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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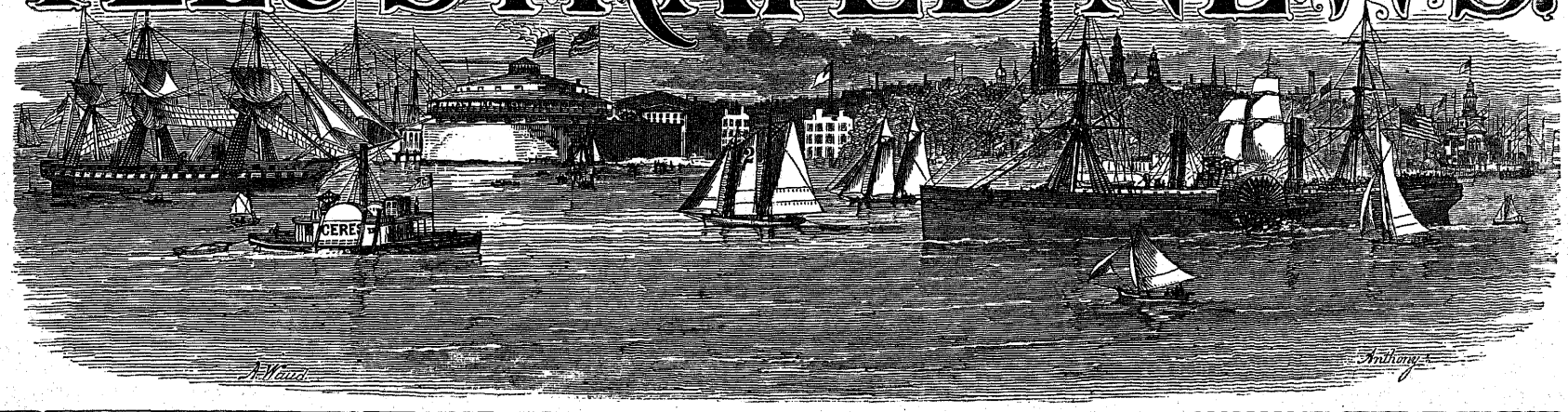
http://www.nysl.nysed.gov/mssc/bullrun

NEW YORK
ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



No. 91.—Vol. IV. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, JULY 29, 1861. Price Six Cents.

THE SECOND BARRICADE ON THE ROAD FROM VIENNA TO FAIRFAX. UNITED STATES TROOPS CLEARING THE ROAD, AND SOLDIERS WINDING THROUGH THE OBSTRUCTIONS. Sketched on the spot by A. Waud, Esq. [See page 202.

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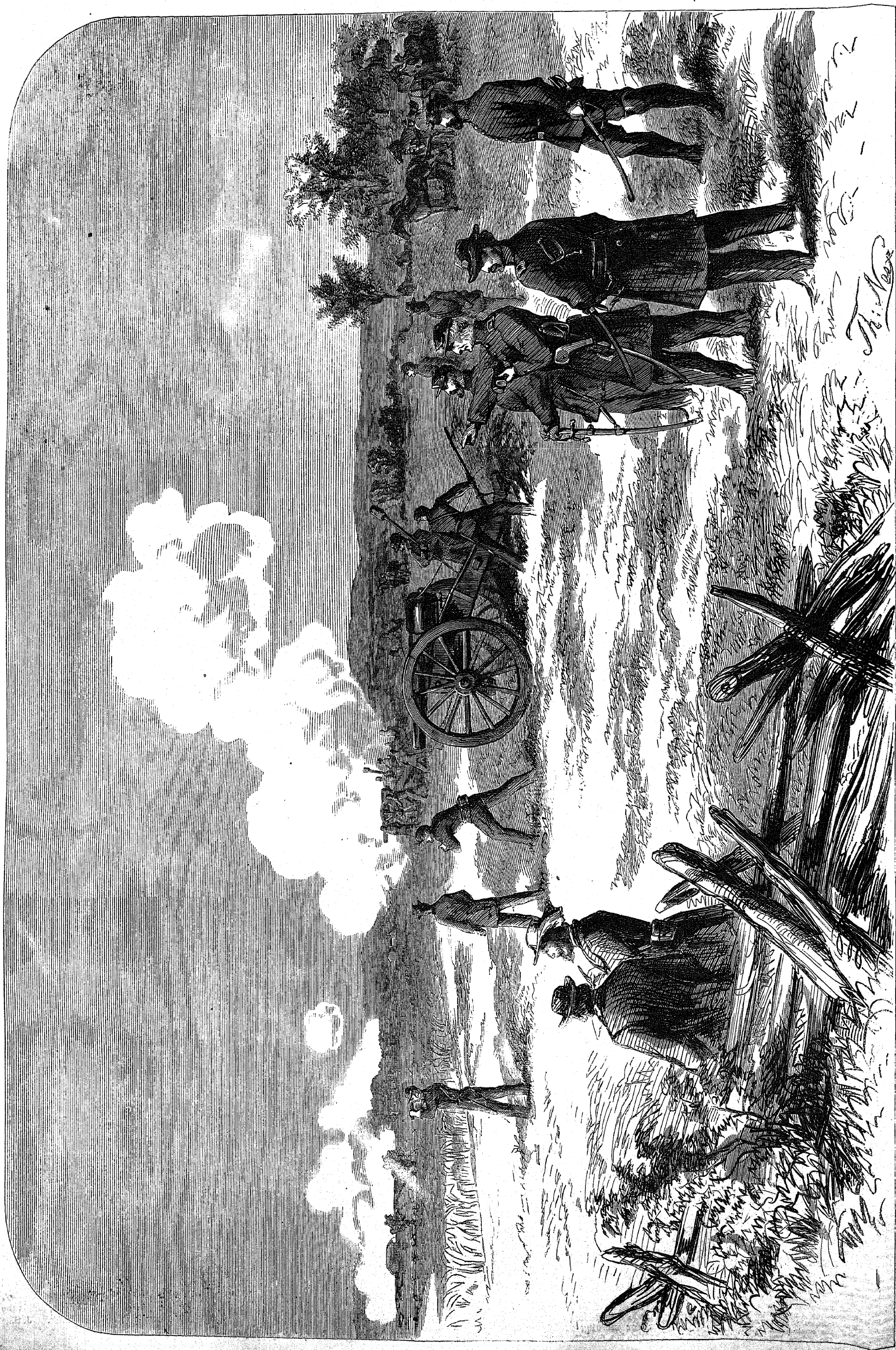

COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION AT BULL'S RUN. SHERMAN'S BATTERY OF RIFLED CANNON ENGAGING THE ENEMY'S FIRST MASKED BATTERY. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY A. WAUD, ESQ. See page 202.

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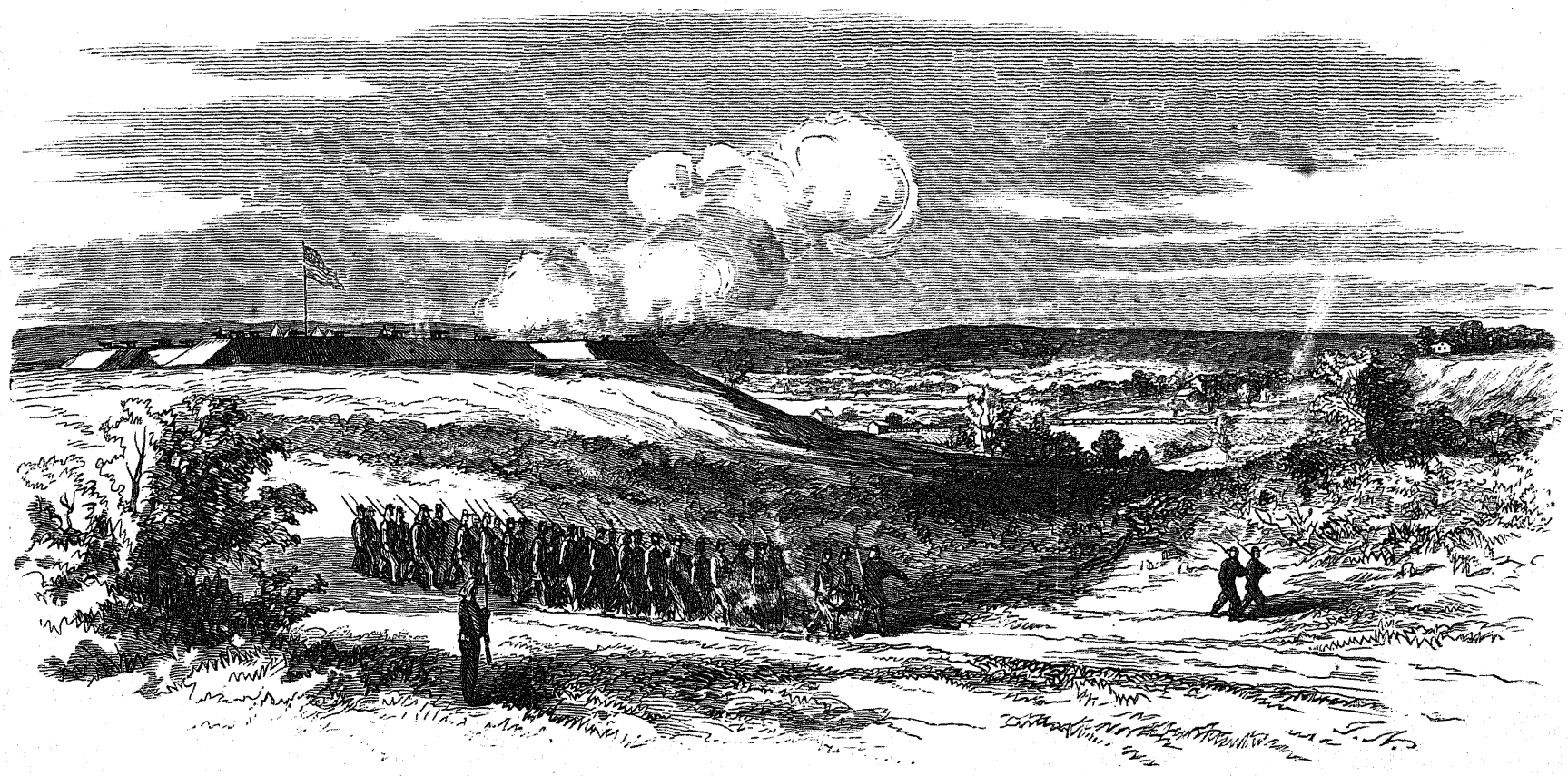
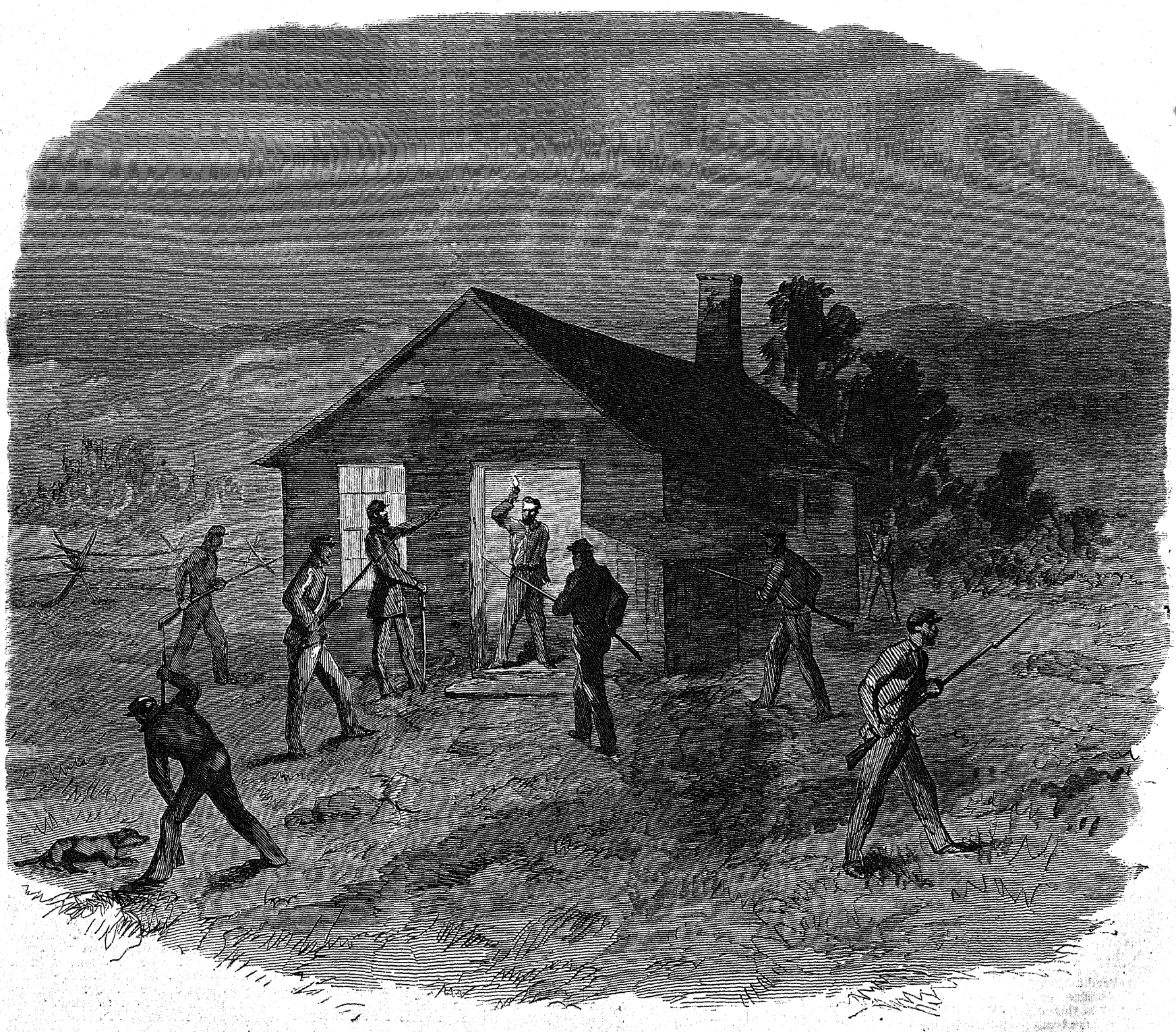


EARTHWORKS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO ALEXANDRIA.—GUN PRACTICE. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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 o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Navaday they call it—with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and t'other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you will!" "What! have you ever tried it!" "Tried it? often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing." "Well, what was that?" "I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze off his tail while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—trew as you live." Marble sloped.

An Irish gentleman who was sojourning at a dashing hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening, taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous landlord came in, when the gentleman, after apologizing, told him he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide by telling him what profession he was bred to. Mine host, after some hesitation at the question, answered that he was bred to the law. "Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost; for I laid that you were a bred packer." "A packer, sir!" said the host, swelling like a turkey-cock; "what could induce you, sir, to think I was bred a packer?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I judged so from your *wine measures*, for I thought no one but a *skillful packer* could put a *quart* of wine into a *pint* bottle."



SCOUTING PARTY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—ARREST OF A SECESSIONIST AT NIGHT BY ORDERS OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT WESTERN VIRGINIA. SKETCHED BY FRANK BEARD, ONE OF THE SCOUTS. See page 202.

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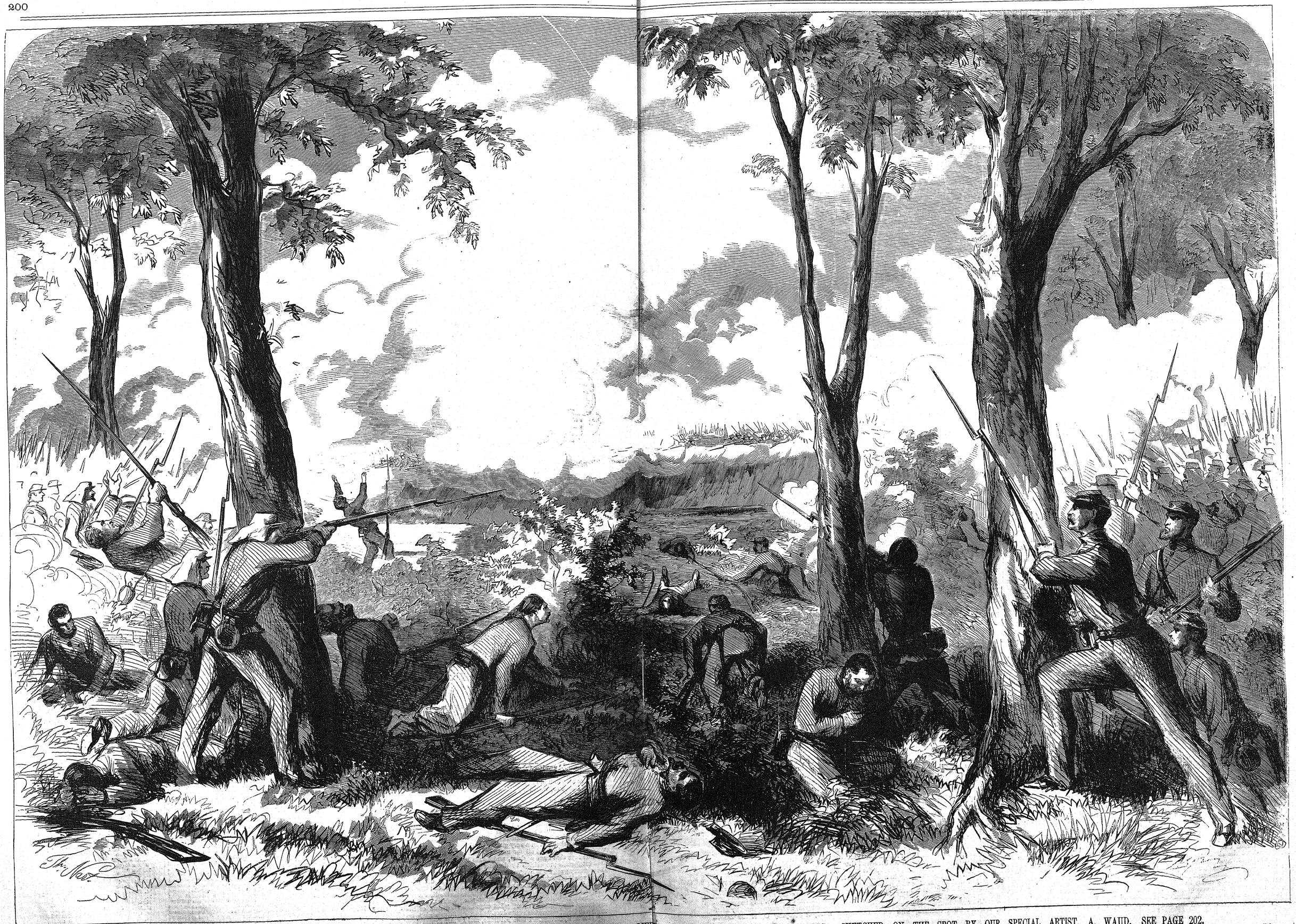
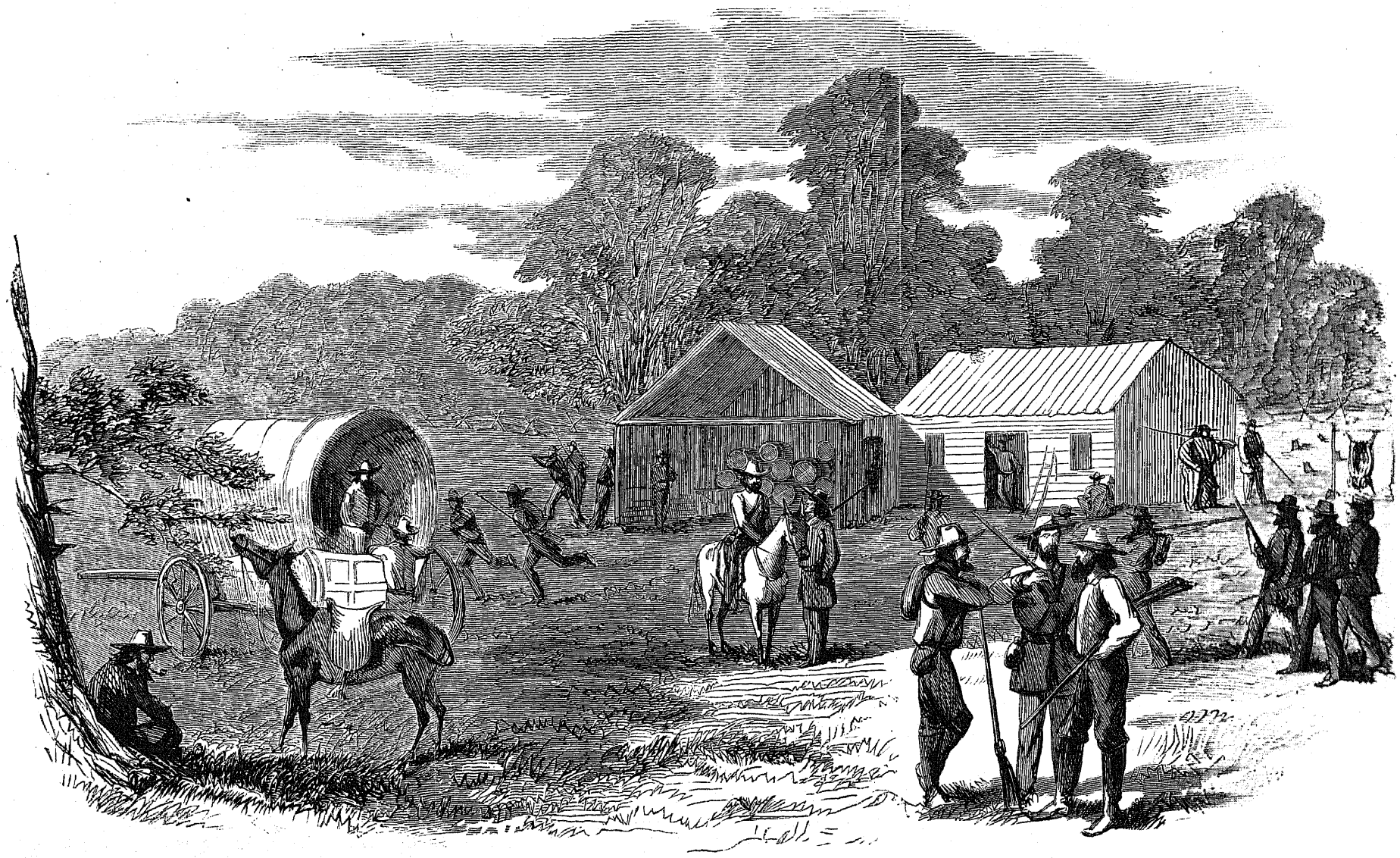


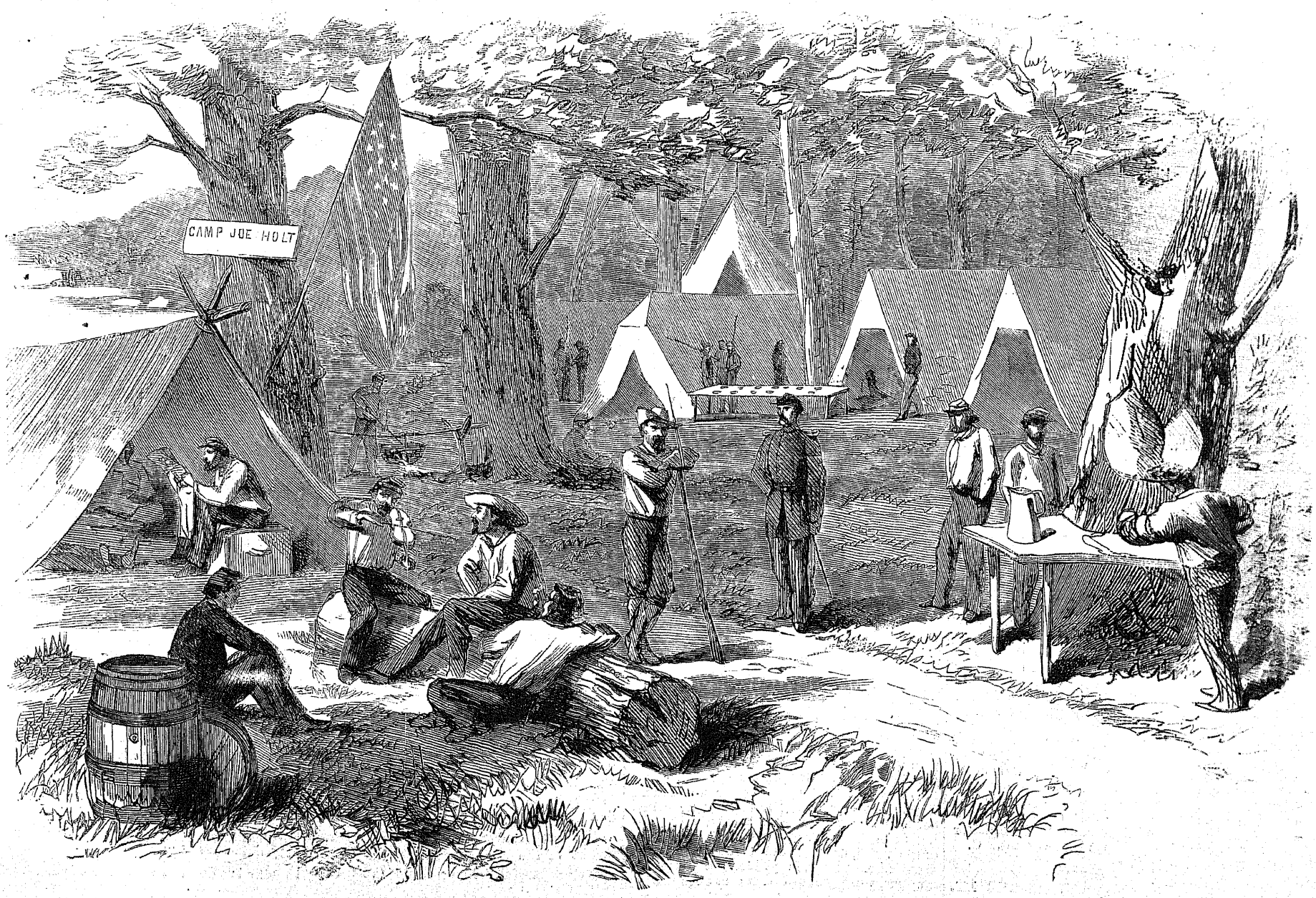
ATTACK ON THE BATTERIES AT BULL'S RUN BY THREE COMPANIES OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WELLES, COMMANDING. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. WAUD. SEE PAGE 202.

Digitized from the collections of the National Museum of American History



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 lady of the house, where she remained immoveable. Her lacing was cut—salts applied to her nose—every thing was useless, Madame X. still remained immoveable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. One of the bystanders, more scandalous than the rest, pretended that this fainting was only an ingenious device for taking a siesta, and declared himself ready to go and faint upon a sofa in a neighboring saloon. The mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person; her ennui made her a little malicious, and to spread a snare for the fair fainter, she simply said, "Do you know what makes her ill? Her hair is too tight, it must be untied." These words acted like magic. Forgetting every thing, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head to defend her false braids from an aggression which might reveal too much; and feigning to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice. "At my house," replied her friend, "but your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own!" Moral of the story—Pretended fainting requires real hair.



CAMP JOE HOLT, KENTUCKY. SKETCHED BY W. STENGEL. See page 203.

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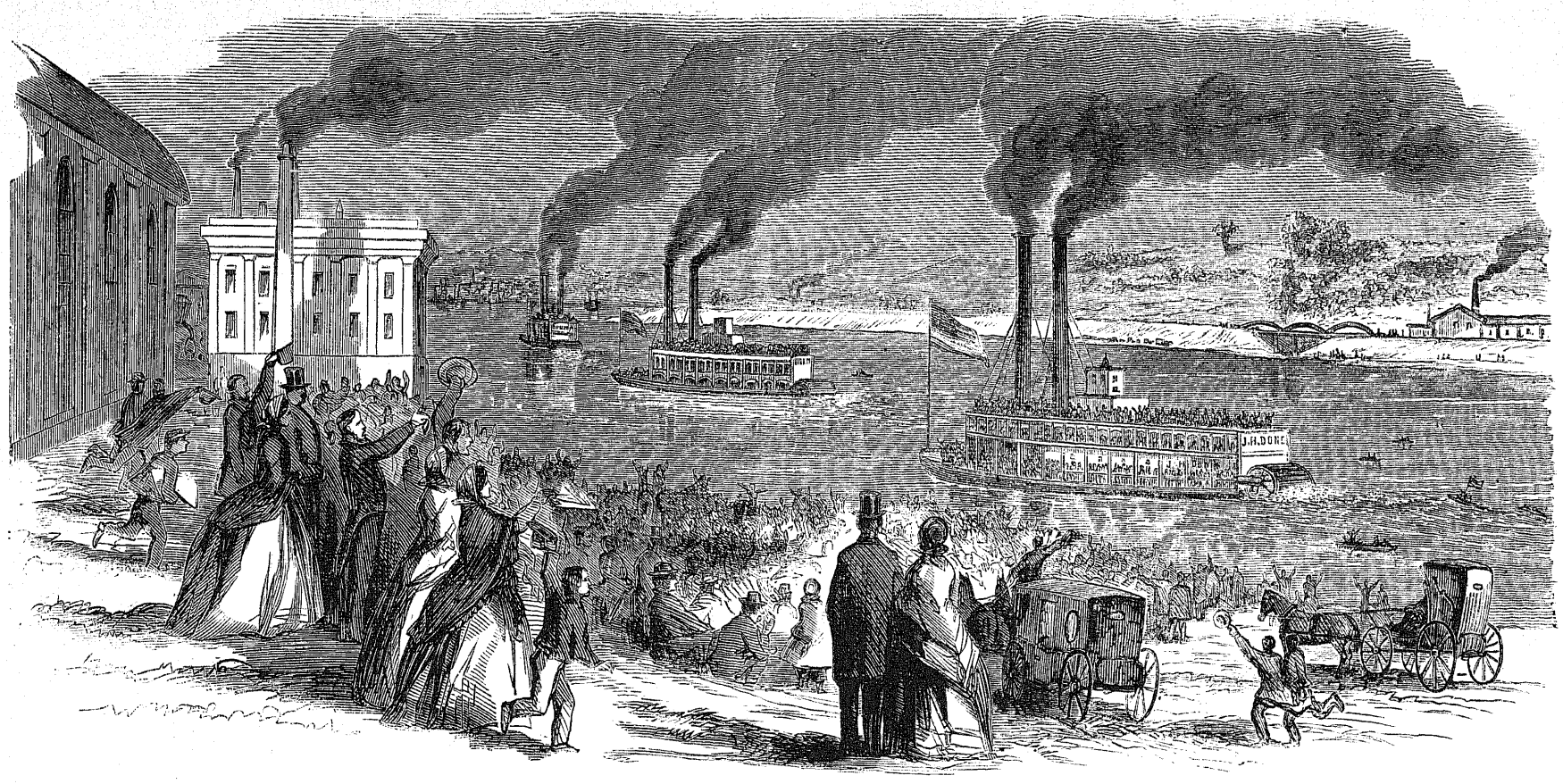


DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST AND SECOND KENTUCKY REGIMENTS FROM CINCINNATI FOR THE GREAT KANAWHA RIVER, VA. SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST. See page 203.

We cut the following from the *Times* of Sunday. It explains itself, and is worth consideration:

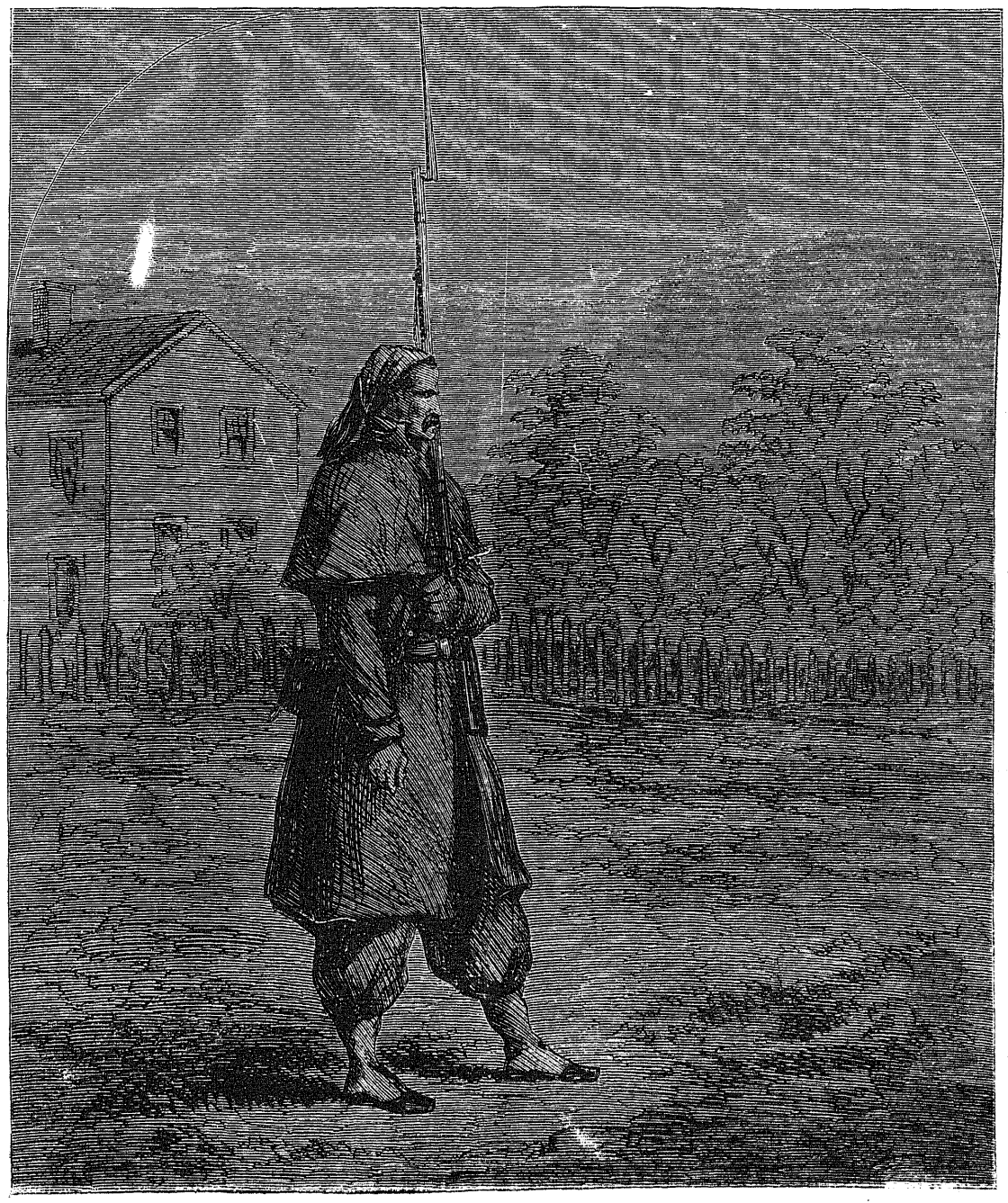
THE SLAVEHOLDER'S REBELLION.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I beg leave to criticise your article under the above title, in Friday's issue. You admit that this rebellion is purely and solely the work of the slaveholders. You also admit that the Government would be justified in proclaiming emancipation "*as a last resort.*" Allow me to ask what you mean by this "*last resort?*" If you mean that when the Government, backed up by the people of the loyal States, shall have tried by other means to crush this rebellion, and failing in all others, then, and not till then, you would have emancipation proclaimed—if this is what you mean by a "*last resort,*" allow me to suggest that you have arrived at a most "lame and impotent conclusion." Think. You would have Government do all it can by its armies, by blockade, by non-intercourse, by stopping mails, by fines, by imprisonment, &c., and failing with all these powerful aids to crush the most wicked rebellion that ever cursed humanity, then you would proclaim emancipation, would you? Why, sir, the proclamations of a government thus defeated in its attempts to maintain its existence by putting down such a rebellion would not be worth the paper they were written on. *Who would respect them?* Not those whom your armies could not conquer; not those whom your fines and imprisonment could not intimidate; not those whom you would, by proclamation, liberate. Why? Because a Government thus weak, thus unable to maintain itself by enforcing its laws, would not have the power to make its proclamations respected. Don't you see the fallacy of your "last resort" proposition? The public see it, if you do not. If such a proclamation is to be issued at all, now is the time, while the Government is strong, or has the credit of being strong enough to make its proclamation respected. Let the *Times* aid by its powerful influence, the passage of the bill to suppress "The Slaveholders' Rebellion." Yours, &c.,

SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

BLED TO DEATH—ITALIAN SANGRADOS.—Count Cavour, in the opinion of our more advanced professors of medical science, has been literally bled to death. No one who has not personally witnessed its evidence can form an idea of the extraordinary faith in phlebotomy entertained by both physicians and patients in Italy, and especially in the Southern States. Bleeding is the universal remedy for every form of complaint. In Naples, people get themselves bled to avert disease, to cure it, and to prevent its recurrence. Whenever a street quarrel arises, all parties engaged immediately go and get bled, so soon as "*rizza*" is over. If a man has been in a rage, he makes it a point to go and get himself phlebotomized before he cools. Bleeding for the "*paura*"—fear or alarm of any kind—is far more common in Naples than taking a bath in this country to cure a cold. If a man narrowly escapes an accident, such as being run over in the street or falling down a precipice, he first, if piously disposed, ejaculates a prayer to his patron saint, San Gennaro, and then hurries off to get himself bled, without loss of time. So universal is the practice of bleeding that the operators are not confined to the medical class, but are to be found in almost every street in Naples, quite as commonly as tobacconists or chemists with us. Everywhere is to be seen the little shop with the word *salassatore* over the door, and a signboard, in a very low but most ludicrous style of art, depicting the delights of phlebotomy in a manner that is truly charming. In most cases a gentleman is represented with no clothing to speak of, reclining gracefully on a green bank, with a tree above him and a blue tablecloth, meant for sky, above the tree. The gentleman's main arteries are all open and splendid jets of cimson blood are shooting gracefully all around, in elegant curves. The great toe vein is a favorite one, and very frequently the gentleman has his legs crossed and is contemplating with exquisite satisfaction a full fountain of gore spouting up into the blue tablecloth out of his toe at the rate of several gallons per minute. The gentleman's countenance invariably is expressive of the most intense and rapturous enjoyment, and incites the beholder to tear off all his clothes on the spot, rush in, and have every artery in his body opened immediaaely. This is evidently the aim of the artist. In the winter of 1853, a case occurred which illustrates exactly the bleeding system. On the Chiaja, the principal street in Naples, an Italian lady of rank had apartments, with, as usual, a balcony over the street. Her nurse was airing the baby on the balcony, and losing her hold for a moment, the child dropped out of her arms, and falling on the edge of the balcony, was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces, when its dress caught on the railing, and it was saved. The nurse, dreadfully excited, rushed back into the room, and told her mistress, who became excited also, as did also her maid, who was in attendance. The *paura* became general, and the *Salassatore* was sent for. The mistress was bled, the nurse was bled, the maid was bled, and it is a positive fact that they then bled the baby!



FIRE ZOUAVE ON SENTRY AT THE EXTREME OF THE FEDERAL LINES, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FAIRFAX AND ALEXANDRIA.

We learn from the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the 22d inst., the following painful particulars.

THE RETREAT OF SUNDAY NIGHT.

This morning, soon after daylight, it became known that the disasters of Sunday had not ended with the light, but that new reverses had been experienced during the night. All this morning, up to the time of writing, (2 P. M., Monday,) straggling squads of soldiers have been pouring over the Long Bridge, and along Pennsylvania avenue. They are all unwounded, but in every case covered with a thick coating of dust and sweat, their hair matted, their clothes torn and blood-stained, some armed and some unarmed. There are no less than 10,000 of them here, up to this time, and they are still coming. I have seen among them men from the following regiments:—Seventy-first New York; Second Maine; First and Second Ohio; Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York, (the latter the Highlanders;) Second and Third Michigan; Twenty-seventh New York; Second New Hampshire; Eleventh New York, (the Zouaves.) Many of the men throw themselves down on door steps, on curbstones, and on the pavement, and faintly cry for water.

Since 10 o'clock Pennsylvania avenue has been crowded with them, and since that time measures have been taken for their relief. From many of the cross streets, people are running, bringing baskets of refreshments, bread, milk, water, coffee, etc. Elegantly dressed ladies side by side with negro women, are carrying wine, coffee and water to the soldiers, unheeding the rain that is fast falling. The ladies don't stop to draw the corks of the bottles of Catawba wine, but knock the necks off, and pour out the contents in new tin cups. A soldier has just died.

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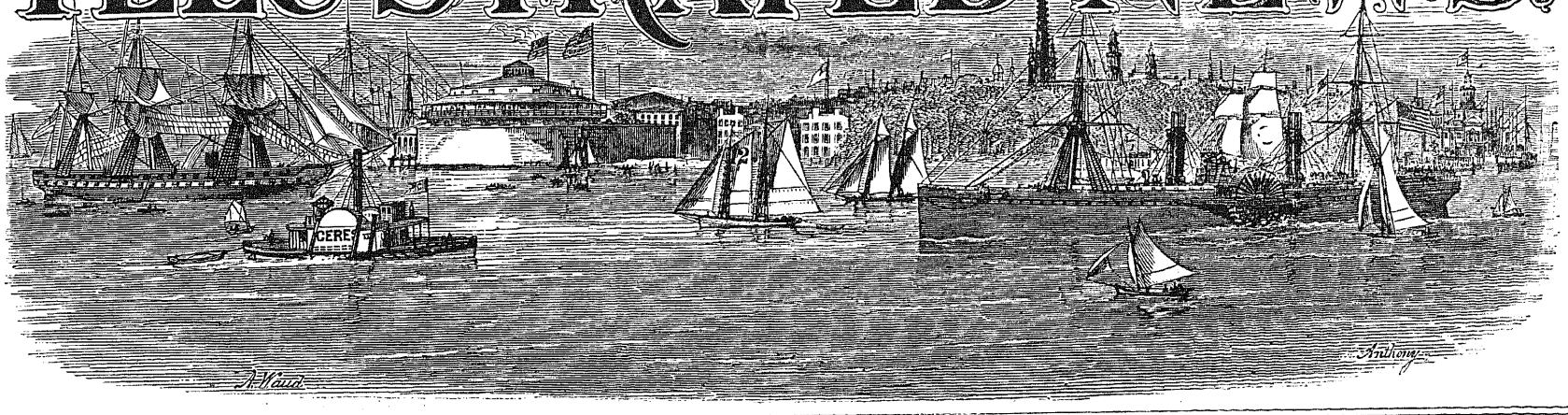
NEW YORK
ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



No. 92.—Vol. IV. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1861. Price Six Cents.

THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

THE SIXTY-NINTH N. Y. S. M. (IRISH) STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, CHARGING THE ENEMY AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1861. Sketched on the spot by our Special Artist. See page 218.

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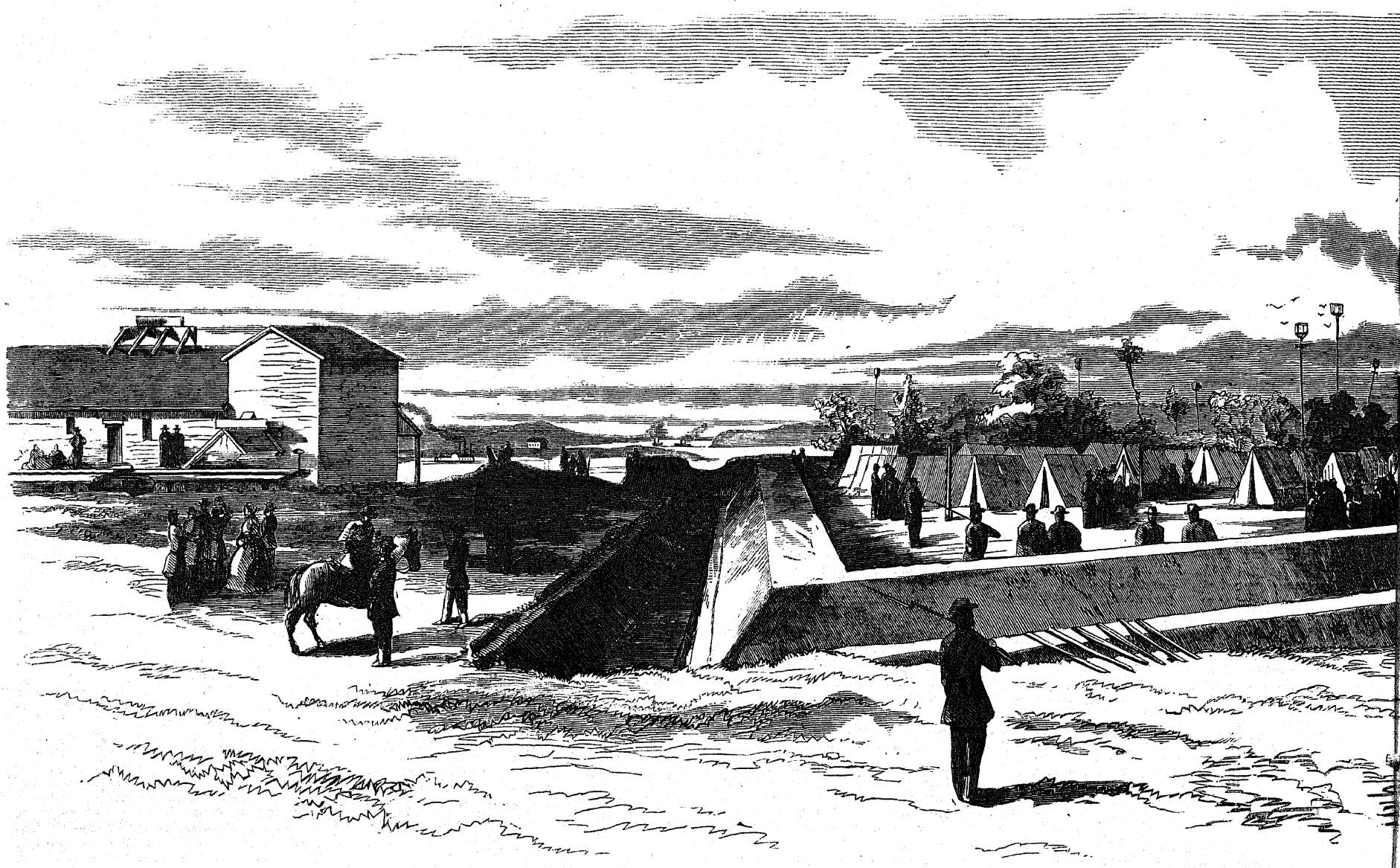


GENERAL VIEW OF THE BREASTWORKS AND FORTIFICATIONS A

GAETANO.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PIUS IX.

Just at the moment when the temporal power of the Head of the Roman Catholic Church is in all human probability passing away from him, we seize the opportunity of relating an incident in the life of Pius IX., which proves that, although he may be regarded as the ostensible exponent of a system of execrable cruelty and oppression, the natural bent of his disposition is mild, forgiving, and benevolent.

One day, in the year 1824, at Rome, a youth, seventeen years of age, bearing the name of Gaetano, was accused of conspiracy, and condemned to death. On his way to the place of execution, the young priest who attended him was so far impressed by his faith and courage, that he solicited on the culprit's behalf a delay in the punishment, laid the case before the reigning Pope, and was successful in obtaining a remission of the sentence, the punishment of death being commuted to that of perpetual imprisonment.

This young priest was the Abbe Mastai.

The culprit Gaetano was thrown into one of the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo.

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 ecclesiastical reform were the probable results of his reign. He was regarded as the pioneer of progress, the friend of the people, and the friend of Italy. Events did not justify 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 hope, consigned to a living grave, seeing no one but his goaler, and seldom hearing his goaler's voice. Gaetano had spent, in the deepest misery, the long years of his imprisonment. The progress of political events was totally unknown to him; of the condition of his own immediate relatives he was equally ignorant; the refinement of cruelty, the torture which is applied to the mind and heart, had been exercised on him. 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 orders 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 hours' interview with the prisoner. The gaoler, with a harsh request that the priest would stay no longer than the hour, conducted him through the secret penetralia of the prison, down to those loathsome cells in which political offenders were immured. Opening the door of one of these cells, he pointed for the priest to enter, and, as the priest did so, closed the door upon him, and left him alone with the prisoner.

The prisoner was sitting on a stone bench, his head resting on his hand. As the priest entered, he looked up and asked:

"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 God bless you 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."

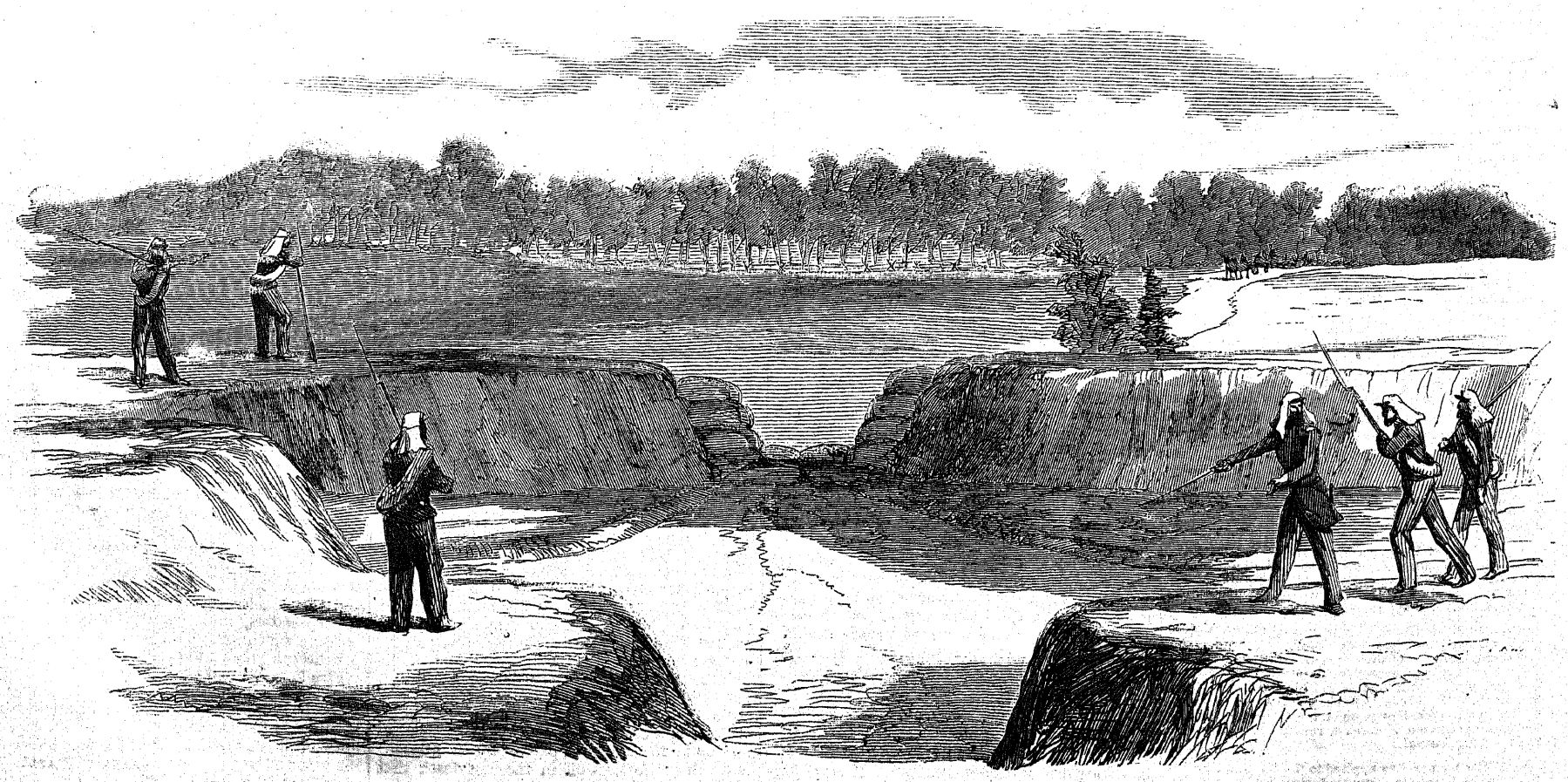
After the first burst of his emotion had subsided, Gaetano related the story of his long imprisonment. He spoke in affectionate terms of the young priest by whose intercession his life had been spared; "and yet," he added, "it were almost better I had died, except for the good news you bring me now."

"Have you petitioned for a further commutation of your sentence?"

"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."



INTERIOR OF A ONE-GUN BATTERY DESERTED BY THE REBELS. U. S. RIFLED CANNON IN THE DISTANCE, AND THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN COMING UP.
SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY A. WAUD. See page 218.

Digitized from the collections of the New York State Library, Albany, NY

REBELS FIENDISHLY BAYONETTING WOUNDED UNION TROOPS AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. Drawn by our Artist. See page 218.

EXECUTION OF BIRON.

We make the following extract from Miss Freers new work, *Henry IV and Marie de Medici;* published by Hurst and Blackok, London, it is the execution of Biron:—

"Five o'clock, the hour fixed for the execution of Biron, at length gloomily tolled—and as the last stroke of the great clock of the Bastille sounded, M. de Rumigny, M. de Vitry captain of the royal guards, and the lieutenant of Montigny governor 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 duke stepped forward with dignity and declared himself ready to follow them. He wore a suit of gray satin, a cloak of black velvet, and carried a hat adorned with white and black plumes. On the green before the Bastille a scaffold had been erected five feet high: it was undraped, and approached by rough steps. Around troops were drawn up in close rank; while strong bodies of arquebusiers occupied the green under arms. The chapel bells tolled mournfully; while many prisoners and officials watched the advance of the procession, shedding tears for the approaching miserable fate of so valiant and popular a nobleman. The duke was received, close to the scaffold, by the provost of the high court, who was on horseback, bearing in his hand his wand. On the scaffold stood the executioner and his assistants, the notary of the high court, and the cure de St. Nicholas. As Biron gazed on these ghastly preparations his fortitude forsook him. He, however, knelt at the foot of the ladder, and thus received final absolution. On rising, the eyes of the unfortunate man wandered wildly round. 'Oh!' exclaimed he, pointing to the companies of musketeers—'Oh! for a musket-ball through my body! Is there no mercy?' He was then assisted to ascend the steps on to the scaffold. The warrant for execution was next produced and read by the notary Voisin; the marshal again fiercely denying that he had conspired against the life of the king. Biron then joined in prayer with the cure Magnan. A handkerchief being then given to him by the executioner, he bound it round his eyes and knelt. On hearing the swift step of the headsman behind him, the marshal started from his kneeling attitude, and tearing the handkerchief from his eyes, exclaimed, 'God! is there no pardon—no mercy?' and in his agony Biron commenced repeating rapidly to himself the word, 'Minime! Minime!' which was supposed to refer to his confessor at Dijon, a monk of the order of Minimes; who told the marshal that if Lafin revealed that which they had, with such awful oaths, sworn to keep secret, the fate of the former would be eternal perdition, and that of Biron salvation. Anxious to terminate so harrowing a spectacle, the authorities present conferred together, and calling the executioner, authorized him to bind the criminal, to cut the collar of his doublet, and to force him into the requisite posture to receive the stroke—the former being preliminaries usually adopted, but which, in the case of the marshal, had, at his own earnest prayer, been dispensed with. The face of Biron, however, glared with fury at the approach of the headsman and his assistants; for the terror and excitement of his position were evidently fast depriving him of reason. 'Ah! who dares approach me?' said he. 'A finger shall not be laid on my person! or I swear I will strangle every person present!' After an interval of silence, the marshal called to M. Barenton, the officer to whom he had intrusted his message to Rosny, and, with a face still vividly suffused, requested him to bind his eyes. Barenton complied; but the duke again snatched the handkerchief from his brow, exclaiming, 'Heaven! let me gaze on the sky once more!' When the handkerchief was readjusted, Biron called impetuously to the headsman, 'Haste! haste!' In a second the sword of the executioner was poised, and just as the unhappy marshal was again rising, the blow fell, and the head rebounded from the scaffold, and dropped into the midst of the horrified spectators. The body was immediately covered with a pall of black cloth: the same evening, at dusk hour, it was placed in a leaden coffin, and at midnight interred in a vault constructed in the nave of the parish church of St. Paul."

TENT SCENE.—SOLDIERS WRITING HOME TO THEIR FRIENDS. Sketched by our Artist. See page 218.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is impatient patient.

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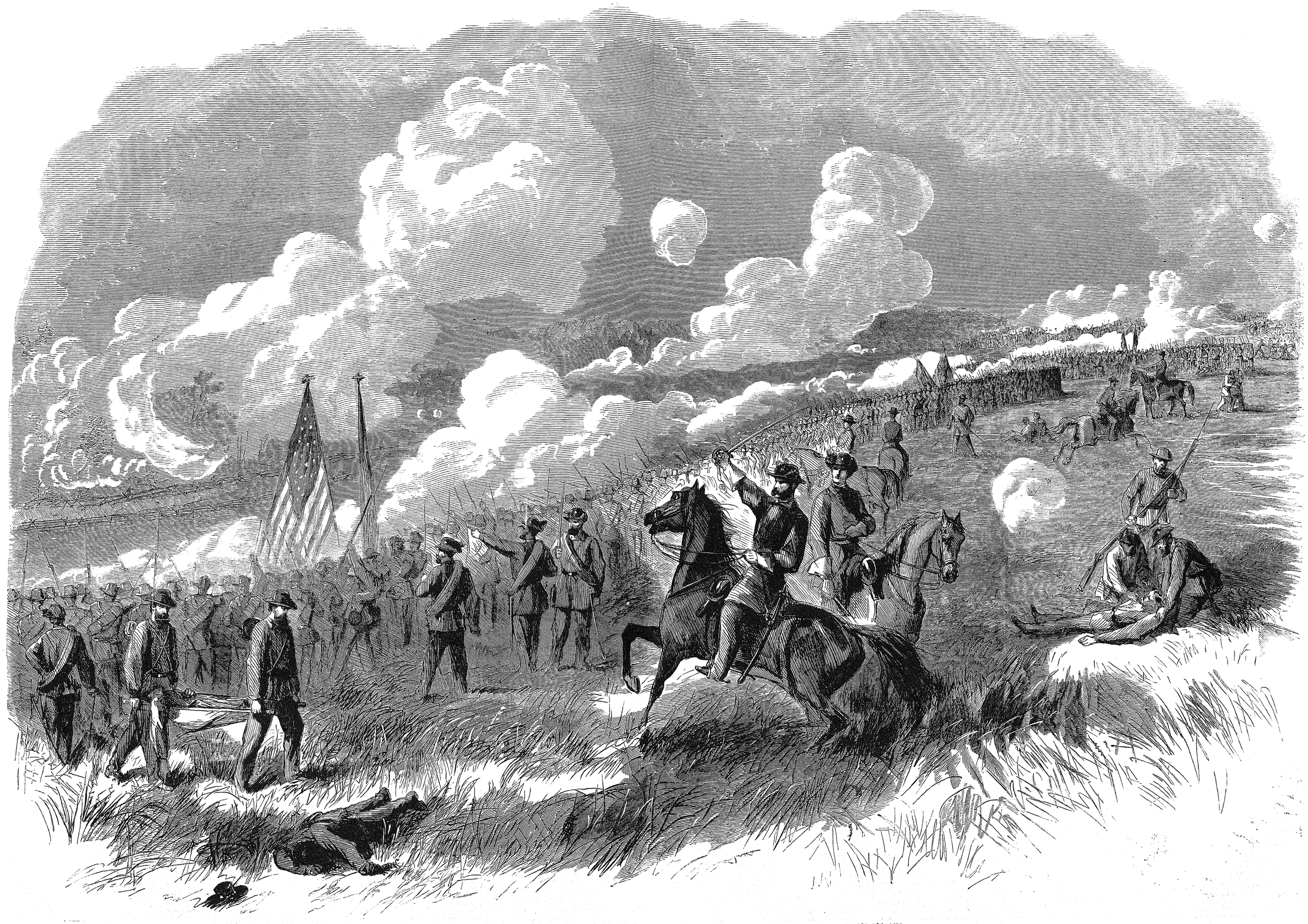

COLONEL BURNSIDE'S BRIGADE, FIRST AND SECOND RHODE ISLAND, AND SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK REGIMENTS, WITH THEIR ARTILLERY, ATTACKING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT BULL RUN. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY A. WAUD. SEE PAGE 218.

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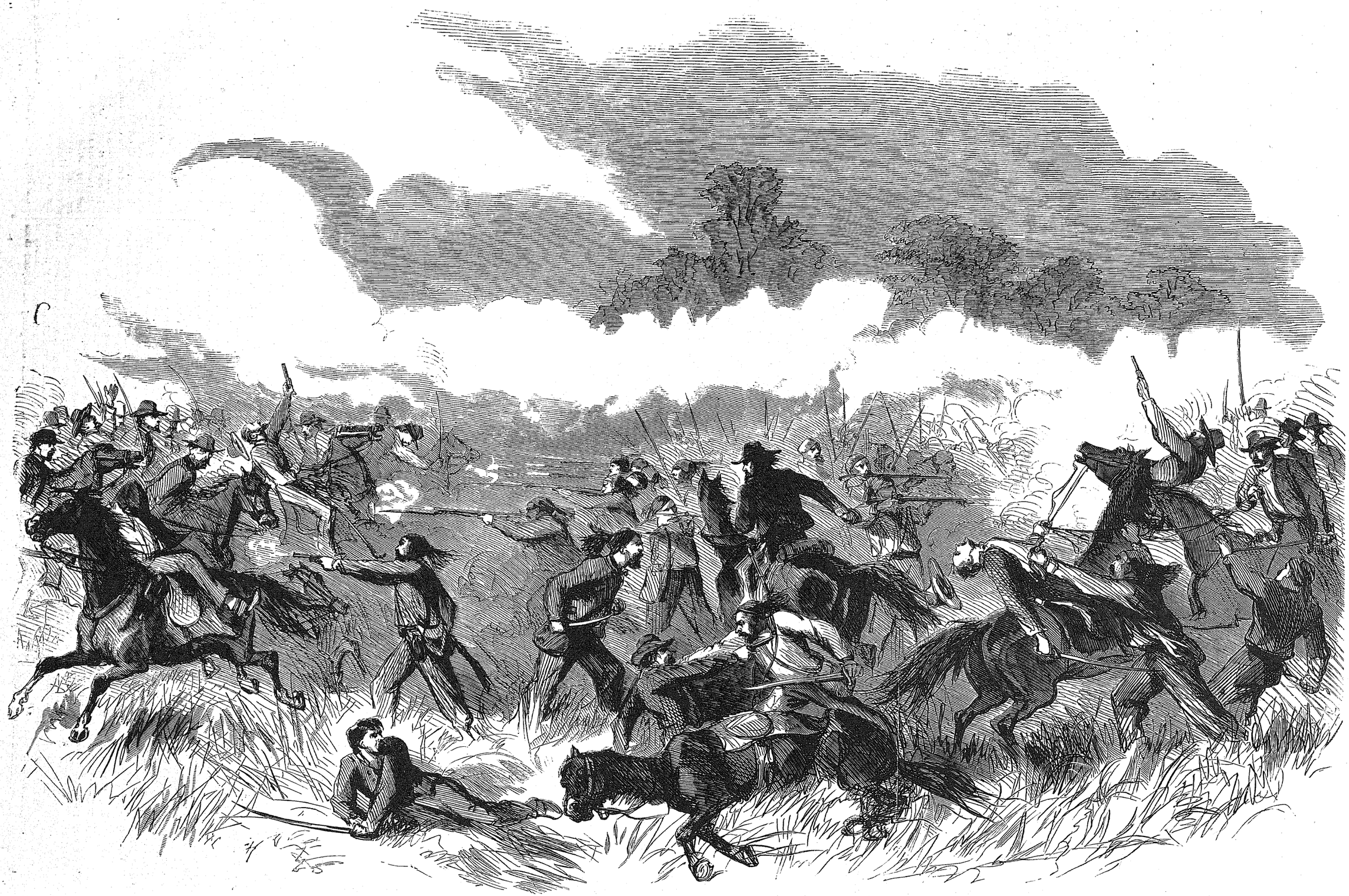

THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES ROUTING THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY. Sketched on the spot by Wilbur F. Osler. See page 218.

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SCIENTIFIC WAIFS.

Gun-cotton.—During some experiments lately made in Vienna, it was ascertained that the guns used by the Austrian infantry could be discharged fifty-five times in nine minutes and a-half, with gun-cotton. The cartridge was put into the barrel without the use of a ramrod. The results with this class of gun are said to have been highly satisfactory.

To unite Stone and Glass.—M. Bru, curator of the museum at Narbonne, has discovered that silicate of potash possesses, in the highest degree, the property of uniting surfaces of stone, glass, and pottery. It is applied with a brush to the surfaces which it is desired to bring into contact, and in a few days acquires a great solidity. It appears that the same material can also be successfully used in joinery, and for all the purposes to which common glue is applied.

Experiments with Food.—made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread every 100 pounds' weight is found to contain 80 pounds of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 pounds in 100 pounds; French beans, 80 pounds; peas, 23 pounds; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 pounds of solid nutritious substance in 100 pounds; carrots, 14 pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 pounds of potatoes only yield 25 pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, one pound of good bread is equal to 2 1-2 or 3 pounds of potatoes; and 75 of bread and 30 pounds of butcher meat are equal to 300 pounds of potatoes. Or again 1 pound of rice, or of broad beans, is equal to 4 pounds of cabbage and 3 pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families, where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

AN INFALLIBLE RECEIPE FOR WORRYING AN ENEMY—APPROVED BY QUILP WHO HAS SEEN IT TRIED ON.

any one wishes to know
The *best* way to worry a foe,
Don't go to impeaching his aims;
Don't call him opprobrious names;
Don't say he tipples or games;
Don't twit him of dying his hair;
Don't sneer at his "2:40 mare;"
Don't threaten his limbs or his life;
Don't laugh at his daughter or wife,
Don't tell him to "look in the glass;"
Don't call him a fool or an ass,
Don't tell him he rides very ill;
Don't dun him with that "little bill;"
Don't snub him, or slap him, or kick him;
Don't stab him, or stick him, or kick him;
There's a crueller trick to employ:—
Give a drum to his favorite boy!

BRIGADIER GENERAL D. TYLER, COMMANDING THE FEDERALS AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOULTHROP & WILLIAMS, NEW HAVEN. See page 219.

HUMOR AND WIT.

It is a bold stroke to stroke a lion's mane.

The fittest dower for a widow—a widower.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

If you can't coax the fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

A promising young man may do very well perhaps—a paying one much better.

Beware how you have dealings with a man taller than yourself; he can always overreach you.

Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

Women should set good examples, for the men are always following after the women.

The people never can be jealous, for jealousy is not a *popular* passion.

Camels, angry cats, and cross wives, always have their backs up.

A bachelor geologist is acquainted with all rocks except "rock the cradle."

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

A man who marries a frivolous, showy woman, fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a mill stone.

Men of some vocations are usually undersized. The most strapping fellows in the community are the schoolmasters.

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck at hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

Unsocial old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure, an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other," answered the affectionate wife.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed, by his frivolous remarks, his partner in the ball room, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," the latter replied, "I have often had them *bored*."

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, "Do you know the Barber of Seville?" "No," the latter replied, "I always shave myself."

Two old ladies of the same age had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one, therefore, used always, upon a New Year's Day, to go to the other, and say, "Dear friend, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy now," said Pat. "How the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers I'll hold it with anybody!"

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

The following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconscious, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master: "Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This, the last will and testament of me, John Themas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss, he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, John Thomas."

A clergyman, who lost his horse, after hunting in company with a boy until midnight, gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit and took his text the following passage from Job: "O, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out, "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he, "I hear thou are going to be married." "Yes," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

It is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a development in this direction, which the reader can add to his present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage. "Never you buy a *fat* pig at New York," was the advice given us. "And why not a fat pig?" "'Cause, you see, they fat 'em too fast for the New York market sometimes." "How so?" "Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in, pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, jest afore fair day they gives 'em corn and salt—nothin' but jess corn and salt—no swill, no water. Next day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpents gin 'em just as much water as they kin drink. The pigs put into it, and keeps a drinkin', and drinkin'. 'Sposen on an average they swallow about a pail apiece. That makes 'em look all filled out, and sleek and heavy, I tell you. But there ain't no heart and substance in it. You carry one of them are critters home, and calculate you've got a busterin' pile of pork; but jest you look in your hog-pen next mornin', and you won't find nothin' but a hog frame, skin an' bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs; I've seen 'em *manufactur'd!*"

A few nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drank so often for the success of our volunteers, that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of the whisky. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said, "Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves." "Eh?" said Tom, starting; "c-l-o-v-e-s?" "Yes, cloves; any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy?" This made his wits go wool-gathering. "Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied, "W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on *a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there I fell over a spice box!*" Then she knew what was the matter.

A comfortable old couple were traveling by railroad; and the journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a station the old gentleman got out for a glass of ale, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door and see the train move off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed: "There, my old man has got left! he has! there, see! he has! Well," she continued, sitting back in her seat again, "I'm glad on't! It's always been, 'Dame, you'll get left,' all my life long, and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't!" Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man, and not herself, that was left, was greeted with a round of applause.

A few days since, as I was sitting with Mr. Daw, the lawyer, in his office, in Court Square, a client came in and said, "Stokes, the livery stable keeper took me in dreadfully yesterday, and I want to be even with him." "State your case," said Daw. Client: "I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Dedham. He said fifteen shillings. I took the horse and went, and when I came back, I paid him fifteen shillings, and he said he wanted another fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it." Daw gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows. He went to the stable-keeper, and said, "How much will you charge me for a horse to go to Salem?" Stable-keeper replied, "Thirty shillings." "Harness him, then." Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, and went to stable-keeper, saying, "Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings. "Where is my horse?" demands the stable-keeper. "He is at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

A Sketcher at the Battle.—During the charge of the rebel cavalry upon the hospital used for Gen. Tyler's Division, a number of civilians assisted in the successful repulse. The foremost among them was Mr. Waud, an artist of the New York Illustrated News, who picked first one, and then a second rifle from the ground, where they had been thrown by a pair of fugitives, and used them against the assailants until the ammunition which accompanied them was exhausted.—*Boston Courier.*

The Sailor and the Actress.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I presented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman persecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope. I have not a friend in the world.'—'What, will no one be bail for you, to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you* (turning to the frightened actor), if you don't bear a hand, and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny mesmates in the gallery, preparatory scraping of the violins from the orchestra, and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

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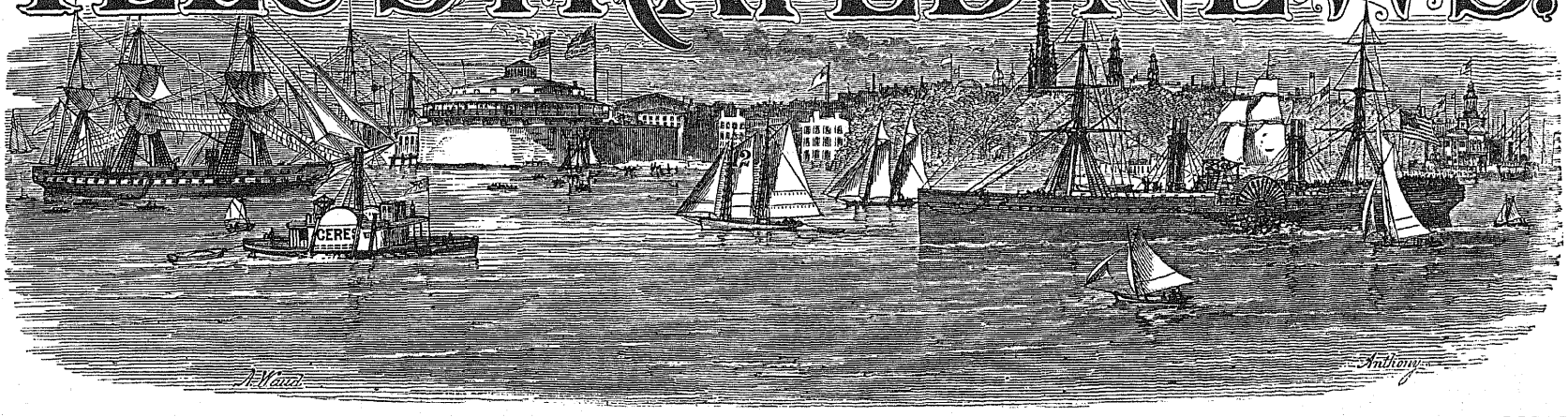
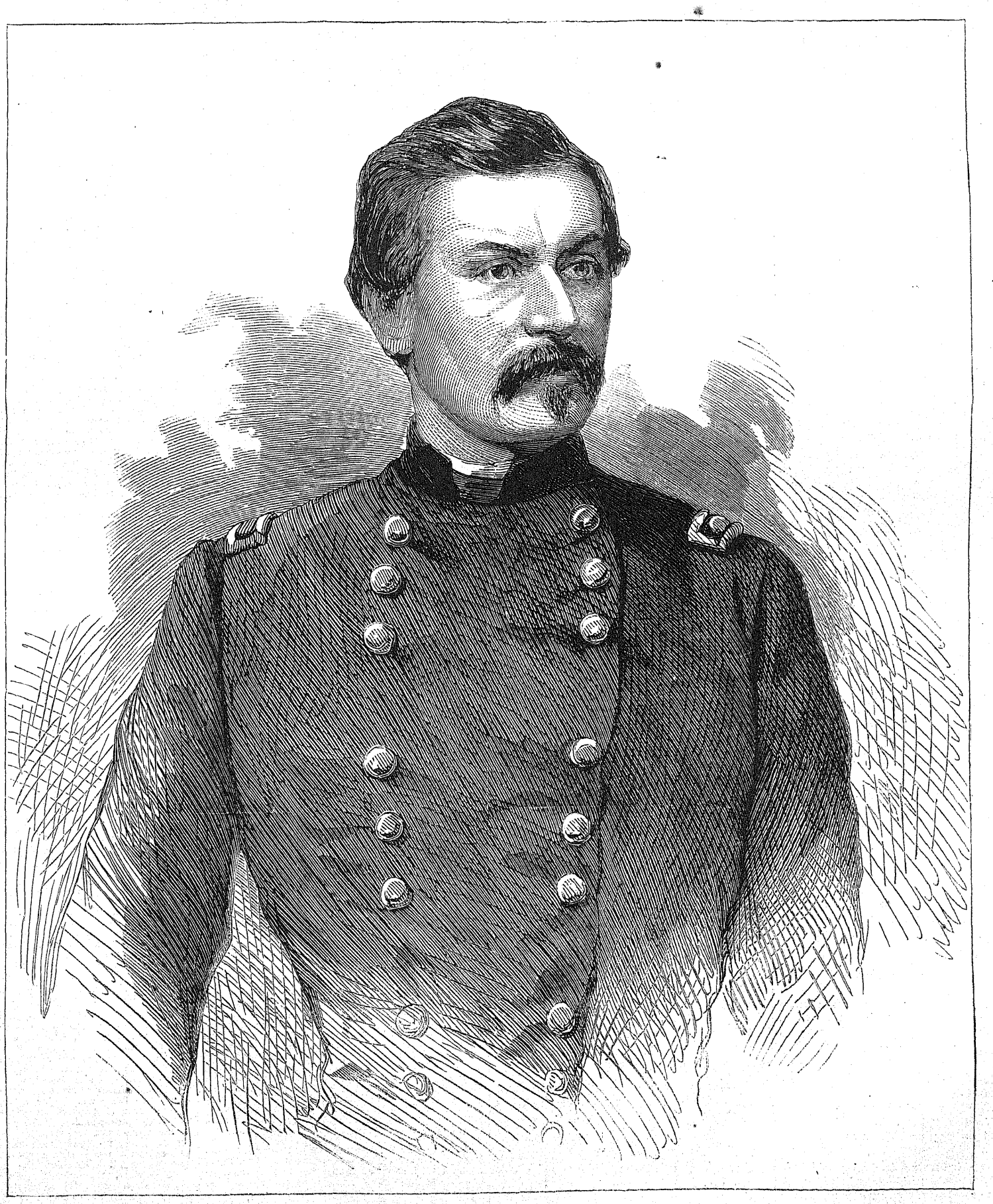
ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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 Photograph. See page 234.

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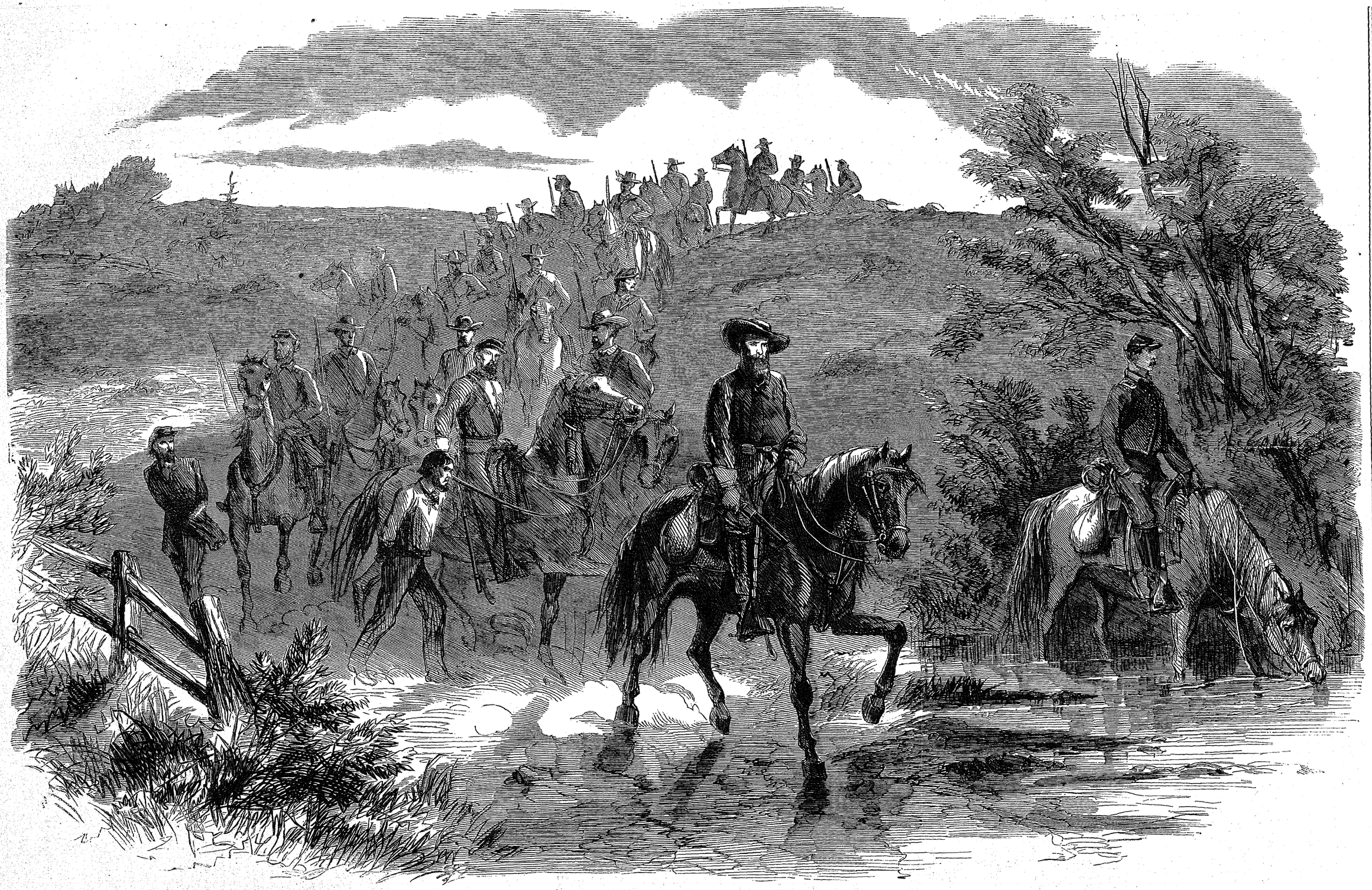

LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS, COMPANY B, SECOND U. S. CAVALRY, RETURNING FROM A SCOUTING EXPEDITION. From a Sketch by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud. See page 234.

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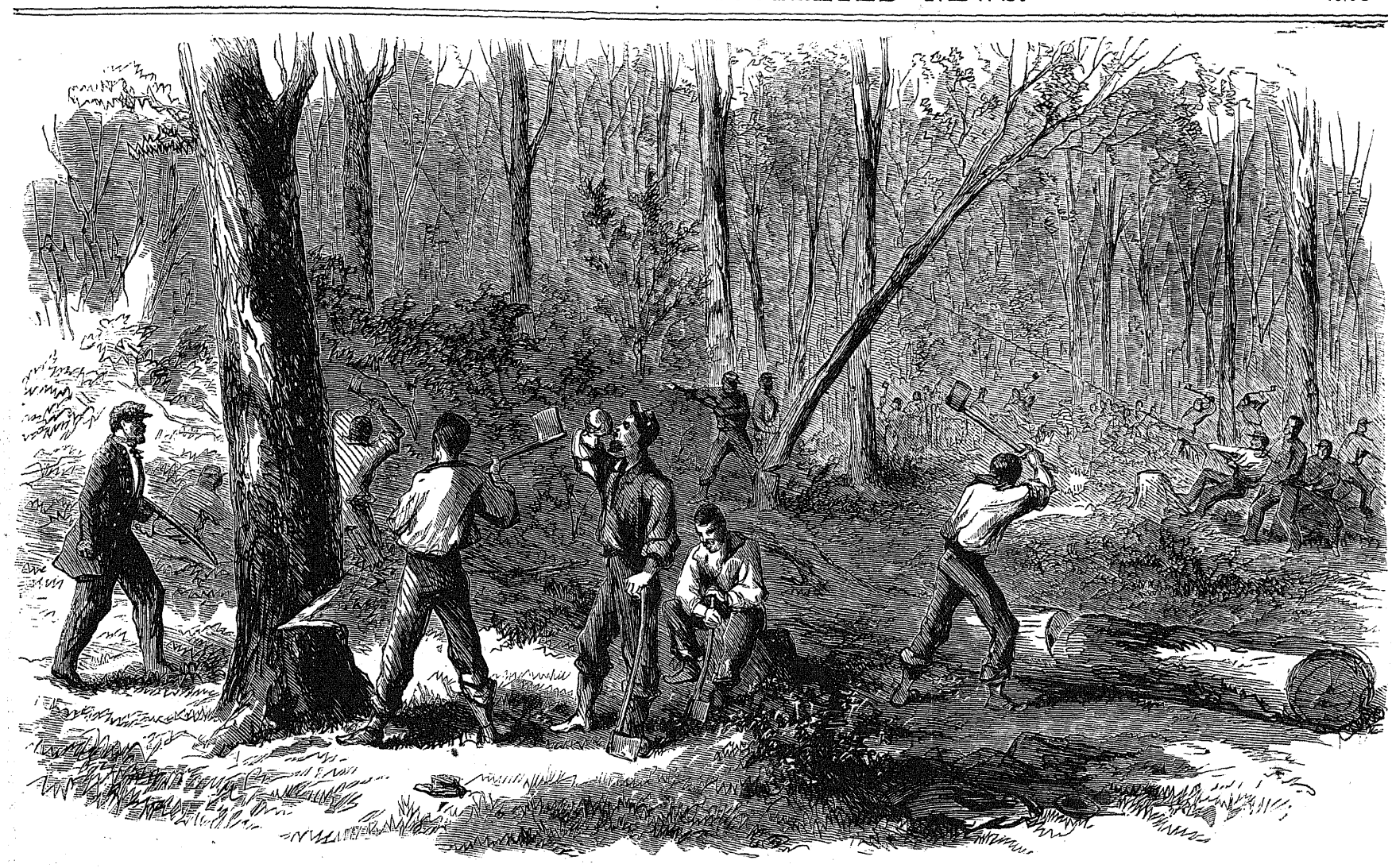


CUTTING DOWN THE WOODS ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. See page 234.

[Communicated.]

To the Editor of the New York Illustrated News.

ST. LOUIS, July 27, 1861.

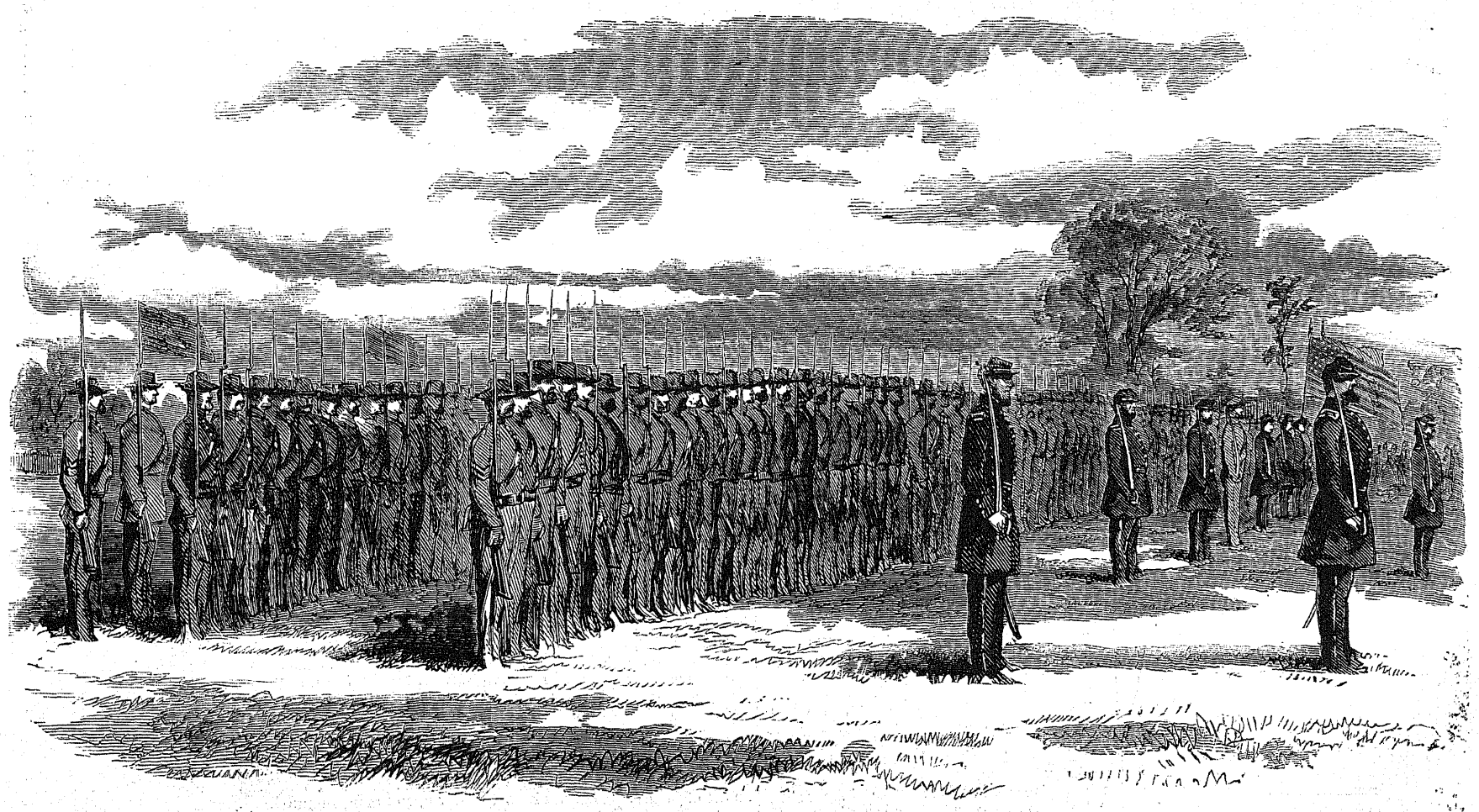
Yesterday I met an acquaintance just from Memphis who gave me a statement of what he saw and heard while there—he informs me that a military spirit pervades every class, men women and children, with a determination of "carrying the war into Egypt." The ladies have enlisted themselves into a "corps de tailleurs," for the purpose of furnishing their rebel troops with uniforms. They meet in the various churches each day in the week, to carry on their operations of sewing. My informant says there were about two hundred women, most respectable ladies of Memphis, (poor deluded souls,) at work in one church, in the various departments of manufacturing clothing, he noticed several of them using sewing machines. Governor Jackson arrived there on Saturday night—on Monday morning he made a speech to a large crowd, and on the following day he left Memphis with his staff for Richmond. On the 20th a large force embarked at Memphis, destination White River, for the purpose of invading Missouri. It will meet with a warm reception on its arrival there. Gen. Lyon is watching and waiting its approach; he has an army in the vicinity of Springfield, of eight thousand good fighting men. Gen. Fremont arrived in St. Louis on Thursday last, his staff is composed mostly of Hungarians—old soldiers. The General was serenaded last evening. The Secession feeling here among the Southern sympathizers is very bitter. All kinds of curses and denunciations are heaped on the heads of good devoted Union men, than whom, whether Americans or Germans, a more loyal, truer set of men do not exist. St. Louis has responded nobly to the call for men; this city has already furnished fourteen regiments. The Zouaves Col Smith, eight hundred men, left here last evening on the steamer Des Moines for Bird's Point, to reinforce that position in anticipation of an attack from the troops quartered in and about Memphis. This regiment of Zouaves was raised in St. Louis, composed of Americans principally—a small portion Irish. They are all good fighting men and will make their mark. The Germans in this city are nearly all Union men—quite the contrary I am sorry to say is the case with the Irish, they are generally for the South in sentiment.

It is a very fortunate circumstance for Missouri that Gen. Lyon broke up the traitors camp at Boonville, and drove Gov. Jackson from the State. Union Home Guards are now formed all over the State, and there is now some protection for loyal citizens and their homes.

The New York ILLUSTRATED NEWS is eagerly sought for in the West, Union men give it the preference, from the fact that it has "stood square up"—right out flat-footed for the Government first and last, while another certain N. Y. Illustrated paper catered for the South for a long time; a discriminating, discerning and appreciating public has decided where the merit belongs.

The New York ILLUSTRATED NEWS is a very welcome weekly visitor. H.

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.—Charles Sheldrake, a groom in the service of Mr. Ringer, of Walcot Green, Diss, Norfolk, shot his fellow-servant, Susan Garrod, during the absence of the family from home. On the following day, Sheldrake was found in a wheat field near Mr. Ringer's premises. When he saw the two policemen approach, he slightly raised a double-barrelled gun which he had in his hands. The officers, supposing he intended to fire at them, made a rush at him, but he instantly put the muzzle of the gun into his mouth and blew his brains out, without saying a word. The deceased was a returned convict, and was taken by his master with a ticket of leave, which expired about a year ago. His brother, who lives at a neighboring village, "kept company," it appears, with Susan Garrod, and the affair had only been broken off on the Monday before, in consequence of the objections made, both by the girl's parents and by her master and mistress. It is supposed that the deceased, Chas. Sheldrake, though a married man, had himself some designs on the girl, and that he felt provoked at his own disappointment as well as his brother's. The girl's statement is that, during her master's absence, a female cousin came to see her, and that Sheldrake joined them in the house, and they sat and drank a bottle of wine, which made them all sick. After her cousin left, Sheldrake began to take liberties with the girl, and she resented the attempt, and [illegible] ened to tell her master. She went out [illegible] after into the orchard, and Sheldrake fired at her and shot her in the left breast and face. She rushed into an out house and bolted herself in, and he followed her and threatened to break the door open with an axe. After some time he went away, and she then made her escape into the house. Sheldrake also tried to get into the house, but did not succeed. He met his father the next morning, and told him that the gun went off accidentally, and that he shot the girl "stone dead." The father stated, at the inquest, that he believed his son was impelled to destroy himself on account of the distress he had suffered through not having sufficient means to support his family.



REVIEW OF THE TENTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, AT HAMPTON PARK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY OSCAR G. MASON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. See page 234.

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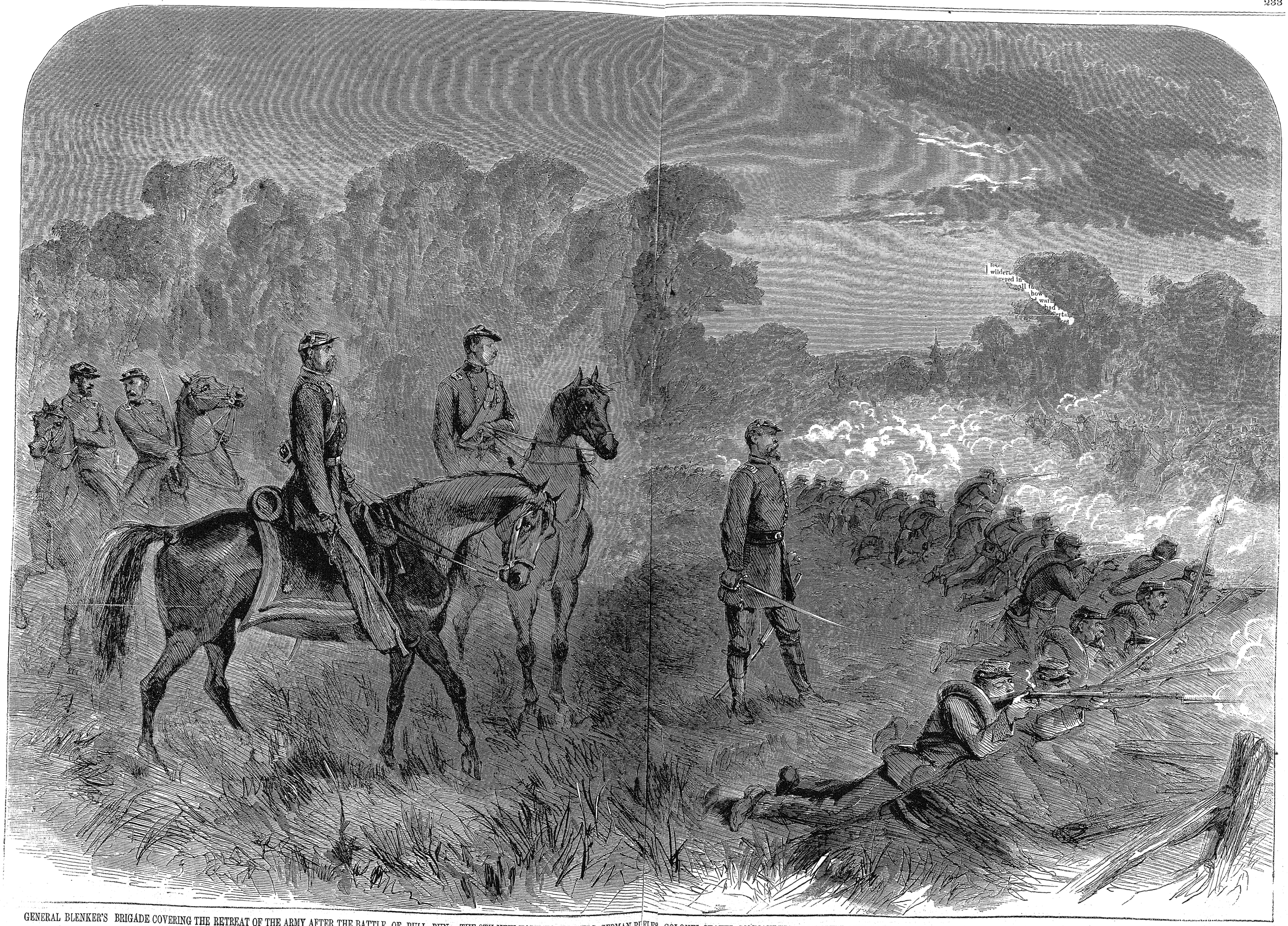

GENERAL BLENKER'S BRIGADE COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE ARMY AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. THE 8TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, GERMAN RIFLES, COLONEL STAHEL COMMANDING, REPELLING THE LAST CHARGE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 234.

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FEDERAL ARTILLERY OPENING FIRE ON THE REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. Sketched by our Special Artist. See page 234.

GOVERNOR PIERREPONT IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, WHEELING, VA., WELCOMING THE ILLINOIS TROOPS TO THE SOIL OF VIRGINIA. From a Sketch by Joseph A. Faris. See page 234.

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SUDLEY CHURCH, USED AS A HOSPITAL DURING THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. Sketched by Wilbur F. Osler. See page 234.

[Communicated.]

To the Editor of the New York Illustrated News:

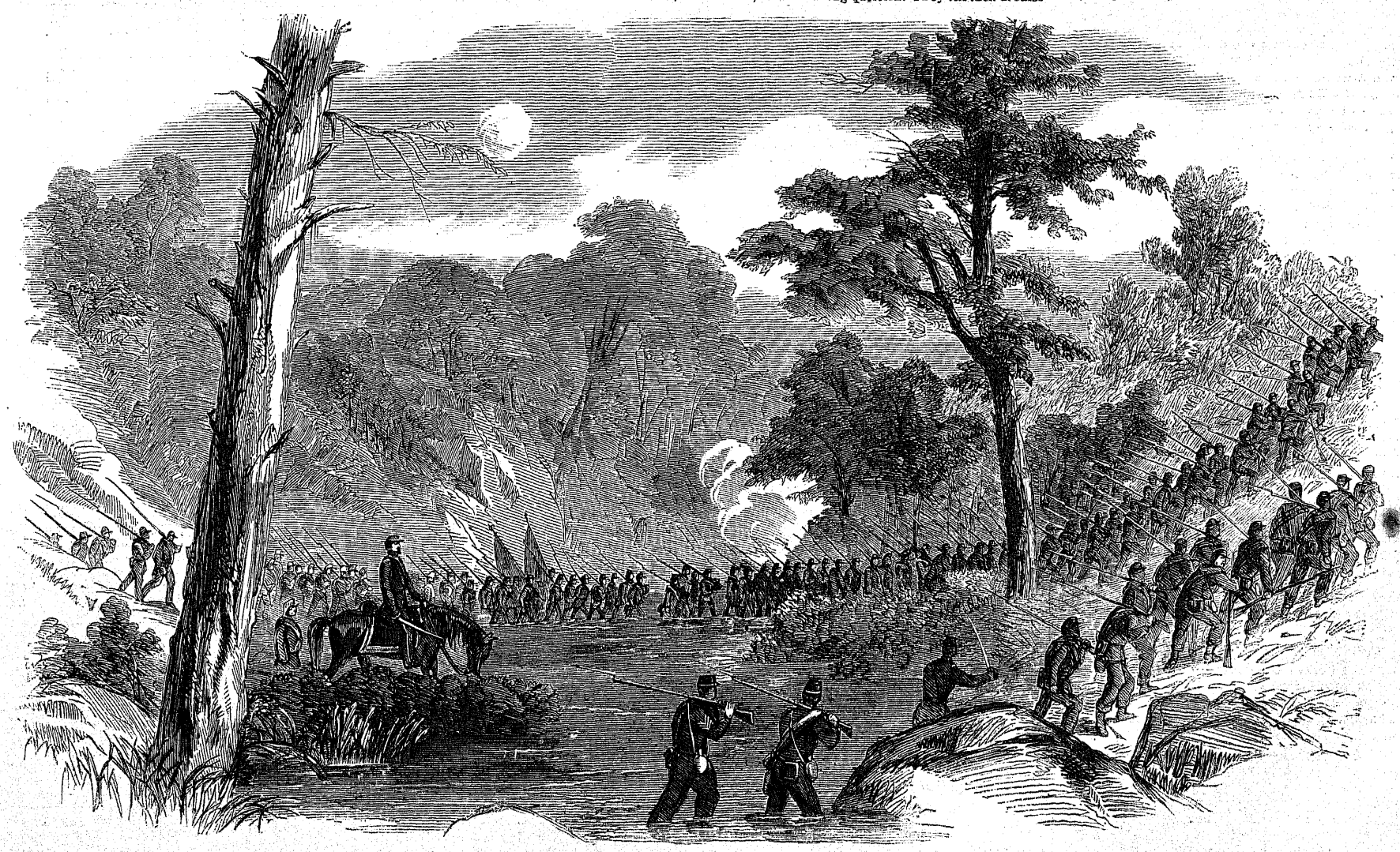
From the Oaks, Michigan,
Monday, July 29, 1861.

You shall have us as you ask—"Just as we are." I will look into my journal for incidents of the time past since first 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 stories 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 all was excitement when the sorrowful news of McDowell's defeat reached us. In Detroit the feeling was intense; newsboys were fairly captured by the crowd and their papers torn from them. A strong police force was stationed at the telegraph and newspaper offices, while tearful women and anxious men awaited the dreaded announcements—first, "5,000 of our troops cut to pieces—Col. Wilcox dead—Michigan First fearfully slaughtered." Flags were brought to half mast, with mourning for our brave; and men and women went sadly away. A little later—"Wilcox not dead, but wounded and a prisoner." So the wires rung, and the crowd, electric as the wires, vibrated from heart to heart the knell of our early dead. Thus from day to day, in city and hamlet, among all the farm homes, in the rude cabin of the forest, among strong hearts, and tender—wherever a man treads or a child plays, the great sympathies of our Western brethren go forth with the hope of the morning, that all may be well with our soldiers; and the prayers of thousands are united as one, that they and the cause they fight for may be shielded by the God of Battles.

Our harvest is nearly ended—seed time—and its promise has not failed. Our remaining crops look well. Soon the drag will be in the fallow fields. But the farmer boys have thoughts not of this. On tip-toe they are eagerly looking for the results of their absent comrades—"and will these fields need our hands or others," is the abiding question. They tell their dreams in the morning, and there is a clang about them like the sound of battle.

There was a group yesterday under the Oaks; the flag waved fitfully over the mill; the wind was uncertain and gusty, and the folds sullenly gathered up the white stars and drooped round the staff. There was impatience among the stripes, and among the boys too. They had a paper—your illustrated one—its face spread through the company. They were not talking of their wheat, or of whose machine should thrash it, but their whole souls were arming for the fight. They clapped each on the shoulder, and "We're ready!" passed from mouth to mouth. The flag on the mill flung out all its colors, the blue field flashed forth its white stars, a full wind sent the folds streaming and quivering through its length and breadth. The proud emblem, like a thing of life, waved in triumph, as the boys, each mounting his steed, cheered the loved banner, bid good-bye, and rode on. E. S. L.



FEDERAL SOLDIERS CROSSING BULL RUN, ABOVE THE STONE BRIDGE. Sketched by our Special Artist. See page 234.

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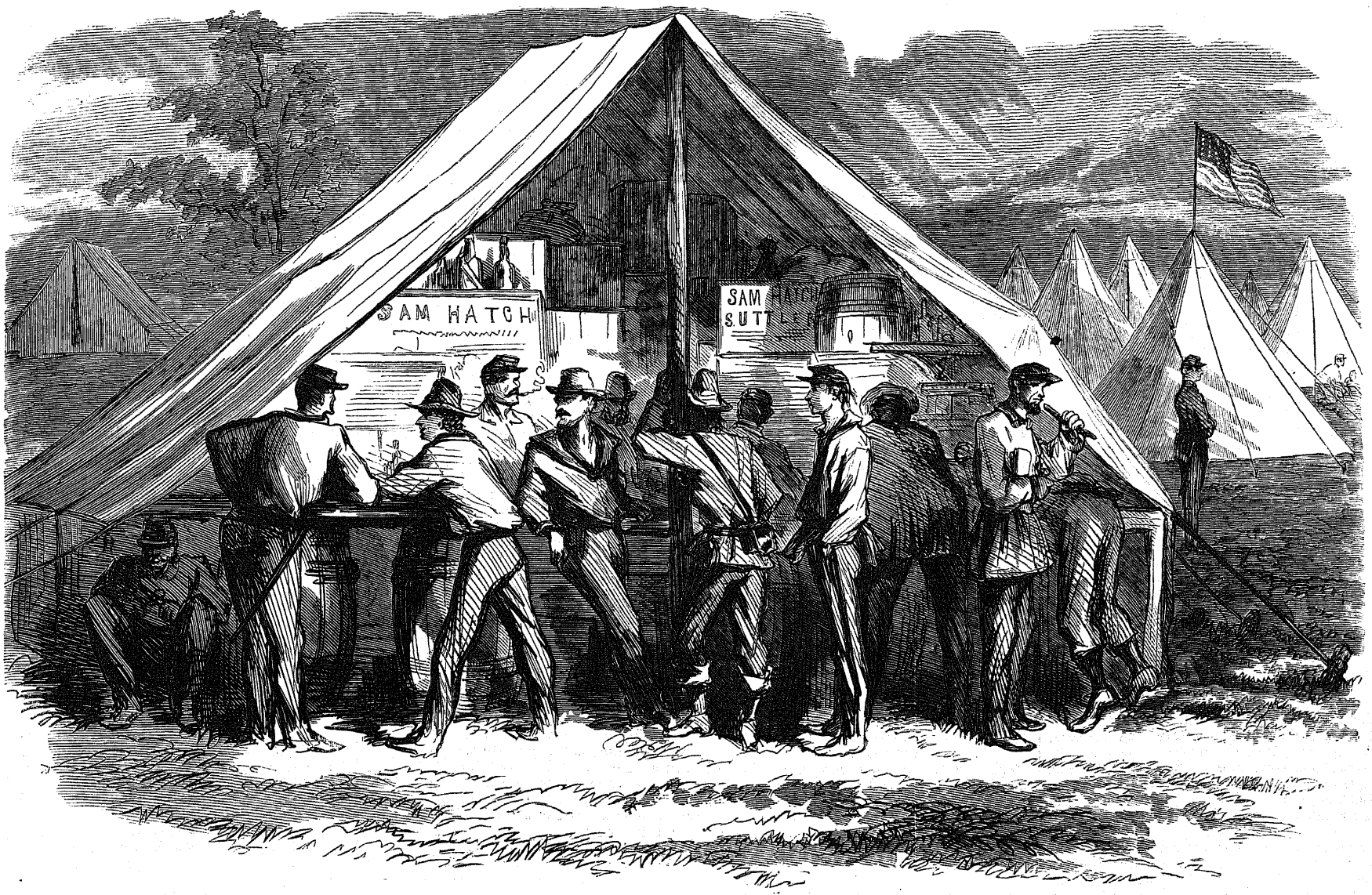


SCENE IN FRONT OF THE SUTLER'S TENT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA. SKETCHED BY FRANK BEARD. See page 250.

[Communicated.

To the Editor of the New York Illustrated News:

CINCINNATI, August 5, 1861.

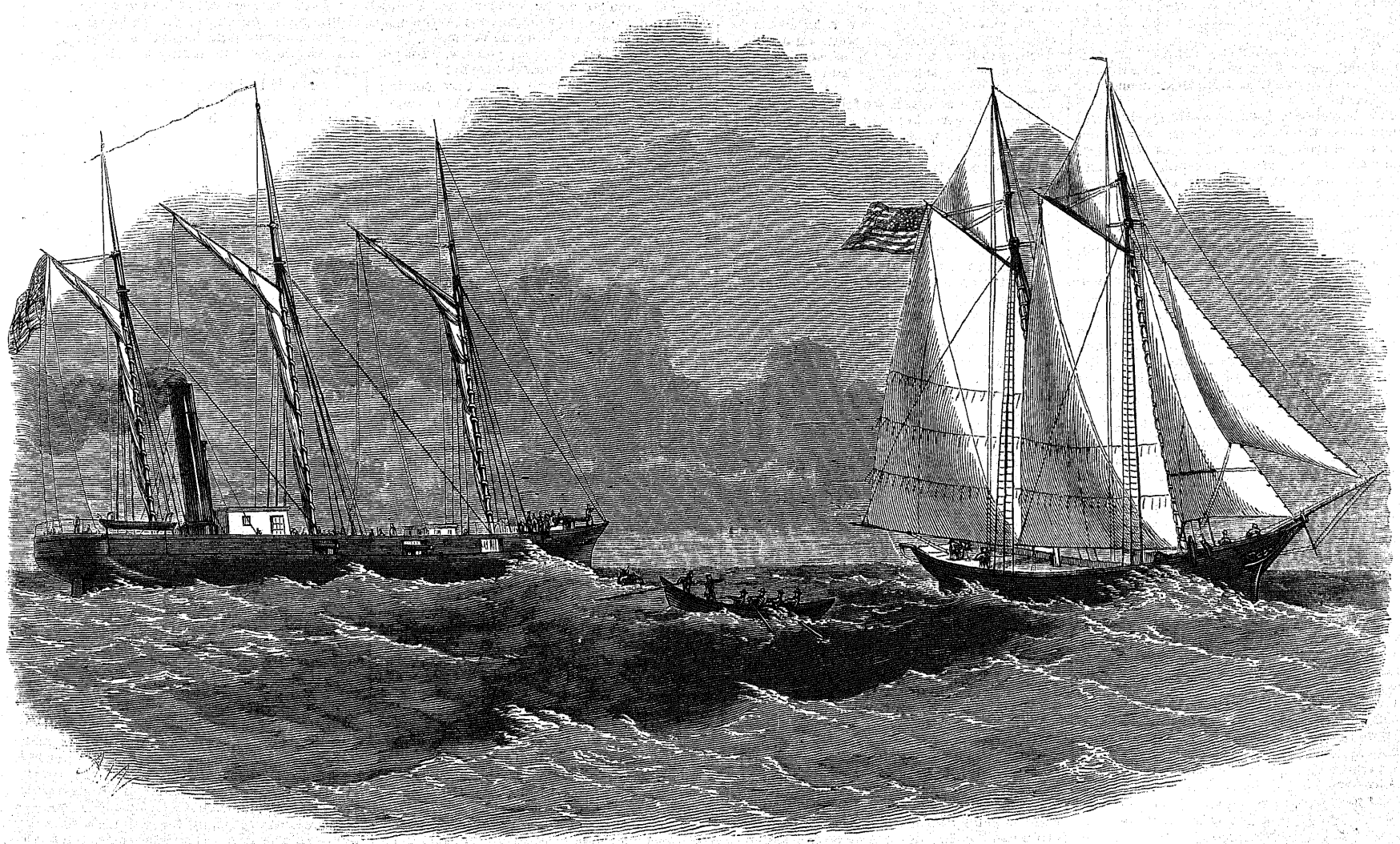
Since my last we have re-enacted, "for the benefit of all concerned," the Fourth of July on a grander scale than ever before witnessed in the "Queen City."

On Friday, the 2d, the companies from Cincinnati composing part of the Ohio regiments which so nobly did their duty in protecting the rear of our retreating and panic-stricken army as Manassas, arrived home. Their arrival here was made the occasion of a magnificent ovation, and a truly imposing display of the military strength of this great border city. In addition to our military, a regiment of over a thousand *unconditional Union men* of Kentucky turned out to do honor to the returning troops. The cities of Covington and Newport can now be set down as possessing good, fighting, Union majorities.

The "Secesh" camp spoken of in my last has since gone the way of all exhalations, viz, evaporated and "dried up." The fellows finding the thing did not pay, struck their tents, pulled in their Confederate horns, and departed each to his own home, to await the next and final summons of the statesman (?) Bariah, who so valiantly "served notice" on the United States to keep off his premises. Many of his people, like the unfortunate tories who left their homes on the evacuation of Boston to follow the fortunes of the British King, misguided to a similar degree, are now selling their real property, and packing up their movable effects, preparatory (no joke intended), to leaving for the land of their adoration, the domain of King Cotton. In my last I spoke of the odium into which our Governor has fallen. To verify my averment, I cite the following instance, not perhaps generally known out of the State. On Thursday of last week he was obliged to have a strong guard of armed men posted about his house, to prevent a riot and restrain the returned three months' volunteers from breaking in and dragging him out to be hanged. I don't think that they would have gone to such an extremity, but one of our city papers asserts such was the object. Before the close of next week great events will be developed in the Mississippi Valley, determining the fate on the one side of Missouri, on the other of Tennessee. Your correspondent will change his quarters to Southern Illinois; there he will be nearer the principal point of present fighting interest, and should opportunity occur, will lay before the readers of the NEWS scenes coming under his own observation.

Very truly yours, RAVENSWOOD.

WE are oftner more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who break in our houses.



RECAPTURE FROM THE REBELS OF THE SCHOONER ENCHANTRESS BY THE U. S. STEAMER ALBATROSS. SKETCHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS. See page 250.

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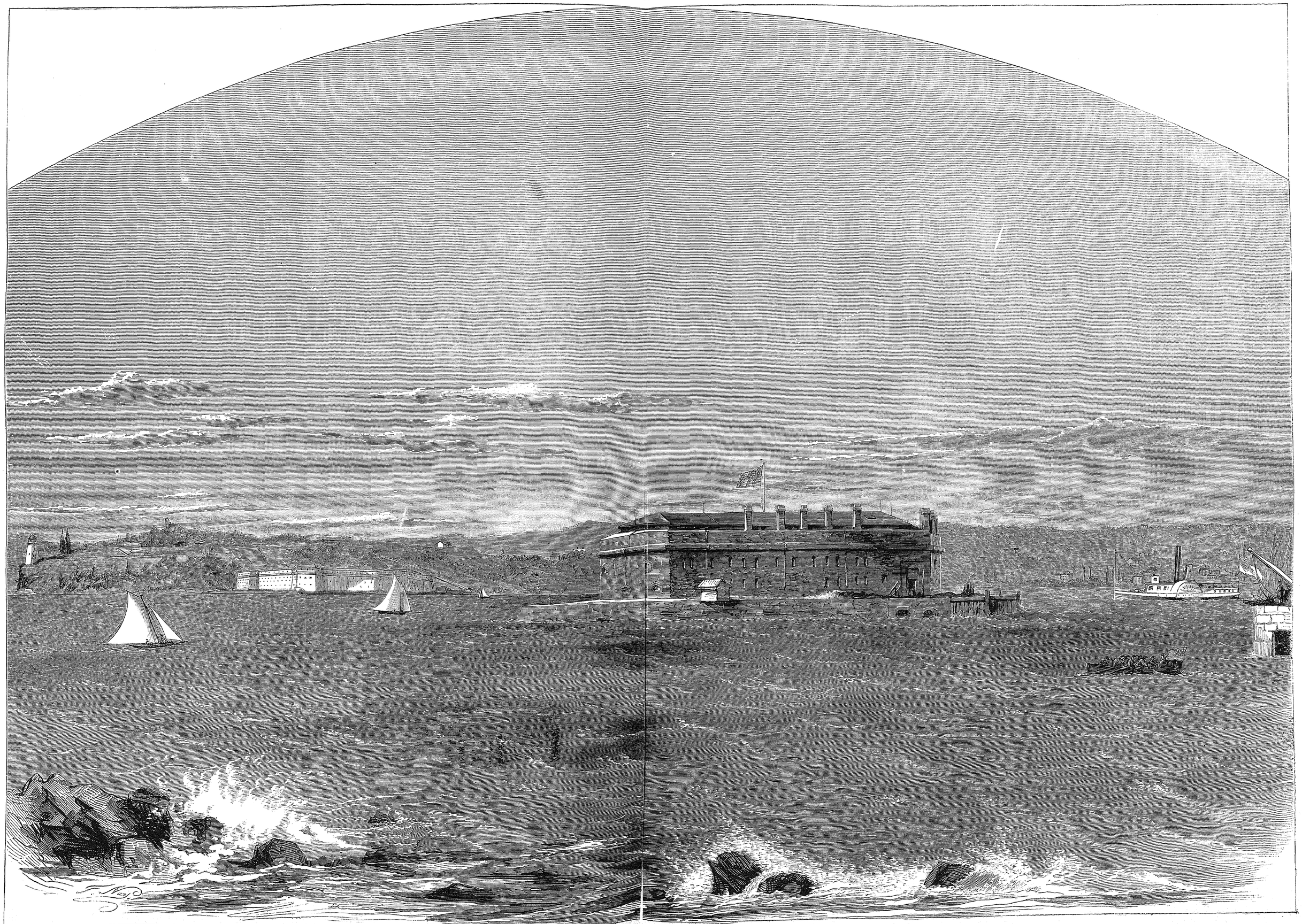

FORT LAFAYETTE—THE PRISON OF PROMINENT REBELS AND TRAITORS—ONE OF THE FORTS DEFENDING THE NARROWS, THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOR. SEE PAGE 282.

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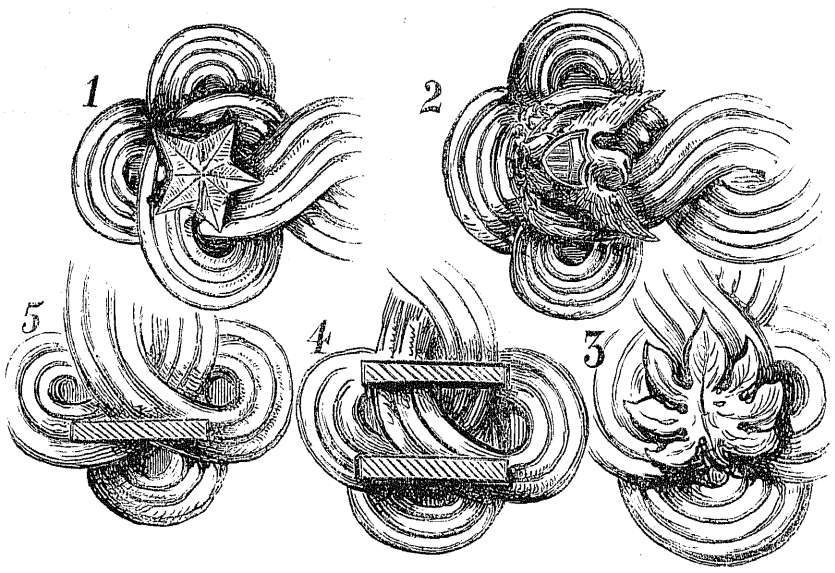
INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN—A WOUNDED OHIO VOLUNTEER KILLING A REBEL OFFICER. FROM A DRAWING BY C. H. HUNTER, OF OHIO. See page 282

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 artifically; 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 larvæ; 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 spoonful, 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, without its being necessary to renew either the water or the charcoal, or by giving them any other attention. The water is also preserved quite clear in the vessel.

THE TIME TO GATHER HERBS.—Every body who has a herb bed in the garden, or who sets a value upon a good supply of dried herbs, should see to securing them in July, or, at least, the most of them. The right time to gather herbs for drying or other purposes is when they are just begining to come into flower. They then possess their peculiar virtues in a higher degree than at any other period. When cut, do not lay them in the sun, as excessive heat causes them to dry rapidly; the leaves and stems become brittle, and the slightest blow will cause them to fall off and be lost. Let them be laid in the shade, but carefully protected from rain or any dampness.



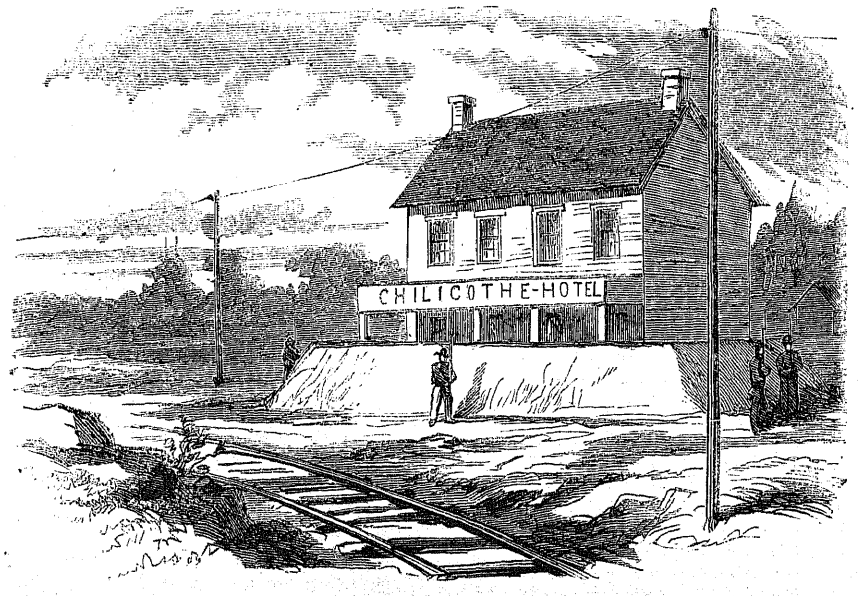
SHOULDER KNOTS—No. 1. Commandant. 2. Colonel. 3. Lieutenant-Colonel. 4. Captain. 5. First Lieutenant.

CONUNDRUMS.

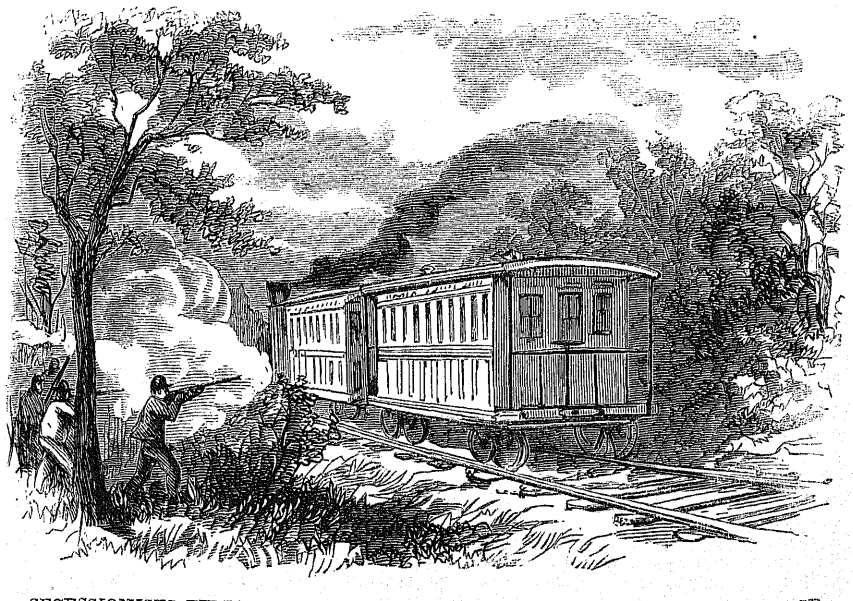
Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin till late.)

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fiddle D. D

Why cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.



EARTHWORKS THROWN UP IN FRONT OF THE CHILICOTHE HOTEL, ON THE HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD, TO PROTECT IT FROM SECESSIONISTS. SKETCHED BY M. H. BISHARD. See page 282.



SECESSIONISTS FIRING INTO A PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD. SKETCHED BY M. H. BISHARD. See page 282.

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INTERIOR OF FORT HATTERAS. SKETCHED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT. BY H. SARTORIUS. See page 346.

THE PRIMS AND THE GRIMS.—Of course everybody knows these social dampers, the Prims and the Grims. They are cold-shouldered wretches, pledged against joviality in any form. Total abstinence from mirth is in fact the fundamental principle of their creed. Although equally hateful, there is some difference between them. The Prims are animated refrigerators. To be near them is like being under the lee of an iceberg; but, unlike icebergs, they never thaw in any atmosphere, however genial. Sparks of wit are wasted upon them. They are impervious to the shafts of humor. You might fire a joke at them out of an Armstrong gun without making their eyes twinkle. Amid "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" they sit sour and silent, puckering their lips at every bit of badinage, as if swallowing a green crab apple. The Grims are less statuesque and more sardonic. They seem to look upon the cheerful and light hearted as predestined children of wrath, and to derive a secret satisfaction from the belief that there is a rod in pickle for them. They see all things "through a glass, darkly," and their pictures of futurity are all charcoal sketches. They would have you, instead of enjoying the good things of life in a rational way, put your appetites in irons, as rebels against the Almighty. Such fanaticism is not far removed from blasphemy. It is as much as to say that our capabilities of enjoyment were given us without a purpose, and that the Scriptural maxim that nothing has been made in vain is untrue. The world, in our opinion, could very well spare both the Prims and the Grims. They don't help us to a just appreciation of the fatherly kindness of the Creator; quite the reverse. Were Christianity truly interpreted by their precepts, and correctly illustrated by their example, it would be a cold and cruel creed, instead of a miracle of beneficence and mercy. We have no sympathy with bigots who look upon this fair world as a place of punishment, and would have us believe that it is only by shutting our eyes to its attractions that we can hope to open them in the "better land." We prefer to regard it as the vestibule of heaven, and hold that rational enjoyment of its blessings is only a proper manifestation of gratitude to Him who bestowed upon us such a goodly place of sojourn.

NAPOLEON'S COAT OF MAIL.—Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary 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, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan 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 stake my life on its efficacy, 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 astonished 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 afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another 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 agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor; and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."

Tacitus says—"In the early ages men lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The very first woman went astray. The first man that was born into the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?"

"WASH DAY." FROM A SKETCH BY A VOLUNTEER. See page 346.

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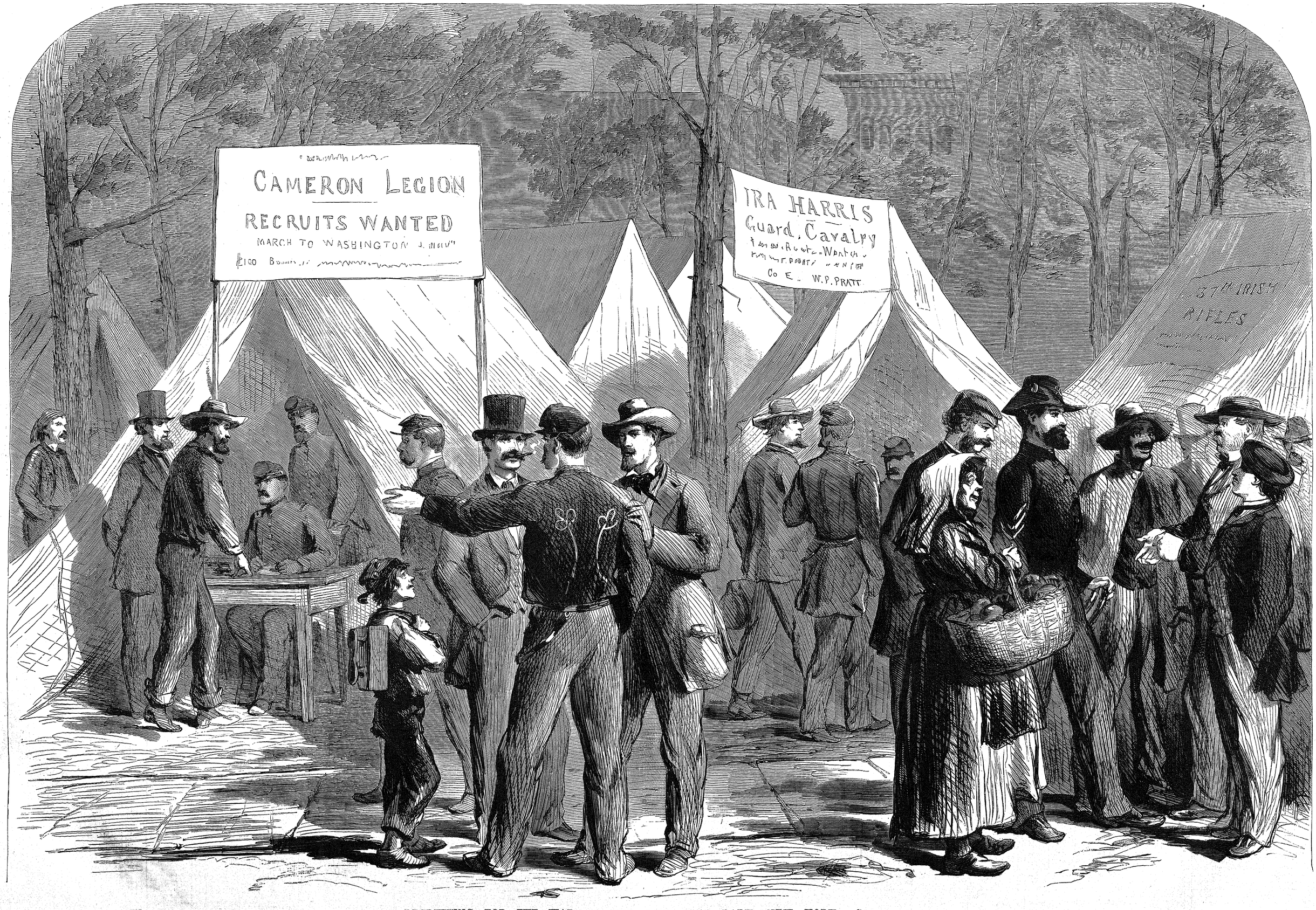

RECRUITING FOR THE WAR, IN THE CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK. SEE PAGE 394.

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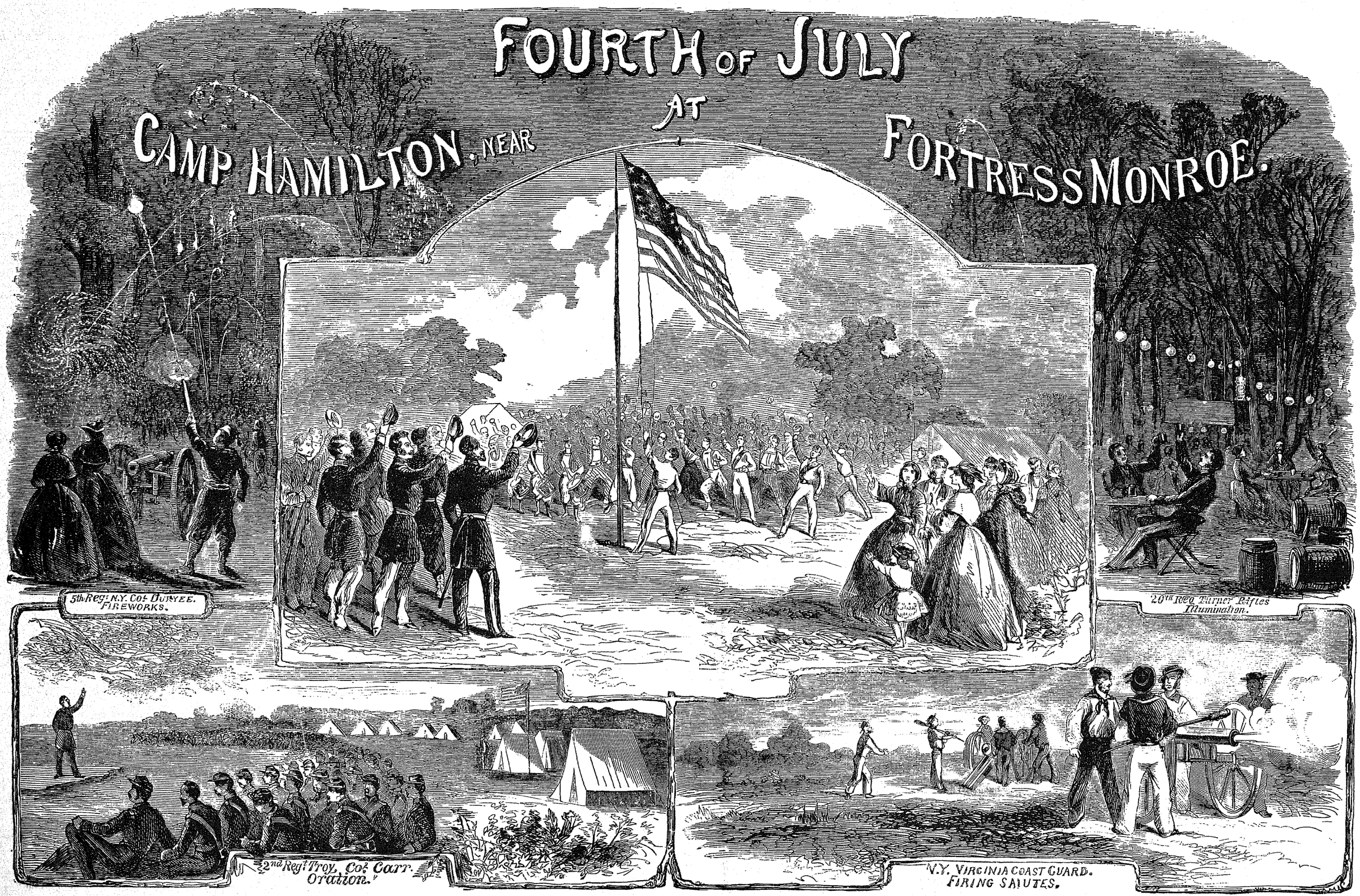

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

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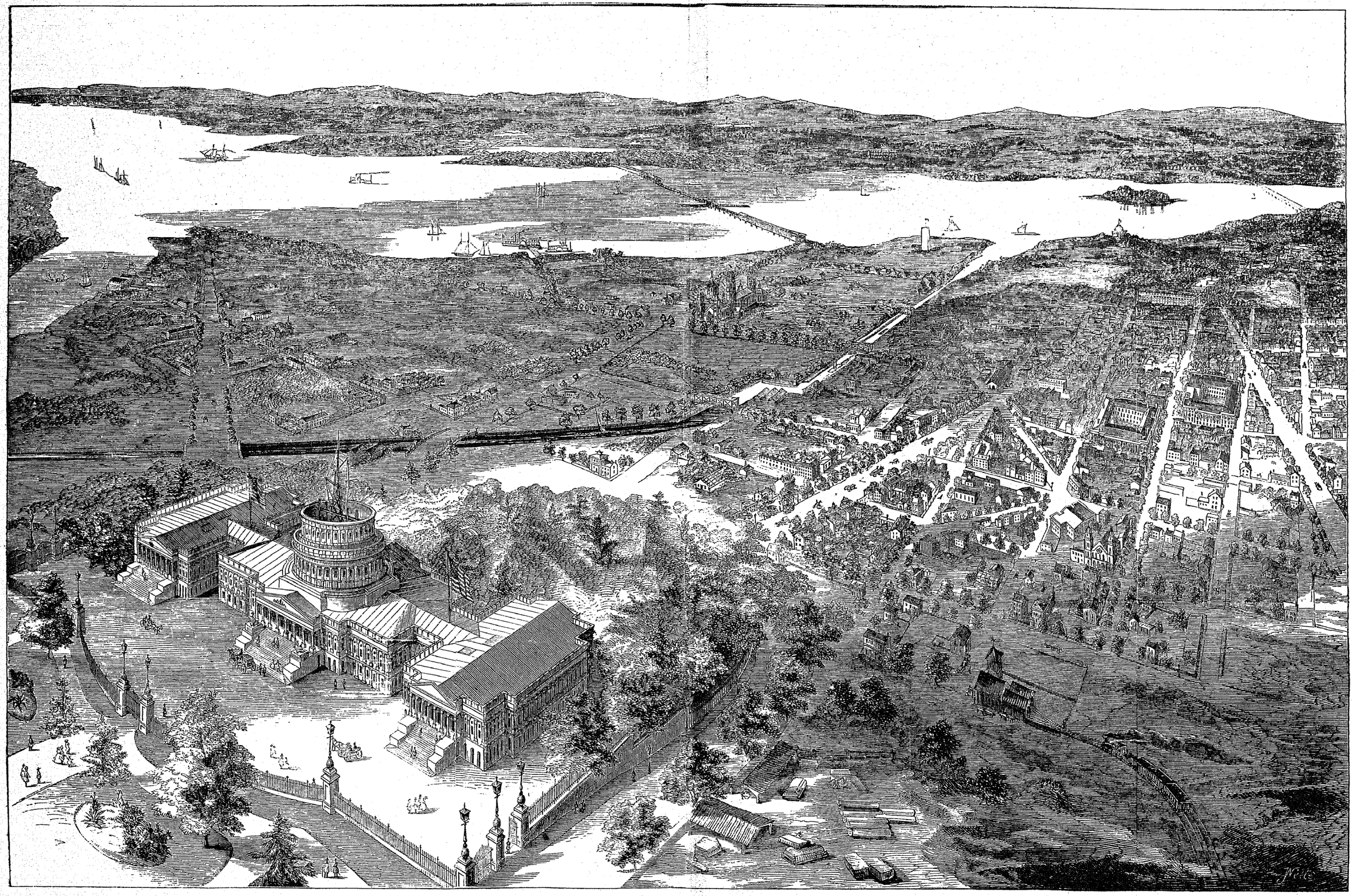

BALLOON VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

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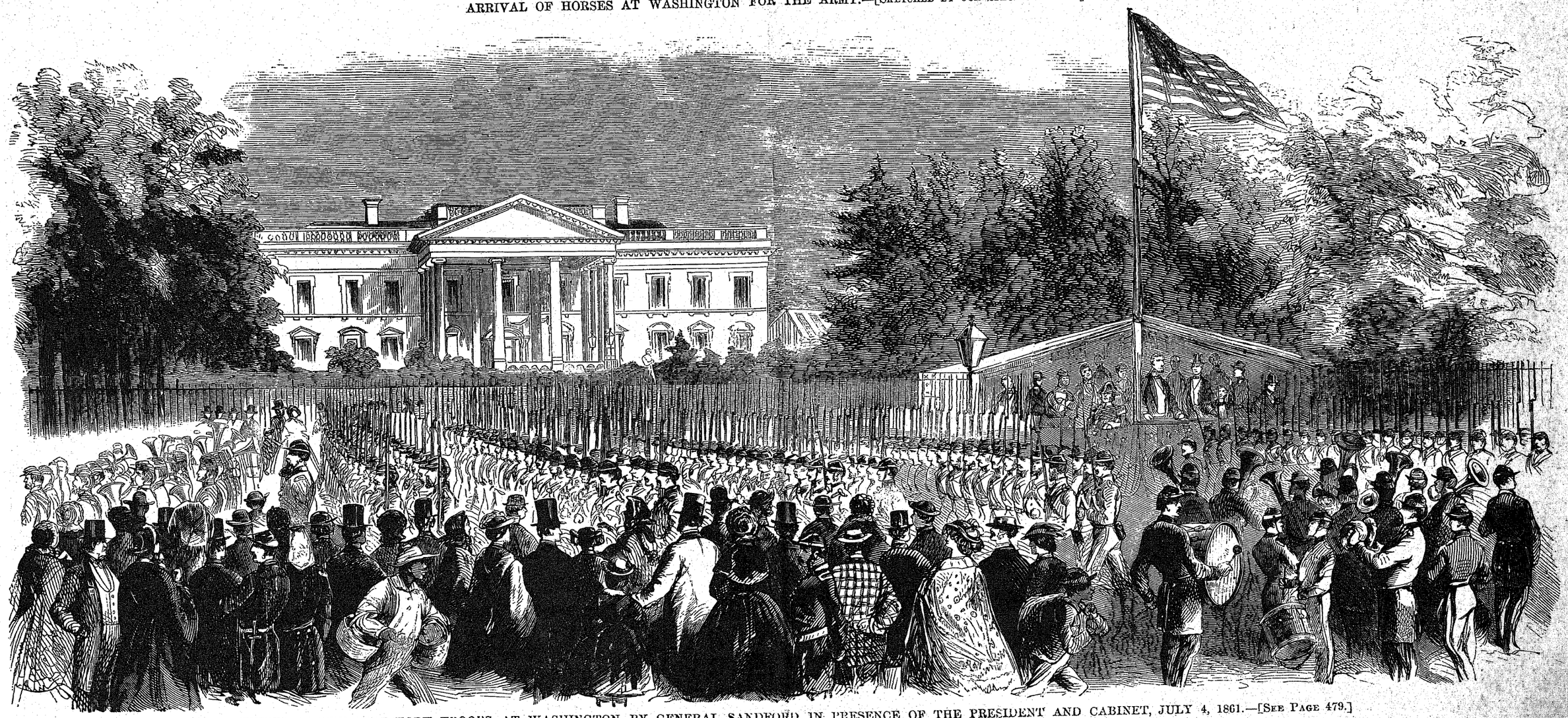
ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT WASHINGTON FOR THE ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS AT WASHINGTON, BY GENERAL SANDFORD, IN PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, JULY 4, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 479.]

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 240.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISSES SCOTT.

SOME time since two 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 corn-field, through which we crawled on our hands and knees, and we got completely "turned," but managed to get through the greatest danger and came to a house, where we went to see what we could make out. We found there an old man, when we 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 we would be captured. We of course appeared frightened, and posted a man outside to look out. Lieutenant Upton told him he was an officer of a South Carolina regiment. The old man told him all about the United States camp, the names of all the secession neighbors, and finally said he had in his house the two Miss Scotts who took the Yankee Captain, so the old man took us into the room and introduced us to the Miss Scotts. That moment was a proud one for us, for right in our hands were those whom the whole brigade had been hunting for. But we continued to play our part, complimenting the ladies highly for their feat, and pumping the old man for further information. When, after learning the most direct road to our camp, Lieutenant Upton told them we must go, but he would like to see the whole family together to bid them good-by. Accordingly they all came out in the front porch—the old man, his wife, three sons, and daughter, and the two Miss Scotts. We just formed a circle about them, when Lieutenant Upton, drawing his sword, demanded their surrender to the United States. You ought to have seen their faces! The two Miss Scotts and the young men were all we took with us. The excitement was very great when we went into camp, and we found they had given us up for lost, and sent a company after us. With the two Miss Scotts we marched to the General's quarters, and left the ladies there, and the men we took to the guard-house. The General sent for us in the evening, and complimented us highly for our conduct on this occasion.

The ladies of Virginia and Maryland have been, as a rule, fiercer in their secessionism than the men. At Baltimore our troops are insulted daily by ladies.

BRINGING IN THE MISSES SCOTT AS PRISONERS TO FALL'S CHURCH, VA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL GARNETT, AT THE BATTLE OF LAUREL HILL.—[SEE PAGE 484.]

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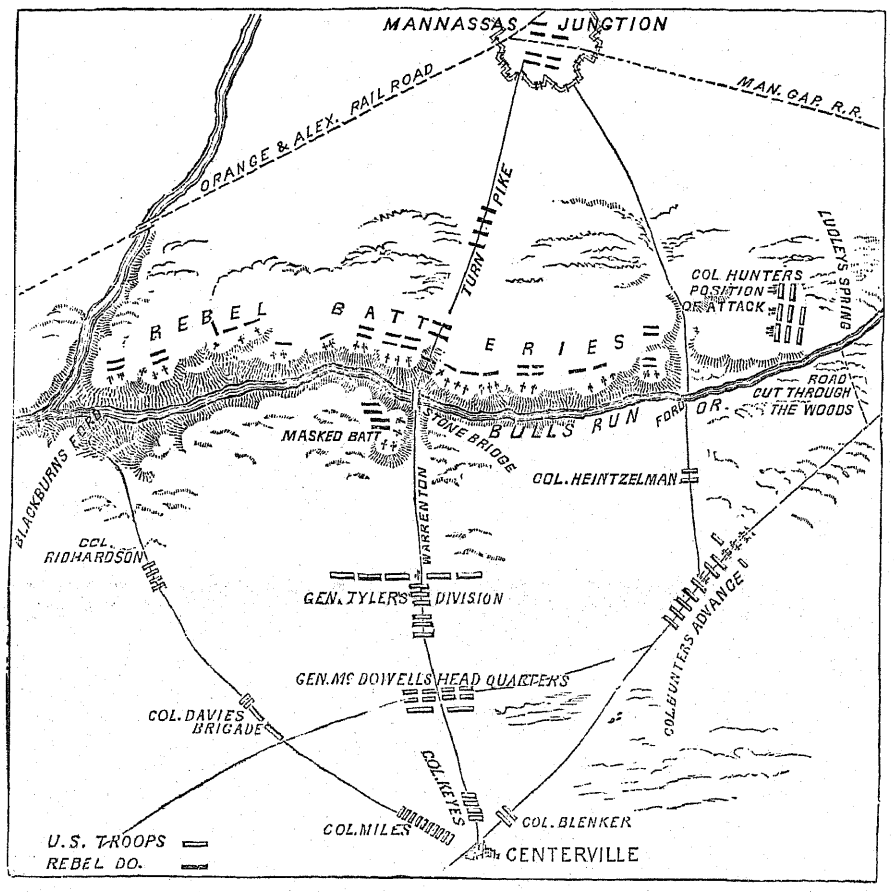
MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN, U.S.A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

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 rain 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 hot fire, 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 sand. Colonel Dumont continued the chase two miles and bivouacked. The rest bivouacked on the battle-ground.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAVAL BATTERY AT VERA CRUZ.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 15, 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. STELL.

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.*

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT, ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES OF BOSTON.

[SEE PAGE 487.]

Digitized from the collections of the New York State Library, Albany, N.

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

On page 486 we illustrate The Battle of Carthage, where Colonel Siegel, of the United States Volunteers of Missouri, kept at bay and severely punished a very disproportionate force of rebels, under Generals Parsons and Rains. The St. Louis *Republican* gives the following account of the affair:

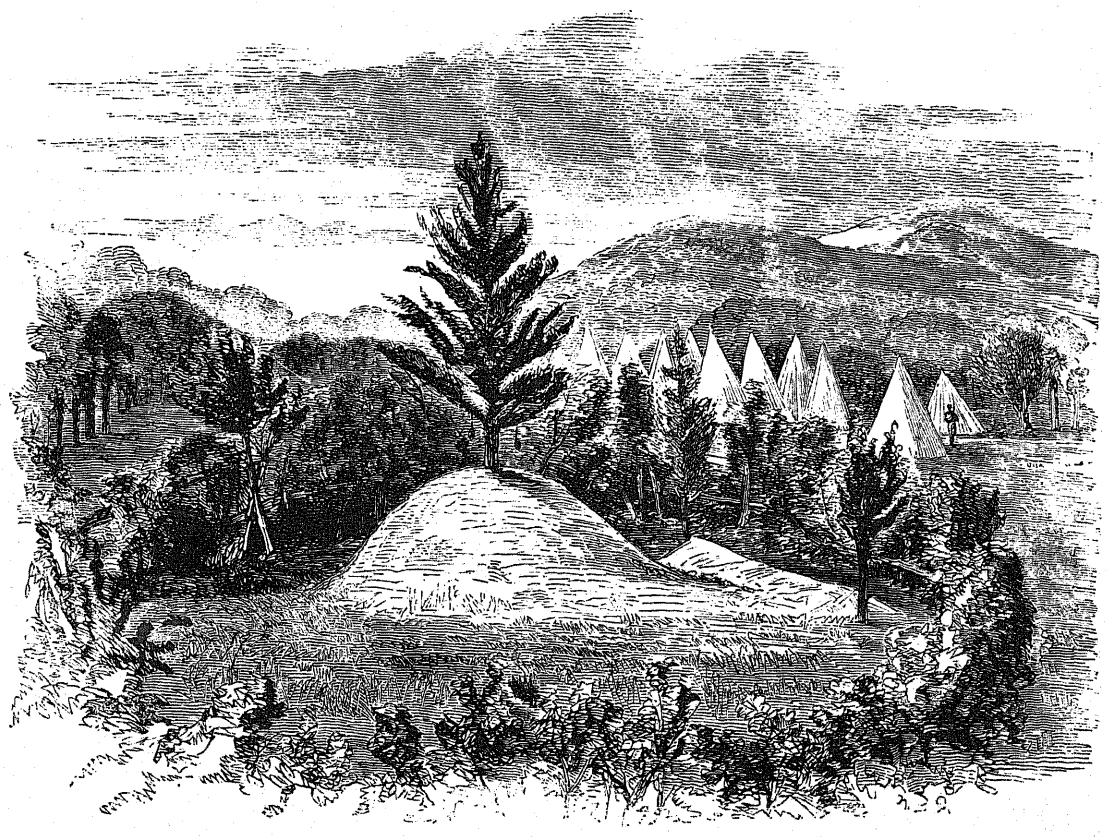
On Friday morning last, at five o'clock, a scouting party sent out by Colonel Siegel encountered, about two miles distant from Carthage, a picket guard of the State troops, who were attacked, and three taken prisoners. With all dispatch Colonel Siegel prepared to go forward, expecting to meet the State troops some distance west of Carthage. About half past nine o'clock the meeting took place in an open prairie seven miles beyond Carthage. Lieutenant Tosk estimates the number of the opposing army at five thousand, chiefly cavalry, but supplied with a battery of five cannon—four six-pounders and one twelve-pounder—while Colonel Siegel's command consisted of his own regiment of two battalions, and Colonel Salomon's detached regiment, with several pieces of artillery, under command of Major Backof. Colonel Siegel's regiment had six hundred men, and Colonel Salomon's five hundred. The State troops were commanded by Generals Parsons and Rains. Major Backof, under the direction of Colonel Siegel, opened the fire, which continued briskly for nearly two hours. In less than an hour the twelve-pounder of the State troops was dismounted, and soon after the whole battery was silenced. The superior arms of the Unionists enabled them to maintain a situation of comparatively little danger. The State troops—whom, for convenience, we shall call Jackson's men—twice broke their ranks, but were rallied and held their position very well, considering the destructive discharges against them, until their guns gave out, when their column was again broken.

At this juncture about fifteen hundred of the cavalry started back with the intention of cutting off Siegel's transportation train, seeing which movement a retreat was ordered, and word sent immediately for the wagons to advance as rapidly as possible. By keeping up the fire with the infantry, and bringing the artillery in range whenever practicable, Colonel Siegel managed to retard the progress of Jackson's cavalry, and eventually to fall back almost unobstructed to the baggage train, which was some three and a half miles from the scene of the first engagement.

By a skillful movement the wagons were placed in the centre of the column in such a manner that there were artillery and infantry forces both in front and rear. Jackson's troops then retreated and endeavored to surround the entire column by taking a position upon some high bluffs or hills overlooking a creek.

Major Backof ordered two of the artillery pieces in front to oblique to the left and two to the right, and at the same time a similar movement was made from Colonel Siegel's battalions. This was a manœuvre to induce Jackson's men to believe that Siegel was seeking to pass out on the extremes of their lines, and to outflank the cavalry. It was followed by a closing up to the right and to the left by the forces on the bluffs, when, on reaching a point three hundred and fifty yards from the cavalry, the four pieces were ordered to a transverse oblique, and immediately a heavy cross-fire was opened with canister. At the same time the infantry charged at double-quick, and in ten minutes the State troops were scattered in every direction. Ten rounds of canister were fired from each of the cannon, together with several rounds by the infantry.

This was at about five o'clock in the evening, and the engagement, with the manœuvring, had occupied in the neighborhood of two hours. Jackson's cavalry were poorly mounted, being armed chiefly with shot guns and common rifles. They had no cannon on the bluffs or hills, and were consequently able to make little or no resistance to the attacks of Colonel Siegel. Forty-five men and eighty horses were taken belonging to Jackson's troops, and there were also captured sixty double-barreled shot guns and some revolvers and bowie-knives. Our informant states that one of the prisoners, on being asked how many had been killed on his side, estimated the loss at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred.



GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS, NEAR ROACH'S MILLS, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by an Ohio Volunteer.]

GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

Nine members of the First Regiment Ohio Volunteers were killed in the affair at Vienna on the 17th of June, 1861. They were buried in the rear of their encampment near Roach's Mills, Virginia, on the 18th, and the same day the encampment was removed to a point five miles beyond, on the road to Vienna. On the evening of the 18th the Third Regiment New Jersey Militia occupied the ground vacated by the Ohio troops. Finding the graves unprotected, by direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Moore the Jersey troops built a neat fence of cedar branches around the graves. Under the mound are the bodies of eight men, and in the grave in front lies the body of the sergeant, who died after the others were buried. A few days after the burial the place was visited by some of the officers of the Ohio Regiment, and after their departure two Masonic emblems (a small gilt slipper and a triangle containing the letter "G") were found hanging on the cedar planted in the centre of the mound.

GENERAL HILL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

Rowlesburg, the head-quarters of General Hill in Western Virginia, is situated in a deep gorge in the Alleghanies, at a point where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses Cheat River. The scenery around it is bold, grand, and picturesque, shut in by towering mountain-walls, the dark stream flows silently on, overshadowed with dense forests of hemlock and laurel. This region of country is wild and thinly populated, and deer and bear roam unmolested along the thickly-wooded slopes. The little village has sprung up since the opening of the railroad, and has become quite a thriving place. General Hill is at present concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, by order of General M'Clellan, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the Confederates lately under Garnett, at St. George. The illustration will be found on page 490

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

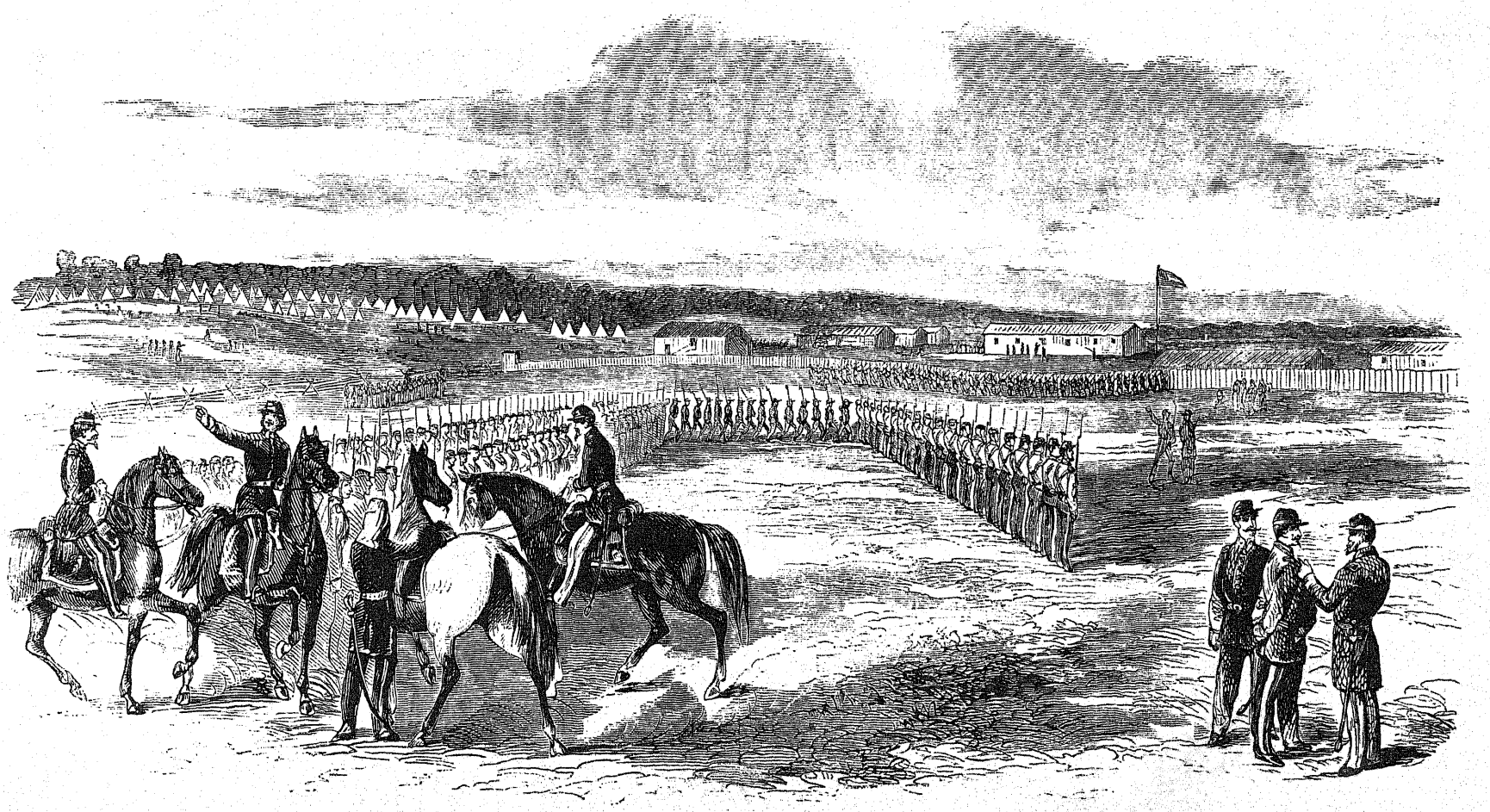
We publish on page 484 a portrait of Major-General M'Clellan, U.S.A., whose brilliant victories in Western Virginia we have already illustrated. We subjoin an authentic account of General M'Clellan's career:

He was born in Philadelphia on December 3, 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating with the class of 1846, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Until the Mexican war, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," as the orders expressed it, he was breveted First Lieutenant. "For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey," on September 8, 1847, he was offered a Brevet Captaincy, which he declined. He was advanced to this rank, however, subsequently, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chapultepec," and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers in May, 1848. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adapted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty, under Major R. B. Marcy, in the expedition for the exploration of the Red River. Thence he was ordered direct to Texas, as senior engineer, on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and engaged for some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that State. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, in command of the Western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route. He returned to the East in 1854, on duty connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commission in the First Regiment of Cavalry, and was appointed a member of the commission which went to the seat of war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Colonel Richard Delafield, one of his colleagues, is now an officer in the rebel army, and Major Alfred Mordecai, the third member of the Commission, a short time ago resigned the Superintendency of the Troy Arsenal. Major M'Clellan's report on the "Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War," a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea, greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier. In January, 1857, weary of inaction, he resigned his position in the army to become Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also General Superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major M'Clellan's services were at once called into requisition. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, tried to secure the benefit of his experience in organizing the volunteers from that State; but the tender of the Major-Generalship of the Ohio forces reached him first, and he at once accepted it. On May 14 he received a commission as Major-General in the United States Army, and now has command of the Department of Ohio, which comprises all of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and that part of Virginia lying north of the Great Kanawha River and west of the Green Brier River and the Maryland line, with so much of Pennsylvania as lies west of a line drawn from the Maryland line to the northeast corner of M'Kean County.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT.

On page 484 we illustrate the presentation of a flag by Edward Everett, on behalf of the ladies of Boston, to the Webster Regiment, at Boston, on July 18, 1861. In presenting the flag to Colonel Fletcher Webster, Mr. Everett said, among other things:

You are entering, Sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty, but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those brave frontier rangers who bore the brunt of the seven years' war in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington. Your noble father, in defence of the menaced Constitution of the country, led those mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less arduous, not less decisive, than the conflicts of the field. Your only brother, following the impulse of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family record that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty faithfully performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.



CAMP OF THE FIRST BRIGADE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

[See Page 490.]

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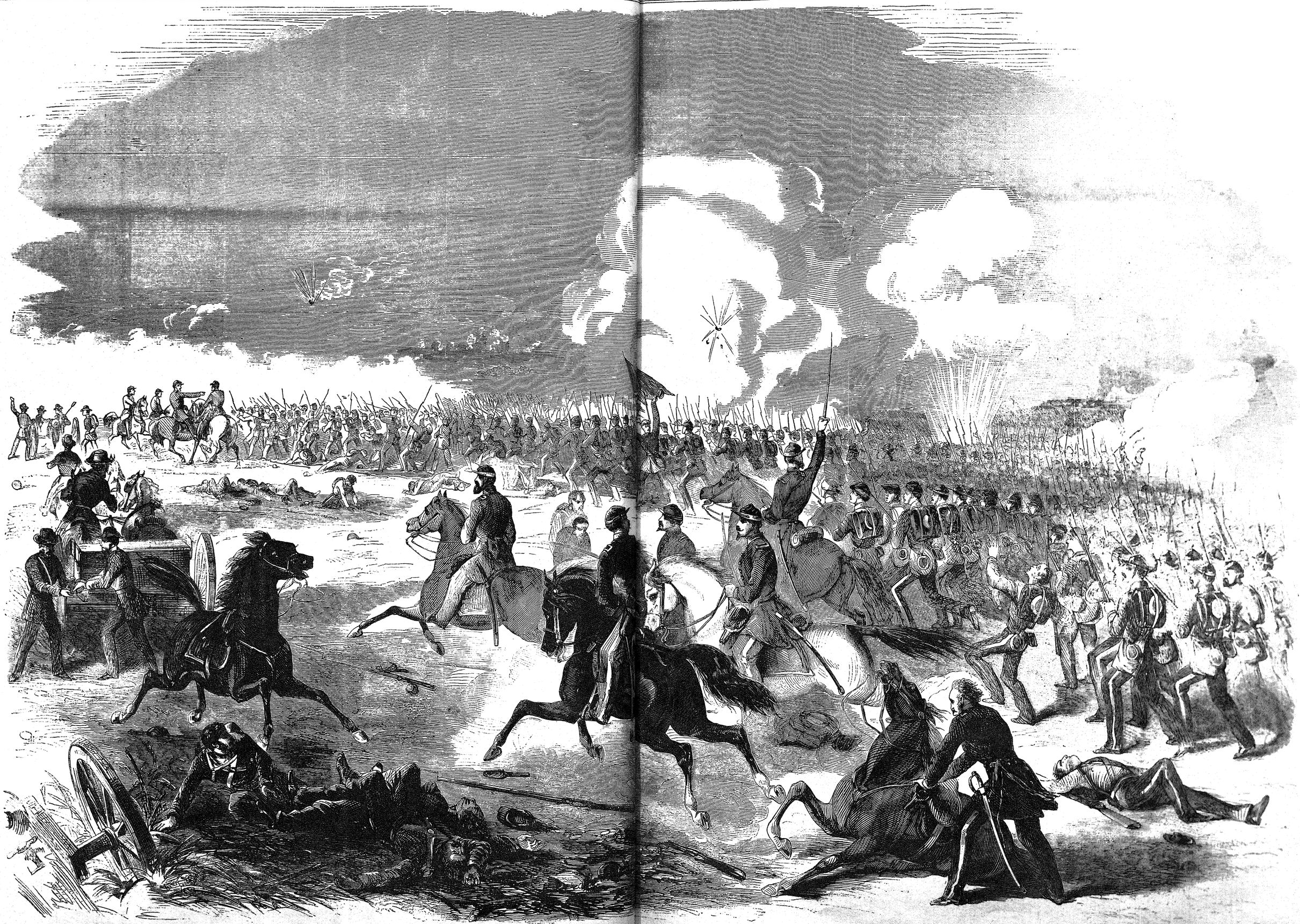

COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

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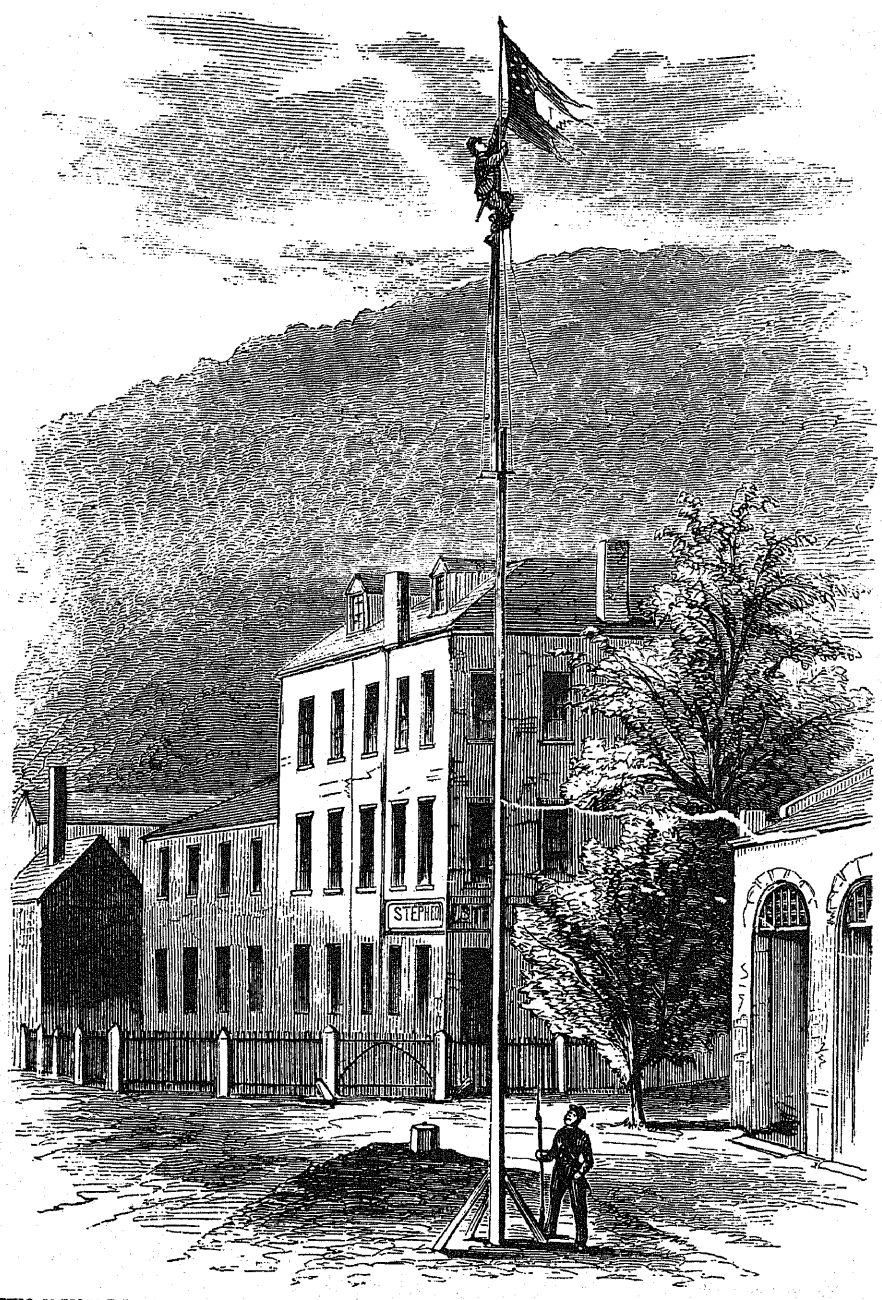
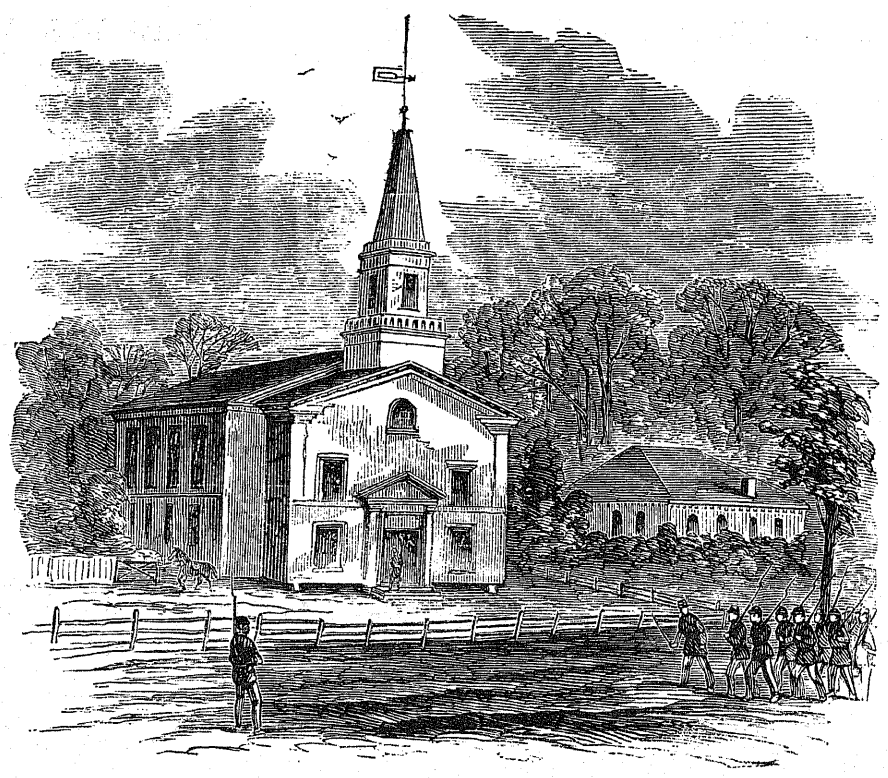


TWO MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK NINTH (ISAAC BLAKEMORE AND GEORGE M'MULLAN) HAULING DOWN THE SECESSION FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.



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 491, 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 over to Sandy Hook and divided among their comrades, each one of whom secured a piece to send home as a trophy."

FALL'S CHURCH.

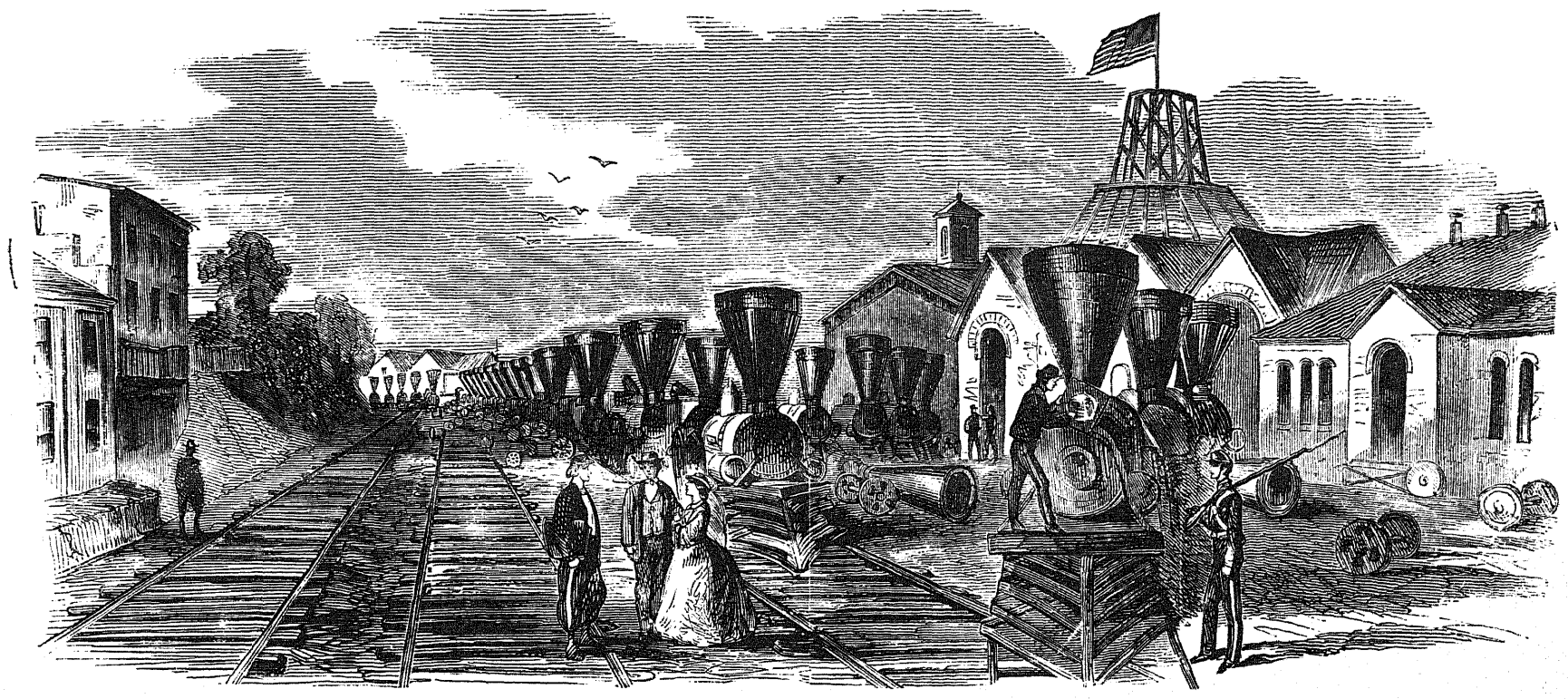
ON this page we illustrate FALL'S CHURCH, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, from a sketch by our special artist with General M'Dowell's *corps d'armée*. This is the most advanced post of our army in Fairfax County, and has been the scene of several picket skirmishes. Fall's Church was built in 1709, and rebuilt, 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, 1847. But for his munificence this church might still have been a ruin."

Service was held in the old church two Sundays since—Rev. Dr. Mines, Chaplain of Second Maine Regiment, officiating, and most of the troops in the neighborhood being present.

ROWLESBURG, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL HILL, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

Digitized from the collections of the New York State Library, Albany, NY



LOCOMOTIVES DISMANTLED BY THE REBELS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES AT MARTINSBURG, VA.

ON this page we illustrate one of the effects of the Southern Rebellion—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 disgraceful sights I ever witnessed. Forty-two as fine engines as could be built have been mutilated, some by burning, others by mere 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."

SKIRMISH ON THE POTOMAC.

SKIRMISHING along the Potomac has become an everyday amusement with the troops stationed on the upper part of that river. Scarcely a day passes without an exchange of shots at some point between Edwards Ferry and Sandy Hook. Both parties generally keep themselves sheltered behind the trees and rocks that line the shores. So far 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.

THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the illustration of the BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN. A large view of COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK, from sketches by our special artist, who was present, will be found on pages 488 and 489; the COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRING is illustrated on page 492; and on the same page will be found an illustration of the cautious EXPLORING OF THE GROUND by our artillery. On page 484 will be found a MAP of the battle. We give the following account from a letter addressed by Mr. Henry J. Raymond to the *Times:*

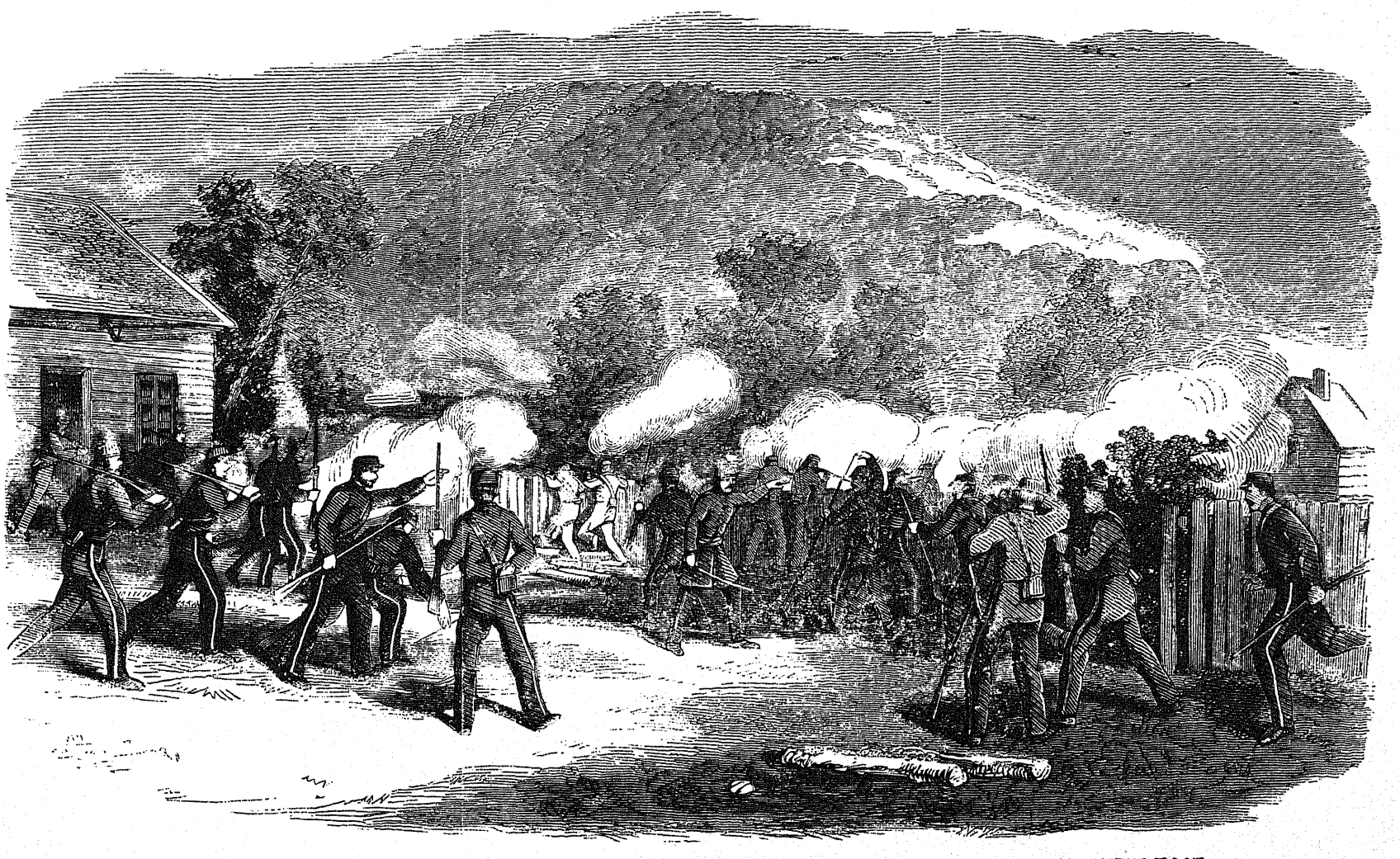
On Saturday the troops were all brought closely up to Centreville, and all needful preparations were made for the attack which was intended for the next day. On Sunday morning, therefore, the army marched—by two roads—Colonel Richardson with his command taking the Southern, which leads to Bull's Run, and General Tyler the Northern, running parallel to it at a distance of about a mile and a half. The movement commenced at about 3 o'clock. I got up at a little before 4, and found the long line of troops extended far out on either road. I took the road by which Colonel Hunter with his command, and General M'Dowell and staff had gone, and pushed on directly for the front. After going out about two miles Colonel Hunter turned to the right—marching obliquely toward the Run, which he was to cross some four miles higher up, and then come down upon the intrenched positions of the enemy on the other side. Colonel Miles was left at Centreville and on the road, with reserves which he was to bring up whenever they might be needed. General Tyler went directly forward, to engage the enemy in front, and send reinforcements to Colonel Hunter whenever it should be seen that he was engaged.

I went out, as I have already stated, upon what is marked as the northern road. It is hilly, like all the surface of this section. After going out about three miles you come to a point down which the road, leading through a forest, descends; then it proceeds by a succession of rising and falling knolls for a quarter of a mile, when it crosses a stone bridge and then ascends by a steady slope to the heights beyond. At the top of that slope the rebels had planted heavy batteries, and the woods below were filled with their troops and with concealed cannon. We proceeded down the road to the first of the small knolls mentioned, when the whole column halted. The 30-pounder Parrott gun, which has a longer range than any other in the army, was planted directly in the road. Captain Ayres's battery was stationed in the woods a little to the right. The First Ohio and Second New York Regiments were thrown into the woods in advance on the left. The Sixty-ninth, New York, the First, Second, and Third Connecticut regiments, were ranged behind them, and the Second Wisconsin was thrown into the woods on the right. At about half past six o'clock the 30-pounder threw two shells directly into the battery at the summit of the slope, on the opposite height, one of which, as I learned afterward, struck and exploded directly in the midst of the battery, and occasioned the utmost havoc and confusion. After about half an hour Captain Ayres threw ten or fifteen shot and shell from his battery into the same place. But both failed to elicit any reply. Men could be seen moving about the opposite slope, but the batteries were silent. An hour or so afterward we heard three or four heavy guns from Colonel Richardson's column at Bull's Run, and these were continued at intervals for two or three hours, but they were not answered, even by a single gun.

At half past 11 we heard Hunter's guns on the opposite height, over a mile to the right. He was answered by batteries there, and then followed the sharp, rattling volleys of musketry, as their infantry became engaged. The firing was now incessant. Hunter had come upon them suddenly, and formed his line of battle in an open field, at the right of the road. The enemy drew up to oppose him, but he speedily drove them to retreat and followed them up with the greatest vigor and rapidity. Meantime, for some three hours previous, we had seen long lines of dense dust rising from the roads leading from Manassas, and, with the glass, we could very clearly perceive that they were raised by the constant and steady stream of reinforcements, which continued to pour in nearly the whole day.

The Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, Second, and Eighth New York—the First, Second, and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were brought forward in advance of the wood and marched across the field to the right to go to Colonel Hunter's support. They crossed the intervening stream and drew up in a small open field, separated from Colonel Hunter's column by a dense wood, which was filled with batteries and infantry. Our guns continued to play upon the woods which thus concealed the enemy, and aided materially in clearing them for the advance. Going down to the extreme front of the column, I could watch the progress of Colonel Hunter, marked by the constant roar of artillery and the roll of musketry, as he pushed the rebels back from point to point. At 1 o'clock he had driven them out of the woods and across the road, which was the prolongation of that on which we stood. Here, by the side of their batteries, the rebels made a stand. They planted their flag directly in the road, and twice charged across it upon our men, but without moving them an inch. They were met by a destructive fire, and were compelled to fall still further back. Gradually the point of fire passed further away until the dense clouds of smoke which marked the progress of the combat were at least half a mile to the left of what had been the central position of the rebels.

It was now 2½ o'clock. I was at the advanced point of the front of our column, some hundred rods beyond the woods, in which the few troops then there were drawn up, when I decided to drive back to the town for the purpose of sending you my dispatch. As I passed up the road the balls and shell from the enemy began to fall with more than usual rapidity. I did not see the point from which they came; but meeting Captain Ayres, he said he was about to bring up his battery, supported by the Ohio Brigade, under General Schenck, to repel a rumored attempt of cavalry to outflank this column. As I went forward he passed down. General Schenck's Brigade was at once drawn up across the road, and Captain Ayres's guns were planted in a knoll at the left, when a powerful body of rebels, with a heavy battery, came down from the direction of Bull's Run, and engaged this force with tremendous effect. I went to Centreville, sent off my dispatch, and started with all speed to return—intending to go with our troops upon what had been the hotly contested field, never doubting for a moment that it would remain in their hands. I had gone but a quarter of a mile when we met a great number of fugitives, and our carriage soon became entangled in a mass of baggage-wagons, the officer in charge of which told me it was useless to go in that direction, as our troops were retreating. Not crediting the story, which was utterly inconsistent with what I had seen but a little while



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

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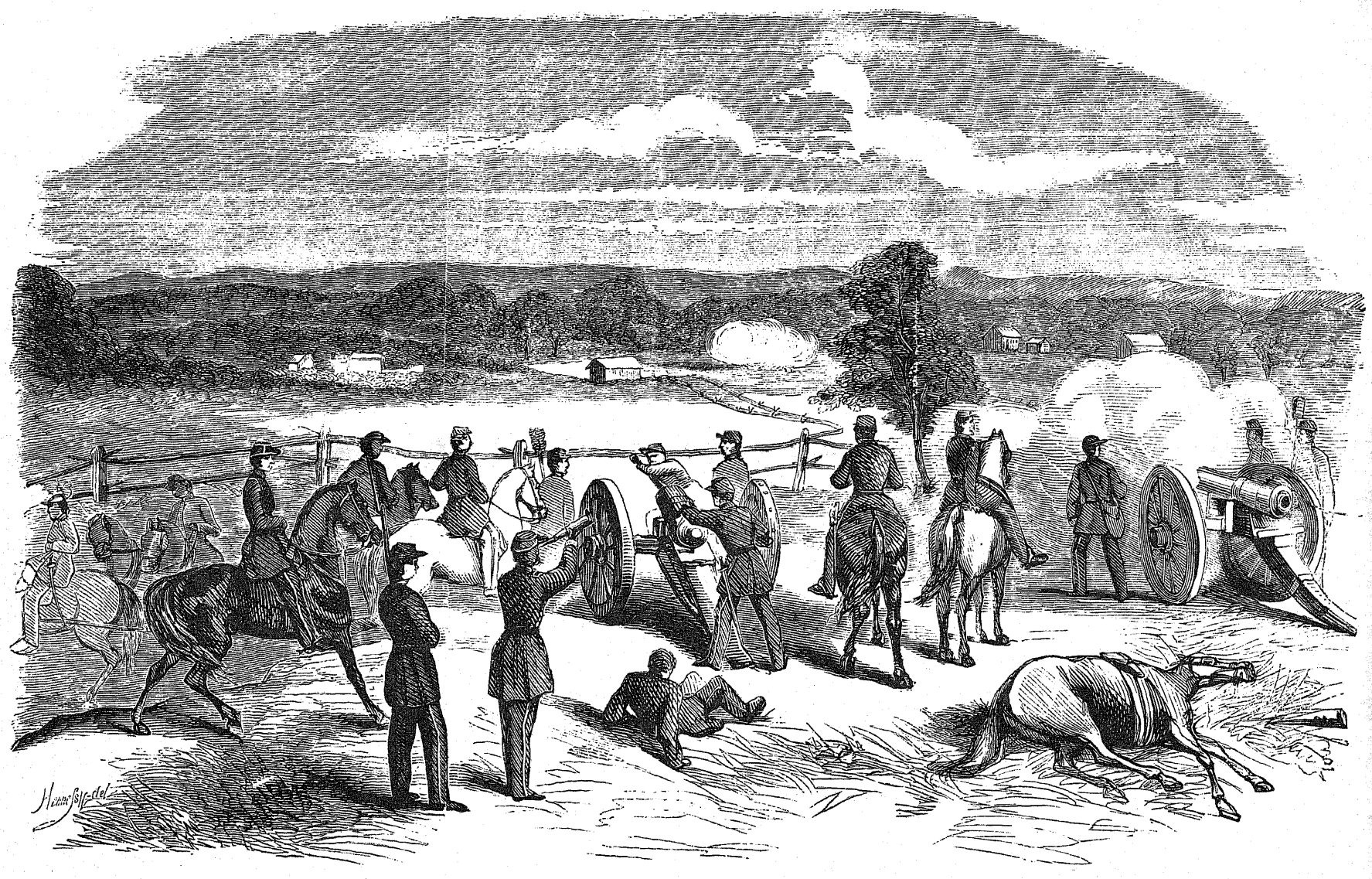
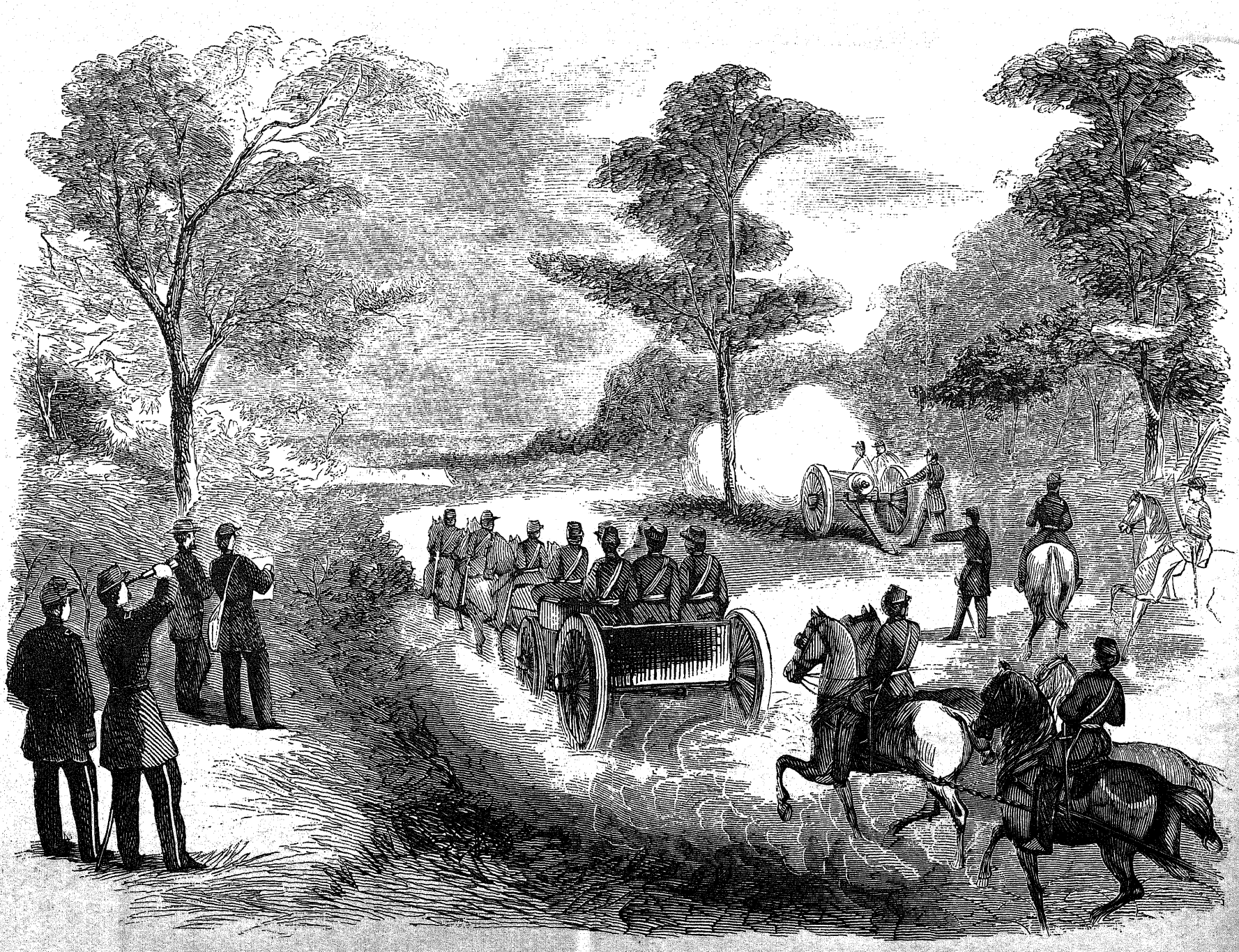


COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]

before, I continued to push on. I soon met Quarter-master Stetson, of the Fire Zouaves, who told me, bursting into tears, that his Regiment had been utterly cut to pieces, that the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were both killed, and that our troops had actually been repulsed. I still tried to proceed, but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Leaving my carriage, I went to a high point of ground and saw, by the dense cloud of dust which rose over each of the three roads by which the three columns of the army 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 came past the hill on which the Secessionists had their intrenchments less than a week ago, I saw our forces taking up positions for a defense if they should be assailed.

Such is a very rapid and general history of Sunday's engagement.



FIRING INTO A DESERTED EARTH-WORK NEAR BULL'S RUN.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]

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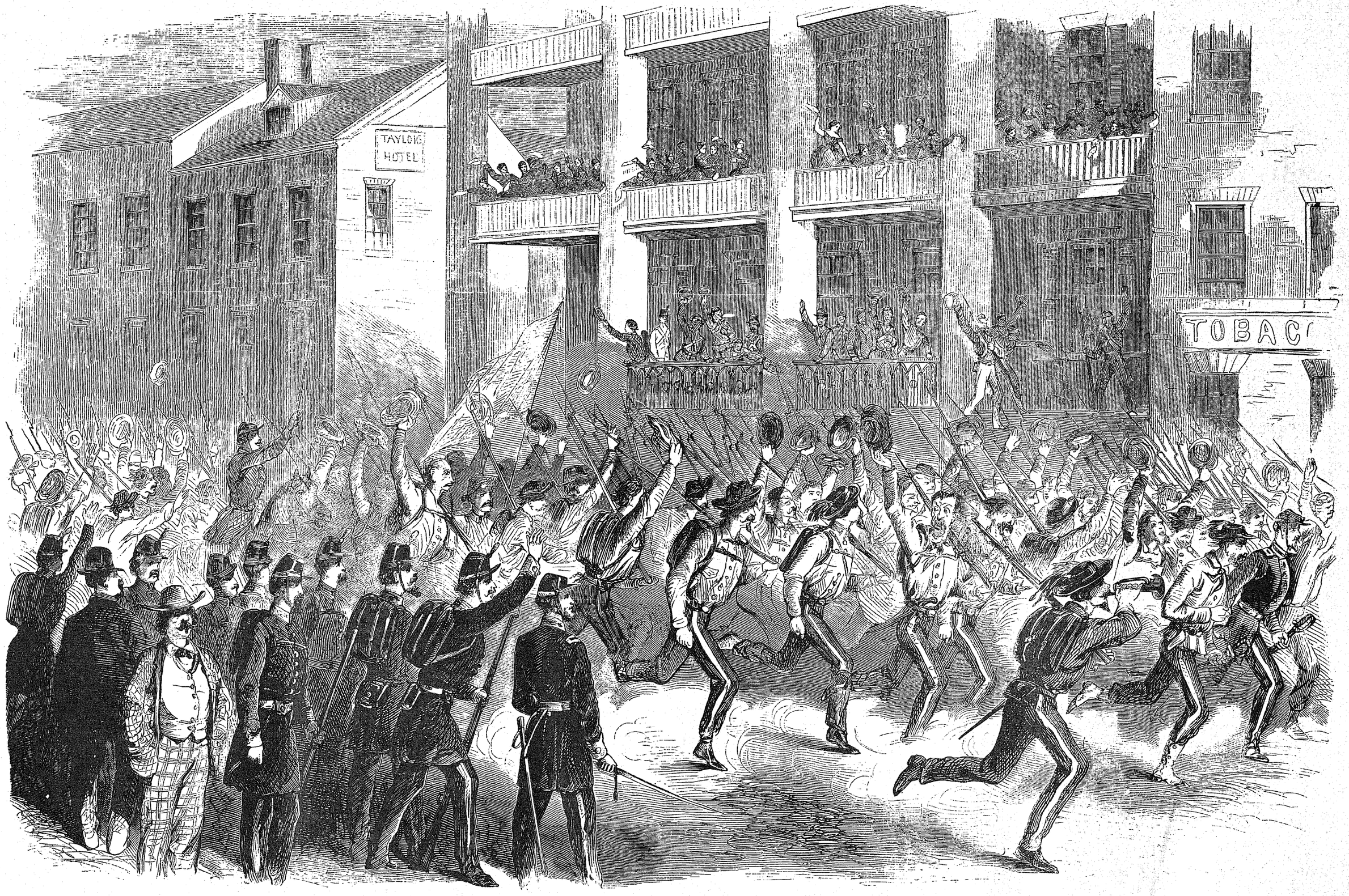

SECOND MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT (WILDCATS) PASSING ALONG MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, ON THEIR WAY TO BUNKER HILL, VIRGINIA.

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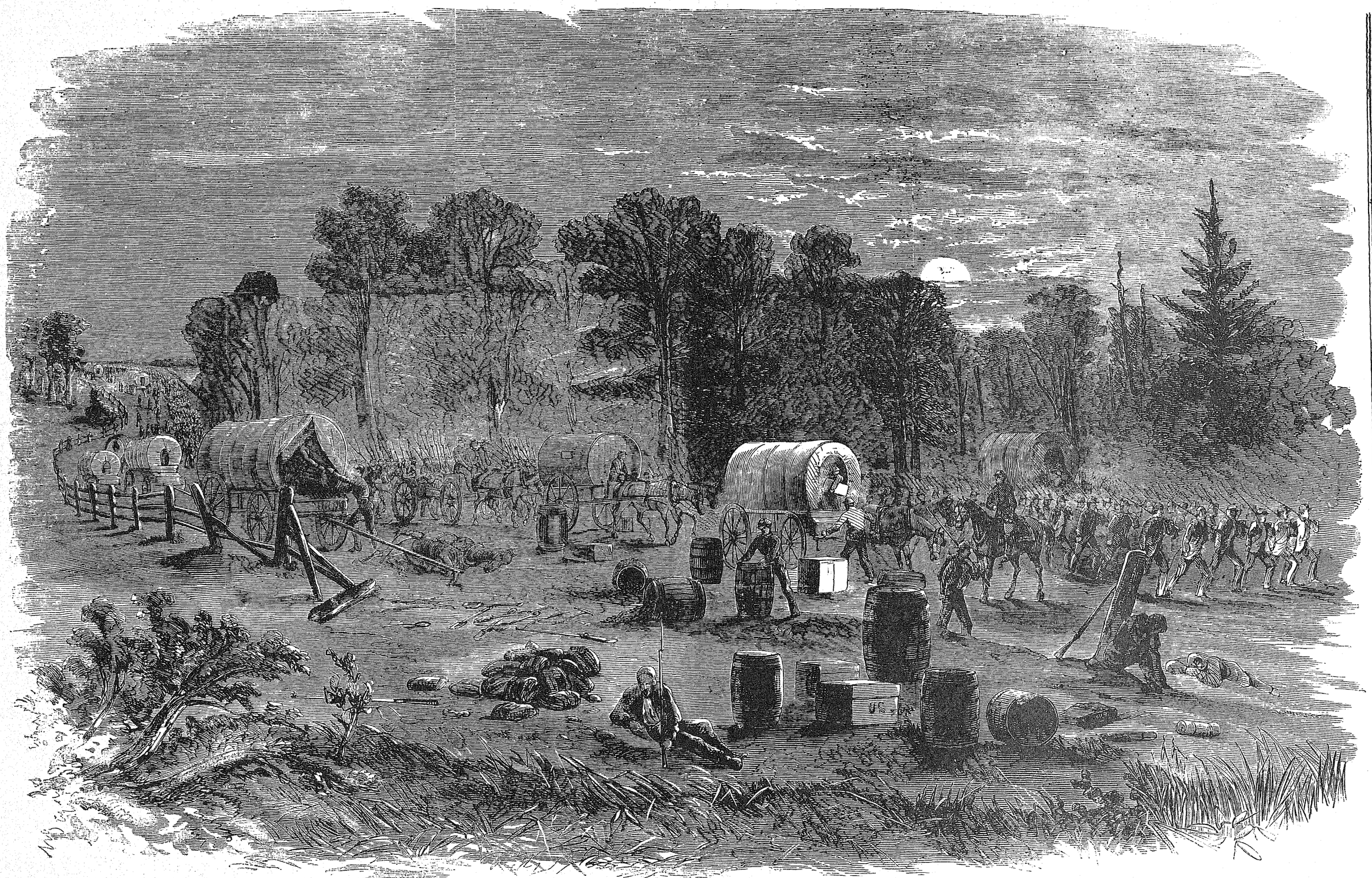

RETREAT OF OUR TROOPS FROM BULL RUN, BY MOONLIGHT. COLONEL BLENKER'S BRIGADE COVERING.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 510.]

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CHARGE OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY UPON THE FIRE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 510.]

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CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BUL RUN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

SILENCING THE ENEMY'S BATTERIES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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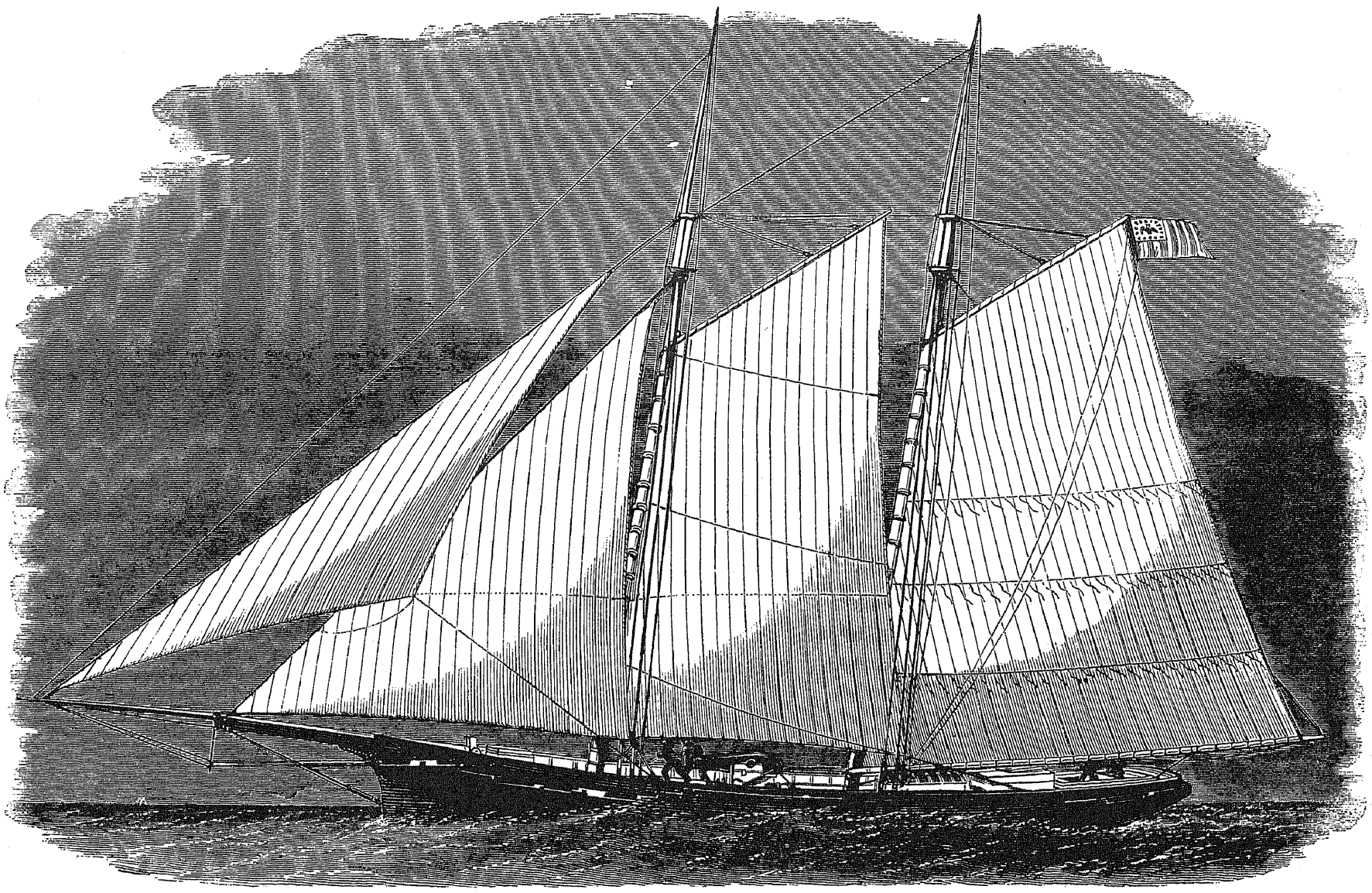
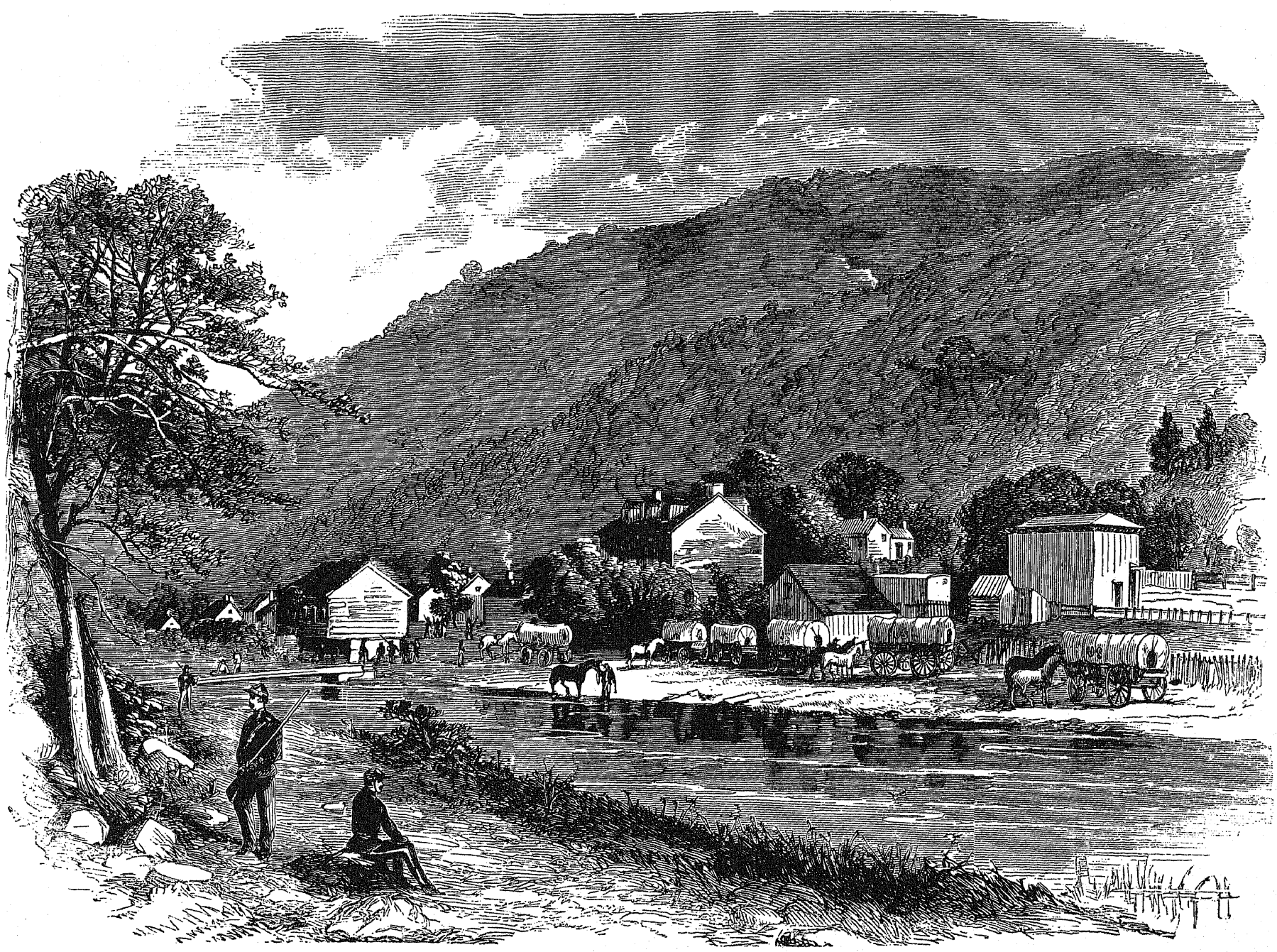


THE YACHT "HENRIETTA," 160 TONS, LIEUTENANT JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN., COMMANDING, NOW ATTACHED TO THE REVENUE SERVICE.

CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

On page 508 we illustrate one of the Gallant Charges 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 a regiment of rebels they retreated into a thick hay-field to draw the Northerners 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 into their ranks, afterward charged them with the bayonet. The slaughter was terrible and the defeat complete, for not a man stirred of the whole five or six hundred. In this attack there were very few of the Sixty-ninth wounded.



SANDY HOOK, HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL STONE, ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

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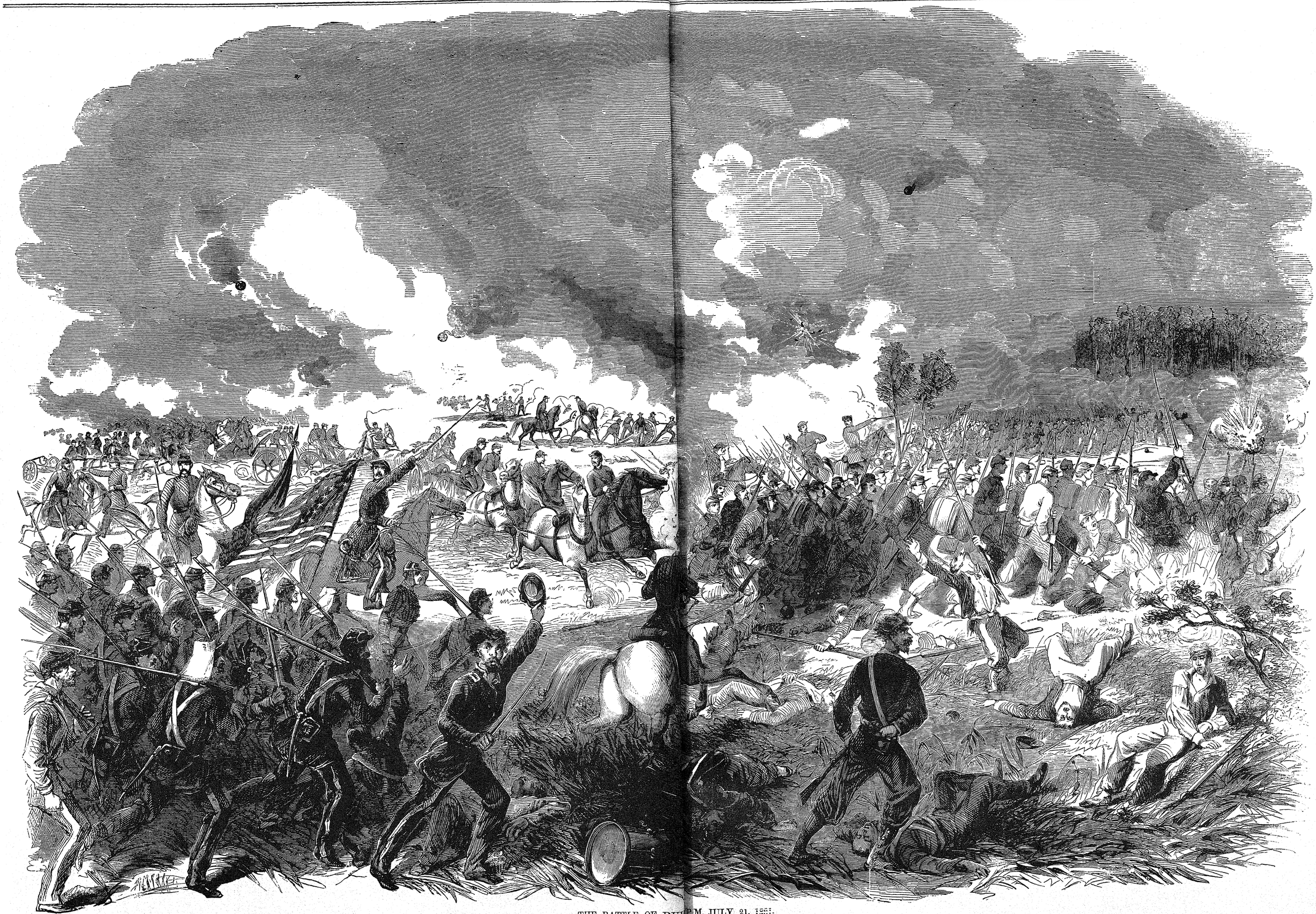

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY 21, 1861.

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MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

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GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, UPON A REBEL BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 503.]

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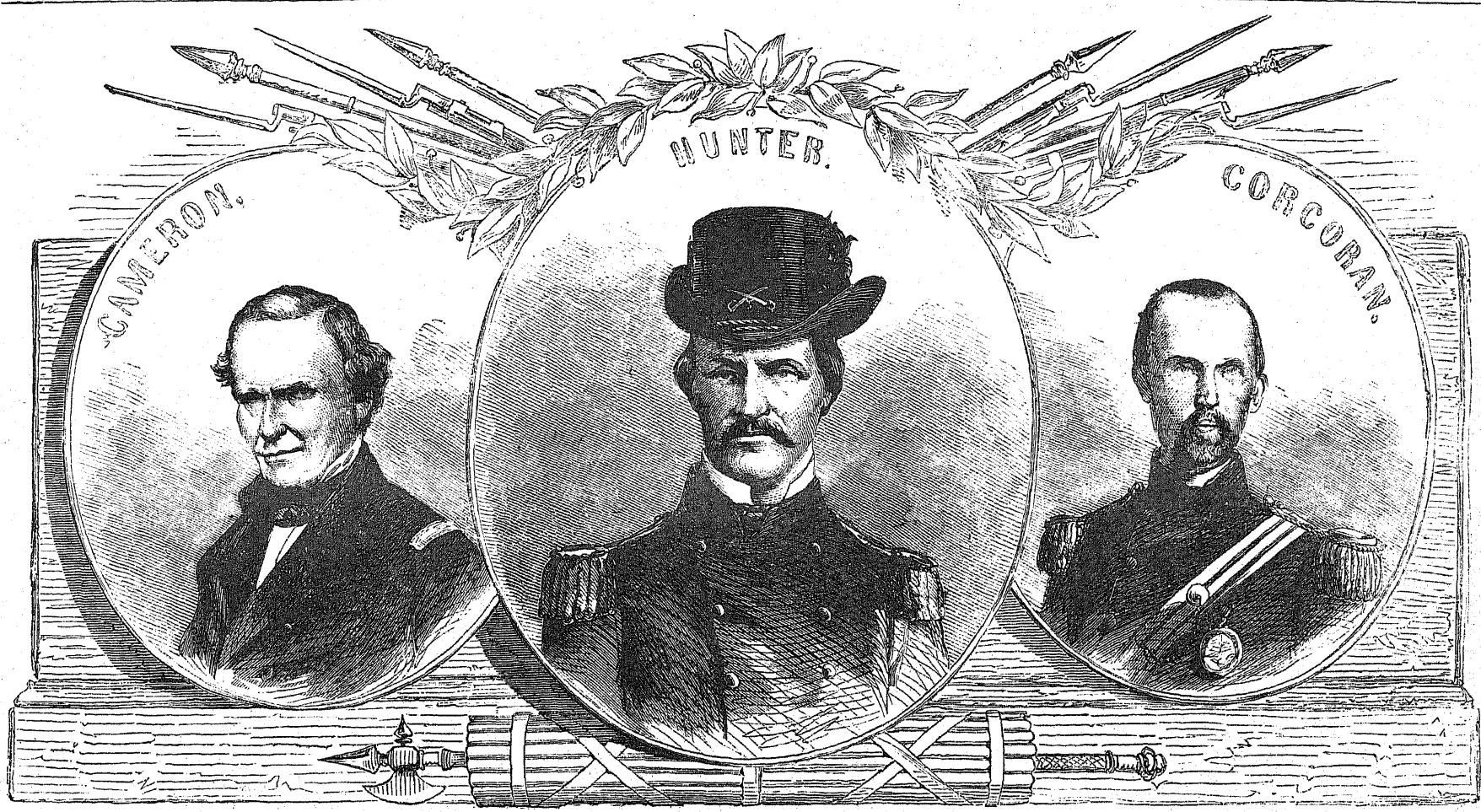

THE LATE COL. CAMERON, SEVENTY-NINTH N. Y. STATE MILITIA. COL. HUNTER, U.S.A. COL. CORCORAN, SIXTY-NINTH NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE LATE COLONEL CAMERON.

ON this page we give a portrait of the late COLONEL CAMERON, who was killed at the battle of Bull Run. The *Times* gives the following sketch of his career:

The country mourns the loss of the gallant Cameronian chieftain—the Colonel of the New York Seventy-ninth Highlanders—who fell at the head of his regiment in the bloody battle of Bull Run. Colonel Cameron was a man of dauntless valor, of a sterling and generous spirit, high personal honor, and fine intellectual parts—at once a gentleman, a Christian, and a hero. He had also the most commanding physical proportions, a dignified presence, and a noble countenance. Like his brother, the Secretary of War, he had been a printer, a journalist, and a lawyer, and had also taken an active part in forwarding the agricultural and railroad interests of Pennsylvania, his native State. In military affairs he had always taken great interest, having for years commanded a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers. Latterly, however, he had retired from active life to his beautiful estate on the banks of the Susquehanna, intending to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful quiet. Only about a month ago was he induced to accept the command of a thousand patriotic and gallant Highland clansmen from this city, natives of the land of his sires, which he loved so warmly and well. The chief fear of his friends was that on the battle-field he would be too heedless of his own life, and these forebodings have been sadly realized. In his very first charge he fell—fell like a hero, with his face to the foe. At the head of his valiant Highlandmen he dashed into the thickest of the fray, and shouting the inspiriting war-cry, "Scots! follow me!" he passed from the gory battle-field to Paradise.

COLONEL CORCORAN.

On this page we publish a portrait of COLONEL CORCORAN, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M., who is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner at Manassas Junction. Colonel Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland some forty years ago. His father was a British officer who left no means to his son. At a very early age young Corcoran came to this country, obtained employment from the proprietor of Hibernian Hall in this city, and subsequently succeeded him in the establishment. Latterly, we believe, he occupied a desk in the Post-office. Colonel Corcoran joined the Sixty-ninth as a private, and served successively as orderly, lieutenant, and captain, finally rising to the rank of colonel. Let us hope that his captivity will not be of long duration, and that he will have an opportunity of pursuing the career he has so gloriously commenced.

The Sixty-ninth returned to the city under the command of Captain Kelly, of Company A, the Colonel being, as we said, wounded, and a prisoner.

THE FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

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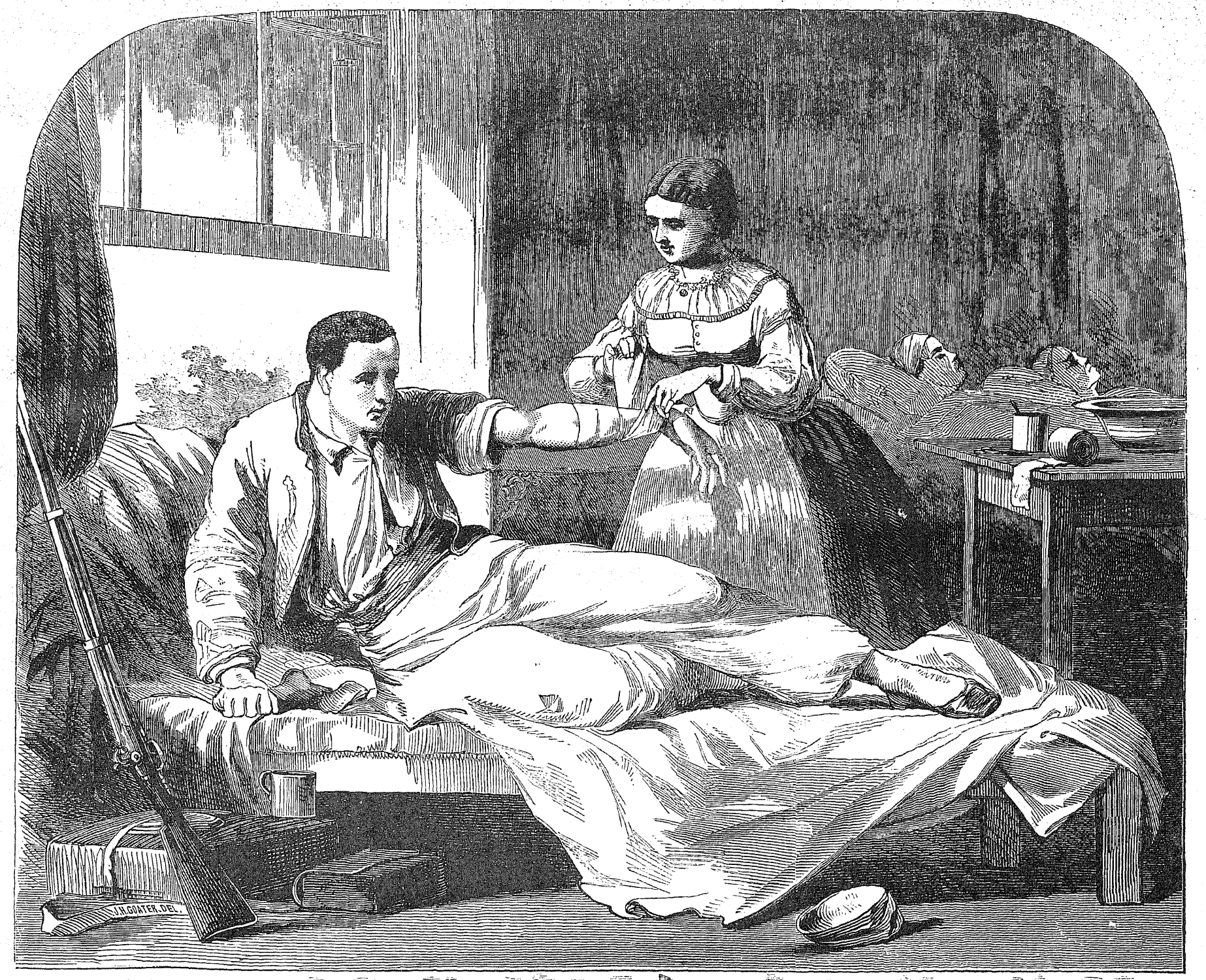

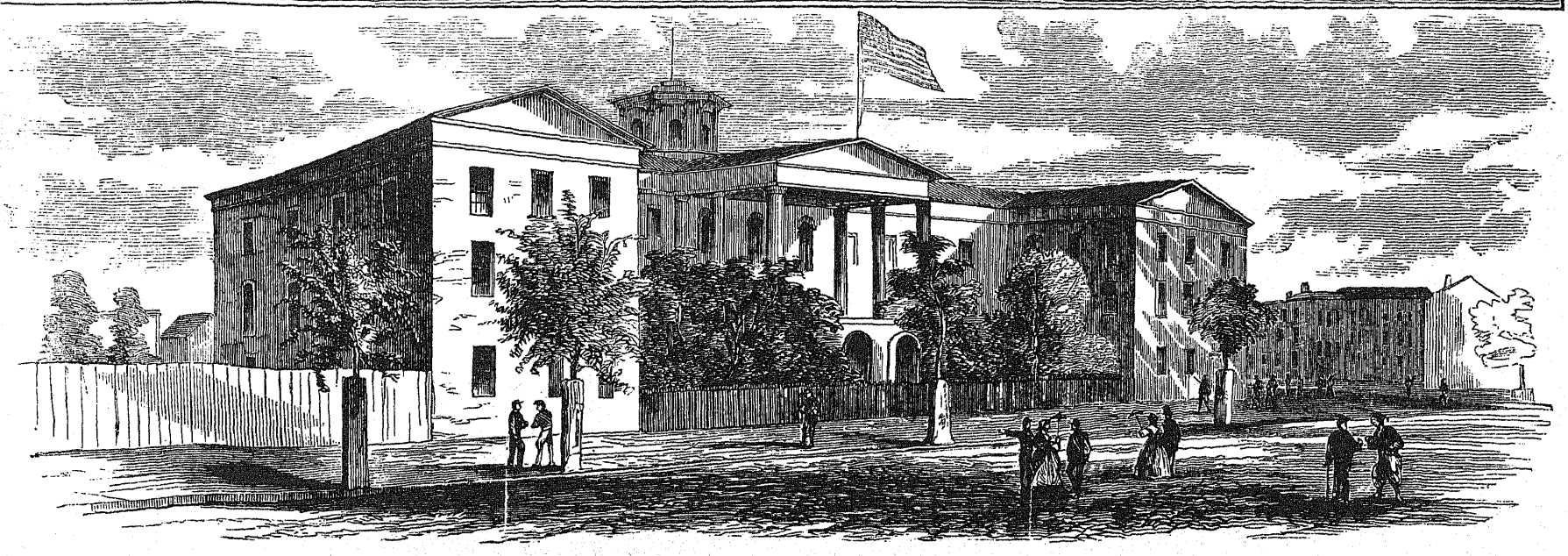

THE WOUNDED ZOUAVE IN THE HOSPITAL AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 522.]——THE HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AT WASHINGTON.

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GENERAL M'DOWELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL MANSFIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BRIG.-GEN. M'DOWELL, U.S.A.

GENERAL IRVIN 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, 1838, and was immediately promoted to the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. He was assistant instructor in tactics at West Point from September to November, 1841, and Adjutant to October, 1845; he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in October, 1842; Aid-de-camp to General Wool from October, 1845, to May, 1847, and took an active part in the war with Mexico. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Captain for gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847; promoted to post of Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, in May, 1847, and relinquished rank in line in February, 1851; Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major, March 31, 1856; Brevet Brigadier-General, May, 1861. He commanded the United States troops on the recent advance to Bull Run, and though unfortunate in that affair is not blamed by any one for his management of the attack.

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

GENERAL J. K. F. 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 immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; 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 services in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high scientific and military talent 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,

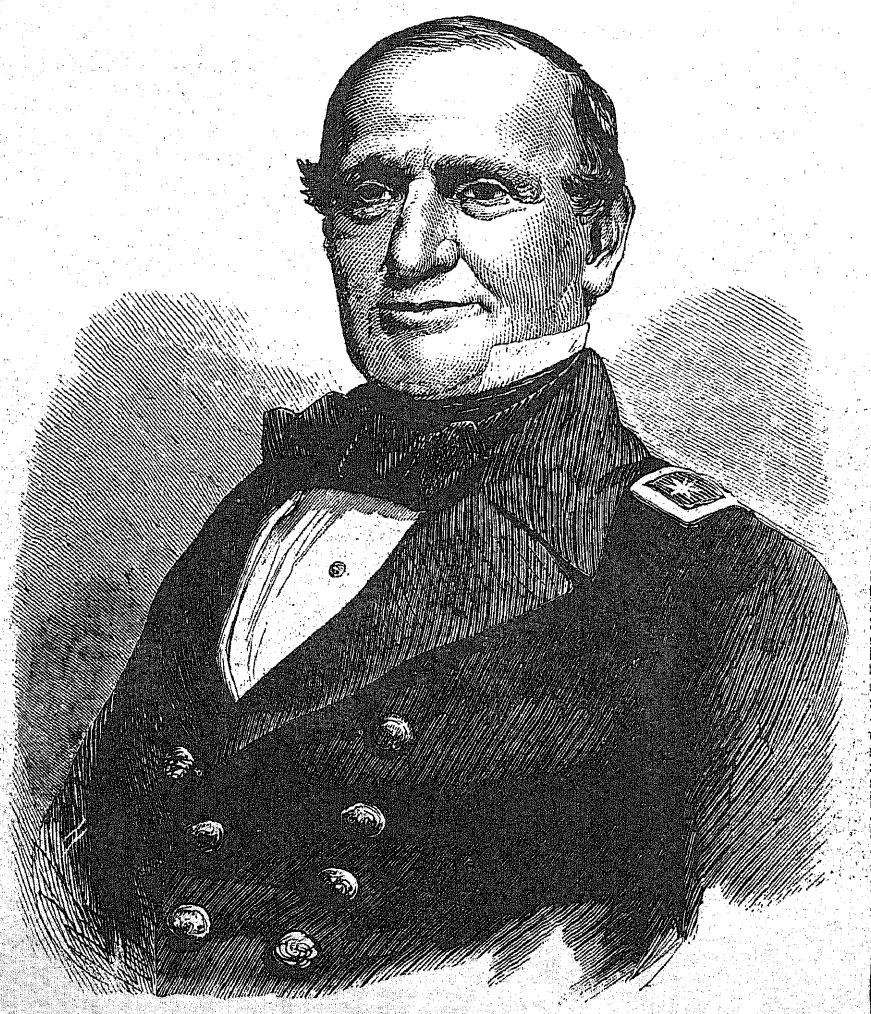
COMMANDING THE ATLANTIC BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

COMMODORE SILAS H. STRINGHAM, whose portrait we publish below, is a native of the State of New York, and was born near Newburgh, Orange Co. He has been connected with our navy and in active service since the year 1809, when he entered as midshipman, at the age of eleven. His advancement has been by the regular course of promotion, his present commission dating September, 1841. 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 Brazils, then Commandant at the Norfolk Navy-yard, then a cruise as Commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, from whence he returned in July, 1855; was soon ordered to the Charlestown Navy-yard as Commandant, holding that position some four years; upon leaving there he was the recipient of various testimonials of esteem and regard from those under his command. Upon the incoming of the present Administration he was early ordered to Washington on special duty, and upon deciding to blockade all the Southern ports, he was ordered to his present command, reaching from Key West on the south to Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on the north, with the *Minnesota*, a forty-gun steamer, as the flag-ship, and some twenty-five vessels in all, manned by 3500 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 manly bearing and frank demeanor; in manner, a pleasing mixture of gentleman-like refinement and sailor-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 COLONEL 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 intimate 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 Michigan; another, Montgomery, is Postmaster-General; a third, perhaps the most distinguished of all, is the one whose portrait we now publish. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1821, Mr. Blair chose the law for his profession and St. Louis for his residence. On the outbreak 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 1856 and 1860 to Congress. Mr. Blair is known as the leader of the emancipationists of St. Louis, and is a man of extraordinary courage, energy, and perseverance.



FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

COLONEL BLAIR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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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 519.]

Digitized from the collections of the New York State Library, Albany, NY

A FIRE ZOUAVE RELATING HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN IN THE STREET AT WASHINGTON.

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI.

Our special artist writes: "While in Philippi I was attracted 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 secession prisoners, or 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 piggy *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 cur 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."

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS."—Sketched by Mr. Donovan.—[See Page 522.]

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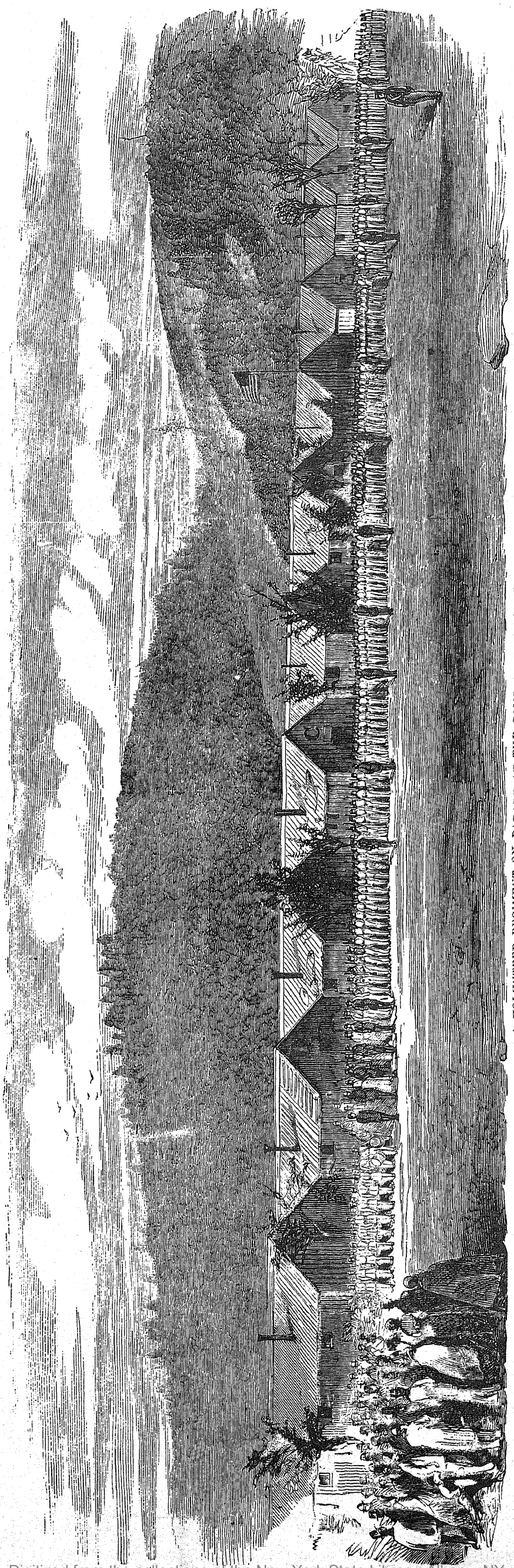

A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT ON PARADE AT THE CAMP AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

ON page 518 we illustrate the RESCUE OF COLONEL SMITH'S COMMAND from an overwhelming rebel attack by a force of Union cavalry under Governor Wood, of Illinois. Colonel Smith's command occupied the brick college building at Monroe, and the rebels, 1200 strong, had surrounded it and planted cannon se 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 at once sent to the rescue. On arriving at Monroe they formed a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had intrenched themselves in the academy buildings. The rebels, 1200 strong, were grouped around over the prairies, out of the reach of Colonel Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk. The last shot from Colonel Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent 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 "ENCHANTRESS."

WE give on page 519 an illustration of the RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS," from a sketch by Mr. Donovan, of the latter craft. A letter in the *Tribune* thus describes the affair:

On Sunday, the 19th, after sailing two or three hours southward and eastward, the *Albatross* sighted a vessel and gave chase, and soon fetched up to what proved to be the *Enchantress*, captured by the privateer *Jeff Davis*, six days out from Boston to St. Jago, and in possession of a prize crew of five rebels and a negro belonging to the schooner before she was taken. On speaking her and demanding where from and whence bound, she replied, "Boston for St. Jago." At this moment the negro rushed from the galley where the pirates had secreted him and jumped into the sea, exclaiming, "They are a privateer crew from the *Jeff Davis*, and bound for Charleston." The negro was picked up and taken on the *Albatross*. The prize was ordered to heave to, which she did. Lieut. Neville jumped aboard of her, and ordered the pirates into the boats, and to pull for the *Albatross*, where they were secured in irons. Two of the prisoners are Charleston pilots, one is from Boston, and two from Brooklyn—one of the latter has a brother in Fortress Monroe, and the other has a brother on the *Roanoke*. Prize-master Tunis D. Wendell was ordered on board the schooner, which was taken in tow by the *Albatross*, and arrived in Hampton Roads on Wednesday, the 22d. The *Albatross* will shortly proceed to Philadelphia or New York for repairs to her machinery. The vessel has now a reputation which is a terror to the rebels, on sea and coast, as a fighting craft which they had better give a wide berth to.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

OUR special artist in Washington has supplied us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 513 and 519. One represents a WOUNDED ZOUAVE in the hospital at Washington looking gratefully up at the face of his kind hospital nurse. The poor fellow is evidently not used to the tender attention bestowed upon him by the lady volunteer; he does not quite understand it, and some secret well of honest, grateful feeling seems to have been suddenly opened in his heart. Another picture introduces us to the same character, the typical Zouave, relating his adventures at the Battle of Bull Run to a crowd of eager listeners on Pennsylvania Avenue. He is in his hour of triumph, and well he may be. He feels a quiet contempt for the men of his own age who were not at the battle; for he knows that henceforth no lady fair will smile on them so long as he or any of his comrades who were "in the battle" are near by.

THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
SANDY HOOK, MD., *July* 30, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HAVING noticed in your paper of August 3 a sketch representing two members of the Ninth tearing down the rebel flag at Harper's Ferry on the morning of the 4th, and deeming it but justly due to the person who performed the feat, I take the liberty of making this correction.

On the morning of the 4th about a dozen of the members of this regiment crossed the river to Harper's Ferry in a small boat, and strolled around the town. Seeing the rebel flag floating from the flag-staff, a member of Company C of this regiment, Edwin W. Butler by name, succeeded in climbing up to it and tearing it down. The persons mentioned in your paper (Isaac Blakemore and George M'Mullin) are not members of this regiment, nor were they present at the time the occurrence took place.

A portion of the State flag, which you mention, still remains, and was flying over the "stars and bars," which latter Butler succeeded in taking down. The stars and stripes proudly floats from the pole at present, directly under the State flag, nobody having displaced it. I take the liberty of inclosing you a small piece obtained from the "original Jacobs," who is one of my messmates.

Hoping you will give this an early insertion, and give honor to whom honor is due, I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,
ISAAC S. SHARPE,
Co. C, Ninth Regt., N. Y. S. M.,
An eye-witness.

It seems that there must have been two rebel flags hauled down at Harper's Ferry, one by Blakemore and M'Mullin, the other by Butler of the New York Ninth. Our picture represented the former scene.—ED. *Harper's Weekly*.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

THERE is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after-years;
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

"THERE IS A SECRET DRAWER IN EVERY HEART—"

BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED.

ON page 524 we illustrate a most disgraceful episode of the Battle of Bull Run, which would be incredible if it were not attested by so many reliable witnesses: we mean the BAYONETING OF OUR WOUNDED BY THE REBEL TROOPS. The following evidence of Surgeon Barnes, given to the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, is unfortunately too precise and clear to be questioned:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were secessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and projectiles from rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and servant had become separated from him, and he had no one to send for ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure ambulances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that *every one of those wounded men had been bayoneted or sabred, and was dead.* They were literally cut to pieces.

Other evidence abounds. An officer of the Massachusetts 5th, lying wounded on the field, heard the order given by a rebel officer to "*bayonet the sons of —— of red shirts!*" Cannon were trained on the soldiers who were bearing off the field the body of Colonel Cameron, and five were killed. The ambulance in which Colonel Wood (New York 14th) was being carried was repeatedly fired at.

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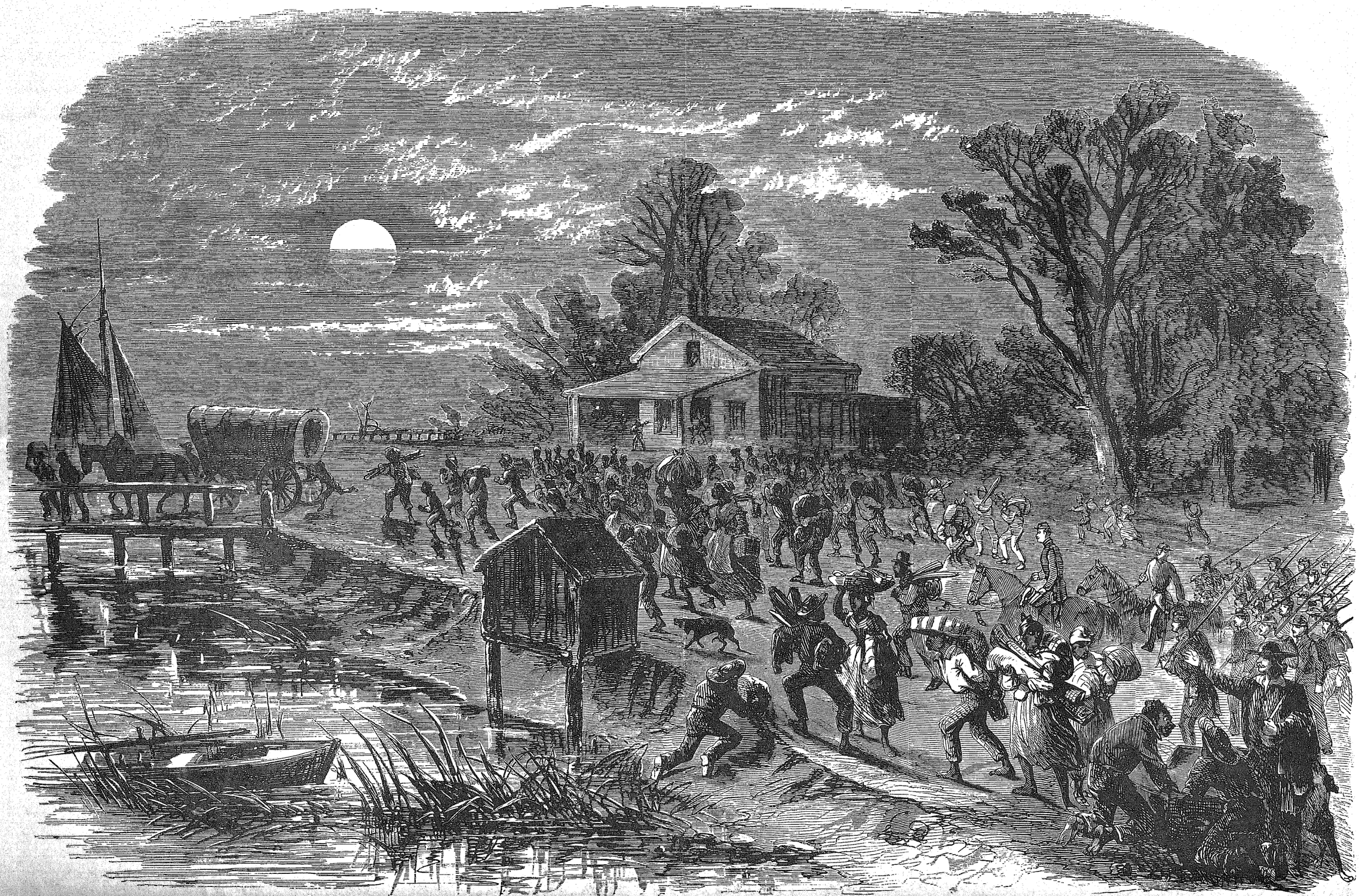

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES FROM HAMPTON TO FORTRESS MONROE.—[See Page 527.]

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THE REBELS BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, AT BULL RUN.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

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Captain Clark. General M'Clellan. Captain Van Vliet. Major Barry.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND HIS STAFF.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

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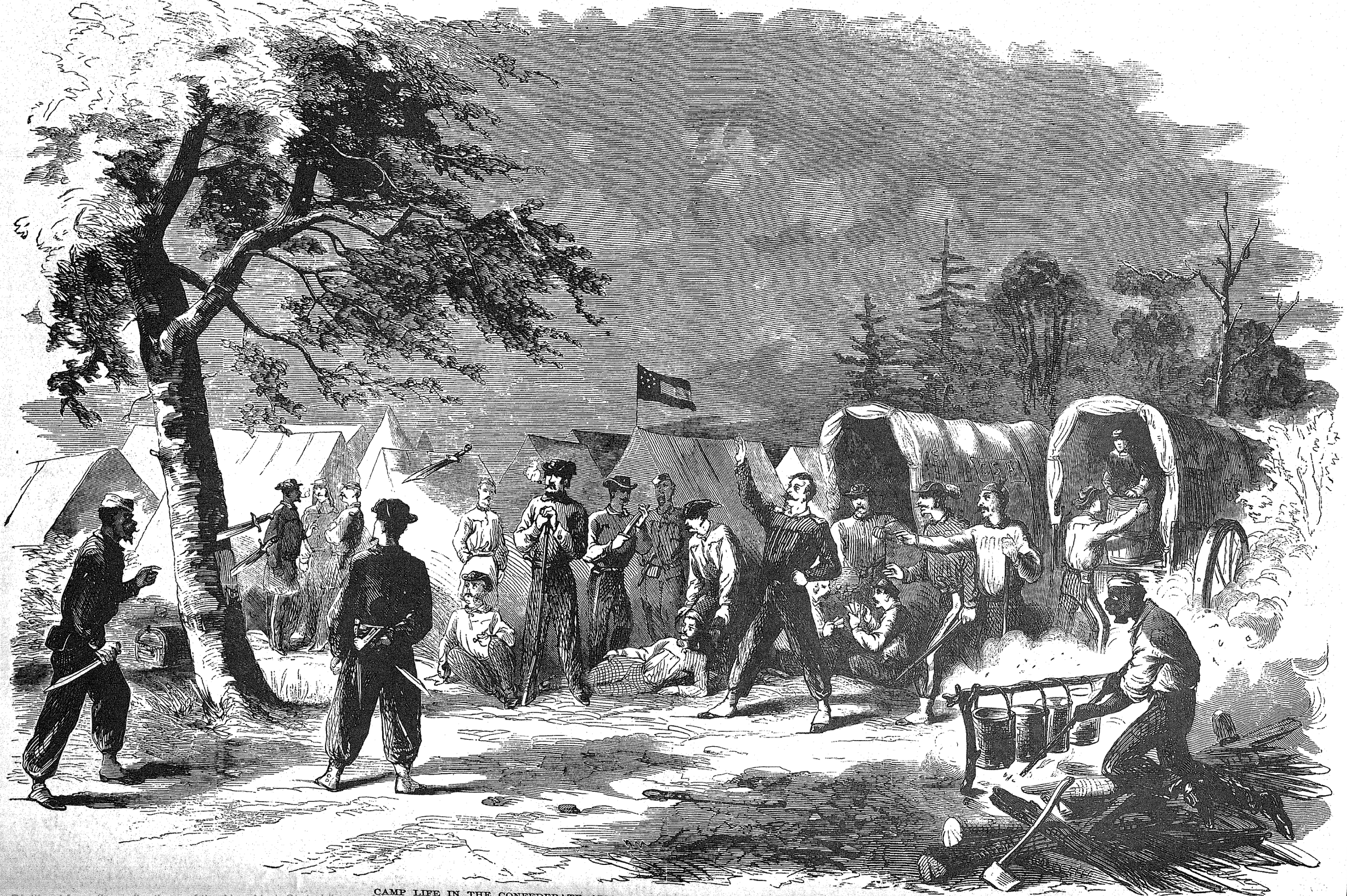

CAMP LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—MISSISSIPPIANS PRACTICING WITH THE BOWIE-KNIFE.

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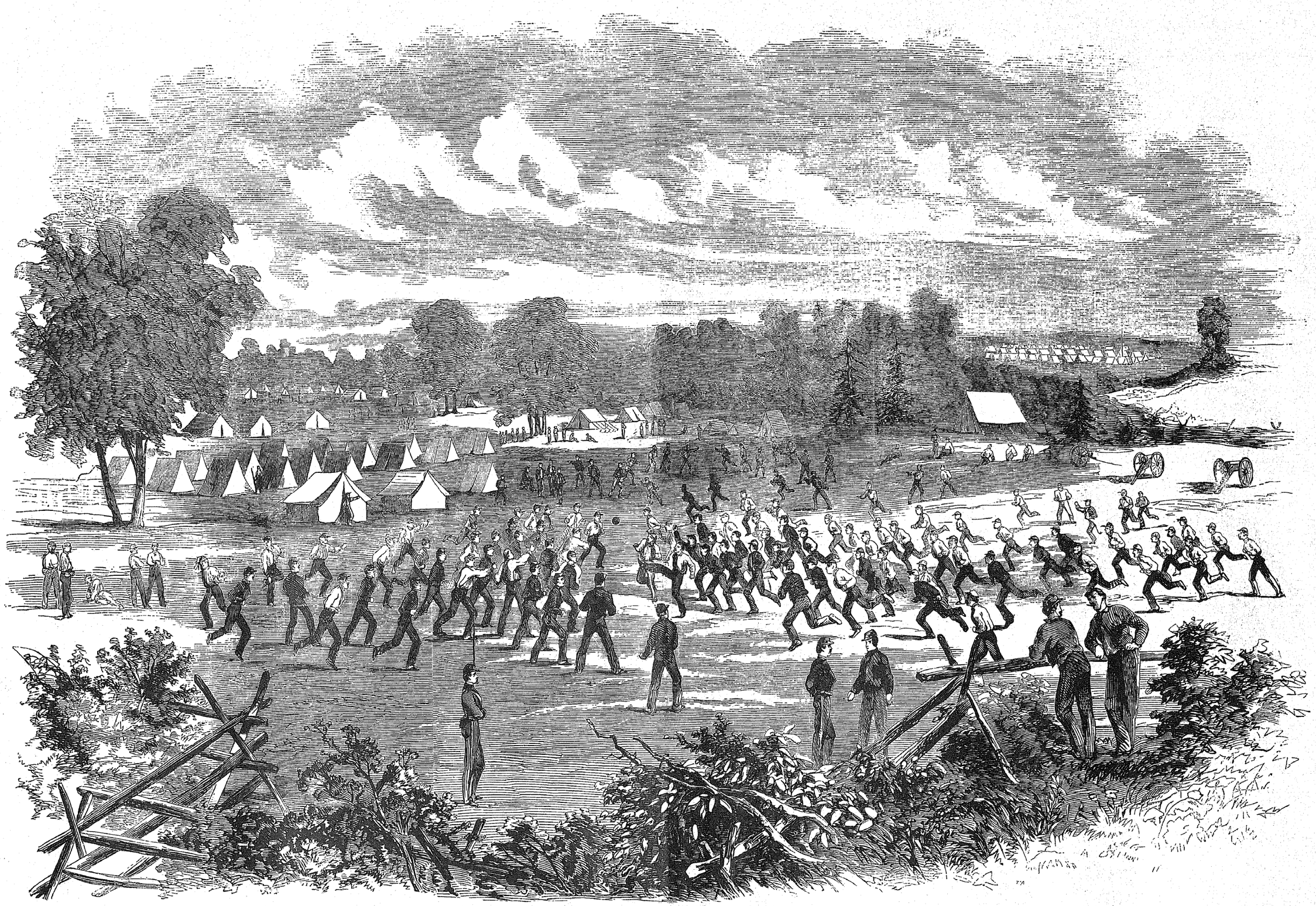

CAMP JOHNSON, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT PLAYING FOOT-BALL BEFORE EVENING PARADE.

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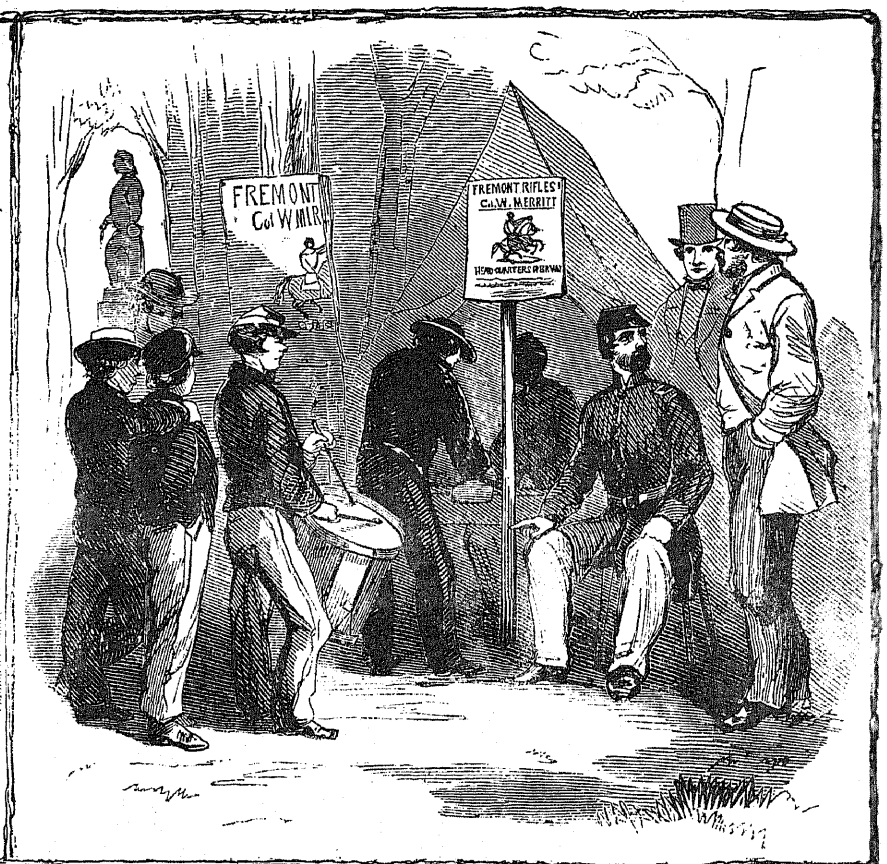
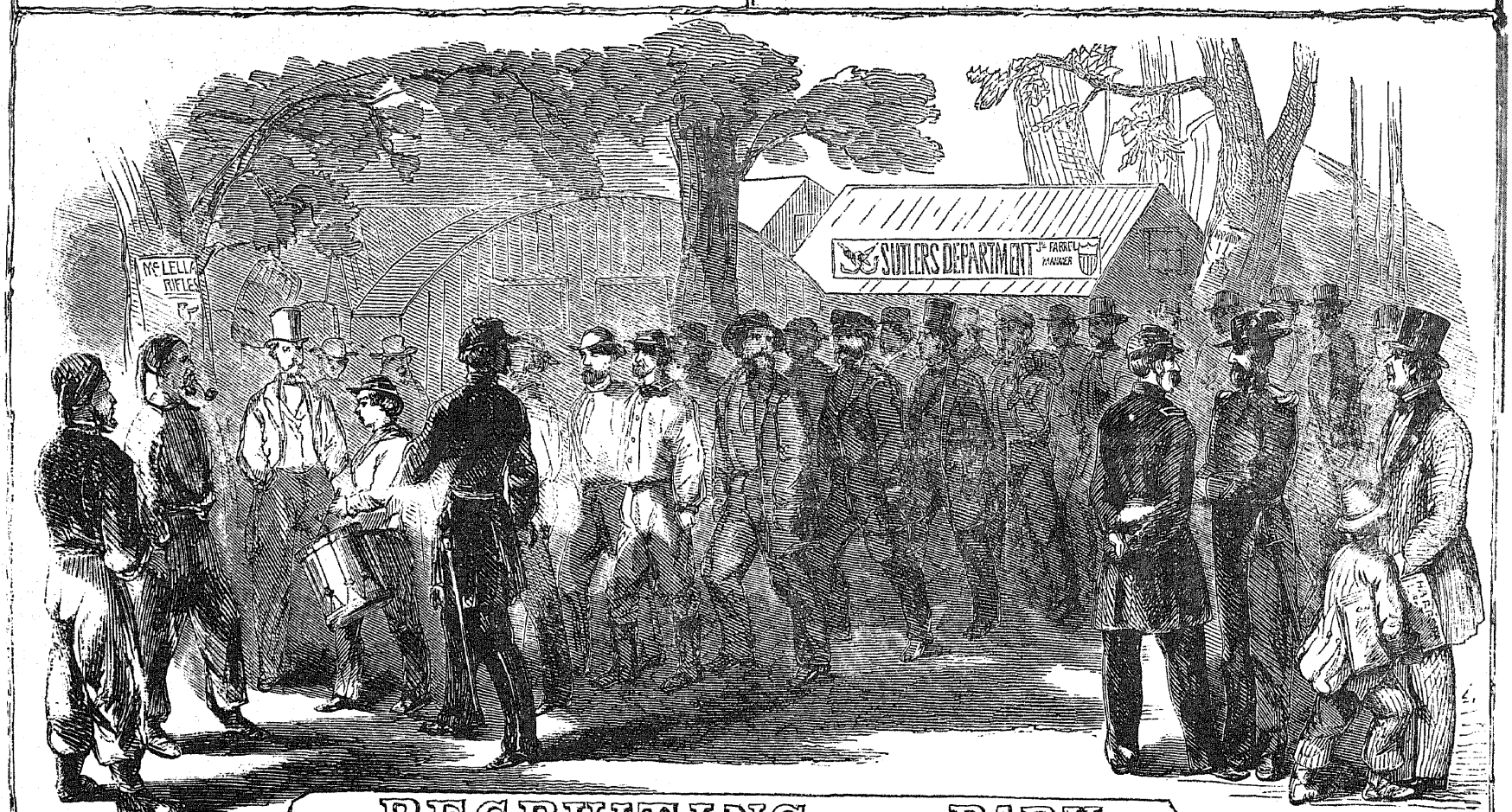
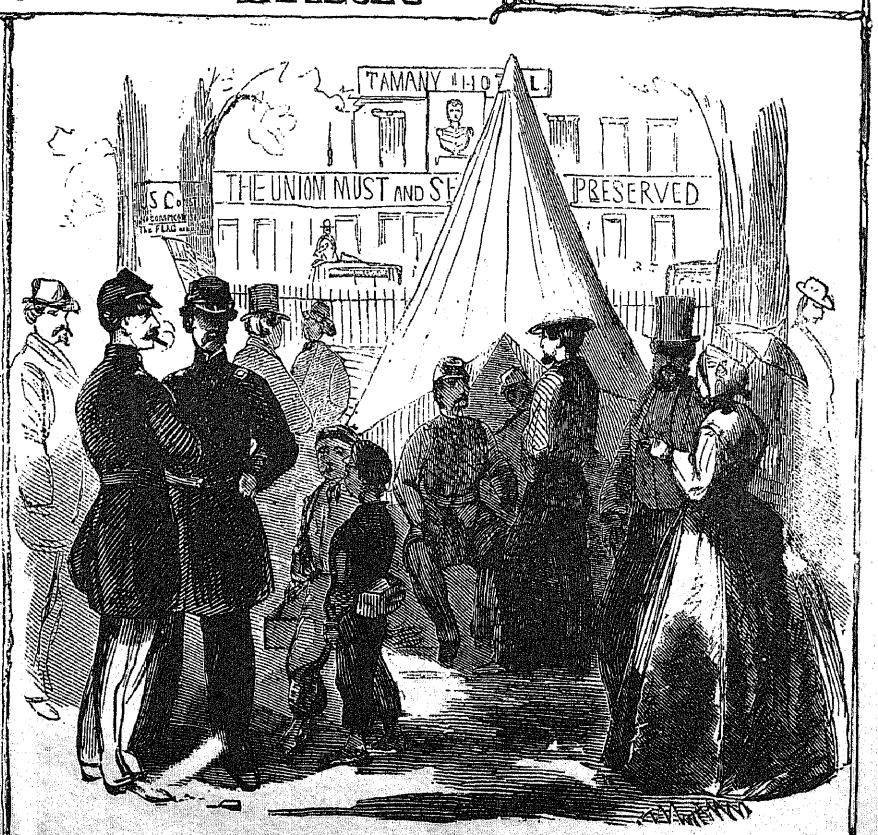




RECRUITING IN THE PARK



RECRUITING IN NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1861.

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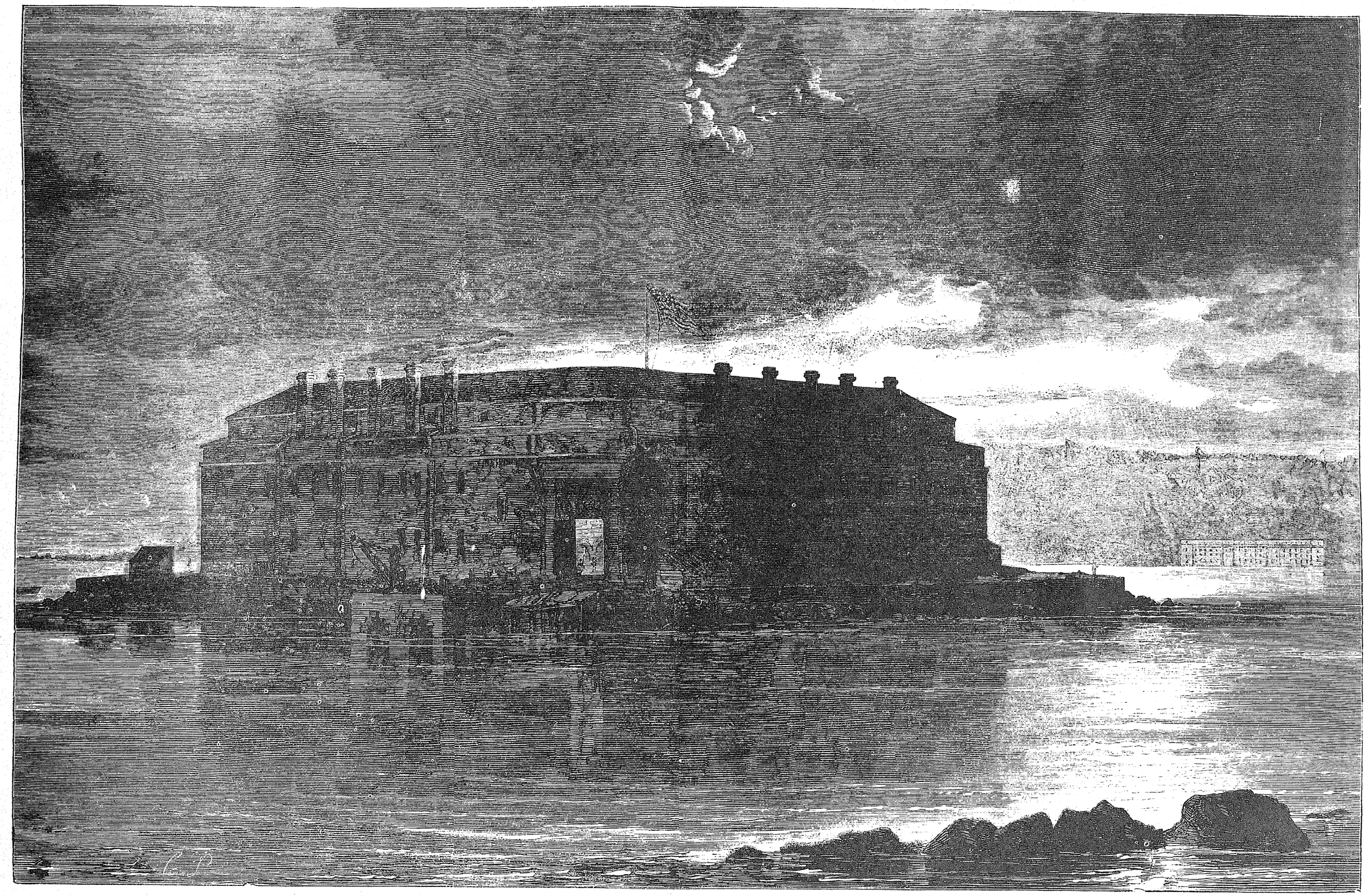

FORT LAFAYETTE, IN NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—VIEW TAKEN FROM FORT HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

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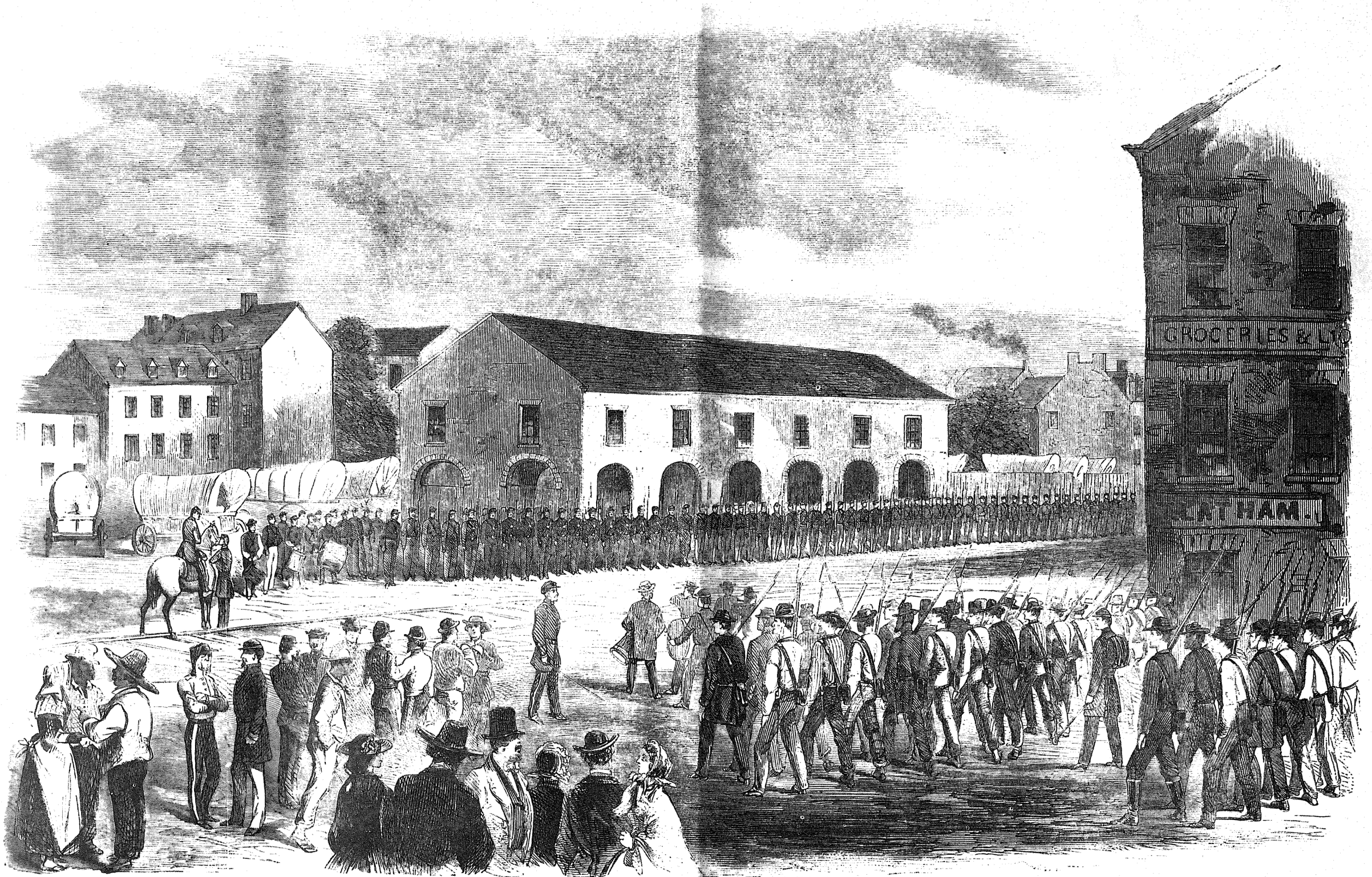

MARKET-PLACE AT WINCHESTER, RENDEZVOUS OF THE REBEL MILITIA OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

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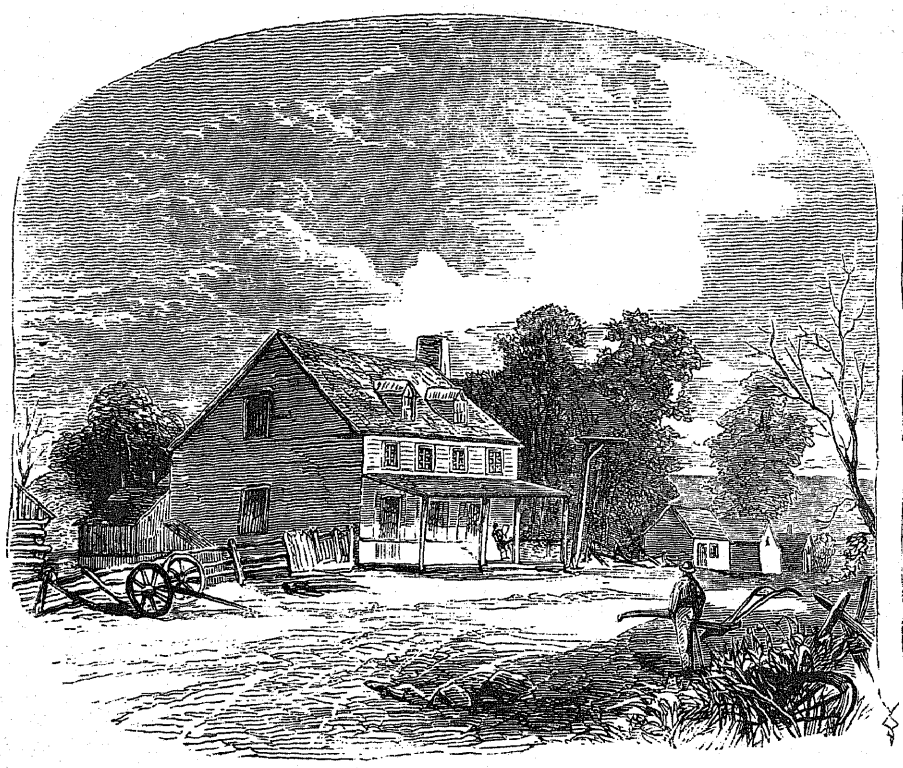
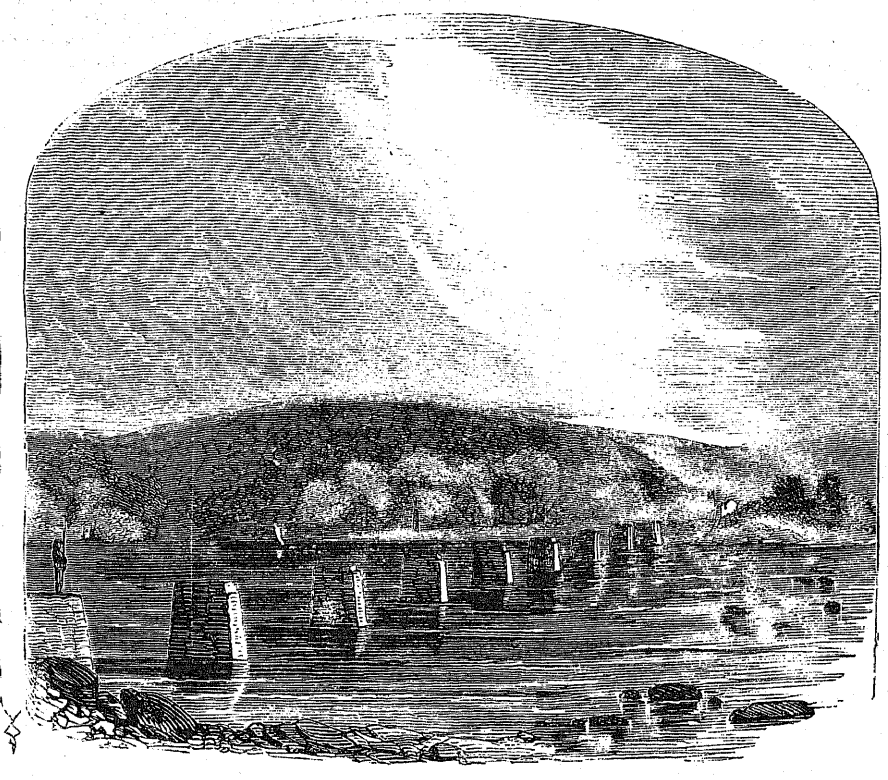
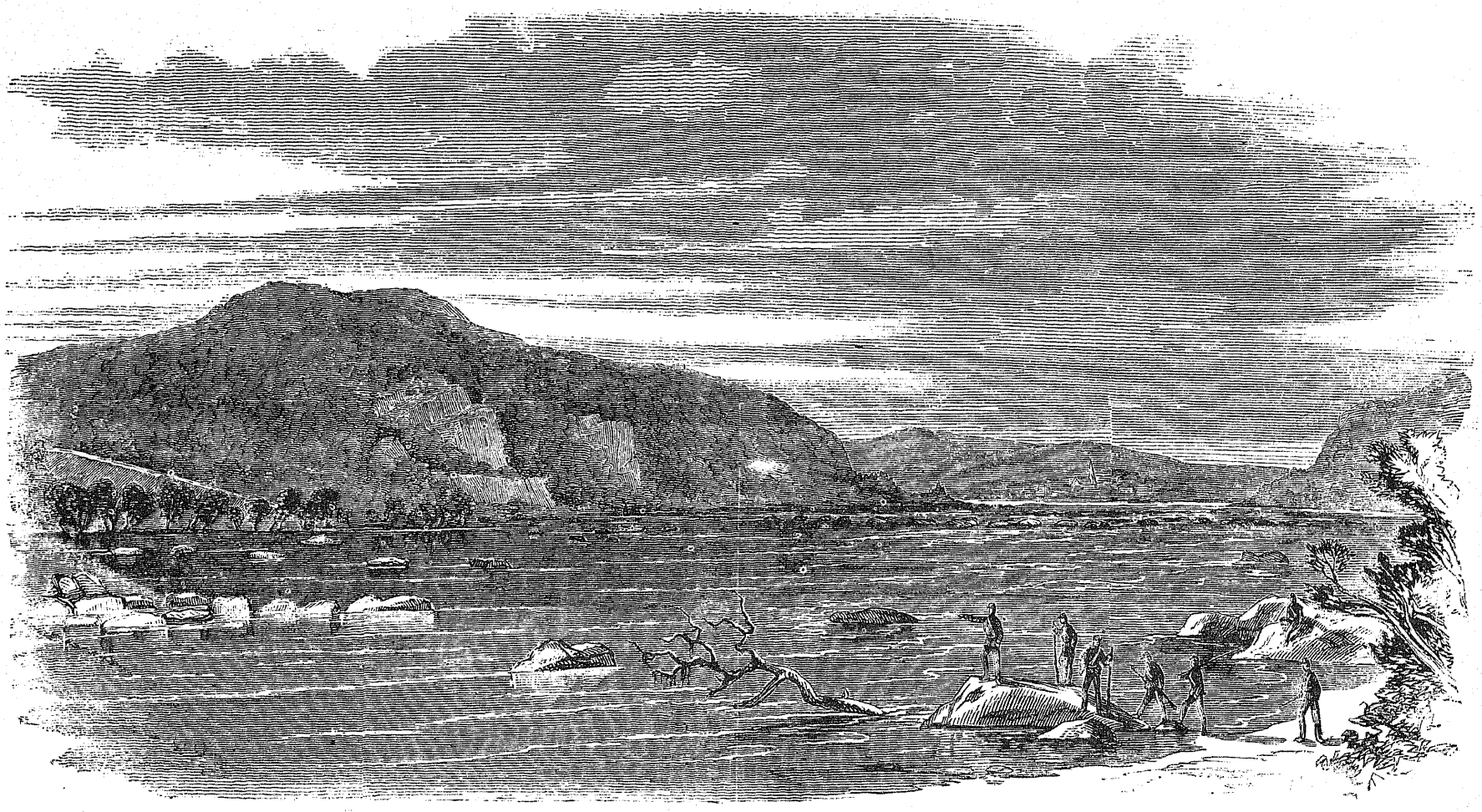


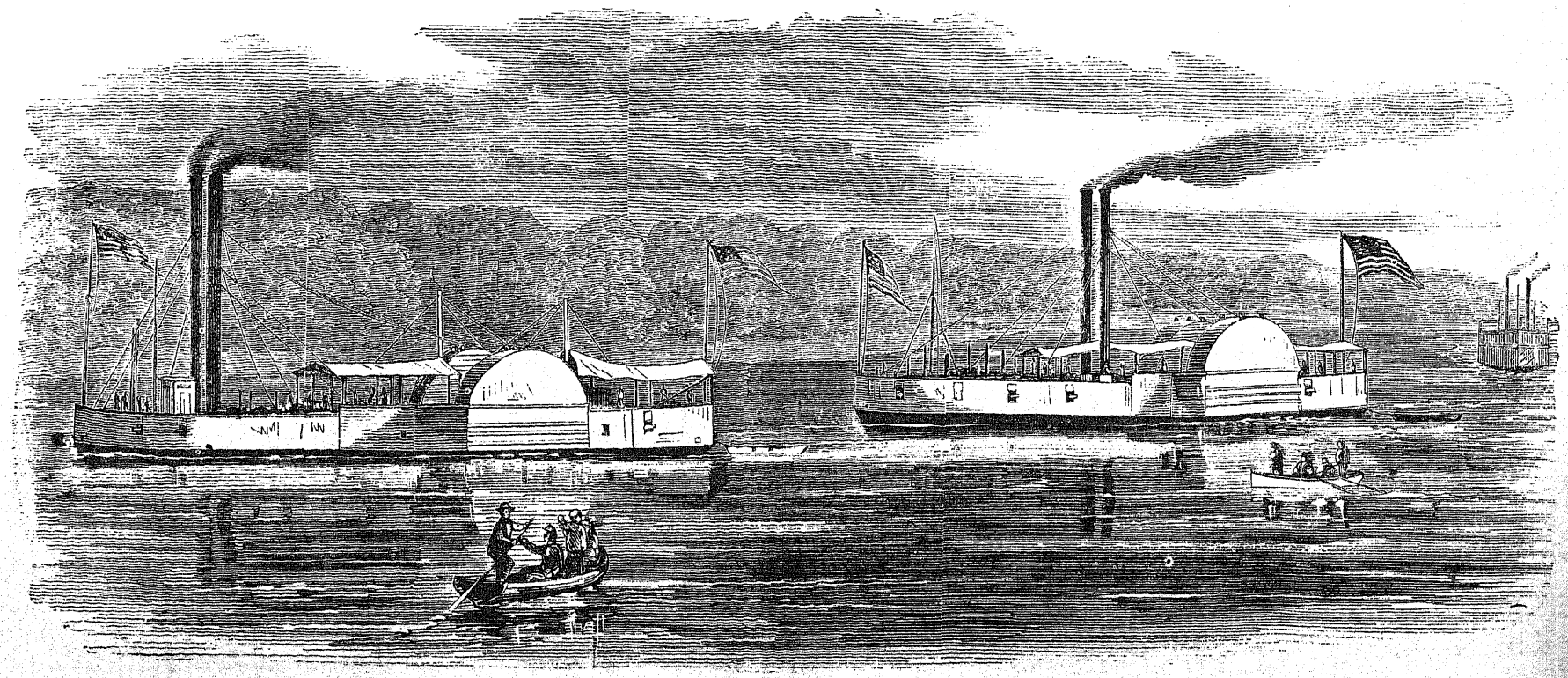
THE "HOTEL" AT CENTERVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 571.]



RUINS 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 "CONESTOGA" AND "LEXINGTON," UNITED STATES GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

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