target put un in hiiskingd
for the Armstrong range！
 to judge whether she is in earnest or not
into her eyes，and never mind her noes．
Some men krep savage dogsa around thell housed，so that
thio numpry poor who stop to＂geta b bite＂may get it out－
side the door． When you are running from a mad bull to bo elow ten＇t


 they must necesararily bo＂at sixese and seoens with each

＂Ah！＂said a Sunday－echool teacher－＂Ah，Carolino
Jonea，what do you think you would have been without
 penl－
phan．＂
 Colonel Donelson，and causued his dismieenl on an average






 hearted patron onot only to the elose of his Presidential
term，ubt ocompning him to the Hermintage，was with
him to the day of his death．


 some sense in it 1











## 

 dififielt for your Ho
I hear the evidence．


## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

Wz avall ourreilves of the space gatned by the adjourn－
ment of Congres from Deember 27 to Janaury 5 to pre－












 of their votes thus far．With thes explas
that our list will be found nearly correct．



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Her length at the spar-deck is 258 feet, extreme breadth 55 feet, depth or hold 53 fect, draght or water 23 feet, She has two tack-ocks, of 800 horseengines, built at the Novelty Works, of power together, with cylinders of piston, supplied by six ter and 45 inches stroke of piston, supper's trial trip has made on the 12 th of November, and though not intended as an ultimate trial trip, her performance was so satisfactory that the vessel was at once recepted by the agents of the Italian Government, which had reserved the right of rejecting her if she
failed to answer the stipulations of the contract. failed to answer the stipulations of the contract.
On the 30 th of December she made an experimental trip down the bay of New York under the charge of her own officers. She ran ashore in a fog, but was got off in a day or two without serious damage. got off in a day or two without serious damage.
The vessel is in every respect one of the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture afloat. It is supposed that she will attain a speed of 12 knots an hour, being considerably greater than that of any other iron-clad ye
consists of 32 guns.

THE "SUCK" IN RHE TENNESSEE RIVER.
The river at the "Suck" is about 800 yards wide and very deep, but the current is so rapid that to be pulled up by a windlass. The water runs tance from the "Suck," when it breaks into waves and dashes against a rock on the left, flinging the foam high in the air. Waldron's Ridge, on the left
bank, resembles the Palisades on the Hudson; the bank, resembles the Palisades on the Hudson; the
trees, however, run nearly to the top. On the right is Raccoon Ridge.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. The picture on pages 40 and 41 , sketched during the late campaign in Virginia, gives an idea of the appearance of this army when moving into battle.
In the extreme distance the enemy's artillery is seen on a crest, his infantry below, disputing the advance. Nearer are our own guns supporting the vance. Nearer are our own guns supporting the
roops. Brigades, recognized by their flags, are pressing on at donble-quick; artillery, enveloped in pressing on ateping to a position. Near by is a
dust, are
group of ambulances. In the fore-ground are group of ambulances. In the fore-ground are
French and Birney, with their staffs. In the front is Meade; near him are Generals Sykes, Humphreys, and Pleasanton, with Chief-Engineer Daane. The whole picture, though representing but a single
moment of action, gives a fair idea of an army going into battle.

## THE PICKET.

Wrur ruddy stain is this? Of devve wet oddorons flowers:
Did ever mothor, ever maden kis,
On cheek of new-boran down, On cheok of new-born down
Or set with bearded brown, These flowers, and think the inner heaven of heaven Had no such bliss? It may be morning blooms are passing fair;
But since to human cheeks their tints were giv
The sweetest blooms are there The anctest bloon
A pale face motionless,
Close by the stafn of
The stain of blood or flowery
Did ever mother, ever maiden press
White fingers on this stone, And think to be alone
And not feel it were very far from heaven
And happiness? It myce white fingers once have pressed Such sculpture, the quick
Are very near to rest.
grave dug in the sand,
Near to the stain of flow
Near to the stain of flowers-
The red stain not of flowers;
Shall ever mother, ever malden atand
Within a lonely home
Within a lonely home,
And say, "Whien will he come
And say, "When will he come
Out from returning ranks? How long he lingers
With his victorious band!"
It hall be. Teader, loving lips have kissed
Their last: and never more shall thrill white fingers
For that one picket missed.

## MISS SMITH.

I saw her in a photograph album, and my doom was sealed
We were eating creams and jelly in Mrs. Paul-
ding's ding's parlor. I had done the usual amount of dan-
cing, and whirled merrily round in the waltz and redowa; but thero was now a cessation in the music, and flirtations went on in a low tone over our tea-spoons. My late partuer set down her plate with
a sigh of disappointment. a sigh of disappointment.
"It is vanilla, and I
"It is vanilla, und I never eat any thing but
chocolate. Dont trouble yourself, Nir. Feather-
stonhaugh. Nothing more for melut a stonhaugh. Nothing more for me but a small lady-
finger. Shall we look throngh Mrs, Paulding's alfinger. Shall we look throngh Mrs, Paulding's al-
bum? I dote on photographs," She opened it, I don't know whether with malice
prepense or not, but she opened it in the middle. prepense or not, but she opened it in the middle.
A vignette, with dove-like eyes, angelic smile, curls
a la Eugenic, and a white waist, looked me in the face. I bent rapturously forward for the second
elance. Over went my ice and Charlotte on Mis Wigham's pink silk double-ruffled skirt. She sympathizing damsels gathered round. Miss Wigroom, and I retreated in a crest-fallen condition to the nearest corner. But the spell was already upon
me. No matter whether I upset a pyramid or bro ht destruction on the entire supper-table, I
uf 3 if to cover my advance. Miss Wighamn, pale
bi composed, with an ominous dampness in her
dress, and a curl of her lip in my direction, swept
forward to the head couple, while I possessed with the one idea, edged toward the table.
The book lay open still. No cream had soiled no Charlotte profaned it. On the opposite page sat a stout lady with an ugly cap and still uglier baby ; but there on the right hand gleamed out the eye of my enchuntress. What grace! What loveli-
ness! The arch of that snowy neck! that bewitching mouth! even the fluttering curve of the ribbon that circled the beautiful throat! Life without her and win and wear her as a precious jewel in my heart. My hostess, like a benevolent fairy, approached me. She was in the "grand chain," but I arrested her. "Might I inquire, Mrs. Paulding,
the name of this-this"- "angel," was on my lip -but in deference to the conventionalities of society I substituted "lady?"
that is my cousin, Mrs. Peek. A sweet child, is it not?"
The The last sentence fell upon unheeding ears. I was stupefied, confounded, dashed into an abyss of
woe. This Peri-this priceless Pearl, Mrs. Peek? The bride of another? Lost to me forever?
The book still rested in my nerveless hand. Still The book still rested in my nerveless hand. Still my eyes were fixed upon t
Paulding chassed by again.
"Ah!" she exclaimed with another glance, "I see you are not looking at Mrs. Peek. That young
lady opposite, with the tucked spencer, is a Miss I was in the seventh heaven again. Blissful "Miss!" Never should she change the title till my euphonious surname had been offered to her accept-
ance. Somebody joined me. I shut the album inance. Somebody joined me. I shut the album in-
stinctively. The gaze of another would be profana-
tion
tion. "Ah, Feathers!" said my friend Stokes"Feathers" was the usual unpleasant abbreviation
by which I was disrespectfully addressed-"its by which I was disrespectfully addressed-"it's
past midnight, I believe. Don't you mean to past midnight, I believe, Don't you mean to apol
ogize to Miss Wigham? Yon'd better see her home. How could you be so awkward?"
"Miss Wigham be hanged!" I returned, almost unconsciously,
Stokes stared
"I mean I- - 'm very sorry," I resumed, with a stammer, beginning to come to myself. "I'll send her a bouquet to-morrow, And thereupon shone
before me a vision of the bouquets-all forget-me betore me a vision of the bouquets-all forget-me-
nots and blush roses-which I should send some day to Miss Smith. "Excuse me, Stokes ; I must bid good-night to Mrs. Paulding."
"A delightful evening, my dear Madame!" I
observed, with my politest bow. "In your rooms observed, with my politest bow. "In your rooms We find always the 'feast of reason and the flow of
soul.' But the photograph which I was admiring soul. But the photograph which I was admiring
It is, it is"-what should I say next?-" mncommonly like a dear lost aunt of mine. Could you tel
me where I should be likely to find Miss Smith?",
"Why, I searcely know, Mr. Featherstonhaugh " returned the lady, vubiously. "I have never fee
her myself; she is an acquaintance of my sister's
Miss Smith, of New York-yes, I'm positive of New her myself; she is an acquaintance of my sister's.
Miss Smith, of New York-yes, I'm positive of New
York; but that is all I can tell yon."
"Perhaps your sister-?" I suggested, pertina-
"Pe
ciously
ciously.
"Oh, my sister is in Europe! Will be absent till next sum
Mrs. Peek?"
Mirs. Peek?
I left in desperation.
Returning home I stirred up my fire, lit a cigar, and sat down, in the orthodox midnight fashion,
with my feet upon the fender. Rosy dreams flitted through my brain. What were the "Reveries of a Bachelor" compared with mine? Pshaw! had I written the book my lines would have glowed with
the breath of Cupid. Miss Smith would have looked the breath of Cupid. Miss Smith would have looked
out from every page. Twelve editions in six months a fortune to lay at her feet. As it was, my reveries, though not pecuniarily profitable, opened to me an Elysium. Miss Smith beamed out at me through the embers; Miss Smith closed my eyelids when, at
three in the morning, I retreated to bed; Miss Smith awoke with me, and-metaphorically speakingheld my shaving cup; Miss Smith accompanied me almost signed the bills. I lived and breathed in an with her image.
For two days this luxurious delirium bore me up cancy in the world around me. I must find hermust fly to her-must pour out the fullness of my
heart! But whither should I fly? New York was heart! But whither should I fly? New York was
wide, and Smiths abounded. Was my inamoratz a daughter of John Smith, Esq. ? What sacred spot, from Harlem to the Brooklyn Ferry, should be the
Mecca of my pilgrimage? It was, as you see Mecca of my pilgrimage? It was, as you see, a
cruel question; and I decided upon another application to Mrs. Paulding, and wondered if the Atlantic Telegraph Company would not hasten its prepara tions, that I might draw through the briny waves intelligence of Miss Smith. What would have been the message of Queen Victoria to the President compared with that? But the Company was dila Miss Smith; and I hastened up to Mrs. Paulding feeling I must hear or die. I was ushered into the parlor. The Album, that shrine of my idol, lay upon the table. I seized it, of course, and feasted my eyes upon her image. I don't know how long
the waiter staid up stairs-Time was swallowed the waiter staid up stairs-Time was swallowed up
to me in Miss Smith !-but he came down again me in Miss Smith!-but he came down again
with Mrs. Paulding's compliments. She was to with Mrs. Paulding's compliments. She was to
leave the city that afternoon, and was very much engaged; would the gentleman excuse her? The opened it again; cast one wild glance around ; saw I was alone; and then:- I blush to confess it, but even love's crimes are sacred-I stole the photograph, and didn't cuav my card!
The lagging hours of the ensuing week were beguiled by my im-gotten treasure, and at the expira-
tion of that time fortune appeared to smile. I retion of that time fortune appeared to smile. I re-
broker, and, with very much the feelings of the in-
dividuals who independently advertise "Salary no object," hastened to New York in person to signify my acceptance. It is true I seemed not much nearer the goal of my existence than before; but I breathed the same air as Miss Smith, perambulated the same pavements, and no doubt rode in the same omnibus. Omnibuses indeed afforded me one of
my greatest hopes. From the Battery to Eightymy greatest hopes. From the Battery to Eighty-
sixth Street I rolled daily on my weazy way sixth Street I rolled daily on my weary way.
Evangeline chasing her lover was nothing to my exploits; yet I cherished a fellow-feeling for Evangeline, and bought the engraving to hang over my geline, and bought the engraving to hang over
shaving-glass. The precious photograph was kept in my left vest-pocket next my heart. Alas, alas ! what fluctuations of bliss and misery awaited me! I entered, for example, the Sixth Avenue cars; at the extreme end sat a lady with primrose gloras,
black lace veil, and a cashmere. There were the black lace veil, and a cashmere. There were the
dove-like eyes and drooping curls-ah, Eureka! could it be Miss Smith? On and on we glided. Yorkville was in sight. At last she alighted; I
followed. She dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up. "Miss Smith?" I timidly murmured. "Sir!" she responded in a basso voice sadly in contrast
with the curls, "Do you wish to insult me? My with the curls, "Do you wish to insult me? My
name is Van Dunderbergh!" name is Van Dunderbergh!
A love like mine must leave of course its impress.
I began to grow haggard-even pale and thin. It I began to grow haggard-even pale and thin. It
may be well to mention that I had formerly approxmay be well to mention that I had formerly approx-
imated a weight of two hundred. My eyes became hawk-like and prying. Oui of office-hours I walked hawk-like and prying. Oui of ofice-hours I sympathized with Evangeline; I began also to sympathize with the Wandering Jew. My melancholy condition attracted notice. A young man in the same office found his feelings moved toward me. I had not confided to him my secret, but he pityingly
fancied me on the verge of lunacy. "I say, Feathfancied me on the verge of lunacy. "I say,
ers, "he remarked one twilight, when gold was down and business dull, "what you need is cheerfil society. Come with me
My consin, Miss Smith -
'Bless you! bless yon!
claimed, falling upon his ny dear fellow !" I exclaimed, falling upon his neck. "Let us go at
once. Lead me, oh lead me to my adored Miss Smith !" "

Now, now, Feathers!" he repeated, soothing-
"Be calm! be calm! I don't know that it will be safe to trust you. If we had a dose of valerian!"
will swallow it by the bottleful," I returned, excitedly. "Only take me to Miss Smith.

But you can't go, you know, unless you're home and rest yourself. Take nothing but weak black tea and a cracker, and I will call for you at eight. You are sure you will be quiet?
"Any thing for Miss Smith!" I answered, with an e"
me? "
"No; punctually at eight. It is a small party,
you know," you know" "
"And itlis given by Miss Smith ?"
"Precisely I will get you an invita do you know her?"
"You shall see, my dear fellow," I returned, ollectedly. "But not a word to Miss Smith." Briggs departed mystified.
True to his promise, however, he entered my room at eight, and found me irreproachably attired
in a dress coat and lemon kids. I was pacing up in a dress coat and lemon kids. I was pacing up and down with frequent pauses before the mirror,
and a heart too full for words. We left. I preand a heart too full for words. We left. I pre-
sume, indeed I know, that we drove over the Russ pavement; but to me we seemed wafted through translucent skies on the wheels of Apollo's chariot. We paused at a brown-stone front. I grasped
Briggs's arm convulsively. Another moment and Briggs's arm convulsively. Another moment and
we were ushered into the apartment where three we were ushered into the apartment where three
Misses Smith, one in white, one in pink, and anMisses Smith, one in white, one in pink, and an-
other in blue, received their friends. The blue lady stepped forward to meet me with undisguised curistepped forward to meet me with undisguised curi-
osity; the white one smiled; the pink blushed, Ah me! my heart sank down to zero. I might be among the Graces, perhaps I was; but none of them was my Miss Smith. I felt myself growing pale,
but with one heroic effort controlled myself, and went through the usual wretched formula of a night's enjoyment. At the end, however, a glow
of virtuous satisfaction rewarded me. I had done of virtuous satisfaction rewarded me. I had done
my duty to Briggs, had danced successively with my duty to Briggs, had danced successively with his the mockerylof pickled oysters and Champagne I could not away with. Indeed I began to experience an insane desire to sup upon prussic acid; but taking refage instead in a forlorn stoicism, I excused myself early, returned home, smoked six cigars,
and went to bed. The next morning I began a novel in three volumes, entitled, "Miss Smith;" and while apparently engaged in exchanges and discount was in reality pondering the weighty question
which publisher was most worthy to receive prowhich publisher was most worthy to receive pro-
posals for the forthcoming work. It might be as well, I thought, to step in in the afternoon at Harper's, and offer them the favor of advance sleets. But the route was circuitous, and as I passed by Stewart's a lady glided before me and entered the
store. A magnetic thrill trembled through my store. A magnetic thrill trembled through my
frame. I caught one glimpse of the eyes that shone dark curls rippled from her fore of her bonnet; peach-blossom cheeks. Ah, Miss Smith! Miss peach-ble The discovery of the phiss Smith! Miss of the northwest passage, of the Garden of the Hesperides, was as nothing compared with mine! I
followed her, of course; and naught but the proximity of policemen restrained me from throwing myself at her feet. She bought one yard of muslin -how will remembent and then tripped like a fairy into the street again-up, up,
interminable distances, I close behind, till she ascended the steps of a Madison Avenue mansion, envied him-who whined for joy at her approach, raurg the bell and went in, while I stood without, disconsolate as the Peri at the gate of Paradise,
though blessed indeed with the transporting sight
bundle lay upon the sidewalk. She had dropped
it. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips; then struck with a happy thought, took from my pocket my own carte de visite (I carried a package of them my own carte de visite (I carried a package of them a small boy and sent him up the stoop with particular directions to leave it for Miss Smith. It was a
bold stroke, perhaps, but the spirit of a Cesar be bold stroke, perhaps, but the spirit of a Casar be-
gan to animate me. I could now say, "I came, gan to animate me. I could now say, "I came,
saw," I must also add, "I conquered." At least if I didn't it shouldn't be my fault. One hour I re mained, rooted to the spot, till the passers-by be nature drew me imperiously off to dinner. With the gaslight I returned again. How breathe to Miss Smith the devotion which filled my soul? how penetrate to her presence? The door opened. M heart throbbed with expectation. Was she com ing, like Tennyson's Maude? No, it was only the servant to bring in the evening paper; but the lit
tle dog had run out from behind him, and stoon tle dog had run out from behind him, and stoo wagging his tail at me on the pavement. A wild
impulse fired my brain. I had taken the first in crime in Mrs. Paulding's parlor-the second I fear was easier. I made a sudden rush, seized the
dog, pocketed him, and walked frantically home There was a method in my madness, and th result was as I expected. An advertisement, i pathetic terms, headed by a $\$ 50$ reward appeared in the next Herald, for a pet spaniel, answer-
ing to the name of Fidele, lost or stolen from ing to the name of Fidele, lost or stolen from
his inconsolable mistress. My heart bled at thi record of her suffering, but it was necessary to re tain him till the morrow. I fed him, however, upon loaf sugar and Italian beef-steaks; and the nex morning, taking Fidele in my arms, I tied a secon carte de visite to his collar, wrote upon it, "Th preserver of Fidele," and left it at her door. I was agony to remain in ignorance of the effect produced by these little manifestations of my feelings
but the manifestations themselves solved, continue. Every day for should, I quet, the richest and rarest that the conservatorie could furnish, inscribed, always, "From the pre server of Fidele," went as an offering to my idol's shrine. I tried a poem; but "Smith" would rhyme with nothing but " myth;" and my own name, even compressed into nothing shorter than an Alexan compre
drine.
At
At last, at last-oh blissful terminus to all earth-
y woes !-there came a day when gold went down and stocks declined, and bulls and bears waged tions over an impending crash; and I, found long since lost all relish for such sublunary affairs save only as they might appertain to the dower of Miss Smith, was nevertheless hurried, for filthy luicre's sake, from office to office in all conceivable directions. I crossed Broadway, or rather I rash ly essayed it. Omnibuses, carts, and carriages
mixed together in one inextricable jumble. There was a moment's panse; a lady was alighting; was a moment's pause; a lady was alighting; an
omnibus door swung open and sluut; the horses started; the lady fell; a patient nag, who had stood meekly by in the tumult, set his foot upon her bon-
net. I sprans forward, raised her in my arms, net. I sprang forward, raised her in my arms,
heard her sweet lips whisper, "My preserver ! the preserver of Fidele!" and Miss Sn ith, my own Mis mith, fainted in my embrace. Gladiy would have pressed her to my heart, but stern conven-
tionalities forbade it. I called a carriago; I retained her in my arms; I pillowed her head upon my shoulder; we drove to Madison Avenue. An , evidently Mr. Josial Smith signed my burden, while Miss Smith, with mos opportune recovery, again murmured, in my be-
half, "My preserver! the preserver of Fidele!" I be permitted to call that evening to inquire after be permitted to call that evening to inquire after
he health of Miss Smith? Mr. Smith besitnted looked at me, then at the imposing cognomen pre sented him, and invited me to dinner ! Need I add that Miss Smith now rejoices with me in the appellation of Mrs. Ferdinand F. Featherstonhaugh, née Smith?

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT GETTYSBURG.
On Sunday, June 14, 1868, the New Jersey Brigade to which I was attached, then at Franklin's in pursuit of Lee's army, then moving toward Penn sylvania. Our corps (General Sedgwick's) was the last to leave the Rappahannock, and the route we pursued was any thing but direct; but neither heat were eager to meet the enemy who had dared again to set his foot on Northern soil. At a distance of fifteen miles from Gettysburg, where the armies opening battle, and from that time until we reached the scene all was enthusiasm among the weary, footsore braves, who counted as ñothing all the pains of a march of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, now that they were within striking distance of the
foe. Most of the way the ambulance trains had been crowded with both officers and men, weary, worn, and haggard; but the cannon's rattle, as it became more and more distinct, changed them in
twinkling into new creatures. At once all began make ready to alight: it was no time for riding then ; march was the word. Two hours later about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 3 d of July, the head of our column arrived upon the bat-
tle-ground, halting upon a hill which gave us a full tle-ground, halting upon a hill which gave us a full
view of the field, excepting only a part of the left view of the field, excepting only a part of the left
of thie line, which was posted in a ravine out of

Here occurred an incident which I shall never forget: $A_{3}$ we came to a halt a poor fellow who
looked the very image of death hobbled out of the mbulance in which he had been lying, and, shoul dering his musket, was just starting forward, when the surgeon in charge stopped him with,
"Where are you going, Sir?"
"To the front, Doctor;" and the brave fellow
ied hard to stand firm and speak boldly as he saated the surgeon.
"To the front! What! a man in your condition? Why, Sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't
the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapack, musket, and equipments, You must be crazy,But, Doctor, my division are in the fight"-here he grasped the wheel of an ambulance to support pany. I must go."
"But I am your surgeon, and I forbidy you. You have every symptom of
"Well, Doctor, if I must die, I would rather die in the field than in an ambulance."
The Doctor saw it was useless to debate the point, and the soldier went as he desired. On the even-
ing of the next day it fell to my lot to bury him nere he fill, his siece by a Minió ball His nam ne could never learce. we only know that he belonged to the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, nd that mark we placed at the head of his grave.
Shortly after 5 o'clock the bugle sounded "Fall in." At once drivers of ambolances sprang to their seats, and the rank and file to their feet from the road-side where they had been reclining, all alike covered with dust. But little cared they for the
graces of the toilet; the bugle called "Forward," and they stepped out gladly to their work. A march vine in which we were drawn up by bricades, about quarter of a mile in the rear of the centro of the Federal line of battle. Here we stacked arms and sat down in our places
Here again the brave, indomitable temper of our boys found expression in a variety of ways. Some
of the surgeons found it almost impossible to prevent the men in the ambulances getting out and in even worse condition than the soldier already mentioned insisted, in spite of the protestations of surgeons, officers, and comrades, that they woold
run no more risk in the field than in the hospitaltrain; and 1 saw three men whom the surgeon was put over them a guard with looded muskets, so dethe fight.
Our rest in the ravine was by no means undis-
turbed. The enemy having observed our advance turbed. The enemy having observed our advance about us thick and fast, battering far and near like swiftly-driven hail. Right in the midst of the observation. Some twenty-five feet from the right ordered on either side by large trees. A fallen ree served as a bridge or crossing. One of the drivers of the Ambulance Corps was stooping on ipping through the trees behind him and buried it self just deep enough in the log to make it sticeHe turned about and with the heel of his boot kicked the shell into the water, saying, "Now, old
screch-owl, bust if you want to." And burst it screech-owl, bust if you want to", And burst it
did; but a second or two after blowing one end of
, the log into splinters and completely deluging the
driver, upon which, dropping himself astride the remainder of the bridge, he surveyed himself coolly remainder of the bridge, he surveyed nimsel coorly
and exclaimed, "Well, $I$ came here to wash my
mands; but hang $m$. if $I$ expected a a shower-bath in such an out-of-the-way place as this
The firing at the front continued, and the rebel compliments in the form of shells still dropped occasionally around us. At half past six the bugle
sounded again "Fall in." Instantly every man Grasped his weapon and took his postion. The Second Division-but one division, the Third, had
as yet been in the fight-moved off first. Our appearance on the hill was the signal for a terrific fire from the rebels; ; some of their heaviest guns were opened upon us; shell ah the air;" but the column
its devilish song through the kept straight on, facing the storm with unshrink-
ing front. Presently wo came to $\%$ hat is called a ing front. Presently we came to $q$ hat is called a
"Virginia fence," and so known all over the North. Over this we had to climb. A sergeant in my company while getting over fell through. Pioking
himself up he turned to a comrade and said," "Do you know why I am like the President?" The but the soldier forced thie answer as he took his position: "Ill tell you," said he; "it's because I'm rail-spitter. We laughed, and just then, not through our ranks and the joking sergeant with
three of his companions were killed almost instanty. The sergeant, with his joke lying nettlesome on his lips, was literally torn in two. Aher the f. had ahted consi olty the The firing had abated considerably, the cannonading almost entirely. We were hatted, and the of the Fifth Corps, I think-which had been all Division of our corps, were going to the rear, taking many of their wounded with them. Ono man, who was supported by two comrades, had had his lower
jaw taken offi, and as ho moved along held up in his hand the bloody bone, misshapen and splintered, with fine teeth still remaining in it. Another, lyThe bleeding stumps had not yet been dressed, and the stretcher was covered with the blood of the dying hero. Yet, for all this, amidst the roar of mus-
ketry, and with the pain his wounds must have ketry, and with the pain his wounds must have of the Irish accent to make the strain musical: "The Star-Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave
Oer the land of the free and the home of the bra While I was yet looking after the footless soldier, alittle drummer-boy attracted my attention by saying, in a childish voice, as he held up his left arm
from which the hand had been severed, while he held his drum with the other

Will you do as much as that for the Union? Well, I'd do more," and he held up his right nd; "but then I would have no hands at all to work,
tam
Ish I should suppose, from the little fellow's appearnce, he was not over twelve or thirteen years of che, he was a young hero, , wat a thorough one-a
child worthy of the Republic, worthy of its inspirations, worthy of the Future in which, maybe, he ball sit crowned with honors
Hardly had my notice been withdrawn from the drummer-boy when Corporal S - turned toward
me, and exclaimed, "Look there!" I looked in me, and exclaimed, "Look there!" I looked in the direction indicated, and beheld a sight at once
so horrible and sublime that it will ever form a living picture in my memory. A strong, stalwart fellow, with the cheverons of a sergeant on tisa arm,
ragged and torn, was limping slowly toward us. ragged and torn, was limping slowly toward us.
The shoe on his right foot was covered with blood, and a large rent in his pantaloons, just above the knee, from which the blood was also trickling, solved the question of the location of his wound. He was hatless, his hair was disordered, his face and he looked- altogether maniac-like and exhaust ed. But he had his colors voith him! His regiment,
or the greater part of it, had been either killed or or the greater part of it, had been either killed or captured; he had lost his colors once, and was afo-
erward captured himself. He watched his opportunity, killed the rebel who held his flag, and escaped with it safely into our lines. Ought not the name of one so bhat the ages as they go may read it and admire
Night came at last-the next day passed-and
the evening of the fourth settled down upon us, he evening of the fourth settled down upon us, Shinging to some of us a most dark, as I was about to tie down in ny blanket for a nap, I was directed to take charge of a squad of men and report to a superior officer for orders. Obeying, I was soon after ordered to proceed to the wood immediately in our front and ccere ately both the enem,'s and our own, to do all in my power to obtain information likely to lead to the identification of the bodies, and to remain out until midnight. We procured a lantern, arme
Gaining the edge of the wood after wading some distance through a deep marsh, I lighted my lan-
tern, and its first ray fell upon the bloated face of tern, and its first ray fell upon the bloated face of
a rebel lieutenant. Fither he had died systematica rebel lieutenant. Either he had died systematic-
ally or some friend bad placed him in the position ally or some friend bad placed him in the position
in which we found him, for he was lying flat on his $n$ which we found him, for he was lying flat on hist
back with his arms folded closely across his breast, back witt his arms folded closely across his breast,
and his lips tightly compressed. But, nicely as he
he ye found a soft trio of land-elsewhere it was rocky soil-and here we determined the rebel should of candle in the dead man's haversackl lighted it and went to work upon the grave. Meanwhile passed into the woods to discover otider bodies.
found three of our men, but, as far as I went, could found three of our men, but, as far as I went, coulc
see no more of the enemy's dead. I came back
, see no more of the enemy's dead. I came back;
the men had finished the grave. We procured two rails, placed one under the shoulders and the other rails, placed one under the shoulders and the other
under the legs, just below the knees, and thus the body of the rebel was laid away in the ground to wait the day
us must stand
I told the men to dig a grave a little farther on or three. They went at it while I proceeded to examine the bodies I had discovered. The first was that of a corporal belonging to the First Divi-
ion of the Fifth Corps, His right hand was placed sion of the Fifth Corps. His right hand was placed
close to his mouth, and tightly clenched; a torn close to his mouth, and tightly clenched; a torn
cartridge lay at his side, the end which he had bitcartriage lay at his side, the ent which he had im-
ten off so tightly held in his teeth that it was impossible to withdraw it. His pocket had been cut out, his shoes and stockings stripped off, and nothing whatever was to be found on his person by
which to identify him except the corps mark on his Aap. About two feet from him lay a private, hatless, and stripped of shoes and stockings also. His pockets had not been removed. I examined them, and found in his pantaloons a golden locket, with the picture of a fair young woman therein, the same his person, with a card on which was a lady's adi
I have since ascertained it was that of his wife. The third body was that of a first lieutenant of artillery; and how he came there in the woods was placed within coula not solve. No battery was jither right or left. But be that as it may, there the body was, stripped of every thing in the shape of insignia except one shoulder-strap, which hung
by one end only. His little finger had evidently by one end only. His little finger had evidently
been cut off, as the print of a large seal-ring could been cut off, as the print of a large seal-ring could
yet be seen upon it; and it is certain the wound was not
of shell.
At length the grave was ready, the three were buried, and again we passed on. As best we could we were making our way in the dim light of the
lantern, when suddenly I tripped, and extending my arms in self-protection, my left hand came in contact with the cold forehead of a corpse. My feet rested on another body, and my lantern was out. I
felt for a match. I had none. But presently some of the men came up; the lantern was relighted, and the glare revealed a sight which I pray God my eyes may never look upon again. The ody upon
which my hand had fallen was that of a corporal ; which I were blown cos the body of a privato with one arm severed, not entirely off, st the shoulder. Two trees of perhaps four inches diameter five feet from the ground, and had fallen right where the bodies lay. Within a circle of twenty feet from these trees I counted seventeen bodies, all, alas
with blue jackets on. I had hoped among so many with buu jackets on. I hac hoped a
to find some of the gray-backed ones.
not care to know. The lantern gone out, the cantime, but the men had procured lasted but a little cast through the trees aided us in our task, thou they added much to the ghostliness of the terribl scene over which they fell.
We found one body
e found one body, that of a young, light-haired boy, not over nineteen at the arthest, whose fore
head was pierced by a ball. in ly grasped his rammer; his right hand or its for finger was in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons
We We examined this pocket and found in it a smal silver shield with his name, company, and regiment engraved upon it. We took possession of this me-cracker-box, marked upon it in pencil, by moon light, the inseription found on the shield. We aried him with two of his comrades, one of whon bolonged to the Firth Corps, and placed the ruc would some day enable some pilgrim friend to fint the body. Since that day the shield has been sent Caldwell Company D, 118th Pennsylvania Volu Caldwe
teers."
It w,
to campu and hour after midnight when we came our faces to the suans, dreams enfolded us, and we were as though no battle horrors had ever paine
and no battle dangers had ever menaced us.

## THE FALSE LOVE.

Is sight of the starry sky, In sound of the rushing sea,
With a beating heart and a tender smile,
Did my own true love kiss me.
Under the solemn sky Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love, and vows of faith,
Did

## I gaze on the same bright sky,

But never again on earth, or in heaven,
Will my own true love kiss ma.
rue are the holy stars
rue are the thoughts of my heart to him,
Hear it, O changefal sky
Hear it, $O$ changeful sky
Hear it, 0 moving sea
e are true to your own eternal laws,
But my love is false to me.
Why should the moonlit sky,
Why should the moaning, sea,
When my love is false to me?
Pierce to his soul, 0 stars !
Thrill to his heart, O sea!
may be, smit with a suudden pang,
My love will come back to mo!

## BRAIN SPECTRES.

THE brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized
his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he ing of his own left hand in a frosty night, which had ubsequently grasped his right arm. This was real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the enses and the understanding explained. M. Gra larly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years aro when occupied in studyin! the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. Ho carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed
the brains in alcobol. Such were his daily occupa ions, when one night he thoughtit that he bac taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he rancied he took his brain out of the aleo nd replaced and did not at all fill op the skull. He felt it shun fling about in his head. This feeling threw hin into such a great perplexit
start, as if from nightmare
M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resem-
bled it. This impression awakening in a brain imbled it. This impression awakening in a brain im-
perfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the perfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the
judgment were active, the physiologist carried on judgment were active, the physiologist carried on
an operation in his sleep which probably had often an operation in his sleep which probably had onte occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which
had then been summarily dismissed very frequenty. A pursuit which had at last become one of ly. A pursuut we association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and glastly dream of M. stuay, explan A sensation from the gripe of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting
vithout the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts without the aid of the discorning facultie
for the ghastly vision of the other sleepe
Every one is conscious of a perpetual series of pictures, sometimes stationary, sometimes fleeting,
generally shifting; yet occasionally fixed in his generally shifting; yet occasionally ixed in ther
mind. Sleep is the period in which the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood. The pically inactive in their functions at feeding times; and thoroughly healthy nervous systems dream very little.or not at all. Dreams betoken troubled
brains. The brain of a woman whio had lost a portion of her cranium used to swell uprand protrude when she was dreaming, and then contract and become tranquil again when she was sleeping soundly.
The wakeful senses, the active judgment, and The wakeful senses, the active judgment, and The will even of the strongest and sou est minds,
impressions of the nerves. I knew once a com
mander in the navy whose left eye was shot clenn out by a bullet in a naval action in the bece of this century, and whom, forty years afterwar sorts of strange objects with his lost eye "It not impossible," he would quietly say; "I know it fered rheumatism in legs long lost and replaced by woden ones.
A nervous, dreamy, imaginative lad was walking The place was noted for adders and the youth talked about them. Instantly this lad felt some thing enter the leg of his pantaloons and twist it self with the swiftness of lightning round his thigh.
He stopped terrified, and a-careful examination provel the the adder was a creature of his imagin ation. The vividness of the fancy of this youth made his waking senses and his discerning facul ties of no more use to him for the moment than if They had been asleep.
This condition of
vans hallucination. brain is called by the sa Goethe, the poet, have bolther, the physiologist, an to which they were subject, and which they compared in conversation together. The rarest case,
says Mueller, is that of an individual who, while perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty on closing his eyes, of seeing really the objects he
wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples of it.
Goethe says: "When I close my eyes and stoo my head, igure to myself and see a flower in the
middle of my visual organ. This flower preserve only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with
colored and sometimes green petals. They were not natural but fantastic fiowers, yet regular as th roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I like way when I imnçined a disk fill of verious colors I way when I imagined'a disk full of various colors,
saw continually issue from the centre to the circum ference new forms like those of the kaleidoscone, Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1820. says was interesting "that when I was calmly lyin on my bed with my eyes shut, although not aslee I often saw figures which I could observe very well
he was very curious to learn what I then felt. told him that my will had no infuence either upol the production or upon the changes of these iigures and that I had never seen any thing symmetrical will, on the contrary choose his theme, which tran formed itself forthwith in a manner apparently in voluntary, but a and harmony. Muelier used to get rid of the fig ures which haunted him by turning his face to tho wall. Although he did not see them change place
they were still before him, but they soon began t they were still before him, but they soon begaion
fade. Jean Paul rwommiended the observation of these phantoms as a good plan for faling asleep.
These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of fying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls lying in bed betwee
sleeping and waking, at the epoch of life when thei girlhood is passing into womanhood, are especinlly apt, like the religious estatics, to fancy they are flying. And nearly every body is familiar with the hallucinations of falling from personal experience. When lying in bed trying in vain to fall
asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feel as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms suddenly to save himself: yet nothing ha happened except the coincidence of a cold shive Physiologiste expiration.
Physiologists and philosophers of authority say of the control of rearsor cams; and, if the absenca ity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. Bu madness means something more. In dreams tho faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are neither absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping
dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend
that voluntary and momentary hallucinations-see ing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, sensations of n the facultie ist-are only signs of insanity when sensation are diseased. Persons unaccustomed to railway traveling are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backwara, be cause they retain the power of correcting the hall:
cination by watching the objects they are passing. The senses are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, and tasting instruments. There are betwee ing the functions of carriers. Even after the in struments have ceased to exist the carriers ofte continue to carry messages-lalse messayes. Whe a man has lost an eye, curing the incammatory pimages of fiery figures. It is the carriers who vey the pain of rheumatism from the lost limb. A man who was recovering from typhus fever
believed he had two bodies, one of which was tossing in pain on an uneasy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couct. the duality of the brain ascribe this hallucination to the duaity of the brain but to a confict between the recollection ofy If su
ferings and the experience of his recovery. If the patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality he woull have been insane, like the maniacs who believe their legs to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as gass. Pictures have produced anss cases in Leaving aside the eyes of Naser of religious idease into play, I nay mention anoul. krench physiologist, while studying intensely an English engraving of Landseer's Horse-shoeing, smelt horn burning, and fixed the idea in bis mind
Cor the moment that the smell came from the foot of the berse in tho engraving.
$\qquad$


## SEND THEM HOME.

 Sxxp them home to his mother-mournful relies and fowfAll that he left behind hime, our soldier tried and true The cap mark
mark Made bry
mark: the cowardly bullet at the picket aimed in the The uniform torn, and mended by runds unused to the Faded by sum and by rain, browned by the dust and the Send them home to his mother-the pictures we found on Her own, and his f
loved the best.
his father's, and hers, the girl whom he
lest. Send it the the
ing light
of the cande that burred in the tent, till the " tattoo" rounded an mbly
Siother, wo
That God and hii
ing and joy
Never $a^{\prime}$ bluah a shall creep, like a hadow, over thy brow
For himan Blessed art thou among women!-thy tribute pure and Thine oin
dino ointment costly
the Masters's feet.
So oofly, tenderly ford them, and send the felices awny:
Mother a mother was with him, and kiesed thy boy to-
day.
The colors he loved are lying on the heart so lately With dirge, and prayer, and weeping, we'll carry him to
his grave.
Then go, little mourrful packet, and by that desolate Tell that march and ba
duty" on earth.

Bàtimos:

MISS NILSON'S GAITER-BOOTS. in the little library the Captain had turned into an office and reception-room since he had been ap-
pointed Provost down there. He sat bending over ${ }^{\text {a memorandum-book, and writing rapidy to the }}$ Captain's dictation. Grier and Donovan were at
the window smoking, idly observant of Ames and his work. All four ies of old acquantances the club, or a boat-race, had been chief topics of interest. Very old times these seemed to the four young men in their well-worn and a little shabby
uniforms, with here and there a button wanting, a uniforms, with here and there a button wanting, a
faded stripe, a rusty bit of gold-braid, a whitened seam, etc. These four, who had once stood fault-
less in varnished boots and miraculons ties, wait ing for the first step of a Redowa to conmensestealing oussoon." Since then their ears had been attuned
bate to different meanings when they stood waititng for
the sounds of the drum ; and their companions were no longer जfite-robed fairies, whose light
light weight rested on their arms like soft plumy doves as they glided down the gay rooms; but men, worn
and swart, and sometimes savagely in earnest, and swart, and sometimes savagely in earnest,
stood instead, and for all weight there was a leamsiod sabre, or at intervals the dead burden of a famlthe party-the "curled darling," whose warm Irish blood thrilled at any touch of festivity-was perhaps remembering aill these past scenes that offered
their broad contrasts to the present; for as he smoked, a spark falling from his short pipe and burning a clean hole in his trowsers called forth "That'll do, eb, for a bollet
for glory to Kate Morris's soldieiers' party, Jack ?" Jack Grier laughed, answering lazily, evt not Donovan, now turned into fighting Tom :
enough with the veritable lead.
you, Jack! I say, Ames, I want a neew wood for Will you put me down on your list? Waike this, though, by Jove! I know the inches, however Here-don't take your glove off-hand the memorandum to me ; I'll put it down."
Ames, who had finished his drawing on his gauntlets. He tossed the book to Donovan at this, and sat down, waiting. Talking
with the Captain, he didn't ont with the Captain, he didn't notice that Donovan,
instead of immediately adding his commission to the list, was idly twidaling the pencil between his thumb and finger, while he ran his eye down the column. "Spurs for Loring, el? ditto for Brown; cap, coat, and trowsers; slaving - osap, tooth;
brushes, nail-brushes, blank books, and blankets; Harper's Weelly and Magazine-that's jolly! watech
forLatham, chain; um, um, um - how for Latham, chain; ; um, um, , um - how much more ?"
in a low, rumning under-tone, which suddenly into a louder key, that brought all the rest to a clear knouledgeo of what he was say sayng rest to at
what? 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!" Adjutant Ames commanded himself enough to
keep his seat. He was soery tempted anthe first
to dash forward and seize ty memorandum, and administer some sharp reproof at once to the offend-
er. The next moment proved his wisdom. There er. The next moment proved his wisdom. There
was a general laugh--kind, good-natured, was a generat 1augh-kind, good-natured, and gen-
tlemany, and then Fletcher Ames was very glad
he hadn't made a what was, after all, only a careless natural action How many times had they pored over each other's memorandums when a week's furlough had sent
one and another to the city laden with commissions or the others! Ho had never thought of being
annoyed before; but then before "Miss Nilson annoyed before; but then before "Miss Nilson's
gaiter-boots" hadn't been on the list. He flushed
to the eoots of his blonde hair And Donovan was running on gayly:
"What a lucky fellow you are, Ames! I might Ko to the city twenty times, with a list of orders as long as your arm, all sorts of bearish thing to buy,
but never such a duck of an order as 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!
"Who is Miss Nilson?" asked Jack Grier, lifting his large shoulders out of the depths of the old
leather chair, and bending forward with slowlyleather chair, and
gathering interest.

The prettiest little rebel in the town or all the ountry about here!"
The flush on Adjutant Ames's light skin deepned, and he broke in hastily upon this ansertion:
'f No such thing. Miss Nilson may not be ent. husiastic in the Federal cause, but she is no rebel You must make allowance for her associations when
you expect her to think of the South as we do Besides, she doesn thing for politics any way."
Nobody had expected this Donovan and Grier shouted; but bust protest, and the graye Captain a keen look shot, and he darted out from heapy eyebrows a close glance of scrutiny
the annoyed and flushing face of his Adjutant at the annoyed and flushing face of his Adjutant.
In a moment, without being observed, he finished In a moment, without being observed, he finished
his scrutiny ; the usual grave, calm mask dropped his scrutiny; the usual grave, calm $m$
down over his features ; and he said:
"Oh, I remember the young lady; lives with her aunt there, over in the Reynola mansion. She ought to be a good Union girl ; the aun
as steel. What hinders Miss Nilson ?"
"What hinders? oh, early association," laughed
Donovan. "I know the whole story, The is Novan. "I know the whole story. The aunt
is Norther, bone and sinew; came here only half dozen years ago-a second wife to old Guy Reyold; first love or some sort of romance. Before the war broke out the Hon. Guy dies, leaving Mrs
Reynold with the guardianship of his niece o tied into this slave property that she must stay here, will she nil she. So there's the whole thing
in a nut-shell. There's the reason why the aunt is a stanch Unionist, and there are the 'early iations' you see of Miss Nilson to hinder.
This time Fletcher Ames kept silence; but th blonde cheek changed its colors too frequently to
conceal the deep interest he felt in the matter, and conceal the deep interest he felt in the matter, and
the uneasy gnawing of his lip gave signal of an-
noyance. In a moment after when he had gone, Captain G- renewed the subject with Donovan,
asking some leading questions. How long had Ames known Miss Nilson?
"Oh, don't you remember that night when Mrs. Reynold was 'at home,' for the frst time, last Feb-
ruary, I think; and we four went down to pay ruary, I think; and we four went down to pay our
compliments and drink Johannisberger? I don't believe Ames has missed one of those 'evenings' since, if we have. I saw he was getting spooney on the niece at once. A pretty little creature to be sure; not a bit your idea of a Southern girl. A
little thing as "soft as silk". I never could set on little thing as "soft as silk." I never could get on
with her. She has a way of looking at a man in a serene sort of silence, giving him one or two
snilise for lumps of sugar with a lazy kind of air, siles for lumps of sugar with a
as if she'd as iid fou held your ton
Grier yoused with a laugh here.
"No," he cried out; "Donovan
hat, his tongue is his strong point.
So the subject passed off with a laugh for the
of them felt like laughing.
"Whar
Ames's flirtation, eh, Jack? Did you notice?"
Yes, Grier had noticed, and did think it rather
queer; but in half an hour they had forgotten all
hese speculations awakened by "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots," while he who had most to do with hem was on his way to Washington.
And he did not forget that one small item or his long list so quickly. Remembering it, he remembered a large pleasant parlor, where the deep em-
brasured windows looked out upon the dark flowbrasured windows looked out upon the dark flowing river and the distant hills. A room whose
twilight glooms, where the musky odors of old woods, of cedar and sandal, had helped to fix the spell in memory, as indelibly as it had been stamped upon his young impassioned heart. Sitting there in the car he remembered Adele Nilson as he saw her on that first "evening, whes ne "ad stool thing as soft as silk," sphered round, as it were, by
that cool, serene silence which had baffled and held that cool, serene silecee which bad baffled and held
aloof the gay insouciant Donovan, who dwelt in ex-aloof the gay insouciane Donovan, who dwelt in ex
teriors. But Fletcher Ames remembered what a thrill had surprised him as he had met those dark lovely eyes-eyes which held his own for a moment longer than the others, as if their owner had discovered a different nature in him; and then the few cool tones-Donovan would have called them
words of ice, but they dropped like fine pearls be words of ice, but the
Core Adjutant Ames.
Wore Adjutant Ames.
We have all of us, perhans, at some time felt We have all of us, prhaps, at some time felt stranger, that to others seeninacold and niferent, and we all know how fascinating it is, and how it tain relation which no amount of expressed cordial tain relation
ity could do.
Ames felt all this, and more, as the "stranger"
was a woman youthful and fair. It would be difi was a woman youthful and fair. It would be difii-
cult to tell why Adele Nilson thus specialized Eletcher Ames. Difficult, because what might appear so natural a thing for a girl whose eye was pleased, and whose sensibility was toucbed by the
manly and spirited address of the young officer united with that gentle air of deference, was a strange and exceptional thing for Adele Nilson: because she was not impulsive nor enthusiastic, and
because beneath that exterior as "soft as silk" because beneath that exterior as "soft as silk"
there was power and purpose of no mean quality, there was power and purpose of no mean quality,
and an anmition that stopped at no slight barriers and that stooped to nothing less than the loftiest places. It had been said of her too the shertiest rejected some of the finest names in the State for these lofty reasons of hers, and had kept her heart under the strong control of her head all through. This was Adele Nilson at twenty-three. Doess it
seem strange that with this character one should qeem strange that wastion and marvel her special favor, either of
quosk or tone, to young Adjutat
look
ence of as handsome men and superior officers?
Perhaps, unconscious to terself, nature asserted itself for that time, and
Perhings latered at him as one who wates, Perhaps later she pleased herself with the youth,
letting her heart out more fully and simply b, cause unaware of herself because she thought both too little and too much of this young man to sup-
pose there was any danger. Whatever the res pose there was any danger. Whatever the rea-
sons, from that firsit "evening," when her aunt, as sons, from that first "evening," when her aun, an
a relief to the Northern loyalty that had been pent up so long, sent out to the officers of the Federal army, who now held the town, caras for hher rece
tion, these two, had progressed more rapidly in their acquaintance
than any of the others, though Donovan had than any of the others, though Donovan had es-
sayed ail his grace of pleasing, which was more sayed all his grace of pleasing, which was more
than most men's, and even the General had paid deferential attention to $h$ is hostess's charn nice who, according to Captain - ought to be was "the prettiest little rebel in the country round." The young fellow had slender proof in
his own experience of this assertion; and it wh perhaps unjust for him to assert upon the garble accounts of rumor. I do not think he had ev personally heard much more than a few things like
this.
Standing one evening in the vicinity of his Gen eral, who was in conversation with
the following bit of talk reached him.

You were in Newport three summers ago?"
"Yes, and almost every summer previous.
never missed any pleasure so much. Hoved New-
port locally. Ah me!" with alittle sigh, "I don"
know when I shall stand on those beaches again." Unionist you are safer there than here;" and the courteous General smiled down into the pensivel interesting face.
"Am I?"
Just the two syllables; but Donovan facing a mirror caught a certain look which the General
lost. Long after, when subsequent events lost. Long after, when subsequent events made
every thing connected with that time a matter of every thing connected with that time a matter or
deep interest, Major Donovan used to tell of "that look," which he called a "concealed sneer," "hard and triumphant." Then once, later than this, just few of them stood by the winter fire on a windy,
rainy night, drinking the rare Johannisberger which Mrs. Reynold, in her zeal for the cause and them, brought forth from its sacred cobwebs for
heir use. As before, they stood facing the mirror their use. As before, they stood facing the mirror,
and the General held the younger lady of the house and the
in talk.
"This is fine old wine," he said, as he lifted hi lass to the light; "but you have none, let me-" he took a step
and the words
"No; pardon me, I only drank this with my
"Ah yes, I can understand. I should be glad to drink this wine with the owner who had stored it so long 'go; there is a peculiar pleasure in that,
even to one who has ro nearer tie of association." even to one who has sio nearer tie of association.",
"If the owner had been here you had never stood
eral.
Looking with a pleased sense of enjoyment into the rosy depths of his glass, conscious only of comfort in the warmly-ighted rooms, the sparkling
fire, the General did not catch any bitterness in that low-spoken sentence, did not observe any the mirror, Donovan averred that the beautiful eyes shot baleful fires, and that the voice was smothered with hat
merely took it for good-humoredy, answered,
"No, no; I suppose not: your uncle would have
"A moment after she became aware that I was observing her," continued this suspicious youn historian, "and she spread her hlute hanas wit the most innocent deprecation in the world, and
declared she had no interest in politics ; what dia State rights mean? etc."
From this Donovan came to the conclusion Miss Nilson was the prettiest little rebel in the country round. Perhaps if she had smiled upon him at first-if she had looked into his eyes with those alluring eyes of her own-if she had spoken o him with that special significance which ap so sharp-sighted. He might then have followed intoxicate, down the soft glooms of the garden on thosc early days of spring, feeling only the charm of her magio presence, and ready to "do or die for, sigh or swear for;", more than all, the latter; for
who under these circumstances could ever doubto who under these circamstances could ever doubt o disbelieve in Adéle Nilson, could ever believe her manity ? He might from some subtle mast mave taken so much for cranted, that like young Ames he would have forgoten that never on any occasion had he ever heard Miss Nilson "commit herself" on the side of humanity, or indeed upon any other side; that she walked with him and
talked with him, apparently with the simplest freetalked with him, apparently with the simplest freedom, yet guarded or utterly silent on the grand subject of the day. But Major Donovan from the first had never been smiled upon, never been spoken
to with special significance, therefore he was- wot to with special significance, therefore he was - uot
spelled into unasking sympathy and belief like young Ames; and perhaps, too, readier to suspect from the little shadow of pique which might have settled even upon good-natured Tom Donovan. But his thought went no further than this faet: That Miss Nilson, that "little thing as soft as silk," was a r
went further.
"What interested the Captain somuch in'Ames's
Sr.nething that went deeper than Ames's firtatici as a simple matter of heart-interest. He knew
Fletcher Ames better than either of the others. Fletcher Ames better than either of the others.
Knew him to be one of those single-minded, ardentnatured persons, who will go straight on to death,
his heart is roused. One of those earnest believers Whose faith sometimes makes them blind. So when Nilson, he suddenly cat to badinage about Miss that set him thinking. He knew that look, and all it meant. He remembered a time not so very
long ago, when Ames long ago, when Ames was in college, and had got
his head set the wrong way with the full belief his head set the wrong way with the full belief
that it was the right way; and when his friends opposed him he put his face resolutely a gainst opposed him he put his face resolutely against
them, with just that pained determination for expression. It was an awful scrape at last, Captain G-, who was then one of the seniors, reed, and throughout it that look had hauntthis previous knowledge of him, of his warmth, his enthusiasm, his rashness, and that depth of feeling the flushing cheek, the silence, the light talk of Donovan and Grier on that day. He saw too, by the few words of attempted excul pation which he flung out for Miss Nilson, how really ignorant and in the dark he was with regard to her actual sentiments. With his peculiar qualities, argued the grave Captain, that "little thing as
soft as silk" may do infinite mischief. Not that soft as silk" may do infinite mischief. Not that
he believed that Miss Nilson would be able to poison her admirer's mind with traitorous principles. "God forbid!" ejaculated the Captain as he once Ames gets to going it blind, there's no know-
ing what to expect. ing what to expect; ; and so he'll believe in her any way, and she llike enough make an unconscious to know", And every him for something she wants musing in thís strain, and haunted by that small commission Donovan had read out: "Miss Nilson's so persistently ?" he thought." "Last night I dreamed of them; seven-leagued boots they were transformed into then, and pounding away, with all sorts of captured plans of ours, into the rebel camp.
And this morning the first thing I thought of when And this morning the first thing I thought of when I awoke was, 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots.' Con-
found it, what have I to do with her boots? She's not my fair enslaver. What ails me? Zounds!" The grave Captain got up and walked down the which at that moment flashed into his mind. The new thought gave him some trouble: he couldn't get reconciled to it. Being a staid, sensible fellow, with no fanciful imaginings, this new idea looked suspicious to him. He looked at it from all quar-
ters. He accused himself of nervousness, then ters. He accused himself of nervousness, then upon it; and finally accepted it as something out of his power to reject.
"There's something on your Captain's mind
more than ordinary," said Donovan to Lieutenant Grier. "It's something about Ames, I'm thinking. Heard any thing?
No, Grier never heard any thing. Grier looked straight ahead, and smoked his pipe in peace like a steady heaithy worker as he was.
This was the day before Adjutant Ames was exwent over to camp.
aid to Lieut Ane when he returns," he had horse. "If I'm Grier as he was mounting his an orderly for me. Directly he returns, you re-

Donovan had come over from his quarters, and stood by, on the piazza. He gave a whistle when the Captain rode off, and said to Grier :
"I told you so." Turning into the house, he followed the Lientenant into the Provost's little of-
fice, minded for a dish of chat; if he had been of the other sex, it would have come under the name
of gossip. But Grier had other employment-writing for the Provost which must be done; so there was no smoking his short pipe, and laughing good-humoredly at "the greatest plods he ever saw."
Grier sat there writing until the sun went down, throwing his head up occasionally when an iron heel rung on the piazza without, or a shadow darkened the window; but twilight fell, and no Adju-
tant Ames had appeared, though a boat had sounded whistle down the river, and the scream of a locomotive had proclaimed the last means of arrival. It was growing dark, and he was sending a servant for lights when a head at the window and a voice stopped his medita
ing into another channel.

Jack, I say, Ames has come."
Where is he?" And up jumps Grier all alert.
Gone down to Neale's quarters. He met the Gone down to Neale's quarters. He met the ed him to take tea with him. Here, where you going? Wait and hear the postscript. Coming up street who should we meet but Miss Nilson and her aunt. Ames dropped behind with the bright est face you ever saw, and I heard him say, 'I shall have the pleasure of bringing your boots round this evening, Miss Nilson.' The girl actually trembled, and turned red and pale as he spoke. I
didn't think she had so much in her. By George, Jack, I believe it's a go there!" And Donovan, fairly started, was lounging in for his "gossip"
when the Lieutenant vaulted over the sill and when the Lieutenant vout to an orderly passing "Smith, Smith, take my horse and run him down to camp, and give Captain G- this!" handing Smith a slip of paper containing the intelligence
of Ames's arrival. Finding Smith just detailed
for duty by the Colonel, and no other messenger in viev, he mounted and rode off himself.

Incurious as Lieutenant Grier was, an emotion of surprise and wonder did come over him as he noted the eagerness which the Captain manifest of few words, Grier found himself repeating to him Donovan's "postscript." As he finished, his listener ejaculated, under his breath, "I shall be too
late!" and the next moment was urging his horse
to his topmost speed. The Lieutenant followed at
a more leisurely pace, his wonder not lessened by
that low-breathed sentence.
"Too late for what? One would think it was a case of high treason, he mused.
And while they ride, in that ol And while they ride, in that old dark parlor
half lost in twilight glooms, Adéle Nilson waits for her young lover. Her young lover! Does she know herself at last? Does the head-that proud suhtle head-acknowledge so much to the heart? Her young lover?
There is certain
There is certainly impatience in that waiting figure: the bent head, the eager eyes straining into the gathering dark, the unwonted flush upon her cheek, the burning scarlet of her lips-these all de-
note the fever of delay. Will she dare to meet
him with these signs? Will she confess so much him with these signs? Will she confess so much mailed heel upon the doorway threshold, and the
question is answered. She goes out to meet him question is answered. She goes out to meet him
with two hands extended, all the dark soft night with two hands extended, all the dark soft night
softened into her eyes, her lips parted into smiles, and a faint exhilarant excitement visible as sh says, "Ah, you have come!"
What lover could ask more than those words, in that tone, with that face?
He bent down, and she
He bent down, and she felt a pressure warm and fervent upon the two hands he was holding then the silken touch of his fine beard brushed softly over her fingers as he lifted his head. She grew suddenly pale; an embarrassment that was
not shyness oppressed her. Out of it she spoke
"You brought me something?"
He was not daunted nor troubled by this pallid embarrassment. The power of his nature was
making its assertion; and still with his look holding hers, though smiling now, he answered her
"I have
Thave brought you Cinderella's shoes." package, and her hand was unsteady and cold,
that had lately been so firm and warm. He saw and felt all this; and there was a look in his face as if he would guard her from all confession for her pride's sake until he himself stood confessed before her. He had not thought perhaps when he
entered the gateway that he should speak so soon, that the end was so near; but the night was full of promise. Something-was it Fate?-led him on And filled with hope, which lacked nothing of mod est manliness and reverence, but which was simply faith and power, those prophets of success that
even here could not be disputed-even here were ven here could not be disputed-even here were done to death on the very threshold of fulfillment bya falser foe than death.
heart he touched her hand ape thrilling at his "Come, the garden is too lovely to-night to lose ny of its enchantments."
ielded to his spell. They had in a moment, then our changed places. She must do his bidding ut berore she did, he noticed, as he notice er Cinderell turned and droppe ing mouth of an Egyptian bronze; a thing half vase, half idol, which somebody had brought from
old scenes of splendid barbarism, to put here like old scenes of splendid barbarism, to put here like
an ugly blot of evil amidst the singing birds and lowers
"Do you think they are quite safe there?" hed asked, smiling.
She lifted a
be touched grew icy. He drew it without mor ado over his arm, smiling still, though his heart went beyond his words, hardly heeding them in$=$
sacrifice of quite sure the old monster won't mak That was all; but it seemed to please her, for she laughed out some gay sweet respo
warmth stole back into the cold palm.
Always with his own true single heart-beat he
tested hers, and through these sudden changes the breath of ice, the swift recall of flame and fire, he read but one story, over and again, these changes, till now, her veering mood settled into softer stillness than before. And so the summer night
deepened; the twilight died into cloud and shadow The wind came up, and through the gusts the thunder muttered distantly, and lightning played in der mattered distantly, and heats. They stood beneath the blasted pine
vivid heate at the furthest range of the garden, whose bare
branches soughed wildly in the wind; and all about them flamed the nearer coming lightning, when he found his words to tell her what she must he would have dared to tell her? HEr, Adéle Nilson! Did she herself think he would be so bold ? If she did not-if on that night he carried her on
to surprise, perhaps the surprise carried her out of to surpris
How the blood beat upward into her brain, how swift her pulses ran, throbbing, throbbing, all
through her being, as under the soughing pine: "I love you, Adele, I love you
ear above the wail of the wind.
On that very hillock where they stood how many had she turned away from her in disdain! And this one, this young Adjutant with not half
their claims, why did she not disdain him? Because for that moment nature rose up strong within her; and it was a rebellious nature breaking through the deadly crusts of the world's coldness and selashness and ambition. "I love you, Adéle," there was no place on "reeled unheededly by," and the tumultuous elements of the night seemed to enter into her blood as she listened to his pure masterful voice, which
claimed her in his very confession. For a moclaimed her in his very confession. For a mo-
ment, as a longer, nearer gleam lit up the heavens, ment, as a longer, nearer gleam lit up the heavens,
he met her yes. They were full of all soft, tender, impassioned emotion. For a moure that followed, what held them apart? What silent mysterious
power warned him away? As they stood thus a of some one in haste broke into the "divinity that hedged them round." Then a voice broke farthe yet. Some one was calling him, some dire neces. sity had arisen for him. He was as brave a fellow as ever fought on battle-field. He was neve known to shrink from the most sudaden anam of hition, but a sick shiver went shuddering through
him as he heard this voice. Alas, poor prophetic heart!
Back by the same path he went, and she was by his side, and now and then her voice was in his ear, and once, in some dark moment, sho
slipped and his arm upheld her but still that mysterious distance, and the sick shiver at his heart. At the door the light from within streamed out upon a tall figure, with a sad, stern face, his riding boots splashed with mud, and great beads
f perspiration standing upon his forehead. of perspiration

Captain G-!
"Adjutant, just a moment, if you please;" and He Captain Hitced as and
Their conference was brief, but it had wrought a strange change upon the youth and beauty that hone so joyfully a brief time since.
When had Adutint
When had Adjutant Ames ever been known to hesitate in the obeying of an order? Never. But by his Captain and Provost Marshal, but he actually forgot their army relation and all military et quette, as he had never done before, and expostulated in vehement under-tones that had a note like
repressed cry trembling in them.
"It is absurd, preposterous, Ricl
oing baksto tha, preposteroun, nichard!" he saia soing back to their old relations of intimacy in ex

## " ${ }^{\text {pression }}$

II will stake my own loyalty up.
But the Captain shook his head.
Not no; it wail not do; nothing will do but Ames, because I trusted you utterly, ynd felt would be less painful for you to carry it out than o intrust it to any one else; for if it happened that
I was mistaken there would was mistaken there would be no other to shar the secret; but perhaps I have been wrong in as
signing the task to you. If you prefer. I will-, " No no If this must be I take it upon my You will see how absurd the whole suspicion will be proved, Richard." And he looked into his companion's face with the ghost of a smile before he left him.
Straight
Straight through the house to the opposite en-
trance, where $h e$ had entered befo trance, where he had entered before, where she
now paced slowly up and down, singing now paced slowly up and down, singing an
love-song half unconsciously, he went to heir. His cheek flamed hotly, the words nearly choked him, as he told her his errand. Her own cheek caught his color, her eyes sprang up ablaze with
wrath; then, harder for him to bear, the fiery storm settled into cold disdain. "Truly a protty story, she said, icily, that I carry a
spontences of contraband mater in my gaiter-
boots! Whose brain hand the honor of conceiving so stupendous a fancy?" and she laughed a little low laugh of derision that curdled his blood to hear. derella
Ames."

## Ames." She

She flung a rapid glance at the Bronze looming up dark and Sphinx-ilike at her side. His glance ical recurrence to his own words than at the dark and meaning look in her eyes. That he failed to interpret. For a breathing space or two they stood there, motionless and silent. Then he stepped for-
ward. He told her as hie had told her when he first spoke, that it was but a mere form of duty; that he had no doubt of her; that he would stake his own loyalty upon the utter absurdity of this suspicion; and as he spoke again his hand touche
the Bronze ed to mock him with its sardonic grin. An awful fate seemed to hover above the little shoes so lately flung, with half a jest, into the wide yawning mouth. And then her own hand settled, white and cold like a fake of snow, upon his; and the voice that came now from her lips
and entreating, and impassioned
"You will not do this s" she said. "You will not subject me to this indignity. Hear me a mo ment. Out there in the garden you told me that you loved me. I gave you no answer then. give it now. I love you; as I can love, as I have never loved before. Let this stand for my fealty to you and yours. Now judge between us-be
tween this mad phantasm of duty by which I to be insulted and-my love; for $I$ solemnly sert that if you persist in this search I will never see you again. More than that, my love will bo turned to horror and hate; for, instead of giving me trust and tenderness, you will be giving me suspicion and indignity.
There she stood, dark, and glowing, and splendid, at the conclusion of her words, waiting for his
decision. She had not long to wait decision. She had not long to wait.
ery eloquent were the words, very tender the -all his hopes, all his fears-as he strove to de monstrate to her how utterly sacred and apart he held her from this form of duty. But she shook her head, with an inflexible face. His expression could scarcely have been sadaer than beore, as he removed that snow-flake of a hindrance upon his
hand, though he knew he wns about to seal his own despair. But not yet, not yet ; for as again he essayed to carry forth his command, not ouly was her hand clasped in hindrance over his, but with a little cry of heart-aching pain she flung her arms about him. She, the cold, the proud, the reticent There was nothing false in this. Afraid? Yes, she was afraid. Afraid of losing, ah! how much!
She had never realized how much till in these later She had never realized how much till in these laten
hours nature had asserted itself. Afraid of losing him. Hior, her young lover! for did not her youv lie between them? What soft mild words of en-
treaty she uttered, clinging there to his breast !

What passionate, tender words, imploring him to go no further, for the vow that lay between them he
could never think of afterward without teare conld never think of afterward without tears. And
there were tears then dimming his eyes as he held there were tears then dint
her strained to his heart.
"Think" - she said, at last, drawing herself away-"think what it is you refuse me. I ask you only to have faith in me. If you told me the contents of a letter you held in your hand, do you
think I should not be as sure of your word as if -1 think I should not be as sure of your word as if $I$
had read it myself? had read it myselfi There are but us two here, and 1 ask of you only to go back to your Captain
and say you did not find what he sent you for and say you did not find what he sent you for that there was no ground ar his suspic,
believe this-you have faith in me?"
. "I have faith in you; but oh! my darling, $m$ faith will not serve for them ; I have no right-," "And then you give me up. Wait, oh! wait moment yet; you may be mistaken in your judg ment of the right.
To give her up! He looked at her. There she stood, dark glowing, her splendor softened with $t$ glory of love-there she stood tempting him
gla glory of love-there she stood tempting him
The blood rose to his brain his faculties; but one thought boomed throush the whirl and confusion: "She is mine until I give her up!
The
The next minute he had her in his arms, her Iovely face held against his breast. "Mine until give her up! What if, after all, 1 am wrong in
my judgment of the right? Mine! mine!"-and my judgment of the right?
the world seemed to slip away
In this time her one thoug
quered!" It was no simple was, "I have conthat any girl with greed of power might feel was salvation from mortal peril. It was rescue from an abyss so dark and deep, an abyss that $s$ he
knew how well would engulf this new-found love knew how well would engulf this new-1ound love,
and give her in exchange an agony of pity, of and give her in exchange an agony of pity,
horror, from which no wonder that she shrank hese were her conclusions.
She had corquuered!
No. The mad, mocking dream went by, and
the true heart asserted itself. And still he held her there. Still the lovely face crushed out of sight against his breast; but when he stooped and
put her down upon the wide hall chair, his free put her down upon the wide hall chair, his free
hand touched the yavining bronze image! In another moment he had passed out into the wind and the rain; and all unaware of what he carried less, but tightly in his grasp, she lay back urean mtring b'ind her clasped hands, with spent strength, "I have conquered!"
The grave Captain was graver than his wont He would do nothing but pace the floor and puffpuff in gloomy, restless silence at his pipe. Eve
Donovan could not melt his mood, and at last obeyed the quiet hint of Lientenant Grier and fol lowed him out. And still puff, puff, puff at the short black pipe, and the restless pacing the floor, now and then consulting his watch. At length he satctown and waited; a and thbre came through the
dirivg rain the sound of sharp ringing footsteps, and then the door was pushed open, and the one for savage with its apparently needless suffering. Ho lung himself down opposite the Captain, and,
breathing deep, laid down,the package-the "Cin dérella shoes.

You will see how needless it all was, Captain G-" he said, in hard, bitter tones
The senior's eye dwelt kindly on the lad at these
words. He saw something of what he had been through, but his prophetic sonl whispered of deeper grief to come. Alas!
He took the parcel with a steady hand, put away his pipe, and cut the pack-thread. There they lay before him-the fine, silken, slender things, wit the royal arch of the instep and the curved heels. There they lay, looking so innocent of evil, so
dainty, and so fresh, like herself, that the poor fellow, obervant of his companion's cool pondlin shuddered with his bitter angry woe, and in his mad passion sat silent at last; his head dropped out of sight in his folded arms, cursing savagely "the fool-seeking suspicion" that had ruined his hopes, How long did he lie thus; how long before th Captain's calm vo

He raised himself with the same sick shiver he had felt in the garden. This voice calling him sounded like the voice of Fate.

Adjutant Ames!
It was a very gentle call. What was that The Captain's knife had made a merciless rent in forth a folded paper. It was a thin, long, closely written sheet, and the grave face grew graver until at length it grew durk and fierce as he read. All the time the heart o. Fletcher Ames was dying its death as he watched him. And at the end it is handed across to him, and the Captain's voice is little less calm as he says: "You will forgive me now; you will not think I have made you suffer
needlessly. And then Fletcher Ames reads what needlessly. And then Fletcher Ames reads what
the other has read so steadily, with a damp dew the other has read so steadily, with a damp dew
upon his brow, and, stout young soldier as he is, with all his pulses beating faint and low.
She was false then, false. This was what he thought of most as he read that foul plot of traitors in the very midst of loyal souls, who were striving to sustain the laws of God and humanity. The
devil's own plot, which but for the prescience of devil's own plot, which, but for the prescience of
Captain G-, would have been on its way to traitor hands, who would have carried out its vile suggestions and instructions at an unguarded mo-
mait, when its results would have proved fatal perhaps.
False!
False! false! The word kept ringing in his brain. Yet she loved him. Yes, he was sure of that; she loved him. And he? -ahy he loved
well, so highly, so truly, that rather than this knowledge of her deep dissembling, of her bitter disloyalty, he would have foregone the rapture of her love; have taken scorn and disdain for his por-
tion. Oh, to have her noble and true, though
colder than a ctone to him; to see her frir and sweet, like the proud fair dame he remembired that she looked on that first meeting. But there
$a \approx$ his feet lay his idol ; "shattered, desecrated overthrown." And while these thoughts wer thronging in his mind ing, and listened vaguely as in a dreadful dream
But what was that? "Halliday would hever his colors if this had been carried out. Indeed th there.
Then there broke into his poor struggling mind Who listened the thought of the cause that he loved better than any other cause. Better than these there it lay, pure pearl of patriotism, shining through tears, radiant, indestructible
He rose up-his bright enthusiastic face aged with that night's work-a sorry sight to look upon,
for you would have known that never would the for you would have known that never would the
faith and hope you had once seen be seen there faith and hope you had once seen
any more. Youth had gone forever.
The Captain wrung his hand without a word as he went out, but he looked the sympatly that men can to one another, without much ado of out ward expression. When it became known, as had to be, among the officers there, what a conspiracy had been discovered in Miss Nilson's gaiterdeals, and through whose agency, there was a goo ence ; but though these gay young men lnew but a part of what Chese $G$. edge of, yet to their honor be it said, that in the presence of Adjutant Ames there was never any jest or unnecessary allusion concerning the subjec Something in that stern, pale face touched the with silent respect. Ames had changed, they said There was nothing but work in him now.
Yes, Ames had changed

WALTER S. NEWHALL.
OB. DECEMBER 18, AT. 22.
ICaptain Waitrar S Newitur, of Prilidelephia, Acting Adjutant.General upon the staff of General Gzzoc, was
lately drowned in a
tribtarty of the was one of the earliest volunterss in the war, leaning all to gerve his conntry. First distinguished in the famous charge of Zagonyi at springtield, in MMisourc, re was ait-
ervarde engaged in the most active and dangerous service; and, alvays a hero, he never disappointed the fond fuith
 the service: and at the time of Laves invaion last sum-
mer wo believe that lis parents had five or dix sons on
 active military duty.
whose on hat ben in
a truly ly yical fervor.]

Nor 'mid the cannon's roar,
Not 'mid red fields of gore,
When the fierce fight was, 'er,
His yount
His young life parted;
But low benenth the wave
But low teneath the wave,
No hand outstrectclied to save,
As in a hallowed grave
Slept the true-hearted.
All seamed with noble scars
Won in his country's wars,
Battling 'neath Stripes and Stars
Batting neath stripes
For his land's glory.
One of dantless rice
Who each in foremost place Here ends his story.
Stern was the strife and brief-
Death came with auick relief-
Death came with quick relief-
While watched each glorious chief
Who went before him.
The waiting angel stood
And to that brotl.erhood
Gently he bore him.
Once, in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say), Once, in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say),
Across the Sacred Way, Wrath's fearful token Earth opened wide her breast
Nor might the land find rest Nor might the land ind rest There should lie broken.
Vainly poured gold and gem,
Rich robe with broidered hem, Rich robe with broider
Sceptre and diadem-
Sceptre and diadem-
Wealth's hoards uncoffered
Wide yawned the gulf apart,
Till one brave Roman heart Till one brave Roman heart
Plunged in with shield and dart-
Life freely offered.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES. The Catholic Arehbishop of New York, the Rev. Joun Hughes, died nbout 65 years. Few men of his day exercised so wide an influence, social, moral, and political, and few men have exercised it, upon the whole, so honestly and wisely. He of a respectable farmer. He came to America in 1817, and soon after became a student at the Catholic College at Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he received ordination, and was appointed to the charge of a
church in Philadelphia, and became recognized as a man of mark in his Church. In 1838 he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Dubois of New York, who was fast sinking under age and infirmity. A fortnight had hardly passed before Bishop Dubois was struck down by paralysis, and the oversight of
the Diocese fell upon Mr. Hughes, who four years later, upon the death of his superior, became Bishop of New York. In this position he had full scope for the exercise of his great administrative powers. To the general public he was best known by he was at several times engaged, prominent among which were those with Dr. John Breckenridge, that apon the Public School Question, that with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), and But his true work was in the organization of the affairs of his diocese, and the establishment of its educational and religious concerns upon a firm basis, It would require a volume to detail his labors. It is sufficient to say that he gradually gathered into his own strong hands the entire control of the Catholic schools
and churches of his Diocese. The amount of church property nominally vested in him has been stated at fully five millions of dollars. He found his Diocese weak and disjointed; he left it strong and consolidated. His position gave him rarely used except when he thought the interests of the Church were in question, and then always with telling effect. In 1850 the Diocese of New York was divided by the erection of the Sees of Albany and Bufaised to the dignity of an Archbishpric. After the breaking out of the nsurrection, Archbishop Hughes, at the desire of our Government, went to Europe on a mission to aid the Union cause; for his exertions in this mission he received the official thanks of the authorities of the City
of New York. Within a few months his health began to give way, and his public appearances became more rare. His last notable effort was his

spech to the Catholic of Now at the time of the riots of last July, This speech was sharply and, we think, justly criticised. Its intent was good; but we thought at the time, and must think still, that it contained some highly objectionable features. We apprehend that the mental, as well as the physical,
strength of the Archbishop was im paired when he made this speech which we are confident was heard or read with regret by the best and wisest of his friends. Apart from this speech, conceived and delivered when the venerable prelate was not difficult to point to a single important act in his long administration that was not wise and politic, and which, viewed from his own standpoint, was not right and honorable. He died as he had lived, a true man, and a sincere Christian. There will probably be a sharp contest, open or to the post left vacant by his death. It will be well for the Church and the country if the second Archbishop of New York be, all in all, a worthy successor of John Hughes

## THE "RAPPAHANNOCK.

There are some curious circumstances connected with the screw steamer Rappahannock, alias the Scylla, of London, alias her Majesty's steam-sloop victor. The Endisposed of her Majesty's screw gunvessel Victor, and, on being sold, she was permitted to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the "Scylla, of Lonwas changed to the "Scylla, of Lon-
don." Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. der, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails nock. On leaving the Nore the Rar pahannock sailed direct for Calais Harbor, in France, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. The Customs authorities at Calais, in answer to a qutestion, have received instructions from Paris to allow the captain pleases. It is said that the English Admiralty have also sold the war steamers Amphion, Cyclops, and Phenix to "private purchasers."



## DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET.

$W_{\mathrm{E}}$ give on this page an engraving of Dungeness Light-house, in the British Channel, where the English Government has recently stationed the Fogrrumper invented by Mr. C. L. Daboll, of New duce a complete revolution in fog-signals for light house purposes. An experiment on the trumpet, in connection with a bell and steam-horn previously put there, was made by the Trinity House Committee of London, on board their steam-yacht, on the 17th of November last, commencing at noon. The trumpet, bell, and horn were each tried in suc-
cession for three minutes; then they were all sounded together for the same period of time, and afterward made continuous until 2 P.M., when the bell sive its signals and the fog-trumpet continued to ive seconds' length of blast, until 3 P.M.., when the trial ceased, and the yacht then steamed away for
There was a strong wind at the time of the trial, with frequent squalls of rain, and a heavy surf on the beach, but the result was so satisfactory to the Committee that the English Government purchased the apparatus of Mr. Daboll, and have made it a permanent signal at Dungeness Light-house. It
placed in the smaller building, as shown in the illustration.

The American public have been made familiar with this signal through repeated discussions relatue to its being placed on Cape Race. Captain Judkins, of the Cunard mail-steamer Scotia, in a ppeech at Liverpool on the removal of Captain Stone Cape Race mave strong testimoniv in its favor said that but for the action and hostility of the British Government to this signal it would have been placed at Cape Race before this time, and not only the disaster of the Africa, but many others would have been avoided.

## OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

As occasional correspondent from before Charles ton sends us a sketch of a Floating Battery now ashore near the beach, and of several obstructions to the harbor washed ashore during the late storm. They will be found below. He says: "The-battafy-wa
built to carry four heavy guns; the recent gale, and brought with it a portion of the rebel obstructions. These consist of larce piece of timber, 15 or 20 feet long, to some of which were attached pieces of railroad iron joined together by links. The timbers were badly worm-eaten.

rebel battery and obstructions in Charleston harbor.-[From an occasional Correspondent.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Morton's Gold Pens are now sold at the ame prices as before :he commencement of the war; this entirely owing to the Manufacture's fmprovements in divance System ; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and strictly with the Trade. The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones eold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Goverument Tax, \&ec; but Moron has in no case chainged his prices, Wholesale or Retaii. Of the grent numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand
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sword," in next column.

## The Deringer Pistol.

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him at from 2 to 6 miles
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the authores, with that nervous power which marke nll the authores, with that nervous power which marks all
her literary productions, carries her throngh the trying her literary productione, carries her throngh the trying
ordeals which ever beeet the young and friendless girl ordeals which ever beest the young, and friendless girl
who tries to obtain a situation as teacher. Having been n teacher herself, Mrs. Dallas is thorourghly familinn with her subject. She knows it in all its detaile from the com mencement to the finish, and she is posted, also, with regard to the characters of most of those who occupy prominent poitions in relation to the manygement of the public school system. Where merit is due she freely accords it ; but where censure is warranted, she applies it with an unparing hand, and in a manner cilinced to make the re ipients of it wince.
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$\mathrm{H}^{\mathrm{e}}{ }^{\text {will transmit his name to latest posterity. }}$ [CThaneclor Kent] $]$

B earing relation to Language the Principia does to $\begin{gathered}\text { [EBithe Burrit.] } \\ \text { Prilosophy. }\end{gathered}$
$\mathrm{E}^{\text {xecls all o thers in defining scientific termb }}$ [President $H$ Hicheock.]
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