

Images of the Siege of Yorktown, 1862

- pages 2-17: images from *Harper's Weekly*
- pages 18-26: images from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*
- pages 27-41: images from *New-York Illustrated News*

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APR 23 1862
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. VI.—No. 278.]

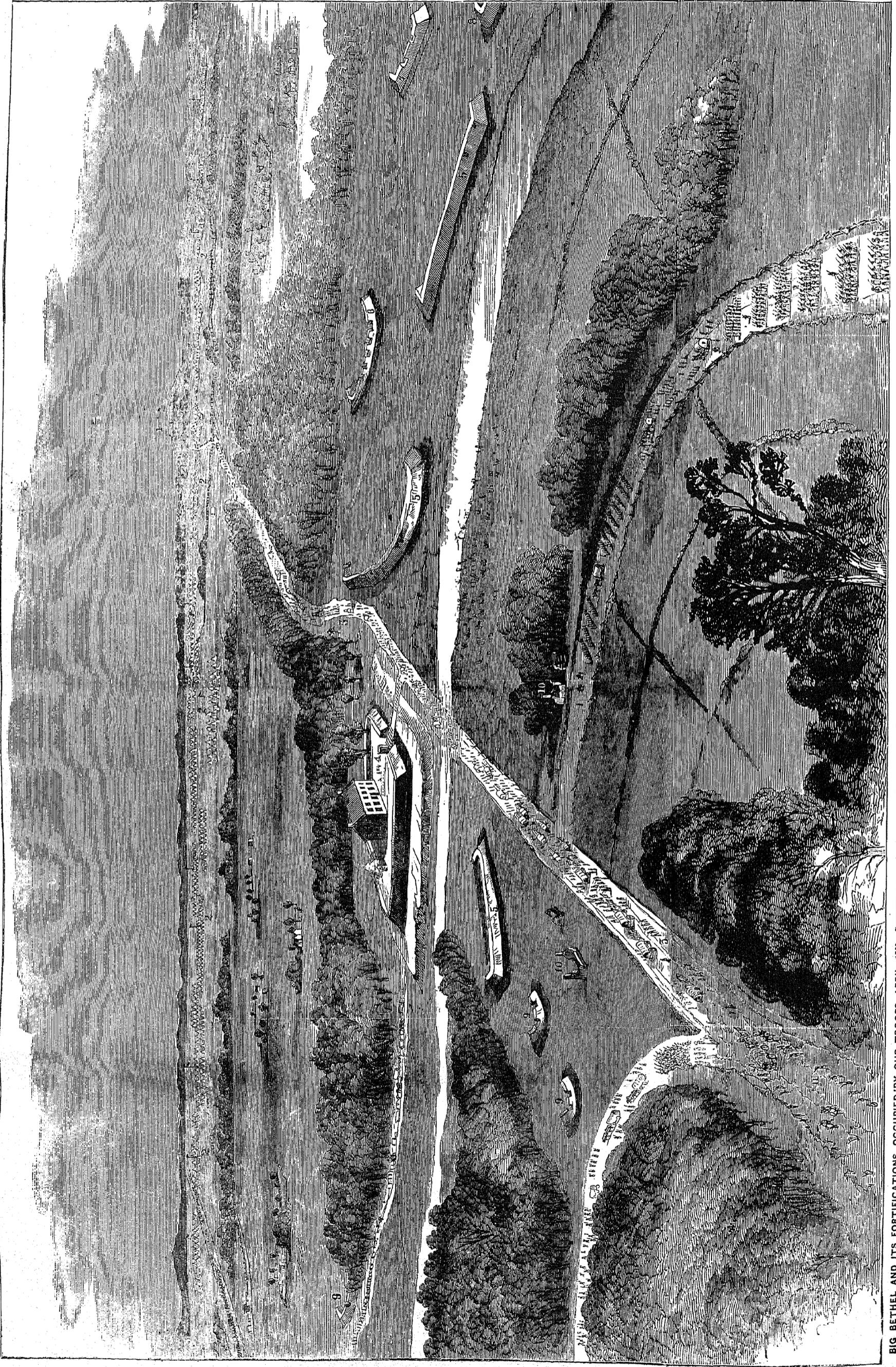
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

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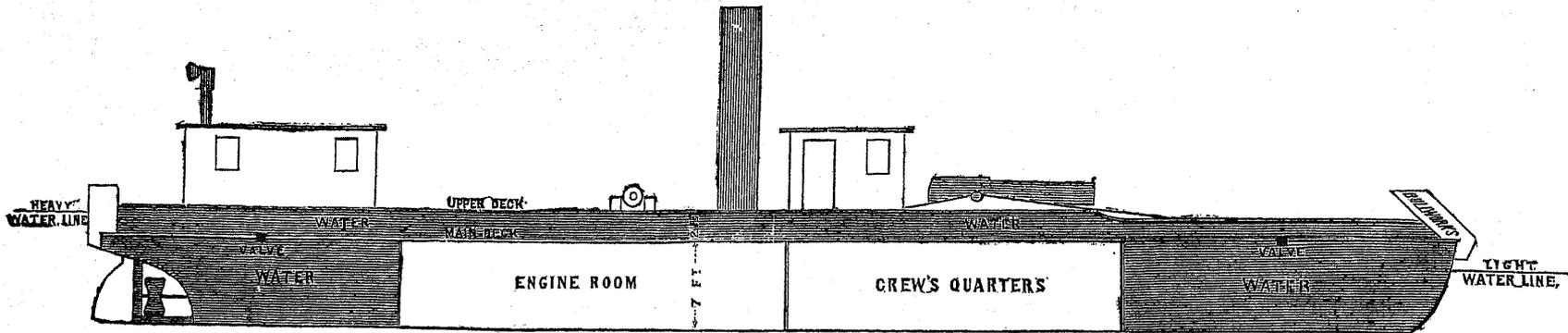
MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK IN THE FIELD, APRIL, 1862.



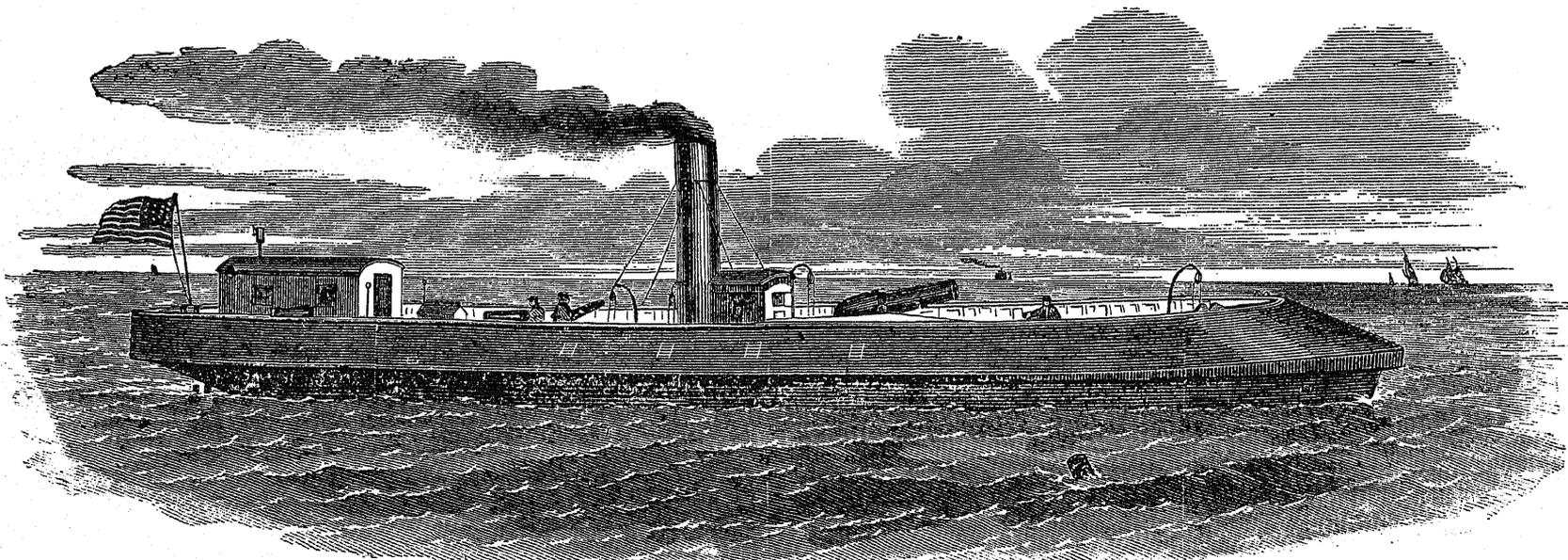
BIG BETHEL AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS, OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS, APRIL, 1862.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.—(SEE PAGE 252.)—1. Camps of the Union Troops.—2. Camps of the Union Troops.—3. Camps of the Union Troops.—4. Big Bethel.—5. Embankments for Infantry.—6. Battery for four Guns.—7. Battery for two Guns.—8. Battery for two Guns.—9. Battery for two Guns.—10. Burned Farm.—11. Road from Hampton, 11 Miles.

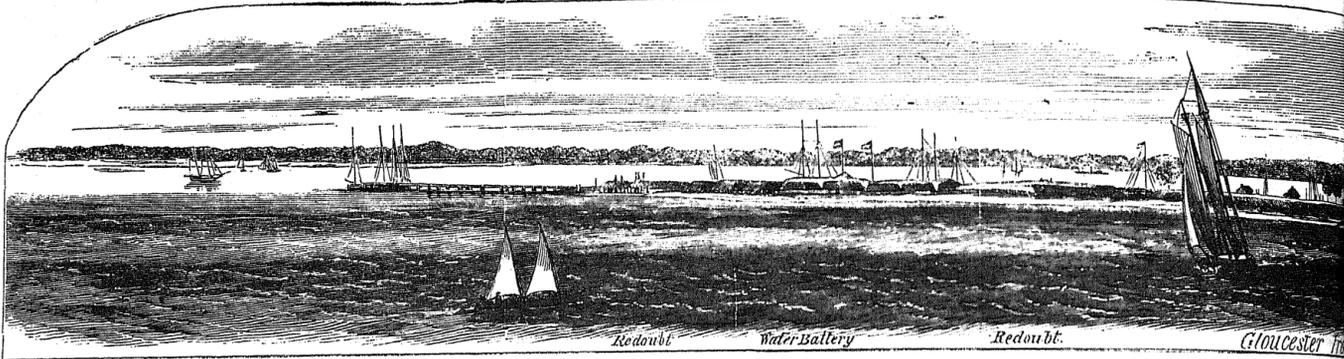


THE FIRST DAY'S FIRING AT YORKTOWN, APRIL, 1862.—Surrounded by an Ocean of 212 Topographical Engineers.—(See Page 262.)—1. Yorktown.—2. Four Batteries of 21 Guns, 32 and 42 Pounders, and Columbiads.—3. Columbia.—4. Two Rifled Guns.—5. Infantry Attack.—6. Left Wing.—7. Road from Williamsburg.—8. Major-General Smith's Command, three Brigades.—9. Brigadier-General Smith's Command, three Brigades.—10. Brigadier-General Casey's Command, three Brigades.—11. General Butler's Advance Corps de Armée, centre.—12. Headquarters of Major-General M'Callister and Staff.—13. General Sikes's Reserve Regiments, one Brigade.—14. Major-General Heintzelman's Command: Brigadier-General Porter's Advance, one Brigade; Brigadier-General Sedgwick, four Brigades; Brigadier-General Hamilton, four Brigades.—15. Miskel Battery of Dahlgren Guns.—16. Seven United States Gun-boats.—17. "Naugatuck."—18. General Porter's Advance of the Right Wing.—19. Battery of 18 Guns.—20. Gloucester.—21. Rebel Regiments.—22. Rebel Vessels.—Note: General Keyes, with his Brigade, stationed on Muttiberry Island.

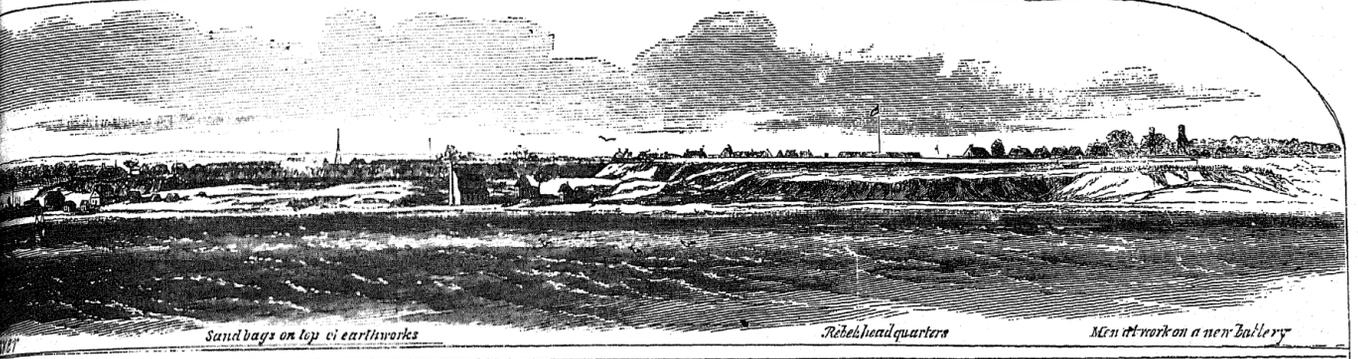


LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE "NAUGATUCK."

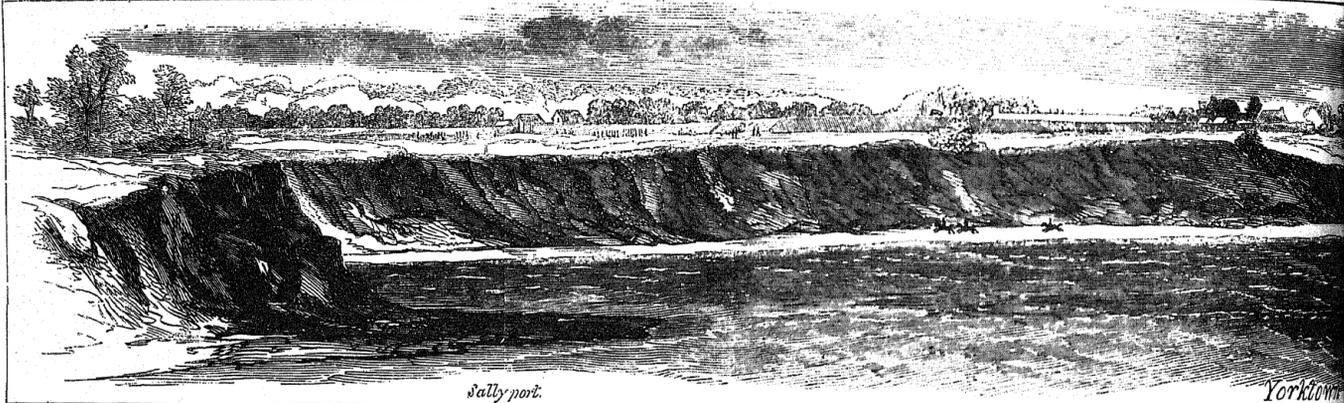




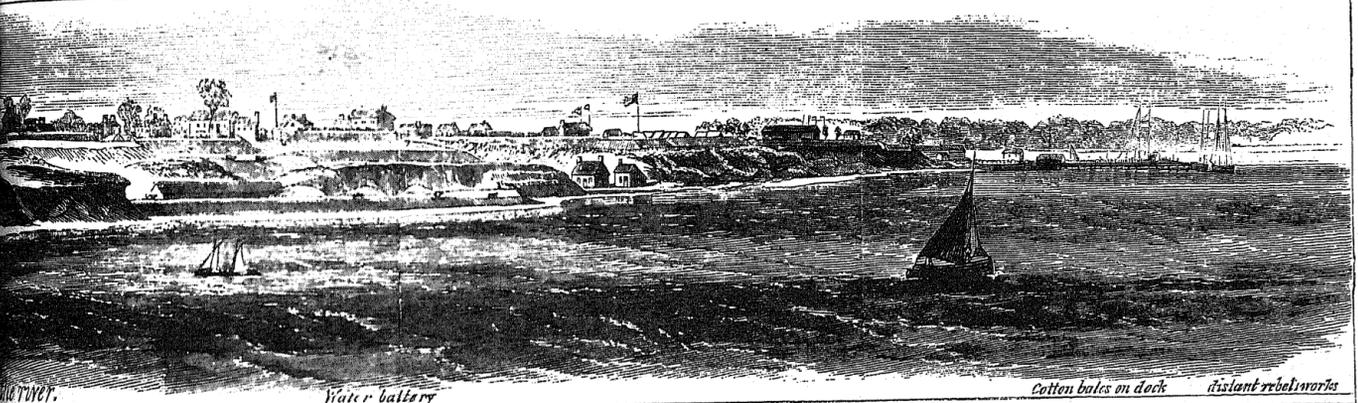
Redoubt Water Battery Redoubt Gloucester



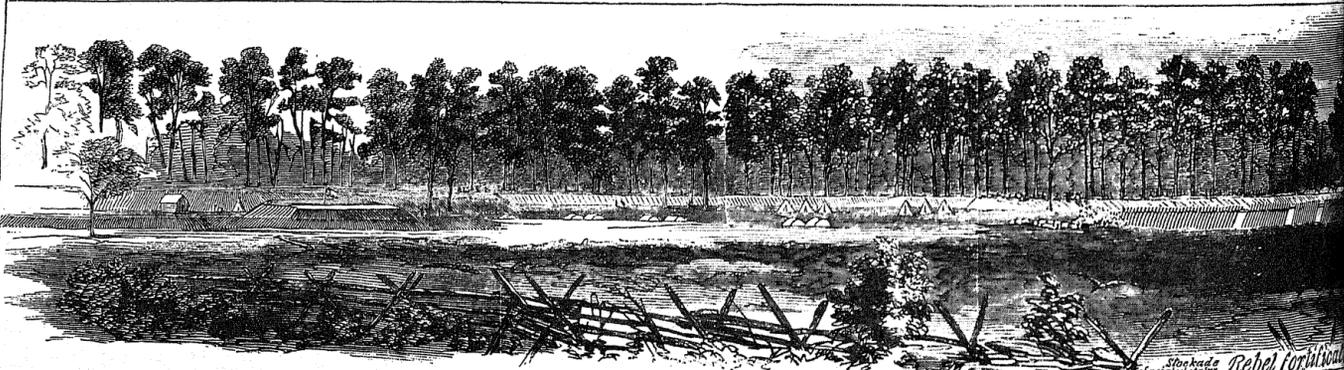
Sand bags on top of earthworks Rebel headquarters Men at work on a new battery



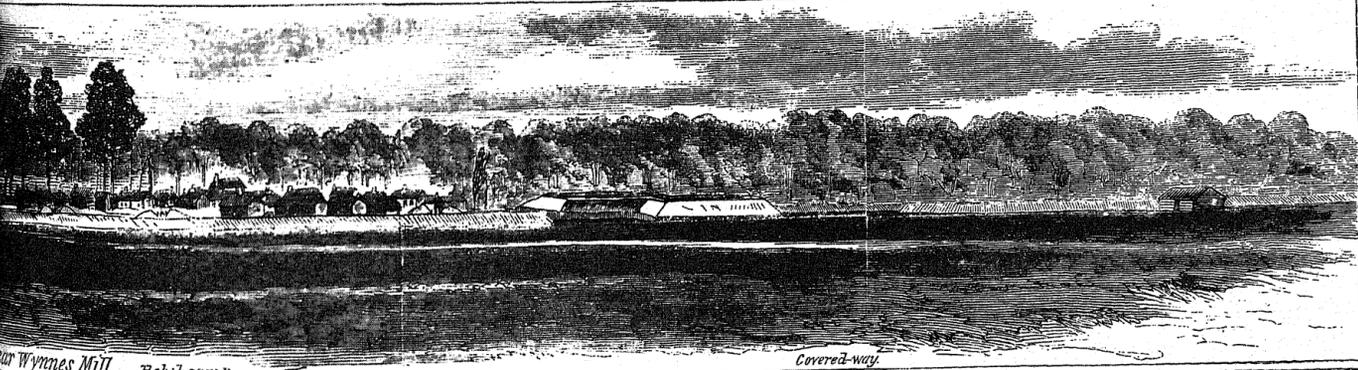
Sally port



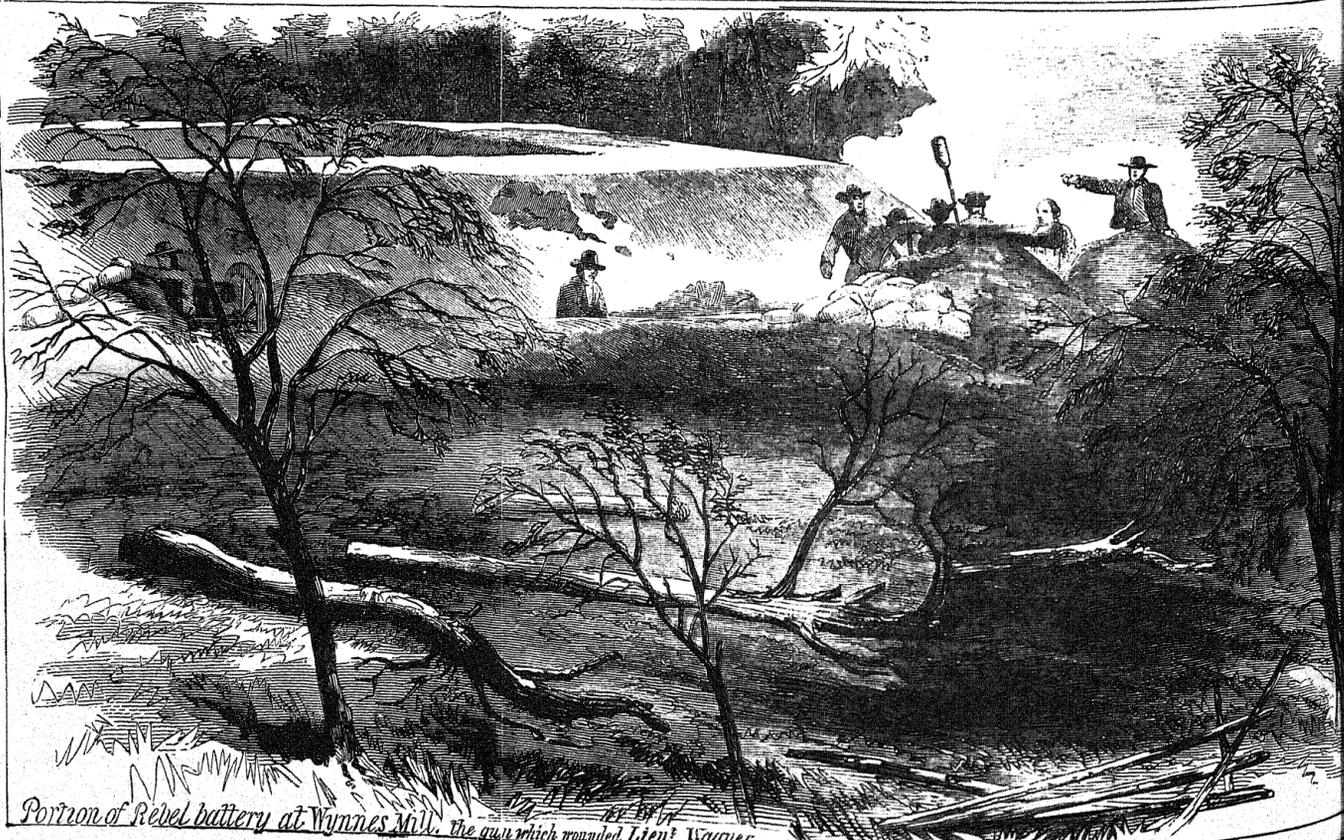
Yorktown Water battery Cotton bales on dock distant rebel works



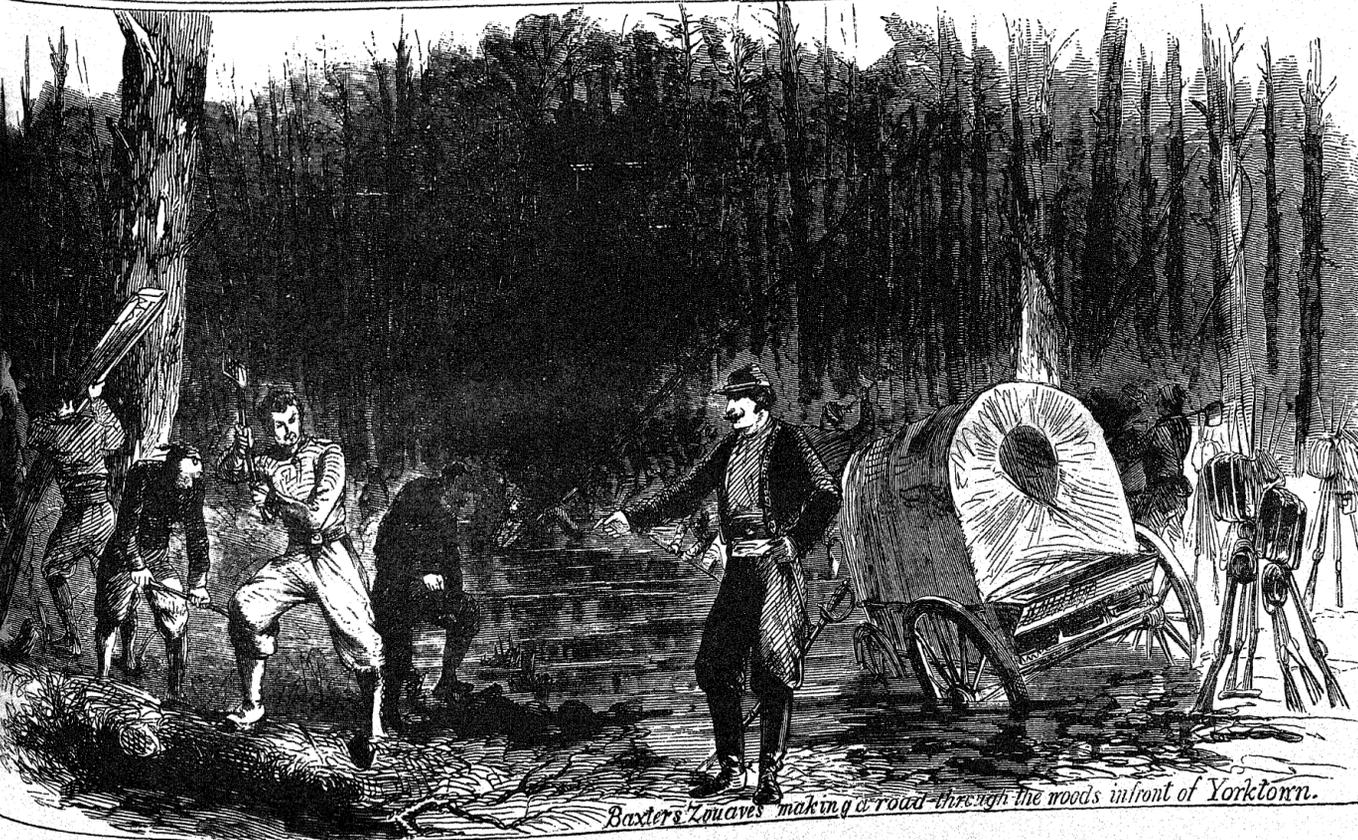
Rebel fortification



Wynes Mill Rebel camp Covered way



Portion of Rebel battery at Wynes Mill. the gun which wounded Lieu. Wagner.



Baxters' Louaves making a road through the woods in front of Yorktown.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VI.—No. 281.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

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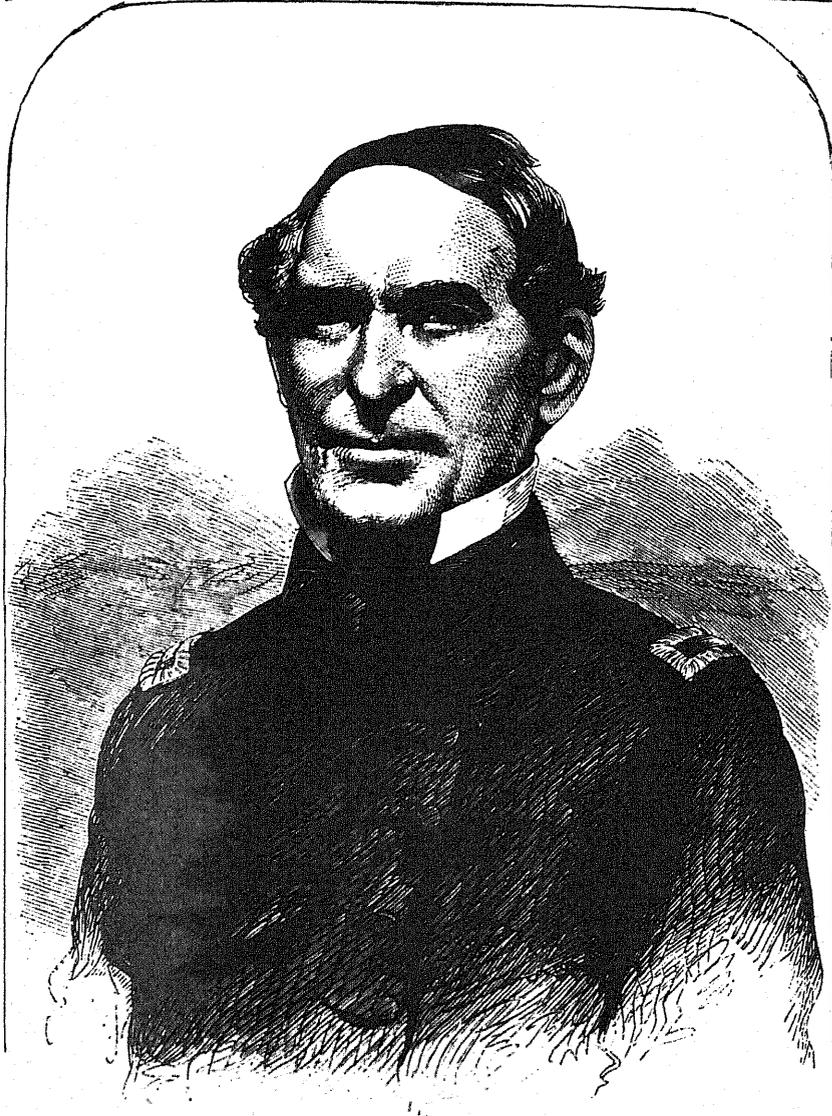
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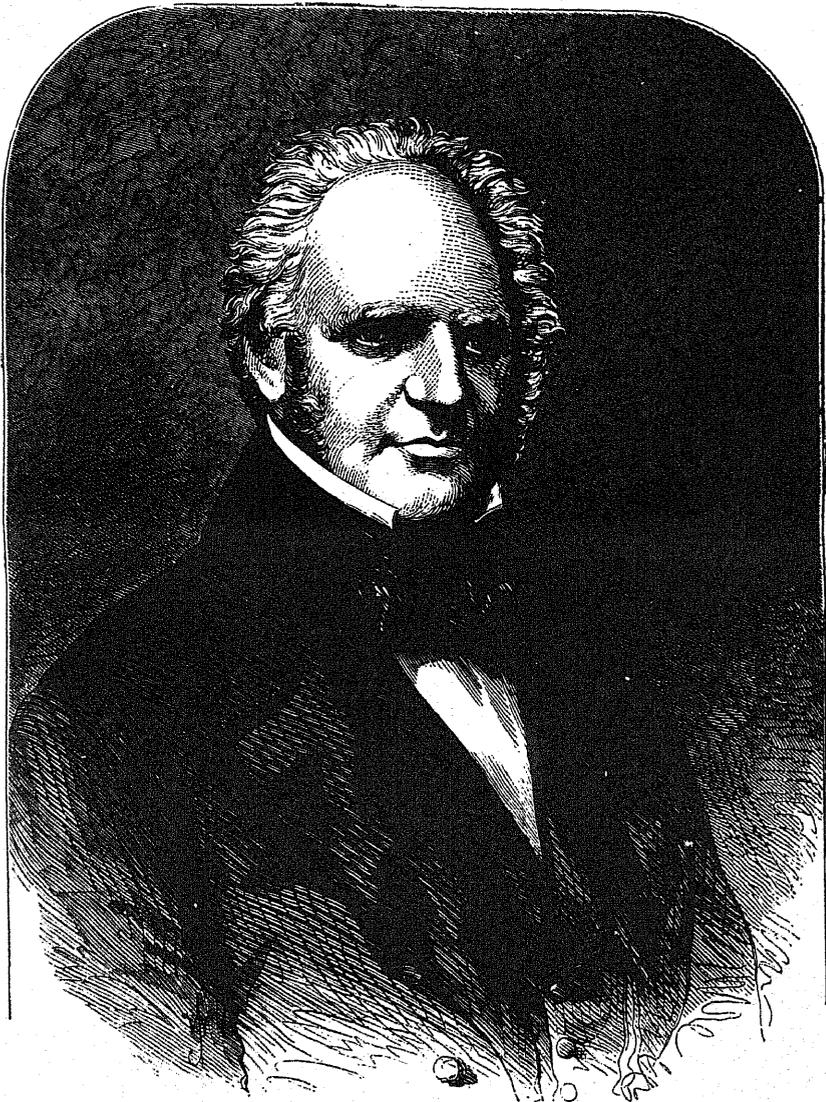
REBELS OUTSIDE THEIR WORKS AT YORKTOWN RECONNOITRING WITH DARK LANTERNS.—SKETCHED BY MR. WINSLLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



THE UNION CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY STARTING IN PURSUIT OF THE REBELS UP THE YORKTOWN TURNPIKE.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



COMMODORE FARRAGUT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLMES, 264 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]



[GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

COMMODORE FARRAGUT, U.S.N.

FLAG-OFFICER DAVID G. FARRAGUT, the Commodore of the fleet now before New Orleans, is a native of the State of Tennessee, and is about sixty-three years of age. He is a citizen of his native State, and was appointed to the United States Navy from that State. He entered the service as a midshipman when a mere child, his warrant bearing date December 17, 1810. He was first on board the *Essex*, under the redoubtable Commodore David Porter, and served

with him also in the expedition around Cape Horn in 1818. After ten years of an adventurous life, in the year 1820 we find him still a midshipman on board the *Franklin*, a seventy-four-gun line-of-battle ship. On the 13th of January, 1826, he was commissioned a Lieutenant.

In 1831 Lieutenant Farragut was ordered to act as Assistant Inspector of Ordnance, being second in command under Commodore Skinner. This position he held until after the end of the year 1833. Another field was at this time opened to the subject of our sketch by the establish-

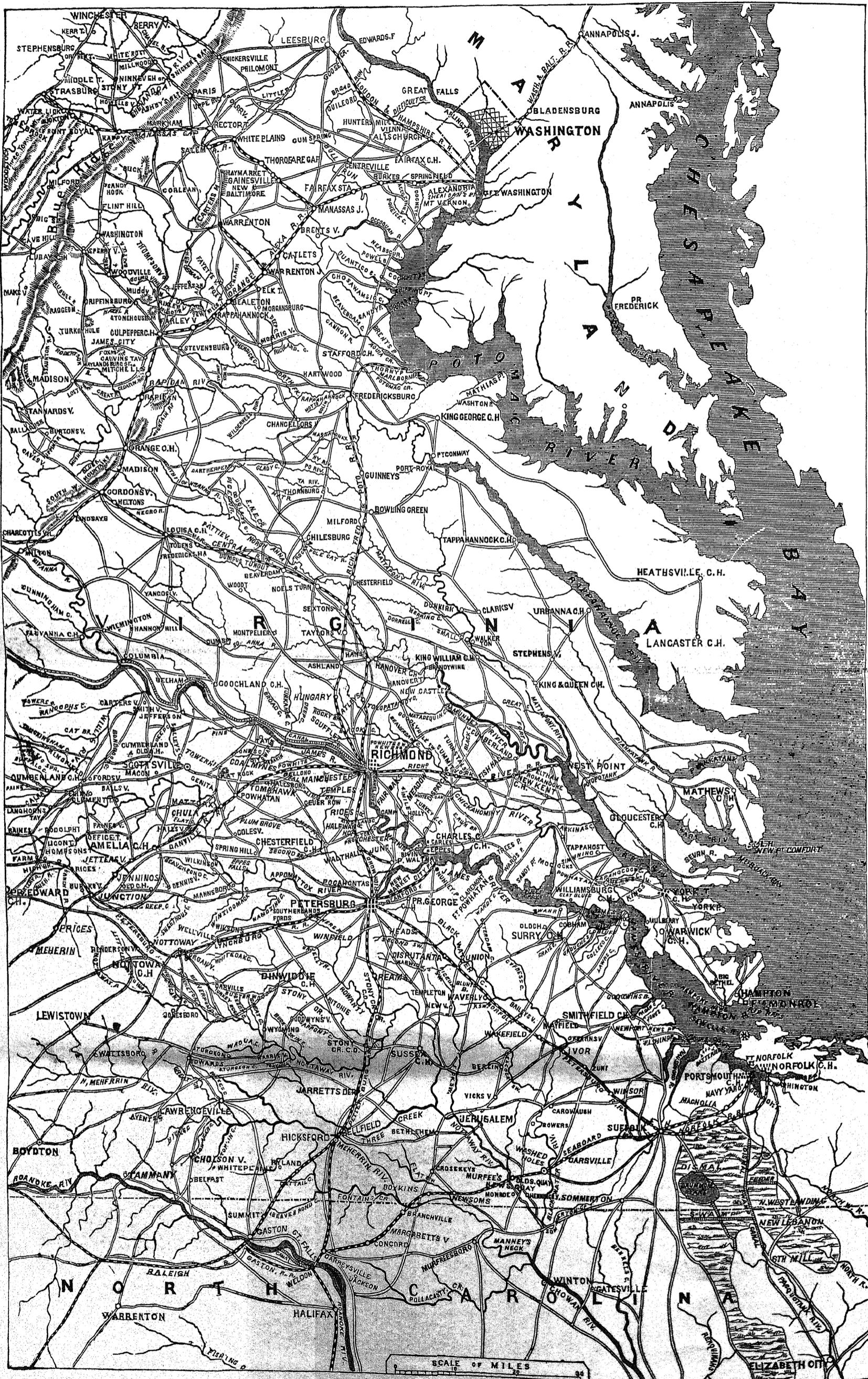
ment of a new Navy-yard at Mare's Island, near San Francisco, California. Commander Farragut, then standing No. 18 on the list, was ordered to the chief command of this post, and became commandant of the new yard. In 1838 he was ordered to the command of the steam sloop *Brooklyn*, a twenty-five-gun vessel, forming a portion of the Home Squadron under Flag-Officer McCluney. He was, however, removed from this command during the month of May, 1860, after being on board of the vessel over twenty months. When the present expedition was

fitted out Captain Farragut was appointed by the Navy Department as its Flag-Officer, and, judging by the reports that have reached us, he has bravely filled the position, and added one more sprig to the already heavy laurel wreath won by the navy of the United States.

Commodore Farragut is still an active and comparatively young-looking man. He has been twice married, the last time to the niece of George Loyal, Buchanan's Navy Agent at Norfolk, and one who is reported as bitter a secessionist as any in that vicinity.



CHARGE OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON A REBEL RIFLE PIT NEAR YORKTOWN.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



MAP OF THE THEATRE OF THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.



PICKETS CONVERSING BEFORE YORKTOWN—A COMMON SCENE.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD OF THE VERMONT BRIGADE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

OUR FLEET IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our correspondent with Commodore Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi sends us a large picture of the entrance of that fleet into the river, which we reproduce on pages 312 and 313. It will give the beholder some idea of the strength of the expedition—the largest, it is believed, ever collected under our flag. Our correspondent enumerates the fleet as follows:

- Flag-ship *Hartford*, twenty-six guns, Captain Richard Wainwright; Executive officer, Lieutenant J. S. Thornton.
- Steam sloop *Brooklyn*, twenty-six guns, Captain Thomas T. Craven; Executive officer, Lieutenant R. B. Lowry.
- Steam sloop *Bickmonul*, twenty-eight guns, Captain James Alden.
- Steam sloop *Mississippi*, sixteen guns, Captain M. Smith; Executive officer, Lieutenant Dewey.

- Steam sloop *Varuna*, ten guns, Captain Charles S. Boggs.
- Steam sloop *Pensacola*, twenty-four guns, Captain Henry W. Morris; Executive officer, Lieutenant Francis Roe.
- Steam sloop *Oneida*, eleven guns, Commander S. Phillips Lee; Executive officer, Lieutenant Sicord.
- Steam sloop *Troquois*, nine guns, Commander John De Camp; Executive officer, David B. Harmony.
- Gun-boat *Westfield*, six guns, Captain William B. Renshaw.
- Gun-boat *Katahdin*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding George Preble.
- Gun-boat *Pinola*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Crosby.
- Gun-boat *Carrya*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Napoleon Harrison.
- Gun-boat *Clifton*, five guns.
- Gun-boat *Itasca*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding C. H. B. Cahillwell.
- Gun-boat *Kennebec*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Ruseell.

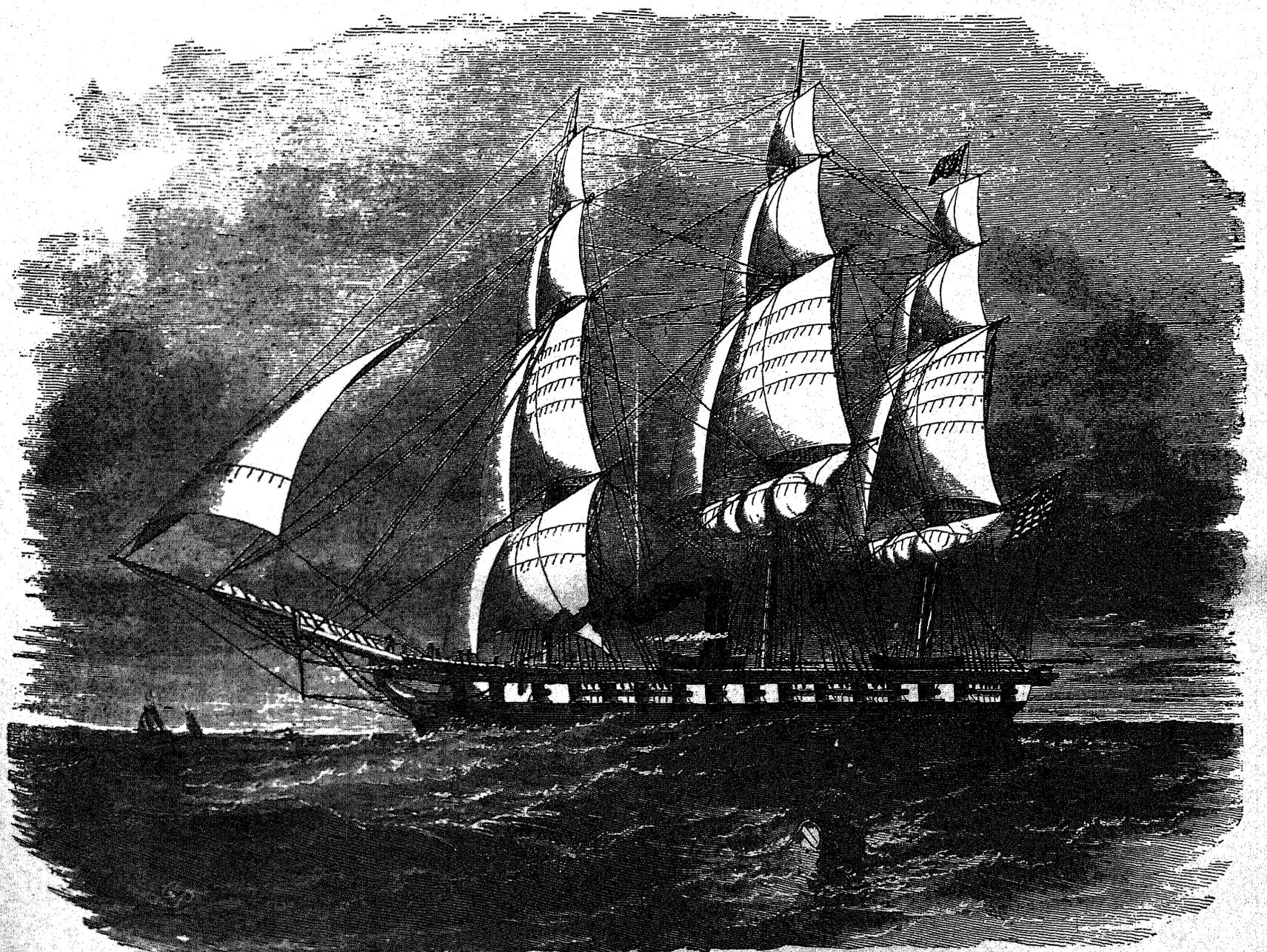
- Gun-boat *Kanawha*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Febiger.
- Gun-boat *Sciota*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward Donaldson.
- Gun-boat *Miami*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding A. D. Harrell.
- Gun-boat *Owasco*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Guest.
- Gun-boat *Winona*, four guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward T. Nichols; Executive officer, John G. Walker.
- Gun-boat *Wissalickon*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Albert N. Smith.
- Gun-boat *Kineo*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding George H. Ransom.
- Schooner *Kittatimny*, nine guns, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Lamson.
- Gun-boat *Harriet Lane*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding J. M. Wainwright, with Commander David D. Porter, who has twenty-one schooners, composing "Porter's

mortar fleet," each carrying a heavy mortar and two 32-pound guns.

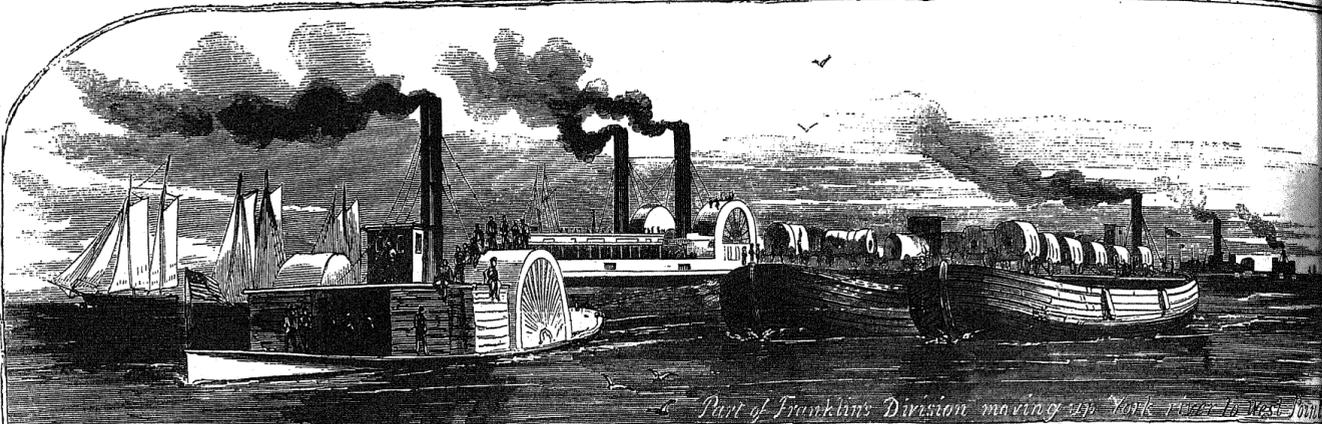
The fleet thus far, therefore, consists of forty-six sail, carrying two hundred and eighty-six guns, and twenty-one mortars, the whole under command of Flag-Officer D. S. Farragut—Henry H. Bell, Flag-Captain.

The *Mississippi* and the *Pensacola* grounded on the bar, and were towed off by tugs. The *Colorado* was unable to cross.

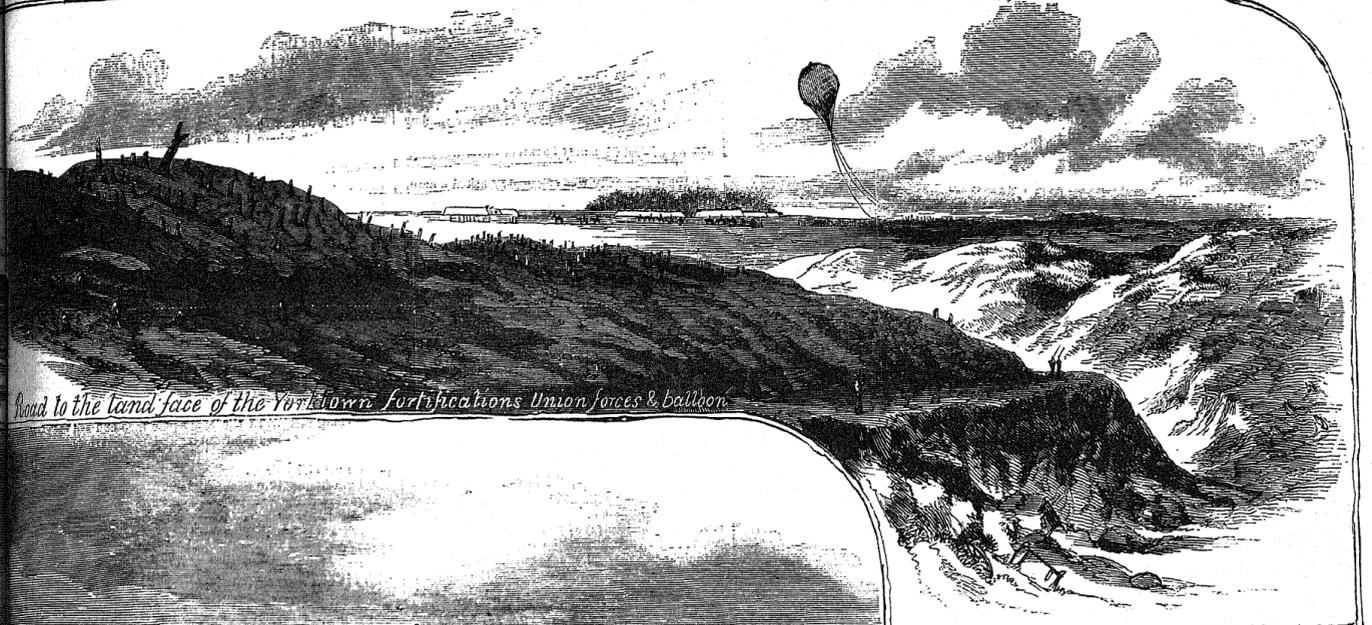
Of the *Hartford* herself, which is hardly seen with distinctness in our large picture in consequence of her being in the advance of the fleet, we give a separate illustration on this page. She is a noble ship, and Commodore Farragut may well be proud of her.



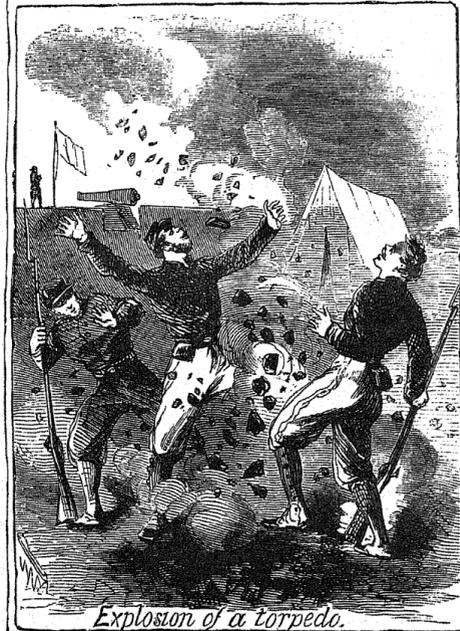
THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HARTFORD" COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, WHICH LED THE SQUADRON UP THE MISSISSIPPI.



Part of Franklin's Division moving up York river to West Point



View to the land face of the Yorktown fortifications Union forces & balloon



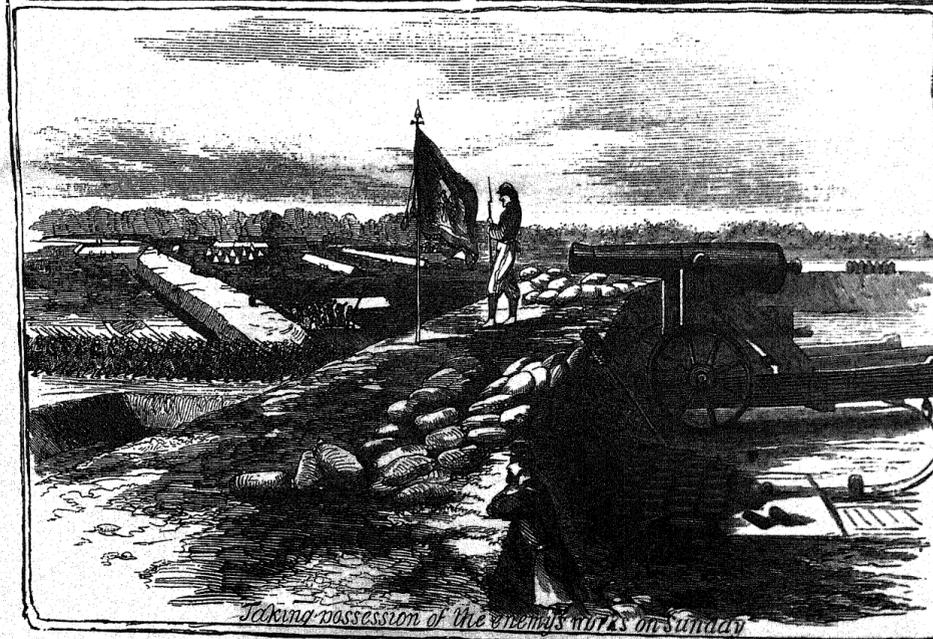
Explosion of a torpedo.



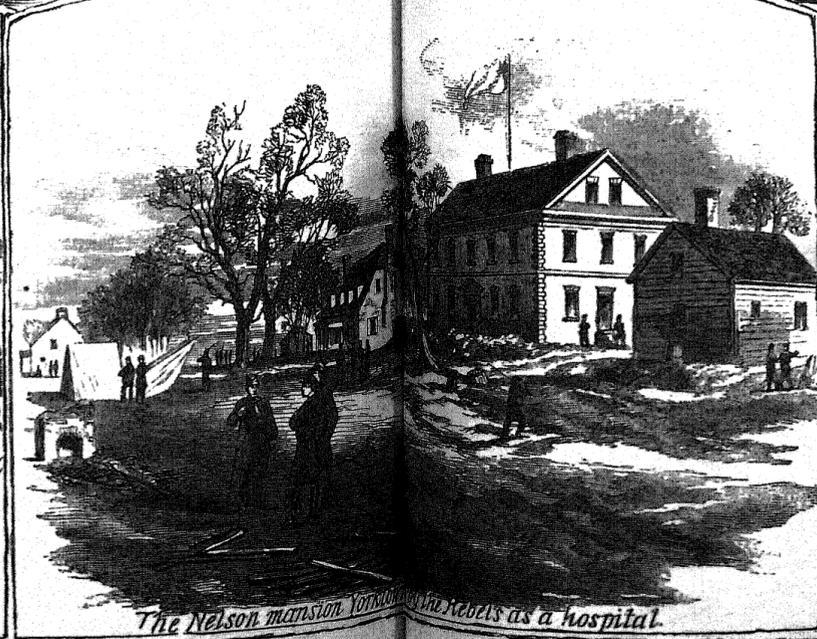
Pursuit of rebels.



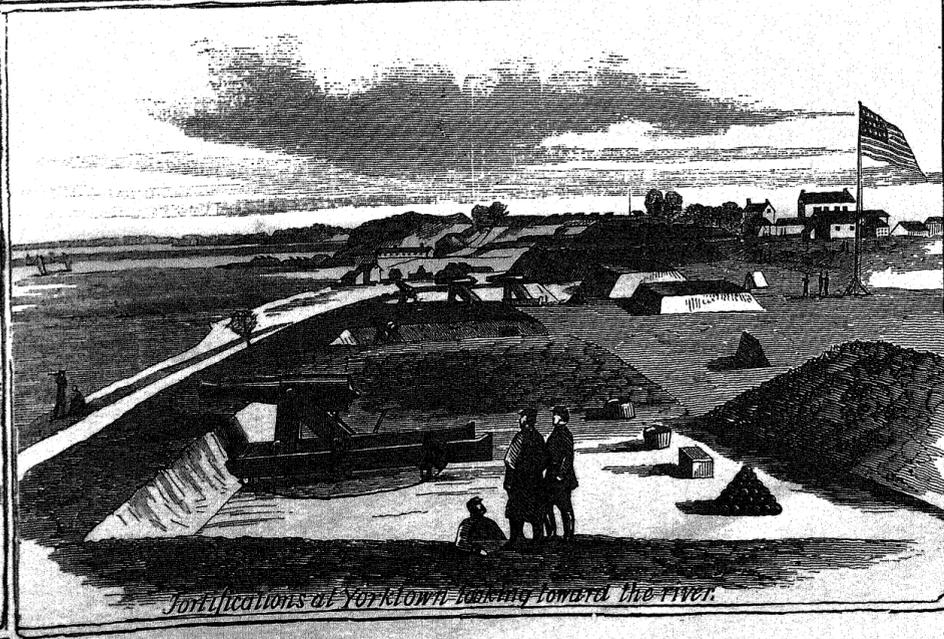
Magazine at the head of the ravine Yorktown



Taking possession of the enemy's works on Sunday

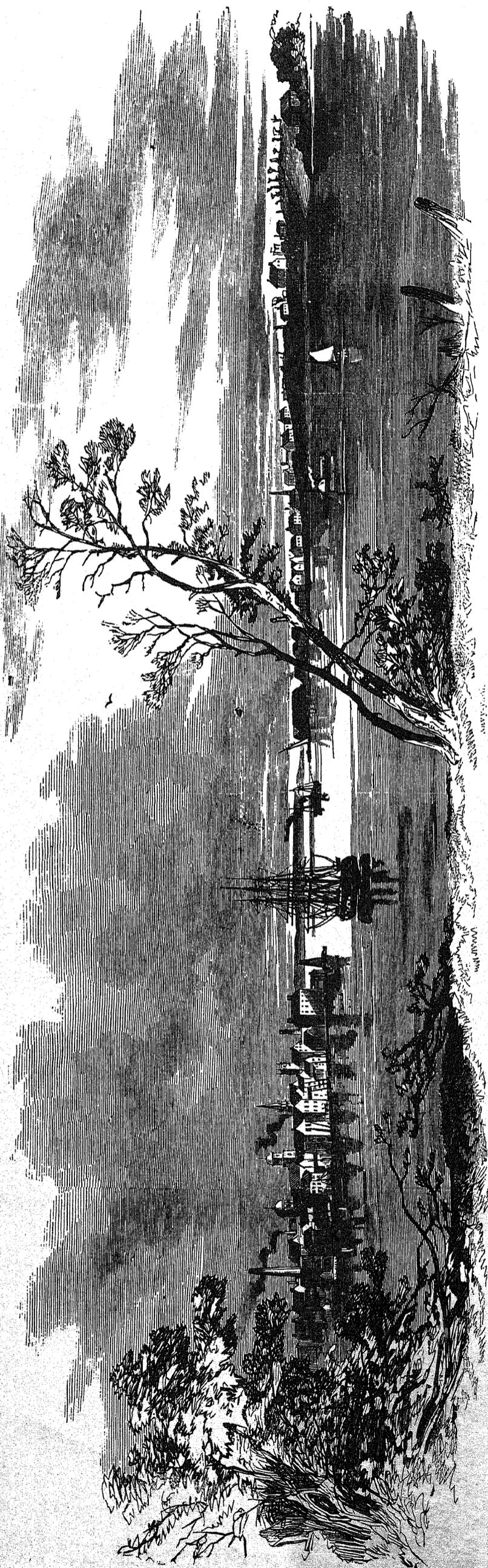


The Nelson mansion Yorktown used by the Rebels as a hospital.



Fortifications at Yorktown looking toward the river.

SCENES AND VIEWS AT AND AROUND YORKTOWN VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



THE CITY OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS.

ONLY ONE KILLED.

"ONE killed and three wounded."
 "That all!" said I. "Hardly worth the cost of a telegram."
 There had been a reconnoissance, a surprise of enemy's scouts, a brief, sharp engagement; ending successfully, and casualties as above.
 A pair of sober gray eyes were turned upon my face, and I read in them a silent rebuke for this lightness of speech.
 "And yet," I added, by way of apology for my remark, "the loss of this single life may shadow more than a single home. Cups that held until now only sweet wine may be full of bitterness hereafter."
 "What Company was engaged?" asked a man, who sat near. The newspaper was referred to, and the answer given.
 "Company C."
 "Colonel R—'s regiment?"
 "Yes, Sir."
 "Are the names of the killed and wounded given?"
 I noticed a slight unsteadiness in the man's voice. "No names are given."
 "May I see your paper for a moment?"
 I handed him the newspaper, in which I had read about the reconnoissance, and what seemed, at the moment, a casualty not worth reporting. I saw that his hand trembled a little, and that his eyes searched through the sentences of the telegram in an eager way.
 "Thank you," he said, as he returned the paper, "there are no particulars." Then, with a falling of the voice, he added, "I have a son in that Company."
 Remembering the light speech into which a want of reflection had betrayed me, I did not venture to respond in any way lest the real concern I now felt might be regarded, if expressed, as only a pretense. Soon after the man nodded to the conductor of the car in which we were riding; the check-string was pulled, the car stopped, and he went out. My eyes followed him as the car moved on until I saw him enter a house. Two days afterward—I had forgotten the trifling matter of one killed and three wounded—in passing this house I saw crape on the door. My heart leaped with a painful throb.
 "Who is dead in the third house below?" I asked of the store-keeper at the corner.
 "Mr. B—'s son. He was killed."
 "In the war?"
 "Yes, Sir. News came, three days ago, that one man had been killed in a reconnoissance, and it turned out to be his son, Edward. Ah! Sir, he was a splendid young man, and it will go hard with his father and mother. And hard, too," he added, lowering his voice, "for one besides them."
 "Had he a wife?" I inquired.
 "No, Sir; he was not married."
 "A sweet-heart?"
 "Yes. He was engaged, I believe."
 Only one killed! How differently the fact impressed me now! It was no longer an unrealized newspaper announcement, but a present, stern reality.
 "Has the body arrived?" I asked.
 "Yes; they brought it home to-day. Mr. B— went for it himself."
 "Was it much disfigured?"
 "No. A ball passed through the heart, killing him instantly."
 "Had Mr. B— other sons?"
 "No, Sir. Edward was his only boy. It is a great loss, Sir."
 "How does he bear it? Have you heard?"
 "I saw him an hour ago."
 "Well?"
 "He was very calm; but, Sir, he looked ten years older. Mr. B— is one of those men who bear things patiently; but he has deep feeling nevertheless. That boy was his idol."
 "How is it with the mother?"
 The store-keeper shook his head. "I asked Mr. B—, but his eyes filled, and he choked in trying to answer. I'm almost afraid it will be too much for her. She is not very strong."
 "Did they oppose his going to the war?"
 "Mr. B— did not. He's an earnest man, and loves his country too well to hold back any thing while she is in danger."
 Only one killed! How insignificant the fact seemed when the telegraph made this announcement; but what bitterness had followed! Only one killed!
 On the day following I noticed, in passing, a large funeral procession. Of the tens of thousands who had lingered scarcely a moment over the brief telegram announcing but one killed and three wounded had the imagination of an individual pictured distinctly a solemn scene like this as following in natural sequence, or given the faintest realization of the sorrow and suffering that lay veiled behind?
 Fifty killed and two or three hundred wounded! Ah! now the pulses beat. Here is something worth while! How strangely this familiarity with war ices over the heart! One, two, three hundred killed or mangled. It is awful to contemplate; and yet we must come down to the single cases to get at the heart of this fearful matter. Away from every battle-field, from every skirmishing ground, heart-cords stretch, in single lines, to as many hearts and homes as there are individuals, and death, or wounding, thrill these sympathetic lines, each with its own wild fear and anguish.
 "That is Mr. B—. His son was killed in a skirmish with the enemy. He belonged to Company C."
 "Oh, in that slight affair! I had forgotten it. There was only the trifle of one killed, I think."
 "And that was Mr. B—'s son."
 Mr. B— was leaving the car in which we were riding. He was so changed that I had not recognized him as the individual in whose presence I spoke so lightly about one killed and three wounded only a few weeks before.

"Sad, isn't it?" said the other, growing serious.
 "Very sad. I'm told the mother hasn't left her room since the terrible news was communicated. He was an only son."
 "That is trouble," was answered. "How little do we think of what is really involved when we run our eyes so carelessly, and often half-impatiently, over these almost daily announcements of one or two killed or wounded in scout and picket skirmishing! It comes home to us in Mr. B—'s case."
 A few weeks later.
 "Did you see that face at the window?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.
 I had observed the face—that of a young woman. It was visible for only an instant; but in that instant it had impressed me strongly, it was so white, so ghostly, so full of sadness and suffering.
 "Yes, I saw it."
 "There has been something more than bodily sickness," said the friend.
 "Heart sickness. Pain that defies the leech's skill."
 "It always touches me to see a face like that," remarked my companion. "Heart-blight in one so young—ah, it is sad, sad! How quickly the tender leaves shrink and fade when frost drops down on a spring blossom! Its life is drawn from the sunshine, and falls when the icy winds pass over. In later years we have more endurance. The heart is stronger to bear."
 Not long afterward the same pale face and sad eyes looked out upon me from a carriage, and their image and expression remained with me as in a picture for many days.
 "I am haunted by that face," said I, as it glided past me on the street, the eyes resting in mine for an instant. Was there not something of rebuke in them? I felt it so. And yet they were to me the eyes of a stranger.
 "Unhappy one! sorrow has touched you early with his blighting fingers." So I spoke with myself as I walked on musing. "Has love failed, or the shadow of death fallen over the threshold of one dearer than life? Ah, is there not in the experience of one soul, tried in the fire as thou assuredly hast been, pain enough to make our hearts shiver in the bare imagination? First the stunning shock of a fearful calamity; then the awakening to pain as life begins to stir in the bruised and broken fibres and organs, in the quivering nerves and lacerated tissues; then the almost equally-balanced contest between life and death; and then the long period of slow recuperation, with its anguish of aching wounds, its helplessness, its despondency, its darkness. Ah! what a history is written in a face like thine, pale, suffering stranger! How little of all this is imagined by the passing crowd!"
 Next I saw that face in church. It was still pale and sad, and bore a look of exhaustion, as from long-endured pain. But now there was in it a softer expression—a touch of resignation blending with pious hope.
 "The Strong hath strengthened her;" so I said in my thought. "The burden was too heavy for her own soul, and she hath laid it upon Him. Her refuge is with the Comforter."
 Often during the services my eyes turned involuntarily toward the young lady, who had awakened in me an interest little short of fascination. No more devout worshiper sat under the preacher's ministrations. She impressed me as one who had turned hopelessly from earth, and now rested all with Heaven.
 As I moved down one of the aisles, after the benediction had been pronounced, the slightly-bowed form of Mr. B— met my observation. He was alone. My thought went instantly to his wife sorrowing for her dead son.
 "This may have indeed proved too heavy a burden," so I thought. "What a fearful weight to lay upon a mother's heart!"
 "What!" I ejaculated, speaking half-aloud, as a new conviction flashed across my mind, "did that arrow strike there also?"
 Mr. B— had paused by the pew door from which the pale-faced young woman was stepping into the aisle and taken her hand. I did not see his face, but I noted a faint, sad smile on her lips. They passed out together. In the vestibule they lingered, and, in answer to a question, I heard Mr. B— say,
 "I think she is a little more like herself. Come and see her, won't you? It will do you both good."
 Tears sprang to her eyes. My own were filling.
 "I will come." I saw her lips quiver, as she thus answered, and then turned almost hastily away.
 "Poor Alice!" said a voice near me.
 "Doesn't it make you sad to see her?" was the response.
 "Sad enough," answered the first speaker.
 "They had been for some time engaged, and were to be married as soon as the war was over."
 "Her friends feared a while for her reason."
 "Yes, and then for her life. But she is steadily regaining strength of body and mind. I was glad to see her in church to-day. She was always pure and good, and God will comfort and sustain her."
 "Mr. B— was in church also."
 "Yes. Poor man! He really looks broken."
 "They say that Edward's mother has scarcely been out of her room since the dreadful news came. Oh, I have pitied her so much!"
 The speakers passed on, and I heard no more.
 "Only one killed! Hardly worth the cost of a telegram!"
 It seemed as if some rebuking spirit had thrown these words into my mind. I was shocked, and sensible of a creeping shudder along my nerves. Then my mind was crowded with a myriad multiplication of the sorrow and pain which had followed that one death. A year, almost, of war, with hundreds of thousands in battle-array, and killing and wounding a thing of daily occurrence—alas! alas! What imagination can reach the fearful aggregate of woe?
 When peace comes—when the hydra-head of treason lies crushed at the nation's feet—shall we

pass the awful crime of those who, for selfish and wicked ends, turned our fertile fields into battle-grounds and cemeteries, and desolated our homes, as a light thing? Shall we give the fraternal hand, and offer the kiss of reconciliation, as though all were an innocent mistake or peccadillo? By the suffering and sorrow that remains unassuaged, no! Not revenge, not hate, not unforgiveness—no, not these for a Christian people; but a stern and abiding remembrance of the spirit that prompted the evils we have endured, and a never-ceasing condemnation of all who favored it in word or deed.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S CHARGE AT WILLIAMSBURG.

We illustrate on page 332 THE SPLENDID BAYONET CHARGE OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S BRIGADE at the battle of Williamsburg, and GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION IN THE SAME BATTLE; on page 333 we publish a portrait of GENERAL HANCOCK. On this page we publish a MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, showing the country which intervenes between Richmond and Yorktown. We think we may say that our Map contains every town, road, river, creek, and considerable village in the section of country where General McClellan is operating, and where the last act of the drama of Rebellion will be performed. General Hancock's charge is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

The rebel general had seen our weakness, and sent a force of four thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry to attack us in the rear. As soon as they appeared in sight General Hancock ordered the artillery to retreat, and prepared to give them a proper reception.

Waiting till the enemy had approached within two hundred yards, he placed himself at the head of his column, and, taking off his cap, turned to his men and said to them, as only General Hancock can say it, "Gentlemen, charge!" and with a yell they rushed upon the enemy, scattering them in every direction.

This was probably the most brilliant charge made during the day. A great number of the enemy were left dead and wounded upon the field, while our loss was very small.

Our regiments all did nobly, but none of them more so than the Fifth Wisconsin and Forty-third New York. Colonel Cobb and Major Larabee, of the Fifth Wisconsin, and Colonels Vinton and Pearson, of the Forty-third New York, are deserving of especial praise. The charge made by General Hancock saved us the day yesterday, in all probability. By the time our reinforcements had arrived General Hancock had driven the enemy from the field.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

We publish on pages 328 and 329 a number of pictures illustrating the retreat of the rebels from Yorktown and the pursuit by General McClellan; all from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. He writes us as follows of these sketches:

ROAD TO THE LAND FACE OF THE YORKTOWN FORTIFICATIONS.

This road leads through a desolate ravine, where the trees which formerly graced the sides have been cut down and burned, leaving black trunks and stumps upon the arid soil. An occasional dead horse, a caisson, a limber-box, and a dreadful stench mark the principal line of communication between the main works and the Warwick River defenses. In the distance is Lowe's balloon, taken to Yorktown early Sunday morning, to discover, if possible, the line of retreat of the secession army.

THE OLD NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

This is the largest house in Yorktown, and takes its name from its former occupant, Judge Nelson. It is of course in a filthy condition, as indeed is the whole town and its neighborhood except a portion of the fortifications, which are clean and very perfect. Cornwallis made this house his head-quarters, and for some time the patriot army refrained from firing in it, as it was the property of Governor Nelson, who had already sacrificed the rest of his property to the cause. When he heard of this he at once went to the trenches, and insisted that his dwelling should not be spared, training a gun on it, and firing the first shot himself. A dot between the two upper windows marks the place on the opposite side of the house which the ball hit.

REBEL MAGAZINE.

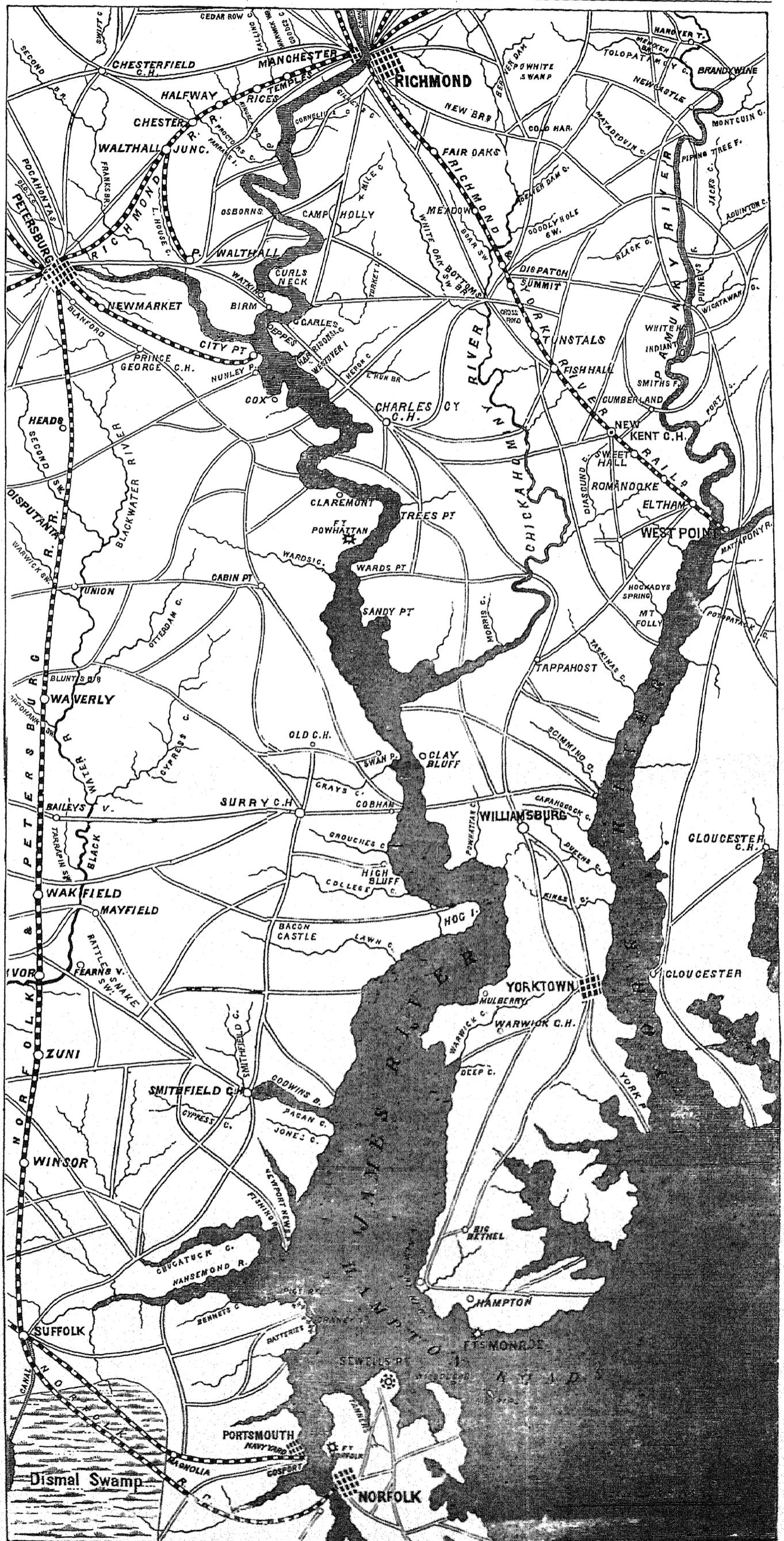
The river front of the fortifications is intersected by several deep ravines, used as covered ways between the works, and as shelter for the barracks and tents of the soldiers. They smell badly enough, causing those who inadvertently wander there to hurry off again as quick as possible. The magazine at the head of this hollow gives it a tomb-like appearance. What ammunition, if any, there may be in it will be found when it is certain there are no torpedoes in the way.

EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO.

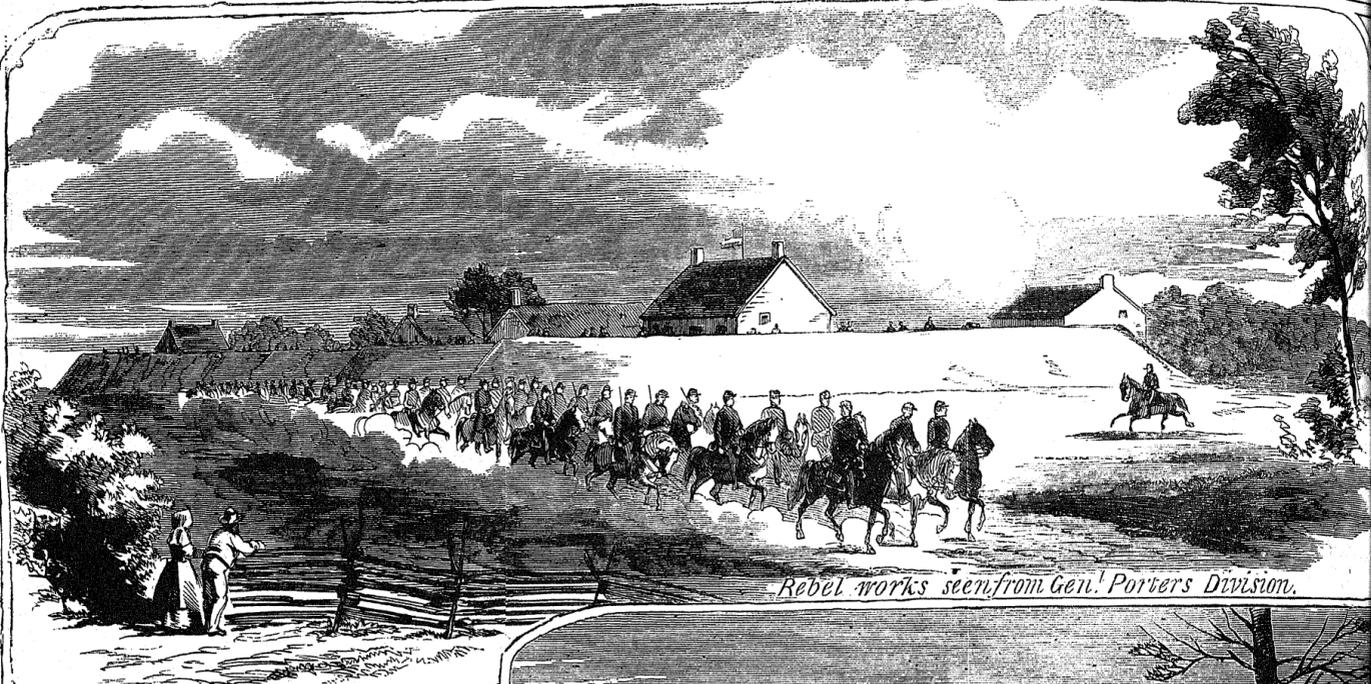
These vile arrangements of the enemy are shells placed under the surface, with a wafer and fuse just reaching the surface. Stepping on the wafer produces concussion enough to explode, and thus cause the destruction of the unfortunate who treads on it. These are said to have been constructed purposely by G. W. Rains, at the Fayetteville Arsenal, and were placed about the works by his brother, General Gabriel J. Rains. One of them was placed in a large pitcher in the hospital, with a string tied to the table, that would cause its explosion on lifting the pitcher. This was discovered by some one lifting a piece of oil-cloth laid on the top of the pitcher to hide the contents.

FORTIFICATIONS OF YORKTOWN, LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER.

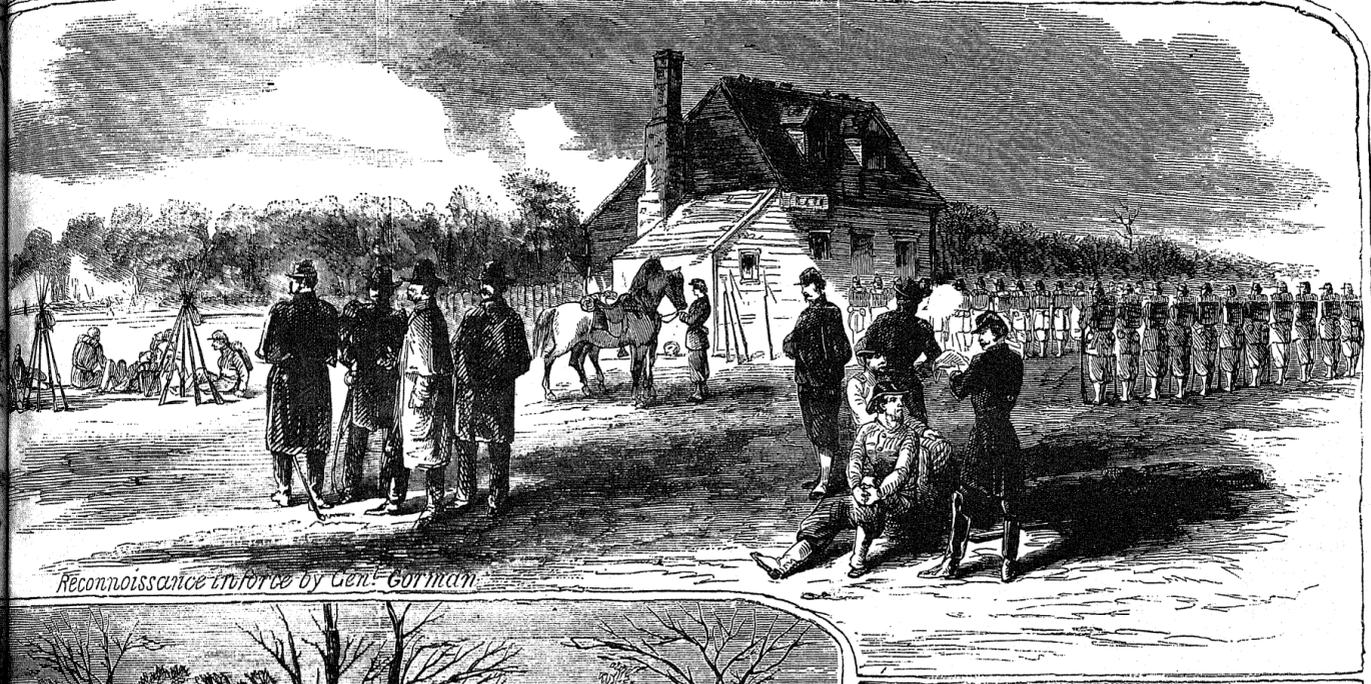
The scene from this point is very striking. On the top of the bluffs well-built turfed batteries command the water side. Following the beach we come to the principal water-battery, while on the distant shore is Farinolt's house, close to which is the Federal Battery No. 1 of 100 and 200 pounder Parrotts. This battery, worked by the Connecticut boys, raised a dreadful alarm in the minds of the rebels, and did much to cause their Stredaddle.



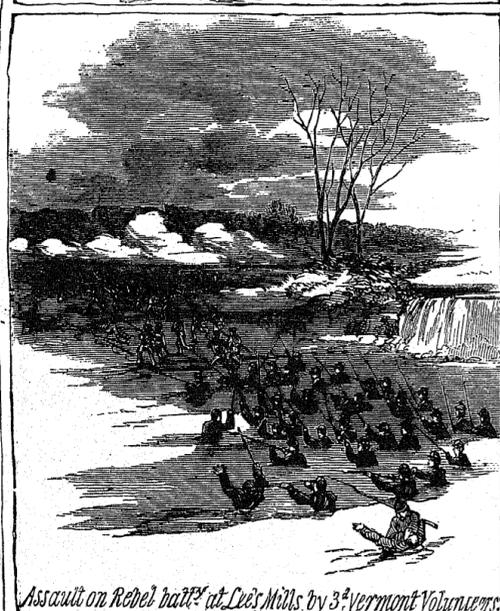
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.



Rebel works seen from Gen. Porter's Division.



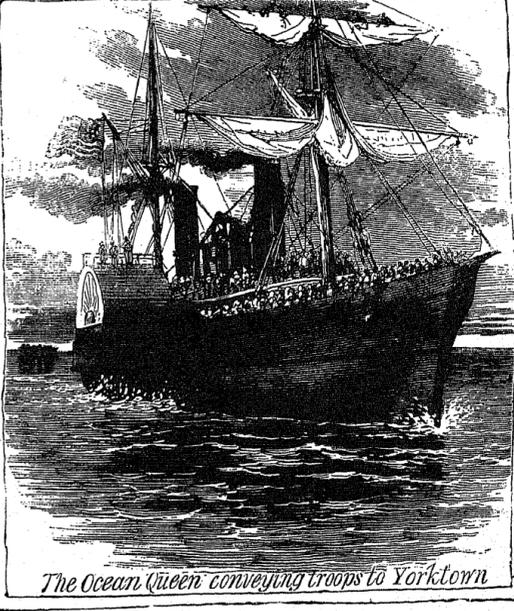
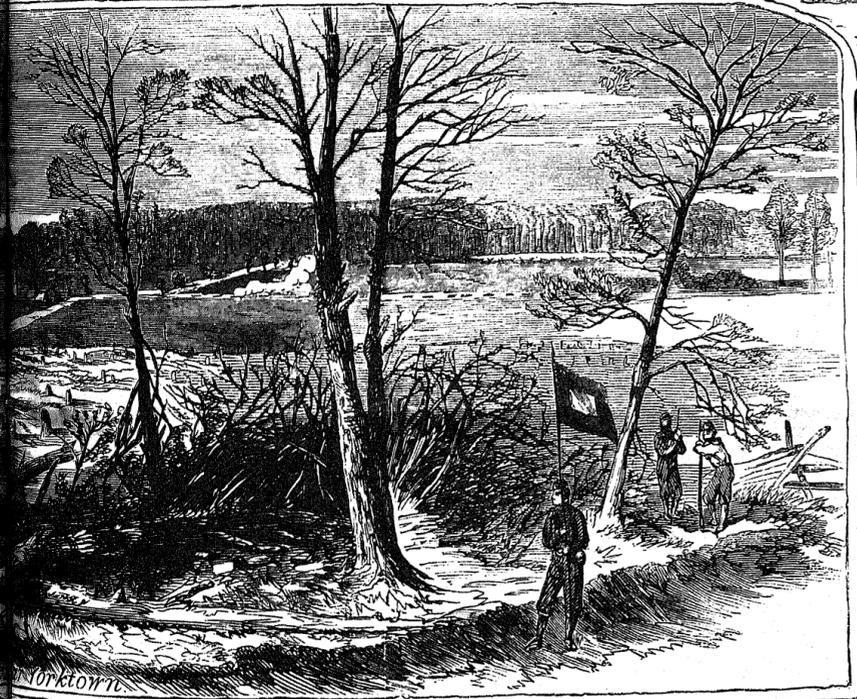
Reconnoissance in force by Gen. Gorman.



Assault on Rebel batt^{ry} at Lee's Mills by 3^d Vermont Volunteers.



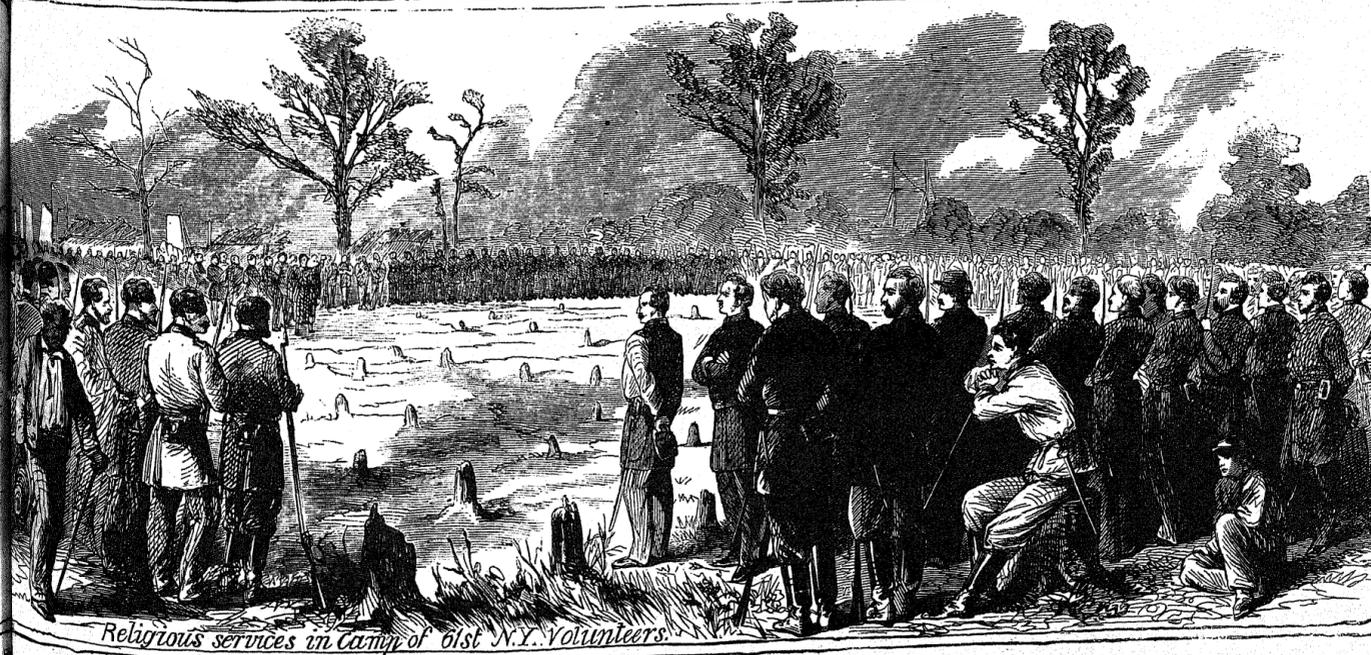
The enemy's works at Yorktown.



The Ocean Queen conveying troops to Yorktown.

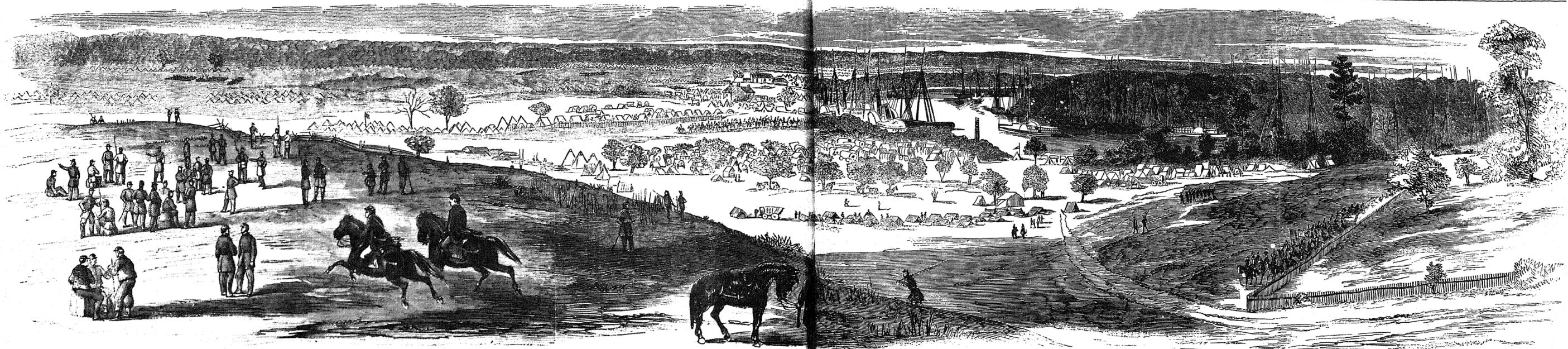


Bertram's Sharpshooters picking off the enemy's gunners.

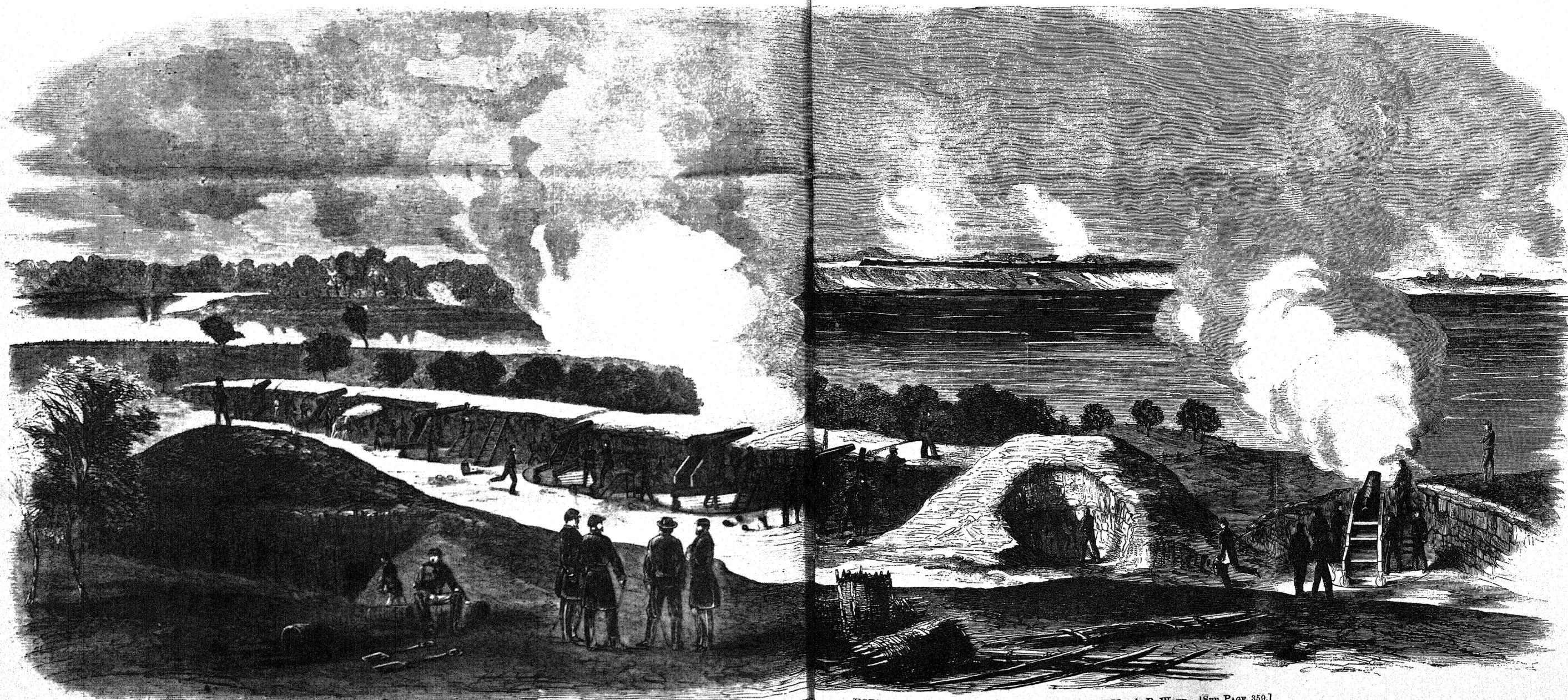


Religious services in camp of 61st N.Y. Volunteers.

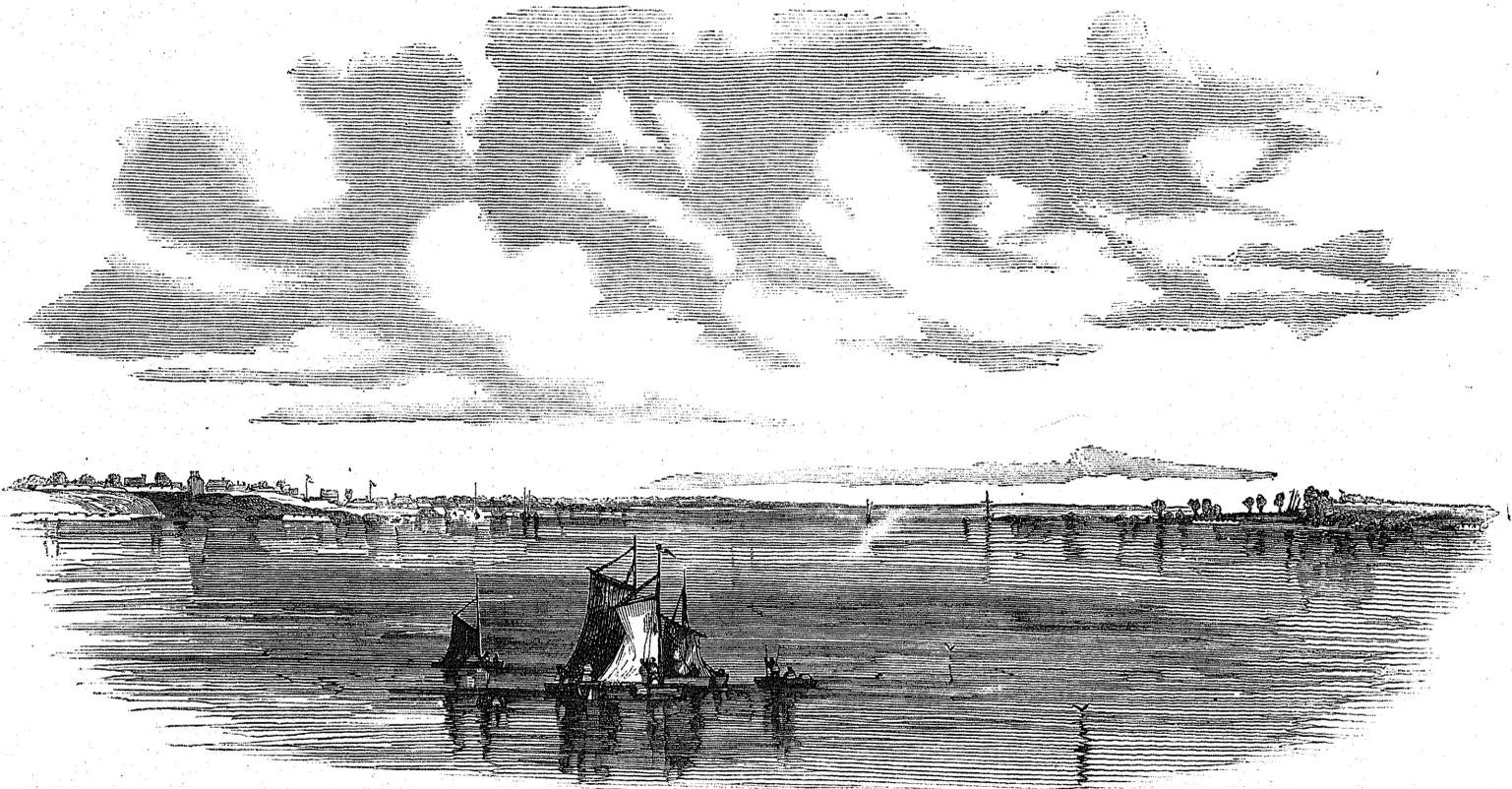
OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.—FROM
BY MR. A. R. WAUD AND MR. W. HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



GENERAL McCLELLAN'S CAMP AT CUMBERLAND, VIRGINIA, WITH A VIEW OF THE PAMUNKY RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



BATTERY NO. 1, OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWO HUNDRED POUND PARROTT GUN SITE YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



Yorktown. Gloucester Point.
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—VIEW OF YORK RIVER, YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER POINTS—TAKEN FROM FANENHATE'S HOUSE, WATERVIEW, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. S. HALL.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

Shiloh Chapel, Sunday Morning.

THE name of Shiloh Chapel having become quite noted as one of the landmarks in the great battle, I enclose a sketch of it and the attack on Gen. Sherman's division, encamped at that point, which I had laid aside unfinished, finding my time too much occupied with more exciting scenes.

Gen. Sherman's division consisted of three brigades, commanded by Col. Hildebrand, Buckland and McDowell. Hildebrand's brigade, consisting of the 53d, 57th and 77th regiment Ohio Volunteers, formed the left wing, at a slight angle with the other division, and had to sustain the first attack. As the General strongly objects to the term "surprised," I will say that they were astonished, indeed excessively astonished, when the rebels suddenly came down upon them, and being new regiments they did not fight like veterans. The 53d regiment fired two volleys (some say one) and ran indiscriminately. The 57th held out for about half an



EFFECT OF A SHOT AT PITTSBURG LANDING

hour, and followed the 53d, but part of the 77th stood their ground and supported Taylor's battery, which occupied a small ridge to the right of Shiloh, and fired with rapidity and precision. Buckland's and McDowell's divisions remained firm, holding their positions on the right of Taylor's battery for several hours.

The flight of the Ohio regiments left Waterhouse's battery, which was planted on a hill to the left of Shiloh Chapel, unprotected, but the 48d and 49th Illinois regiments came to his aid, and supported it until Col. Wreish, of the 43d, was killed, when they fell back in tolerable order. The rebels now charged and took Waterhouse's battery, thus flanking Gen. Sherman, who fell back to the Purdy road in good order. Here the sudden death of Capt. Behr, who was getting his battery in position on the left wing of the new line, created a panic in his company, which broke and left five guns not being supported by any other division Gen. Sher-

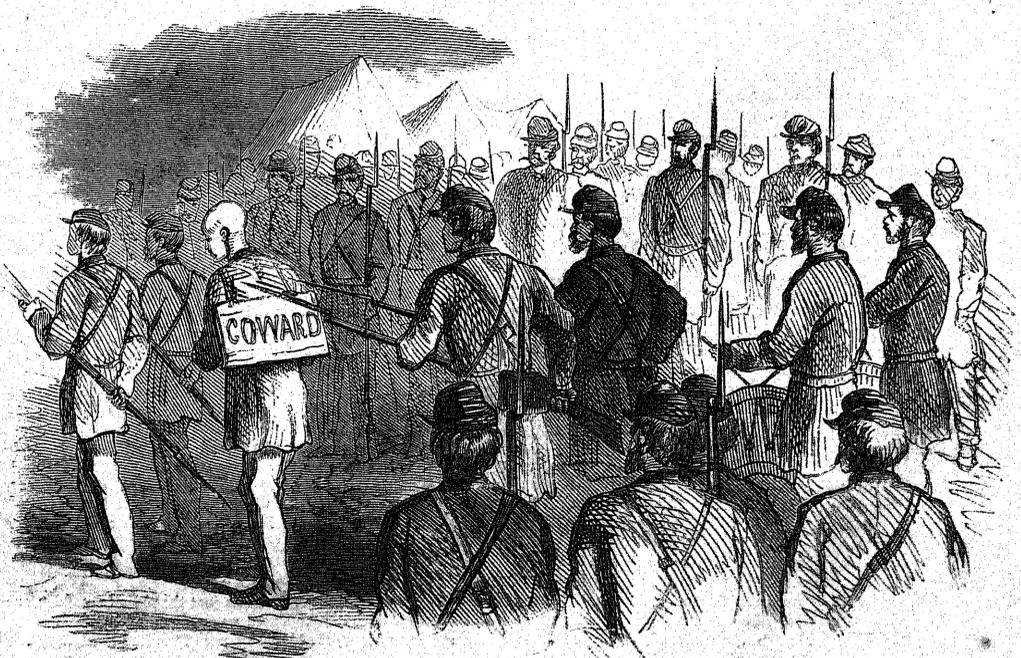


INCIDENTS OF WAR, NO. 1—"RECAPTURING ONESELF"—CAPT. FRAZEE, OF THE 21ST MASSACHUSETTS, TURNING THE TABLES UPON HIS REBEL CAPTORS, WHOM HE TAKES INTO CAMP AS HIS PRISONERS.

man was forced back to the right of McClernand, where he again formed and shared the fortunes of the day, distinguishing himself greatly by his personal bravery and military ability.

The Fight on the Right Wing—Gen. Lewis Wallace—Monday.

The division under Gen. Lewis Wallace was stationed at Crump's Landing, a very important point between here and



BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—INCIDENTS OF WAR, NO. 2—SCENE AT NEWBERN—"DRUMMING A COWARD OUT OF CAMP."



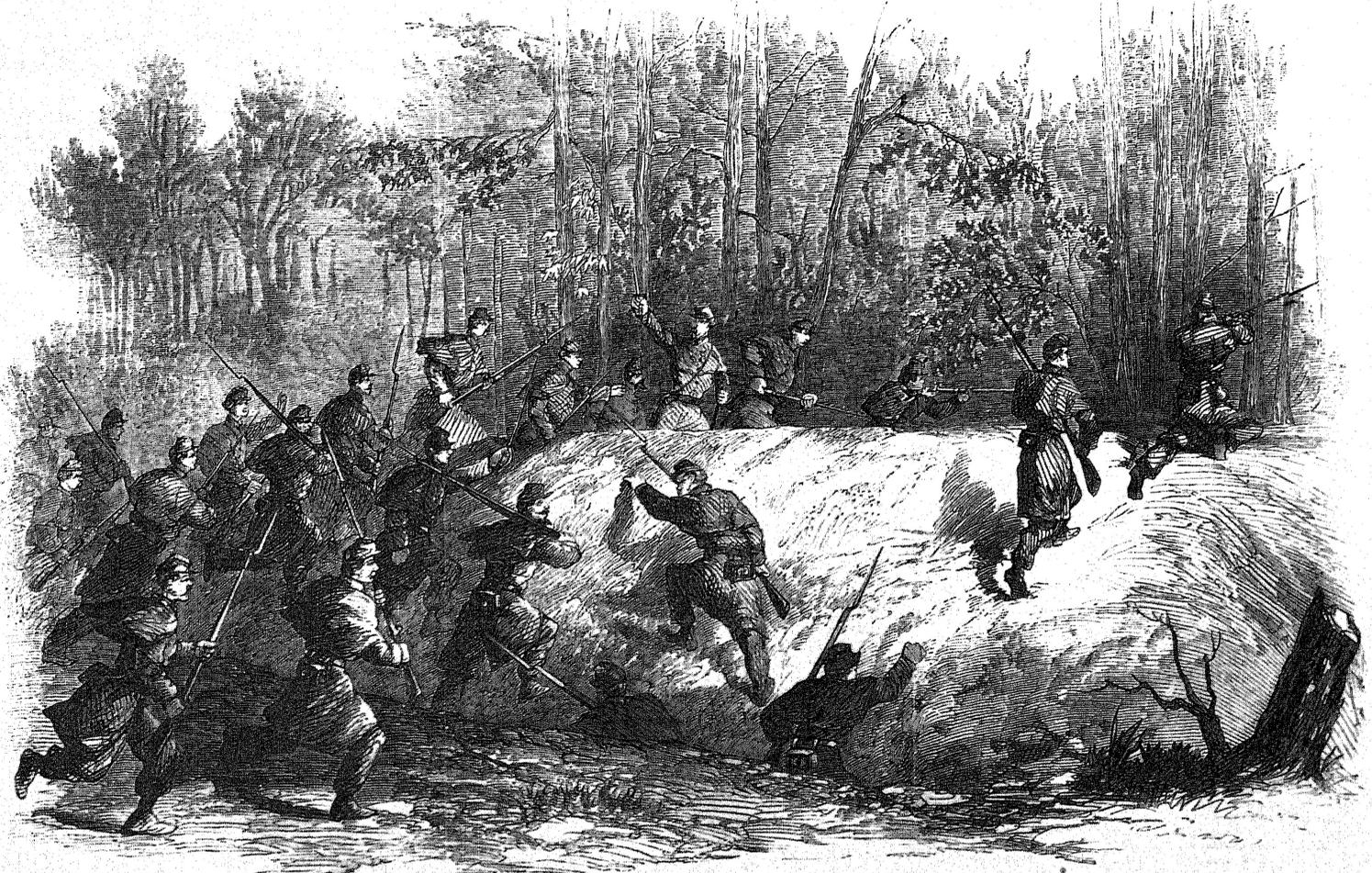
THE FIRE AND THE FLOOD—THE BURNING OF ROCKWELL'S STORE, CORNER OF MORGAN AND FRONT STREETS, HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL 21.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN B. RUSSELL, JR., OF HARTFORD.

**REMARKABLE CONFLAGRATION IN HARTFORD—
FIRE IN A FLOOD.**

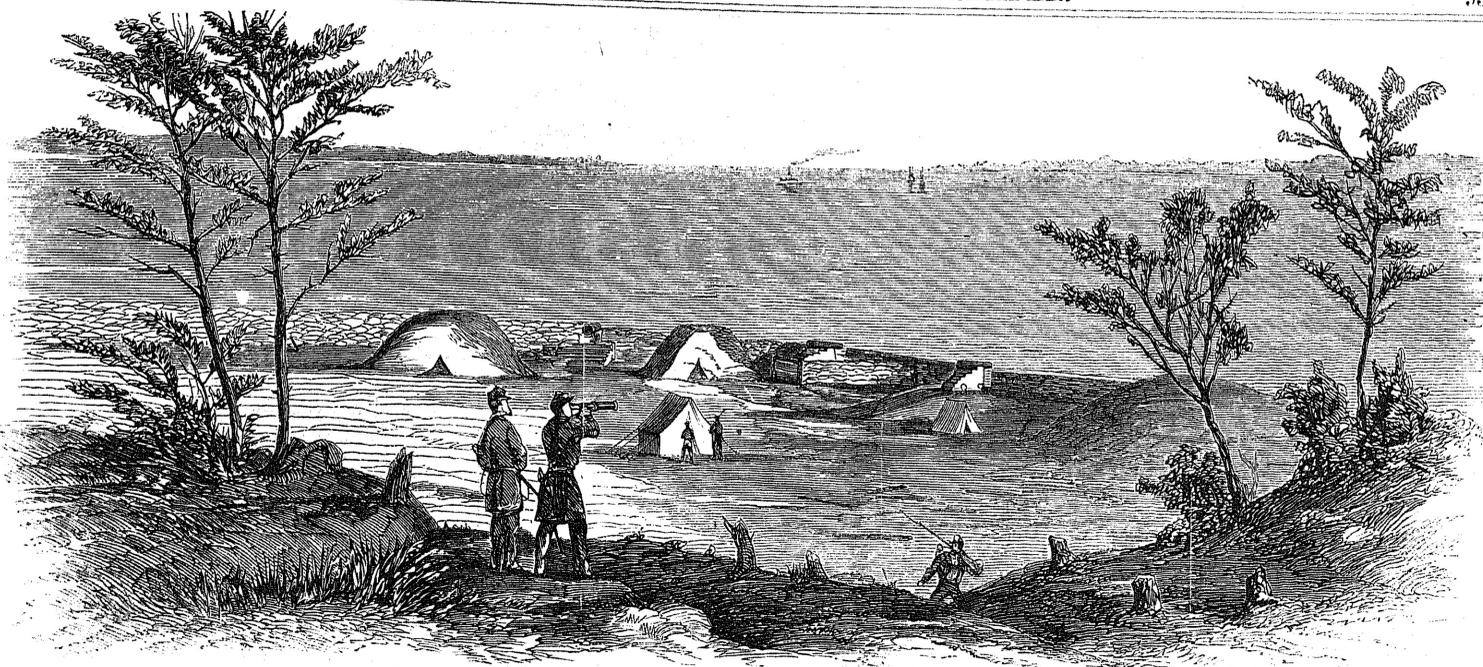
Our present number contains an illustration of the opposite elements of fire and water in full play. It would seem as though water, like rebellion, had been in full force this spring, but they are both subsiding. The quiet city of Hartford, Conn., safe from other irruptions, was lately in-

vaded by a freshet, which on Monday, April 21, had reached the height of 28 feet eight inches. Front street was from one to five feet under water its whole length. All the streets east were submerged more or less, the water in many of the houses being up to the second story. Dutch Point was covered, while great part of the East and West Parks was one grand lake. From the roofs of high buildings the prospect was most singular; above, and below the city the water spread

over a width of some four miles—an inland sea dotted with houses and orchards. We need hardly add that the public suffering is very great. The City Hall was thrown open and warmed, as a refuge for women and children, and Mayor Hamersley has won great praise by his noble efforts to meet this terrible calamity. In the midst of this modern deluge a destructive fire broke out, about seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st April, in



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SUCCESSFUL CHARGE OF CO. H., 1ST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT (CAPT. CARRUTH), ON A REBEL REDAN, BEFORE YORKTOWN, APRIL 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT YORKTOWN.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBEL WATER BATTERY, YORKTOWN, SILENCED BY THE CONNECTICUT BATTERY AT FARENHALL'S HOUSE, WORMSLEY'S CREEK, YORK RIVER, MAY 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

D. Rockwell's four story grain and flour store, corner of Morgan and Front streets. The fire raged furiously for over three hours, totally destroying the large building and contents, together with the tenement building known as the "Sixth Ward Hotel," adjoining it on Morgan street west and owned by Frederick Fisher, and one or two small buildings. Rockwell's store is the same that fell down, two or three years ago, from too great weight of goods in the upper story—and was rebuilt. Rockwell's loss is probably \$12,000—insured for \$4,000. Fisher's loss, \$1,500—insured we believe. Maine and Tuyen, carmen, lost all their books and accounts. Dr. S. D. Grant lost his watch, wardrobe, books and accounts. Hezekiah Gaylord's store (the building owned by Thomas H. Bissel), was considerably damaged—insured.

The fire originated from spontaneous combustion of cotton waste, temporarily stored in one of the upper stories. Some of the neighbors detected the smoke of it

The store was flooded, the water being four or five feet deep all round it, and the firemen worked at great disadvantage,

gines were stationed up by Cheney's factory. The hand engines gave out one after another; but the steam fire engine, with its new duck hose, poured a steady stream hour after hour without tiring, and did valuable service.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBEL BATTERIES NEAR LEE'S MILLS, WARWICK RIVER, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF THE 16TH OF APRIL. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

detected the smoke of it

tage, as the hose had to be carried out in boats, or by men wading waist deep in a swift current, while the en-

for it was on this spot that the gallant sons of the Green Mountain State, on the 16th of April, forded the creek,

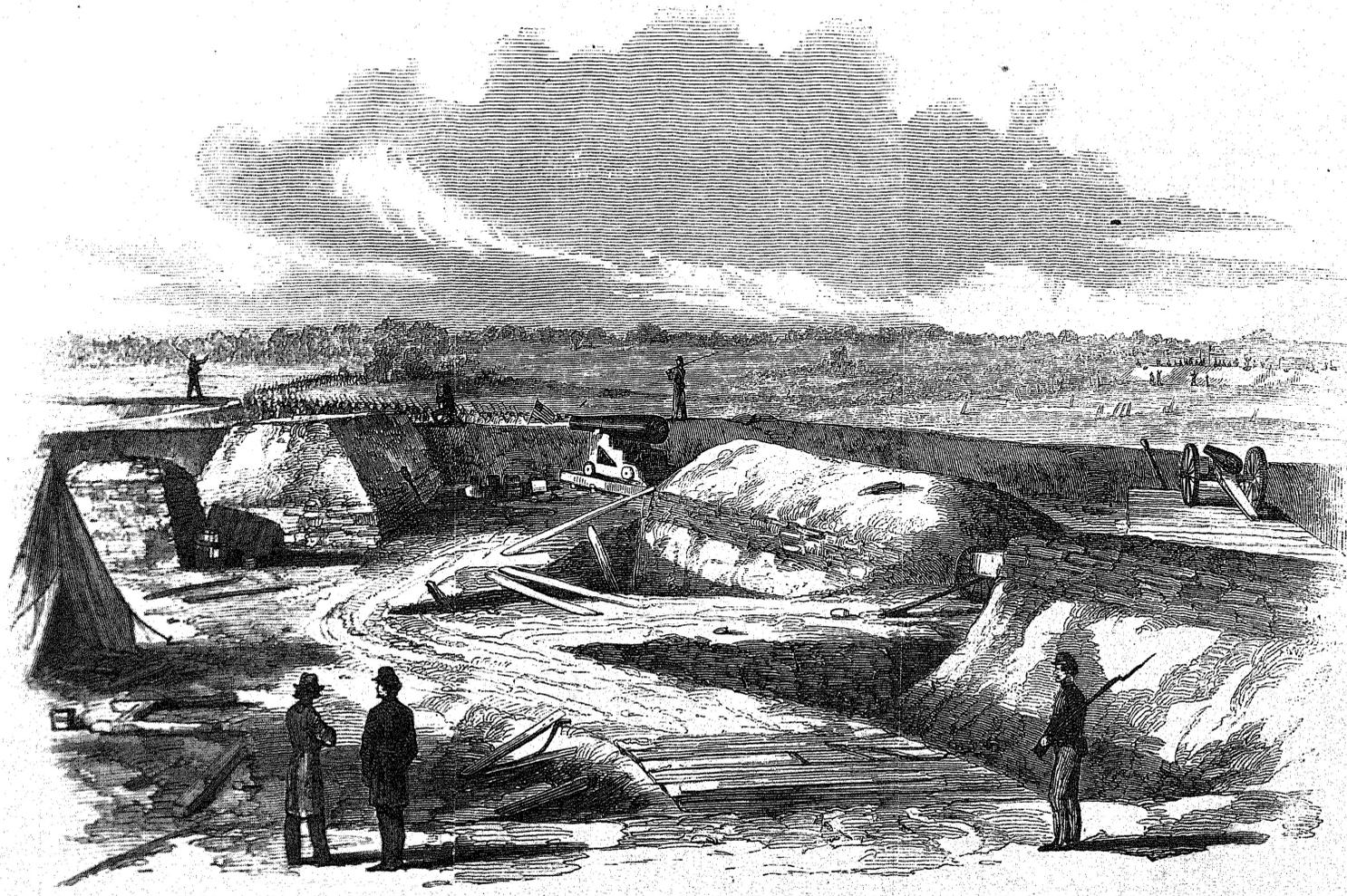
YORKTOWN, VA.

Rebel Water Battery.

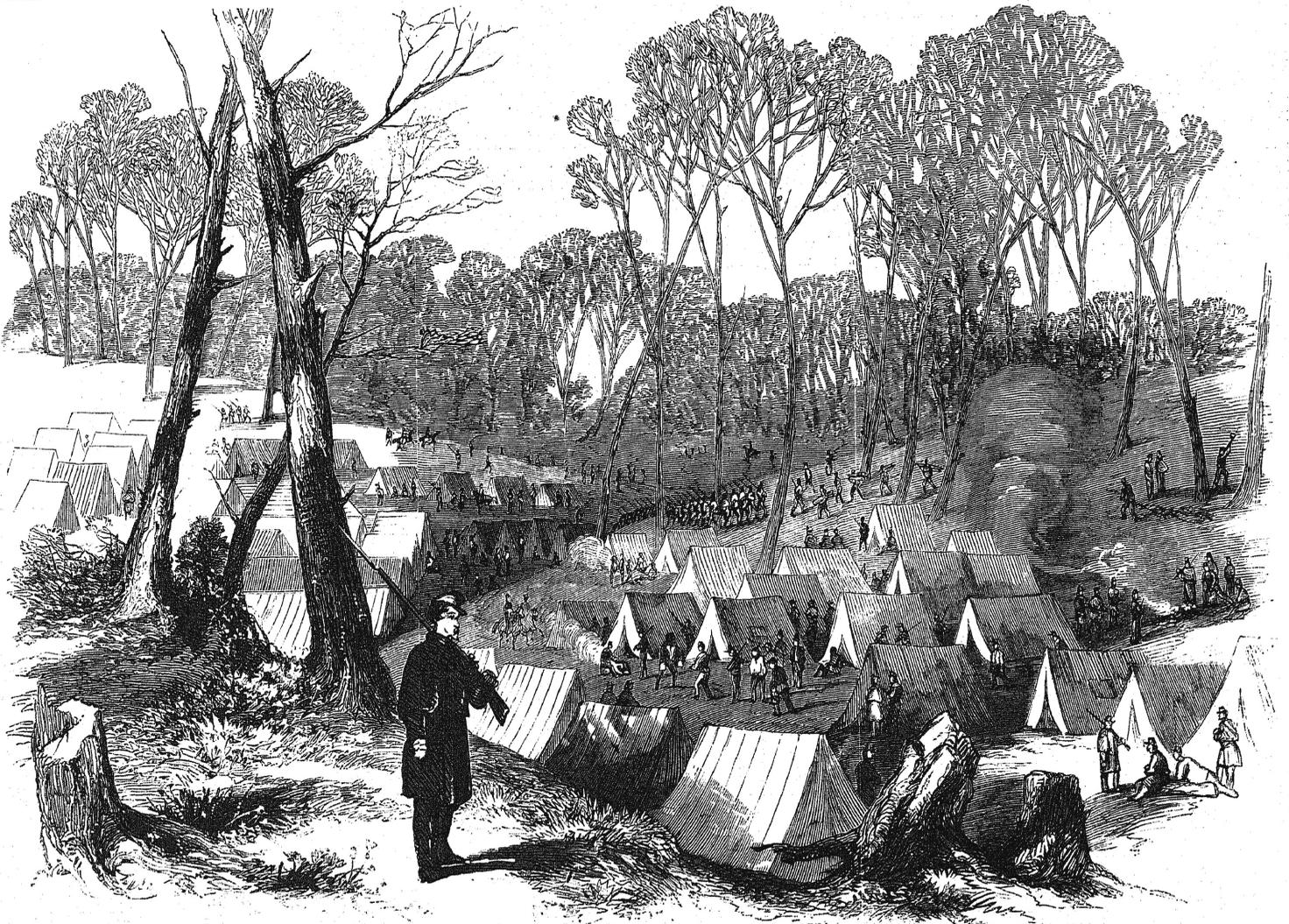
This battery was situated on the western side of Wormsley Creek, which runs out of York river about four miles in a south-westerly direction. It kept up a harassing fire upon our gunboats as they approached Yorktown and Gloucester Point. Its heaviest guns were silenced by the National battery erected on the other side of the creek, and was abandoned on Friday, the 2d of May, when the Confederates retreated from Yorktown.

Lee's Mill, Warwick River.

Mr. Hall's sketch of this disastrous but glorious locality will be painfully interesting to numerous Vermont homes, for it was on this spot that the gallant sons of the Green Mountain State, on the 16th of April, forded the creek,



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—INTERIOR VIEW OF PART OF THE FORTIFICATIONS SURROUNDING YORKTOWN, AND COMMANDING THE MAIN ROAD, CAPTURED BY THE NATIONAL ARMY, MAY 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. S. HALL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE POSITION OF THE UNION ARMY.—CAMP OF THE 9TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE WOODS ONE MILE FROM THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS, APRIL 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

Bulstrode seemed to look back at the merry group about the heiress as he might have looked at a scene on the stage from the back of the boxes. He almost wished for an opera-glass as he watched Aurora's graceful gestures and the play of her sparkling eyes; and then turning to the piano, he listened to the drowsy music, and contemplated Lucy's face, marvellously fair in the light of that full moon of which Archibald Floyd had spoken, the glory of which, streaming in from an open window, put out the dim wax-candles on the piano.

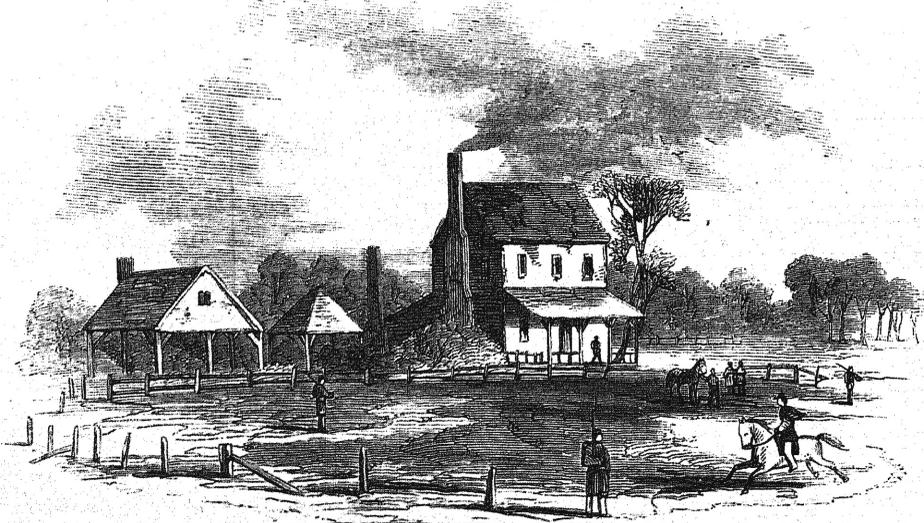
All that Aurora's beauty most lacked was richly possessed by Lucy. Delicacy of outline, perfection of feature, purity of tint, all were there; but while one face dazzled you by its shining splendor, the other impressed you only with a feeble sense of its charms, slow to come and quick to pass away. There are so many Lucys, but so few Auroras; and while you never could be critical with the one, you were merciless in your scrutiny of the other. Talbot Bulstrode was attracted to Lucy by a vague notion that she was just the good and timid creature who was destined to make him happy; but he looked at her as calmly as if she had been a statue, and was as fully aware of her defects as a sculptor who criticises the work of a rival.

But she was exactly the sort of woman to make a good wife. She had been educated to that end by a careful mother. Purity and goodness had watched over her and hemmed her in from her cradle. She had never seen unseemly sights, or heard unseemly sounds. She was as ignorant as a baby of all the vices and horrors of this big world. She was lady-like, accomplished, well-informed; and if there were a great many others of precisely the same type of graceful womanhood, it was certainly the highest type, and the holiest, and the best.

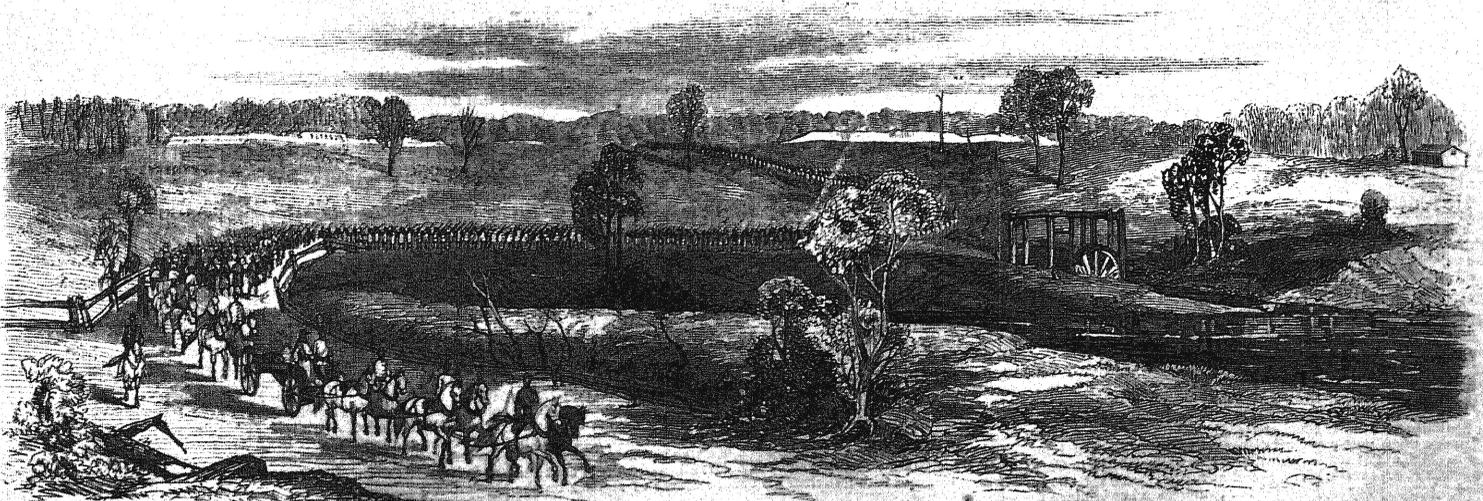
Later in the evening, when Captain Bulstrode's phaeton was brought round to the flight of steps in front of the great doors, the little party assembled on the terrace to see the two officers depart, and the banker told his guests how he hoped this visit to Felden would be the beginning of a lasting acquaintance.

"I am going to take Aurora and my niece to Brighton for a month or so," he said, as he shook hands with the captain; "but on our return you must let us see you as often as possible."

Talbot bowed, and stammered his thanks for the banker's cordiality. Aurora and her cousin Percy Floyd, the young Etonian, had gone down the steps, and were admiring Cap



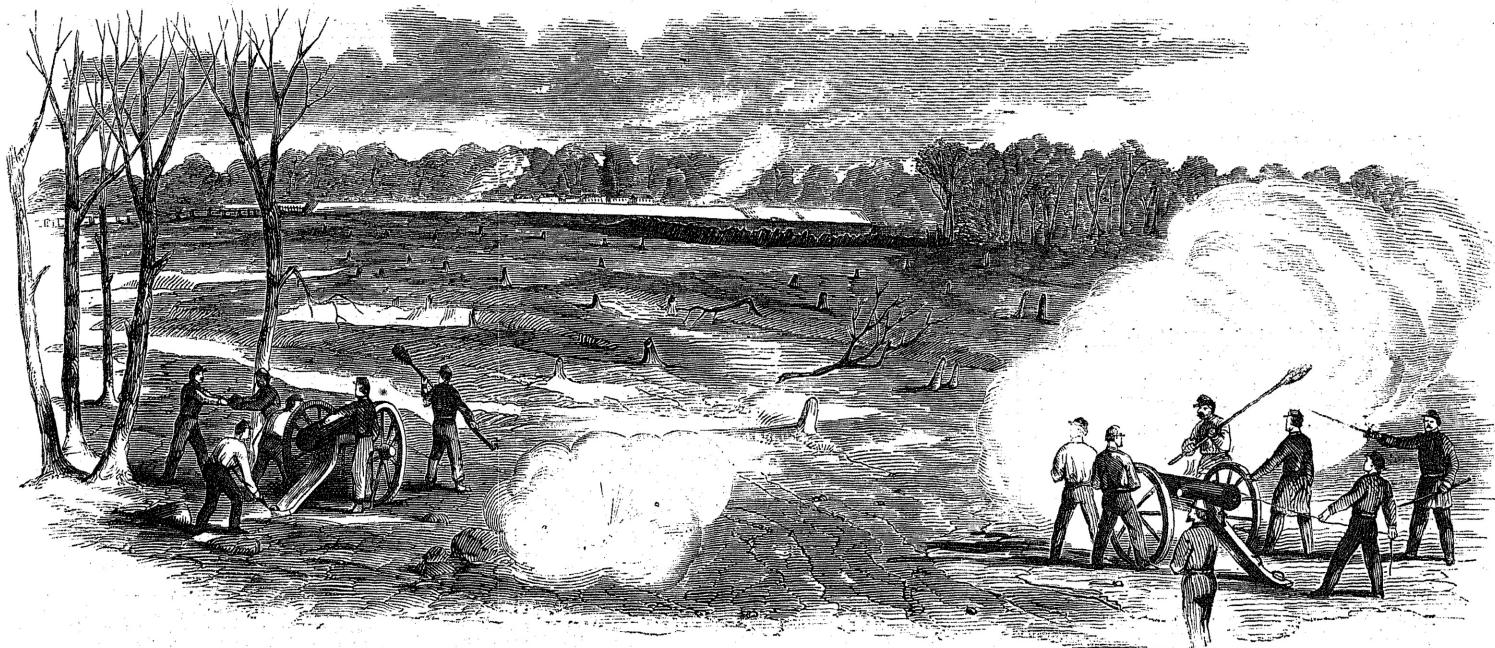
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. McCLELLAN, AT BIG BETHEL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Earthworks on Hill.

Fortifications on Hill.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE OF THE UNION TROOPS, NEAR HOWARD'S BRIDGE AND MILL, FOUR MILES FROM BIG BETHEL, ON THE ROAD TO YORKTOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—MARTIN'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, C, OPENING FIRE ON THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO YORKTOWN, APRIL 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

tain Bulstrode's thorough-bred bays, and the captain was not a little distracted by the picture the group made in the moonlight.

He never forgot that picture. Aurora, with her coronet of plaited dead black against the purple air, and her silk dress shimmering in the uncertain light, the delicate head of the bay horse visible above her shoulder, and her ringed white hands caressing the animal's slender ears, while the purlind old mastiff, vaguely jealous, whined complacently at her side.

How marvellous is the sympathy which exists between some people and the brute creation! I think that horses and dogs understood every word that Aurora said to them—that they worshipped her from the dim depths of their inarticulate souls, and would have willingly gone to death to do her service. Talbot observed all this with an uneasy sense of bewilderment.

"I wonder whether these creatures are wiser than we?" he thought; "do they recognise some higher attributes in this girl than we can perceive, and worship their sublime presence? If this terrible woman, with her unfeminine tastes and mysterious propensities, were mean, or cowardly, or false, or impure, I do not think that mastiff would love her as he does; I do not think my thorough-breds would let her hands meddle with their bridles: the dog would snarl, and the horses would bite, as such animals used to do in those remote old days when they recognised witchcraft and evil spirits, and were convulsed by the presence of the uncanny. I dare say this Miss Floyd is a good, generous-hearted creature—the sort of person fast men would call a glorious girl—but as well read in the *Racing Calendar* and *Ruff's Guide* as other ladies in Miss Yonge's novels. I'm really sorry for her."

(To be continued.)

RUINS OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE

Near Woodstock, Virginia.

AFTER the battle of Winchester the rebel army, under Gen. Jackson, retreated, first to Strasburg, a town about 18 miles from Winchester, and of which we gave a view in No. 337, and thence to Woodstock, about 10 miles from Strasburg, and 13 miles from Mount Jackson, the site of the rebel camp on the 28th March. Woodstock is a beautiful post village, the capital of Shenandoah county, Western Virginia, and is situated on the Valley Turnpike, one mile from the north fork of the Shenandoah River, 160 miles north-west of Richmond. The surrounding country is fertile and finely diversified. The village contains several churches, a newspaper office, and has about 1,600 inhabitants. In their flight from the battle of Winchester the rebels burnt the railroad bridge,

in order to prevent the victorious Union troops from pursuing them to their camp at Mount Jackson, which is about 13 miles still further south-west. Our Artist has sketched the ruin as it appeared the day after it was fired.

COL. A. R. PORTER.

COL. A. R. PORTER, whose portrait we gave on page 396, was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, and is about 48

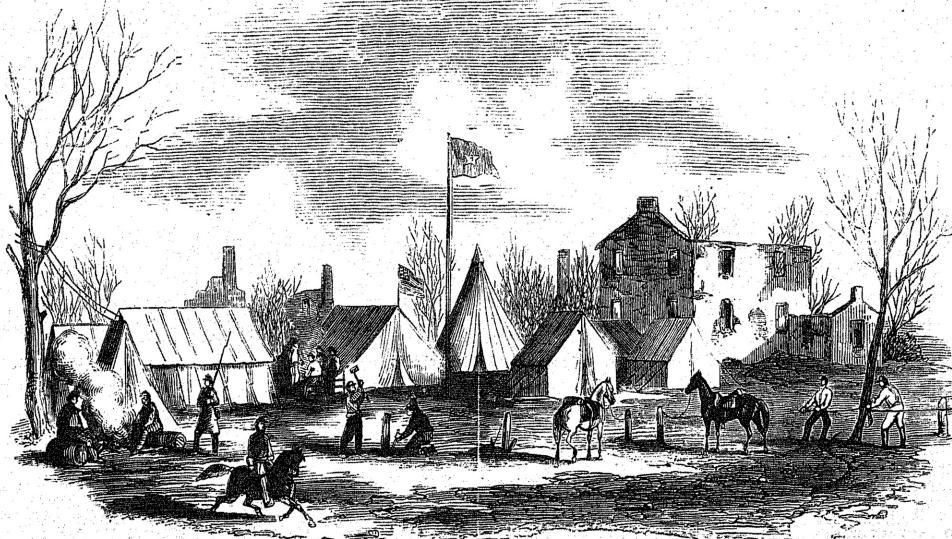
literal hailstorm of bullets. On his return home he was offered the colonelcy of a cavalry regiment, and as another evidence of his popularity, within less than a week after he had made known his acceptance of this command seven companies had handed in their muster rolls, and the others filled up rapidly. This regiment is known as the 4th Iowa cavalry, and is now in Gen. Hallock's division.

SURRENDER OF THE REBELS AT TIPTONVILLE,

Near Island No. 10, on the Mississippi.

IN our recent numbers we have pictorially traced the progress of the great achievement on the Mississippi, from the planting of the mortar boats in position to bombard Island No. 10, and through each successive stage. We have now to complete our series with the crowning scene of that important event, the surrender of the rebel forces, under command of Gen. Mackall and Gantt, to that division of our army under Gen. Paine. The surrender was made at Tiptonville, Tennessee, where the defeated rebels had retreated after evacuating Island No. 10 and their other batteries. In our last paper, page 386, we gave Gen. Pope's official report of the surrender, and have now merely to recapitulate the victor's spoils: 11 elaborate fortifications, irrespective of minor batteries; 100 heavy guns; 30 pieces of field artillery; 5,000 rank and file prisoners; one Major-General prisoner; three Brigadier-Generals; 6,000 stand of arms; 56,000 solid shot, besides other ammunition, shells, cartridges, etc.; six steam transports; two gunboats; one floating battery of 16 heavy guns. In this enumeration we omit equipage, wagons, horses, tents and supplies of war of all kinds.

Our sketch was taken at the moment when the rebel Generals delivered up themselves and their commands to Gen. Paine, who commanded the Union troops. Such was the fitting termination of one of the most singular feats in military annals, by which a position, considered impregnable, was captured, after a continuous resistance of 22 days, by the co-operating forces of Gen. Pope and Com. Foote, with the loss only of one man killed by the enemy, and 13 killed

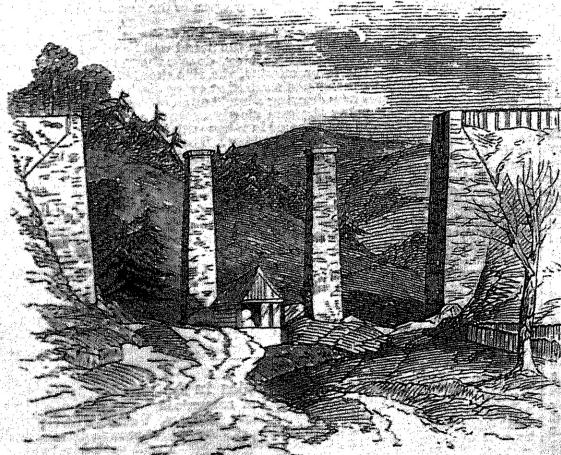


THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. HEINTZELMAN, NEAR HAMPTON BRIDGE, APRIL 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

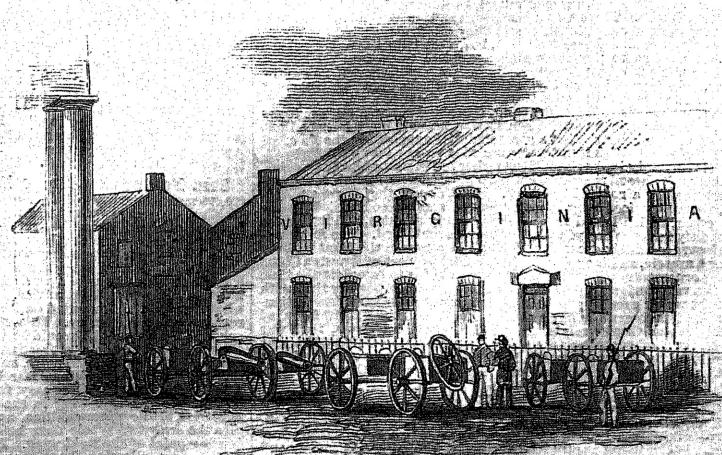
years of age. He removed from Kentucky to Illinois at an early day, and thence to Iowa, in 1836, and was a prominent member of the Territorial Legislature of the latter State during the years of 1838, 1841 and 1842. Since that period he has resided at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and was one of the very first, if not the first, to respond heartily to the President's call for volunteers to put down the rebellion.

He was elected Major of the Iowa 1st, and was a great favorite of that regiment during the almost unparalleled hardships of their Missouri campaign, and in all his rela-

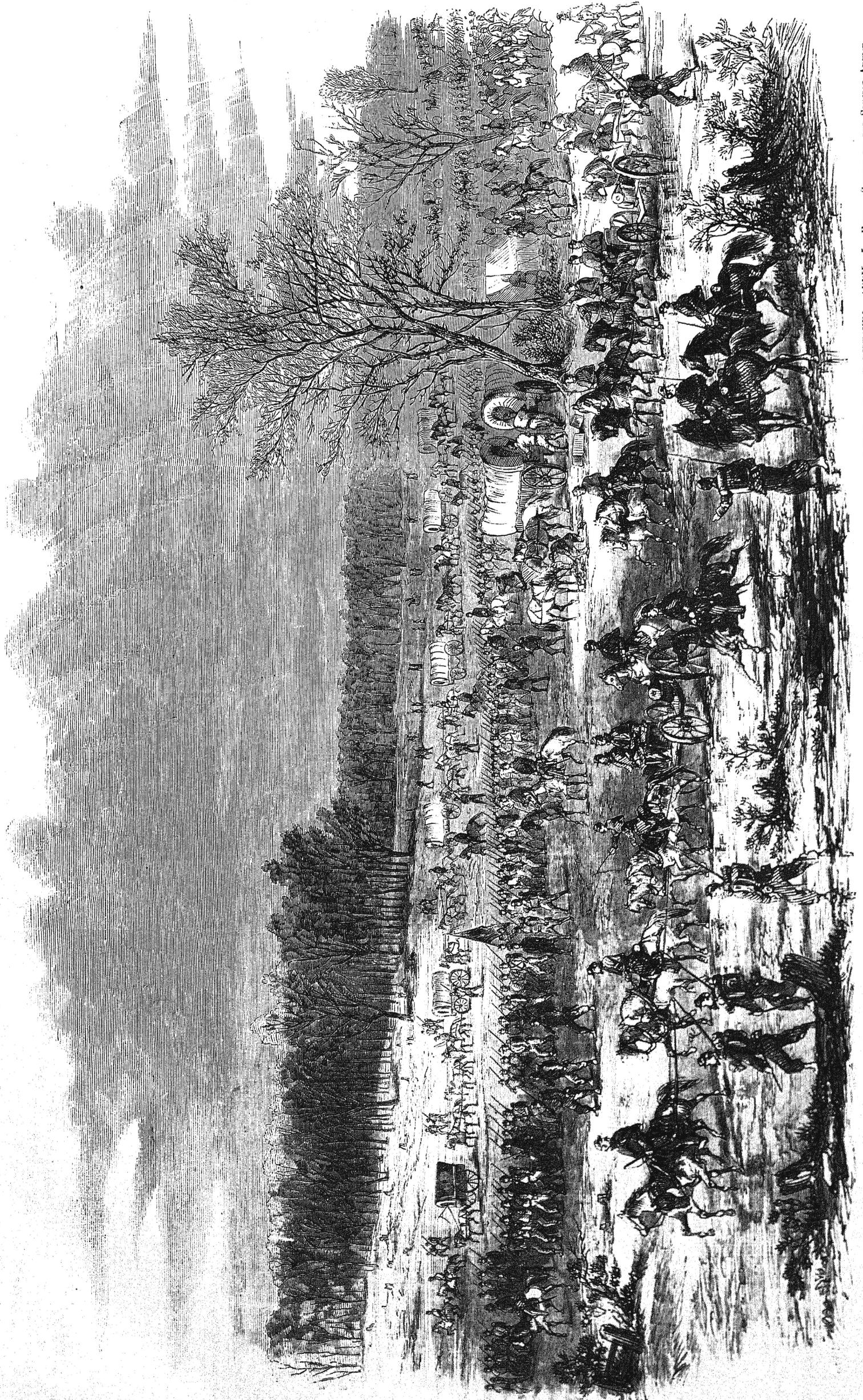
tions with the lamented Gen. Lyon so won that noble soldier's confidence and esteem, that the General had made a request to the Secretary of War to appoint him a Major in the regular army. He, in connection with Lieut.-Col. Merritt, led the gallant Iowas to battle at Springfield, Mo., on the memorable 10th of August, 1861. Seven times the rebel hordes made desperate charges on the position held by the 1st Iowa, and as many times were repulsed with signal slaughter; and it seems almost a miracle that, when so many were falling around him, the major escaped unharmed. He was to be seen constantly dashing up and down the lines—a conspicuous target on his gray charger—cheering the boys on amid a



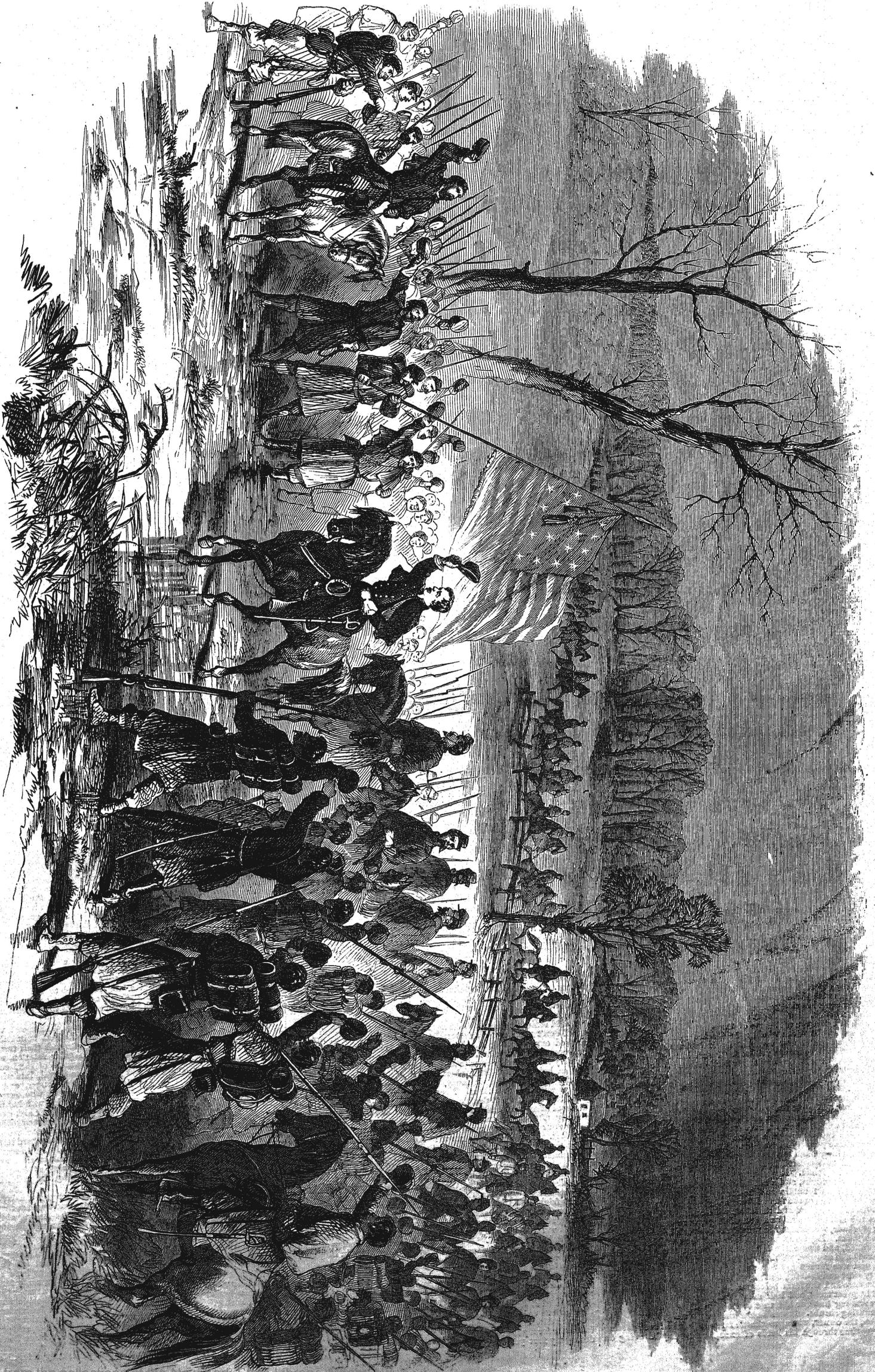
RUINS OF RAILWAY BRIDGE NEAR WOODSTOCK, VA., DESTROYED BY THE REBELS ON THEIR RETREAT FROM STRASBURG.



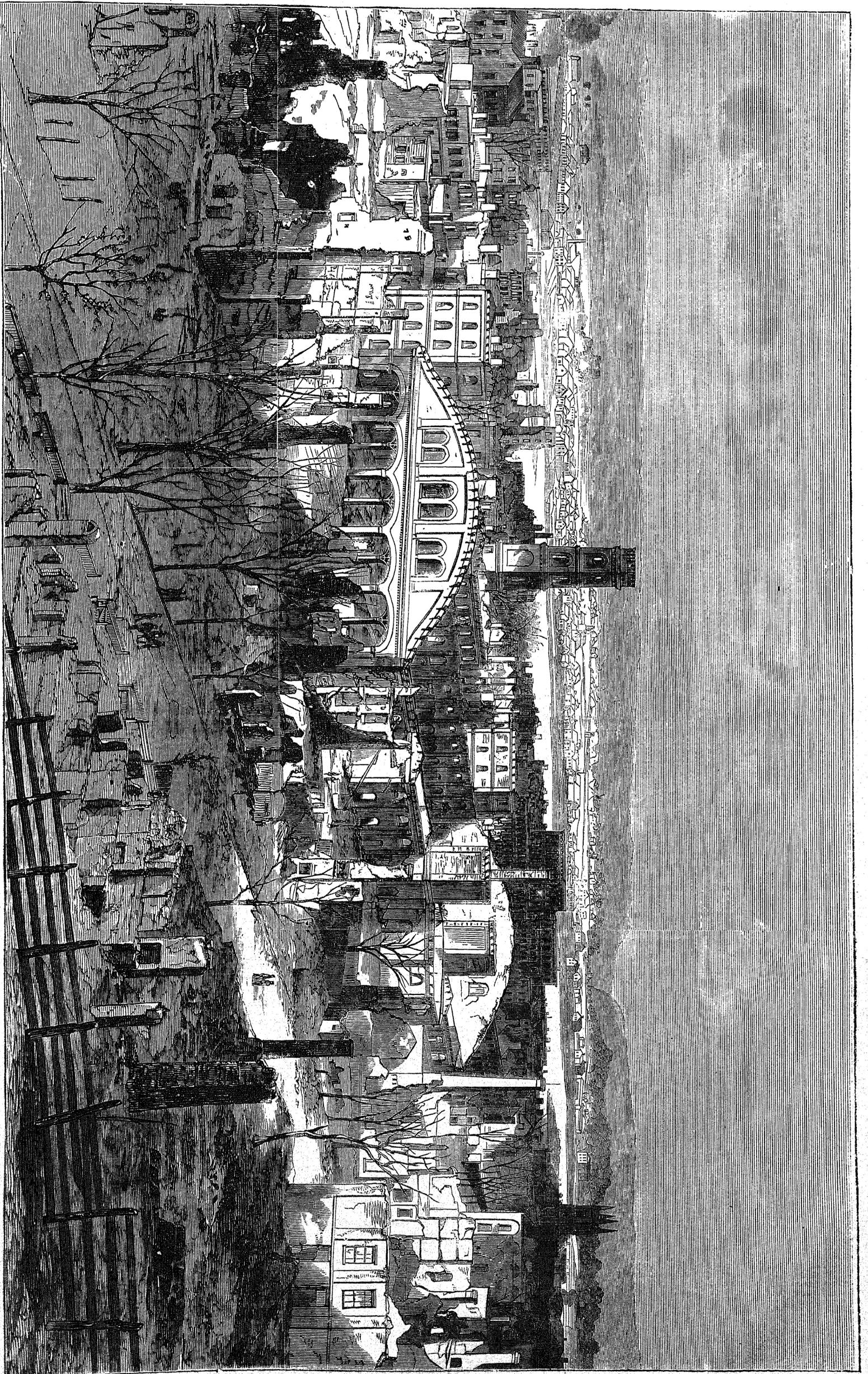
CANNON CAPTURED BY THE U. S. FORCES AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, MARCH 23.



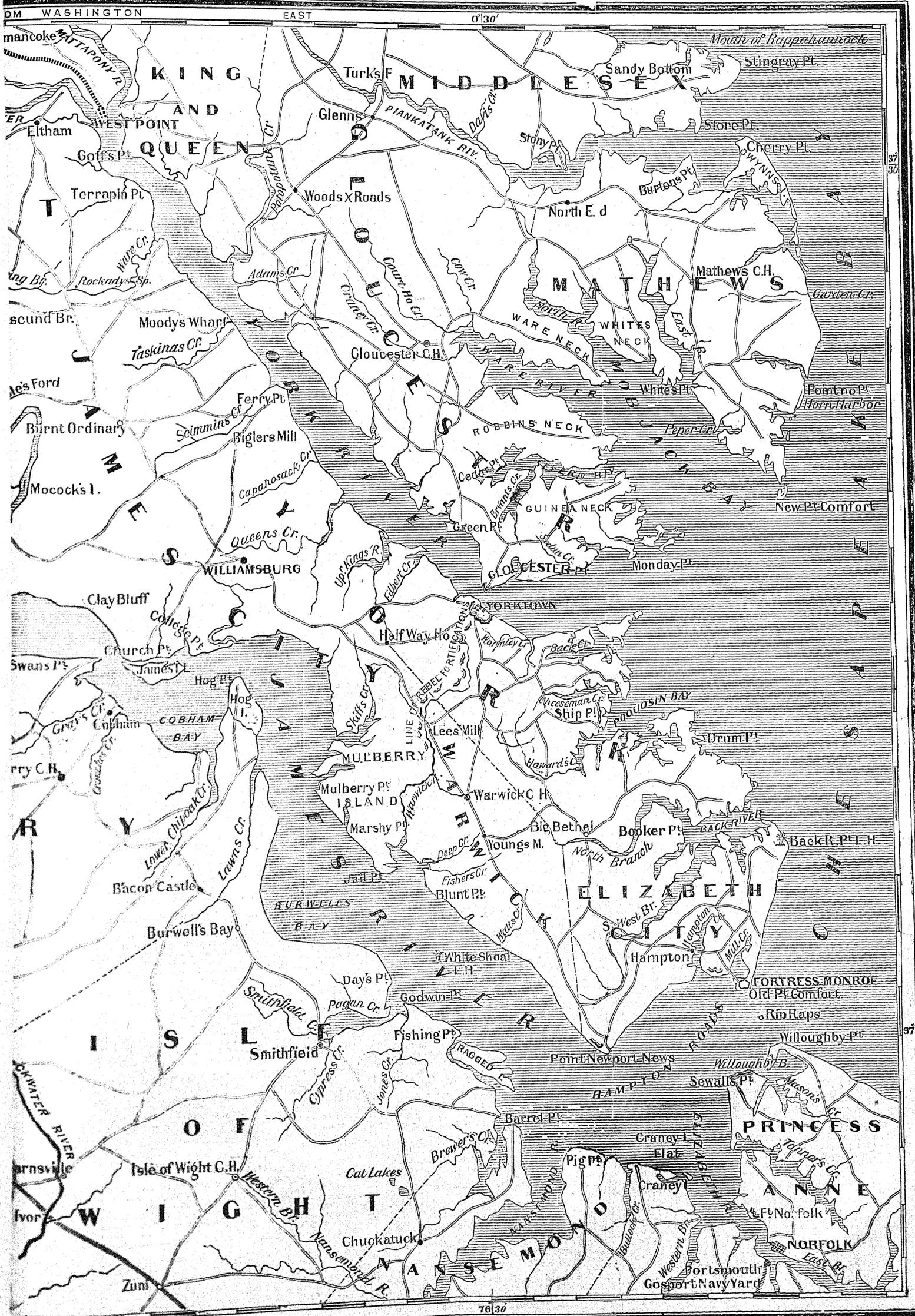
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE OF THE UNION ARMY UNDER GENERAL McLELLAN, TOWARDS YORKTOWN—SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN BIG BETHEL AND YORKTOWN, APRIL 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN, 5TH OF APRIL, 1862, TO TAKE PERSONAL COMMAND OF THE UNION ARMY IN HIS ADVANCE ON YORKTOWN—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY THE TROOPS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

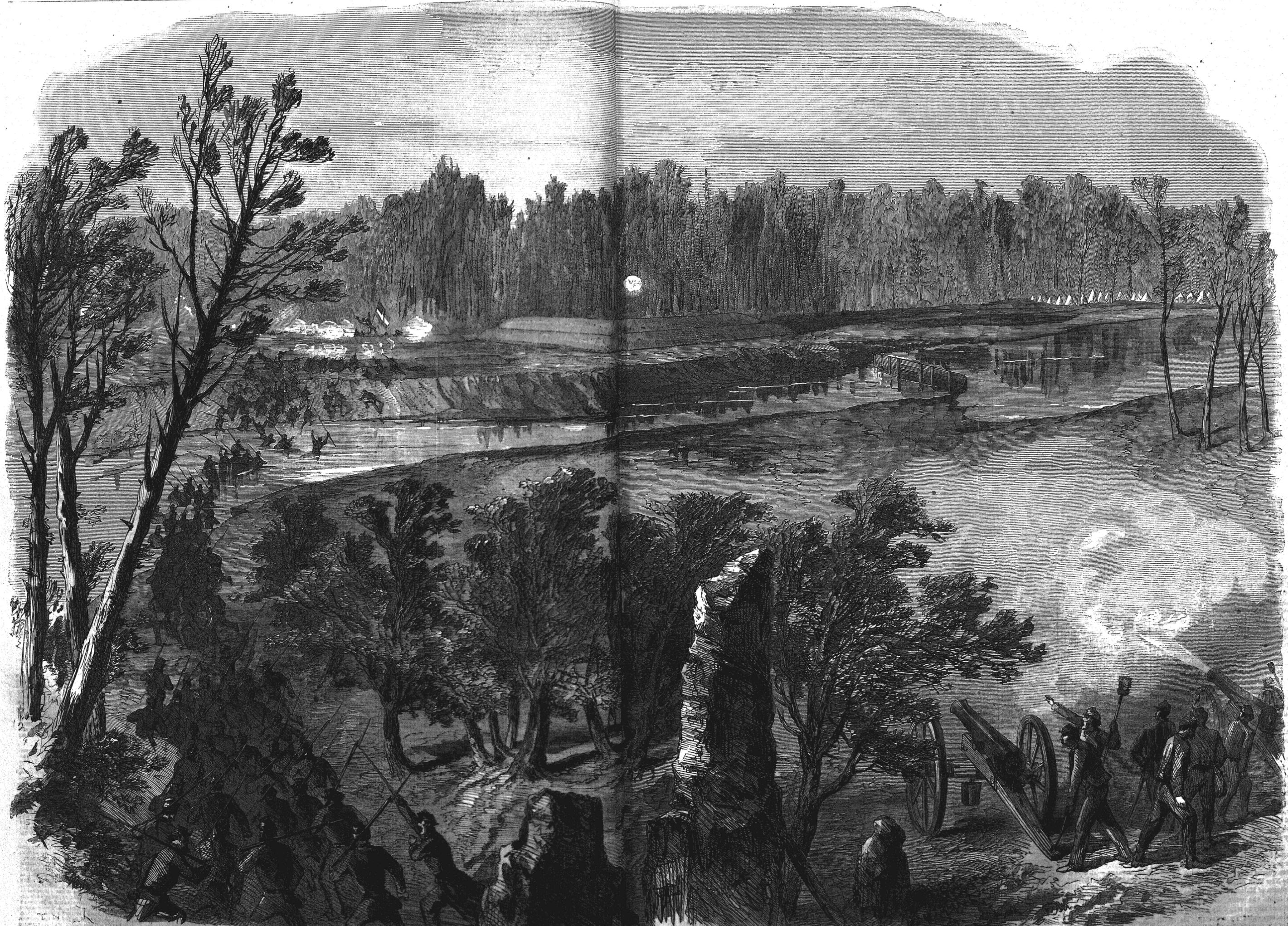


TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT TROY, N. Y., SATURDAY, MAY 10—NEARLY SEVEN HUNDRED HOUSES BURNED, MANY LIVES LOST, AND THREE MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. J. SCHOENMAKER, OF TROY.—SEE PAGE 116.



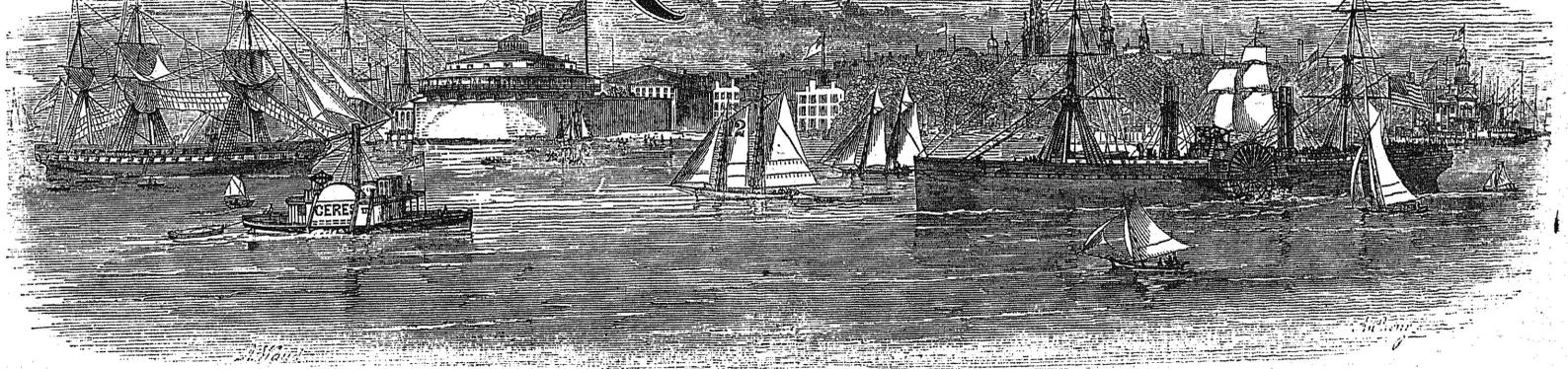
ST FROM GREENWICH 76 30

FROM FORTRESS MONROE TO RICHMOND. - See PAGE 119.



THE BATTLE OF LEE'S MILL, NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 16, 1862. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUNLEY, ESQ. SEE PAGE 11.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

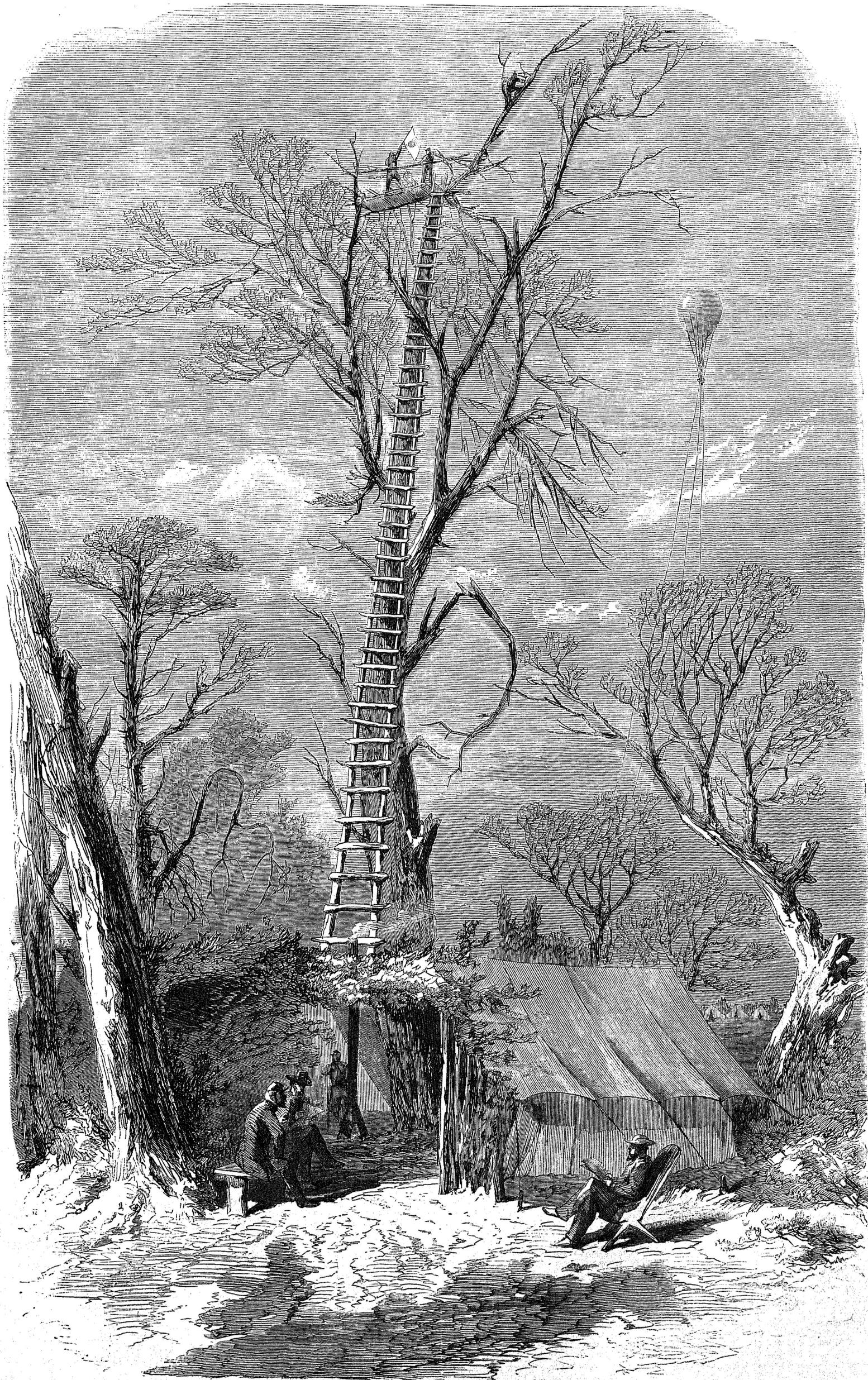


No. 132.—Vol. VI.

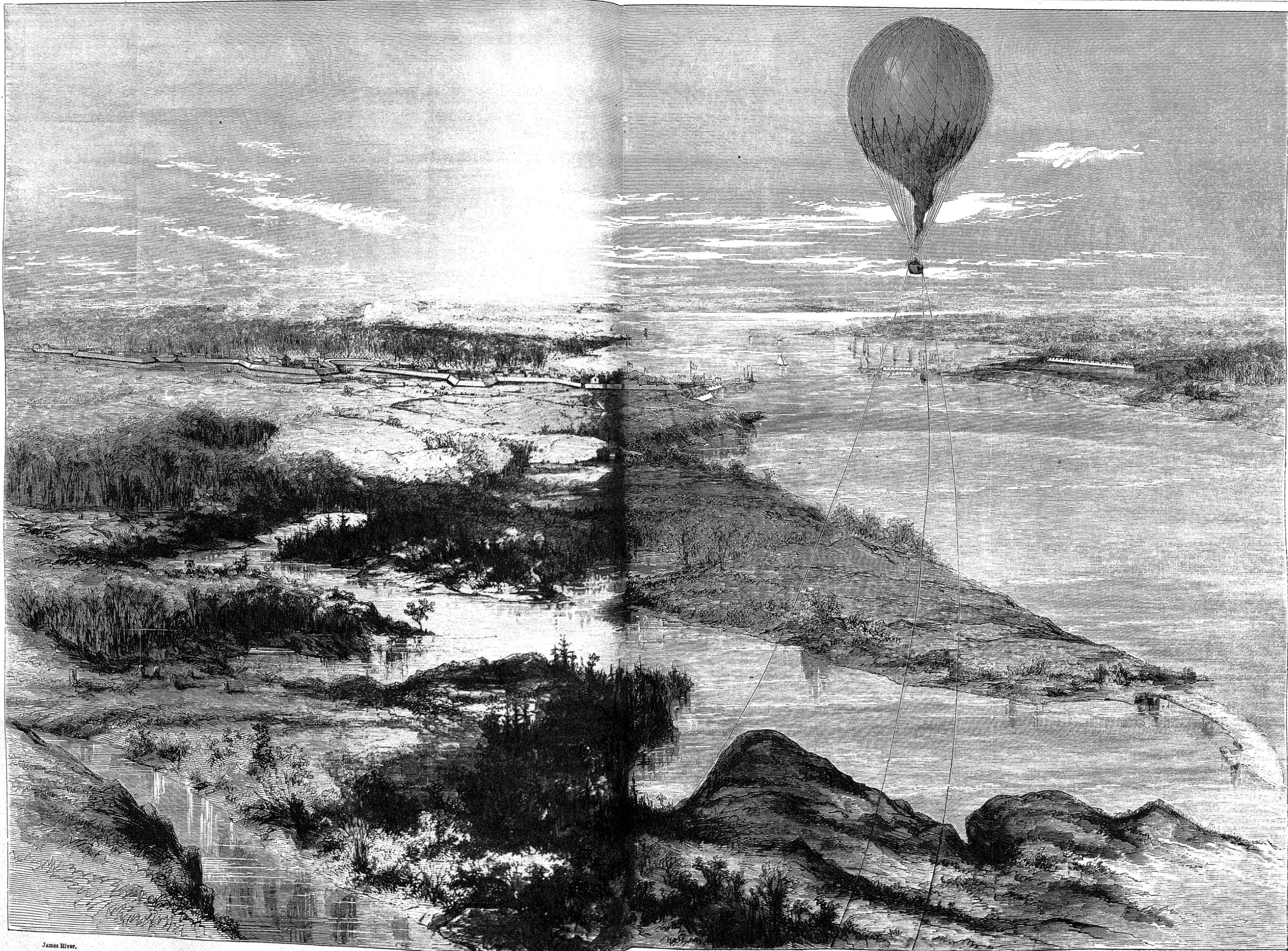
NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

PRICE SIX CENTS.





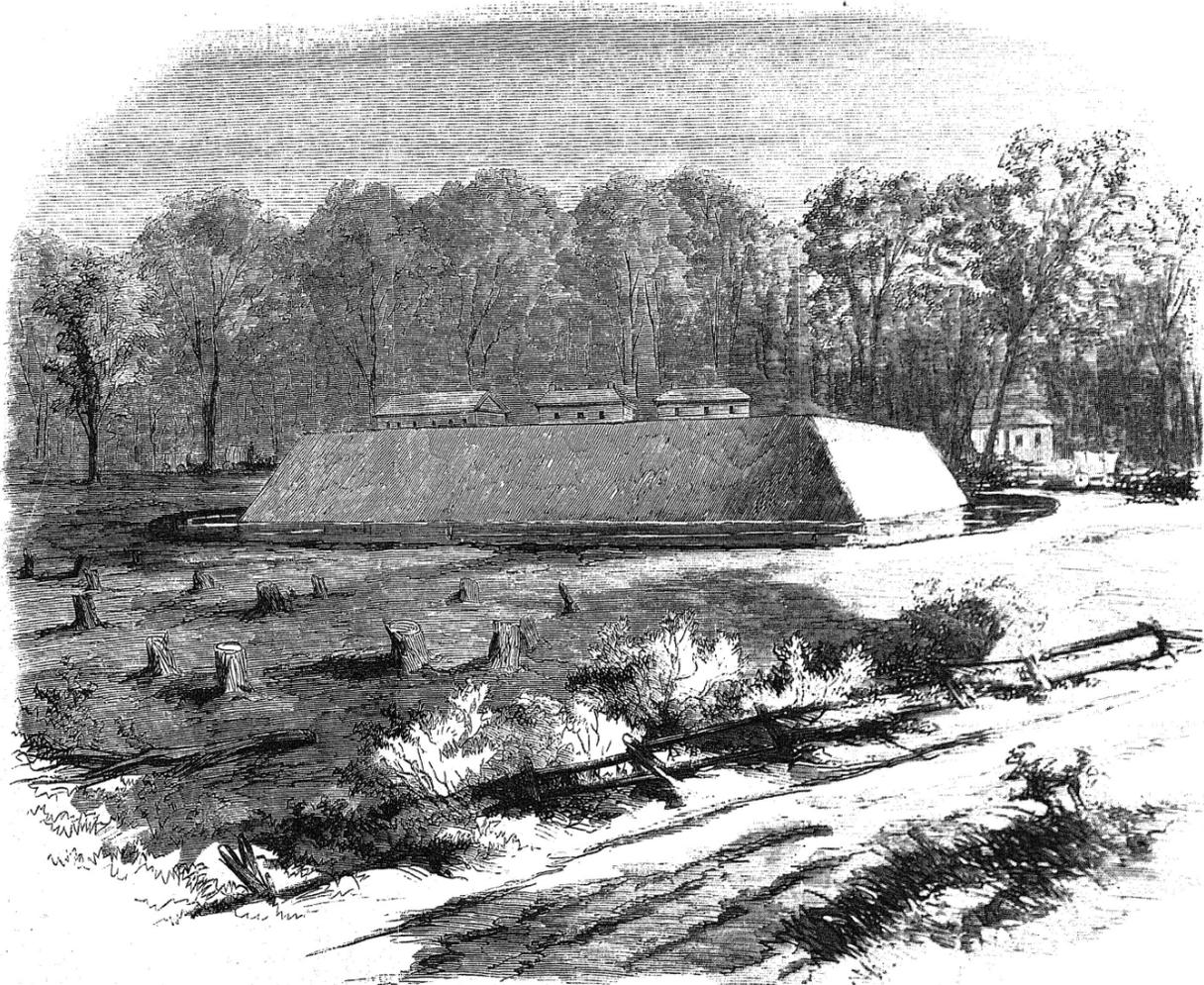
A SIGNAL STATION IN THE REAR OF GEN. McCLELLAN'S QUARTERS, NEAR YORKTOWN, VA. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST — See page 26.



James River, Rebel building, Re-plis, Rebel Encampment, Cotton bales, four batteries, Gloucester Point, Wormlet Creek, York River.

A BALLOON VIEW OF THE REBEL FORTS AND CAMPS AT YORKTOWN, VA., SKETCHED FROM PROF. LOWE'S BALLOON, AT AN ELEVATION OF ONE THOUSAND FEET. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LEMLEY.—SEE PAGE 26.

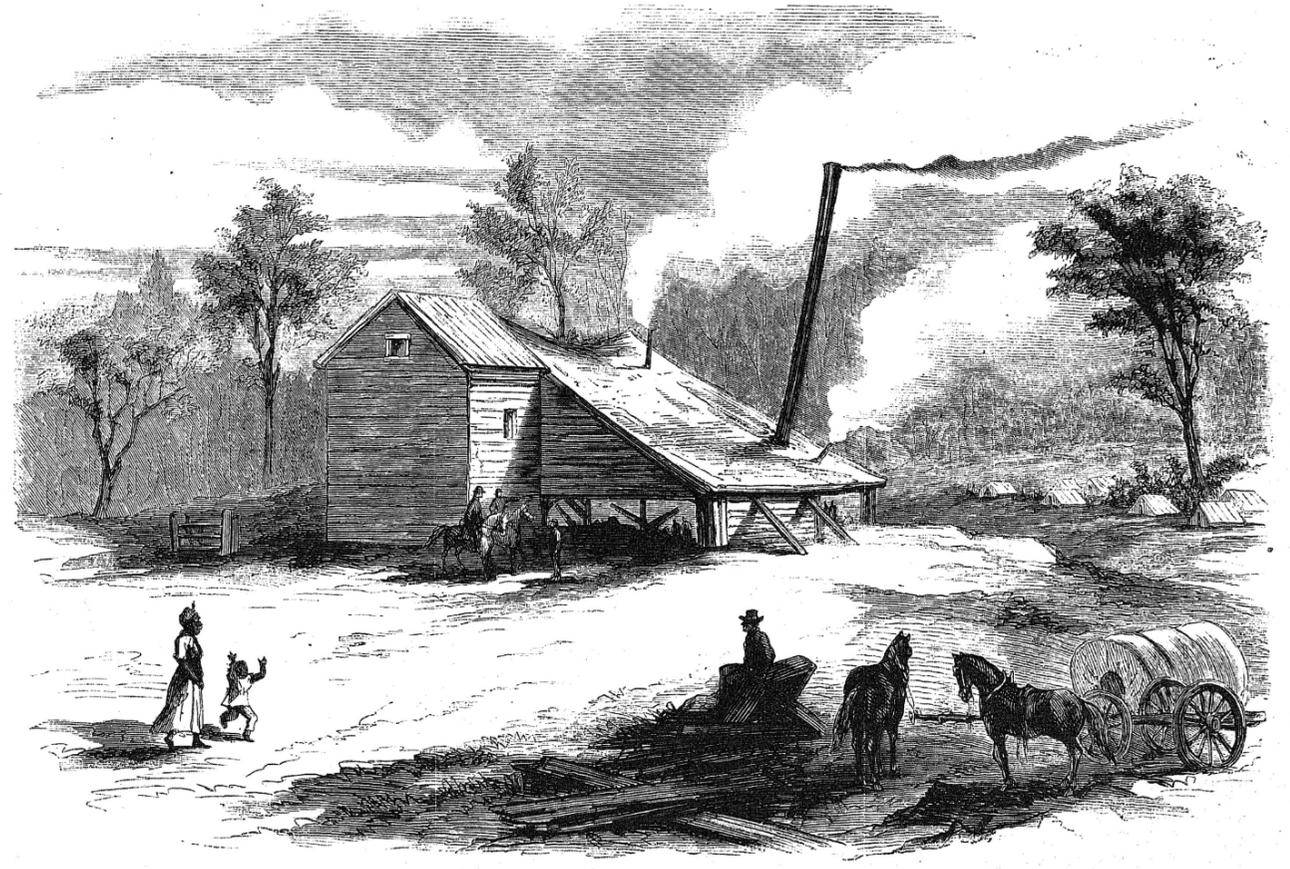
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THE REBEL FORT GRAFION, ALBEMARLE ARTILLERY, SIX GUNS, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO YORKTOWN. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 26.



CAMP OF THE 53d VIRGINIA, HAMPTON LEGION, COL. DAVIS, ON THE ROAD FROM CHEASEMAN'S LANDING TO YORKTOWN, VA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 26.



SUMER'S MILL, NEAR CHEASEMAN'S LANDING, VA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 26.



THE "LOOK-OUT," NEAR FORT PULASKI, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH. SKETCHED BY G. W. BALLEW.—See page 26.

A certain French surgeon residing in Georgia was taken prisoner by some Indians, who, having acquired from the French the art of larding their provisions, determined to lard this particular Frenchman, and then roast him alive. During the culinary process, when the man was half larded, the operators were surrounded by the enemy, and their victim, making his escape, lived many days in the woods on the bacon he had in his skin. Abbe Raynal swallowed this story, bacon and all, and published it in his works. Our readers cannot do better than follow the Abbe's example.

Towards the conclusion of his life, Radcliffe said that "when a young practitioner, he possessed twenty remedies for every disease; and at the close of his career, he found twenty diseases for which he had not one remedy."

Mention has been made of a thousand pounds ordered to be paid Sir Edmund King for promptly bleeding Charles the Second. A nobler fee was given by a French lady to a surgeon, who used his lancet so clumsily that he cut an artery instead of a vein, in consequence of which the lady died. On her death-bed she, with charming humanity and irony, made a will, bequeathing the operator a life-annuity of eight hundred livres, on condition "that he never again should bleed anybody as long as he lived."

"Your husband is very ill—very ill—high fever," ob-

served Doctor Taylor to a poor laborer's wife; "and he's old, worn, emaciated; his hand is as dry as a Suffolk cheese. You must keep giving him water—as much as he'll drink; and, as I'm coming back to-night from Woodbridge, I'll see him again. There—don't come snivelling about me!—my heart is a deuced deal too hard to stand that sort of thing. But since you want something to cry about, just listen—your husband isn't going to die yet! There, now, you're disappointed. Well, you brought it on yourself. Mind, lots of water—as much as he'll drink."

"Water, sir?" whined Molly Meagrim. "To be sure, your honor—water he shall have, poor dear soul! But, your honor, how much water ought I to give him?"

"Zounds, woman! haven't I told you to give him as much as he'll take?—and you ask me how much! *How much?*—give him a couple of pails of water, if he'll take 'em. Now, do you hear me, you old fool? Give him a couple of pails."

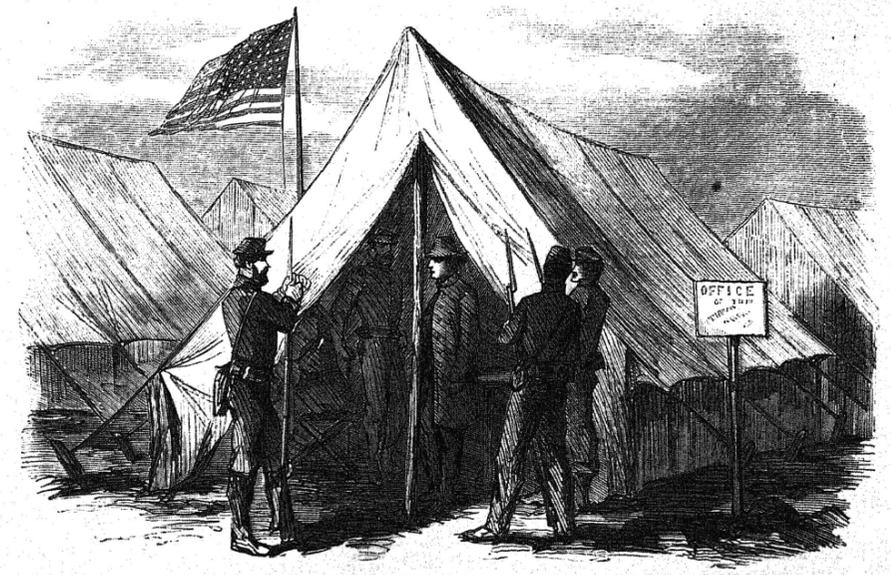
"The Lord bless your honor—yes," whined Molly. To get beyond the reach of her miserable voice the Doctor ran to his horse, and rode off to Woodbridge. At night, as he returned, he stopped at the cottage to enquire after the sick man.

"He's bin took away, yer honor," said the woman, as the physician entered. "The water didn't fare to do him noan good—noan in the least, sir. Only then we couldn't get down the right quantity, though we did our best. We got down better nor a pail and a half, when he slipped out o' our hands. Ah, yer honor! if we could but ha' got him to swaller the rest, he might still be alive! But we did our best, Doctor."—*A Book About Doctors.*

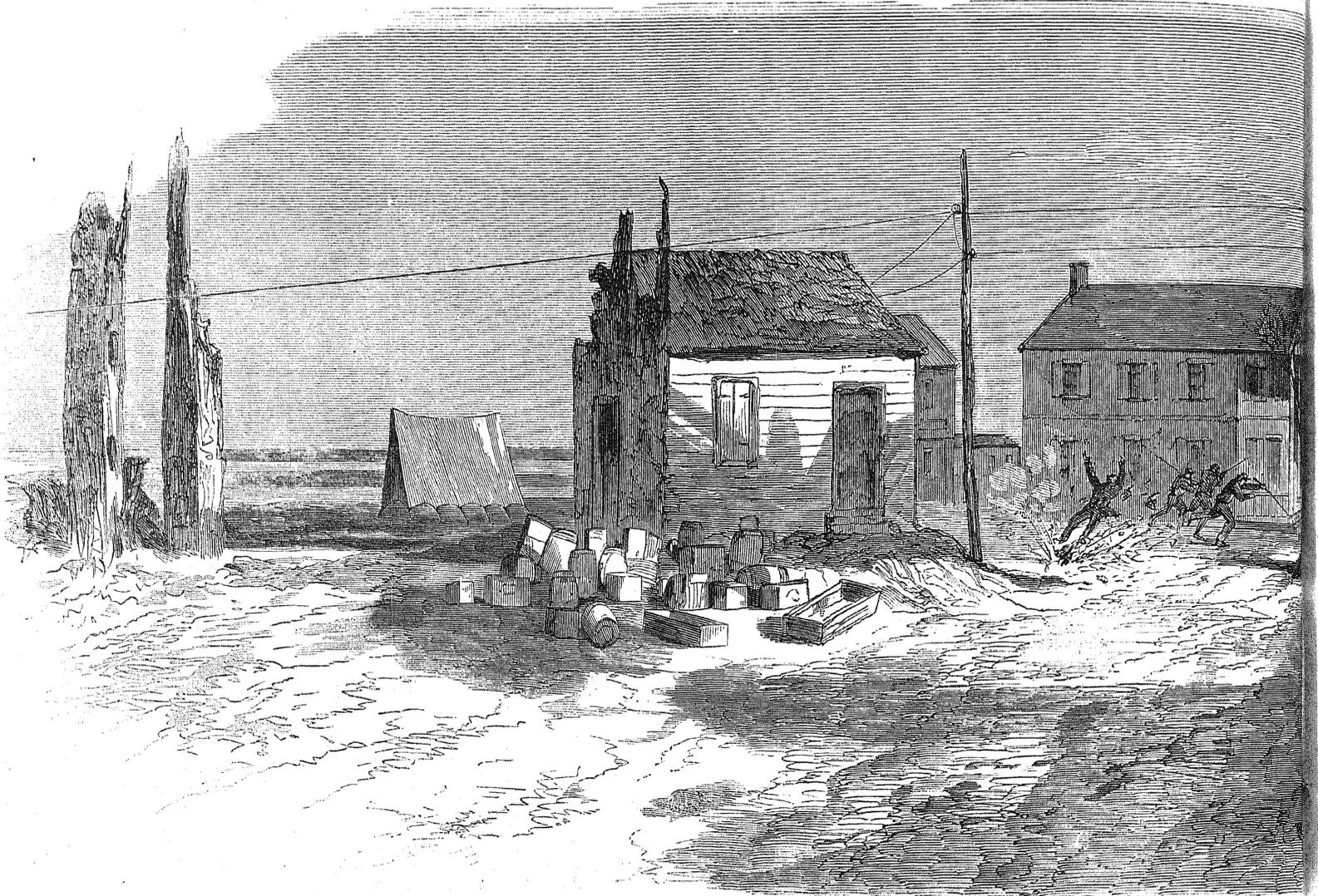
AFTER THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURGH.—The task of burying has been a sad one. Fathers have found sons, and sons fathers, among the slain, and the two or three left of companies from some towns assisted in gathering their comrades' bodies and placing them in the pits where fifty or more were hidden at once from view. The air is already tainted, in places sickening from the horrible stench.

On Thursday it was impossible to move without caution, as dead men were lying, thickly everywhere for miles—sometimes a dozen in a space of as many feet. No such scene was ever before witnessed in America. The opponents lay as they had fallen, often the bodies of the one heaped upon those of the other—Wounded men, mangled horses, crushed bodies, extended so interminably it was impossible to pass through them, and the visitor would be finally compelled to turn and retrace his steps. Rains had soaked the ground and covered it with pools of water, and sometimes the wounded could be seen crawling on to the dead, and lying there to keep off from the damp earth. Many had died in that position, and not a few of the deaths were caused by exposure. Physicians were busy, laboring nobly, but instruments became blunted and useless, and surgeons dropped with fatigue at their work before a fiftieth part of the work had been done.—*Missouri Republican.*

Our English exchanges announce the death of Mr. S. Nelson, in London. The deceased had a world-wide reputation as the composer of some of our best English ballads—"The Rose of Allendale," "The Flag that Braved a Thousand Years," "Oh Steer my Bark to Erin's Isle," "The Pilot," "Madeline," &c.



A SEIZED PRISONER AT THE OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—See page 26.

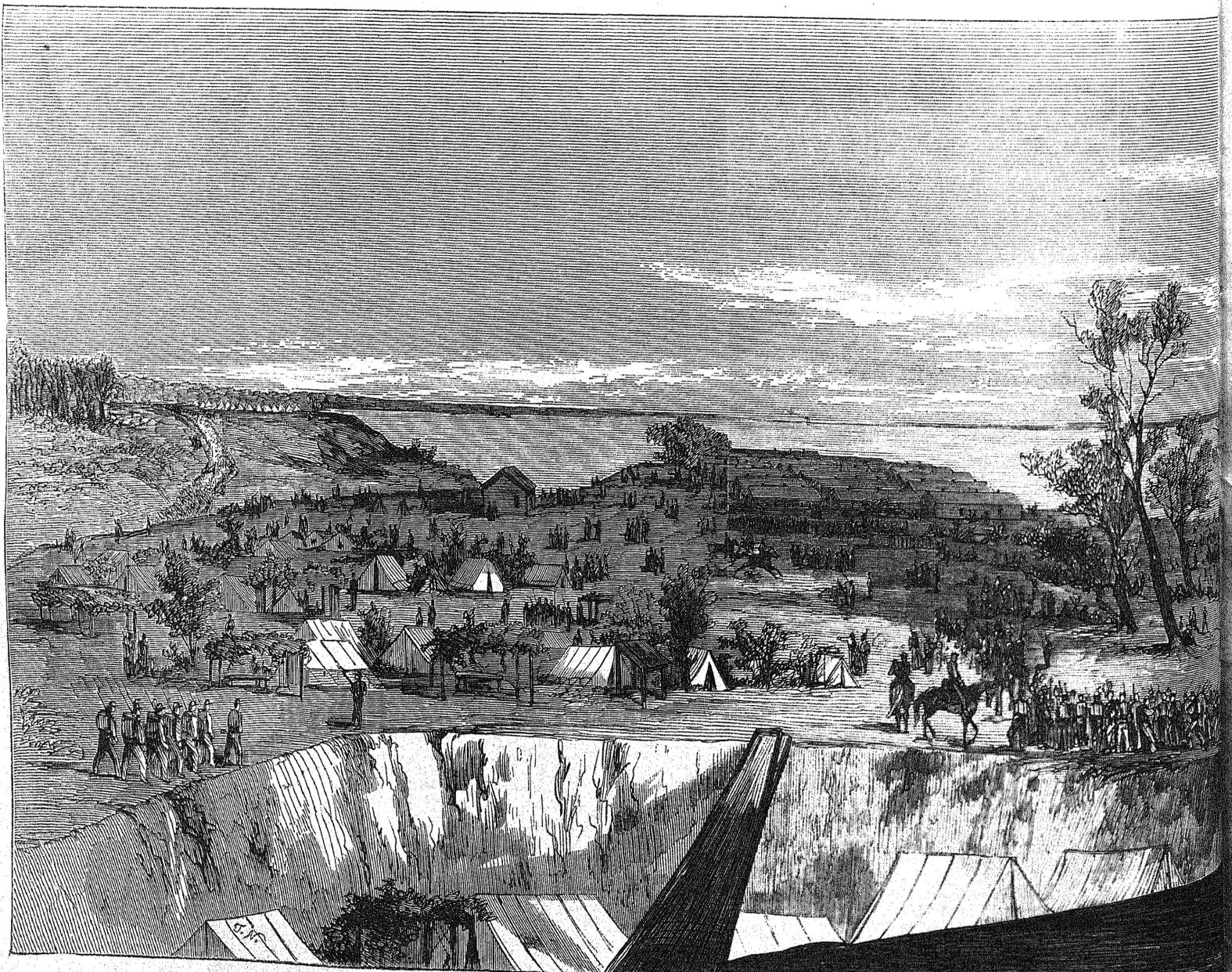


Gloucester Point.

Canister boxes

House.—Explosion of a Torpedo.

THE MAIN STREET IN YORKTOWN—FEDERAL TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH

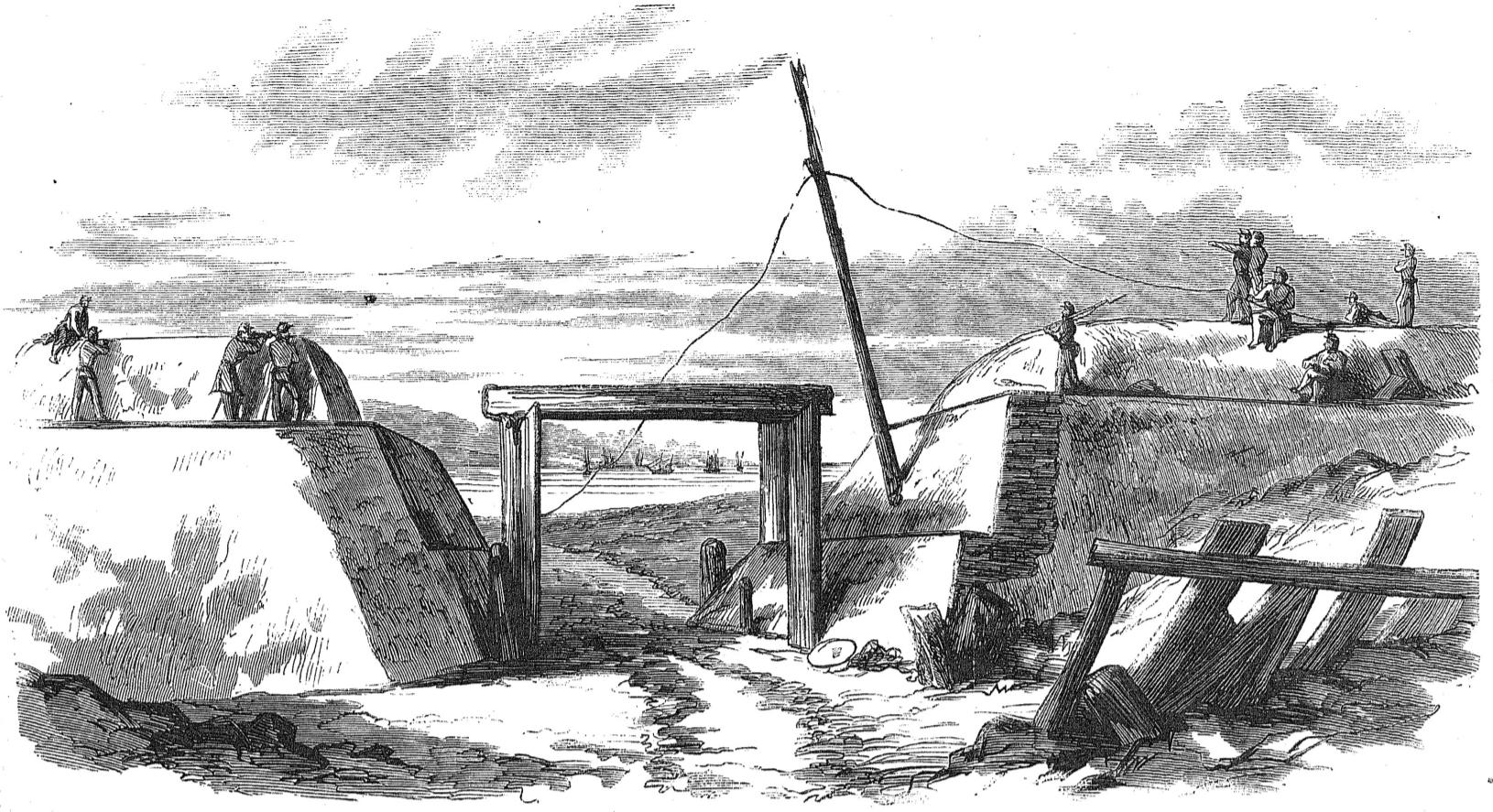


Union Army advancing on this road to Richmond.

Tents in moat

Barracks.

THE EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN—VIEW OF THE RIVER FROM THE RAMPARTS



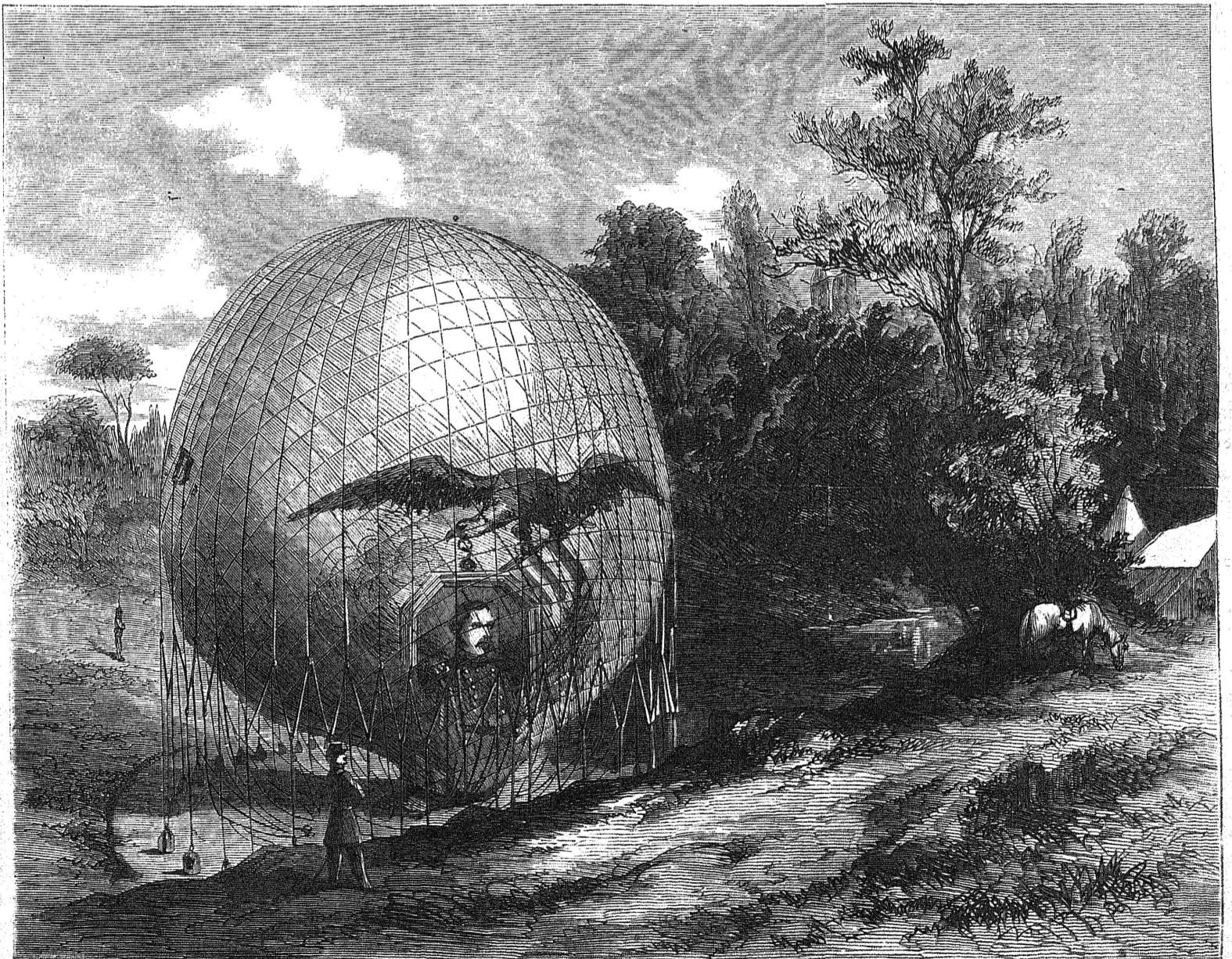
SCENE AT YORKTOWN--LOOKING UP YORK RIVER TOWARDS RICHMOND. FEDERAL GUNBOATS IN THE DISTANCE DESTROYING REBEL CRAFT. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUMLEY.—See page 42.

MATTERS AND THINGS PROMISCUOUSLY:—A mid-day sun was shining, the snow was melting fast, and the water stood in puddles. A dashing woman passed on tiptoe from the station to opposite Cannon Place, with dress uplifted rather high, and quite a queenly grace. She wore a splendid balmoral, and thought she

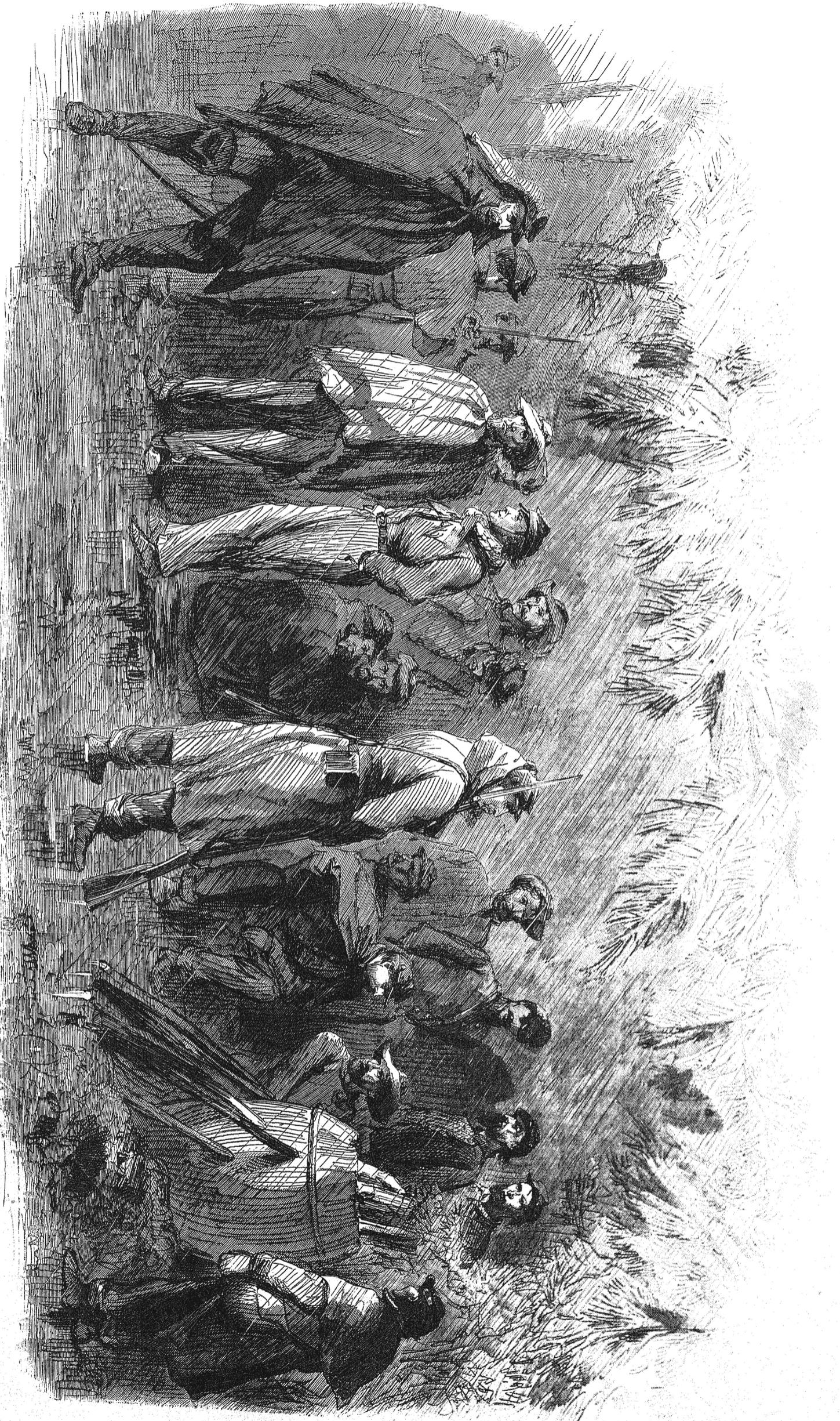
showed it well, but what she did exhibit is rather hard to tell. The poplin and the balmoral together stuck so tight, that when the first was lifted high, the last was out of sight. A pair of large extremities, six hoops of glittering steel, a dirty fannel hi-ho-bum, a hole in one stocking heel, made exhibition of them-

selves, and all the passers giggle, as onwardly she kept her way with such a graceful wriggle, until a bright-eyed urchin passed, and seeing "breakers ahead," drew down his face upon one side, half whistled and half said, "My eyes, ain't this a jolly place! there's several things about; oh, what a pair of hitching-posts, if

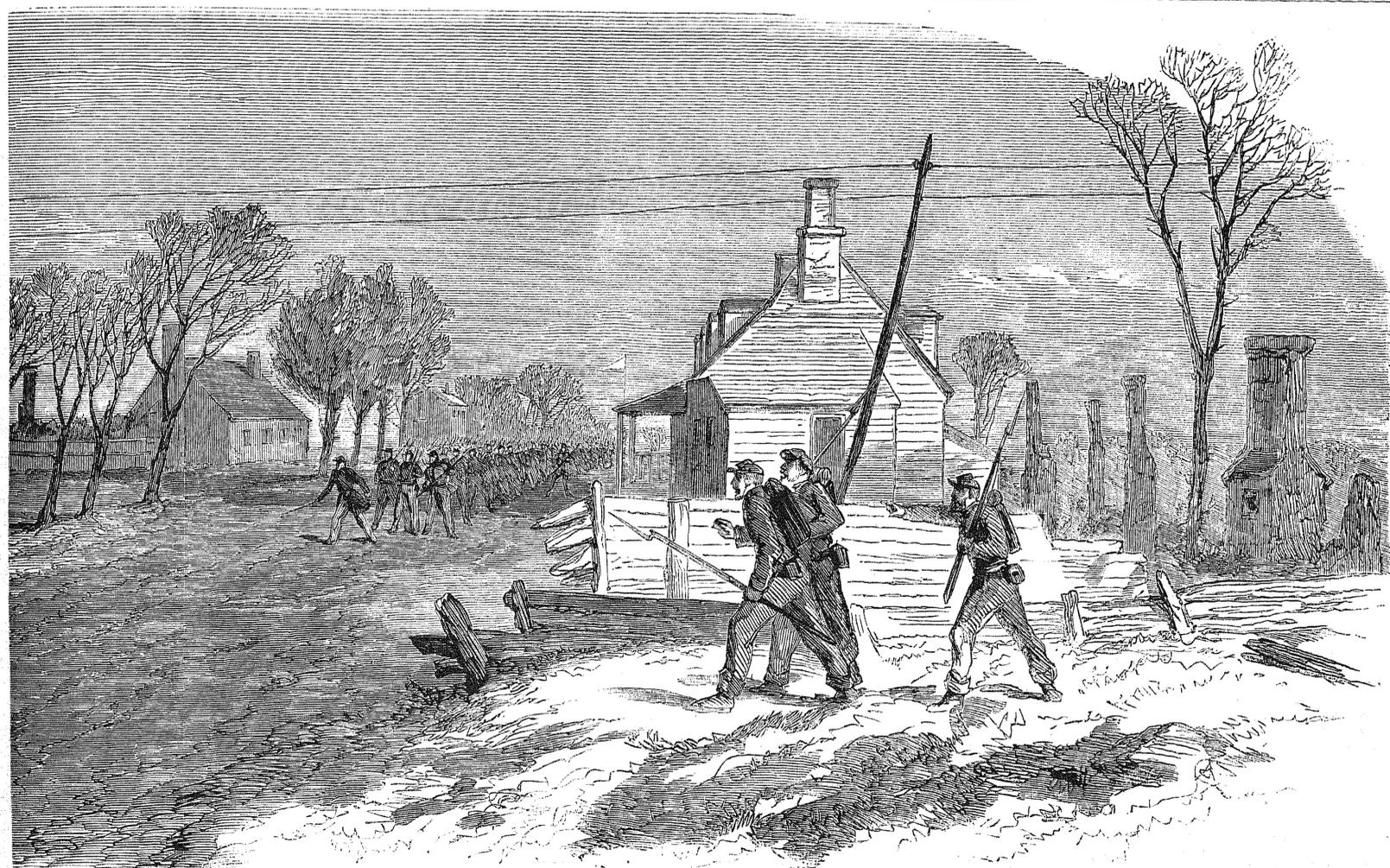
they wasn't quite so stout?" The "curtain dropped" like lightning's flash, the poplin swept the walk, the entire establishment disappeared as fast as it could stalk around the corner. *Mem.*—Old stockings aren't so bad to see if only neatly mended, and ankles of the gate-post kind to show were not intended.



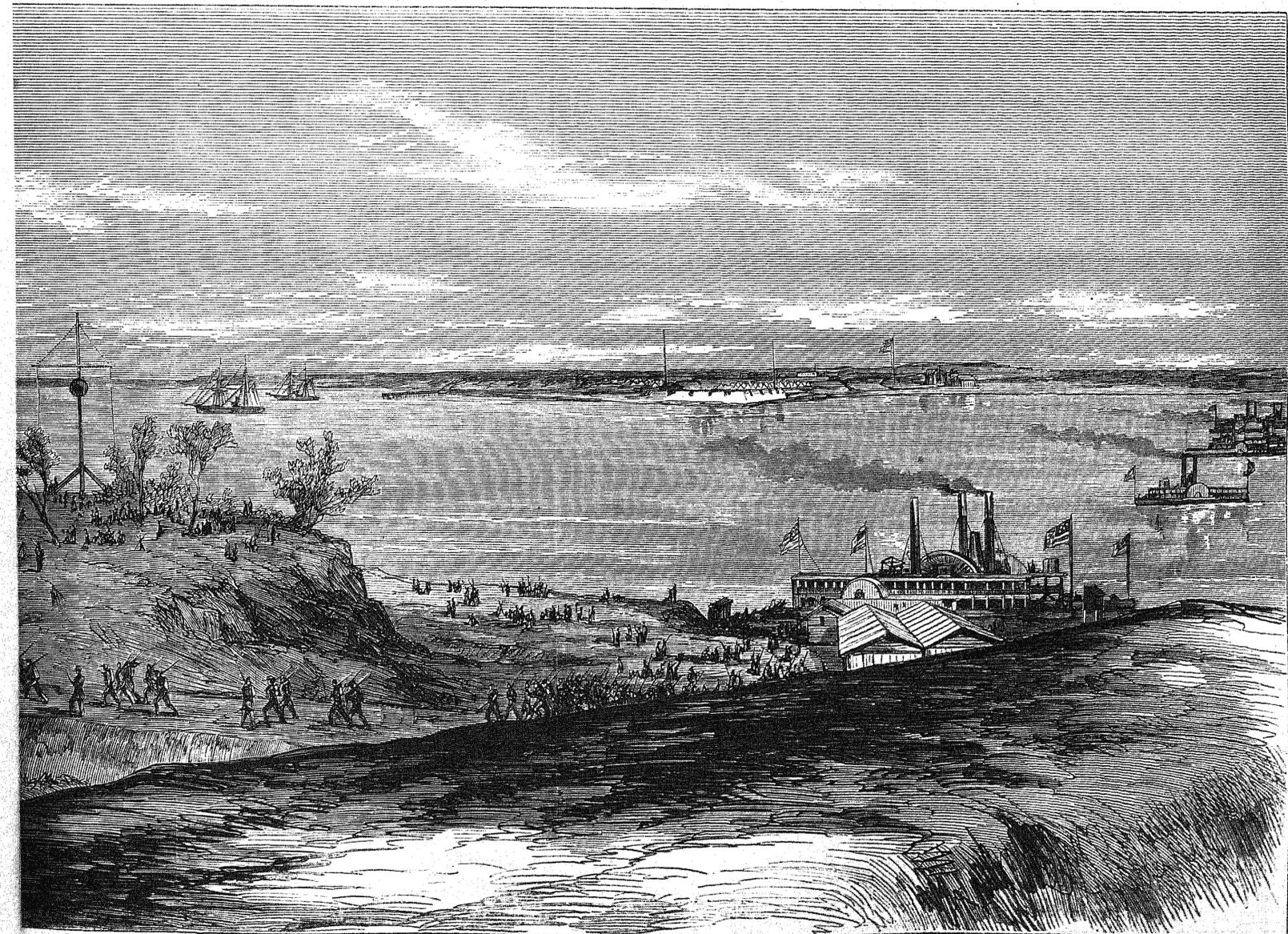
PROFESSOR LOWE'S BALLOON INTREPID, HARBORED BEFORE YORKTOWN. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUMLEY.—See page 42.



REBEL PRISONERS AT CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, NEAR YORKTOWN, VA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. A LITTLE.—See page 43.



TO WILLIAMSBURG. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 42.

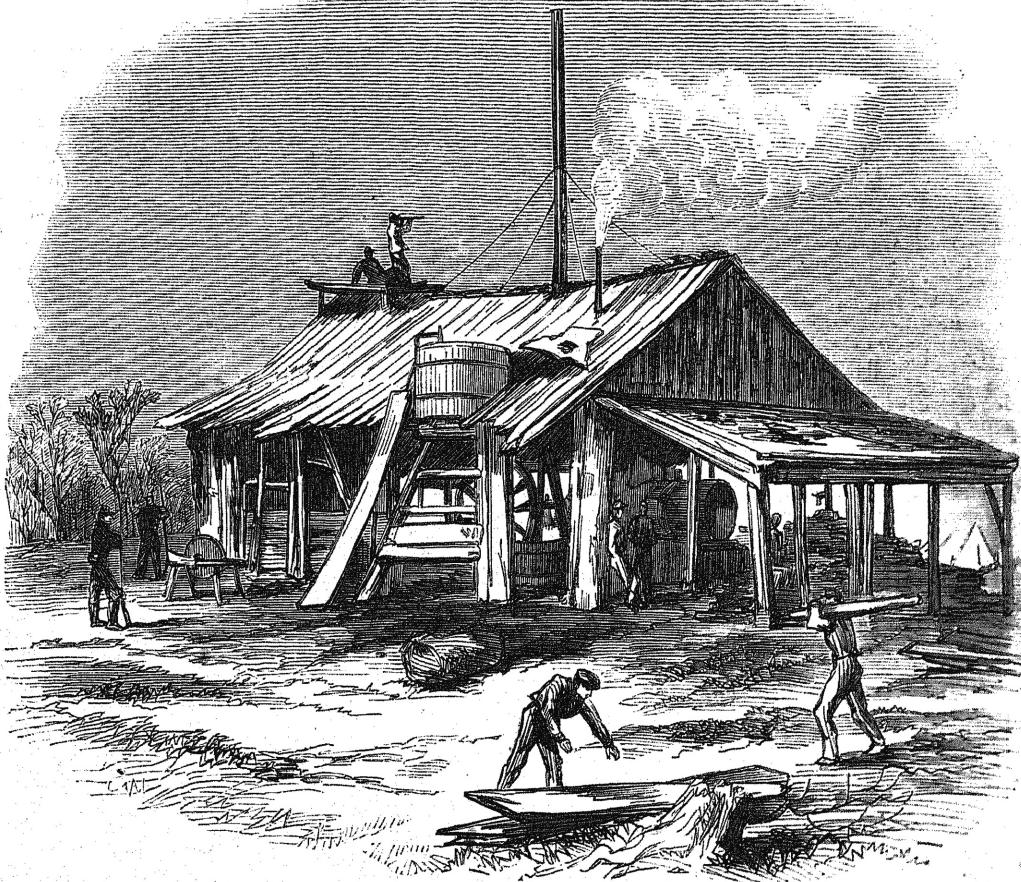


Signal station.

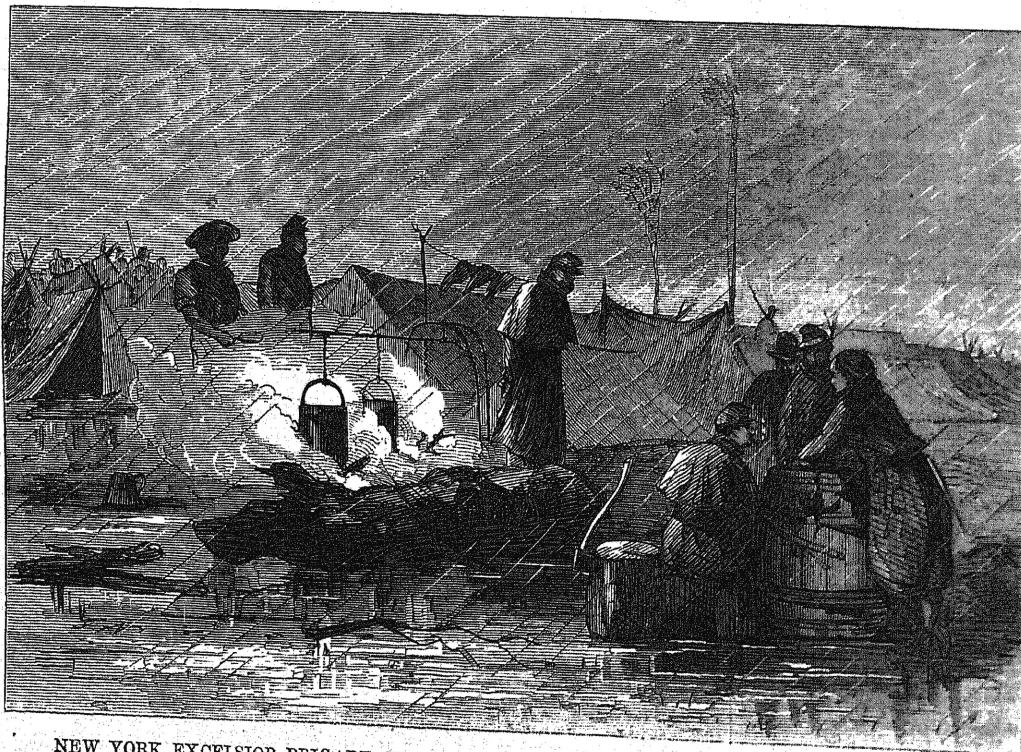
Gloucester Point

Boats coming up the river.

ITY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 42.



THE OLD SAW-MILL, ONE AND A HALF MILE FROM YORKTOWN, NOW BEING RUN BY FEDERAL TROOPS. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 43.



NEW YORK EXCELSIOR BRIGADE ENGAMPED IN THE FIELDS NEAR YORKTOWN, DURING THE LATE STORM. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 43.

Volunteers Attention!—For the derangements of the system, incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and exposures, which every Volunteer is liable to. There are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—A Mr. Dodwell, who has been lecturing on the Electric Telegraph, tells some good anecdotes. He says: "So intimate does this working become, that an experienced clerk will soon detect who is sending to him. The movements of the needles are too slow, too quick, or too slovenly, instead of being regular and with a dead beat. In such a case the clerk may be liable for a fine for any mistake in the message he is receiving, and they will sometimes become so excited as to refuse to take from such a fellow." Indeed, it is not unusual for the superintendent to have to separate two clerks, because a few hundred miles is not sufficient to keep them from fighting. Mr. Varley states he has noticed that telegraph-working generally causes great nervous irritation, and the clerks are very prone to quarrel. * * * Quarrelling rarely occurs, however, when the sending and receiving clerks are both experienced in their business; on the contrary, friendship is uniformly maintained; and it may be stated that, since the introduction of young ladies to work the instruments, telegraphic courtships have in more than one instance led to hymeneal results." In 1851 most of the provincial telegraphic clerks came up to town for a peep at the Great Exhibition. On reaching London many of them, before paying a visit to Hyde Park, "hunted up old chums, whom they had never seen in their lives, but had been talking with daily for years."

GREAT BOOKS.
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FACTS WORTH KNOWING—THAT DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, cures instantaneous, chronic rheumatism, headaches, toothache, croup, sore throats, colic, and pains of all kinds. The above is a candid statement of what Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment will do. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

INVALID.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all Lung Complaints, by sending to D. ADER, 381 Pearl street, New York. He sends it free. Write for it. It has cured thousands.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hatteras Inlet, Port Royal, and all other places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by **HARNDEN'S EXPRESS**, No. 14 Broadway. Sellers charged low rates.

At Prices to Suit Every Person.

- Silver plated Ice Pitchers, each..... \$4 50
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 - Ivory-handle Table Knives..... 5 75
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- The largest assortment of Refrigerators, Cooking Utensils, and every description of housekeeping articles, at a very great reduction in price. Buy or not buy, you will receive the most civil and best selection. All goods delivered free of charge, at E. D. BASSFORD'S extensive "Housekeepers' Bazaar," Cooper Institute, Astor place, one block from Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS and ARMS—(SHEPHERD'S Patent), 515 Broadway, N. Y.

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Having had my Store painted, and being prepared for "company," I have fixed my **RECEPTION DAYS** from Monday morning to Saturday at 8 P. M., where the usual assortment of rich, heavy **PLATED GOODS**, **URNS, TEA SETS, CASH BASKETS, ICE PITCHERS, FORKS, SPOONS, ETC.** may be obtained at the lowest prices. For sale, wholesale and retail at 4 and 6 Hurley slip, by **LUCIUS HART.**

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Stimulates and invigorates the hair, prevents it from falling out, restores it when lost, and promotes its growth and strength, rendering it amazingly soft and lustrous. For removing dandruff it has no equal; its operations in this particular are manifold and permanent. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. A. I. MATHER'S, General Agent, 25 Cedar St., N. Y.

A VOICE FROM YORKTOWN!

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!

A VOICE FROM YORKTOWN!

Let Facts Speak for Themselves!

Read the following brief note received this morning from one of our brave soldiers now before Yorktown:

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, NEAR YORKTOWN.
THOMAS HOLLOWAY, ENQ.
60 Maiden Lane,
May 14, 1862.

Sir,
As there are none of "Holloway's Pills" for sale hereabouts, I enclose an order, for which please send me the amount in your very valuable Pills without delay. If there is any postage or expressage please deduct it, and oblige

Yours truly, in haste,
T. HANLEY, ANQ.,
98 N. F. Canby,
Before Yorktown, Va.

P. S.—Your Pills are famous for the cure of Dysentery, and I have no doubt that they will prove as efficacious in Chills and Fever here as they have in other divisions of the army.

AGENT are making more money by selling **RICKARD'S UNION PRIZE STATIONERY AND RECIPE PACKAGE** than in any other investment. Our package is in such demand that Agents easily make from \$10 to \$15 a day. (Specimens mailed free.)
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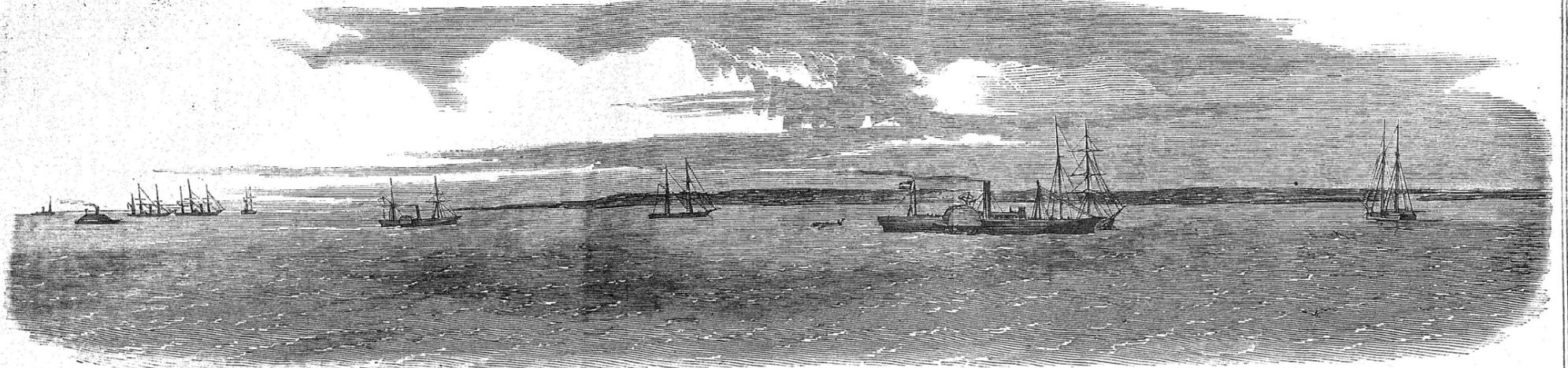
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10 CENTS in Silver or Stamps will give you a copy of the above, by returning **PAUL CURTIS**, 25 Ann Street, New York.



YORKTOWN. MERRIMAC. ENGLISH AND FRENCH STEAMERS. REBEL STEAMER TEASER. JAMESTOWN.
 CAPTURE OF TWO BRIGS NEAR HAMPTON CREEK BY THE REBEL STEAMER JAMESTOWN, ON FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1862.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 410.



MAJOR-GENERAL N. T. BANKS.—See page 410.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK.—See page 410.

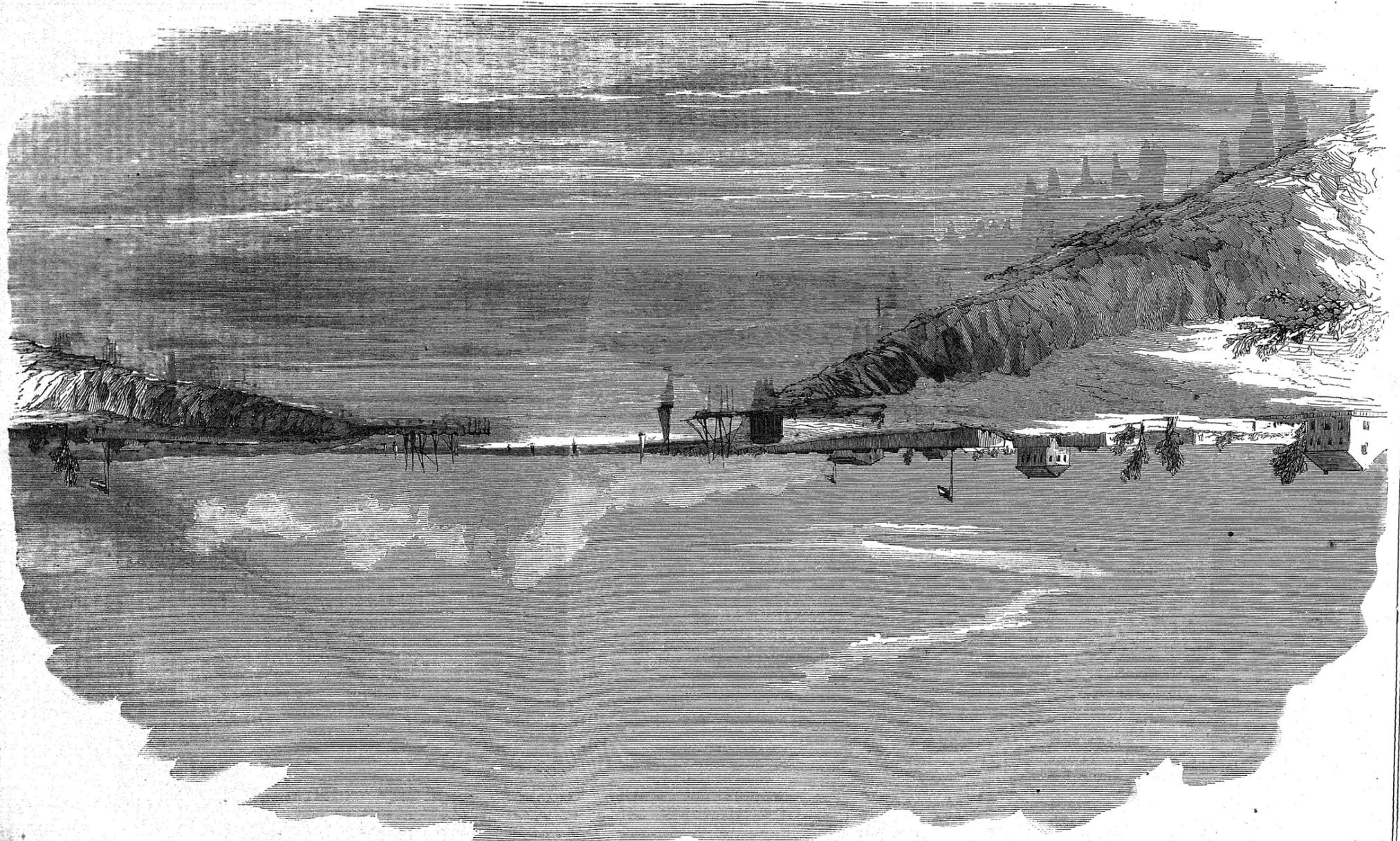


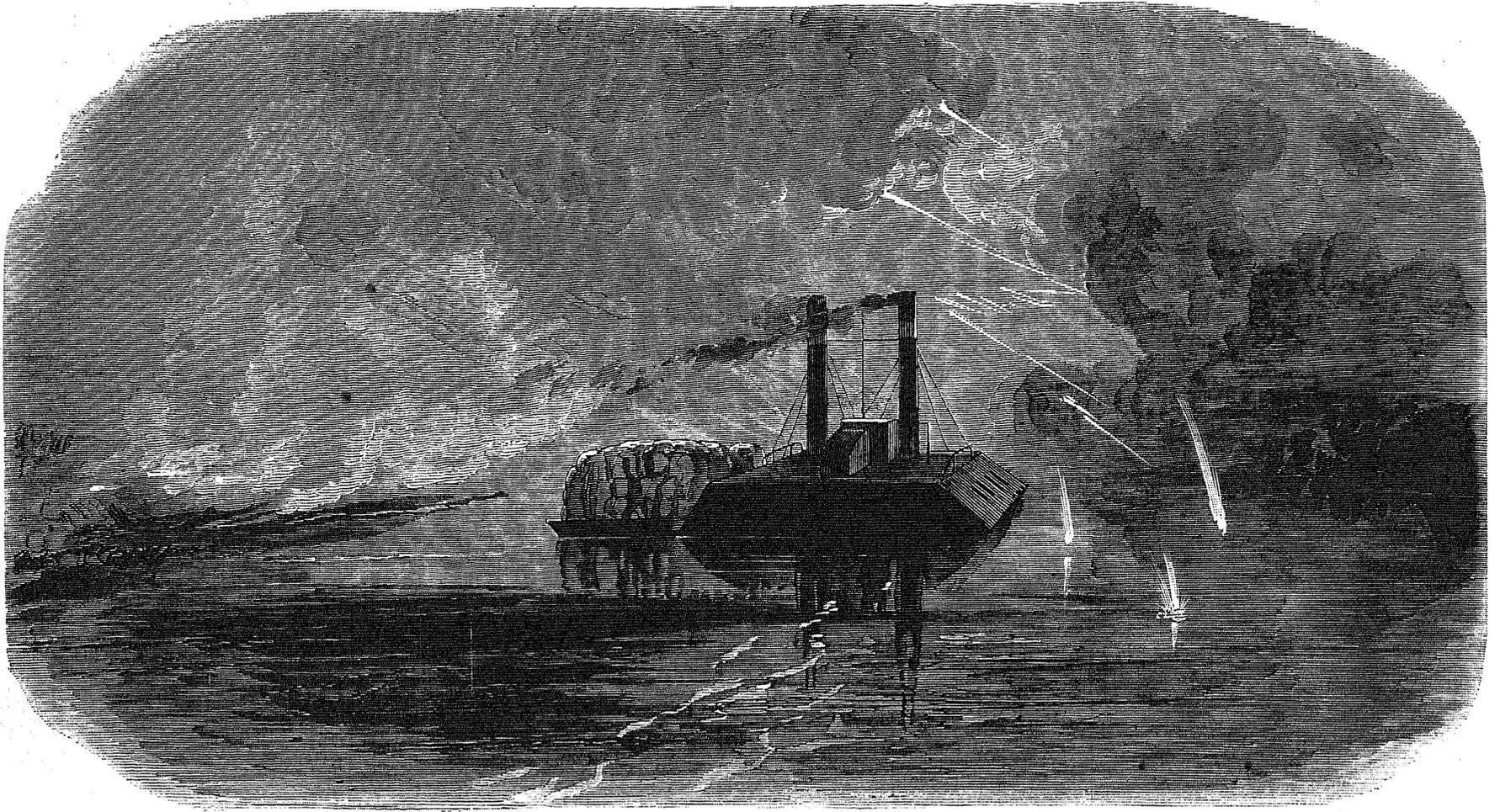
MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL.—See page 410.



THE LATE LIEUT. FITZ-JAMES O BRIEN.—See page 410.

VIEW OF THE REBEL RIVER BATTERIES AT YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER POINT. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. MITCHELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK TIMES.—See page 410.





THE GUN-BOAT CARONDELET RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT ISLAND NO. 10, TO JOIN GENERAL POPE.—See page 411.

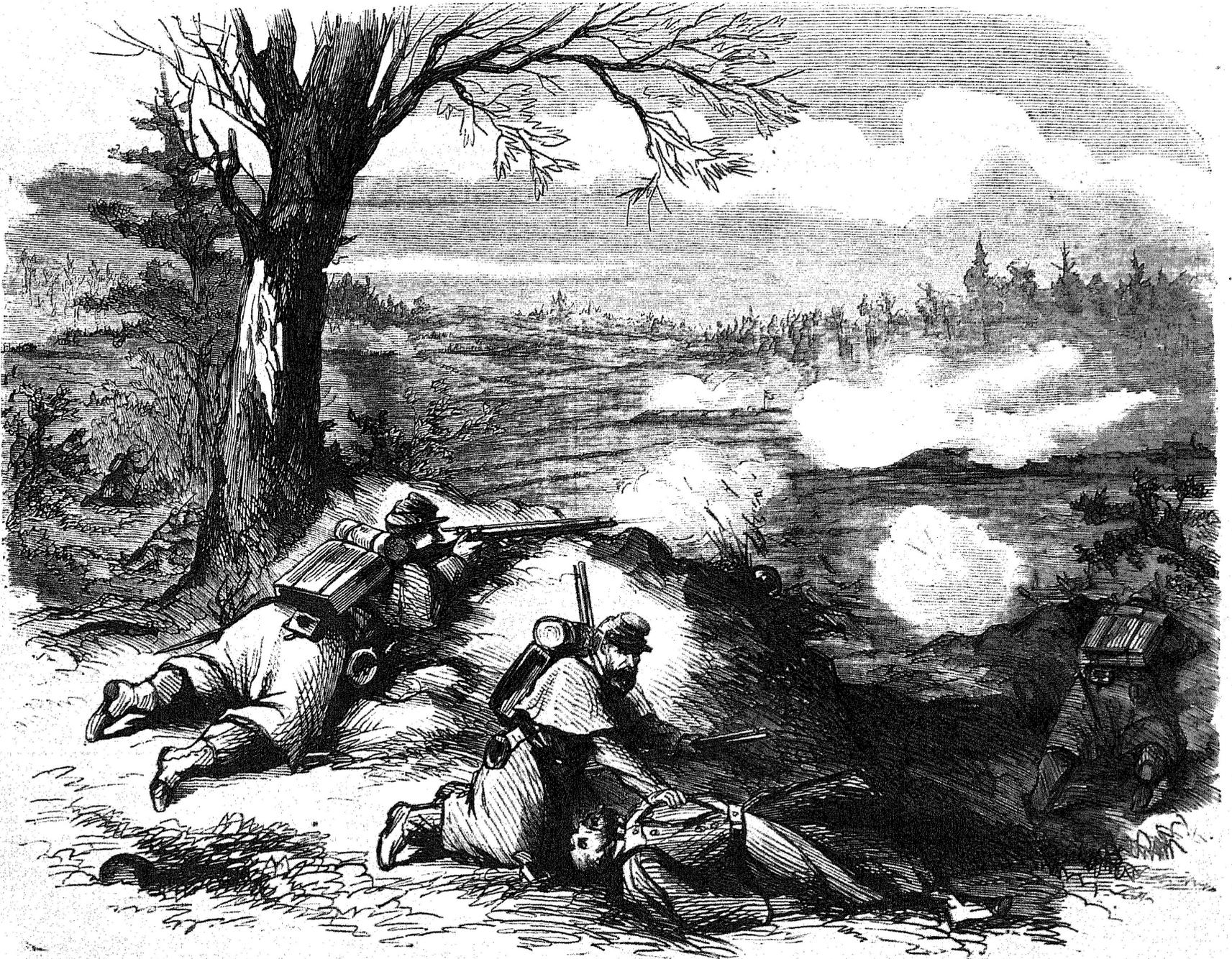
THE MIGNONETTE AS A TREE.—Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants, produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and, as mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white osier. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving

not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, which must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three and a half inches long. Then select out of these four, six or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a slender rod of white osier, or, better, a piece of whalebone, make a hoop, and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom,

support them by a second hoop like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear, just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little the principal stalk, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be a herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities,

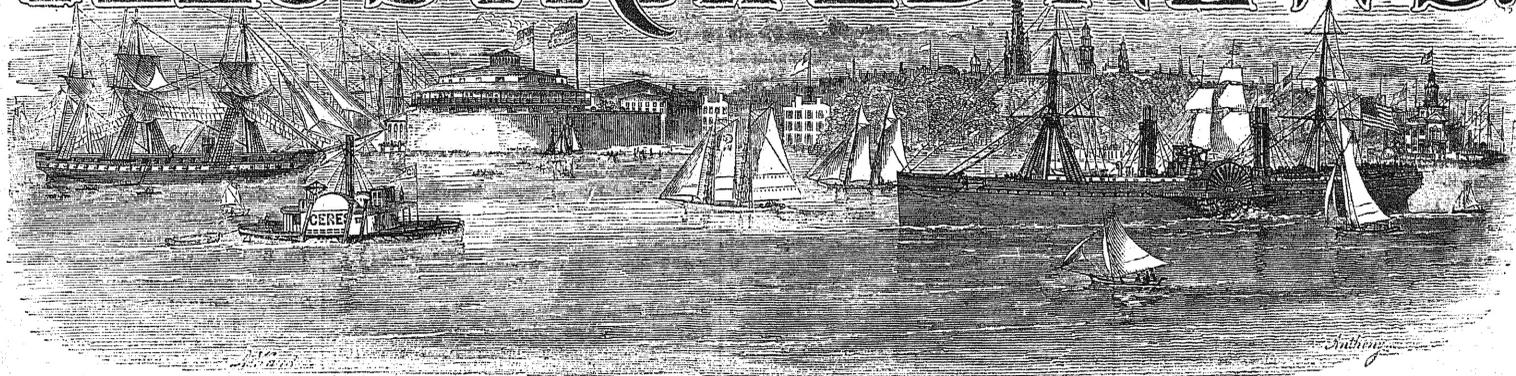
which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live from twelve to fifteen years. We have seen them in Holland double this age.

“Landlord,” said a seedy pedagogue, somewhat given to strong libations, “I would like a quantum of spirits, a medium of sugar, in conjunction with a little water; but deal largely in the spirits, thou man of mixtures!”



FIRMISHERS IN GENERAL McCLELLAN'S ADVANCE ON YOBKTOWN, VA. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See page 411.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



No. 136.—VOL. VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

OLD BUILDING NEAR YORKTOWN.

On this page we give a small picture of a deserted rebel house, that was for a time used by our troops as an advanced picket station, while General McClellan's army was on its march to Richmond. This house is near one of the deserted Rebel encampments. The building itself is in ruins, the precious handiwork of Jeff. Davis' soldiers: the owner has been impressed, and his family driven from their farm, which, poor as it is, was their only home.

As an evidence of the sudden and utter check this unholy war has put on industrial operations in the South, we may state, that this farm was, the greater part of it, plowed and ready for the seed; but the Rebel press-gang came so suddenly on the owner that the plow was left in the ground, with the last half of the finishing furrow yet unturned.

VIEW OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

The picture of Fredericksburg which we present below, will be found to be interesting. It is, we believe, the only correct view of that village that has yet been presented to the public. Fredericksburg is situated on the Rappahannock River, and on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, directly north of Richmond, and a little west of south of Washington, and about midway, on the most



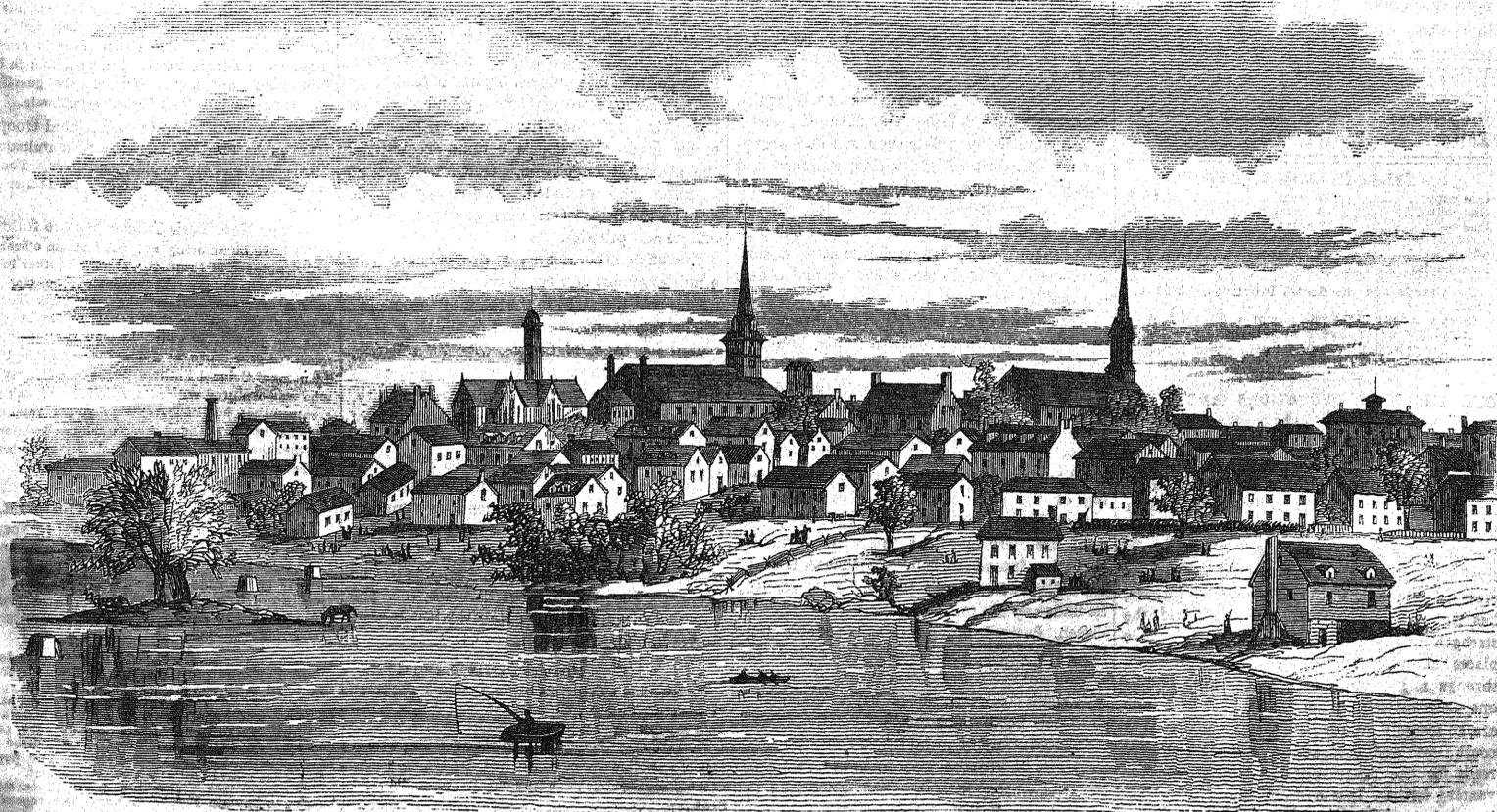
OLD BUILDING NEAR YORKTOWN. FORMERLY USED AS A PICKET STATION BY THE UNION FORCES.

direct line of communication between the two cities. It is about twelve miles distant from the Potomac, at the point where Aquia Creek enters that river. It has been for some time within Gen. McDowell's jurisdiction, and has for some time been occupied by his Division. It is one of the leading towns of Virginia, both in commercial and strategic importance. It is a pleasant place, and though, in common with the other Virginia cities, it has suffered severely by the present war, it will doubtless speedily, under the stimulus of Peace and amity, renew and redouble its ancient prosperity.

The Richmond *Enquirer* is badly scared, and talks as if Rebels had the pluck of Russians. Hear it:

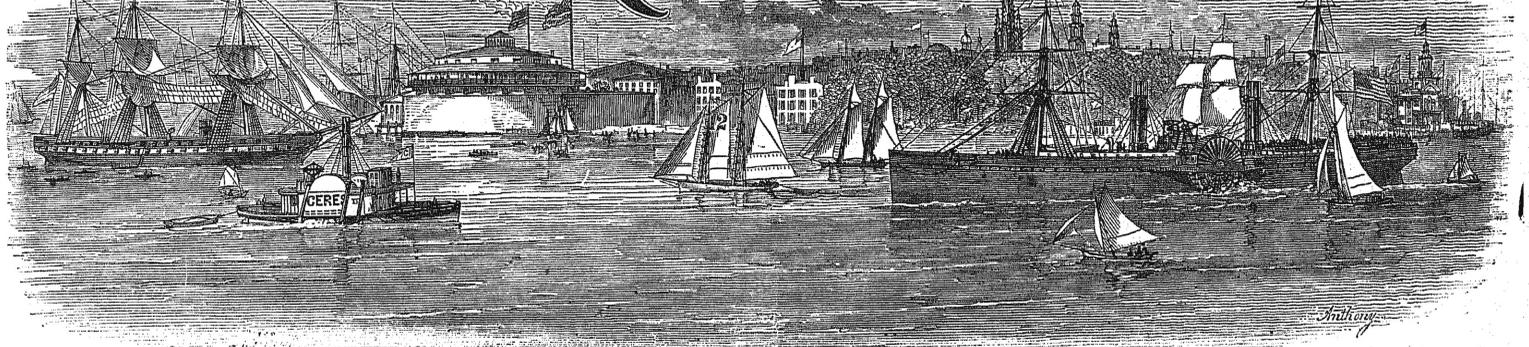
"Our defenders are our own husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and kindred, dear to us, and we lie down at night and rise up from day to day preserved from invasion by the loved ones in the front. But the enemy is strong in numbers, and his energies are bent on the capture of Richmond. His coils will become closer and closer every day. He will not return until defeated and driven from the field.

"But are we citizens prepared to receive all this? Are we prepared to receive the corpses of our brethren fresh from the gory field, to welcome and attend on the wounded, dear as they may be to us? Are we prepared to witness the desolation of our homes, and to encounter all the sacrifices which a sanguinary bombardment is likely to incur? We hope the citizens are equal to the sacrifice required—pains, wounds, death, the sacrifice of property and life, notwithstanding. It were better that Richmond's fate be that of Moscow's, than that Richmond fall to be the habitation of the invader. We hope the patriotism of Richmond is equal to the sacrifice."



FREDERICKSBURG, VA., LATELY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL McDOWELL. SKETCHED BY W. K. RUSSELL.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS



No. 135.—Vol. VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

PRICE SIX CENTS.



EXPLOSION OF TORPEDOES AND INFERNAL MACHINES LEFT BY THE RETREATING CHIVALRY IN YORKTOWN. FROM A SKETCH BY A. LUMLEY. See page 75.

