

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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Beautiful New and Thrilling Tale.

We commence in the present number

A Splendid New Tale,

replete with deep interest and exciting incident. It is exquisitely

written, and leads the reader on from chapter to chapter by a golden thread of rare and curiously conceived plot, the interest of which increases as it develops. This new Tale is

One of the Greatest Works of the Day.

We earnestly commend its perusal to our readers—it will repay them tenfold.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER I.—HOW I BECAME HAUNTED.

I was a very little boy, with light flaxen hair, dull blue eyes, and (I blush to add) remarkably weak knees. I was, I say, a delicate little
(Continued on page 166.)



BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BETWEEN THE U. S. FORCES UNDER GENERAL MORRIS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND AND THE SECESSION TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM—THE THIRTEENTH INDIANA REGIMENT CHARGING DOWN THE PIKE IN THE FACE OF A LARGE BODY OF REBEL TROOPS, CAPTURING A CANNON WHICH THEY WERE ENDEAVORING TO CARRY FROM THE FIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 168.

GREAT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

Advance of the Federal Army on Manassas Junction.

BRILLIANT VICTORY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS AT BULL'S RUN.

THE ENEMY RETREATS TOWARDS MANASSAS JUNCTION.

The advance of the Grand Federal Army towards Manassas Junction was the signal of great rejoicing throughout the loyal part of the country. Successively as they advanced, the rebels retreated before them and Fairfax Court House and Centreville fell into the hands of our troops, and on Saturday morning, at half past two, the whole army, with the exception of the reserve, advanced towards Bull's Run, which was strongly fortified by masked batteries, and is about three and a half miles in advance of Manassas Junction. The advancing army numbered forty-five thousand men.

The Union army advanced from Centreville in three columns at the close of Sunday morning. Col. Richardson commanded the column by the road to Bull's Run, where the action of Thursday took place, and Colonel Miles lay on the road and at Centreville to support him.

General Tyler commanded the centre division, which took the Warrenton road, General Schenck and Colonel Sherman being in advance. He had the three Connecticut regiments, two from Michigan, two from Wisconsin, and the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth from New York. General McDowell, with Colonel Hunter and a very powerful division, went out on this road, which leads directly forward to Manassas, crossing Bull's Run by a stone bridge, which had been mined.

The attack by these two points was intended mainly as a feint. The real attack was by Hunter, who took a narrow road two miles out leading to the right, having Hunt's and the Rhode Island batteries, and leaving Colonel Keyes on the centre at the crossing of the roads as a reserve. His orders were to proceed high up the stream, cut himself a path through the woods, cross over, and turn the position of the rebels on the north.

At ten minutes before six the centre halted about a mile this side of the position of the rebels. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Regiments of New York were thrown to the right, in the woods, and the First and Second Ohio and the Second New York to the left in advance.

The thirty-pound Parrott gun was planted in the middle of the road, and at ten minutes past six it threw two shells into the battery of the enemy, but without eliciting any response. Ten minutes after firing was heard on the left from Richardson's column, which was continued at intervals for two hours, but without eliciting any reply.

At twenty minutes to eight Ayer's battery, formerly Sherman's, fired five or six rounds into the enemy, but without response. At a quarter before nine shots were rapidly exchanged between the opposing skirmishers, and Gardner, of Lacrosse, belonging to the Rhode Island regiment, was reported killed.

About ten o'clock heavy clouds of dust showed that reinforcements were coming up to the rebels from Manassas, and was continued through the next three or four hours.

At eleven o'clock Ayer's battery went to the front; the Sixty-ninth, New York, was ordered to deploy into the field in front, and firing was heard from Hunter's division, on the extreme right, far in advance.

The Ohio regiments were pushed forward with the Second New York, and ran up a masked battery of four guns, which killed and wounded quite a number of both. Of the latter, Michael McCarty, Sergeant of Company H, was wounded, and afterwards was reported dead. Lieutenant Dimesey received a slight wound. Some twenty or thirty of the Ohio regiment broke and ran, but the rest stood firm, as did the Second New York.

Carlisle's battery was brought to the front on the right, and soon drove the rebels out of the masked battery.

It was now half-past eleven o'clock, when Hunter's column appeared across the Run, advancing on the flank of the rebels, and the engagement soon became very active in his position. He kept steadily advancing, pouring in a steady fire of artillery and musketry.

The whole brigade under Tyler was ordered forward to his support. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York, the First, Second and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were sent in. A constant roll of musketry marked Hunter's advance, and the artillery from our column played incessantly on the flank of the rebels. So far as could be seen the latter were pushed backward a considerable distance to the road directly in front of where I stood, across which they charged twice with the bayonet upon our troops, but were repulsed each time. Our men crossed the road and poured in upon them a terrible fire of artillery and musketry.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Thirtieth, who rushed up upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded, with perfect effect, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but this success was acquired only after a severe loss of life, in which the Sixty-ninth most severely suffered, and it was reported that Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent was amongst the first killed.

The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries at the point of the bayonet, but it is feared that their loss is immense.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the Wisconsin Second regiment. He turned out to be Brigadier-Quartermaster Pryor, cousin to Roger A. Pryor. He was captured, with his horse, as he by accident rode into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong to?" asked Hasbrouck. "The Nineteenth Mississippi," was the answer. "Then you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

From the statements of this prisoner, it appears that our artillery has made great havoc among the rebels, of whom there are from 30,000 to 40,000 in the field, under command of General Beauregard, while they have a reserve of 75,000 at the Junction.

He describes an officer most prominent in the fight, distinguished from the rest by his white horse, as Jeff Davis. He confirms the previous reports of a regiment of negro troops in the rebel forces, but says that it is difficult to get them to proper discipline in battle array.

The position of the enemy extended in three lines, in the form of a triangle the apex fronting the centre of our column. The area seems to have been filled with masked batteries.

According to the latest bulletins received at headquarters at Washington, the rebels were finally compelled to retire with precipitation from their position, and fell back behind their Manassas lines—some accounts say with the loss of all their ordnance and equipments. Our latest advices direct from the battlefield have the fight still in progress, but there seems to be no doubt, from the nature of the latest official bulletins, that the success of the National arms has been complete. The losses in killed and wounded on our side are very heavy—those of the rebels must have been fearful, from the superior nature of our arms and the rapidity and precision with which they were served.

Scarcely had we put the above in type when rumors of a terrible disaster reached us, which told of the

Rout and Defeat of the Federal Army.

We could scarcely credit the telegrams as they arrived, but we were at length compelled to realise the sad intelligence, that after its first advance with such an extraordinary success, it met with a defeat of the most disastrous character.

Many confused statements are prevalent, but enough is known to warrant the statement that we have suffered in a degree which has cast a gloom over the remnants of the army, and excited the deepest melancholy in Washington.

The carnage is tremendously heavy on both sides, and on ours it is represented as frightful. We were advancing, and taking their masked batteries gradually, but surely, and by driving the enemy towards Manassas Junction, when they seem to have been reinforced by General Johnson, who, it is understood, took command and immediately commenced driving us back, when a panic among our troops suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place.

It is thought that General McDowell undertook to make a stand at or about Centreville, but the panic was so fearful that the whole army became demoralized, and it was impossible to check them, either at Centreville or at Fairfax Court House.

General McDowell intended to make another stand at Fairfax Court House, but our forces being in full retreat he could not accomplish the object.

Beyond Fairfax Court House the retreat was kept up until the men reached their regular encampments, a portion of whom returned to them, but a still larger portion coming inside the entrenchments.

A large number of the troops in their retreat fell on the wayside from exhaustion, and scattered along the route all the way from Fairfax Court House.

The road from Bull's Run was strewn with knapsacks, arms, &c. Some of our troops deliberately threw away their guns and appurtenances, the better to facilitate their travel.

General McDowell was in the rear of the retreat, exerting himself to rally his men, but only with partial effect.

The latter part of the army, it is said, made their retreat in order. He was completely exhausted, having slept but little for three nights. His orders on the field did not at all times reach those for whom they were intended.

It is supposed that the force sent out against our troops consisted, according to a prisoner's statement, of about 30,000 men, including a large number of cavalry. He further says that owing to reinforcements from Richmond, Skansburg and other points, the enemy's effective force was 30,000 men.

According to the statement of two Fire Zouaves they only have about two hundred men left from the slaughter, while the Sixty-ninth and other regiments fearfully suffered in killed and wounded. The number cannot now be known.

Sherman's, Carlisle's, Griffin's and the West Point batteries were taken by the enemy, and the eight siege and 32 rifle cannon, the latter being too cumbersome to remove. They were two miles the other side of Centreville. Such of the wounded as were brought to the Centreville hospital were left there, after having their wounds properly dressed by Surgeon Frank H. Hamilton.

The panic was so great that the attempt to rally them to a stand at Centreville was entirely in vain. If a firm stand had been made there, our troops could have been reinforced and much disaster prevented. General McDowell was thus foiled in his well-arranged plans.

The cause of the panic is variously stated, but it seems to have originated in the following manner: All our military operations went swimmingly on, and Colonel Alexander was about erecting a portico across Bull's Run.

The enemy were seemingly in retreat, and their batteries being unmasked one after another, when a terrific consternation broke out among the teamsters, who had incautiously advanced immediately after the body of the army, and lined the Warrenton road.

Their consternation was shared in by numerous civilians who were on the ground, and for a time it seemed as if our whole army was in retreat.

Many baggage wagons were emptied, and their horses galloped across the open fields; all the fences of which were torn down to allow them a more rapid retreat.

For a time a perfect panic prevailed, which communicated itself to the vicinity of Centreville, and every available conveyance was seized upon by agitated civilians. Wounded soldiers cried on the road side for assistance, but the alarm was so great that numbers were passed by.

Several similar alarms occurred on previous occasions, when a change of batteries rendered the retirement of the artillery on our part necessary, and it is most probable that the alarm was owing to the same fact.

The reserve force at Centreville was immediately brought up and marched in double quick step in the following order:

Colonel Einstein's Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, with two guns.

The Garibaldi Guards and Colonel Blenker's first rifle regiment, with its batteries, followed at several miles distant by the DeKalb Regiment.

Two new masked batteries had been opened by the Secessionists on the left flank, and that position of the division had its lines broken and demanded immediate re-enforcement.

The right was in good order. The battery erected on the hillside, directly opposite the main battery of the enemy, was doing good execution, and additional guns were being mounted.

The army in its retreat from Centreville was protected in rear by Colonel Miles's reserve.

It is impossible at the time of going to press to procure a positively reliable account of the retreat, the cause of the retreat, the amount of the casualties, or whether the enemy had retired to their fastnesses or were in pursuit of our retreating forces. To account rationally for such a panic as is said to have seized upon the advance army seems to be hopeless. The daring and sublime courage which they exhibited the day previous forbids for one moment the idea of cowardice; they then dared death in a thousand forms, nothing stayed their impetuosity, and yet in a moment a mortal fear seems to have been communicated from regiment to regiment all through the whole body, and the masses fled like sheep following their leader in very blindness of fear. A day or two will explain this strange mystery, and until then we must be content to know that the Union army has suffered a terrible defeat, which the honor of our people demands shall be speedily and thoroughly avenged, and the memory of it wiped out by a victory which shall determine the fate of the Rebel army in Virginia.

There can be no doubt that we have been fearfully overmatched; that our gallant fellows were combating one against two; but these odds would have mattered little but for that mysterious panic which at this distance we can neither understand nor account for. While our army was barely forty-five thousand men, the enemy numbered full ninety thousand, protected by immensely strong lines and by numerous and powerful masked batteries.

The loss on both sides is said to be terrible. The lowest accounts place the loss of each army at between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men, or six thousand in all. This is assuredly the most terrible and bloody battle ever fought on this Continent, and the saddest phase of it is that it is, so far as we know at present, without any positive results, excepting that it will rouse the whole North as one man, and cause an army of overwhelming proportions to be thrown upon Virginia, when a bloodier and more terrible conflict will ensue, involving the certain defeat of the brave but misguided force in arms against their country.

LATER DESPATCH.

Overwhelming Rebel Re-enforcement.

It is known that on the day previous to the battle a large number of troops publicly protested against being led by General Schenck, and it was only through the importunities of Colonel McCook, in whom they placed all confidence, and others, that they were prevented from making a more formidable rebellion.

The Pennsylvania Fourth was not in the action, having left for home on the morning of the battle, their term of service having expired.

It was known to our troops at the time of the battle yesterday that Johnson's forces had formed a connection with Beauregard on the night of the first action at Bull's Run.

Our men could distinctly hear the cars coming into Manassas Junction, and the cheers with which the Confederates hailed their newly arriving comrades. They knew that the enemy was our superior in number, and in their own position.

These facts were further confirmed by prisoners taken, deserters and spies, but were not probably known at Washington, and the officers, in leading our men into action, only obeyed orders.

General Schenck, as well as the older field officers, acted admirably. He collected his forces and covered the retreat, and up to the last moment was personally engaged in the endeavor to rally his men to make a stand at Centreville.

It was the arrival of fresh re-enforcements to the enemy in superior numbers that turned the scale of battle.

The enemy, before now, might perhaps have more to boast of if they had followed up their advantage last night.

The Killed and Wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fowler, of New York Fourteenth. Colonel Lawrence, of Fifth Massachusetts regiment; Captain Ellis, of Seventy-first New York, badly.

Colonel Farnham and Major Cregier, of the Zouaves, are not killed, but badly wounded.

The Seventy-first New York lost about half their men. Colonel Cameron of the Seventy-ninth N. Y. V., killed. Colonel Hunter, severely wounded in the throat.

Reported killed—Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent and Captain Thomas Francis Meagher, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M.

The Following Regiments were Engaged in the Fight:

The First, Second and Third Connecticut regiments. The first regiment of Regulars, composed of the Second, Third and Eighth companies.

Two hundred and fifty marines.

The Eighth and Fourteenth New York Militia. The First and Second Rhode Island. The Seventy-first New York. The Second New Hampshire. The Fifth Massachusetts. The First Minnesota. The First Michigan. The Eleventh and Thirty-eighth New York. The Second, Fourth and Fifth Maine, and The Second Vermont Regiments, besides the several batteries.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

GEN. McDOWELL behaved with admirable gallantry. He was continually in the front of the battle, and made his reconnaissance in person, and issued his orders with coolness and courage; but the bravery of the commanding officers was unavailing to arrest a panic beginning in the rear.

The Fire Zouaves fought like devils. Their heroism in repelling a charge of cavalry, while they were charging upon one of the batteries, is the theme of universal admiration.

The New York Seventy-first, Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh fought with wonderful gallantry.

The Minnesota and Maine regiments won the praise of all. They were mowed down like grass by the batteries upon which they advanced. The flag of the Minnesota regiment was riddled by the bullets of the enemy.

Col. Slocum of the Second Rhode Island regiment was killed by a shot in the head.

Col. Wilcox of the First Michigan regiment was wounded and taken prisoner. Col. Wood of the Fourteenth New York regiment, wounded and taken prisoner.

The following is a list of the wounded brought from the battlefield at Bull's Run to the Government Hospital up to eight p. m. Monday.

Second Wisconsin Regiment—Company—Wm. S. Lynch; Company F, J. H. Hauer, A. Bugbee, W. House, Harry McDaniel, Henry R. McCollum, T. D. B. Hice, Samuel N. Bond; Company K, Cornelius Lebriver; Company C, Corporal C. C. Dow, Lieut. A. A. Morrell.

Thirtieth New York Regiment—Company F, A. McVane; Company A, James A. Galt. First Connecticut Regiment—Company A, J. W. Burgess, Charles C. Jills; Company C, Charles McElroy.

Thirty-eighth New York Regiment—Company H, Barney Millican. Seventy-ninth New York Regiment—Company B, Lieut. J. B. St. Clair, Corporal John Frazer, J. Mitchell, Sergeant Macomb; Company B, R. Black. Sixteenth New York Regiment—Company D, J. Sullivan; Company C, Christopher Connelley.

Second Maine Regiment—Company F, James Cord. Third Maine Regiment—Company H, Wm. Judkins, severely. Second Rhode Island Battery—C. D. Gladding.

Fifty-ninth New York Regiment—Company G, Michael Maher. Fourteenth New York Regiment—Company C, Henry Ames. Second New York Regiment—Company C, D. Reilly. Second United States Artillery—Company E, C. Erbaugh.

Fourth Maine Regiment—Company B, E. R. Blackington; Company K, Wm. H. Gardner. Third Connecticut Regiment—Company H, Jacob Schreff; Company K, Thos. S. Winton.

Second Michigan Regiment—Company C, Horace Dingman. All in this hospital are slightly wounded, except Judkins, whose thigh is terribly torn, probably by a grape-shot. The Maine ball by which Burges was wounded in the left arm lodged in his watch, where it is very curiously wedged among the works.

The following comprises the killed and wounded in the Fourteenth New York Regiment, Colonel Wood, as far as ascertained: Killed—Company B, Fagan, McManus, Massfield; Company D, Horn; Company E, Davenport, Wade, Shields; Company C, Esigun Read, Brown; Company F, Schell, Kelly, Sullivan, McCarly, Diez, Smith, Ray, Morrow, Fesce, Baldwin and Scott.

Wounded—Company C, TenEyck, Hicks, McFar, Snyder, Dwyneil, DeWitt; Company D, McClung; Company E, Henry Ames; Company F, Prescott, Adams, Middleton.

Twenty men in other companies were slightly wounded. Of the battalion of United States Marines, Major Zellen, commanding Company A, was twice wounded; Lieutenant Hitchcock killed, Lieutenant Hale wounded. Only seventy out of three hundred and fifty of the marines have as yet returned to the barracks. As they are chiefly new recruits, they are probably scattered about, but neither killed nor wounded.

It is already ascertained that the number of killed and wounded has been greatly exaggerated. It is believed now that the killed on our side will be between three and five hundred.

Captain B. H. Thilagast, Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, is reported dead. Captain Ayres, United States Army, is not taken prisoner, nor killed, as reported.

The whole of Sherman's battery is saved. Colonel Blenker, commanding a brigade in the division of Colonel Miles, which brought up the rear of the retreating column, picked up on the way the guns of Burnside's Second Rhode Island Regiment, that had been left behind, and brought them in. The horses had been detached for the purpose of bringing in the wounded.

Hon. A. B. Ely, of the Rochester district, and his companion on the field, Mr. Bing, recently employed on Appleton's Encyclopedia, have not been heard of since the battle. They were last seen near one of our batteries, and are supposed to have been taken prisoners.

The following officers of the Seventy-ninth Regiment are reported killed: R. T. Schilling, Captain Company I; David Morrison, Captain Company B; William Munson, Captain Company A; David Brown, Captain Company D. Captain Griffin lost sixty of the horses attached to his battery, but brought away one gun and the force.

Senator Wade has arrived at Washington. He left two divisions of the army at Centreville. The army remained within their entrenchments. General Tyler had thrown up entrenchments at Centreville. There was no prospect of an attack. Governor Sprague spiked the battery of the Second Rhode Island Regiment on the field.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, JULY 15.—John W. Forney received 26 out of 36 votes, and was elected Secretary to the Senate. The Army Bills were passed. The \$250,000,000 Loan Bill was then considered. A bill was introduced for confiscating the property of rebels.

JULY 16.—A petition from Marshall O. Roberts was presented, demanding indemnification for the loss of the Star of the West. The resolution approving the acts of the President was then introduced. This proved the text upon which Mr. Breckinridge discoursed at considerable length, rehearsing the old arguments against the right of the Government to put down rebellion, which have a thousand times been successfully refuted. In the course of his remarks, however, he took occasion to deny positively that he had ever telegraphed to Jeff Davis that President Lincoln's Congress would not be allowed to meet in Washington on the 4th of July, or that Kentucky would furnish 7,000 armed men for the rebel army. After some discussion by other members, the subject was postponed, and the Naval Appropriation Bill was passed.

JULY 17.—A memorial was presented by Pearce, of Maryland, from Kane, Morrison and others, protesting their innocence. The Naval Bill was then discussed.

JULY 18.—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, opposed the Military Bills, proposing an amendment that the army and navy should not be used to subjugate the South. Mr. Sherman made an eloquent and crushing reply.

JULY 19.—The proceedings were quite unimportant, being confined to matters relative to soldiers' letters, &c.

cause I was quite at a loss to know what vaccination was, or could be. I appealed to mamma, who nodded her head in assent.

"At-ten-tion!" cried Mr. Timbs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but allow me to take him in hand one moment."

"Now, really, this is too kind of dear Mr. Timbs," said our guest, drawing me towards him, and placing me between his knees as he spoke. "Once more, Master Brown. You've had the measles, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," I faltered out; for I had suffered very acutely with that complaint. I remember wondering at that moment whether the jolly man had ever had the scarlet fever, and whether he was still suffering from it, being so scarlet in face, and whether sobriety was consistent with spirituous crystal.

"It is really astonishing," observed mamma to the picture; "now, is it not astonishing, that dear Mr. Timbs should take so extraordinary an interest in the boy? I assure you, it is most touching."

"Now, then," said dear Mr. Timbs, "let us count our items. You're seven and a half—one; you're as happy as the day's long—two; you're as rich as the Bank of England—three; you've been vaccinated—four; you've had the measles—five. Total: five. Come, then. At-ten-tion! If two geese lay four eggs apiece, in a barn, and if Master Brown smashes five of them eggs with a umbrella, how many chickens will the two geese hatch come Whit-sunday?"

"Dear me, he is so droll!" chirped mamma.

The question was a startling one in itself, apart from its abruptness, and I was quite unprepared to grapple with it. I saw that Mr. Timbs wanted to be facetious, but, I confess, I was unable to see the point of the joke. I made no answer, but hung down my head.

"You don't know, and I shan't tell you. Never mind. Stop, though. You've been to school, of course?"

"No, sir," I said, to his evident surprise.

Mamma interposed to state that, to avoid my mixing with vulgar little boys, she had engaged a governess to teach me at home.

"Leave him to me, ma'am, if you please; I'll get it out of him."

"Dear me, I am overcome by this goodness. Can we ever thank dear Mr. Timbs sufficiently for his interest in the child?"

"Very well, then, Master Brown," quoth our jolly friend. "So, as you say, your ma' has been doing the domestic life of schooling! Good again; but goodness like that can't last for ever. You're as rich as the Bank of England, you know, and all that sort of thing. Who poisoned Julius Caesar with green tea, when he was a rollicking with his Romans at Putney Castle?"

I could not exactly make out whether it was ignorance or facetiousness that dictated such absurd questions; but I had read a "Child's History of Rome," and (waiving the incongruities) answered boldly.

"If you please, sir—Brutus."

He eyed me sidelong, and gave a hoarse laugh.

"I dare say you're right; but my memory's at fault, Master Brown. Never mind; you'll do, no doubt, when you've had a little more crammed into you. How fond you must be of your kind, good ma, who's brought you up to the credit of the Bank of England?"

"Oh, yes, sir," I cried, with a timid glance at mamma.

"Dear Mr. Timbs must be aware that nothing can exceed the affection of the child for myself," she remarked to the picture; "and really, you know, I cannot help reciprocating the attachment."

"Henry," she said, turning languidly to me, "come and kiss ma."

I put my lips to hers again. Why did her kisses burn so?

"Very well, ma'am," said Timbs, addressing himself suddenly to her, "I've done with him. When I want more, I'll get more. Sit down on that there hassock, boy. Now, ma'am!"

Mamma smiled feebly, and folded her hands to listen.

"To-morrow, ma'am, is the day. Master Brown and I set off and do our little bit of private business together."

"Yes; to-morrow. I have already informed Henry that you are his very good friend, and that he is to go on a journey with you."

I looked up, timidly appealing. Little as I cared for home, I cared for dear Mr. Timbs less, and had a strong objection to his company.

"Now, don't you blubber, Master Brown," he cried to me; "don't. I can't bear to see an infant weeping—it ain't in nature."

"I assure you that Henry will be only too delighted to go with you. He is very obedient. He must remember, too, that it is only for three days that he will be absent from home."

"Sweet home," broke in the jolly man, suggestively.

"Precisely," said mamma, who seemed to be no longer the proud mamma I had been accustomed to.

"To-morrow morning, ma'am, at nine to a minute, Master Brown and I set out from here. Mind that, Master Brown, at nine to a minute. And if, ma'am, you could accommodate me, before starting, with threepennorth of coffee and an eggflip to follow, I'd be obliged."

"Certainly, Mr. Timbs," said mamma, graciously; and she rang for Susan, who seemed to me to answer the call very suddenly.

"Susan, Master Henry will go away with this gentleman the first thing in the morning. Be good enough to pack a carpet-bag with the necessary things. I beg your pardon, Mr. Timbs, but what were your orders?"

"Threepennorth of coffee, my dear, and an eggflip to follow; let alone a bit of meat broiled," said the worthy, addressing himself to the domestic.

"Yes, sir," curtsied Susan, leaving the room, with a glance at me. I did not cry or fret; I felt quite resigned to go with the jolly man passively. Just at that moment, however, I remembered the paper which had been given me by the velvetreen person, and thought that it had better be delivered.

"That being settled satisfactorily," said mamma to me, "you had better follow Susan and go to play. Wish dear Mr. Timbs good day, and give me a pretty kiss—there's a dear."

"If you please, mamma—" I stammered.

"Well, well! What is it, Henry; surely you are not going to cry."

"He'd better not," chuckled Timbs, winking at me; "the rogue had better not."

"If you please, mamma, a man told me to give you something; and, if you please, I'm going away in the morning, and had better give it to you now."

"Dear me!" said mamma, opening her eyes. "What man, child?"

I described the velvetreen young man to the best of my humble powers. I was astonished to see both mamma and Mr. Timbs turn very pale. The latter turned to me, half savagely, and then gulped down half a tumbler of wine.

"Scar under the right eye, moustache, pale face, short and stout. Well, I'm blown!"

And he looked like it.

"Oh, it cannot be! it cannot be!" cried mamma, wringing her hands. "Stop! I forgot. You say he gave you something to give to me. Where is it? Quick! give it to me!"

I was astonished, on looking at mamma's face, to see that it was as white as snow. I fumbled in my pocket for the paper, and produced it, very crumpled and dirty. She seized it and glanced her eye over it hastily.

"Non Dieu, il est ici! Je suis perdu, je suis perdu! Il est ici!"

"And she fell back in her chair, in a white swoon, quivering. The paper dropped from her hand, and dear Mr. Timbs snatched it up fiercely, reading it out, growing paler as he read.

"Wealthy, married, and a mother. Married, 1828. A mother, 1830. Mad. Remember Eugene?"

"It's hard," cried dear Mr. Timbs, striking his fist on the table and looking the very reverse of jolly; "it's tarnation hard, that's what it is. More splits in the Cabinet, and the Bank of England stopped payment! But, blow me, if I didn't think so!"

CHAPTER III.—I TAKE TEA IN THE CITY.

BEFORE I had recovered from my surprise at the effect of my strange communication, I was bundled out of the room by the jolly man, and found myself weeping in the nursery, by the side of Susan. The poor girl, ignorant as she was of the cause of my sorrow, comforted me to the best of her power. I had just dried my tears, and was speculating in my own mind as to the probable cause of the mystery, when Mr. Timbs put his white head in at the door, and told me to look alive. Not precisely understanding how or why I was to do so, and in what matter I was to exhibit my obedience to the mandate, I stared at our visitor with open mouth and eyes, thinking to myself that one so deathly and scared-looking as he was at that moment ought to take the hint about looking alive himself.

"Now, then, look alive?" he repeated. "Come back to your ma, Master Brown."

His white head bobbed away, and I followed it as ens might follow a will-o'-the-wisp, in the drawing-room. Mamma had recovered from her swoon, and was sitting bolt upright in her chair, pale, but with firmly compressed lips.

"It has been arranged," she said, with a decided nod, "that your journey cannot be put off one moment. Henry, my dear, you must set off at once with Mr. Timbs."

"To-day, mamma?" I murmured appealingly.

"To-day. Three days from this, dear, you will return, I hope, and dear Mr. Timbs will take good care of you while you are away. Dear me, child, you seem astonished!"

"Pooh, ma'am, pooh!" growled the jolly man; "don't pamper him. Your ma's too good to you, Master Brown, and so I tell you. Look here, ma'am. Decision of character was the making of the late Duke of Wellington. Copy him. If Master Brown's to go, say he's to go. Ring the bell, order his things, pass him over to the handy one, and have him toggled."

Here, fumbling in some mysterious hiding-place under his waistcoat, Mr. Timbs produced a small silver watch, which he tapped with his right finger, and then consulted.

"Three o'clock exactly," he observed. "There's a train at four. Quarter for him to get ready; another quarter for us to get something to eat (I'm anxious about it, ma'am, but I never neglect nature); half hour to get to the village. We'll do nicely, if you look sharp, ma'am. Ring for the handy one."

Mamma rang the bell, and the handy one appeared. Mr. Timbs repeated his injunctions to Susan, who looked spiteful. Somehow or other, at sight of Susan's kind, simple face, I burst into tears and sobbed loudly. Mr. Timbs swore a mild oath.

"Oh, blaze it!" he cried. "Was there ever so aggravating a boy as this here Master Brown? He wants to murder his kind, good ma, he does; this here is his gratitude for being brought up respectable."

Mr. Timbs spoke this soliloquy at me in a tone that was half banter, half angry reproach. But he only made me cry the more.

"It is very provoking, indeed," said mamma, testily. "What can all the child?"

"Now, where's the use of asking questions, ma'am? Hang me, if you ain't as bad as he is. Why don't you tell the handy one to take him off, and obey orders?"

"Bless his little heart!" said the handy one, in the folds of whose dress I had hid my tearful face; "he's scared like, and doesn't want to be taken away from us so sudden. Come, Master Henry, you'll go with the gentleman, I know, won't you, deary?"

"Obey my orders, Susan," said mamma, with a stately frown. "I will trouble you to keep your place, and to offer no opinions, unless I ask for them. Take him away."

"Yes, take him away, and be quick, too," said the jolly man.

"I won't go away with him," I screamed. "He's a nasty red thing, and smells of beer, and he wants to run away with me. I hate him!"

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Susan, who, however, seemed less surprised than gratified at the personal character of my remarks.

"Oh, what a naughty boy!"

Tears have an interesting effect on some minds, and they always render me reckless. On that occasion, although I had a great dread of Mr. Timbs, I felt competent to defy him, and very little would have made me strike and scratch at him. Susan coaxed and soothed me, but I went on sobbing and screaming.

"I hate him, I say; he's an ugly bear! He wants to kill me. I won't go away with him. I'll stay with Susan and be good, if you send him away. I know he'll beat me. He's nasty and red, and he's got hair like a wild cat."

"When boys," said Timbs, grinning savagely, "when boys in our parts use language like that, we whop them. When boys in our parts don't know their best friends, we whop their best friends into them. When they get notions which go agin the current of what's right and proper, we whop the notions out of them."

"Henry," said mamma, severely, "if you do not immediately wipe your eyes and do as you are bid, I shall be compelled to beat you."

"She'll be compelled to beat him!" cried Timbs, with a derisive sneer. But Susan caught me up in her arms and carried me away before the threat could be carried into effect. As she bore me along to the nursery, I heard her muttering to herself that it was a sin and a shame, and that it would be a precious good thing if some people were treated in that way themselves. When we got to the nursery, however, she began to tell me that it was very wicked to go on as I had done; that little boys who behaved so were often taken away by the dustman in his bin; that dear Mr. Timbs was a charitable angel; that I was breaking my mamma's heart; and that, finally, I must be a very good little boy—as good as I was rich—and then I should soon return to Soosey-Poosey, and be happy.

I was rather doubtful whether I should ever return to Soosey-Poosey at all, and I said so. But she upset the proposition immediately by stating that I was a little goose, and that I was going with that dear, droll creature, Mr. Timbs, to see my golden egg. To cut this part of my narrative short, I at last became tolerably resigned to my fate, and allowed myself to be attired and cleaned. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, then, Susan led me back again to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. Timbs and mamma impatiently awaiting my arrival.

"Half-past three," said the former, consulting his watch; then he turned to Susan: "Now, my dear, don't be alarmed if you find that the rats have been pitching into the cold meat in the larder, for I've been showing 'em how to make beef sandwiches. Now, then, Master Brown, wish your ma' good-bye and come along; there's not a moment to lose. There, don't you be at it again."

"Ta, ta, Henry love," said mamma, pressing her burning lips to my cheek. "I'm very, very glad to see that you are going to be good. There, now, go."

Mr. Timbs trotted downstairs, and I followed. At the door Susan caught me in her arms and kissed me fervently, giving me a thousand blessings. So the jolly man and I walked out into the free, fresh March air.

I felt little or no grief at parting from my mamma. Although she had always treated me gently and leniently, I had never learnt to love her, for the simple reason that, in spite of her affectively kind manner, I was morally conscious that she bore very little love for me—that, in fact, I was rather a bore to her than otherwise. But I had a great dislike to the friend she pandered to; he had so much of the bully in him, and was so vulgar. And here I may observe, for the benefit of metaphysicians, that (*malgré* my loneliness and my dreaminess) my mamma's pride, the fine, dull country house, and the growing consciousness that I was a rich little boy, had gradually rendered me as aristocratic, stuck-up, and conservative in soul, as could well be desired under the circumstances. I disliked vulgar people. Although I was fond of Susan, I am afraid that I rather looked down upon her as an inferior sort of being. I had got to scorn the vulgar village boys who persecuted me. In a word, I was fully conscious of the dignity of my position.

So, apart from my fear of being run away with, I accompanied Mr. Timbs with some misgivings, induced by pride. There was no denying the fact, that he was too red and apoplectic, and jolly, and coarse-spoken, to be fit company for a young gentleman of any standing. I went with him, however, passively; for I now felt that it was useless to resist him.

We walked briskly along the quiet country road. My hand was placed in his; I wondered, and he whistled; but neither spoke a syllable for some time. When we reached the railway station, the train was just due; it was the London train, and Mr. Timbs took tickets for one and a half. The train came snorting to the platform. We took our seats by the window, opposite to each other. Our only companions in the carriage were a stoutish old gentleman in brown, and a pale, smirking lady of middle age, who appeared to be his wife, both of whom put me considerably out of countenance, by staring at me, as if I had been Mr. Daniel Lambert, a gorilla, an infant with two heads, or some other interesting phenomenon.

We had not been long on the journey, when Mr. Timbs, for some reason of his own, came out in all his glory. He talked to me, made jokes to me, bullied me in the jolliest way imaginable, seasoning his remarks by sundry digs into my young ribs, and pinchings of my young cheek, thereby causing me acute pain, which I was too proud to show. He looked so red and beaming, and jolly, as he sat before me, that I almost fancied that I had been mistaken in my estimate of his character, and that he was the dear, droll creature Susan had described him to be. His disposition seemed as open as his eyes, which latter brimmed with laughter. So he digged into my ribs, and pinched my cheeks, and altogether tortured me in his honest way. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear the smirking

lady ask the gentleman in brown, in a whisper, if he ever saw so much independence, good nature and heart expressed on a human face; or to hear the gentleman growl in return, that such faces were common among men and Britons, and that such men held the bulwarks of England's liberty against a decayed and depraved aristocracy. Whereupon both lady and gentleman looked admiringly at Mr. Timbs, who had just been within an inch of breaking one of my ribs with his forefinger; and the gentleman, in a confidential tone, asked Mr. Timbs if I was his son, sir. Mr. Timbs, in reply, said that I wasn't his son, sir, but that he'd have thought me worth my victuals if I was, sir; and after a pause, added, that it was stiffish weather, sir, but in his (Mr. Timbs's) opinion, good for the crops; in which opinion the brown gentleman concided, volunteering, at the same time, some suggestions on guano. So there was a general conversation, which lasted till we reached our destination, when the brown gentleman and the smirking lady walked away, with the belief that Mr. Timbs was the very pink of generous English yeomen.

I had been in London once before, on a tailoring expedition with Susan; and only once, so far as I could recollect. But the dark, gloomy streets, the faded sky above, made me feel dull this time as before; and as we emerged from the station, the beams of the sun, which came full upon my face, seemed unhealthy in their heat. I felt very lonely, too, as I saw the busy crowds roll by, and felt, somehow, like a person shipwrecked in a gloomy sea of human faces.

We walked over a bridge, where there was a toll, and came to a street, where there were shops—large ones. We walked along this street till we came into a square, where there was a monument, and fountains, and large buildings all around. We turned up a by-street, and again up a dark entry, which led us into another street. After innumerable windings and turnings, we reached a quiet row of houses, where everything looked dingy and lonely, and batted before a door, on which there was a dirty brass plate, labelled,

M. LORET, PROFESSOR OF DANCING AND CALISTHENICS.

Timbs took a latchkey from his pocket, and opened the door. As we entered, our ears were greeted with groaning sounds of music, resembling those one might produce with a pair of tongs and a gridiron. Timbs gave a sly smile, and put his finger on his lips. We crept up a dark flight of stairs, and halted before a chamber door. Timbs applied his ear to the keyhole, then his eye, while I listened to the sounds which issued from the room. Then he suddenly flung open the door, with a loud laugh, and we entered. The music ceased; there was a slight scream, and somebody cried,

"Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!"

It was a clean, orderly parlor, with rough pictures on the walls, bloated china peasants on the mantelpiece, a bright fire burning in the grate, and a kettle singing songs on the hob. The table was laid for tea; there was a tray and accessories, some watercresses, and a plate of shrimps. Altogether, the room looked cozy and comfortable, but its comfort was of a vulgar nature, and hardly came up to my notions of taste and respectability.

A woman, of about thirty years of age, dressed in a plain chintz gown, was measuring out the tea from a mahogany teacaddy. She was the picture of cleanliness and neatness, but she was far from being a jolly woman. Her hair, which was braided down over her low forehead, was black and glossy; her eyes were dark and keen, and looked you firmly in the face; there were deep, anxious lines about her mouth, which were ever on the quiver. For the rest, she was of middle height, slightly made, but rather graced than otherwise. A pensive, gloomy woman. When she smiled, her smile was sickly; when she frowned, her frown was dark and thoughtful. She had a slow, quiet manner of speaking, and words seemed to drop from her lips like lead, and fall leadenly on your heart as you listened.

Her companion was a very little man, of about forty. His hair was slightly grey; he was clean shaven; his eyes were bright and blue; his mouth was firmly set, and his speech mincing; his forehead was high, but sloped back to the bump of veneration; and when he smiled his little smile, he showed two rows of very white teeth. He was clad in a tight-fitting suit of rusty brown, and in his hand he held a rusty fiddle. If you were in any doubt about his profession, his beautiful calves would have convinced you that he was a professor of dancing.

"Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!" cried this last personage, skipping up, fiddle in hand. "If it isn't Timbs."

"If it isn't Timbs," repeated the worthy of that name, chuckling, "you're a nice party, you are, to come dodging after her in my absence. Shrimps, too!"

Here the woman, who had given a slight scream as we entered, broke in. I noticed afterwards that she was nervous to the last degree, and that the slightest sound startled her; she seemed, indeed, like a woman who, at some period of her life, had been scared by some horrible scene.

"You have returned sooner than I expected," she said, "that is all. And Loret here just stepped up to cheer me up a bit. It's dull, sitting here alone; I'm not used to it. But who's this you've got with you? Not him?"

Mr. Timbs chuckled and nodded his head. The woman raised her black, searching eyes, and fixed them on me—half sadly, I thought. Then she placed a clean chair by the fire, and asked me to sit down while she got the tea. The dancing-master rose to go, but Timbs stopped him.

"Don't let me frighten you away," said Mr. Timbs. "I want to talk with you; so sit down and let us be comfortable."

Then he turned to me, with a smile.

"This," he said, pointing to the woman, "is Mrs. Martha Timbs, my wife, Master Brown."

I ventured to say that I was glad to see her, and hoped that Mrs. Martha Timbs was very well.

"And this," he continued, pointing to the dancing-master, "is Mr. Loret" (he pronounced the name with the *l*), "my landlord. Loret, what's the French for 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are?'"

Mr. Loret smiled a timid smile, and looked uncomfortable.

"He will have his little joke," said Loret, with a very English accent.

"The fact is, Master Brown, he don't know. He was brought over from France when a boy like you, and he's forgotten his native language since. His parents, you see, were a French pair called Jones, and he was known as John Jones in his native country. But as Jones don't pay here, and as Londoners won't believe in French Joneses, he's been rechristened. That's the case, isn't it, Loret?"

And dear Mr. Timbs poked Loret in the side, and beamed and laughed, looking the incarnation of all possible vulgar goodness.

(To be continued.)

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.—The following is a melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united in the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper for publication, as follows:

Married—On August 1, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody; Time with its ravages imparts no blither fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus: "Married—On April 1, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphonia Piggins."

"Love is an onion of two heads that belts in softest melody; Time with its cabbage imparts no better feed to an extra dray."

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.—Our dancing days.

A FAKE-HOOD.—On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false Hood.

THE SIX STAGES.—Man is at ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, tame, if ever; at forty, wise; at fifty, rich; at sixty, good, or never.

AN IRISH FEMALE TENANT.—"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, madame," said a landlord last Monday to one of his tenants.

"Is it yer rim ye ax for now?"

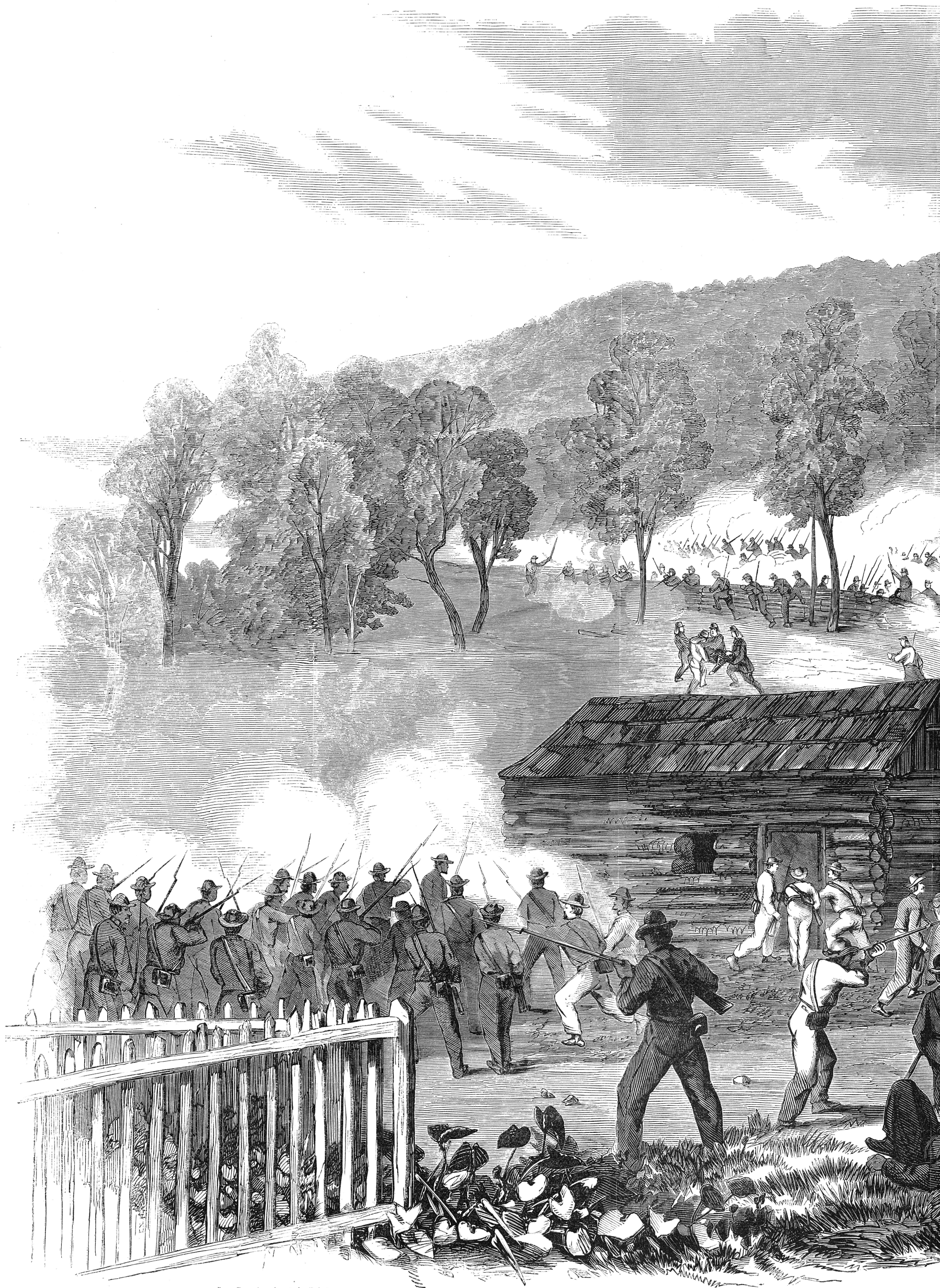
"Yes, mam, two rooms at two dollars a month each."

"Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt.

"Oh, my dear woman, the money is due, and—"

"Oh, murther, is it dearing me, ye are? An honest, married woman, and blessed mother of seven boys, each big enough to lick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye monster!" And, unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat collar, and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let his agent collect the rents of that house in future.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—It was an incorrigible old bachelor who said, "Though some very romantic maiden may excite aim, 'Give me a hut with the heart that I love,' most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate."



Indiana Thirteenth Regiment

Log Bre stworks of the Rebels

Beverley Pike.

[BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BEVERLEY PIKE, VA., BETWEEN A DIVISION OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND, LED BY GENERAL ROSENCRANS, AND THE MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S]



Indiana Tenth Regiment.

Log Breastworks of the Rebels.
Indiana Eighth Regiment.

E REBEL TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM TOTAL ROUT OF THE REBELS, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, JULY 8TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING
S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 163.

PERSONAL.

The Irrepressible BARNUM, with his usual attention to the curiosity of the public, has engaged the "heroic Nigger," who recaptured the E. J. Waring, by killing the three pirates in possession. The German who was with him is also engaged.

We have received a note from Professor Grant correcting our statement that his calcium light had been tried for reconnoitering purposes in Charleston harbor, and had failed. We received our information from one who was present in Charleston; he might have been deceived by a poor imitation. Professor Grant says that his calcium light "has never yet illuminated those remote regions, and furthermore, I will take especial care that its rays shall not vivify the rebellious shades of Charleston until it lights our Stars and Stripes to restore liberty and Sumpter!"

The Twentieth New York State Militia were in active service in Baltimore during Major-General Banks's occupation of that city. The Post-Office and Custom-House were guarded by Companies D, F, H and R of the Twentieth New York, under Colonel George W. Pratt, and not by the Twentieth Pennsylvania, as was stated in most of the New York papers. Honor to whom honor is due; let the gallant New York Twentieth have their full meed of praise for good and faithful service done.

Mr. CHARLES BROWN, the proprietor of Tammany Hall, died suddenly on Tuesday, the 16th of July, in his forty-fifth year.

Mrs. E. HARRIS BROWNING, the famous poetess, died in Florence on the 29th of June, in her forty-ninth year. She has left one child. She had been an invalid for years. Her last poem was on Victor Emanuel giving to Garibaldi's daughter a splendid necklace of brilliants.

Mr. JOSEPH LAIDLAY, the well-known chemist, while making detonating powder in Richmond, on the 13th, for the use of the Confederate army, was blown into atoms. The Richmond *Dispatch* says: "Mr. Laidley was found lying on his back, one of the most horrible objects of mutilated humanity which it is possible to conceive. Within a few yards of the body was found a portion of the poor man's brains, looking as if they had been torn by superhuman agency from the skull and splashed upon the floor. The entire head, except the lower jaw, had been blown off, and nothing remained to mark the features of a man except a pair of whiskers and a portion of the neck. The right arm was torn off below the elbow, and from the bloody stump hung the fragments of nerves, veins and sinews which were left behind. The hand was afterward found about two hundred yards from the place of explosion, in the yard of the State Armory; a portion of the face was likewise found, it is said, three hundred yards distant, near the banks of the river. The search for the remainder proved unavailing."

The Court Martial on Colonel Allen has broken down. General Butler does not seem to have managed the matter well. Nevertheless, the arrest is a warning to other officers.

Mr. DU CHAILLUS, the great gorilla hunter, had a fracas with Mr. Malone lately at an evening reception of one of the Learned Societies in London. It appears that Mr. Malone questioned the accuracy of some of Mr. Du Chaillu's statements, which had greatly enraged the African traveller. The next morning he wrote a very penitent letter to the London *Times*, apologising for his violence. The *Thunder* says he must not carry the manners and customs of gorillas into London life.

HARVARD COLLEGE has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon Lieutenant-General Scott.

WILLIAM D. KINIG was convicted in Michigan, last week, of a murder marked by very atrocious circumstances. In accordance with the law of the State he was taken to State Prison, there to endure solitary confinement for life. From the time he enters the cell—a grave for the living man—he will never see a human face again. His meals are conveyed to him through an opening in his cell, and when it becomes necessary for human beings to approach him, they are hooded so as to conceal their features.

A STRAIGHT-GOING PARISH.—The first church in Braintree, Mass., was gathered in 1707, since which time it has had but three pastors besides the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the present minister. None of his predecessors has lived less than seventy-five years, or preached less than fifty years. The second pastor had good health to such a rare degree, that he preached every Sunday but two during forty-six years. Dr. Storrs has just entered upon the fifty-first year of his ministry over this ancient society.

J. W. PARKER, whose liberality to the Volunteers we have lately chronicled, starts in a few days on a visit to the various camps. He takes with him a large quantity of goods as a present to the brave fellows who are fighting for their country. This visit will be welcome, for what he takes the army regulations do not supply.

The *Tribune* correspondent, dating from Charlestown, has the following: "In consequence of complaints from numerous commanders, that their men were without shoes, clothing, &c., and could not now be supplied, as the time for which they had been sworn in was nearly expired, General Patterson visited the different brigades, and pleaded earnestly with the men to stand by him for the love of their country and the honor of our flag for a few days longer, but failed to gain support." It is doubtful which is the best friend to Secession, Jeff. Davis or these infamous contractors. The *Herold* says, in its Newport News correspondence: "The clothes of the New York First and Seventh regiments look very badly, and the men are ashamed to appear upon parade in their ragged and torn clothes. Many of them are barefooted, and cannot drill upon that account. The clothing furnished to the New York Volunteers should be taken as sufficient evidence of guilt to send the contractors who furnished it to the State Prison for life. I wish they were here; they would have justice meted out to them in a very summary manner. Those men will all be marked by the soldiers, whom they sent into the battlefield with miserable apologies for coats and pants, that are now almost entirely worn out and dropping off their persons." If the Union should fall, it will be through corruption, and not through rebellion.

FATHER MOONEY, the Chaplain of the gallant Sixty-ninth regiment, now at the seat of war with General McDowell's division, returned to this city a few days ago, and was the recipient, on Thursday night last, of a very handsome testimonial of the good will in which he is held by the parishioners of St. Bridget's church, Avenue B., of which he is the worthy pastor. This testimonial consisted of a splendid volume of the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," elegantly illustrated; but the most valuable illustration in the book—in a worldly if not in an artistic sense—was a check for \$600, the gift of his parishioners. The presentation was made at the house of Captain Altridge, in Fourth street, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, among whom were Alderman Boole, Major Bagley of the Sixty-ninth, the Rev. Fathers Slevin and Farrell, John Altridge, sen., Drs. O'Reilly, McGinn and O'Sullivan, John McAuliffe, and other residents of that locality. The presentation was made by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and during the evening many warm eulogiums were passed, not only upon the recipient of the gift, but upon Father Slevin, who was formerly connected with the church of St. Bridget. The whole affair was characterized by the kindest and most social feelings.

A most valuable work for the present time has just been issued by J. W. Fortune, 19 City Hall Place. It is entitled "United States Infantry Tactics, together with the Bayonet Exercise." It is a most complete work in both departments; clearly written, simple in its style, and does not contain one word more than is necessary to a thorough explanation of the subjects treated of. It is most profusely illustrated with drawings explanatory of the positions both of the tactics and the exercise, and from these the reader cannot fail to understand the various movements in both without the aid of an instructor. The work is compiled agreeably to the Regulations of the War Department, from standard military authority, by a Graduate of the United States Military Academy and retired military officer of the Mexican war. We understand that this work has been approved by the military authorities at Washington, and will be purchased for distribution among the troops by the Department.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's foot? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4,000; and all this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

A SAFETY SHIP.—Mr. Charles Langley, shipbuilder, Deptford, working on the ideas of Charles Wye Williams, has produced the model of a ship, which may set on fire, dash against rocks, stove in and tear to pieces, but which, it is asserted, you cannot sink. His plan consists in dividing the lower part of the ship, or vessel, into two or more closed water-tight compartments, and in providing access to these compartments for the introduction of cargo or stores by means of water-tight trunks or passages, led up from them to such a height that their upper or open ends shall never, in any practicable position of the ship, be brought quite down to the level of the water. Compartments thus formed may be used as ordinary cargo spaces, store-rooms, chain-lockers, or for any other like purpose; and may be ventilated by suitable trunks or tubes, always providing that all trunks or tubes of every kind which enter them shall be made water-tight, and shall rise to the light before mentioned, in order that, if by any mischance either compartment should be broken into, and the sea be admitted to it, the water should have no means of escaping therefrom into any other part of the ship. The details vary with the class of vessel, but the principle in all ships is the same.

TO SMOKERS.—The meerschaum pipes are made of a kind of fuller's earth, called *Keff-kil* (literally, foam earth), formerly dug in pits in the Crimea, but now in Anatolia. The *Keff-kil* is pressed into moulds on the spot, dried in the sun, and baked in an oven; the pipes are then boiled in milk, and polished with a soft leather, and then carried to Constantinople. They are there bought up by German factor's agents, who transport them to Pesh, in Hungary; when, as yet large and rude, they are soaked in water for twenty-four hours, and then turned in a lathe. The sound ones are, for the most part, sent to Vienna, where they are finished, and afterwards expensively mounted in silver.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

HAS the space in the Great Exhibition building been assigned to England and the Colonies. The applications from England were six times the allotted extent, and proportionate reductions have had to be made. About 800 men are at present employed upon the erection. The building will require 18,000,000 bricks, 22,000 tons of mortar, 600 tons of glass, 600 tons of paint and 10,000 tons of iron. There will also be no fewer than 600 miles of plank from seven to nine inches wide, 108 miles of window sashing, and 600,000 square feet of felt.

The experiments as to the comparative merits of the Armstrong and Whitworth twelve pounder have terminated in favor of the latter, and Government is now considering whether they shall go on any longer making Armstrong's, or adapt the costly machinery at Woolwich to the construction of the better arm. As regards rifles, the Enfield Government piece is a bit of gaspipe when compared to a Whitworth rifle. The only obstacle to the introduction of the latter rifle is the expense of the manufacture—£10 each, said Lord Herbert last year; but the inventor declares this to be an exaggeration, and the cost would very little exceed that of the Enfield, while the weapon would be tenfold more serviceable, and better adapted to rough usage.

The following singular and incredible paragraph appears in the *Journal de Rouen*: "The Emperor has had constructed for himself a kiosk in the middle of the pond at Fontainebleau, and in that edifice he intends to terminate his 'Life of Julius Cæsar.'"

A gigantic statue of the Emperor, in the garb of a Roman Cæsar, is to be placed in one of the squares.

Of late a new and, to English notions, somewhat singular fashion has sprung up in Paris. The keepers of a great many cafés, especially in the Boulevards, have entirely removed the front part of their establishments (it generally consists only of woodwork and glass), so that people passing along the streets are favored with a full view of the customers eating and drinking. The French have always lived more in public than the English, but the fashion of taking their meals in, so to speak, the midst of the public, is new.

WORTH KNOWING.—In Jersey, every man (unless he be a landed proprietor) is at the mercy of every other man, both in the island and out of it. In short, one man can arrest and hold by drawing up an imaginary account on a common bit of paper and handing it to the nearest lawyer, who will send his clerk with the sheriff's man and imprison the unfortunate victim in default of immediate payment. What is worse still, an arrest can be carried into effect by means of a simple letter sent through the post. The exception in favor of landowners of course includes the owners of house property, an exception which mostly benefits Jersey men, as few but natives possess property in the island. It is only a proprietor who must be sued before he can be imprisoned.

A DEPUTATION of Poles waited on Cardinal Barberini not long ago, and one of them made him a speech. The Cardinal heard him in silence and bowed in reply. After the deputation had gone, he turned to his secretary and said: "What strange people these strangers are?" Why so, your Eminence? "Why, they made me a long speech in their language, and expected me to understand them." "Pardon me, your Eminence," they spoke in Latin." "In Latin? And why did you not tell me? I would have replied to them." The best of the joke is that the Polish accent, in speaking Latin, is the same as the Italian—a fact which does not argue much for the learning of the eminent Cardinal.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL has sent magnificent presents to Garibaldi's daughter, on the occasion of her marriage, as stated, with one of her father's aides-de-camp, who, it is said, saved Garibaldi's life in Sicily. Among the presents is a suite of ornaments in brilliants of great value.

ROBIN CHAPLAIN.—A correspondent writes as follows regarding the restorations going on at this old chapel: "Two workmen only are employed. They are clearing off from the beautiful carved work, with which the interior is enriched, bit by bit, and with the utmost reverence and care, all the mosses, lichens, lycopodiums, ferns and other vegetable matter, which, from the chapel being exposed to the effects of the external atmosphere through unglazed windows and open doors, have gathered over it. They are, further, washing out, with equal care, the lime and whitewash that deeply encrusted many parts of the structure. Every bit of original carving is minutely examined, and where it is in even tolerable preservation it is left untouched. Where the stone is rotten, as it is technically called, or gives other token of inevitable and speedy decay, a mould is carefully taken of it in stucco, and a fresh stone, selected from the original quarry, of precisely the same shade as that for which it is to be substituted, is carved to the model. The decayed one is then cut out and the new one slipped into the place."

A PECULIAR RELATIONSHIP.—Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner-party which the late duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the Duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen near the Duke called out to him, "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "With a great deal of pleasure, sir," replied Mr. H., "though I don't know exactly what the connection is; but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was a tie."

A COMPANY has just been started in Paris, on strictly high-church principles, for the sale of a newly-invented winding-sheet for burials. "It is high time," says the prospectus, "that man, on quitting this life, should cease to be frightful or ridiculous; he is frightful if wrapped in a common sheet, and ridiculous if dressed in his ordinary mundane attire. The newly-invented winding-sheet supplies a desideratum; the religious emblems with which it is ornamented make it a costume the aspect of which inspires nothing but feelings of consoling resignation." The company promises thirty per cent. dividends. Table linen is also supplied by the company on the most moderate terms.

M. GAUTHIER, the tutor of the Duke of Anjou's son, was arrested recently, on his way to Paris. He had with him what seemed to the police a suspicious-looking box. "What have you got in this box?" asked the agent; "I require to know." "Well, then," said M. Gauthier, looking steadily at the box, and then, imploringly at the agent, "I tell you frankly that it contains something of importance, and which I would not on any account wish you to seize. Take care!" The agent drew back, with movement similar to that which a novice in the pugilistic art might make in receiving a "one, two," from the fist of Tom Sayers. He recoiled a little, approached, and again stood back, as if he thought a half-dozen fulminating shells lay hid in it. He required M. Gauthier to open the box. M. Gauthier appeared unwilling to take the initiative, but handed the key to the agent, begging him to take care, and, above all, not to seize the contents. There was no help for it; the box must be opened; screwing his courage, therefore, to the highest point, the agent slowly and cautiously opened the lid, and found a suspicious-looking package wrapped up in paper. He undid the paper, and lo and behold! instead of fulminating bombs, "or double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols," there appeared weapons of another kind—a dozen of silver forks and spoons, which had been sent as a present from a friend in England. The police agent and M. Gauthier exchanged looks for a moment of the most comic kind. The agent shrugged his shoulders, begged pardon for the trouble he had given, saluted, and went his way to add his *protes verbal* to the archives of the prefecture. M. Gauthier replaced his *covertes* in the box, made his toilet, went to dine, passed a good night, and has by this time started for Burgundy, where he spends a few weeks before joining his pupil at Segovia. So ends this strange, eventful history.

Some few days ago, the Plover, steamer, picked up a fine roebuck, of two years old, making its way boldly across Loch Ness. What had allured the animal out of its native element, says the *Inverness Advertiser*, does not appear, although we believe that an adventurous buck has been known occasionally to cross Loch Ness, and shift its feeding ground to the opposite hills.

A PERSON of the name of Ballock, who died lately at Canterbury, exhibited an instance of the accumulation of wealth from small beginnings, in fact, from nothing. He died at the age of fifty more than sixty, possessed of one million one hundred thousand pounds. He was originally a poor boy employed to look after cows. He afterwards carried "the hod" as a bricklayer's laborer; and at length by dint of industry and parsimony, with some assistance, he amassed money enough to build the barracks at Canterbury, which he lent to the Government at sixpence a day for each soldier—a practice which proved so profitable to him, that in the course of a few years the whole building became his own, and he continued to acquire wealth in various ways, till at the time of his death it amounted to the enormous sum before stated.

On the occasion of Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Patteson holding the assizes at Cambridge, Mr. Gunson was appointed to preach the assize sermon, when next morning the following lines were sent by post to the judges:

"A Baron, a Justice, a Preacher, sons three—
The Preacher, a son of a Gun was he;
The Baron, he is the son of a tree;
Whose son the Justice is, I cannot well see—
But read him Pater-son, and all will agree,
That the son of his father the Justice must be."

In connection with the meetings of the British Association there is established a club called the "Red Lions," consisting of eminent scientific and literary men. The original of this society is described as follows in the *Life of Professor Edward Forbes*, just published: "The Birmingham meeting of the Association in 1859 is memorable for the institution of the 'Red Lions,' of which Forbes was the founder, and for many years the leading spirit. He and other young naturalists, disliking the irksomeness and expense of the ordinary, adjourned to a small tavern adorned with the sign of the Red Lion. There they dined daily, at small expense, on best cooked in various fashions, in contradistinction to the endless dishes and wines and formalities of the 'big wigs.' Before the conclusion of the meeting," says Dr. Bennett, "these dinners became so famous that the tenement could scarcely hold the guests, and it was resolved to continue them wherever afterwards the Association should meet." The sign of the tavern furnished a name for the guests. They styled themselves "Red Lions," and in proof of their lionine relationship, made it a point of always signifying their approval or dissent by growls and roars more or less audible, and, where greater energy was needed, by a vigorous flourishing of their coat-tails. In these manifestations, it is needless to say, that the voice of Edward Forbes rang out above the rest, and his rampant coat-tail served as a model to the younger lions. He was wont, too, to delight the company by

chanting, in his own peculiar intonation, songs composed for the occasion, the subjects being usually taken from some branch of science, and treated with that humor and grotesqueness in which he so much delighted."

Lord Malmesbury's ancestor, the author of "Hermes," and an eminent scholar, entered the House of Commons about the middle of the last century. A *bon mot* of one of the Townsends is recorded on his taking his seat.

"Who is the new member?" asked Townsend.
"A Mr. Harris, who has written on grammar and harmony," was the reply.

"Then what," said Townsend, "brings him here, where he will hear neither?"

The French farmers-general adopted many ingenious contrivances for advancing their fortunes. A certain chancellor of France having lost a dog, of which he was very fond, one of these individuals procured another very like it, and, dressing himself up in a wig and gown like that worn by the chancellor, he accustomed the animal to take sweetmeats from his hand, but to fly at every one else. Having sufficiently trained him, he carried him to the chancellor, and declared that he had found the dog that was lost. The chancellor was delighted, and an acquaintance was thus formed which largely contributed to the advancement of the dog-trainer. Another of this worthy's schemes was to serve mass to Cardinal de Fleury, and instead of the usual wine to give him Madeira or Malaga.

"You know Lord Barrymore?" said a nobleman to Dr. Beauclerk.

"Intimately, most intimately."

"You are continually with him?"

"We dine together almost every day when his lordship is in town."

"What do you talk about?"

"Eating and drinking."

"What else?"

"Drinking and eating."

Dr. ROGER, late chief surgeon of the Antiquaille, at Lyons, having remarked that a solution of perchloride of iron, applied as a topic, was extremely useful in the treatment of certain disorders, was induced to try it also in the cow-pox, and found, as he suspected, that the perchloride destroyed that virus completely. Encouraged by these results, he determined to try its effect on the virus of hydrophobia; and with this view a series of experiments was made at the Veterinary School at Lyons, from which it appears that the solution of perchloride of iron destroys the virus of hydrophobia with certainty, if applied within two hours after the infliction of the bite. It is highly probable that the effect would be the same if the remedy were applied four, six, or even eight hours later, but this requires confirmation by further experiment. Admitting that Dr. Rodet's discovery may be relied on, its importance cannot certainly be overvalued; for, although the actual cure is exceedingly prompt, nay, instantaneous in its action, it is often difficult to apply it, either owing to the trepidation of the patient or to the dangerous position of the wound; and, on the other hand, it may be often easier to find the solution of perchloride at a chemist's, in the country especially, than a skilful operator to apply the red-hot iron unflinchingly to the injured part.

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

WHEN Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

WHY was Bonaparte's horse like his master? Because he had a martial neigh (Marshal Ney).

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

"I say, Bill," asked an insulting fellow, "why is your hat like a gilet-pie?" "Give it up!" "Why, because there's a goose's head in it."

THERE is a tradesman in Broadway who is so opposed to pugilism that he refuses to advertise his goods, fearing he might hit the public taste.

"I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

ONE day, at a farmhouse, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some nightcaps that lay on the ground to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

"Go to the d—!" said Lord Thurlow one day, when storming at his old valet. "Pray give me a character, my lord," replied the fellow, drily. "People like, you know, to have characters from their acquaintance."

A FRIEND, in conversation with Rogers, said, "I never put my razor in hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade." "No doubt of it," said the poet; "show me the blade that would not be out of temper, if plunged into hot water."

"NOW, GENTLEMEN," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or like beasts?" "Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, 'Like men, of course.' "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

WHEN Voltaire was on his deathbed many visitors called—all of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Amongst them was the Abbé Chatelet, who came to offer the consolations of the Church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world bareheaded, and I shall leave it without a cap!"

JOSEPH II. of Austria was fond of travelling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring-room, he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the Emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

A LITTLE lawyer appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic barrister what profession he was of, and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said Briefless. "Why I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other; "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head!"

"HERE, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount, and after I am dismounted, John, you dismount too. Then, John, ungrasp the saddle of your horse and put it down; then also ungrasp the saddle of your horse, and put it down. Afterwards, John, take up the saddle of your horse, and put and girth it on my horse. Next, John, take up the saddle of my horse, and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and we will resume our journey." "Bless my master," said the astonished servant, "why couldn't you simply have said, 'Let's change saddles!'"

In the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquetishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. "What is your name?" "Virginie Loustatot." "What is your age?" "Twenty-five." (Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.) The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquetishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man. "Your name?" said the judge. "Isidore Loustatot." "Your age?" "Twenty-seven years." "Are you a relative of the last witness?" "I am her son." "Ah, well!" murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

MR. FRANCIS HEAD, speaking of the pleasures of the chase, gave an anecdote of a hard arguer in favor of fox-hunting, in these words: "Said the haughty Countess of — to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honor to come and see his hounds, 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel.' 'Cruel,' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment, 'why, my lady, it can't possibly be cruel, for logically holding up three fingers in succession, 'we all know that the gentleman likes it, and we all know that the hounds like it, and we all know that the foxes don't like it.'"

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER LVII.

LADY KINGSWOOD, having hastily summoned assistance on the instant Philip Avon took his departure, applied restoratives to the senseless Lady Maud, and as soon as she exhibited signs of returning animation had her conveyed to her own chamber. She then seated herself by her side, and dismissed the servants, that she alone might be near her on her awakening to consciousness.

Lady Kingswood, for the last two or three years, had entertained a notion that Lady Maud's affection for her son Cyril was something stronger than friendship or the emotion which is supposed to be created by near relationship; still she believed it to be nothing more than the first liking of a girl, which would be quickly displaced by the "proper" attachment she would form for the man who was to become her husband, and she took no steps to caution Maud to keep her heart in control.

While herself yet single she had been pleased with the attentions of the Marquis of Chillingham, then Lord Budeley. So pleased, indeed, that when most subjected to them she preferred him to Lord Kingswood, to whom she had been betrothed. But she was so imbued with the traditions of her own family and of her own class, that she never dreamed of suffering her heart's impressions to interfere with the disposal of her hand. She assumed that Maud would think as she had done. If she found that her inclining for one object in particular was overstepping the bounds of prudent control, she would retrace her steps and keep her love for the legitimate purpose of bestowing it with her hand.

Lady Kingswood suspected, from the change in Lady Maud's appearance, in her mien, in her whole deportment, that her mind was oppressed with the

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(Continued from page 161.)

boy, between seven and eight years old, when I first became conscious that I had a Fate, that my Future was closing around me, and that I was Haunted.

I had the misfortune to be a rich little boy. I wore nice clothes; had toys without number; and was kept so clean, that I went about with an indefinable sensation of having been washed in glue. My mamma and I lived together in a pretty country house, near the great city of London. My papa was dead, and I knew him only by a portrait which hung over the mantelpiece, in a drawing-room which I visited on state occasions. This portrait gave me the idea of a rather weak-minded and very vulgar small man, who might have been a bailiff, or a chandler, but who could never, by any possibility, have been a gentleman. My mamma, on the other hand, was aristocratic, albeit podgy; not only her Roman nose, but a certain Roman grandeur about her manner, proved that she had been brought up in good society. Mother and son, though, saw very little of each other, and I regret to say there was no love lost between them. I was confined to the care of a very good-natured girl, whose duty it was to keep me clean, superintend my linen, and take me into the drawing-room once or twice a day, there to be inspected by the lady who had given me birth.

I had the misfortune, therefore, to be a rich little boy. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my only playmate was a young rustic, who was accustomed to pull my hair when I stared at him. I grew more glum every day. Really, it was not a very pleasant thing to be fed, in this manner, with a silver spoon. Our house stood among a number of other houses, in a pretty locality, close to a very tiny village, and not far from a railway station. But we kept our neighbors at a distance, and received no visitors. I was forbidden to play with vulgar little boys, who abounded, and who persecuted me, and thought me stuck-up. I was left to my own resources. So I fell back upon myself, in a half-anticipatory dream of men and things, and became Haunted.

And first, I became conscious of the ghost of my papa; a vulgar, blustering, weak-minded ghost, like the portrait on the drawing-room mantelpiece. I used to creep into the dim room, when my mamma was out, and stare at that portrait till her knock at the door recalled me to life. Then the ghost came down from the canvases, smirking and blustering, and cocked his eye at me, saying, "You're a rich little boy, a very rich little boy; and I'm looking after you. You're a proud little boy; but do what you can, you won't get rid of me—there!" I disliked, more than I feared, my papa's ghost. He was always at my bedside watching me. He had an evil eye in his head, unsteady, like that of a coward.

Latterly, I became conscious of the ghost of a little girl, with hair like mine, and eyes that looked wistfully, like my own when I would watch my face in the looking-glass. She was about my own age, too, or very little older, and her blue, wistful eyes would say to me, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you. You're a proud little boy, but I'm bound to you for ever and ever." Somehow or other, I fancied that I had wronged the little girl's ghost—that I had sinned against her such a sin as only a wedding could atone for; and that I was in duty bound to marry this ghost who was growing up for me. The fancy grew upon me; the ghost was always with me, and I felt very cruel and wicked, somehow. Then I began to perceive that the little girl's ghost shrunk from my papa's ghost, and detested him as I detested him, and scorned him as I scorned him.

Moreover, the space between my mamma and myself grew so wide, and there was so little love between us, that, in due time, mamma herself became one of my ever-present ghosts. Mamma's ghost was not the querulous, podgy, aristocratic person who inspected me daily, but a dark-eyed, proud young woman, in silk and satin and jewels—in fact, just what I imagined mamma to have been in her youthful days. And the ghosts of mamma and papa would linger around me, while the ghost of the little girl stood between them, and seemed to separate them for ever and ever. It seemed to me that I had seen these faces in some far-off forgotten life, and that they were closing slowly around me, shaping my destiny.

Mamma's name was Mrs. Vanhomrigh Brown; mine, partly as a consequence, was Master Henry Vanhomrigh Brown. We claimed, I understand, all the reputable Browns as ancestors, while discarding all the disreputable Browns as unconnected with our branch of the family. There was considerable doubt as to what person was the founder of our house; whether it was the DeBrown who came over with the Conqueror, or the DeBrown who was a poultry dealer, who fought against the Corn Laws in the marshes of Wales.

Being a rich and well-born little boy, I ought to have been happy. Strange to say, however, I envied the vulgar little wretch who was in the habit of pulling my hair. I sat, very lonely and indolent, among my ghosts. I often amused myself by speculation how much money I should have when I grew up; and I calculated till my eyes and head swam in an atmosphere of yellow guineas. At this juncture, the little girl's ghost was sure to step in, reminding me that I was a rich little boy, that she would never part from me, and that she was growing up on purpose to marry me.

"Susan," said my mamma one day, to the girl who took care of me, "Susan, to-morrow that dear Mr. Timbs will call, and you will dress Henry in his best black."

It may not be amiss here to say that mamma was of the middle height, but rather stout; that her eyes were black, and beaded and dejected, and her nose true Roman; that she almost always dressed in black satin, and that there was a sharp, nervous authority in her manner, betokening spirit, and striking awe into the hearts of poor domestics.

"And, Susan," she continued, "be good enough to see that Mr. Timbs's bed is well aired; he will stop here for the night. Dear Mr. Timbs is so particular."

I will take my oath that Susan had never heard of nor seen "dear Mr. Timbs" before; and as for myself, I was in still greater dumb ignorance. But we took things for granted in that house, and had no courage to speak out.

"Henry, come and kiss me," said mamma, yawning. I crept up to her side, and did as she requested. I feel that kiss still; it was very warm and clammy.

"Remember, child, you will be very humble and respectful to dear Mr. Timbs. He will, perhaps, ask you questions, which you must answer very truthfully. He will ask if you are a well-treated little boy, and you will tell the truth. Susan, you may go."

Mamma leant back in her chair, and closed her eyes; this was our signal to leave the room. We walked away together, Susan and I, but mamma called me back.

"Henry, this being the eve of a state occasion, you shall have a fig."

"Thank you, mamma," said I; and staring up at papa's picture, I thought I heard him chuckle. She walked to the sideboard, and, unhooking it, abstracted something resembling the detached eyelid of a mummy.

"There," she said, giving me my fig; "sit down and eat it."

I squatted down on the hearthrug, and plunged my soft gums into the fruit. She watched me as I ate, like one watching a monkey, and once or twice nodded her head approvingly. It was not a nice fig; it was dry and tasteless, and astringent; but I made a great show of enjoying it amazingly.

"Nice?" she asked, in a proud, helpless, idiotic way.

"Very," I burst out; and may my good stars pardon the deception.

She went on, very gently and coldly, but not kindly:

"You ought to be a very happy little boy, Master Brown. I had an objection to being called Master Brown, but I was too humble to utter it. I said, with my tongue, that I was a happy little boy; but my great eyes said for me, that I was in high doubt about the matter."

"And a very thankful little boy," she added.

"Yes, mamma."

"Very well, then; listen. If dear Mr. Timbs should ask whether you are happy and thankful, what shall you say to him?"

I was not prepared for this question. It took me by surprise, and I made no answer.

"You will tell him," she continued, rather testily, "you will tell him how happy and thankful you are; how good everybody is to you, and how proud you are of being a rich little boy. You will tell this to dear Mr. Timbs, will you not?"

"Yes, mamma," I murmured, seeing she wished me to reply in the affirmative.

"Very good. You must not be surprised if dear Mr. Timbs takes you with him on a journey. You must not fret or cry when you go away with Mr. Timbs, but thank him, and be very quiet and humble. For you are a rich little boy, and dear Mr. Timbs is your good friend. There, you may go and play."

Mamma fell back in her chair, and closed her eyes; and, after one glance at papa's picture, which actually winked at me, I crept out of the room. But not to play; unless standing on one leg in the garden and watching three pigeons, which were disporting themselves on the eaves, could be called play. I longed to confide my sympathy with my lonely state. But being a rich little boy, I was forbidden to go near the kitchen, whither Susan had retired. With the mysteries of that odoriferous sanctuary I was almost unacquainted. Once or twice had I peeped stealthily in; to be rewarded by a sensation compounded of grease, rum and black beetles. On one occasion my delicacy had been shocked by the sight of an extensively corpulent person, in slender dishabille, whose back was turned towards me, and who was anointing her flowing locks with fresh butter. This corpulent person was the cook, with whom I subsequently became better acquainted, but whose friendship I was then too proud to encourage much.

After much cogitation, I came to the conclusion that dear Mr. Timbs would be a sleek, cadaverous humbug, of a pious turn. How I came to this conclusion, and how it came to be firmly established in my mind, are questions to be answered by the metaphysician.

I had sat down upon the lawn, and was amusing myself with some pebbles. It was a gray, windy March day, and the lawn was streaked with shadows of passing clouds, which seemed to me the shadows of my ghosts, in different stages of contortion. I was startled out of my reverie by a slight sound; looking up carelessly, I saw a face staring at me over the garden wall. It was a pale, sallow face, ornamented by a slight moustache; but there was a large scar under the right eye, which made it look ghastly. I saw that at a glance; for directly I looked up and met the eyes, the face disappeared. By-and-by it reappeared at another part of the wall, but disappeared again as quickly. I felt rather frightened.

After it had bobbed up and down once or twice, it came up again, and stopped up, while I saw a long white hand beckoning me. I shook my head, and passed round to the front of the house. There was a small garden in front, and a gate. I was swinging to and fro on the gate, when somebody cried out,

"Hi!" I looked down the road, and saw a person standing some hundred yards from the house, but out of the range of any of its windows. I immediately recognised this person as the owner of the face I had seen peeping over the wall. He was a rather dissipated-looking young man, of about five-and-thirty; short, and strongly built; attired in faded pantaloons of shepherd tartan, and jacket and waistcoat of grizzled velvet.

"Hi!" he shouted, beckoning to me. "You! Boy!"

Now I knew that Susan had a young man, and I had been repeatedly informed that this young man had a moustache. Comparing the velveteen person with her description of her beloved, who was in the greengrocery line, I came to the conclusion that this was he, and that he was desirous of conveying some secret token of affection to his charmer. So I walked up to him, without fear, and conscious of the difference between a greengrocer and a rich little boy, said, rather jauntily,

"Hulloa, greengrocer!"

The velveteen young man surveyed me with some amazement, and whistled.

"You're a precious young gentleman," he observed, with a grin that made his scar look hideous. "Who lives in that house?"

"My mamma," I answered, conscious that I had made a mistake. He surveyed me from head to foot, with a bad scowl.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Mrs. Brown," I said, in some trepidation; for the scar had conquered me.

"What's your's?"

"Master Brown."

"Very well, then," said he, suddenly, catching hold of me by the neck; "I've got you. Now, boy, if you don't answer my questions, quick and true, I'll—"

Here he shook me violently. I was too frightened to scream.

"Now, then," he said through his teeth, "Answer, boy. What's your name?"

"Master Brown," I answered, as before.

"Proud?" he asked. "Stuck-up like?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Rich?"

I said that I thought so. He grinned, and the scar seemed more hideous than ever.

"Worth lots of money?"

"Millions," I gasped out, with a random guess at the truth.

"So far, so good. Now then, how old are you?"

"Seven and a half."

"Come, I thought so. Father alive?"

I shook my head. "Dead years and years ago."

"Humph!" growled the velveteen young man. "That'll do."

He released me and I was creeping off, when he cried out to me to stop. I turned, staring at him. He was writing something with a lead pencil, in a dingy pocketbook. He grinned as he did so more than ever.

"Here," he said, tearing out a leaf and thrusting it into my hand, "give that to your dear mamma, and tell her that I sent my love. Can you read?"

"A little," was my reply; for that branch of my education had been attended to by a sickly young governess, who had lately been dismissed, for some unknown reason or other, by mamma.

"Never mind; give this to your mamma, and say who sent it. I'm a handsome fellow, and you won't forget me in a hurry, I suppose?"

I answered in the negative, with some truth.

"Tell your dear mamma that her very dear friend—meaning myself—sends his respects to her; that he has kept her in his memory, time out of mind, and that he's sorry his time won't admit of his shaking hands with her. She don't lick you, does she?" He added this last question suddenly, after a pause.

"Never, sir," I answered, timidly.

"I was sure of it," he added, triumphantly, addressing a sparrow on a neighboring tree. "See never licks him, not she; but keeps him in a glass cage, cooing him and gives him jam. That's the case, ain't it, youngster?" turning to me.

I thought it better to acquiesce in this hyperbolic description.

"Right again!" he cried, still addressing the sparrow. "Oh, she's a knowing girl, his dear mamma! Bays him buns, dresses him up in fine clothes, and keeps no red in pickles. Hit it again, haven't I, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured, surprised at his savage delight.

"Then bolt. Bolt! I've heard of you with your head on."

I did bolt, as fast as my legs could carry me. I paused at the gate and saw the velveteen young man walk swiftly away in the direction of the village. I could not quite make him out, but had my suspicions as to his sanity. So, in high dudgeon that I a rich little boy, should have been so severely treated, I crept up to my little bedroom and had a good cry. When I had grown more composed I took out the paper he had given me, and tried to spell it out, unsuccessfully. It was written in a miserable, cramped hand, and defied my humble scholarship. I crumpled it up, put it into my pocket. Then I sat down and asked myself whether I had better give it to my proud mamma. I came to the conclusion that the delivery of the missive had better be postponed.

While I sat in my little white-curtained bedroom, a cold and clean

room, the shades of evening gathered around me; and the little girl's ghost, flitting out from the darkness, moaned, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you; proud little boy, I am bound to you for ever and ever." Then the windows darkened, and, in one of the panes, I seemed to see the velveteen person's face, with its scar. And I crept down stairs afraid, and took tea with Susan, in a little bandbox of a room which we called the nursery.

CHAPTER II.—DEAR MR. TIMBS.

I SLEPT in a little bed, close to Susan's, in the nursery. Susan, poor girl, worked hard during the day, and revenged herself on Fortune by snoring hard during the night. When I went to bed, after my interview with the velveteen young person, I was visited by scores of dreams. I wandered, in sleep, through shadowy halls and palaces, all bright and yellow, and paved with dingy gold. There were no sounds, no playmates, no faces, friendly or unfriendly. I was a rich king in a homeless realm, and felt lonely and frightened. The golden seats were so garish and cold, and the silence was so dismal, that I began to sob and cry; when, all at once, there came my little girl's ghost, saying, "Rich little boy, come and marry me," and the long corridors groaned, "Marry me!"—saying, "Proud little boy, I'll cling to you for ever and ever," and the long corridors whispered, "For ever and ever." Then the little girl's ghost took my hand, and we walked far, far away, over dead fields of golden poppies, under a hot, leaden sky, till we came to a church like a golden sepulchre, where papa's ghost, dressed in a cassock, and with white bands, was waiting to marry us. Somehow I wondered why the church bells were not ringing; and I was wondering still, when the little girl's ghost whispered, "Rich little boy, proud little boy, you have married me, and I'll cling to you for ever and ever." Then, all of a sudden, we heard groaning sounds of music; and, walking out of the church, saw the velveteen young person playing on a trombone made out of a golden skull, and the music was so discordant and hideous that I woke up in a fright and looked around me. The gray, cold dawn was broadening across the white curtains of my bed, and Susan was snoring with all her might, close by. I was very glad, somehow, to find it was all a dream; and, sinking back on my pillow, I went to sleep again.

When I awoke next it was broad daylight, and Susan's bed was vacant. A fine fresh sun was up and abroad; it was one of those fresh, windy mornings which make the blood flow and the pulses throb cheerily. I jumped up and called out for Susan to hook me. My good-natured nurse answered, to my call, and hooked me. I walked downstairs into the garden, and out into the road. The wind nipped my cheek into tingling warmth, and I felt for the moment as free as the wind, and as cheerful. I like March and his rough breath better than languid June.

Then I went in to breakfast, which I discussed with Susan in the nursery, for mamma, I understood, was not yet up. I had finished my meal, and was looking carelessly out of the window, over a clear prospect of bare trees and little fallow hills, when my attention was attracted to the eccentricities of a person who was staring up at me from the road. The person was a man, and a jolly man—a man whose red face and short white hair reminded me of a red cabbage topped with snow—a short, stout, greasy man, who was dressed in deep mourning, and looked like a mummy. He had a carpet-bag in his hand, this jolly man, who was winking and making grimaces at me with all his might. I could not help returning his greetings with many smiles.

He walked up to the gate and rang the bell, and presently I saw Susan trip down and ask his business. Then ensued a lively altercation, for the girl evidently regarded this comer with some contempt; he did not look like a gentleman. To my surprise, however, the jolly man put his arm round Susan's waist and actually kissed her. She was about to box his ears, when he whispered something which changed her whole manner. I saw by her face and his face what he and she were now saying. Would the gentleman walk in? Well, he didn't mind if he did. So they walked towards the house door. Mrs. Brown would be ready to receive the gentleman directly; would he wait for a few minutes, while Miss finished her toilette? Yes; he would wait, my dear. Oh, sir! Whereat the jolly man chuckled under the chin. She was a nice article for a man with a small income, she was, my dear. Oh, please sir; this way, sir! Then they disappeared into the house, and I heard Susan show him into the drawing-room. Plainly a vulgar man ignorant of good manners.

By-and-bye, Susan bounced into the nursery, looking for me.

"Loramussume!" she exclaimed, with a burst, "here's Mr. Timbs come; and he's been aggrawatin' me, and drinking port wine and brandy this half hour. He's a droll and imperent cockalorum jig as ever breathed; and make haste, Master Henry, and run to your ma' in the drawing-room—she's asked me to take you to her immediate."

To my surprise—for I had imagined quite a different sort of visitor—it immediately struck me that Mr. Timbs was no other than the jolly man I had seen patronizing Susan; and I felt rather amazed that my proud mamma should seem so partial to so vulgar a person. However, I had no time to deliberate; for after Susan had brushed my hair the wrong way, I was hurried along to the drawing-room door, where Susan left me. I gave a timid knock, was told to "come in," and entered, blushing bashfully.

Mamma was leaning back, languidly, in her armchair; but on her cheek I saw a bright hectic flush, which betokened unusual excitement. I regret to say that Mr. Timbs did not appear to so much advantage, on a closer view, as he did at a distance. Don't tell me that jollity is inconsistent with rascality; that a rubicund, beaming face is always the key to an honest, kindly heart. No; I have seen bank directors with jovial countenances. Mr. Timbs was jolly in figure and manner; his very mourning, his glossy coat and his topers looked jolly on him. But, child as I was, I instinctively felt that I should like to hit him hard, and I was morally conscious, in my own mind, that his jollity was a mockery, a cheat and a delusion.

"Come and kiss me," said mamma, as I entered. I stole up timidly, and did as she requested. The kiss burnt me; her lips were not as fire. The jolly person said nothing. He was actively employed in mixing brandy and port together in one tumbler, and drinking the extemporized beverage with great uncouthous relish.

"Timbs," said mamma, addressing that individual, nervously, "this is the boy."

"I eyes and I knows him, ma'am," was the laconic and facetious reply.

"Henry, this is dear Mr. Timbs."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed dear Mr. Timbs, uproariously. "Very fond of me is your ma', Master Brown. She's a Ripston pippin, your ma' is (begging your pardon, ma'am, for the liberty)—a Ripston pippin, and no mistake."

Assuredly a most vulgar person, this jolly man.

"Dear Mr. Timbs is so droll!" observed mamma, with an idiotic appeal to papa's portrait, which leered at us from its place above the mantelpiece.

"He's a very little 'un," contemplating the writer of this history; "an uncommon little 'un; but he'll grow—ah! that's the point—he'll grow, ma'am, he'll grow. How old are you, Master Brown?"

"Seven and a half, if you please, sir," I replied. How anxious everybody seemed to be about my age! Mamma looked pale as I answered the question.

"Like you, ma'am, uncommon," suggested our visitor.

"Do you think so?" said mamma, with a sickly smile, and another appeal to papa's picture.

"Think so, ma'am! He's your very image; and you ought to be proud of him. Now, just let me take him in hand one moment. Now, Master Brown, right about face—at—ten—tion!"

I had an indescribable longing to scratch dear Mr. Timbs, and ascertain if he would bleed wine. He looked so red, and jolly, and apoplectic, and vulgar, and offensive, that I quite detested him. Mamma closed her eyes, and, with a wave of the hand, passed me over to him for examination. The conversation which follows was interrupted now and again by observations from mamma, in the shape of continued idiotic appeals to papa's picture.

"Now, Master Brown," chuckled Timbs, "you're as happy as the day's long, ain't you?"

I nodded my head to signify assent.

"Dear Mr. Timbs is so good to the child," soliloquised mamma.

"And as rich as the Bank of England, ain't you?"

I intimated that I had been led to believe so.

"And you've been vaccinated, too, haven't you?" he inquired, recklessly, retelling his tumbler. Mr. T. had a way of jumping from one proposition to another, which was, to say the least of it, apt to cause confusion. His last question puzzled me, partly because I was unaware whether I had been vaccinated or not, but chiefly be-





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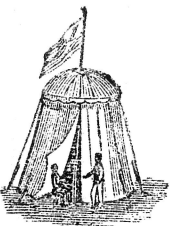
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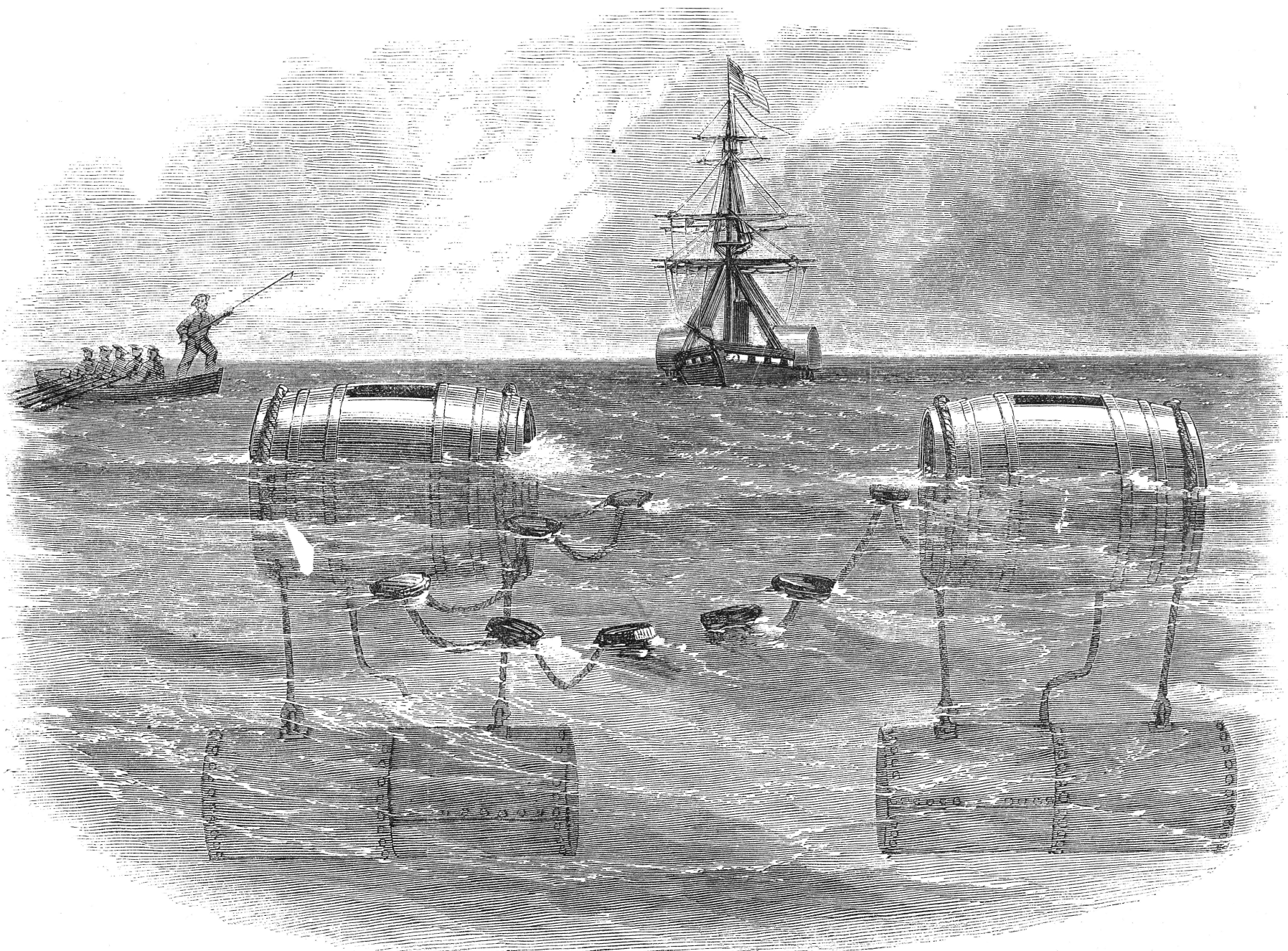
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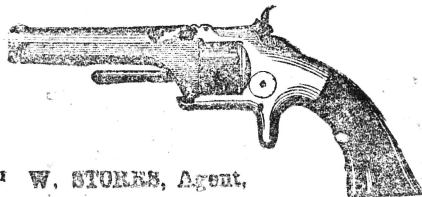
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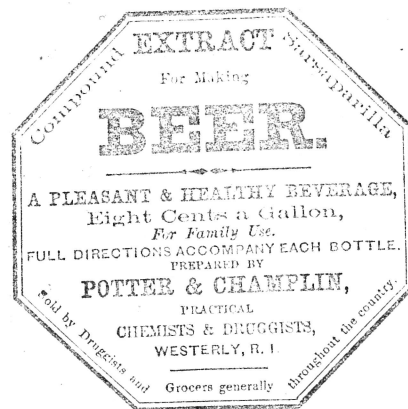
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