Images of the First Battle of Bull Run (Manassas), 1861

- pages 2 - 24: images from *New York Illustrated News*
- pages 25 - 58: images from *Harpers Weekly*

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Dan Marble was one afternoon strolling about the wharf in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without travelin' more than fifteen minutes. Jest think of that the next cold mornin' when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer—everythin' of it. That mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without moving, kill either extreme of wantin'; just think of that the next cold mornin' when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer—that cold mornin' with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either extreme of wantin'.

"What! Have you ever tried to shoot a gun, stranger?" "A packer," said the host, swelling like a turkey-cock; "I didn't get away from the winter I was bred to."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I judged you were a breedin' man, but for one thing." "Well, what was that?" "I was huntin' game, jest as you will, and saw a man come in, that the pompous landlord was sojourning at a hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the hotel, considering the high price of wine. One evening, taking the glass with a friend in the bar-room, and after spitting, told him he would have done with the man, which he must choose by telling him what good measure he was bred to. Miss last, after some hesitation whether he was bred to any use, or was bred to the use, "Why, sir," said the gentleman, "I have heard the packer, but I don't want a real packer." "A packer," said the host, "is a sort of a sort of a packer." "A packer," said Marble, "is a sort of a sort of a packer." "I tried it? often; and should have done so.

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ATTACK ON THE ADVANCERS AT HELL'S RUN BY THREE COMPANIES OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WELLS, COMMANDING. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. WAUD. SEE PAGE 202.
RECRUITING STATION AT HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI. BY AN OCCASIONAL ARTIST. See page 203.

Madame de X—— was lately dining with Madame Z.—at Paris; the dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from table, Madame X., thought proper to faint. She was immediately carried to the bed of the house, where she remained immovable. Her lacée was cut, salses applied to her temples, every thing was useless; Madame X. still remained immovable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. One of the bystanders, more ingenious than the rest, reminded them that fainting was said to be the result of anxiety, and the sick lady's attentions were therefore given to her head to defend her false braids from an aggression.

CAMP JOSEPH HOLT, KENTUCKY. DRAWN BY W. KENWORTHY. See page 202.
We cut the following from the Times of July 29.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST AND SECOND KENTUCKY REGIMENTS FROM CINCINNATI FOR THE GREAT SANGAWA RIVER, VA. 

Fairfax and Alexandria.

THE SPOIL OF HONOR AT THE EXTREMITY OF THE FEDERAL LINES, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FAIRFAX AND ALEXANDRIA.

We cut the following from the Times of July 29.

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On the 26th, the following little particulars were given by the editor of the New York Times:

'Our correspondent at Alexandria says: 

"The events of this day have been very singular. The Rebels in, or near, the town, were seized with a delirium tremens, or something of the sort. They plowed the streets with swords and bayonets, and . . ."
THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

GAEONNO.

Twenty-two years after this occurrence, the Abbe Mastai became Pope, under the name of Pius IX. The newly-elected pontiff was exceedingly popular. It was confidently predicted that political and constitutional reform were the probable results of his reign. He was regarded as the champion of progress, the friend of the people, and the father of Italy. Events did not satisfy these anticipations; but the pontiff for some time maintained and deserved the popularity which he had won as a simple priest.

It was said he never forgot those with whom circumstances had associated him, and it is certain he still remembered Gaetano, the prisoner whose life he had saved twenty-two years before, and who was still confined in close confinement in the dungeon of St. Angelo.

Shut out from all communication, consigned to a dungeon, deaf and dumb, Gaetano had spent, his head resting on his hand, the time of his sentence. His application for remission of the punishment of death being commuted to that of perpetual imprisonment, the walls of his prison were not more deaf to his entreaties than the gaoler who attended him, and who only too faithfully discharged the office he had received.

But after two and twenty years, there came to the Castle of St. Angelo an Abbe, with a written order from the newly-elected Pope, allowing one hour interview with the prisoner. The Abbe, with a harsh request that the prison be opened, was admitted. He knocked the door of one of these cells, and was conducted to the prisoner which political offenders were immured.

The prisoner threw his arms round the priest, and wept upon his shoulder.

"What is it you require from me? Is the Pope merciful? Am I to die?" "I have come," the priest answered, "to bring news of your mother." At that dear name the prisoner uttered a cry of joy.

"My mother!" he demanded; "is she still alive? Speak truly, say she lives, and she shall live for the news!"

"She lives and is well!" the priest answered, "within a short time you shall see her yourself!"

The prisoner threw his arms round the priest, and wept upon his shoulder.

"God has mercy on me!" he said, "and has sent me an angel of consolation." After the first burst of his emotion had subsided, Gaetano related the story of his long imprisonment. He spoke in affectionate terms of the good news you bring me. The Abbe, with a shriek, exclaimed, "Is it you require from me? Is the Pope merciful? Am I to die?"

"I have come," the priest answered, "to bring news of your mother."

"Yes, many times; but every time with the same ill-success." "Have you reason to suppose that your letters have been intercepted?"

"I fear so."
We make the following extract from Miss Peter's new work, "Henry IV and Mme de Moton," published by Hurst and Blackett, London. It is the extract of life:

"Five a clock, the hour fixed for the execution, was struck, and a hush of expectant gloom filled—the last stroke of the great clock of the Bercy fortress, M. de Brionnepoy, M. de Vincx, sepulchre of the royal guards, and the lieutenant of the infantry grenadier of Paris, followed by a company of soldiers, entered the chapel. 'Monsieur,' said one of these personages, 'it is time now to descend with us, that you may ascend to God!' The clock struck five with dignity and solemnity, ready to follow the hour of the king. The steps of the arms, with a clash of each motion, and carried a hush around with white and black plumes. On the mean before the bastile a scaffold had been erected at first high, which was unsharpened, and approached by near steps. Around troops was drawn up to these stands, while strong hands of spectators were caught up in the arms. The chapel bells struck consecutively: while many priests and officers watched the advance of the procession, snuffing lines for the approaching solemnities in the gallery and popular consent. The duke was received, close to the candle, by the notary of the high court and the judge, who was on horseback, holding in his hand his wand. On has studied the executioner and his assistants, the notary of the high court, and the cure of St. Paul...

The executioner and his assistants, the notary of the high court, and the cure of St. Paul, presented the following:

"When is a sick man a condemned? When he is a patient,
Colonel Burnside's Brigade, First and Second Rhode Island, and Seventy-First New York Regiments, with their artillery, attacking the Rebel batteries at Bull Run. Sketched on the spot by A. Waud. See page 218.
THE ELLAWORTH EURAYS ROUTING THE BLACK HOUSE CAVALRY. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY WILBUR F. OLIVER. See page 218.
FEDERALS

A Day Among the Federals

The Federals of the New

an affection

HUMOR AND WIT

It is a bold stroke to attack a man's name.

The least donor for a widow—a widower.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pals in

Nervous

A prudent and well-considered member of

the Federal press refused to follow the

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Mary

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Gardner's

Rheumatics and Neuralgia

A COMPOUND

A prescription at the apothecary—During the

charging of the rebel cavalry upon the

hospital was used by Oakey's Division, a number of

soldiers assisted in the successful operation.

The regiment among them was Mr. Ward, a

pupil of the academy, and a second came from the

ground, where they had been thrown by a pair

of gloves, and used instead the sentiments of the

armament which accompanied

was extinguished—John Brown.

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NEW YORK
ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 93.—Vol. IV. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1861. Price Six Cents.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN, COMMANDING THE TROOPS NOW ON THE POTOMAC. FROM A Pencil Graph. See page 264.
H. brother's. The girl's statement is that, Jackson arrived there on morning he made a speech to a Vaoing sewing. My ed several of them using scwing machines. Governor on serious deparhnents of phiS, each ladies have enlisted themselves into (poor deluded souls,) at work in one church, in the To the hundred women, most respectable who gave me a statement of what he Yesterday I met an .AUGUST day White River, for the purpose of...
GENERAL BARKER'S BRIEFAGE COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE ARMY AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. THE 8TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, SERGEANT BURR, COLONEL STAHEL COMMANDING, REPELLING THE LAST CHARGE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 234.
FEDERAL ARTILLERY OPENING FIRE ON THE REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, WHEELING, VA., WELCOMING THE ILLINOIS TROOPS TO THE SOIL OF VIRGINIA.
To the Editor of the New York Illustrated News:

From The Oaks, Michigan,
Monday, July 29, 1861.

You shall have us as you ask—just as we are.

I will look into my journal for incidents of the time past when we came into "Old Oakland," as the inhabitants affectionately call our country. It is now nine years, and you, dear— and I, and all whose nine years face in the vicinity of the frontiers, know that this time is eventful in our span of life. What will the next nine years bring to us? and more, what grim histories will attach to the history of the dear flag of the great home of Our Union. No one doubts the result of our struggles, but dreary hours, with triumphant shouts, must mingle with the voices from Freedom's Battle Field.

Last week was eventful when the news from McClellan's defeat reached us. In Detroit the feeling was intense; everybody was fully occupied by the crowd and their papers tore from them. A strong yellow fever was epidemic at the telegraph and newspaper offices, while faithful women and eagle-eyed boys watched the dreaded announcement—"One of our troops cut to pieces—Col. Wilcox dead—Midland Plow faithfully sharpened.

Flags were brought to half mast, with mourning for our brave; and men and women went sadly away. A little later: "We're not dead, but wounded and a prisoner." So the white mug and the crowd, dazed as the wires, broadcast from heart to heart the knell of our early dead, in the morning, and there is a deep shout of joy, the sound of battle.

There was a group yesterday under the Oaks; the last week was excitement when the sorrowful news of McDowell's defeat reached us. In Detroit strong hearts, and tender—wherever a man trod or a tiaw and gusty, and the folds sullenly gathered up the feeling was intense; newsboys were fairly captured child plays the great sympathies of our Western white stars and drooped round the staff. There was impatience among the steps, and among the boys by the crowd and their papers torn from them. A brother go forth with the hope of the morning, that too. They had a paper—your illustrated one—its face strong police force was stationed at the telegraph and all may be well with our soldiers; and the prayers of spread through the company. They were not talking newspaper offices, while tearful women and anxious thousands are united as one that they and the cause of their wheat, or of whose machine should thrash it, but their whole souls were arming for the right. They men awaited the dreaded announcements—first, "5,000 they fight may be shielded by the God of Battles."

Our harvest is nearly ended—seed time and its passed from mouth to mouth: The flag on the mill gan first fearfully slaughtered. Flags were brought promise has not failed. Our remaining crops look flagging out all its colors, the blue yale flashed forth its colors, to half mast, with mourning for our brave; and men and women went sadly away. A little later: "We're not dead, but wounded and a prisoner." So the white mug and the crowd, dazed as the wires, broadcast from heart to heart the knell of our early dead.

From day to day in city and hamlet among all the bounds of battle. There was a group yesterday under the Oaks; the last week was excitement when the sorrowful news of McDowell's defeat reached us. In Detroit strong hearts, and tender—wherever a man trod or a tiaw and gusty, and the folds sullenly gathered up the feeling was intense; newsboys were fairly captured child plays the great sympathies of our Western white stars and drooped round the staff. There was impatience among the steps, and among the boys by the crowd and their papers torn from them. A brother go forth with the hope of the morning, that too. They had a paper—your illustrated one—its face strong police force was stationed at the telegraph and all may be well with our soldiers; and the prayers of spread through the company. They were not talking newspaper offices, while tearful women and anxious thousands are united as one that they and the cause of their wheat, or of whose machine should thrash it, but their whole souls were arming for the right. They men awaited the dreaded announcements—first, "5,000 they fight may be shielded by the God of Battles."

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SCENE IN FRONT OF THE SUTLER'S TENT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA. SKETCHED BY FRANK BEARD. See page 250.

(RECAPTURE FROM THE REBELS OF THE SCHOONEER ENCHANTERS BY THE U.S. SLOOP ALBATROSS. SKETCHED BY AN EYE WITNESS. See page 250.)
USEFUL HINTS.

On the Management of Bees that Refuse to Swarm.—If the hive is an old one, and an early supply of honey be desired, the best plan to be adopted is that of driving out the greater portion of the bees, and so forming a new swarm artificially; if the remainder of the bees be driven out three weeks afterwards, the hive will be found perfectly full of honey, and there will be no grubs or larvae; the bees driven out on the second occasion can be added to those first driven out, or to any weak store that requires strengthening. We have just performed this operation on one of our own hives, and have taken upwards of sixty pounds of honey, without having to destroy a single grub. There is no doubt whatever that where hives are employed that do not admit of being supered, there is no more profitable mode of management than the one above recommended.

To Preserve Cut Flowers.—Introduce a plentiful, more or less, of powdered charcoal in the water contained in the vessel, and immerse the lower extremity of the stems of the flowers in the charcoal. By this proceeding the most beautiful results are obtained, as the flowers are preserved without sensible alteration, at least as long time as in their natural condition.

The Prizes and the Game—Of course everybody knows that social damages, the Prizes and the Game. They are self-corrected wreaths, pleated against Sunday in any form. These entertainments from which it is easy the fundamental principles of their work. Although equally valuable, there is some difference between the Prizes are estimated individually. To be fair, the game is like being under the lee of an iceberg; but, unlike belong, they never to any damage to one's soul. The Prizes of wit are worth upon them. They are arrangements to the deaths of heroes. You might fire a joke at those united in an error with real wit; you had to address the first of reason and the first of soul. They all seem and affect, protecting their lies at every lot of hallings, as if swallowing a green cross apple. The Prizes are nonsense and inaudible. They seem to look upon the civilized and light hearted as pretentious children of worth, and to desire a secret satisfaction from the fact that they have not to violate them. They see all things “through a glass, darkly,” if their premises of giving us all charcoal sketches. They would have you barred of enjoying the good things of life in a national way, your appetite in us as minute against the Augustus. Such fantasies is not far removed from treachery. It is as much to a child of our capabilities of enjoyment were given us without a purpose, and that the intellectual cradle, that nothing has been made in vain is untrue. The world, in our opinion, could very well spare both the Prizes and the Game. They don't help us to a just appreciation of the ableness kindness of the Creators; quite the reverse. We are cleverly and wittingly by their premises, correctly illustrated by their example. It would be a mere and cruel joke, instead of a reminder of how we are and have been. We have no esthetic, with Morte who looks upon this fals world as a pain of punishment, and would have no idea that it be only by lecturing or a plea in self-sacrifices that we are likely to open them to the “better land.” We beg to en­ gage it as the welfare of heaven, and hold that rational enjoyment of the heavens is only a proper manifestation of gratitude to Him who bestowed upon us such a glorious place of so­journ.

Navalson's Day of Man.—Just before Na­valson set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he said to the cheered division of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the auxiliary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object. It followed proper time, and he named his price at the price of 20. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was finished, and the artist was honored with a second audience of the Emperor. “Now,” said

his imperial Majesty, “put it on.” The man did so. “As I am to make my life on its effi­ ciency, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same” and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the distinguished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and immediately discharged a fouling shot at one other part of him with similar effect. “Well,” said the Emperor, “you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?” Eighteen thousand francs were named as the spread sum. “There is no order for them,” said the Emperor; and there is no plan for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you.”

The battle says—In the early ages men's lives were free from slavery and simplicity. From s—s, we might almost say, every man was master of his own soul. The same was the case with the world. Women and the line of simplicity have.
ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT WASHINGTON FOR THE ARMY.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS AT WASHINGTON, BY GENERAL SANDFORD, IN PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, JULY 4, 1861.—[See Page 478.]
THE MISSES SCOTT.

Sometimes two or three young ladies of the name of Scott, residents of Fairfax County, Virginia, were the means of capturing the Captain of a volunteer regiment from Connecticut. They have now been taken themselves, and we illustrate, on this page, their appearance as they drove into our lines at Fall's Church. The account of their capture is thus given by a Connecticut boy, one of the scouting party which took them:

"After getting out of the woods we came to a small field, through which we moved along to a house, where we met a man and woman. We found there an old man, and asked if any of our troops were there. He wanted to know if we were on the Southern side. Lieut. Upton told him "Yes," when he told us we were about a mile from their tents, but to look out or they would be captured. We of course appeared frightened, and posted a man outside to look out. Lieut. Upton told him he was an officer of a South Carolina regiment. The old man told him about the United States Camp, the names of all their neighbors, and finally said he had in the house two blue coats who had the United States flag on their coats and trousers. He also told him that two men had been killed. But we continued to stay our own, and received the latter part of the afternoon in the house. We were all the day gone for further information. We just turned a small gate with a watch, and remained there a considerable time until their ground in the house.

THE DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL GARNETT, AT THE BATTLE OF LAUREL HILL.—[See Page 106.]
THE DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT.

On page 481 we publish an illustration of the battle in which the late General Garnett, of the Rebel army, lost his life. He had evacuated his camp at Laurel Hill during the night of the 11th. General Morris's column commenced the pursuit the next afternoon. After a terrible forced march through rains and mud, over Laurel Mountain, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrick's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, Tucker County. The rebels drew up in line of battle, and poured in a raking volley on the right of our column—the Ohio Fourteenth—which returned a fusilade lasting twenty minutes, when Colonel Dumont's Indiana Seventh made a charge upon their battery. They broke and ran, crossing the ford toward St. George. General Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball which passed through his spine and out at the right breast. He fell dead on the field. Colonel Dumont continued the chase two miles and bivouacked. The rest bivouacked on the battle-ground.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAVAL BATTERY AT VERA CRUZ.

PENNSYLVANIA, July 21, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR Sir,—In your issue of the 20th I see you state that the men of General Patterson's command manned the naval battery that did so much execution at Vera Cruz. The writer of the above has been misinformed, as the guns were manned by the sailors of the ships from which the guns were taken. There were five guns, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Harry Ingersoll, U.S.N. By noticing the above you will but do justice to the sailors who worked the guns, and oblige one who served at the Raritan's gun as a blue jacket.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. STOLL.

Our information with regard to the working of the guns of the Naval Battery at Vera Cruz came from a very high source; but we will let our correspondent tell his story in his own way. General Patterson's recent performance has not justified the expectations of his friends, and but few will regret his retirement to private life. Had he followed Johnson up, the affair at Bull's Run might have terminated very differently.—Ed. Harper's Weekly.
were consequently able to make little or no resistance to it. At the same time the engagement was silenced.

Major Dickof, a brave and severely punished a very gallant man, received a wound in the abdomen, which, however, did not prevent him from continuing in command of his regiment.

The result of the engagement was most favorable to our troops. The enemy was driven from the heights, and pursued with especial vigor by Generals Webster, Reynolds, and McClellan, who were occupied in filling and bringing the first batteries to bear on the enemy's rear, which was most extensively exposed in this direction. The result of the engagement was to prevent the enemy from occupying the valley of the Kanawha, and to prevent the enemy from continuing his advance into the interior of the State.

At this juncture the Federals received an order from General Jackson, authorizing them to advance to the main line of the enemy, and to bring their batteries to bear on the enemy's right. The order was promptly executed, and the enemy was driven from the heights, and pursued with especial vigor by Generals Webster, Reynolds, and McClellan, who were occupied in filling and bringing the first batteries to bear on the enemy's rear, which was most extensively exposed in this direction. The result of the engagement was to prevent the enemy from occupying the valley of the Kanawha, and to prevent the enemy from continuing his advance into the interior of the State.

GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS, NEAR BOACH'S HILLS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

The following is a list of the names of the Ohio volunteers who were killed in the battle of Boach's Mills, Virginia, on the 7th of June, 1861:—

1. Hiram A. Brown, aged 30 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
2. Robert B. Brown, aged 27 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
3. John A. Campbell, aged 32 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
4. John W. Cline, aged 25 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
5. James A. Coombs, aged 28 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
6. John R. Corbin, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
7. John A. Davis, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
8. John W. Dickey, aged 20 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
9. John W. Dickof, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
10. John W. Dinwiddie, aged 23 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
11. John W. Dixon, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
12. John W. Duff, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
13. John W. Dunlap, aged 23 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
14. John W. Eatherly, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
15. John W. Everhart, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
16. John W. Haldeman, aged 20 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
17. John W. Hardesty, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
18. John W. Harter, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
19. John W. Harvey, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
20. John W. Harvey, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.

The graves of these men were ordered to be marked with a stone, and the following is a list of the names of the markers:

1. John W. Brown, aged 30 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
2. Robert B. Brown, aged 27 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
3. John A. Campbell, aged 32 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
4. John W. Cline, aged 25 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
5. James A. Coombs, aged 28 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
6. John R. Corbin, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
7. John A. Davis, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
8. John W. Dickey, aged 20 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
9. John W. Dickof, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
10. John W. Dinwiddie, aged 23 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
11. John W. Dixon, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
12. John W. Duff, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
13. John W. Dunlap, aged 23 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
14. John W. Eatherly, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
15. John W. Everhart, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
16. John W. Haldeman, aged 20 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
17. John W. Hardesty, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
18. John W. Harter, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
19. John W. Harvey, aged 21 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.
20. John W. Harvey, aged 22 years, soldier of the 9th Ohio regiment.

At the same time the Federals received an order from General Jackson, authorizing them to advance to the main line of the enemy, and to bring their batteries to bear on the enemy's right. The order was promptly executed, and the enemy was driven from the heights, and pursued with especial vigor by Generals Webster, Reynolds, and McClellan, who were occupied in filling and bringing the first batteries to bear on the enemy's rear, which was most extensively exposed in this direction. The result of the engagement was to prevent the enemy from occupying the valley of the Kanawha, and to prevent the enemy from continuing his advance into the interior of the State.
COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK AT THE BATTLE OF LEE'S FORD—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. (See Page 443.)
FALL'S CHURCH, VIRGINIA, THE ADVANCED POST OF OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.

THE REBELS IN VIRGINIA.

We continue our series of Illustrations of the Rebel Army in Virginia, from sketches by our faithful correspondent. With regard to the Illustrations on pages 487 and 488, he writes us: "I send you a sketch of the camp of General Bee's Brigade of the Confederate Army, at the Fair Grounds near Winchester. It consists of some five regiments of Alabamians and Mississippians, in all about five thousand men. They are camped there at present, awaiting the advance of General Patterson, when I suppose General Johnston will order another retreat. The other sketch is one of a little incident which took place at Harper's Ferry yesterday. Two of the Ninth, Isaac Blakemore and George M'Mullan, went over and climbed the pole in the armory yard and took down the State Flag of Virginia, which had been flying there since the place was first occupied by the Confederates. It was brought to Sandy Hook and divided among their comrades, each one of whom secured a piece to send home as a trophy."

FALL'S CHURCH.

On this page we illustrate Fall's Church, Fairfax County, Virginia, from a sketch by our special artist with General McDowell's corps of troops. This is the most advanced post of our army in Fairfax County, and has been the scene of several picket skirmishes. Fall's Church was built in 1790, and rebuilt, as an inscription on the wall informs us, by the late 'Lord' Fairfax, whose son, the present 'Lord' Fairfax, is supposed to be serving in the rebel army. The title of Lord, we may observe, is still given to the representative of the family. The inscription on the old church reads as follows:

"Henry Fairfax, an accomplished gentleman, an upright magistrate, a sincere Christian, died in command of the Fairfax Volunteers at Saltillo, Mexico, 1841. But for his munificence this church might still have been a ruin."
DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES AT MARTINSBURG, VA.

On this page we illustrate one of the effects of the Southern Rebel's—the destruction of valuable property by the rebels. Our special artist writes us from Martinsburg: "The destruction of locomotives, cars, etc., by the Confederates is one of the most diabolical sights I ever witnessed. Fortunes at fine engines so well built have been muddled, axes by bare destruction with hammers and crow-bars. The stationary engine has met with no better treatment, and the buildings themselves were only saved from destruction by the precipitate flight of the Confederate troops."

DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES

AUGUST 22.

THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.

We devote a considerable portion of our room this week to the illustration of the Battle of Bull's Run. A large view of Colonel Hunter's Advance, from sketches by our special artist, who was present, will be found on pages 488 and 489; the Correspondence or our Printer is illustrated on page 492; and on the same page will be found an illustration of the muskets, cartridges, and guns burned by our artillery. On page 493 will be found a Map of the battle. We give the following account from a letter addressed by Mr. Henry S. Raymond to the Times.

On Tuesday the troops were all brought down to Campville, and all necessary preparations were made for the march which was intended for the next day. On Friday morning, therefore, the army moved off very early from that place. The ground was inferior to what we expected, on which we were obliged to march. Notwithstanding this fact, we got on pretty well, the distance being from seven to eight miles. After a march of about two miles Colonel Hunter turned in the right—descending一步一步地移动，同时改变方向。我们停止休息，等待天黑下来。第二天早上，我们继续前进，经过了一个多小时的休息。23号，我们经过了华盛顿。这是一个美丽的小镇，坐落在山脚之下。我们到达了华府，看到了白宫和国会大厦。4号，我们回到了弗吉尼亚州，在那里度过了一个愉快的春天。

SKIRMISH ON THE POTOMAC.

Skirmishes along the Potomac have become an everyday occurrence with the troops stationed on the upper part of that river. Several a day pass without an exchange of shots at some point between Edwards Ferry and Sandy Hook. Both parties generally keep themselves hidden behind the brush and rocks that line the shores. For two of the Federal troops have been killed and three wounded. It is not known how many have lost their lives on the other side. Several have been seen to fall. This sketch represents a little brush which took place at Sandy Hook a few days ago. After some pretty sharp firing, in which nobody was hurt, the Virginians retreated into the mountains, and hostilities were suspended.

SKIRMISH BETWEEN A PORTION OF THE NINTH AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS AFPS THE RIVER AT SANDY HOOK.

On Saturday night, the rebels, after they had established themselves on the south bank of the river, came down upon the intrenched column. At about midnight we heard some salutes from the town, and we were compelled to fall still further into the woods. There was no further skirmishing. A large view of the whole column halted. The movement commenced at half-past one, and a little before 4, and a considerable of smoke which marked the progress of the combat were all brought closely up to the illustration of the field, never doubtless. The next day we heard the hotly contested battle. We gin!...
COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

before, I continued to push on. I soon met Quarter-master Stuntz, of the Fifty-fourth, who told me, hurrying into the rear, that the regiment had been ordered out to places that the Confederate batteries were held, and that our troops had actually been engaged. I had tried to pull off, but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Having my meetings, I was a high point of ground, and saw, of the three roads by which the vanguard of the enemy had advanced, that they were all on the retreat. Sharp discharges of cannon in their rear indicated that they were being pursued. I waited half an hour or so to observe the troops and batteries as they arrived, and then started for Washington to send my dispatch and write this letter. As I turned the hill on which the Federals had their intrenchments less than a week ago, I saw our forces taking up positions for a defense if they should be assailed.

Both is a very rapid and general history of Sunday's engagement.
SECOND MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT (WILDCATS) PASSING ALONG MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, ON THEIR WAY TO BUNKER HILL, VIRGINIA.
CHARGE OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY UPON THE FIVE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 830.]
THE YACHT "HENRIETTA," 160 TONS, LIEUTENANT JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN., COMMANDING, NOW ATTACHED TO THE REVENUE SERVICE.

CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

On page 508 we illustrate one of the gallant regiments of the SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, New York State Militia, at the Battle of Bull Run. This gallant regiment performed prodigies of valor that day. An officer of the Second thus speaks of their performance:

"The Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, performed prodigies of valor. They stripped themselves, and dashed into the enemy with the utmost fury. The difficulty was to keep them quiet. While the Second was engaging one regiment of rebels they retreated into a thick lumber-field to draw the Northern into a trap. The Second continued firing into them, while the Sixty-ninth, by a flank movement, took them in the rear, and pouring a deadly fire from their muskets, afterward charged them with the bayonet. The slaughter was terrible, and theédent complete, for not a man of the whole five hundred in this attack there were very few of the Sixty-ninth wounded."

SANDY HOOK, HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL STONE, ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.—[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]
THE LATE COLONEL CAMERON.

On this page we give a portrait of the late Colonel Cameron, who was killed at the battle of Ft. Donelson. They give the following sketch of his career:

"The author of the following sketch is a gentleman of Philadelphia, and a close friend of the Cameron family. He has had some large experience as a portrait painter, and has been a resident of this city for many years. He has also been a correspondent for the New York Morning Chronicle, and has contributed several articles to that paper. He is a man of the highest character, and is well-known to all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The following sketch of the late Colonel Cameron was painted from life by John S. Sargent, the famous portrait painter of this city."

The portrait is of the late Colonel Cameron, who was killed in the battle of Ft. Donelson. He was a man of high character and great ability, and was beloved by all who knew him. The following sketch gives a brief account of his life:

"Colonel Cameron was born in the city of New York, and was educated in the public schools of that city. He entered the army as a private, and rose to the rank of colonel. He was a man of great ability, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was killed in the battle of Ft. Donelson, and is mourned by all who knew him."

THE FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT AT MACABAS JUNCTION. [Sketching by our Special Artist.]
THE WOUNDED ZOUAVE IN THE HOSPITAL AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 322.]—THE HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AT WASHINGTON.
BRIG.-GEN. MCDOWELL, U.S.A.

General Levi M'Dowell, whose portrait will be found above, is a native of Ohio, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1834. He graduated in July, 1839, and was immediately appointed to the rank of Second Lieutenant. He was assigned instructor in tactics at West Point from September to November, 1834, and Adjutant to October, 1834; he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in October, 1837; Assistant Adjutant-General, in February, 1847, and relinquished that duty in August, 1851; Assistant, and promoted to the rank of Brevet Major, in August, 1847. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet Major for gallant and distinguished service in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 8, 1846. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant service in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 28, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 25, 1850, through relinquishing the rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high attainments and military talents of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and placed him in command of the troops at Washington. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard.

BRIG.-GEN. MANSFIELD, U.S.A.

General J. E. P. MANSFIELD, whose portrait we give herewith, is a native of Connecticut, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1817. He graduated in July, 1822, and was immedi-

ately appointed Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1823; Captain, July, 1836; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846-47. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet-Major for gallant and distinguished service in the battle of Buena Vista, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 8, 1846. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant service in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 28, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 25, 1850, through relinquishing the rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high attainments and military talents of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and placed him in command of the troops at Washington. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM, COMMANING THE ATLANTIC BLOCKADE BLOCKADE.

 Commodore Silas H. Stringham, whose portrait we publish below, is a native of the State of New York, and was born near Oswego, Orange Co. He has been connected with our navy and in active service since the year 1800, when he entered as midshipman, at the age of thirteen. His advancement has been by the regular course of promotion, his present commission being dated September, 1861. The Department at Washington have always had the fullest confidence in his ability, as is shown by the many and important commands in which he has been placed. Since holding his present rank he has successively been Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, followed by a cruise to the Brazilian coast; Commodore at the South Atlantic Navy-yard, then a cruise as Commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, from whence he returned in July, 1863, and was ordered to the Charleston Navy-yard as Commandant, holding that position near four years; upon leaving there he was the recipient of various testimonials of respect and regard from those under his command. Upon the becoming of the present Administration he was early recalled to Washington on special duty, and upon ordering to blockade all the southern ports, he was ordered to his present command, sailing from New York on the 4th of May, 1863, to the Cape of Good Hope, on the 18th of July, 1863, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope, on the 18th of July, 1863, and thence to the Rio Grande, on the north, with the Nantucket, a forty-gun steamer, as the flagship, and some twenty-eight vessels in all, manned by 2000 sailors and marines. The fleet is the most important ever put in commission by the Department (although not yet, as large as it should be to be entirely effective), in person the Commodore is of medium height, and a compact, athletic frame, of steady bearing and frank demeanor; in manner, a pleasing mixture of gentleman-like refinement and soldier-like frankness, with a character of high moral tone, "without fear and without reproach." No officer is more beloved and respected by those who serve under him than Commodore Stringham, while we of the Empire State know our honor, and that of the flag of our Union, is in safe keeping while under his care.

COL. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JUN.

We publish herewith the portrait of Col. Francis Preston Blair, Jun., of St. Louis, Missouri, Member of Congress, and Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Blair comes of one of the most distinguished families in the country. His father, Francis P. Blair, Sen., was the editor of the Globe under General Jackson, and the veteran personal friend and adviser of that President, and of his successor, Van Buren. He is still alive. Three of the sons of Mr. Blair, Sen., have distinguished themselves in politics. One has been Governor of Kentucky; another, Mississippi, is Postmaster-General; a third, perhaps the most distinguished of all, is the sea-worn poet, Mr. Blair, who we publish. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1809, Mr. Blair chose the law for his profession and St. Louis for his residence. On the establishment of the Mexican war he served as a private under Kearney for some months. He was elected for two consecutive terms to the Missouri Legislature, and in 1854 and 1856 to Congress. Mr. Blair is known as the leader of the extreme pro-slavery party of St. Louis, and is a man of extraordinary courage, energy, and perseverance.
RESCUE OF COLONEL SMITH'S COMMAND AT MONROE, MISSOURI, BY GOVERNOR WOOD OF ILLINOIS.—[See Page 522.]

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 523.]
RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI.

Our special artist writes: "While in Philippi I was attended by an immense row in the street in front of the Court-house, and ran with the entire population of the town to learn the cause. Instead of the arrival of runaway prisoners, as of an army courier, I found the tumult occasioned by the return from the country of a foraging party of volunteers—a squad of some half dozen, under command of a sergeant, with their spoil. Each man carried one or more young pigs—from the suckling up to the 'likely' shoat—and the squad entered the street in rank with playfully shouldered or trailed, according to the orders of the officer, to the vociferous music of their captives. As they neared the camp the town pigs took the alarm, and made a rush for the spoilers, followed by every out of the neighborhood. The sergeant ordered 'double-quick,' but one old sow was too fast for the men; she broke their ranks and scattered them as they had routed the secessionists on the same ground. They saved their bacon by a rush into the Court-house yard."
THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

On page 334 we illustrate the capture of Colonel Smith's schooner by a force of Union cavalry under Governor Wood of Illinois. Colonel Smith's command occupied the brick college building at Meno, and the rebels, 120 strong, had surrounded it and planted cannon as to destroy the building and its inmates. A flag of truce had been sent out, but it was disregarded. Three hundred mounted men were sent to the rescue. On arriving at Meno they found a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had entrenched themselves in the academy buildings. The rebels, 120 strong, were grouped around the gatehouse, one of the roads leading from Colonel Smith's residence. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their shells were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did excellent execution. The fight lasted until dark. The last shot came from Colonel Smith's guns dismounting one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, rode on their rear with the cavalry escort from Quincy on Wednesday, completely routing them, and taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed, but not a man of the Union forces was killed, although several were severely wounded.

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENNEMETAYS!"

We give on pages 335 and 336 an illustration of the capture of the schooner "Eremitas," by the German cruiser "Altmar." From a sketch by Mr. Donovan, of the latter craft. A letter in the Tribune thus describes the affair:

On Sunday, the 23rd, after sailing two or three hours after midnight, the Altmar sighted a vessel and gave chase, and soon found up to which proved to be the schooner "Eremitas," built at Philadelphia in 1824. A prize crew of five rebels and one negro was on board of this vessel. The Altmar's prize crew fired two guns, and called on the crew for prisoners. The crew obeyed, and the latter wore the Altmar's colors, and bound for Philadelphia.

A VOLUNTEER SEGMENT OF PARADE AT THE CAMP AT ANAHEIM, NEW YORK.

Our special artist in Washington has supplied us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 337 and 38. One represents a Woman's Society in the hospital at Washington looking gracefully up to the scene of his kind hospital career. The poor fellow evidently not used to the similar attention bestowed upon him by the ladies; he does not quite understand it, and some secret seems to have been well of honest, grateful feeling seems to have been merrily opened in his heart. Another picture introduces us to the same character, the toothless, excelling his adventures at the battle of Bull Run to a crowd of sugar planters at Savannah. His face is like a triumph, and well he may be. He feels a quiet content for the man of his own race who was not at the battle; for he knows that hitherto so holy war will suffer them no more as he was any of the comrades who were "in the battle" are near by.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

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THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.

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THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.
THE REBELS RATONETING OUR WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, AT BULL RUN. [See Page 322.]
CAMP JOHNSON, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT PLAYING FOOT-BALL BEFORE EVENING PARADE.
MARKET PLACE AT WINCHESTER, RENDEZVOUS OF THE REBEL MILITIA OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—[See Page 671.]
THE "HOTEL" AT CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 571.]

RENS OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT BERLIN.—[See Page 571.]

THE LOUDON HEIGHTS ACROSS THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE THE POSITION LATELY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL BANKS—HARPER'S FERRY IN THE DISTANCE. [See Page 571.]

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND "LEXINGTON," UNITED STATES FIST-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[ETCHED BY ALEXANDER SHOLTY.]