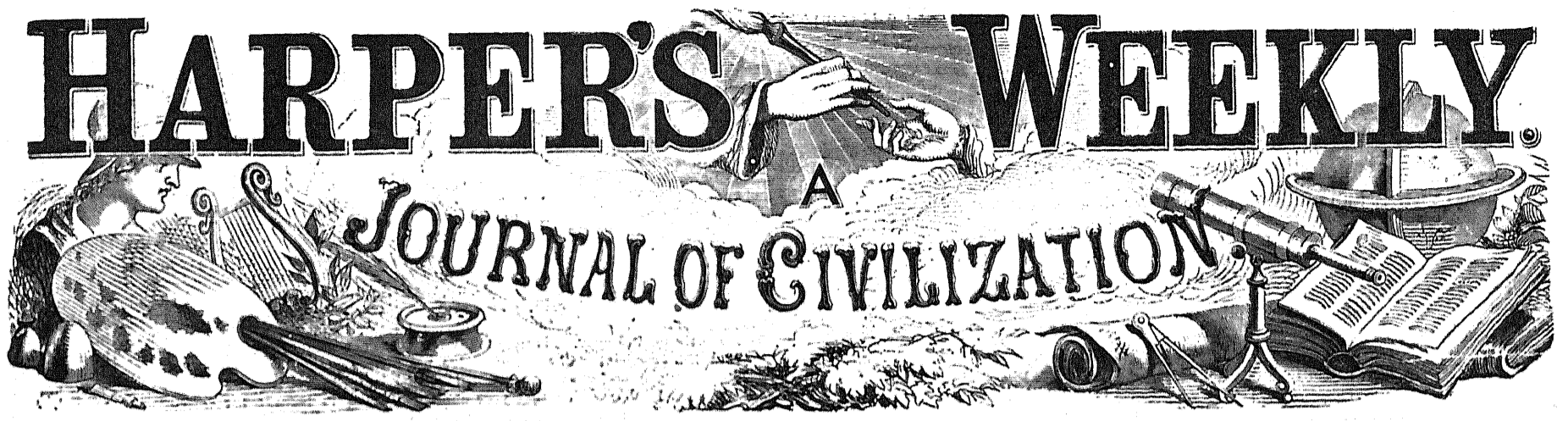


# HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. V.—No. 211.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

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 Great Southern Movement.

The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw attention to the following list of Illustrations of the PENDING REVOLUTION, which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks:

In this Number,

A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON;  
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER;  
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTONIANS;  
SEVERAL PICTURES OF FORT MOULTRIE.

In last Number,

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

In previous Numbers,

A MAP AND PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FORTS, ETC.;  
THE CHARLESTON DELEGATION IN CONGRESS;  
THE CHARLESTON MARINE SCHOOL, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS;  
THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA;  
THE GRAVE OF OROU-LA;  
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND;  
PALMETTO-TREE AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHARLESTON;  
THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE;  
THE PALMETTO FLAG AND COCKADE;  
TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN;  
FORT MOULTRIE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that in No. 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

## Great Expectations,

was commenced. Mr. Dickens's Story will be richly illustrated by JOHN McLEWAN, Esq.

It is printed from the Manuscript and proof-sheets of the Author.

Any person who remits Four Dollars to the Publishers will receive both *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* for one year, and will thus provide himself with the best reading of the day, published in a beautiful and attractive style, for a very small sum of money.

*Harper's Weekly* will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it.—Specimen Numbers of the *Magazine* will also be sent gratuitously.

## TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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25 Copies for One Year, 45 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve Subscribers.

## MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER.

We are indebted to Mrs. Anderson, wife of Major Anderson, for the likeness from which the accompanying portrait of that gallant officer has been copied. It may be safely said that he, above all other men, is in every one's thoughts and conversation at the present time.

Major Anderson is a Kentuckian; he was born in that State in September, 1805. At the age of fifteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1825. He joined the army with the rank of Second-Lieutenant of the Second and subsequently of the Third Artillery. In 1832 he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War; Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect being a captain of those volunteers. In 1833 he received his commission as First-Lieutenant, and became Instructor and Inspector at West Point. This post he held for four years, during which period he collected the material for his work on Artillery, the standard text-book on the subject.

In 1838, for gallantry in the Florida War, he was made Brevet-Captain, and soon afterward joined General Scott's military family as aid-de-camp. The relations of Major Anderson with the gallant old chief were so friendly and agreeable that one can well imagine the interest felt by the latter in the Major's present movements. In October, 1841, so slow is promotion in our army, Anderson received his commission as captain in his regiment.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was intrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise on the

part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field-officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino;" and adds, that "Brevet-Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry, Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defense of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First Artillery, which he now holds.

All last summer Major Anderson was occupied as a member of the Commission appointed to inspect the United States Military Academy at West Point—a Commission, by-the-way, whose report singularly confirms certain strictures passed on the diet of the cadets in this journal last summer. It was only six weeks ago that he took the command at Fort Moultrie.

Of Major Anderson's physique a writer, who seems to know him well, says:

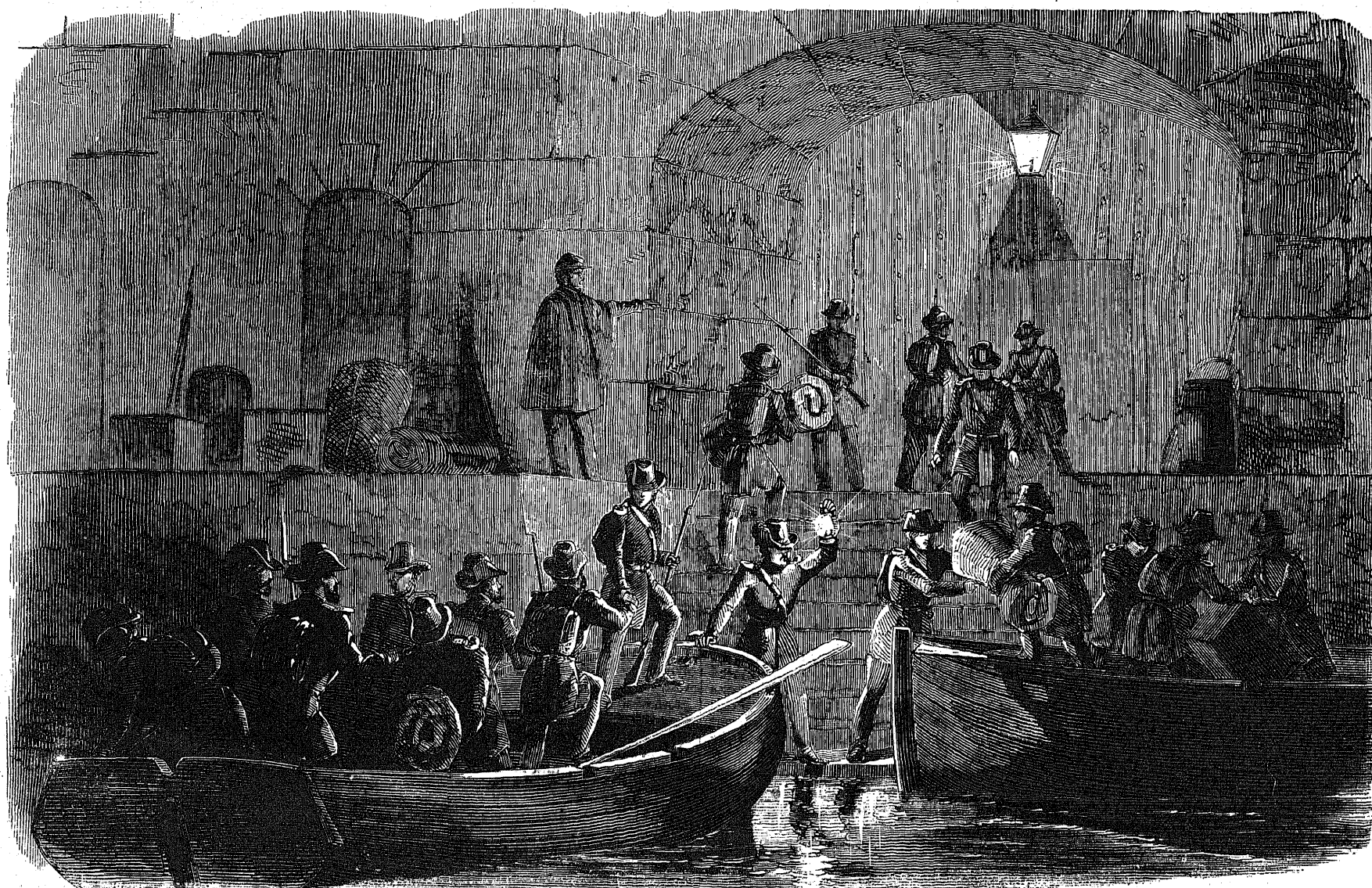
"In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well-set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified."

It is universally conceded by all who know Major Anderson, that he is a man who will die at his post rather than surrender. The following letter, written by him on Christmas Day to a friend in Baltimore, shows that he is as modest as he is brave:

"FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.,  
December 25.  
"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the trouble you were kind enough to take in correcting some of the rumors about me. You are right in the opinion that I could not, and would not, say any thing contradictory of them. My plan always has been to try to do my duty honestly and fully; and to trust that, in the good sense of justice of the people, they would give me credit for good intentions, even if my judgment should turn out not to be a good one. I regret that I am not making so much of my post as here. I do not deserve the least credit for what I am doing—nothing more than any one else would do in my position—and, perhaps, not half so well as many others would do. I receive nearly by every mail letters of sympathy, and many of them from strangers."



MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER, S. C.—[FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ANDERSON.]



ENTRY OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND INTO FORT SUMTER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

THE REVOLUTION AT CHARLESTON.

We are enabled, through the kindness of an officer of Major Anderson's command, and others, to present our readers with a series of pictures of Fort Moultrie, which was evacuated by the United States troops on the night of Christmas; also of the occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charlestonians; and of the entry of Major Anderson and his force into Fort Sumter. The relative bearing and general appearance of these various works have already been fully illustrated in the *Weekly*.

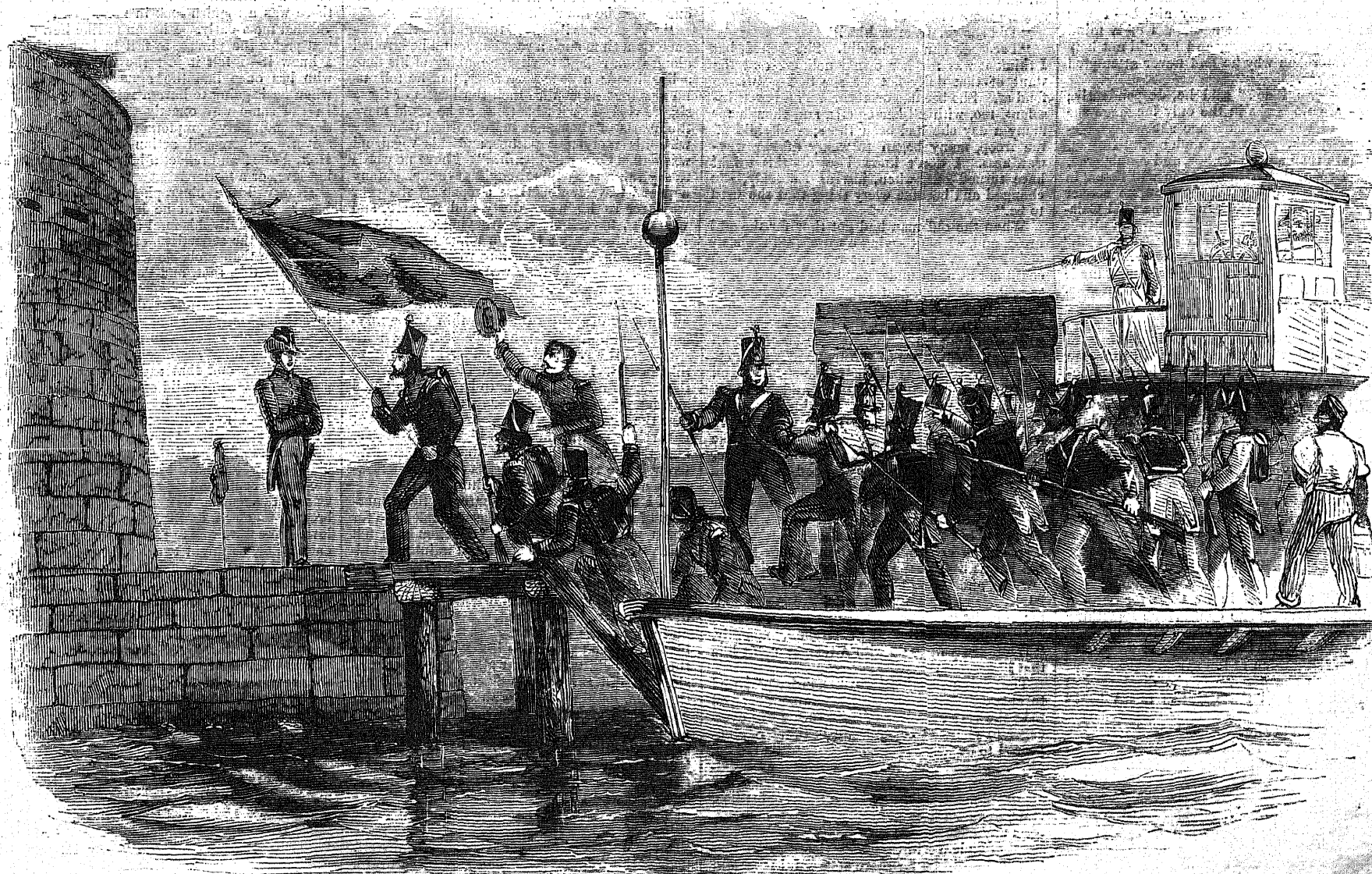
The pictures of Fort Moultrie explain themselves. At the time the sketches were taken it is not probable that the officers had any intention of evacuating the work; if their chief had formed the resolution, he kept it to himself. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the weakness of the place, our gallant troops had prepared for a desperate struggle.

The evacuation took place, as was said, on the night of 25-26th December. Major Anderson had dined with the Charleston authorities, and returned to Fort Moultrie about 9 A.M. One story says that the Major deceived his friends by pretending

sleep, and that accordingly the watch kept on his movements by the *Nina* was that night relaxed. At any rate, to use the language of a Charleston contemporary, "the evacuation commenced on Tuesday evening. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed, at a moment's notice; but up to the moment of their leaving had no idea of abandoning the post. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered to two schooners, lying in the vicinity, where they embarked, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc., requisite in their evacuation. Several trips were made during the

night, and a great part of the provisions and camp furniture were transported under cover of night. The brightness of the moon, however, afforded but slight concealment to their movements; and in one of the trips, Lieutenant Davis in command, a schooner full of soldiers and baggage passed directly under the bow of the guard-boat *Nina*. The officer who made the statement expressed himself to be ignorant whether the watch on board the *Nina* discovered the movement or not—at all events, he said they did not signify any cognizance of the fact."

Next day the Charlestonians were greatly ex-



OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

ing that he had had a little private conversation with the horse, and that it had begged him not to drag it about till its side was healed.

One of the horses of the Second Avenue Railroad was then sent in, with the following note:

New York, Jan. 7, 1861.

Mr. J. S. RAREY.—The mare I send you is a very bad kicker, and strikes with her fore feet. No one is able to go into her stable. She is very treacherous, and gives no warning. If you can tame her your system is good for any horse."

The *Herald* reporter thus describes how she was tamed:

"When the horse appeared upon the stage it was a tough-looking customer enough. A regular car-horse—thin, wiry, dirty, stubborn, vicious, evil-eyed. It has not been shod except with all its feet tied, and then with difficulty. Every time Rarey touched it the horse kicked most savagely. First one little strap was tied on, however, and then another. The horse fell easily, as it had been used to be thrown thus to be shod. But when the straps were taken off, and Rarey began his familiarities, however, then came the tug of war. It was kick and bite, soothe and fondle, get up and fall down, until at last the poor car-horse succumbed to kindness. Rarey's head lay between those formidable hoofs; Rarey's hand unloosed the bridle which had not been removed for months; Rarey played blacksmith, and hammered at the shoe without any difficulty, and curing the last bit of restlessness by turning the horse round and round a while. Rarey led off the subdued old equine nag with as much complacency as if biting and kicking had never been known. The owner sat beside our reporter, and his surprise—he knew the horse so well—only outran that of the audience."

On Thursday, 10th, Mr. Rarey experimented on Peacock, a very savage brute, which seems to possess every vice." The *New York Times* says of the experiment:

"The collar which he had round his neck had not been removed for a great length of time. He was a dangerous horse to look at, with a switch tail that seemed to bid defiance to the world. Mr. Rarey placed his hands upon him. The contest occupied some time, for Peacock possessed pluck as well as endurance, but at length he had to succumb."

LADY SEAMER'S ESCAPE.

A LOVE STORY

Miss DULCY DIGBY had at last won what she had been begging and praying for all the days of her life—that is to say, all the days of her life

since she was wise enough to realize her mother's theory—that it is the first duty of a poor, well-born, highly-educated young lady to marry a man of good family, of good fortune, and of any other good which nature might have made incidental to the bargain.

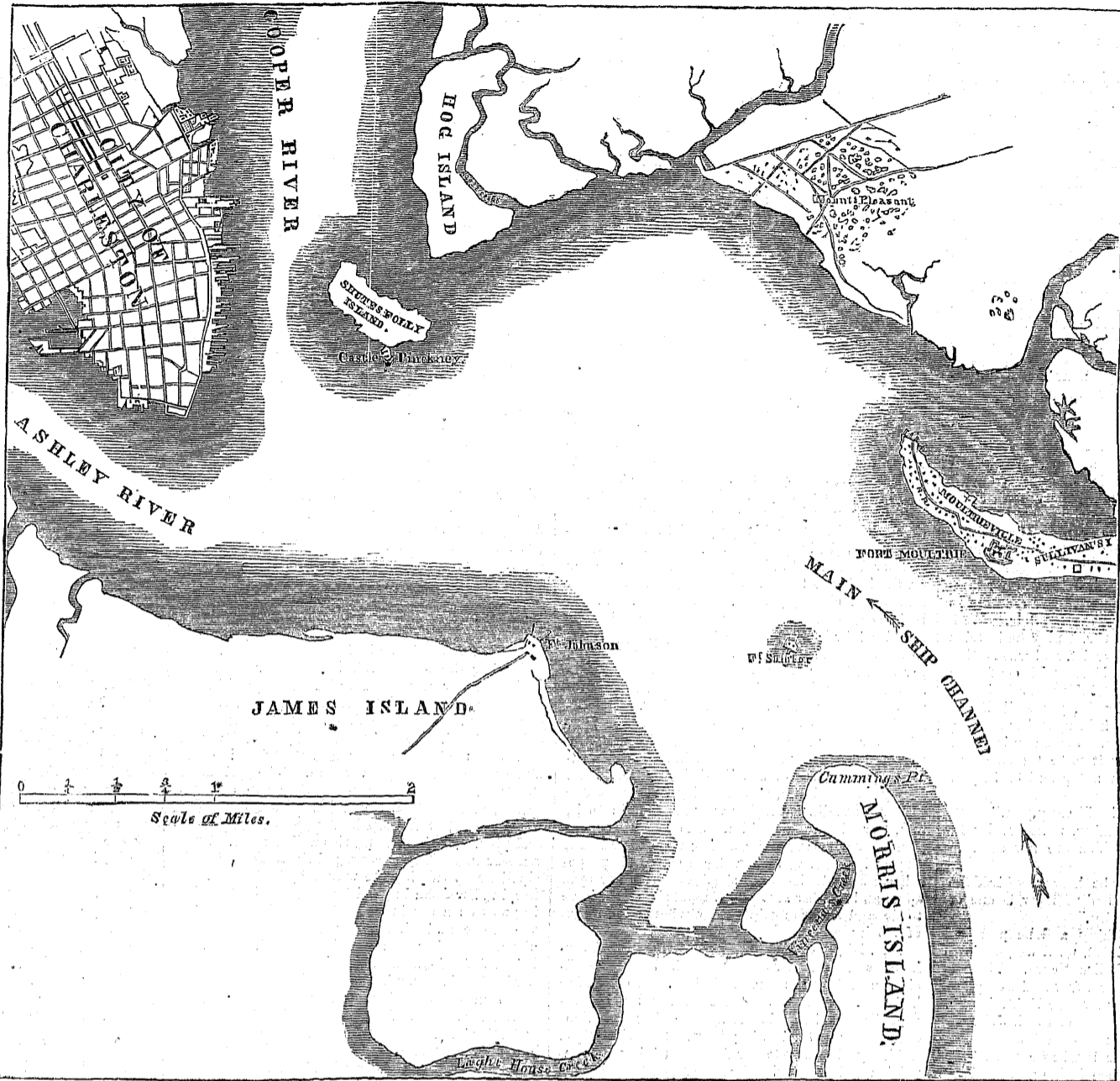
Dulcy preferred certainties and securities, and she refused him at her peril—refused him, with much misgiving and reluctance, and a pain, the permanence of which she had yet to learn. She had a certain tenderness for George which his persistence might have blown up into a flame of devotion;

Sir John Seamer had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

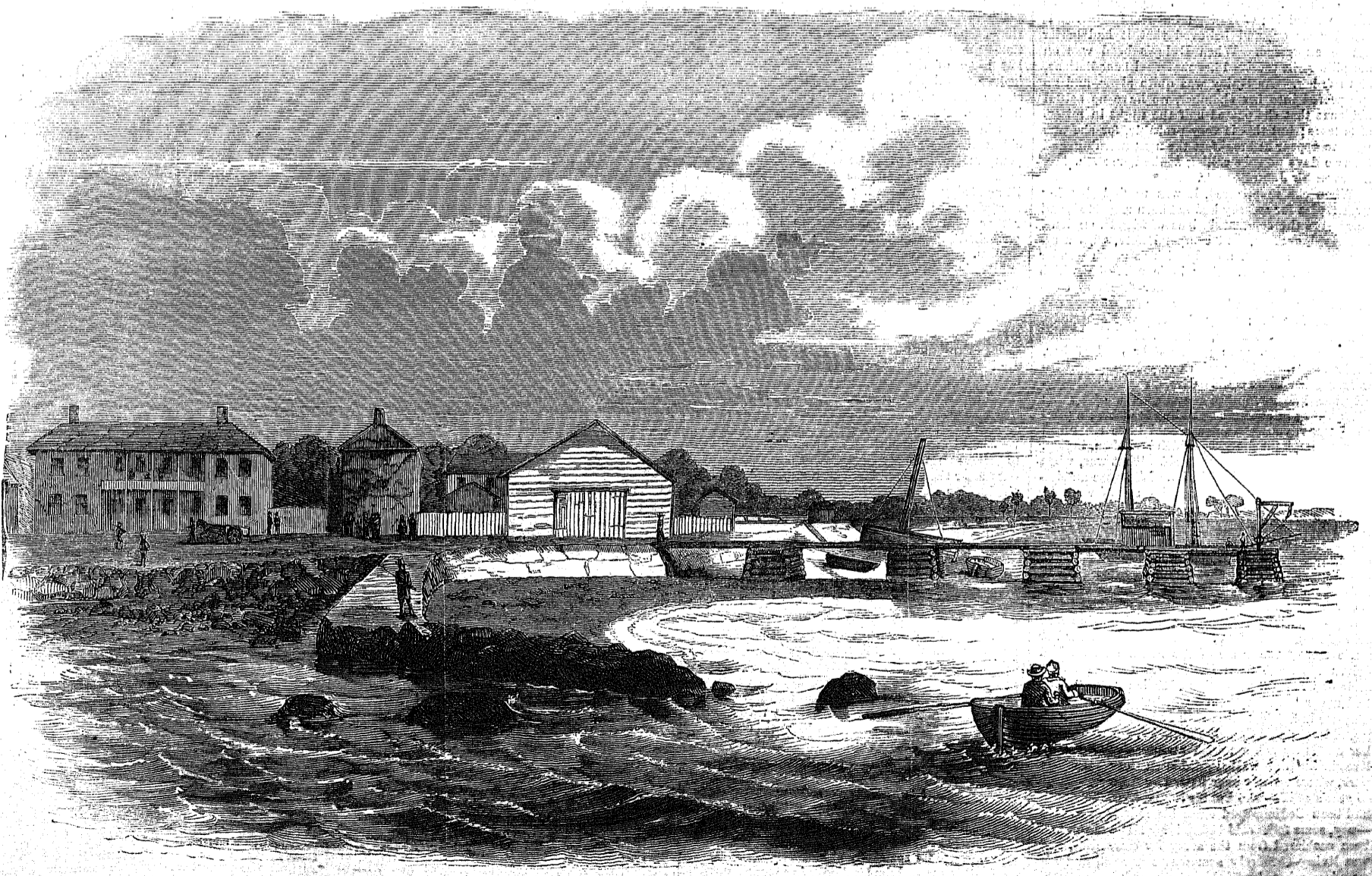
It was in the drawing-room, after a state dinner party; and, when the momentous transaction was accomplished, the gentleman went over and talked to her mother. Dulcy stood leaning against the piano, turning over her music. Mr. George Milner approached her and spoke; she answered him confusedly, and with the tears in her eyes. Dulcy was not a lachrymose person, and what had occurred flashed upon him immediately.

Dulcy Digby and he had been great friends once upon a time (once upon a time was about four years ago), but George was even poorer then than now, and she was ambitious and did not use him well. He remembered the miserable pain she had made him suffer, and though he was radically cured of that wound, which had not even left a cicatrice, he had not forgiven her. He did not address her a second time, but turned away with a remorseful generosity. He had first loved and then hated her. When she would have amused her leisure with him again, he mortified her. Now he was indifferent; she had lost her power of fascinating him. If he had seen the man in the mob courting her he would not have cared.

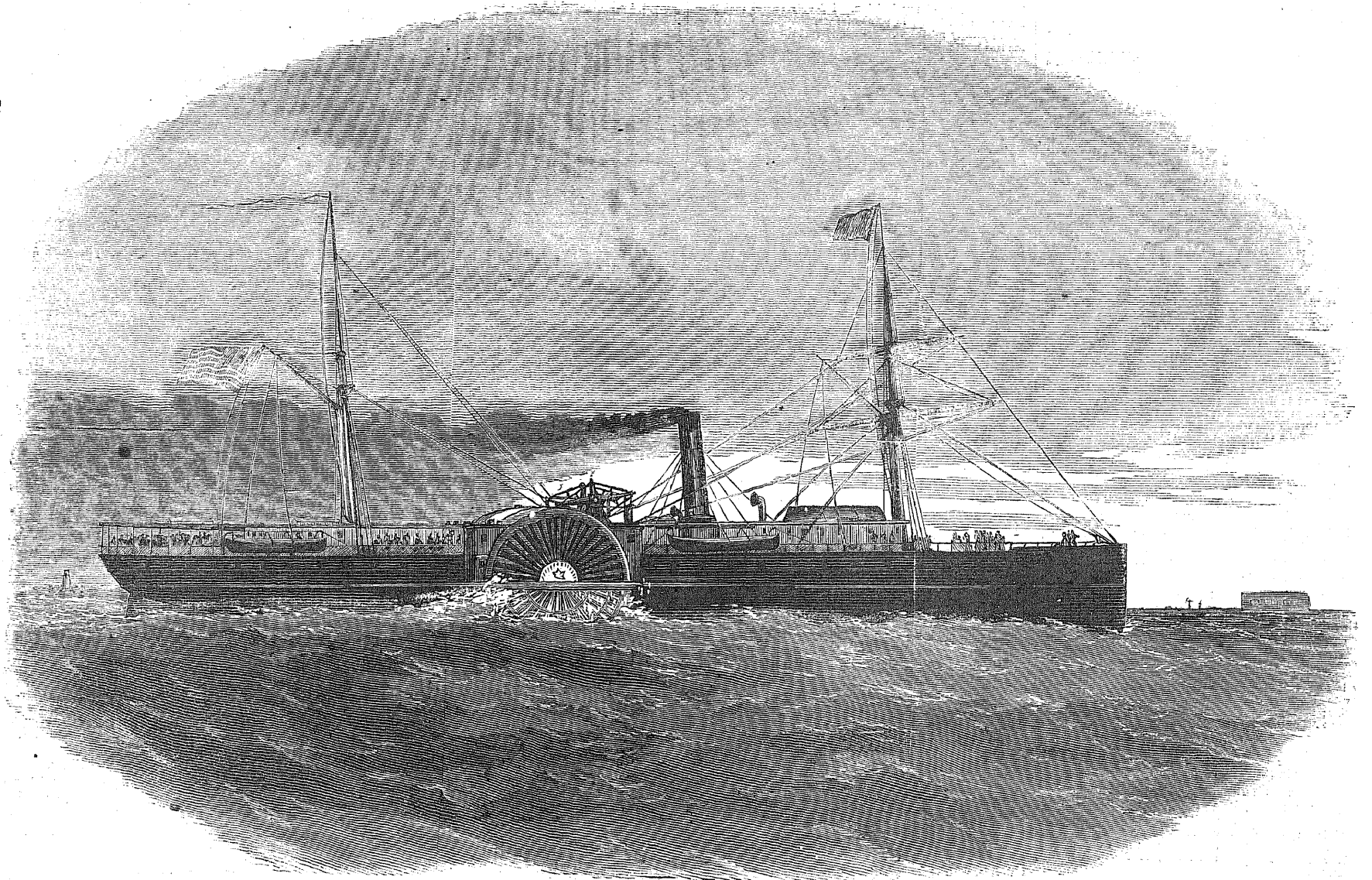
The same can not be said for Dulcy. George was a generous, sensible, affectionate, lovable man—if he only could have gratified her grand desire. More's the pity, George could not. He could only give her a genuine love and admiration, a share of his younger son's moderate allowance, and a venture in his Bank of Hope.



MAP SHOWING THE FORTS, ISLANDS, ETC., OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



FORT JOHNSON, OPPOSITE FORT SUMTER, HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 40.]



THE STEAMSHIP "STAR OF THE WEST."

## THE FIRST OF THE WAR.

We publish herewith pictures of the United States steam-sloop *Brooklyn*, of the steamship *Star of the West*, and of the steamship *Marion*, which three vessels figured so prominently in the movements of last week; and on page 37 we give a large plan of Charleston harbor, showing the forts, etc., together with a view of Fort Johnson. These pictures will enable our readers to realize what is going on in this most memorable contest of the present age.

On Wednesday morning, January 9, 1861, the

first shots were fired. At daybreak on that morning the steamship *Star of the West*, with 250 United States troops on board, attempted to enter the harbor of Charleston for the purpose of communicating with Fort Sumter. The people of Charleston had been warned of her coming and of her errand by telegraph. They determined to prevent her reaching Fort Sumter. Accordingly, as soon as she came within range, batteries on Morris Island and at Fort Moultrie opened on her. The first shot was fired across her bows; whereupon she increased her speed, and hoisted the stars and stripes. Other shots were then fired in rapid suc-

cession from Morris Island, two or more of which hulled the steamer, and compelled her to put about and go to sea. The accompanying picture shows the *Star of the West* as she entered Charleston harbor; the plan will explain the situation of the forts, and the position of the steamer when she was fired upon. The channel through which she passed runs close by Morris Island for some distance.

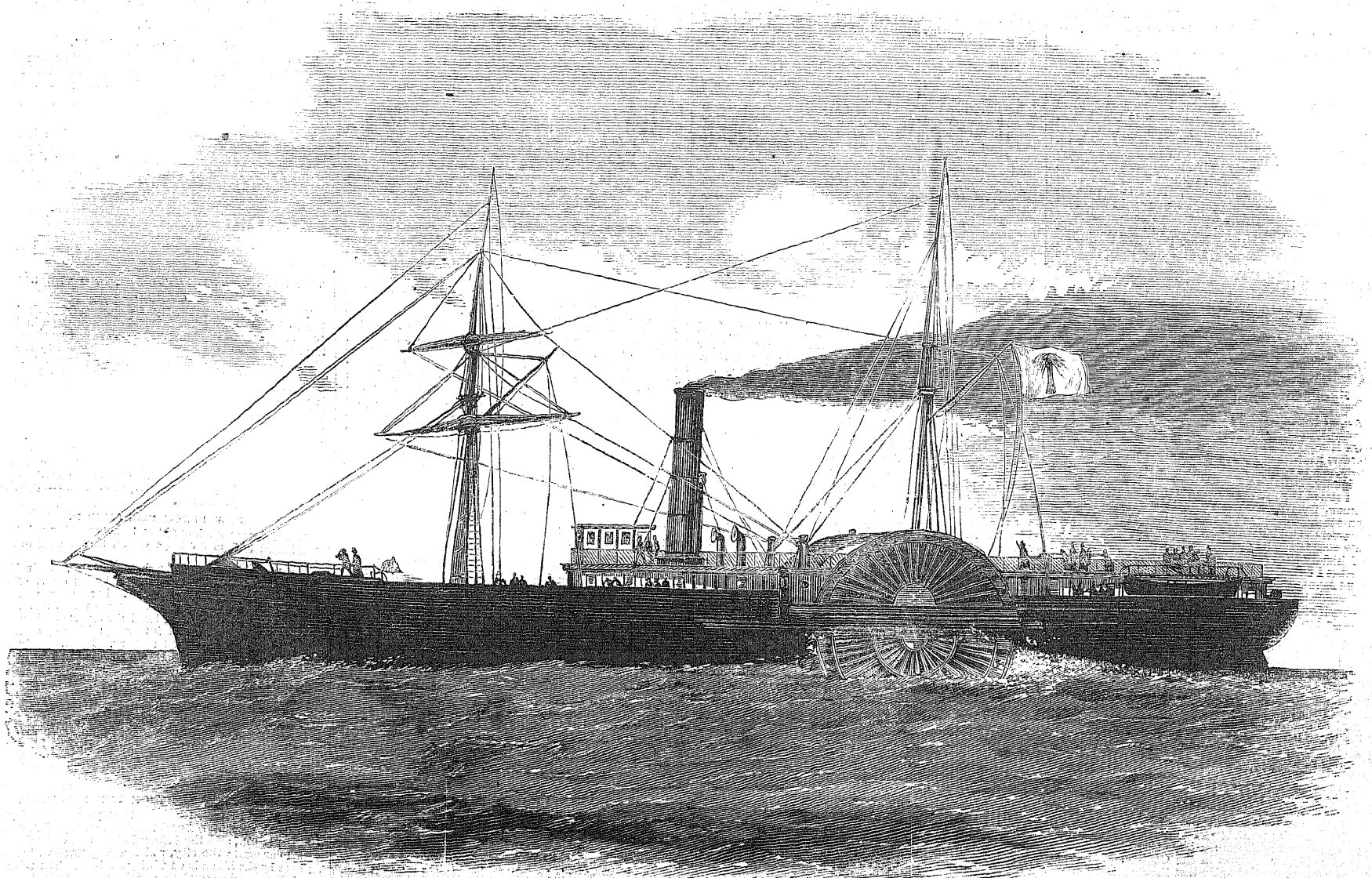
Fort Sumter made no demonstration, except at the port-holes, where guns were run out bearing on Morris Island.

About eleven o'clock A.M. on 9th a boat from

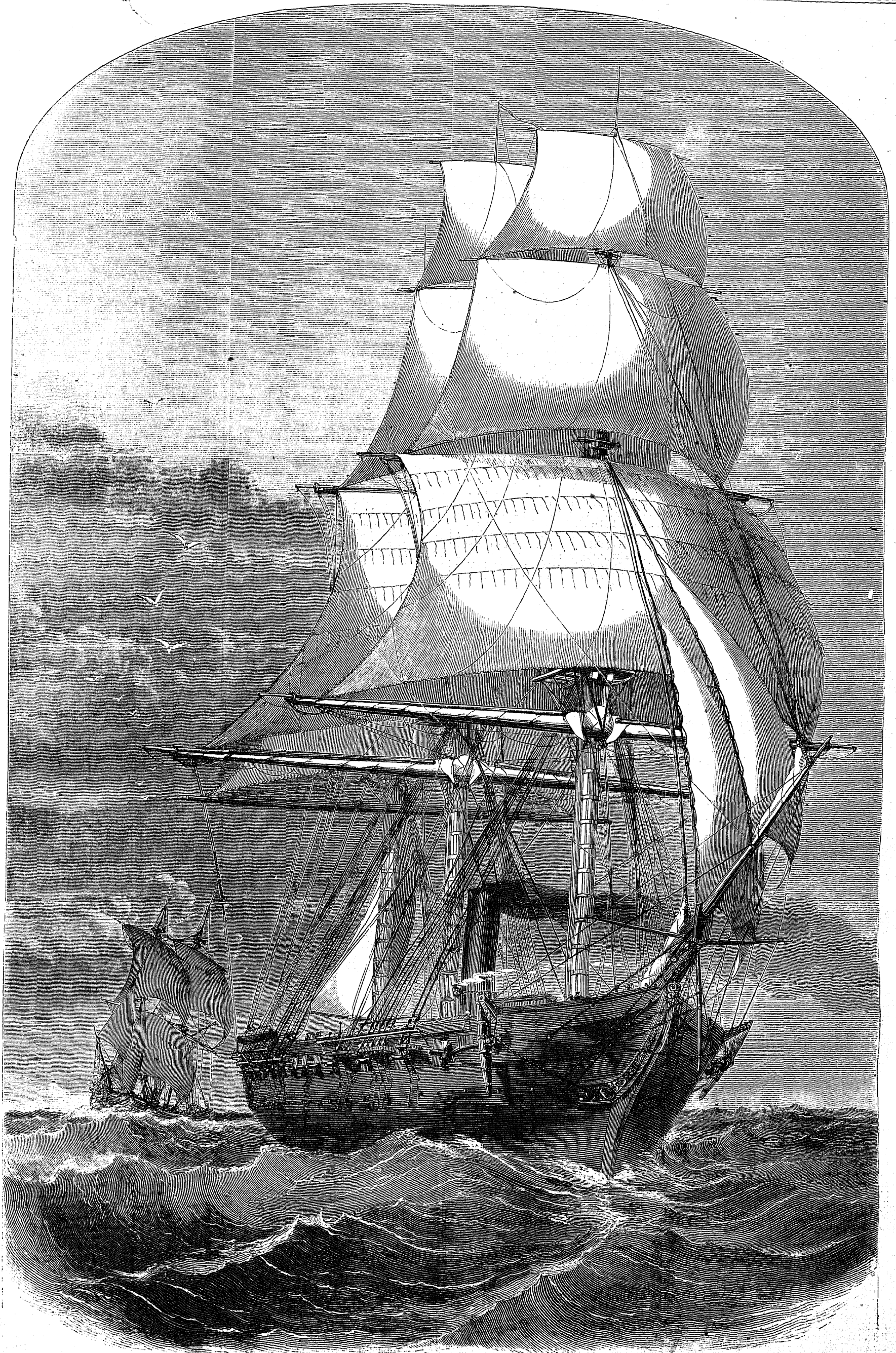
Fort Sumter, bearing Lieutenant Hall with a white flag, approached the city. Lieutenant Hall had an interview with Governor Pickens, and was afterward escorted to his boat and re-embarked for Fort Sumter. The communication from Major Anderson was as follows:

MAJOR ANDERSON TO GOVERNOR PICKENS.

*To His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina:*  
 "Sir,—Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared by South Carolina against the United States, I can not but think this a hostile act, committed without your sanction



THE STEAMSHIP "MARION," SEIZED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA TO BE CONVERTED INTO A MAN-OF-WAR.



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

# HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. V.—No. 213.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

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 PRAYER AT SUMTER.

We publish herewith an illustration of one of the most striking scenes in the present national crisis—we may say in the history of the nation. The scene is described in a letter from Fort Sumter.

It is known that, on leaving Fort Moultrie, Major Anderson brought away with him the flag which he had been in the habit of hoisting over that fort. He entered Sumter on the night of 26-27th Dec., and determined to hoist the flag at noon on 27th. We give the scene in the words of an eye-witness:

"A short time before noon Major Anderson assembled the whole of his little force, with the workmen employed on the fort, around the foot of the flag-staff. The national ensign was attached to the cord, and Major Anderson, holding the end of the lines in his hands, knelt reverently down. The officers, soldiers, and men clustered around, many of them on their knees, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The chaplain made an earnest prayer—such an appeal for support, encouragement, and mercy, as one would make who felt that 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As the earnest, solemn words of the speaker ceased, and the men responded Amen with a fervency that perhaps they had never before experienced, Major Anderson drew the 'Star Spangled Banner' up to the top of the staff, the band broke out with the national air of 'Hail Columbia,' and loud and exultant cheers, repeated again and again, were given by the officers, soldiers, and workmen. 'If,' said the narrator, 'South Carolina had at that moment attacked the fort, there would have been no hesitation upon the part of any man within it about defending that flag.'"

## FORT SUMTER.

By the kindness of two officers of Major Anderson's command, who forwarded sketches to us by Lieutenant Talbot on his recent mission to Washington, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in this Number, a complete series of illustrations of Fort Sumter, the work toward which every eye in the country is now directed. We publish on page 56 an exterior view of Sumter; on page 57 a large engraving of the great battery; and on page 60 several views of the interior of the work. All of these, as we stated, are from pictures drawn, within a day or two, by officers of Major Anderson's command.

The following description of the fort is from high authority:

"Fort Sumter is a modern truncated pentagonal fort, built upon an artificial island at the mouth of Charleston harbor, three and three-eighths miles distant from the city of Charleston. The island has for its base a sand and mud bank, with a superstructure, if we may so term it, of the refuse chips from several Northern granite quarries. These rocks are firmly imbedded in the sand, and upon them the present fortification is reared. The island itself cost half a million of dollars, and was ten years in construction. The fortification cost another half a million dollars, and at the time of its occupancy by Major Anderson was so nearly completed as to admit the introduction of its armament. The walls are of solid brick, and concrete masonry, built close to the edge of the water and without a berm. They are sixty feet high and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and are pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides. Its weakest point is on the south side, of which the masonry is not only weaker than that of the other sides, but it is not protected by any flank fire, which would sweep the wharf. Once landed, an entrance

may, at the present state of the construction, be easily made; for the blinds of the lower embrasures, though six inches in thickness, may yet be easily blown away, and even if this was impossible, scaling ladders can reach those of the second tier, which are not protected in this manner.

"The work is designed for an armament of one

hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb-proof casements, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette*; the lower tier for forty-two-pounder Paixhan guns; the second tier for eight and ten inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and

twenty-four-pound guns. The full armament of the fort, however, had not arrived there when Major Anderson took possession; but since its occupancy by the present garrison no efforts have been spared to place the work in an efficient state of defense, by mounting all the available guns and placing them in salient points. As we before re-

range. Some of the Columbiads, the most effective weapon for siege or defensive operations, are not mounted. Four of the thirty-two-pounder Parbette guns are on pivot carriages, which gives them the entire range of the horizon, and others have a horizontal sweep of fire of 180 degrees. In addition to these weightier preparations for defense, the walls are pierced every where for muskets, of which there are endless numbers ready and loaded. The magazine contains seven hundred barrels of gunpowder and an ample supply of shot, powder, and shells for one year's siege, and a large amount of miscellaneous artillery stores. The garrison is amply supplied with water from artificial wells, which are supplied by the frequent showers of rain.

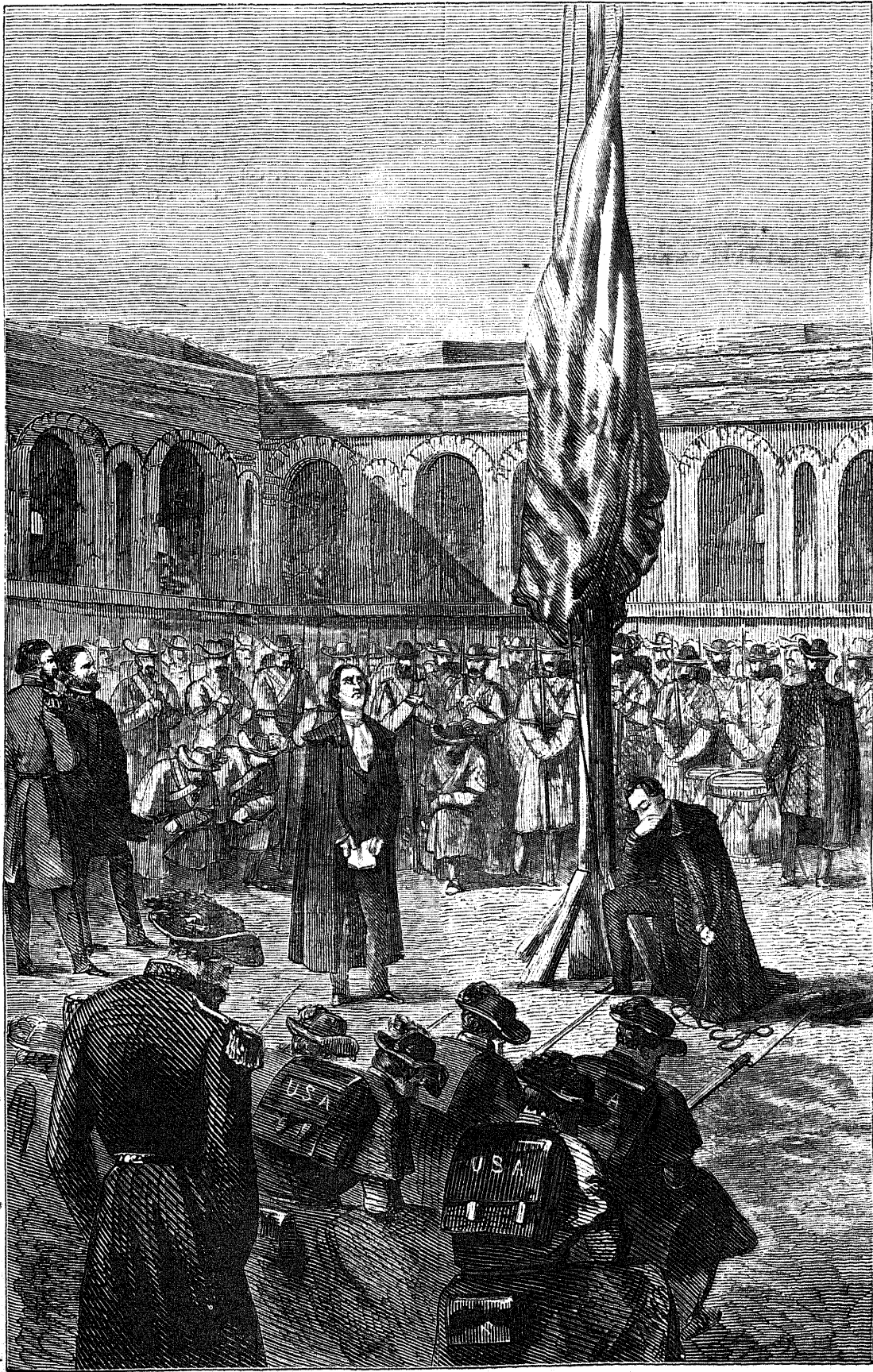
"In a defensive or strategical point of view, Fort Sumter radiates its fire through all the channels from the sea approach to Charleston, and has a full sweep of range in its rear, or city side. The fort is sufficiently out of range from a land artillery attack, so that all apprehensions for breaching it from that source may be put at rest. The maximum range of the guns from Sumter is three miles; but for accurate firing, sufficient to hull a vessel, the distance would require to be reduced one-half of that figure. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men, but only seventy-nine of that number are within its walls."

Some military men have communicated to the *Herald* a plan for taking Fort Sumter, which is likely to be adopted by the South Carolinians in the event of an attack. The *Herald* says:

"The question so often mooted, Is Fort Sumter impregnable against any attack that may be made by the South Carolina troops? we answer emphatically in the negative. In making this statement we have the opinion of an officer who has served twenty-seven years in the American army, who says the work can be carried by an assault on the south or gorge side of the fort—its weakest point—and thus force the main gateway entrance to the work, and by attacks with smaller detachments effecting an entrance through open embrasures of the fort, at which no guns are mounted. The attack would no doubt be made just before daylight, so that the movements of the assailants would be covered by darkness. At all events, the only obstacle to the approach of a flotilla from Charleston would be exposure to the fire of a few barbette guns; and if the attacking force should be so fortunate as to gain a position within one-half a mile of the fort these guns could not be depressed enough to keep the assailants in short range; hence the defense of the fort would depend upon the mastery of the garrison, and, when the assailants shall approach near the walls of the fort, to complete the defense with hand-grenades and shells dropped from the ramparts. That the assault on Fort Sumter is fully planned we have not the slightest doubt; and that that assault, when it shall be put into execution, will be made upon the most scientific and strategical principles."

The same authority gives us the following about Columbiad guns:

"Many persons are under the impression that cannon of very large size, such as those with which Fort Sumter is armed, can do great damage at a distance of four or five miles; but such is not the fact, as ascertained by actual experiment by the United States Board of Ordnance. Commander Dahlgren, in his work on heavy artillery, has given the result. The furthest range of a hundred-pound shell, even at an elevation of thirty-five degrees given to the gun, is 4828 yards; the time of flight being thirty-five seconds. The great twelve-inch Columbiad, the largest gun made, loaded with twenty-five pounds of powder, a shell of 172 pounds, and the piece at an elevation of thirty-five degrees, has made a range only of 5400 yards, the projectile occupying thirty-two seconds in its flight. By increasing the elevation to thirty-nine degrees, only 100 yards more was gained in the range. From the same gun, with a charge of powder twenty-eight pounds, a shell of 180 pounds, and an elevation of thirty-five degrees, a range of 5671 yards has been attained; and at an elevation of thirty-nine degrees, a



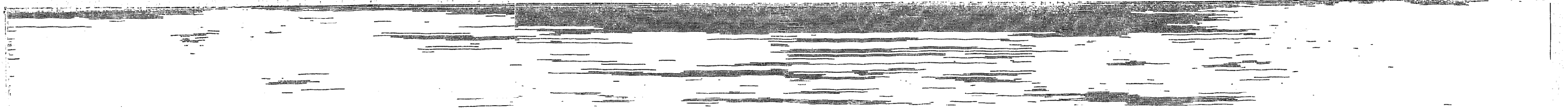
THE PRAYER AT SUMTER, DECEMBER 27, 1860.

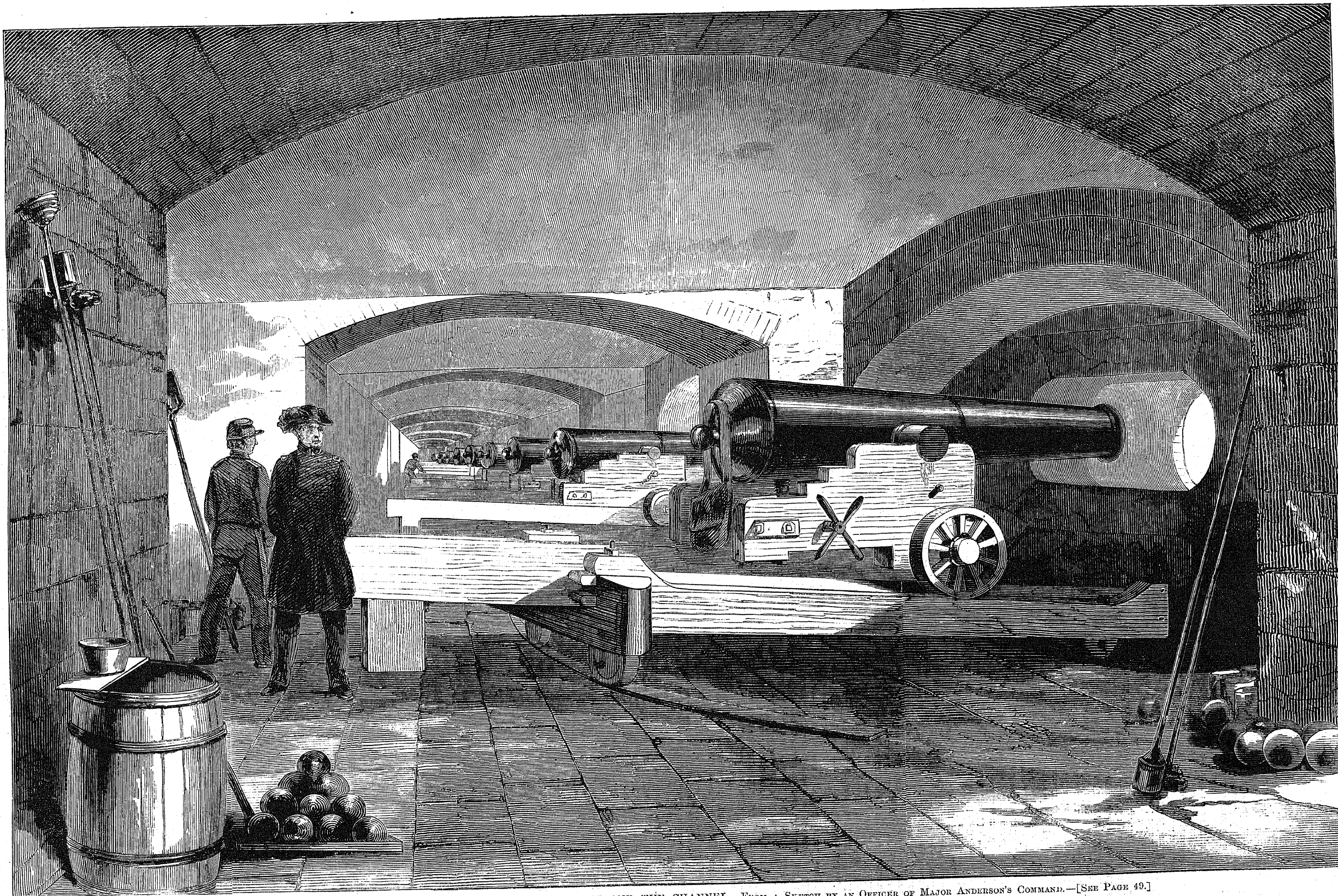
They are sixty feet high and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and are pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides. Its weakest point is on the south side, of which the masonry is not only weaker than that of the other sides, but it is not protected by any flank fire, which would sweep the wharf. Once landed, an entrance

hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb-proof casements, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette*; the lower tier for forty-two-pounder Paixhan guns; the second tier for eight and ten inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and

marked, the full armament of the fort is not in position, as only seventy-five of the one hundred and forty guns required for it are now mounted. Eleven Paixhan guns are among that number—nine of them commanding Fort Moultrie, which is within easy range, and the other two pointing toward Castle Pinckney, which is well out of

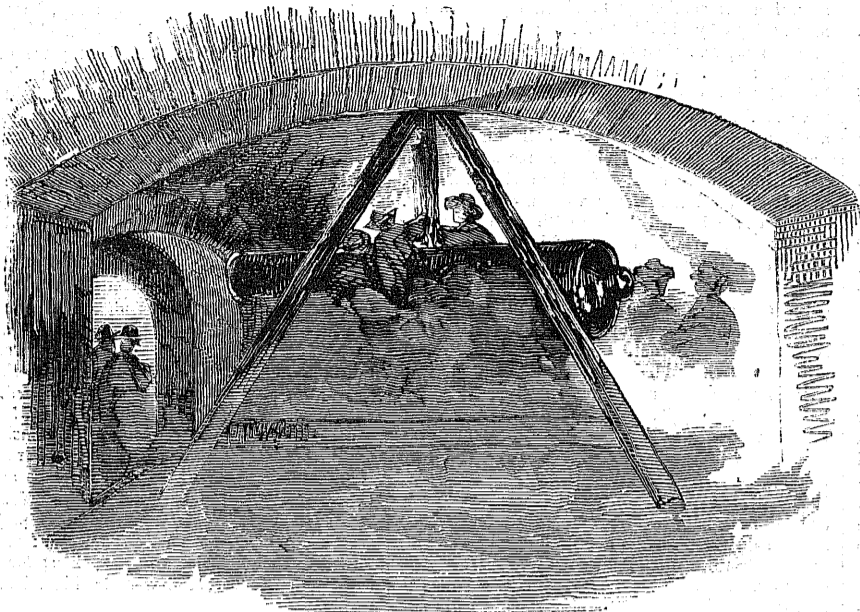
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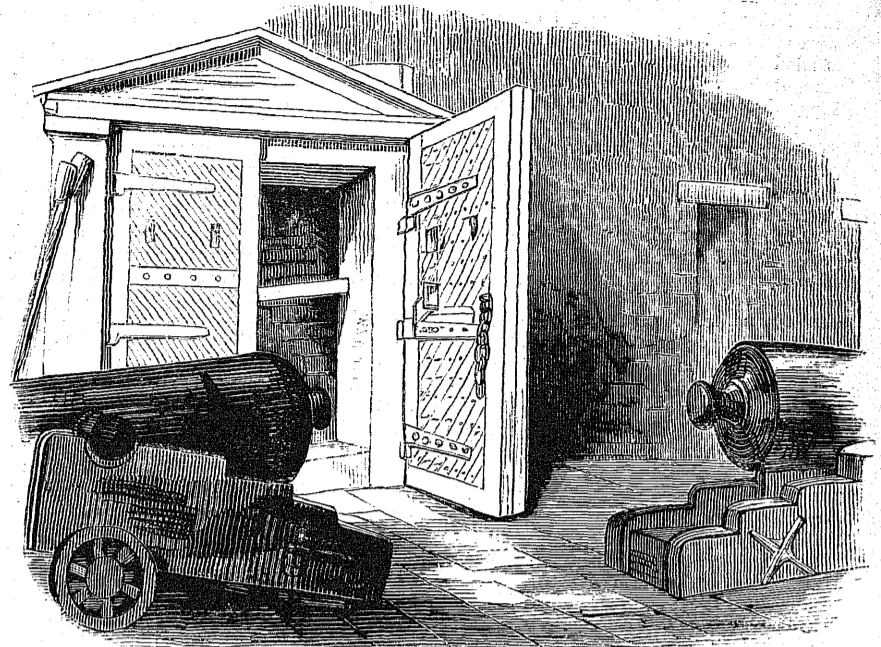


MAIN BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER, BEARING ON FORT MOULTRIE AND THE CHANNEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

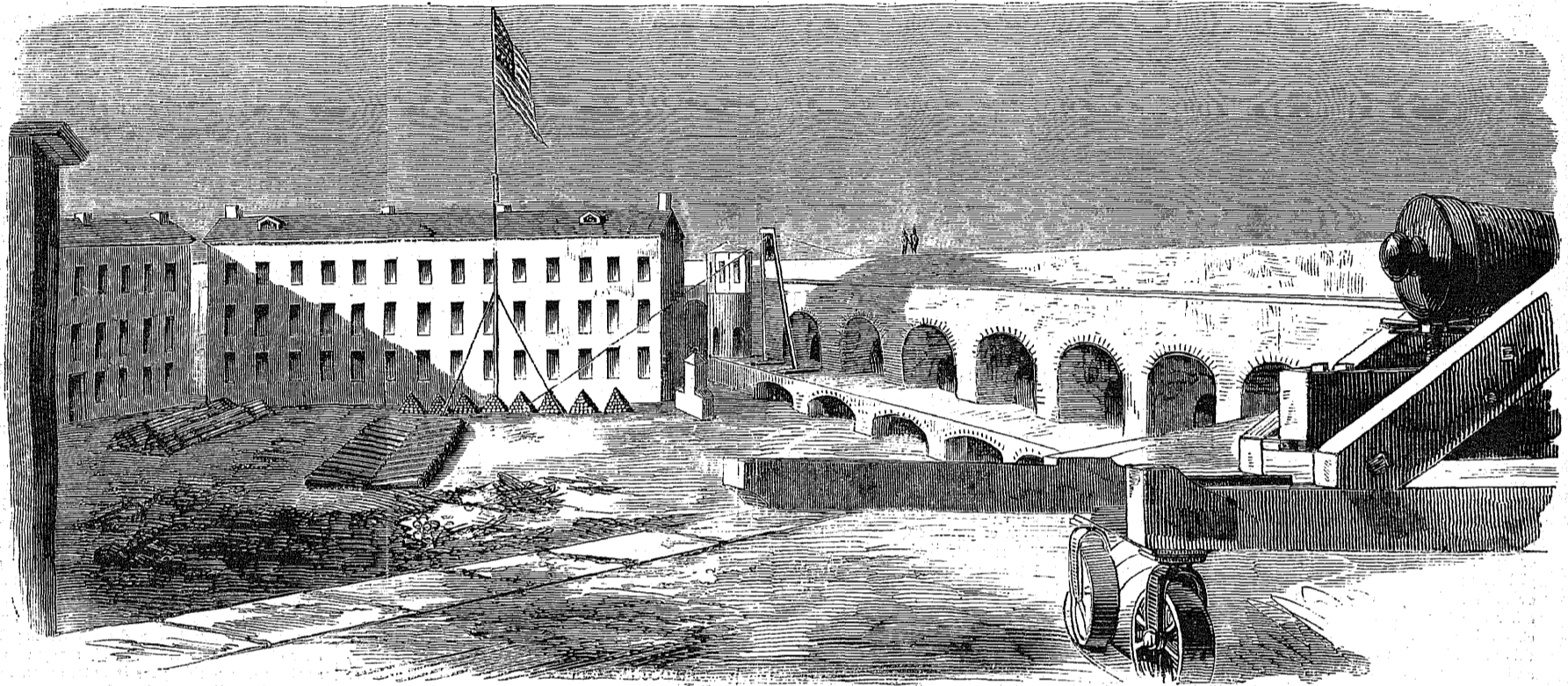




FORT SUMTER—THE CASEMATES: HOISTING A GUN.



FORT SUMTER—THE SALLY-PORT.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER, FROM THE PARAPET.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

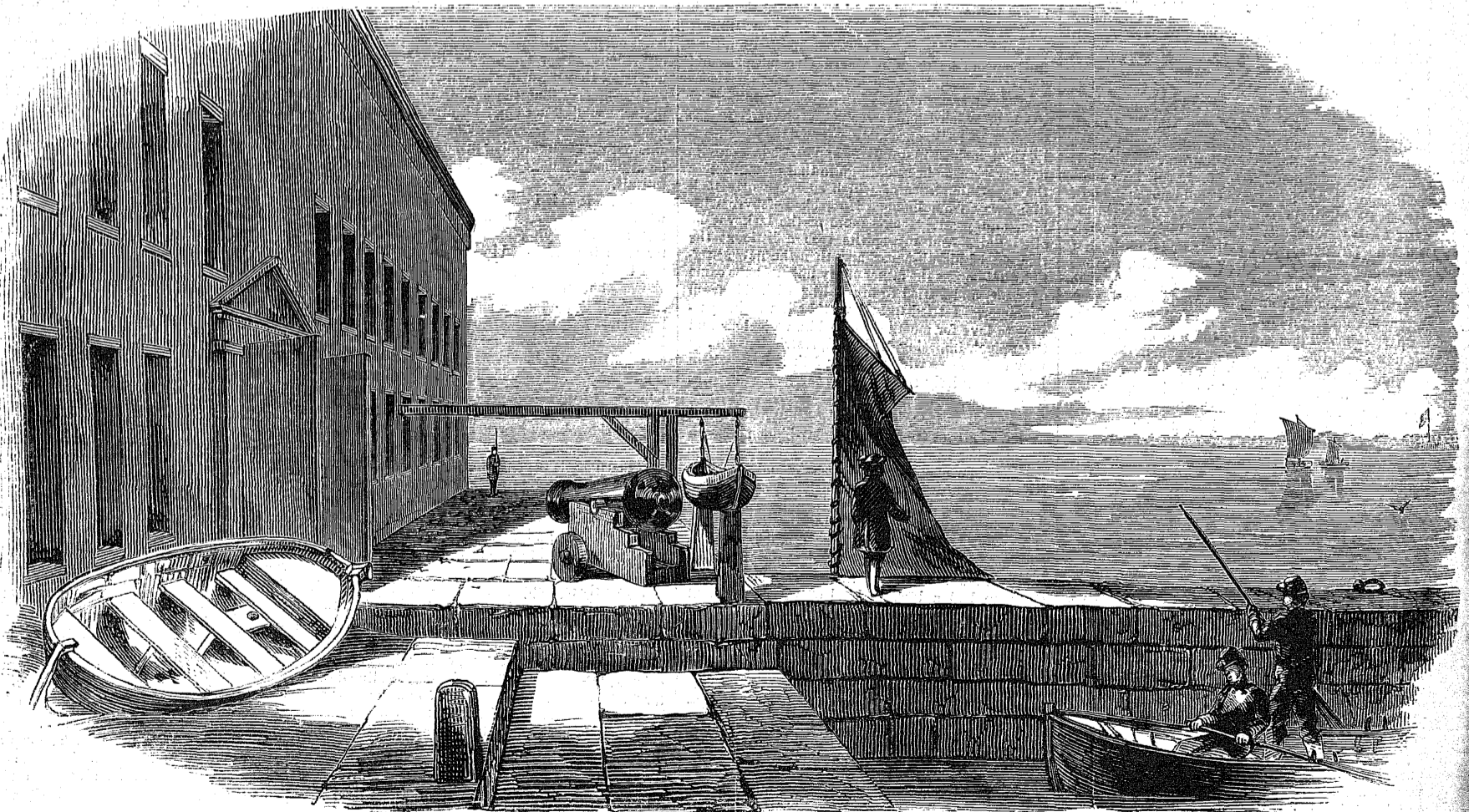
ters, my face toward the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler, purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance be-

fore the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know; but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the win-

dow, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly

when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I thought me of the hiding-place between the locked



GORGE OF FORT SUMTER—SALLY-PORT.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]



BROAD STREET. "MERCURY" OFFICE.

CUSTOM-HOUSE.

CASTLE PINCKNEY.

FORT MOULTRIE.

FORT SUMTER.

MORRIS ISLAND.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

## ON THE LADIES' POND.

Like swallows darting through the sky,  
Now here, now there, now far beyond,  
Before the following wind we fly,  
And skim along the Ladies' Pond.

Bright arabesques of eyes and hair  
Around us ever changing wheel,  
And the ice glitters every where  
With fairy feet and twinkling steel.

From fur-caps, where rich tassels sweep,  
And hoods with fluttering ribbons dressed,  
Bright, glowing girlish faces peep  
Like robin redbreasts from a nest.

And all is gayety and mirth—  
The women's laughter sounds like song;  
And I'm the happiest man on earth  
As side by side we sweep along.

One small hand to my shoulder clings,  
My arm around her waist I fold;  
The friendly wind that follows flings  
Across my cheek her curls of gold.

I see my rival by the gate—  
He follows us with sullen eye;  
I care not for his futile hate,  
I do not heed his scowl—not I.

For not an hour ago I heard  
One sweet, sweet word, and felt a hand  
That, timid as a little bird,  
Crept into mine—you understand.

So let him scowl—I do not mind;  
I'm far too happy now to hate.  
Come, dearest, on before the wind,  
And leave him standing by the gate.

## CAPTAIN FOSTER, U.S.A.

We give above, from a photograph, a portrait of Captain JOHN G. FOSTER, United States Army, second in command at FORT SUMTER, Charleston, South Carolina.

The family of JOHN G. FOSTER has ever been distinguished for its patriotism and valor. His grandfather, in company with the gallant Benjamin Pierce (father of ex-President Pierce), then quite young, was among the first to join the Massachusetts line in the War of the Revolution, and was often commended for his noble conduct on the field of battle. His father, Major Perley Foster, was in active service during the war of 1812, and was in the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. The subject of our sketch was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 27, 1833, from which place his family moved to Nashua when he was eight years of age. He early evinced a passionate love for the profession of arms, and formed and commanded a "juvenile artillery company." In 1842 he entered West Point, where he graduated with distinguished honors in his class, in 1846, as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Mexico,



CAPTAIN J. G. FOSTER, ENGINEER CORPS U.S.A., ON DUTY AT FORT SUMTER.

with General Scott, as a Lieutenant in a Company of Sappers and Miners, and was in all the engagements from "Vera Cruz" to "Molino del Rey." At the latter place he was severely wounded while leading a division of the storming party in the deadly assault on "Casa Mata," where two-thirds of the entire command were cut down, and where he narrowly escaped death from the Mexican bayonet, by the memorable charge of the gallant Cadwalader. For his gallant conduct in Mexico he received three brevets—the first at Contreras, the second at Churubusco, and the last at Molino del Rey, where he was breveted as captain.

The severity of his wound was such that amputation was thought to be necessary, as a large escopet ball had struck him below the knee, in front, fracturing the bone, and lodging beneath the skin on the opposite side; but he stoutly persisted in retaining his limb, which, though greatly injured, is still sufficient to enable him to do active service. After recovering somewhat from his injuries he was ordered to Fort Carroll (Baltimore); from thence to Washington City, in Coast Survey Office.

From this position he was sent to West Point, as Assistant-Professor in Engineering; and subsequently to the Government works on Sandy Hook. Two years ago he was ordered to Charleston, South

Carolina, as Engineer in charge of the forts in Charleston harbor and vicinity, to repair and complete the same.

After the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson, Captain Foster spiked the guns, burned the carriages, and blew up the flag-staff. When the fort was taken possession of by the South Carolina troops he was allowed to make a peaceable departure for Fort Sumter, in a boat, with the laborers under his direction.

Captain Foster is thirty-seven years of age, light complexion, blue eyes, over six feet in height, and weighing over two hundred pounds.

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN.

We publish herewith a picture of the arrival of the United States steamer *Niagara* in the harbor of Jeddo, Japan, on 10th November ult., with the Japanese Embassy on board. A letter from Jeddo, dated 14th, says:

"The Japanese Embassy have arrived, all well. The United States steamer *Niagara*, Captain W. W. McKean commanding, which left New York on the 30th of June

with the Japanese Embassy, arrived at this port on the 10th inst., one hundred and thirty-two days from New York, including thirty days' stoppage at the different ports on the way. She stopped two days at Puerto Grande, nine at Loando, ten at Batavia, and nine at Hong Kong; making her actual running time one hundred and two days, besides fourteen hours gained by the 214 degrees of longitude made since leaving New York.

"Soon after the *Niagara* anchored, the United States steamer *Saginaw* came up from Kanagawa and went some two miles nearer shore, and anchored in three fathoms water, being about as far as Captain Schenck dared to go. During the morning all the men of the ship were engaged in holting out Japanese baggage, which was put into Japanese boats, and, along with its owners, taken on shore. By eleven o'clock nearly all the heavy and valuable baggage was out, and all the Japanese except the ambassadors and three of the lower officials were on shore.

"Now commenced the ceremony of the ambassadors leaving the ship, which was first by the sailors taking off their jackets and manning the yards. The marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, opposite the starboard gangway, the captain and all the officers, with their swords, cocked hats, epaulettes, etc., were arranged from the gangway down to the poop deck, when the ambassadors came out of their cabin, came down the steps off the poop, and walked along according to their rank, Simme-Bu-jen ahead, shaking hands with each officer as they passed along, the marines presenting arms, and the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne,' as they went over the gangway.

"When the boat, which was called the imperial barge, but which was a poor specimen of royalty, was leaving, a minister's salute (seventeen guns) was fired; at the last gun the sailors on the yards gave three hearty cheers, which was responded to by the ambassadors in the boat by waving their fans three times.

"The Japanese went ashore in their own boats and in their own way, at their request; the ship offered to take them ashore in its own boats, but they declined."

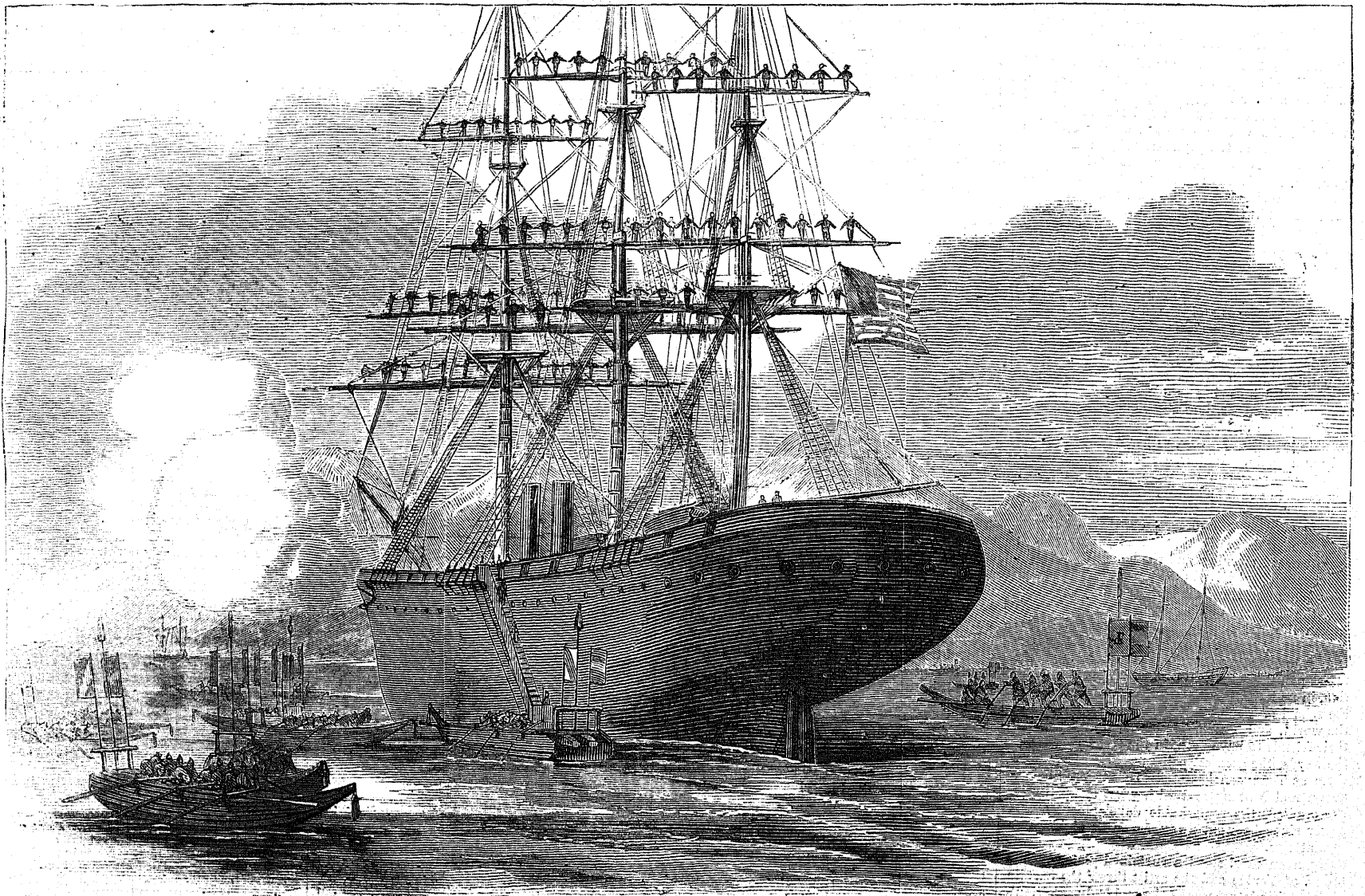
## THE OLD INDIAN AGENCY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

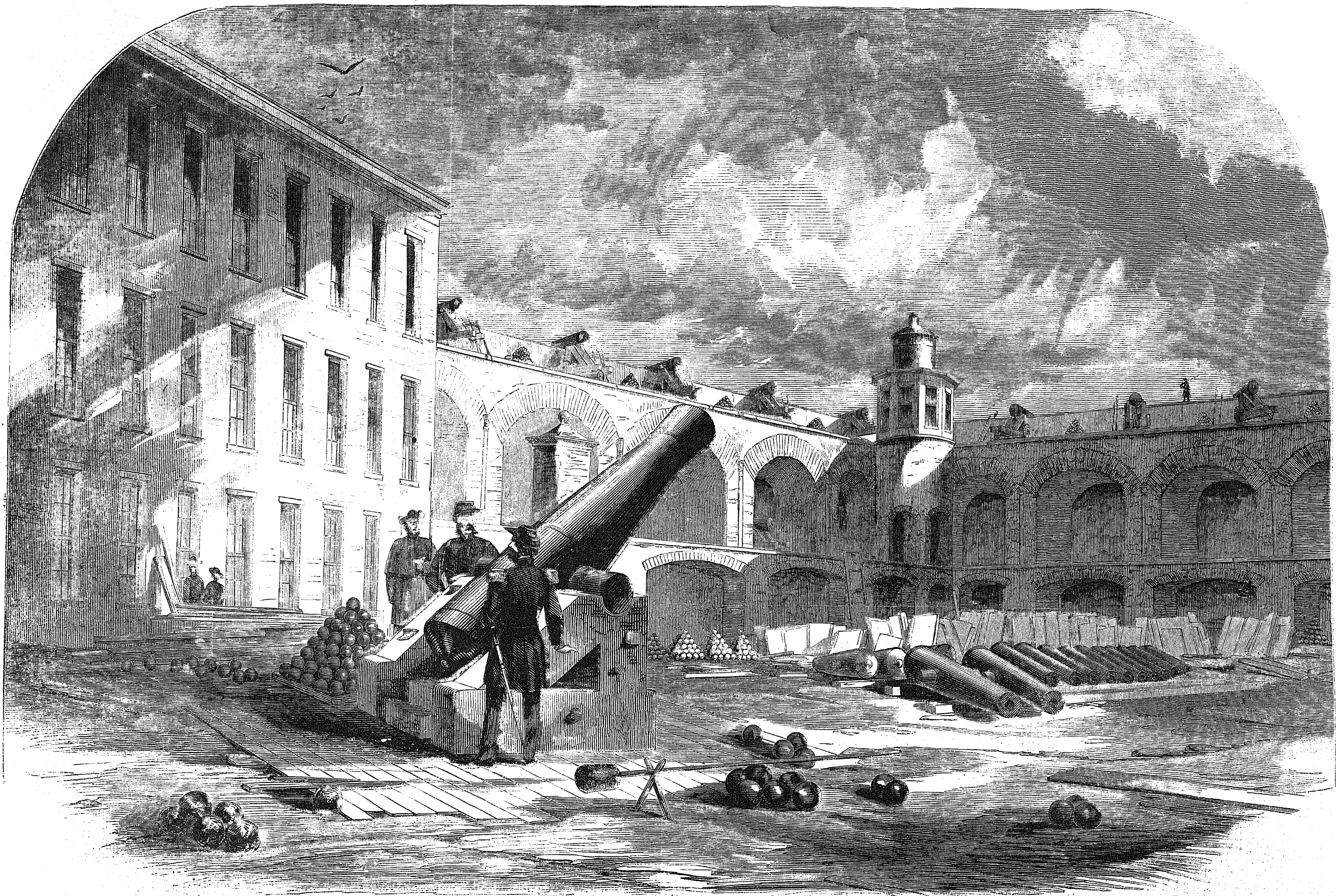
DES MOINES, Iowa, January 16, 1861.

"I SEND you, as a historical relic peculiar to the West, an ambrotype, by M. H. Bisbard, of the old Indian Agency building, which is about to be torn down because it comes in the way of the extension of one of our streets. This building is a log-cabin of a 'story and a half' high, weather-boarded, and containing two rooms below and one above. Here all the business with the Indians was transacted during the three years intervening between the time of the treaty at Agency (which was near the western line of the first cession of land made by the Sac and Fox Indians after the Black Hawk war), when their remaining lands in Iowa were ceded to the general government, till their title expired.

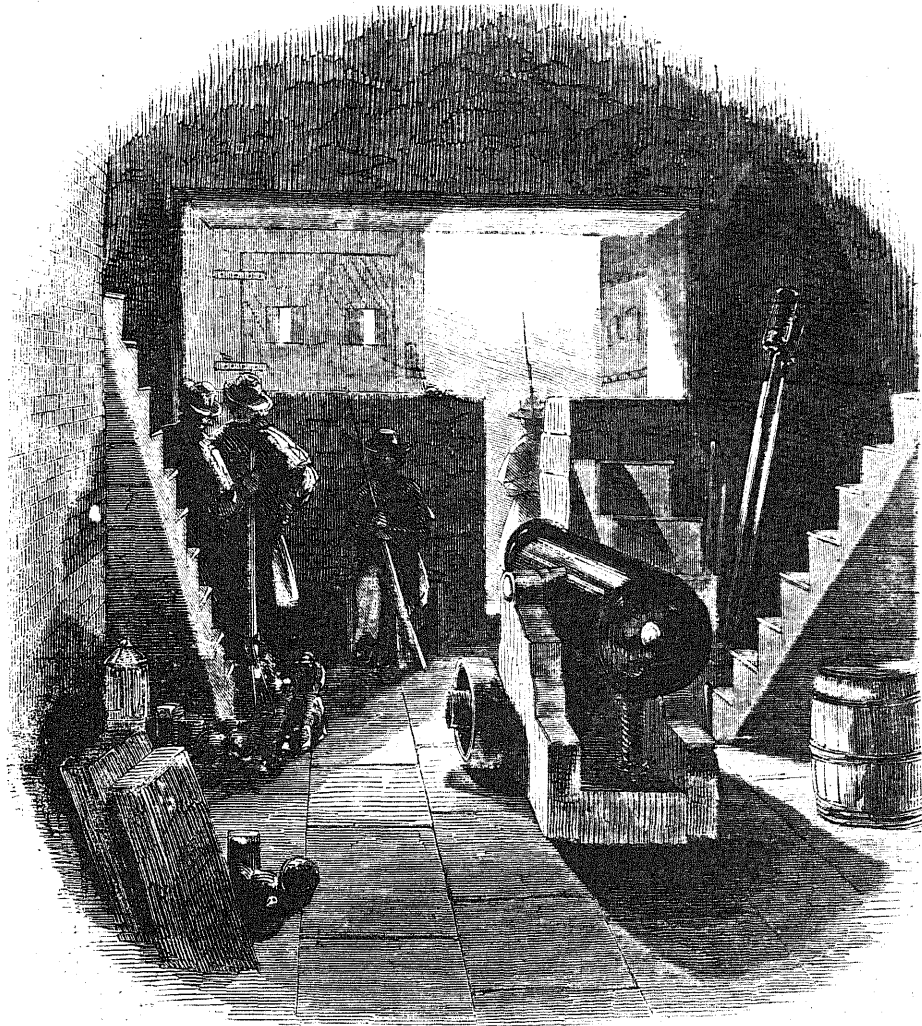
"The house is now within the corporate limits of Des Moines, formerly Fort Des Moines, and stands about a mile from the city, at the southeastern limit of the grove in which it (the city) is located. It is situated on elevated ground, on the south side of the road leading to Iowa City, the former capital of the State, and faces to the northwest. The ground falls abruptly, just back of the building, a short distance, and then slopes to the shore of Spring Lake, beyond which the prairie extends eastward three miles to a belt of timber (the extreme back-ground of the picture), known as Four-Mile Timber, from a stream of that name along which it grows. The white streaks across the pic-



ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN, WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS ON BOARD, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.



A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

FORT SUMTER.

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON'S command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLUMBIAD which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"The Weekly of January 26 quotes the Herald in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLUMBIAD throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerymen know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (5828 yards) and 5500—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it.



so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round; the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somewhat I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you though?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve month—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—"

"Oh! they do very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—It's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waving its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

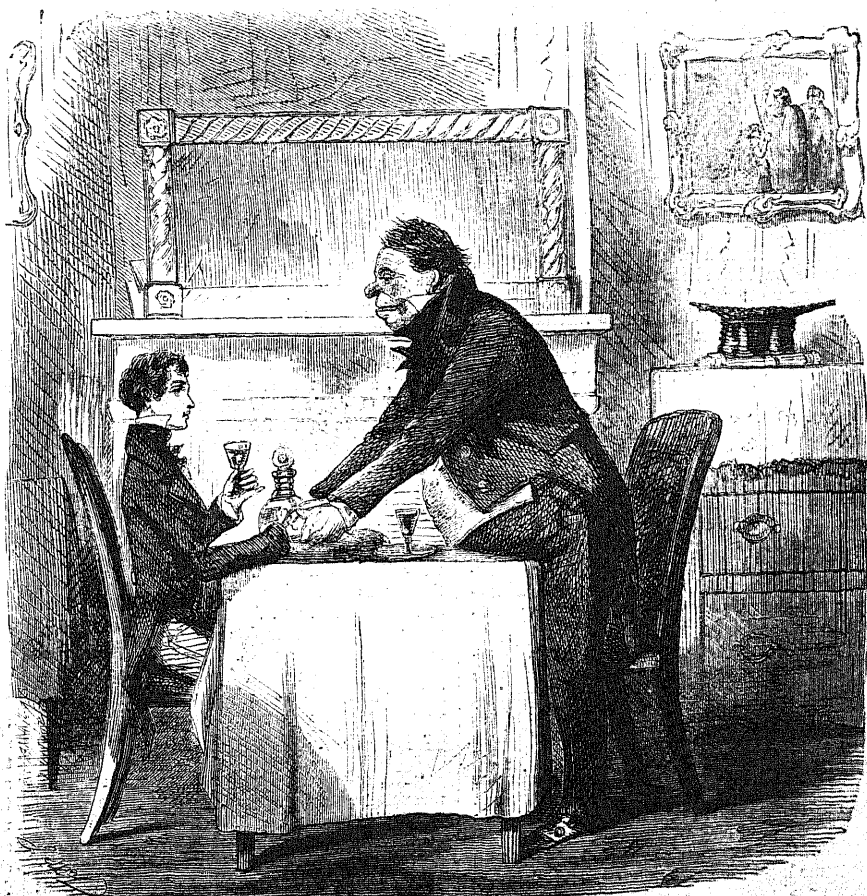
"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

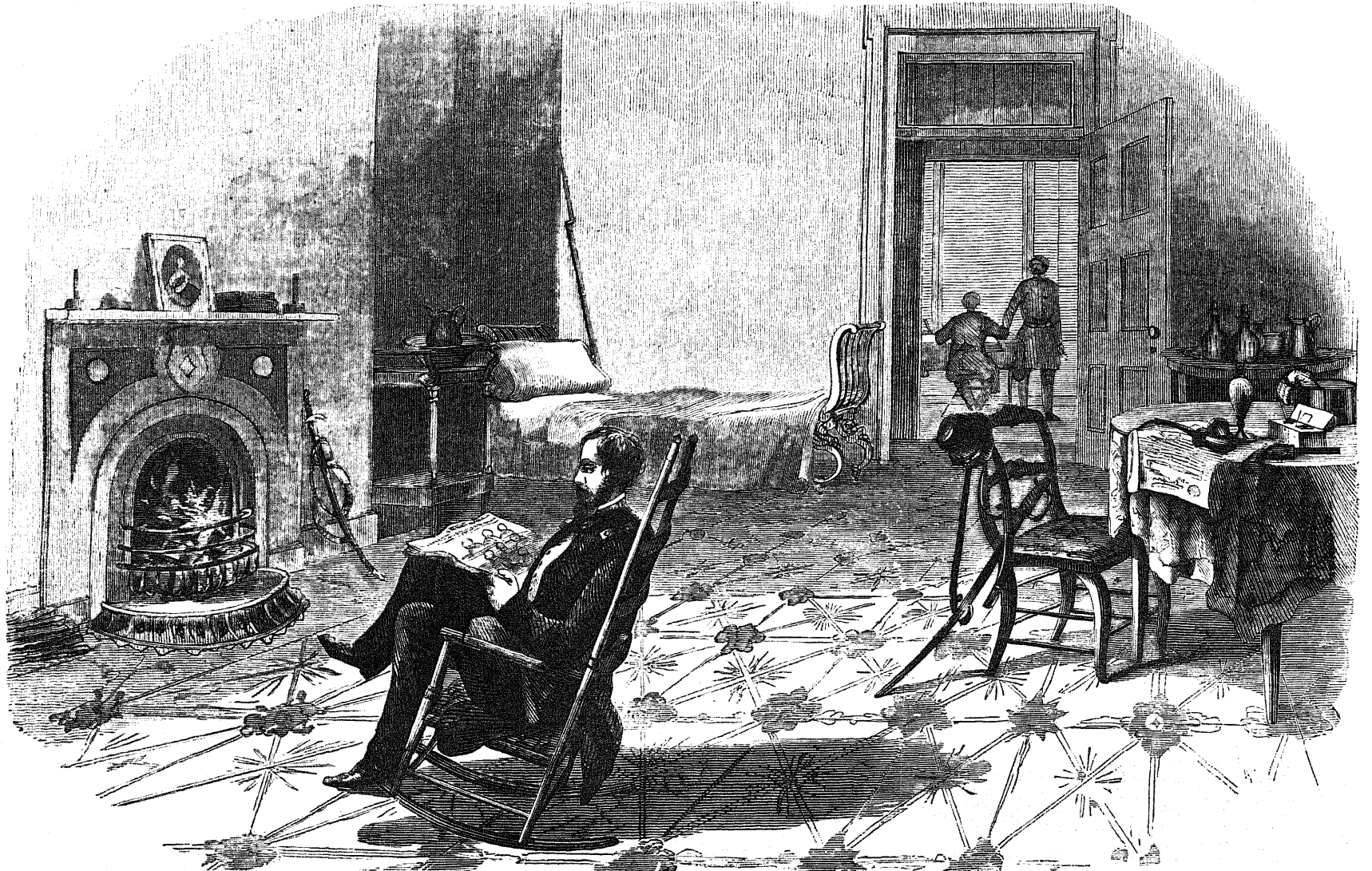
"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had



"AND MAY I—MAY I—?"



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

**THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.**

Such intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are

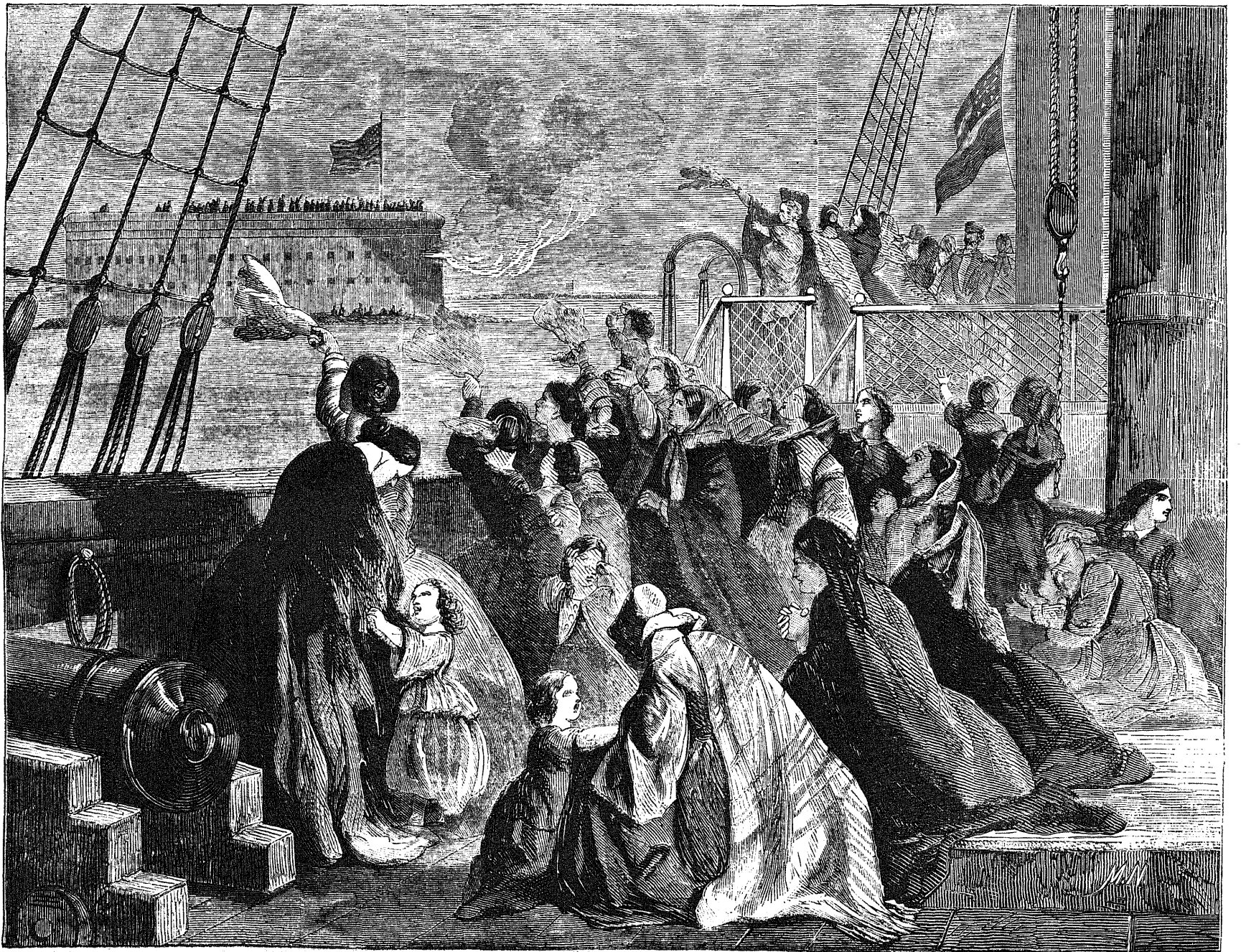
glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

**GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.**

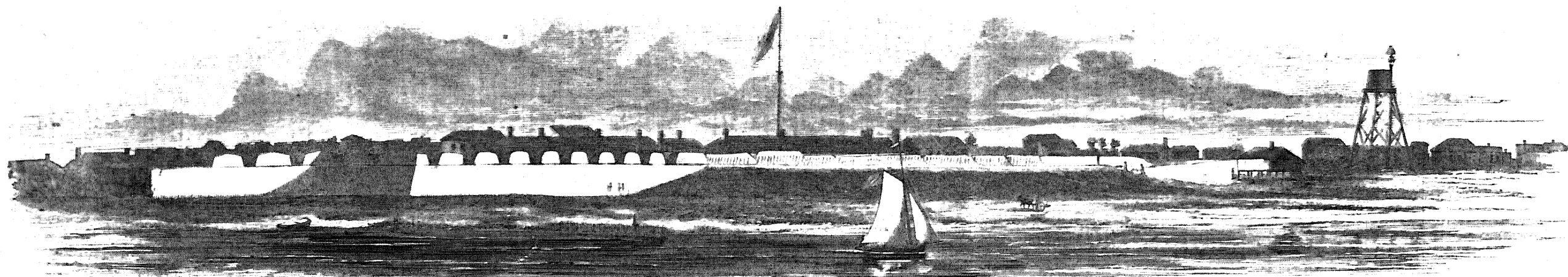
We publish herewith a picture of the good-by waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they

steamed past in the *Marion*, on 3d inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the *Marion*:

"On Sunday, the 3d inst., as the steamer *Marion* was pro-



GOOD-BY TO SUMTER--FEBRUARY 3, 1861.

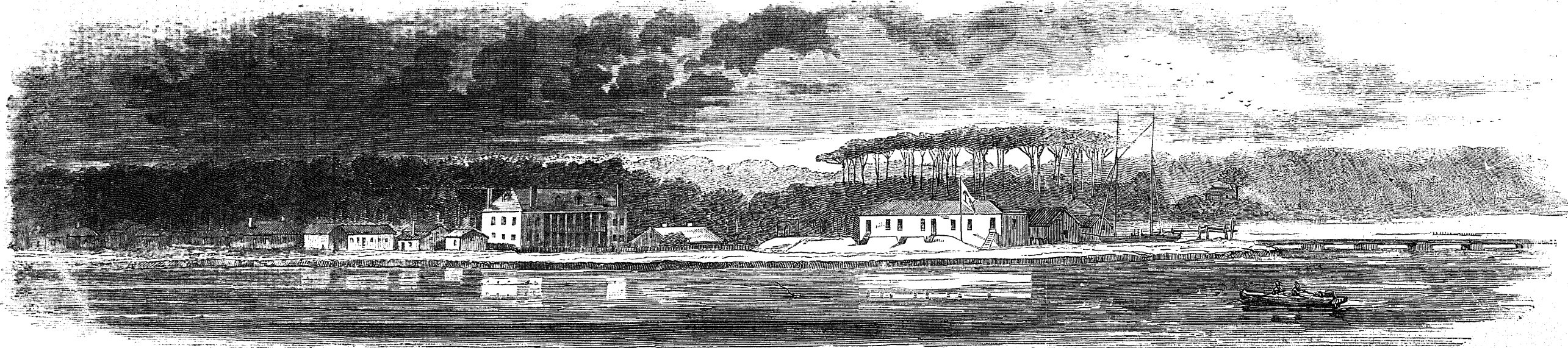


FORT MOULTRIE, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

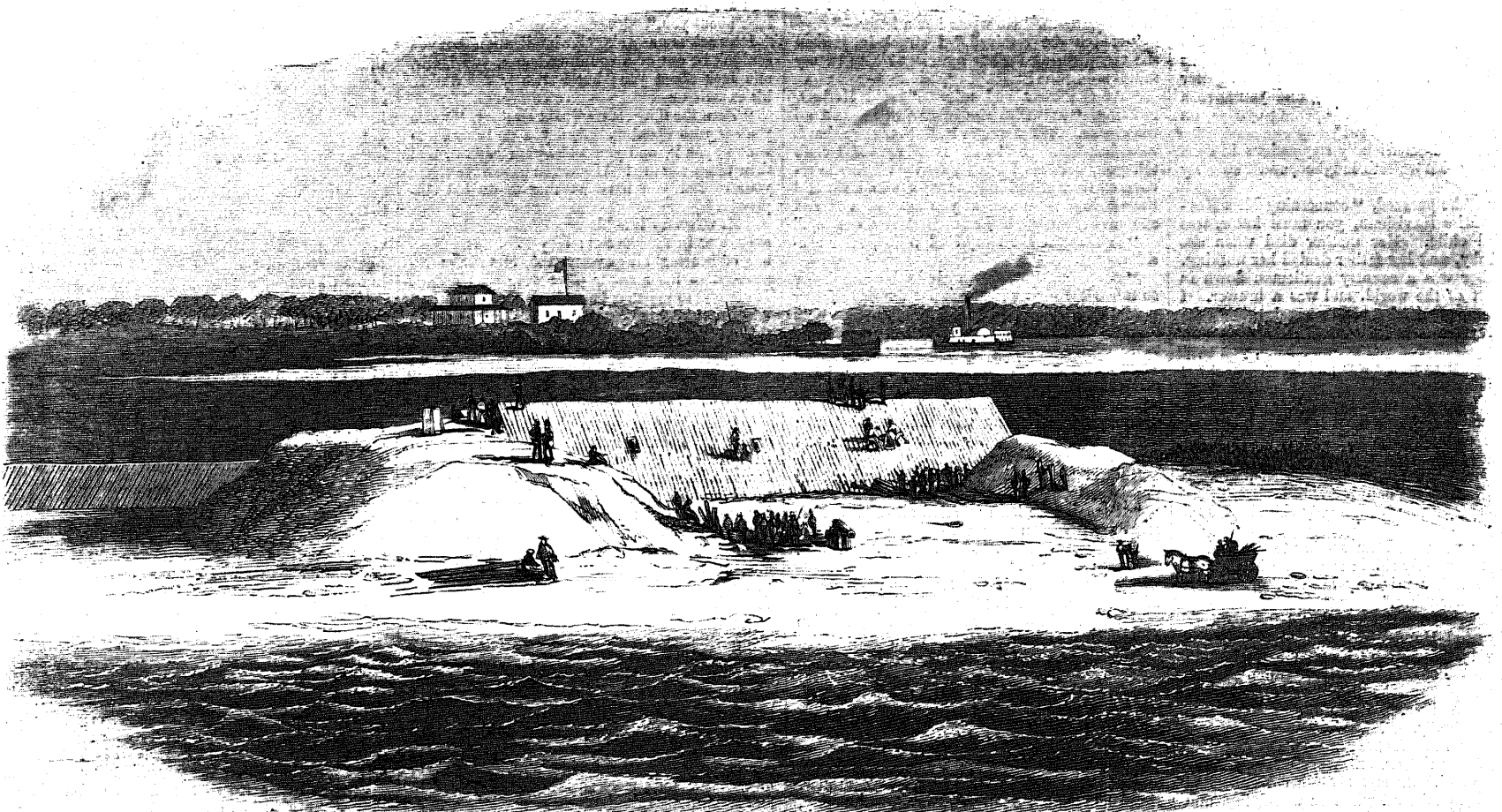


Sand Battery, connected by covered gallery with Battery from which the "Star of the West" was fired upon. Iron-clad Battery. Cummings' Point.

MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



FORT JOHNSON, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S POINT, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BATTERIES.

We publish herewith, from drawings kindly sent us by an officer of Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, views of the batteries which the South Carolina troops have raised on Sullivan's Island and other points in the Bay of Charleston, in order to attack Fort Sumter. They need no description. We would, however, draw attention to the view of the iron-clad battery on Cumming's Point. This battery is faced with bars of railroad iron placed side by side, so as to form a complete coat of mail. Whether it will answer the purpose or not remains to be seen. Some officers of engineers and artillery, who have studied it, seem to think that after a few shots the iron will splinter, and that it will add infinitely to the dangers of the garrison of the battery.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXI.

The pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being you!" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humoredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) still rather confounded his intention with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

"No," said I.

"No," he acquiesced; "I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the look-out for good fortune then."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't—at all events, she didn't."

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella."

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and was the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit, "Betrothed. Engaged. What's his-named. Any word of that sort."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. She's a Tartar."

"Miss Havisham?" I suggested.

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was for sore afterward? I didn't ask him if he was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian. I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

This was bringing me (I felt) toward dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen

Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

"He was so obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's nephew; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who so strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do any thing secret or mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we sat down to dinner, but I can not define by what means.

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles had taken such liberties with it; but it looked as if it would always be light and young. Whether Mr. Trabb's lo-

cal work would have sat more gracefully on him than on me, may be a question; but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes much better than I carried off my new suit.

As he was so communicative, I felt that reserve on my part would be a bad return, unsuited to our years. I therefore told him my small story, and laid stress on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw me at a loss or going wrong.

"With pleasure," said he, "though I venture to prophesy that you'll want very few hints. I dare say we shall be often together, and I should like to banish any needless restraint between us. Will you do me the favor to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?"

I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

"I don't take to Philip," said he, smiling, "for it sounds like a moral boy out of the spelling-book, who was so lazy that he fell into a pond, or so fat that he couldn't see out of his eyes, or so avaricious that he locked up his cake till the mice ate it, or so determined to go birds'-nesting that he got himself eaten by bears who lived handy in the neighborhood. I tell you what I should like: We are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith—would you mind it?"

"I shouldn't mind any thing that you propose," I answered; "but I don't understand you."

"Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith."

"I should like it very much."

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened, "here is the dinner, and I must beg of you to take the top of the table, because the dinner is of your providing."

This I would not hear of, so he took the top, and I faced him. It was a nice little dinner—seemed to me then a very Lord Mayor's Feast—and it required additional relish from being eaten under those independent circumstances, with no old people by, and with London all around us. This again was heightened by a certain gipsy character that set the banquet off: for while the table was, as Mr. Pumblechook might have said, the lap of luxury—being entirely furnished forth from the coffee-house—the circumjacent region of sitting-room was of a comparatively pastureless and shifty character: imposing on the waiter the wandering habits of putting the covers on the floor (where he fell over them), the melted butter in the arm-chair, the bread on the bookshelves, the cheese in the coal-scuttle, and the boiled fowl into my bed in the next room—where I found: rough of its parsley and butter in a state of congelation when I retired for the night. All this made the feast delightful, and when the waiter was not there to watch me my pleasure was without alloy.

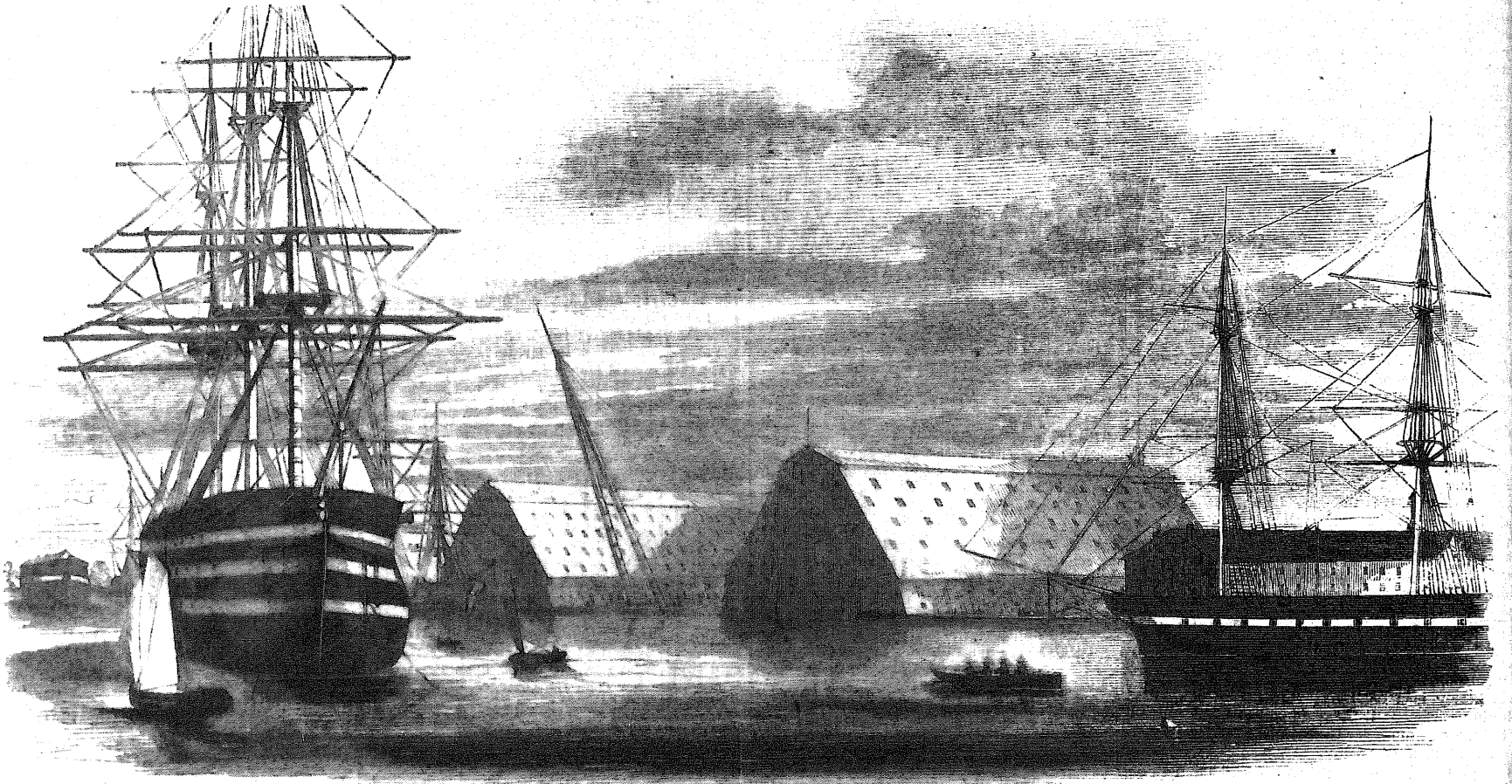
When we had made some progress in the dinner I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

"True," he replied, "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents—and that while the fork is reserved for that



"I HOPE YOUR MAMMA IS QUITE WELL."





THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

ONE of the officers of Major ANDERSON'S command in FORT SUMTER has kindly placed at our disposal some more sketches of the interior of that work, and we publish the accompanying engravings from them. They explain themselves, and we need say no more than refer to their titles.

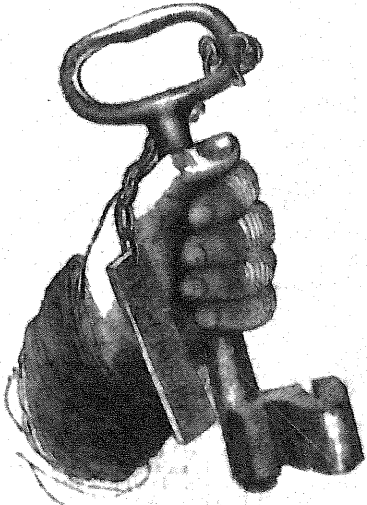
THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

THE recent excitement in Virginia on the secession question renders the accompanying picture of the Norfolk Navy-yard appropriate at the present time. Viewed in conjunction with our recent pictures of Fort Monroe, it completes a series of pictures of Norfolk which is valuable and interesting.

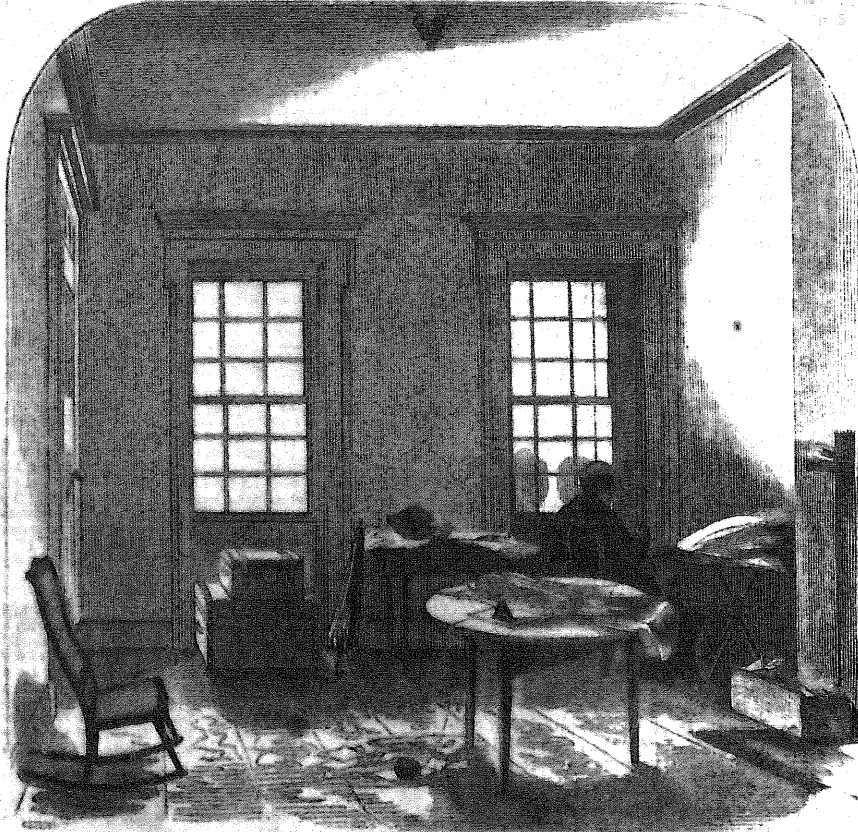
The Norfolk Navy-yard is one of the best in the United States. It is provided with all the usual furniture of a navy-yard—ship-houses, store-houses, founderies, etc., and has, besides, a granite dock which cost a million of dollars. At this navy-yard is anchored, as receiving-ship, the old *Pennsylvania*, the largest line-of-battle ship in the world. She is shown in the fore-ground of our picture.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE" OFF FORT PICKENS.

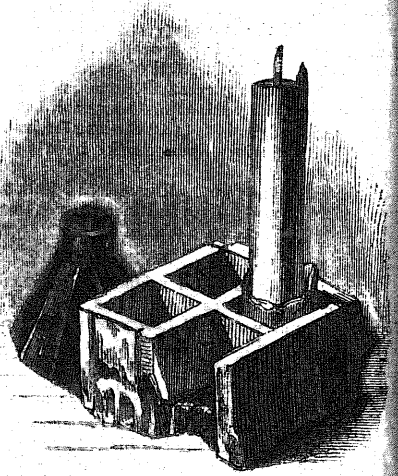
WE publish on page 165, from a sketch furnished us by a United States officer serving in Pensacola Harbor, a picture of the United States frigate *Sabine*, now lying off that harbor. The *Sabine* is an old vessel, built in the old style, but is still well considered by naval men. She was the flag-ship of the Paraguay expedition, and was at that time illustrated in our columns. She is now lying off Fort Pickens, so as to be ready to give aid to that fort in case it is attacked. Her commander is one of the most gallant officers in the Navy, and has expressed very fierce indignation at the treachery



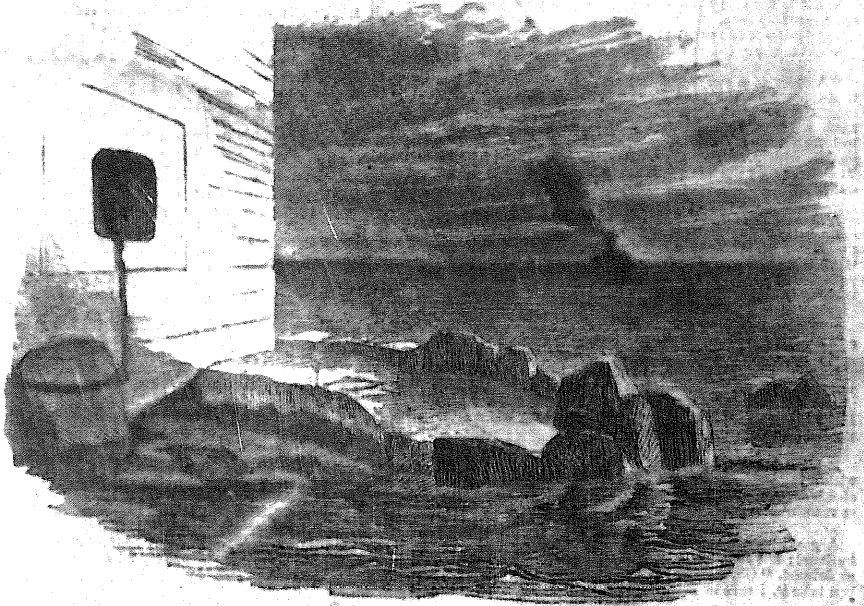
THE KEY OF THE FORT MOUTHER MAGAZINE—THE MAJOR'S SOUVENIR.



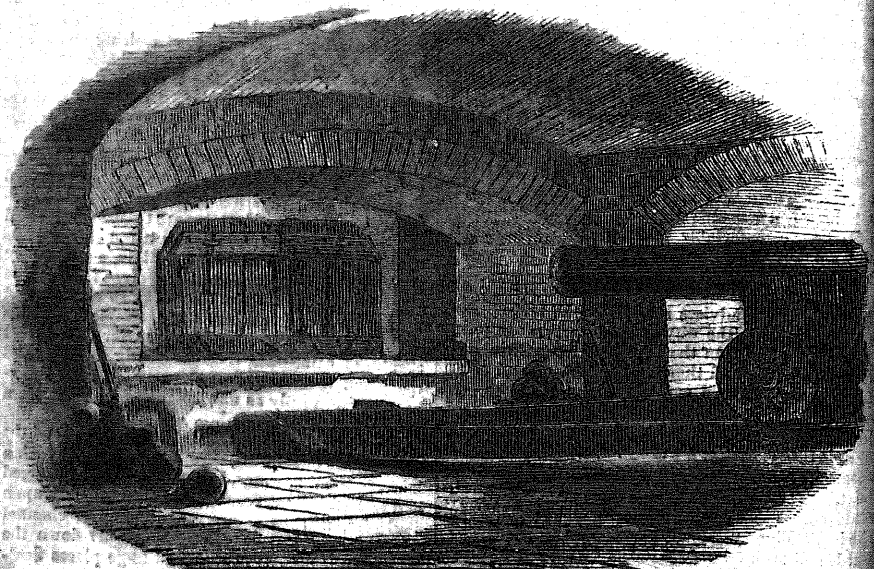
MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—(DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND.)



MAJOR ANDERSON'S CANDLESTICK.



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—OUTSIDE.—(DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.)



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—INSIDE.—(DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.)

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.



Vol. V.—No. 221.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

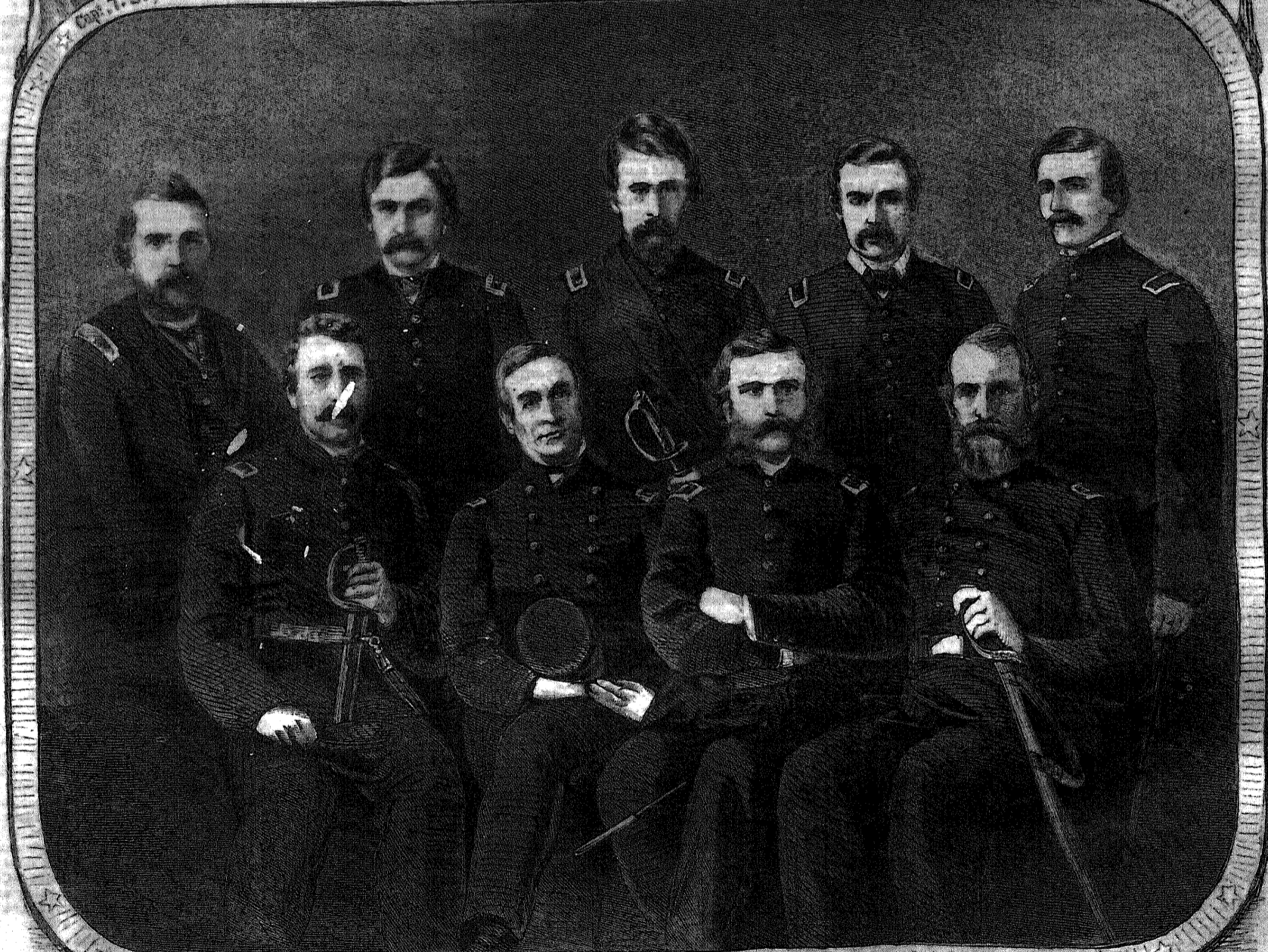
[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

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.

## SUMTER.



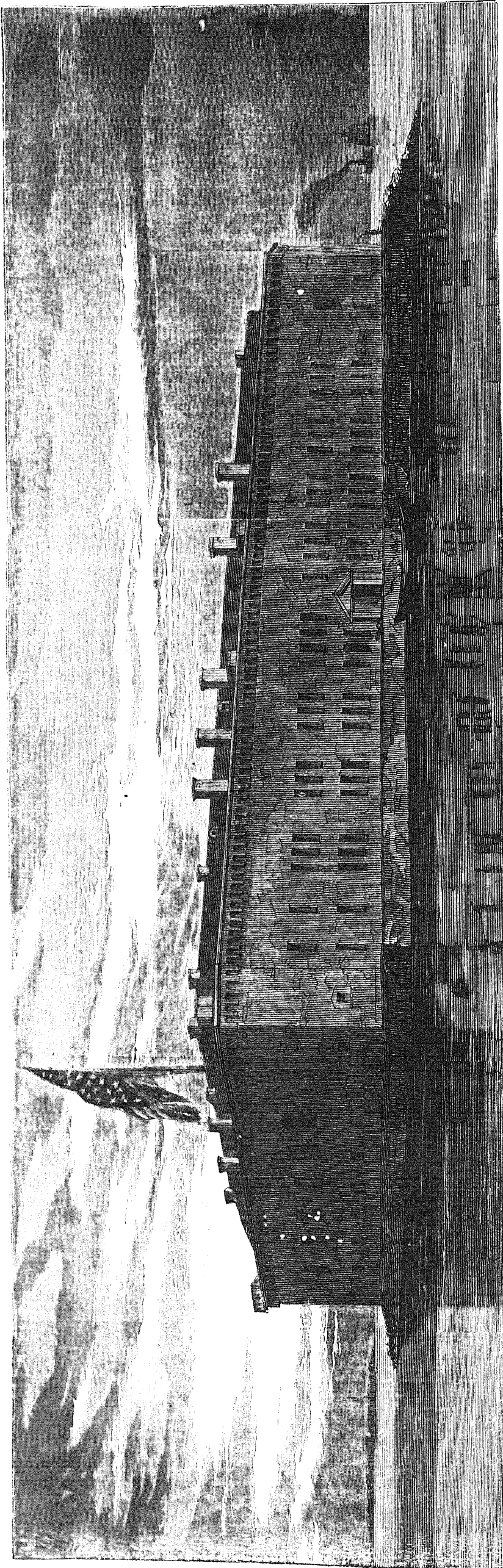
Cap. T. Seymour. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. G.W. Snyder. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. J.C. Davis. ☆ 2<sup>d</sup> Lt. R.K. Meade. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. T. Talbot.



Cap. A. D. Bleday. ☆ Maj. R. Anderson. ☆ Asst. Surg. S.W. Crawford. ☆ Capt. J.G. Foster



MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE FORT.—[SEE PAGE 163.]



FORT SUMNER, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



## UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

Above the trailing mignonette  
That deck'd the window-sill,  
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,  
And looks of earnest will:  
Four decades o'er her life had met,  
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,  
Not to the garden's grace,  
The courses of her mind were bent,  
But where, with sweetest face,  
Forth from the other window leant  
The daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "O wretched day!  
When She was born so fair:  
Well could I let my charms decay,  
If she were not their heir;  
I loathe the sunbeams as they play  
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good, too mild,  
So madly to aspire;  
He is no boy to be beguil'd  
By sparks of color'd fire:  
I will not dream a pretty child  
Can mar my deep desire.

"Her fatherless and lonely days  
Are sere before their time:  
In scenes of gayety and praise  
She will regain her prime,  
And cease to haunt these wooded ways  
With sentimental rhyme."

On to the conscious maiden pass'd  
Those words without the tongue;  
Half petulantly back she cast  
The glist'ning curls that hung  
About her neck, and answer'd fast:  
"Yes, I am young—too young:

"Yet am I graver than my wont,  
Gravest when he is here;  
Beneath the glory of his front  
I tremble—not with fear:  
But as I read, Bethesda's fount  
Felt with the Angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,  
With something as unwise  
As my poor self; and never find  
Affection I can prize  
At once with an adoring mind,  
And with admiring eyes?

"My mother trusts to drag me down  
To some low range of life,  
By pleasures of the clam'rous town,  
And vanity's mean strife;  
And in such selfish tumult drown  
My hope to be his wife."

Then darker round the lady grew  
The meditative cloud—  
And stormy thoughts began to brew  
She dar'd not speak aloud;  
For then without disguise she knew  
That rivalry avow'd.

"What is my being if I lose  
My love's last stake? while she  
Has the fair future where to choose  
Her woman's destiny—  
Free scope those means and powers to  
Which time denies to me.

"Was it for this her baby arms  
About my-neck were flung?  
Was it for this I found such charms  
In her uncertain tongue?  
Was it for this those vain alarms  
My mother-soul unstrung?

"Oh, horrible! to wish my child—  
My sole one left—unborn,  
And, seeing her so meek and mild,  
To hold such gifts in scorn;  
My nature is grown waste and wild,  
My heart with fury torn!"

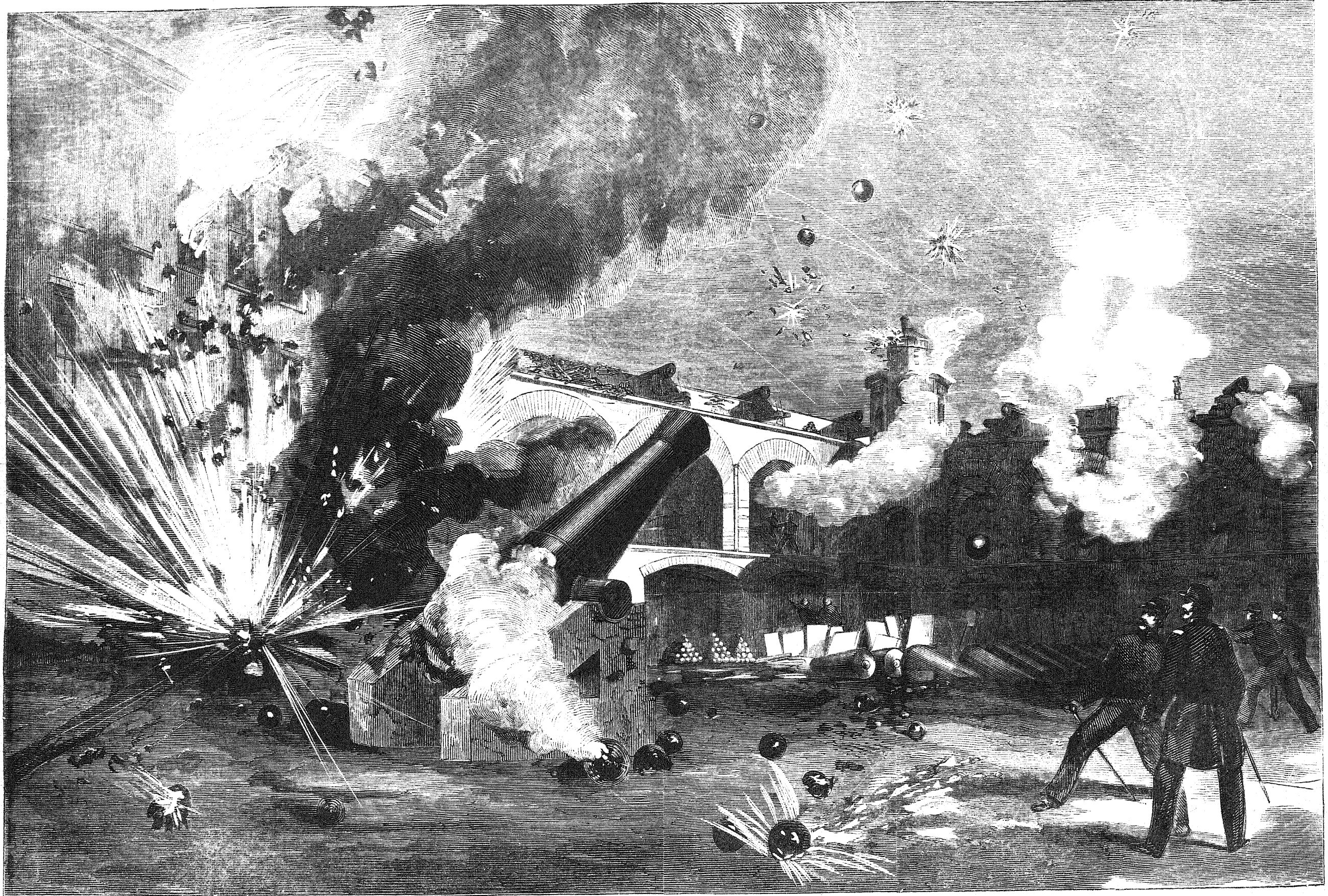
Speechless—enchanted to the spot—  
The girl could scarce divine  
The whole disaster of her lot—  
But without sound or sign  
She cried, "O Mother! love him now  
Oh! let his love be mine!"

"You have had years of full delight,  
Your girlhood's passion-dream  
Was realized to touch and sight  
As bright as it could seem—  
And now you interpose, like Night,  
Before my life's first gleam.

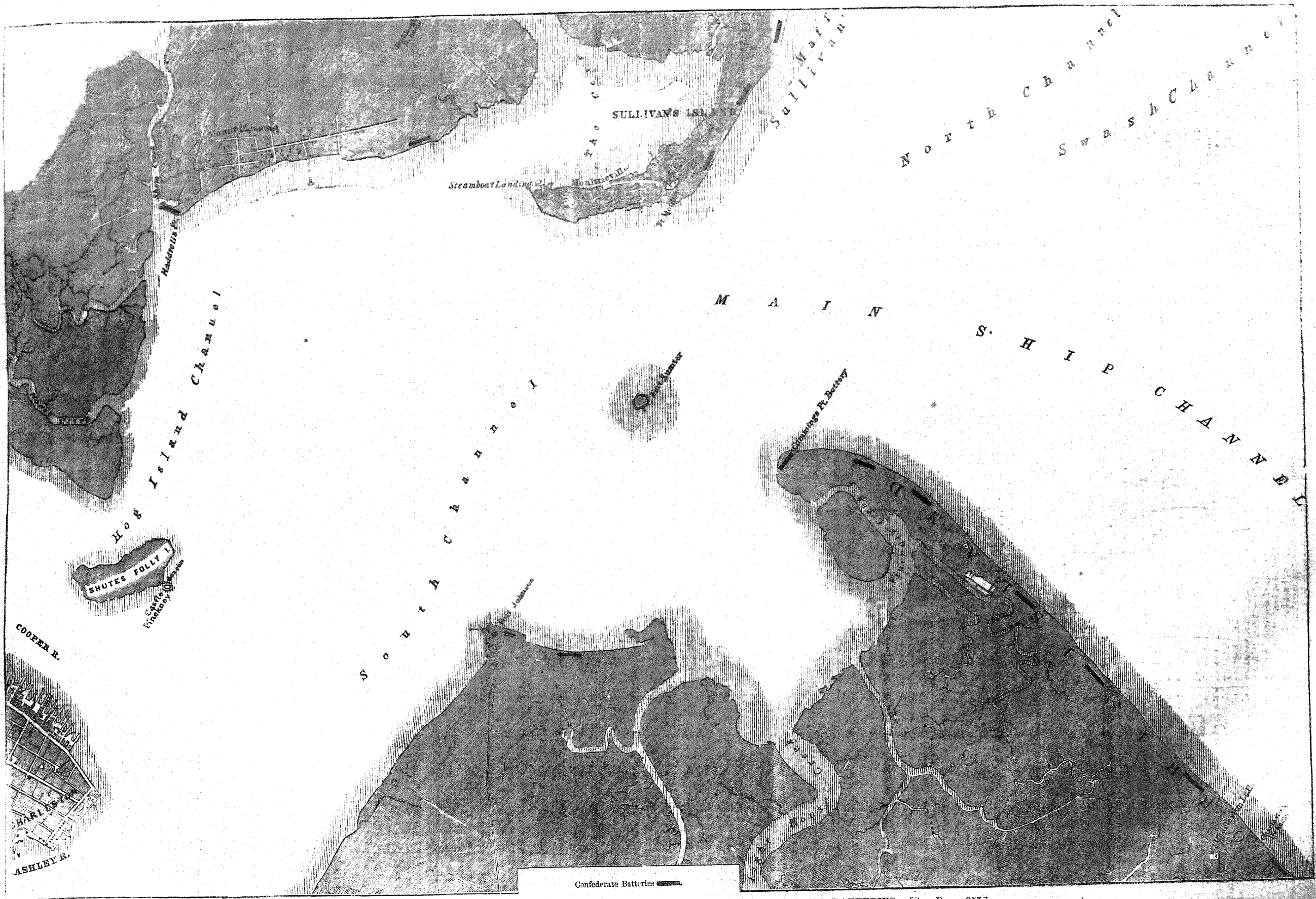
"Yet you were once what I am now—  
You wore your maiden prize;  
You told me of my Father, how  
You lived but in his eyes—  
You spoke of the perpetual vow,  
The truth that never dies.

"Dear Mother! dearer, kinder far,  
If by my childhood's bed  
Your care had never stood to bar  
Misfortune from my head—  
But laid me where my brothers are,  
Among the quiet dead.

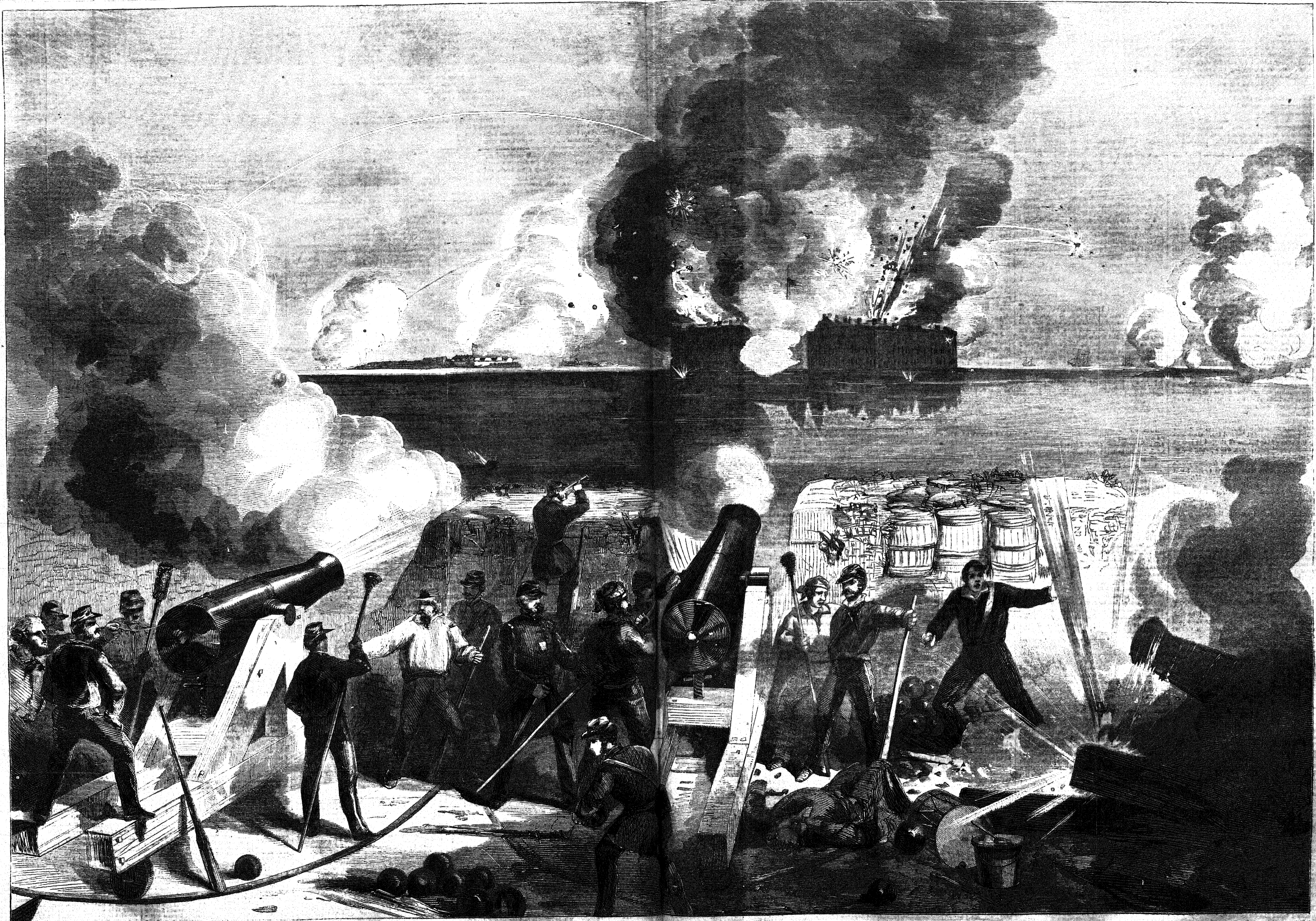
"Ah! why not die? This cruel strife  
Can thus—thus only—cease?  
Dear God! take home this erring life—  
This struggling soul release:  
From Heaven, perchance, upon his will  
I might look down in peace."



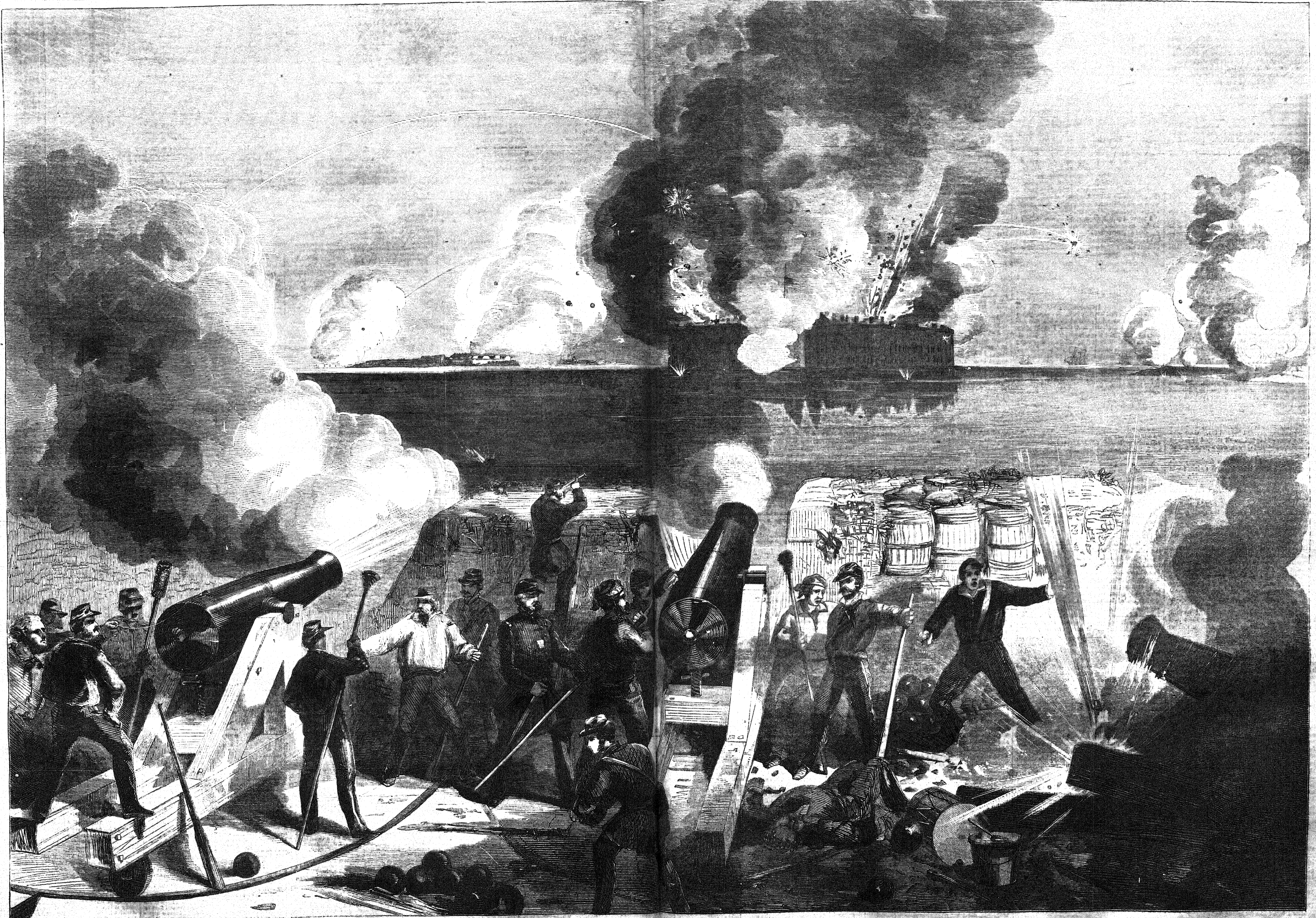
THE INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 257.]



MAP OF CHARLESTON HARBOR, SHOWING FORT SUMTER AND THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES.—[SEE PAGE 257.]

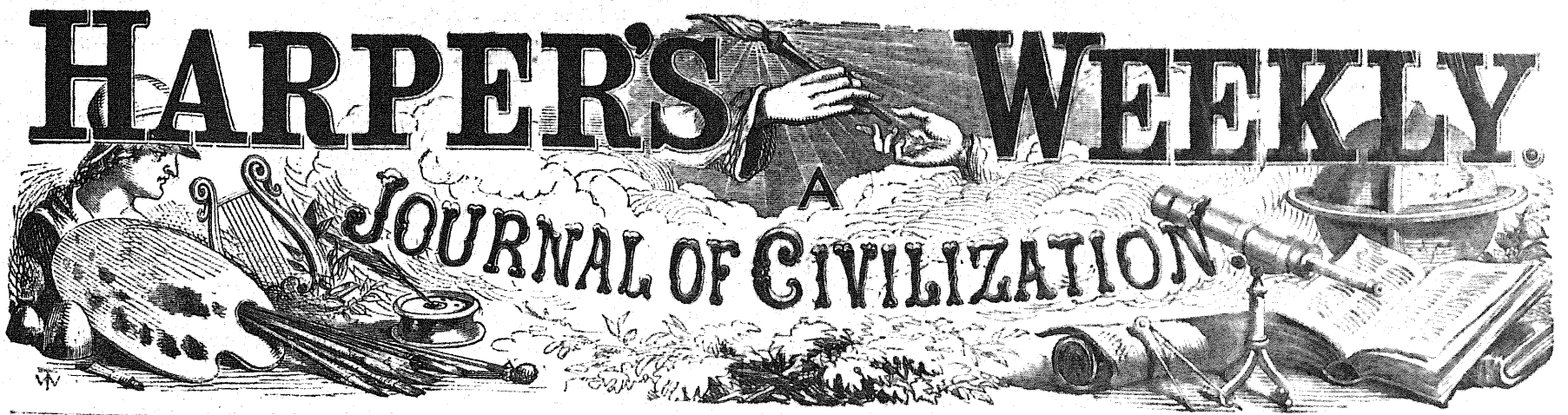


BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BATTERIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, APRIL 13, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 257.]



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BATTERIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, APRIL 13, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 257.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. V.—No. 227.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

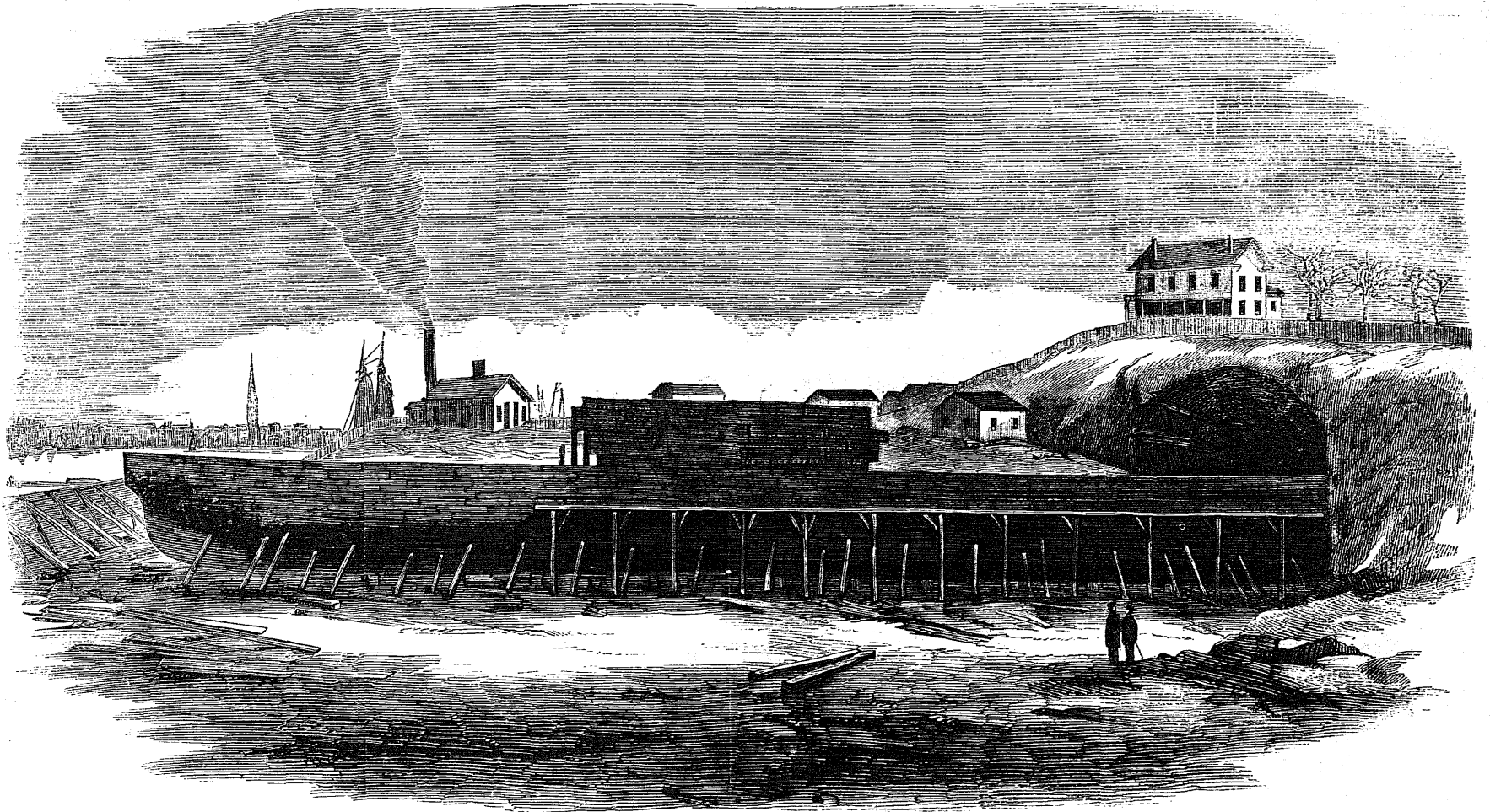
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\$2.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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 HOUSE-TOPS IN CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.





STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

EVERY one has heard of the famous floating battery which has been for many years in course of construction at Hoboken, New Jersey. The idea of this battery occurred to Mr. Stevens shortly after the war of 1812, as an effectual means of protecting the harbor of New York in case of future wars, and the Government appropriated a large

sum for its construction. Every thing relating to the machine was, however, kept a profound secret. No one but a few confidential workmen were permitted to enter the inclosure in which the battery was being constructed. Armed watchmen and fierce bull-dogs guarded every entrance. The most vigorous exertions have been made by newspaper reporters and others, from time to time, to ascertain the nature of the work; but all proved unsuccessful. For the first time since the work be-

gan, a reporter of the *World* newspaper, who is also an artist, penetrated the inclosure, and obtained a sketch and materials for a description of the battery. We publish herewith a drawing made from his sketch, and copy from the *World* the following description:

THE BATTERY.

Descending the sloping side of the dock, which is built in a rude manner, evidently designed to be used for the one purpose only for which it was constructed, we reach

the bottom, which is about twenty-five feet below the surface of the yard.

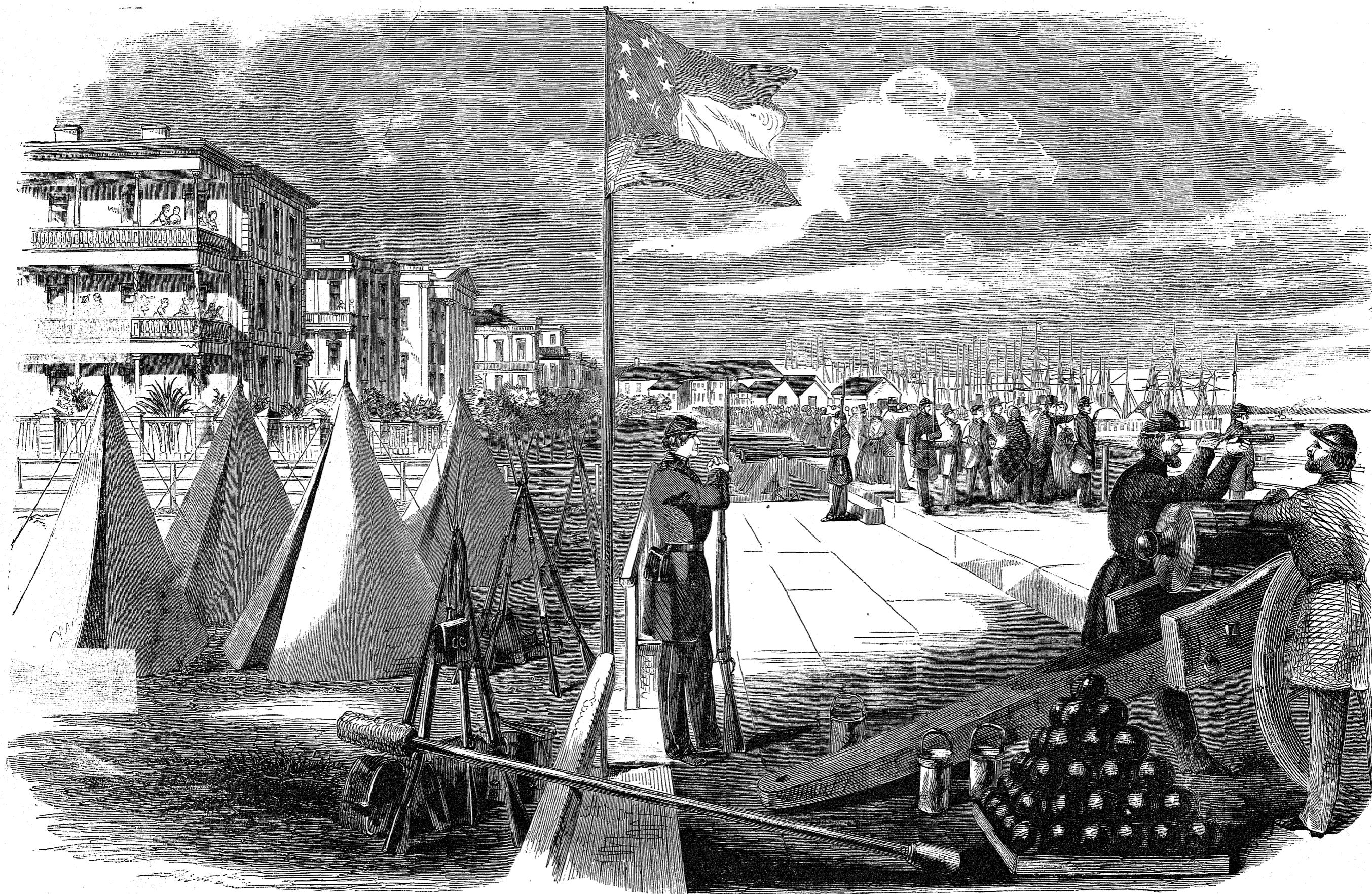
Standing on the bottom, which is formed by the solid ground, near the stern of the vessel, and looking forward toward the bow, amidst the forest of shores and beams which keep the hull upright, one can not fail to be struck with the magnitude of the proposed work. It was once stated that she was 700 feet in length, with a beam of 70 feet, but had such been a true statement she would have exceeded the famed *Great Eastern* in size. As far as the judgment of our reporter could be relied upon from eye measurement, she is about 400 feet in length, with about 50 feet beam. Even at this figure she is the next to the



☆ Cap. T. Seymour. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. G.W. Snyder. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. J.C. Davis. ☆ 2<sup>d</sup> Lieut. R.K. Meade. ☆ 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. T. Talbot.

☆ Cap. A. Doubleday. ☆ Maj. R. Anderson. ☆ Asst. Surg. S.W. Crawford. ☆ Cap. J.G. Foster

THE HEROES OF FORT SUMTER.



THE BATTERY OR PARK PROMENADE AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

**OUR CHARLESTON PICTURES.**

We publish herewith a view of the BATTERY AT CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER, and a picture of the famous RIFLED GUN which is said to have done so much injury to Fort Sumter on that occasion. On page 305 we also give a picture of the "LADY DAVIS," the first regular man-of-war of the Southern Confederacy. She is a little steamer, armed with two boat howitzers, and does not look as though she would capture the *Brooklyn* or the *Niagara*. All these pictures are from sketches sent us from Charleston by our special artist, now traveling with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*. Of the scene on the Battery, the *Herald* Charleston correspondent wrote:

"In one of the windows Governor Pickens, a portion of his council and staff, maintained their position during the day, availing themselves of a very powerful telescope, which carried them, as it were, into the very midst of the fight. General Beauregard, the Commander-in-chief, remained at his headquarters in the city."

The rifled cannon was sent from Europe by a South Carolinian now residing there. It bears the inscription: "Presented to the Sovereign State of South Carolina by one of her sons residing abroad, in commemoration of 20th December, 1860." This was the gun a ball from which knocked down the flag-staff at Fort Sumter. It was then at the iron battery; now it is on Morris Island, and commands the ship-channel. In the fore-ground will be seen a couple of the balls. The point is of iron, but the base a softer metal, which expands and fills the grooves in the piece when discharged. General Beauregard has seen the sketch from which our picture is made, and pronounces it extremely accurate.

**DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.**

We illustrate herewith a singular occurrence which is said to have taken place at Richmond, Virginia, on the passage of the Secession Ordinance. A telegram to the *New York Times* states that the people celebrated the passage of the ordinance by placing a negro astride of the celebrated statue of Washington, by Houdon, which stands in the capitol at Richmond. Richmond, it will be remembered, is the only place in the United States where the Prince of Wales was treated with discourtesy.

**ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES.**

On page 308 we publish a picture of the uniforms of COL. ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES, now stationed in Washington. This gallant regiment has been entirely recruited from the ranks of the New York firemen; it is officered by Colonel Ellsworth of Chicago, whose portrait we gave last week. They are armed with Sharpe's rifles, and bowie-knives which may be used as bayonets at the end of the rifles; many of them carry revolvers besides. When they left New York, they were presented with a stand of colors by the Fire



DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Department, on whose behalf Mr. Wickham thus addressed them:

"COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—The Board of Representatives of the New York Fire Department of this city have caused to be prepared this stand of colors to present to your regiment, composed of the firemen of New York and our asso-

ciates. As President of the Fire Department, I now perform that duty. Take them, place them in the midst of your gallant band, and wherever the fight is the thickest and the bullets fly the fastest let these banners be borne, and may you and your comrades, in the hour of trial and battle, remember the proud motto emblazoned upon them: 'The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave.'

"Let this be your war-cry as you rush to the onset. Let it nerve your arms and fire your ranks. Wave it in triumph only; and do you bring it back, Sir, though it be tattered and torn in the fight."  
"Old associates, remember, on every battle-field and in every trial, that the thousands here around you have placed in your hands a mighty charge. Go forth from this hour, and swear by that flag to live, for that flag to die."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Jun., also presented a stand of colors, with the following letter:

"COLONEL ELLSWORTH: Sir,—I have the honor of presenting the accompanying colors to the First Regiment New York Zouaves. In delivering the emblem of our nation into the charge of the brave men under your command, I am happy in the confidence that I intrust it to men whose hands are moved by a generous patriotism to defend it, and whose hearts feel how more deeply than they have ever done that the honor of their country's flag is sacred and precious to them as their own."

"Accustomed as we are to think of them in the discharge of their ordinary duties with grateful sympathy and a well-founded pride, these feelings grow stronger the solemn moment when they are going from us to engage in a new and still more perilous service. I pray, Sir, that Heaven's gracious protection may be over you and over these, to preserve and bring you back in safety those whose hearts will follow you each day with prayer, and with a hopeful expectation of being gladdened through your success."

"Believe me yours, with much respect and true regard,  
AUGUSTA ASTOR."

Colonel Ellsworth made a suitable reply.

**WILSON'S FIGHTING MEN.**

On page 309 will be found a group of WILSON'S FIGHTING ZOUAVES. We gave a portrait and sketch of Colonel Wilson in our last number. This regiment has been recruited from the roughs and l'boys of New York city. Their uniform is a gray shirt, gray pants, brown felt hat, belt, and brogans; their arms are the Minié rifle, a bowie-knife, and in many cases a revolver. The *Herald* thus described the ceremony of swearing them in:

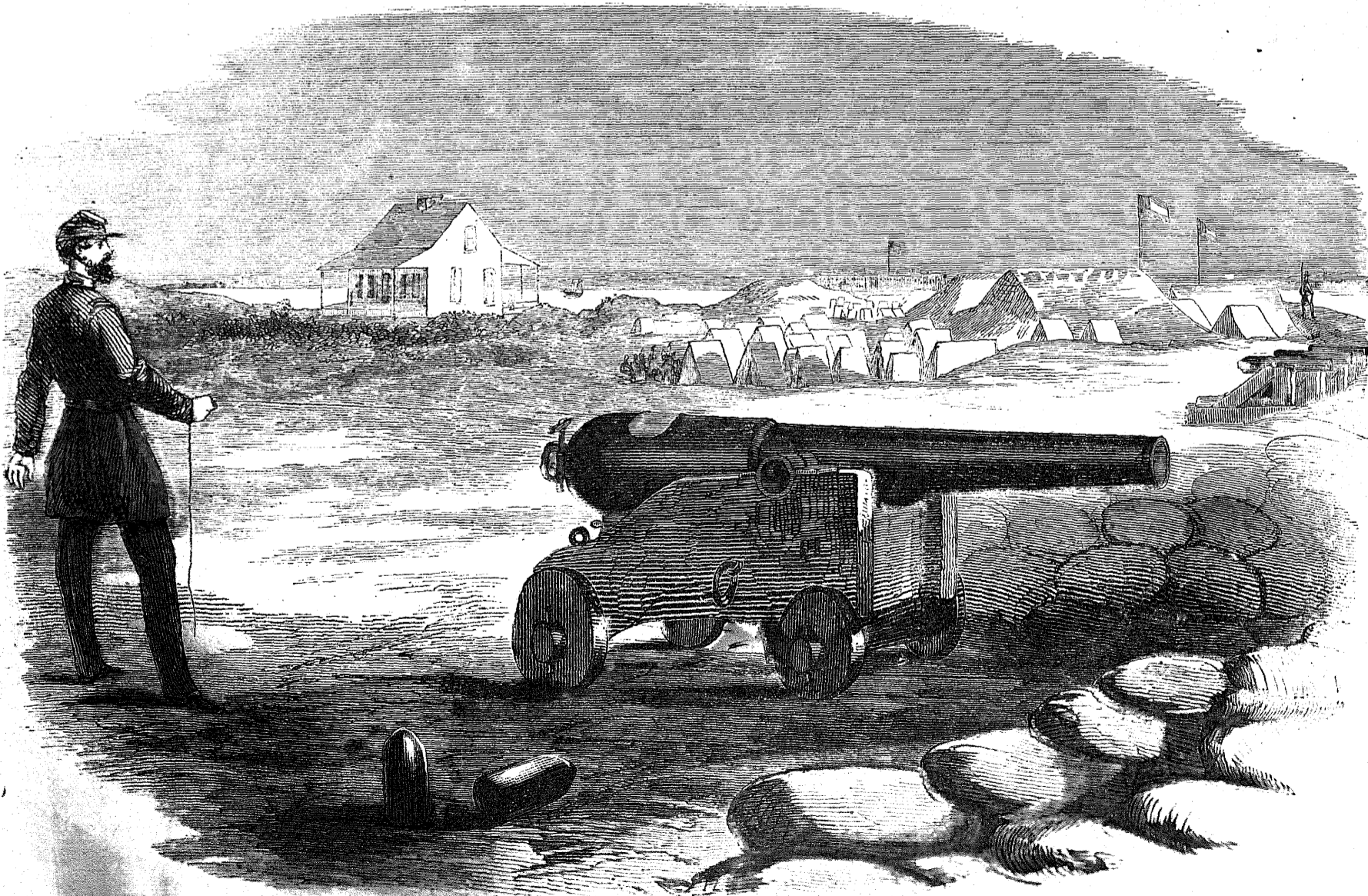
"All the men being ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson, with a drawn sabre in one hand and the American flag in the other, stood forth uncovered, and addressed his men amidst deafening cheers."

"After a short adjuration to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear by him. Waving the banner and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath which he put to them to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them to Baltimore, and they would march through it or die; at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats and brandished their glittering blades amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to the Baltimore traitor secessionists and Plug Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amidst yells of 'Death to the Plug Uglies,' he illustrated with his sword how they should hew their way, and said though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching around the hall, holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on his right bearing a banner inscribed:

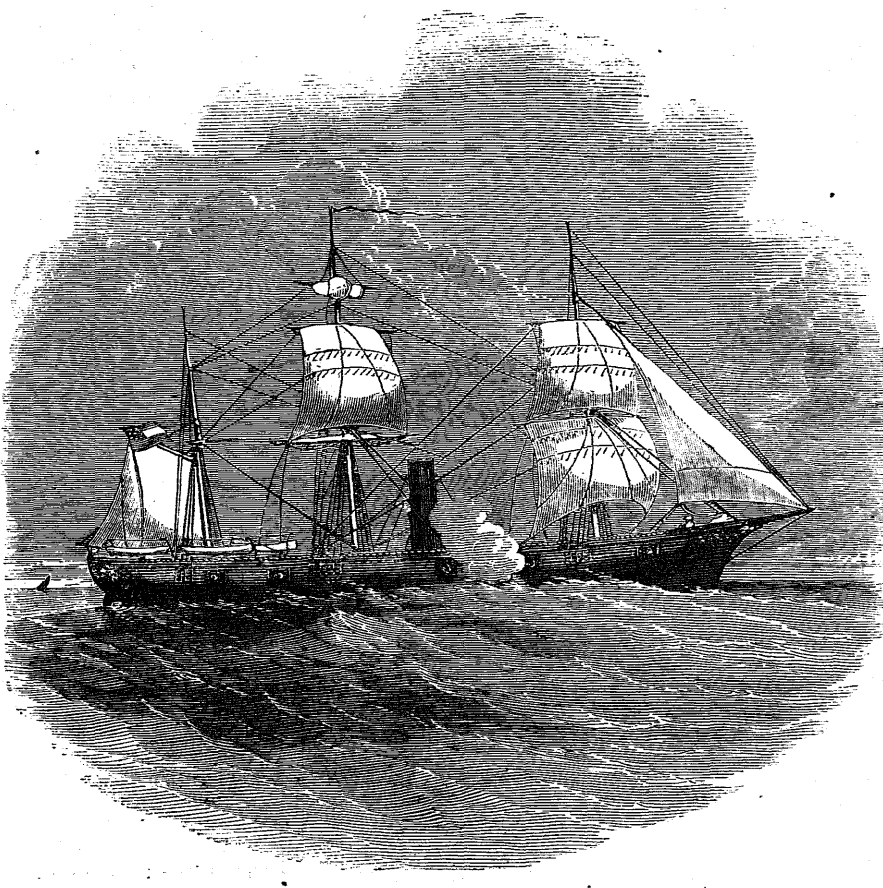
THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES.  
DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS.

The other officer on his left holding up in both hands a bowie-knife and revolver, Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of 'Blood! 'blood! 'blood!' 'We swear,' etc."

"The band then struck in with the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which they all sang in chorus, as well as also 'Dixies Land.'"



THE RIFLED CANNON WHICH DID SO MUCH EXECUTION ON FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE "SUMTER," A REBEL SHIP OF WAR.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

## THE "SUMTER."

ABOVE we give a picture of the *Sumter*, a vessel of war belonging to the Southern Confederacy. She is the old *Marques de la Habana* which was captured by our fleet off Vera Cruz in April, 1860, and taken as a prize to New Orleans. We published a picture of her in the *Weekly* at that time. The secessionists have fitted her out, and are using her as a vessel of war. She will probably be caught ere long by one of our cruisers. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. Davis, who has just returned from the South.

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

PUTTING Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day. But I alighted at the Half-way House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance; for I sought to get into the town quietly, by the unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High Street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimed had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so, the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the gray tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Estella was gone out of it forever.

An elderly woman whom I had seen before as one of the servants who lived in the supplementary house across the back court-yard opened the gate. The lighted candle stood in the dark passage within, as of old, and I took it up and ascended the staircase alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

Doing as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece, where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air of utter loneliness upon her that would have moved me to pity though she had willfully done me a deeper injury than I could charge her with. As I stood compassionating her, and thinking how in the progress of time I too had come to be a part of the wrecked fortunes of that house, her eyes rested on me. She stared, and said in a low voice, "Is it real?"

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

"Thank you. Thank you."

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down I remarked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me. "I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here, and to show you that I am not all stone. But

perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is any thing human in my heart?"

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she were going to touch me; but she recalled it again before I understood the action, or knew how to receive it.

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

"Something that I would like done, very much."

"What is it?"

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership. I had not got far into it when I judged from her look that she was thinking in a discursive way of me rather than of what I said. It seemed to be so, for when I stopped speaking many moments passed before she showed that she was conscious of the fact.

"Do you break off," she asked then, with her former air of being afraid of me, "because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?"

"No, no," I answered, "how can you think so, Miss Havisham! I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said."

"Perhaps I was not," she answered, putting a hand to her head. "Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay! Now tell me."

She set her hands upon her stick in the resolute way that sometimes was habitual to her, and looked at the fire with a strong expression of forcing herself to attend. I went on with my explanation, and told her how I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my means, but how in this I was disappointed. That part of the subject (I reminded her) involved matters which could form no part of my explanation, for they were the weighty secrets of another.

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

"Quite as faithfully."

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

"Much more at rest."

"Are you very unhappy now?"

She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. I could not reply at the moment for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the crutched head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned."

After a little while she raised her head and looked at the fire again.

"It is noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?"

"Too true."

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But there is nothing."

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were none there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets, mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here, but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand, and it trembled again, and it trembled more as she took off the chain to which the pencil was attached and put it in mine. All this she did without looking at me.

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, 'I forgive her,' though ever so long after my broken heart is dust—pray do it!"

"Oh, Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes, and my life has been a blind and thankless one, and I want forgiveness and direction far too much to be bitter with you."

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet, with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to Heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances.—Is she married?"

"Yes."

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry, over and over again. "What have I done! What have I done!"

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more than that; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker, I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! what have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry died

away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so." "But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

"Better," I could not help saying, "to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken."

With that Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while and then burst out again, "What had she done!"

"If you knew all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me."

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?"

She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this, and replied, "Go on."

"Whose child was Estella?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know?"

She shook her head again.

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

"Brought her here."

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

She answered in a low whisper and with great caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and save from my fate. I had first seen him when I sent for him to lay this place waste for me; having read of him in the newspapers, before I and the world parted. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella."

"Might I ask her age then?"

"About three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

So convinced I was of that woman's being her mother, that I wanted no evidence to establish the fact in my own mind. But to any mind, I thought, the connection here was clear and straight.

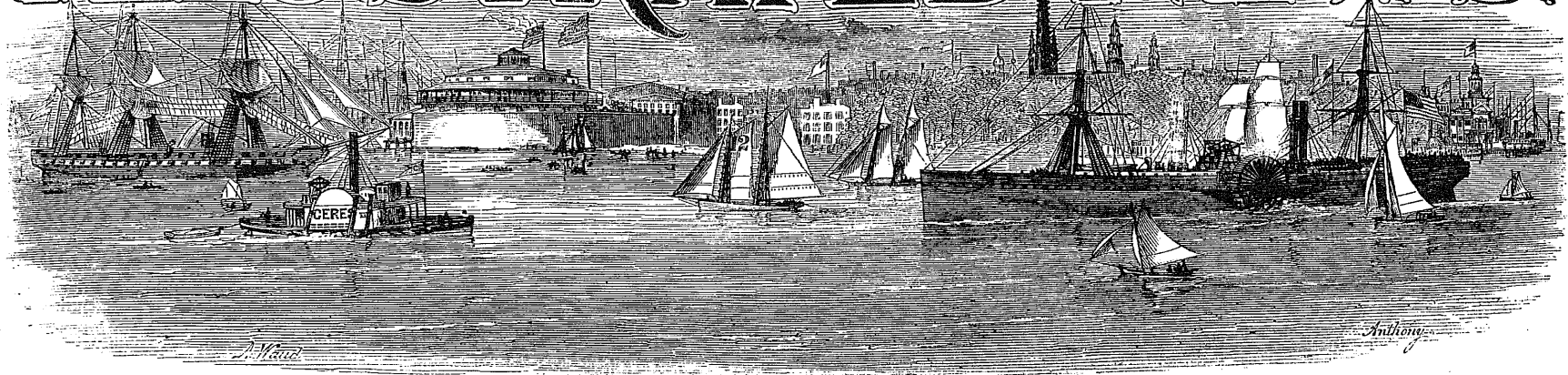
What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. No matter with what other words we parted; we parted.

Twilight was closing in when I went down stairs into the natural air. I called to the woman who had opened the gate when I entered that I would not trouble her just yet, but would walk round the place before leaving. For I had a presentiment that I should never be there



"I SAW HER RUNNING AT ME, SHRIEKING, WITH A WHIRL OF FIRE BLAZING ALL ABOUT HER," ETC.

# NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



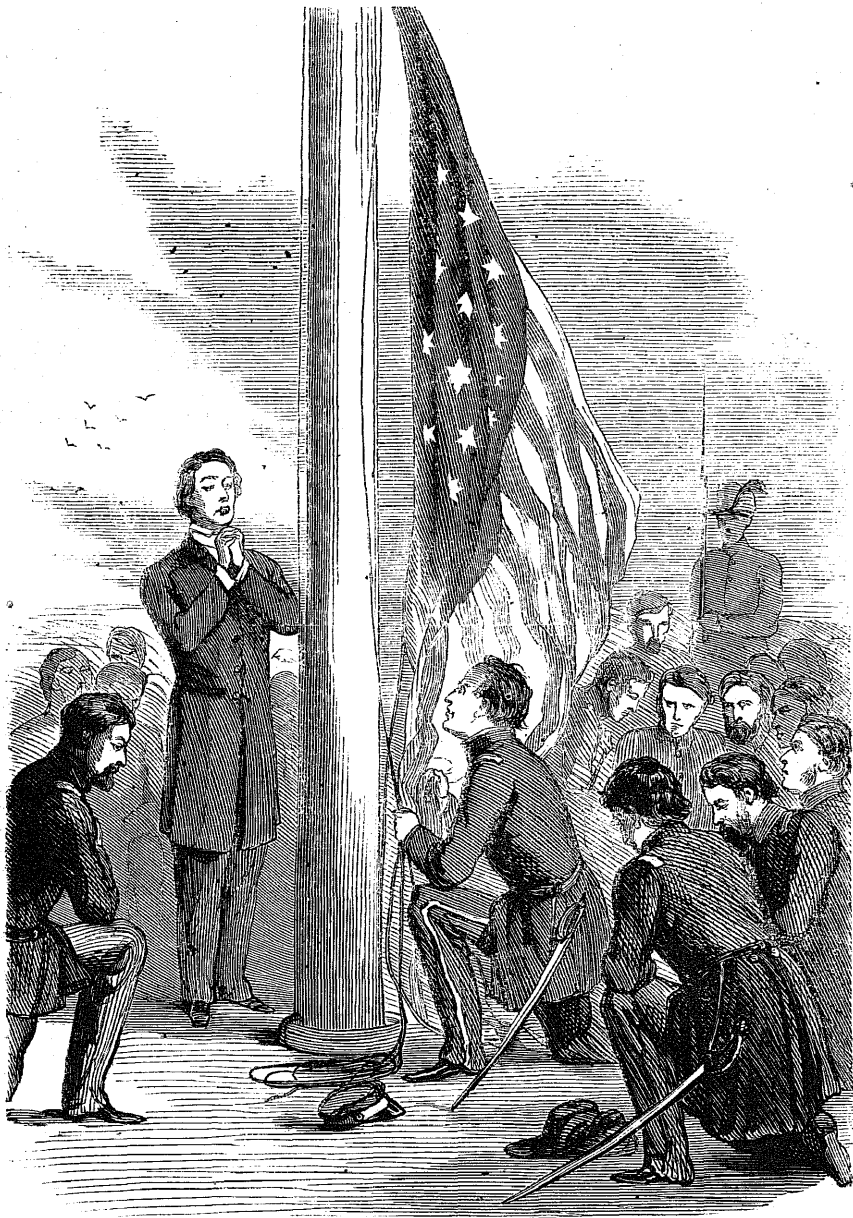
No. 62.—VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

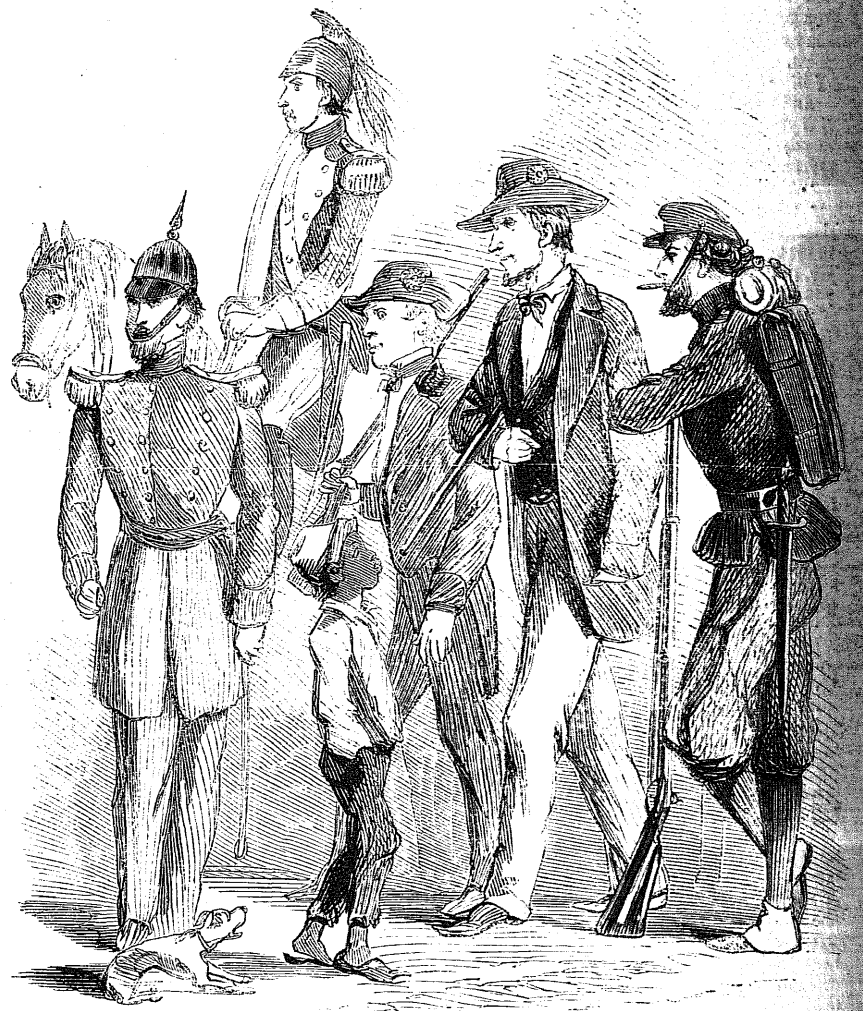
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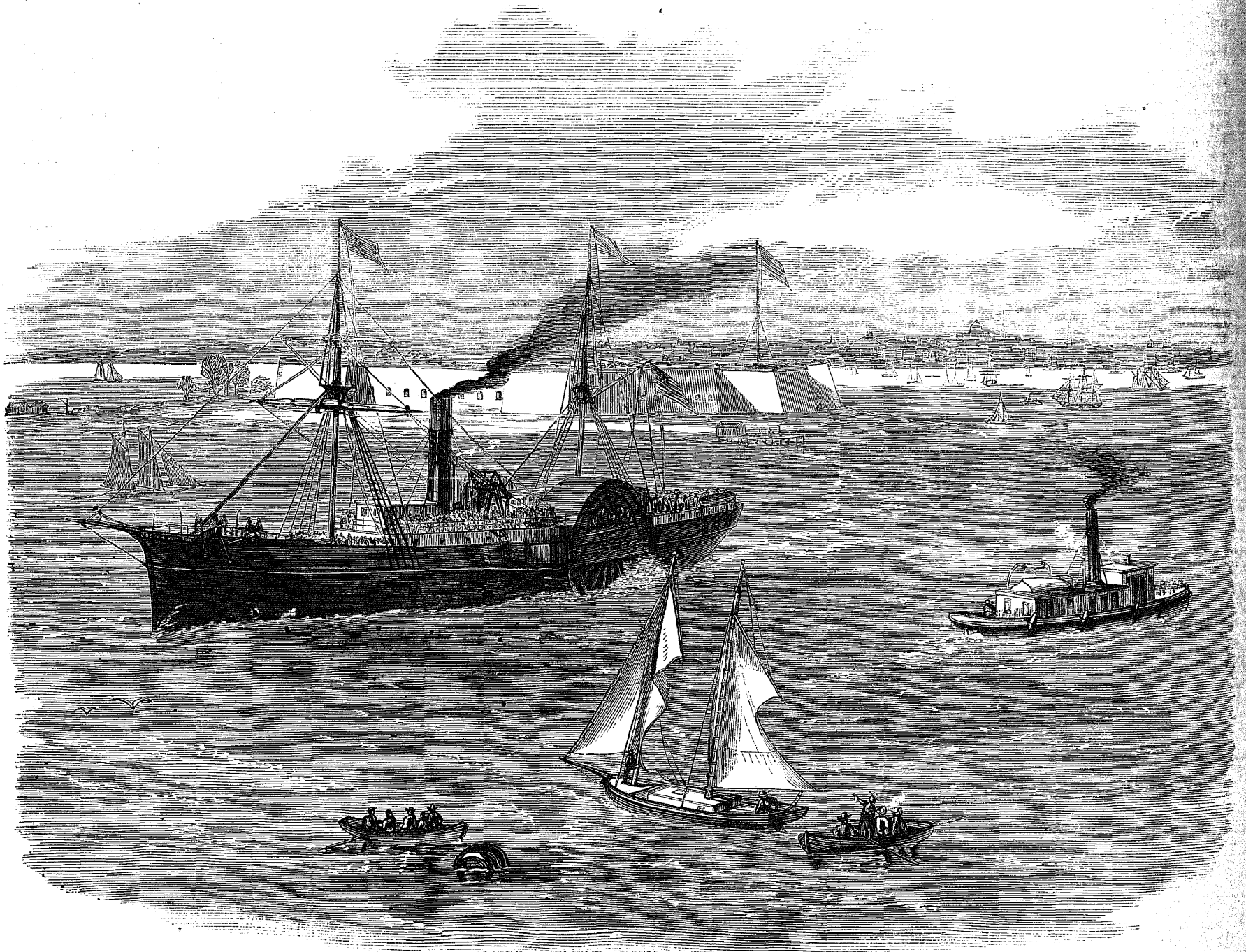
MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, LATE OF FORT MOULTRIE, AT PRESENT COMMANDING FORT SUMPTER. FROM A PORTRAIT FURNISHED BY MRS. ANDERSON, NOW STAYING IN THIS CITY. See page 152.



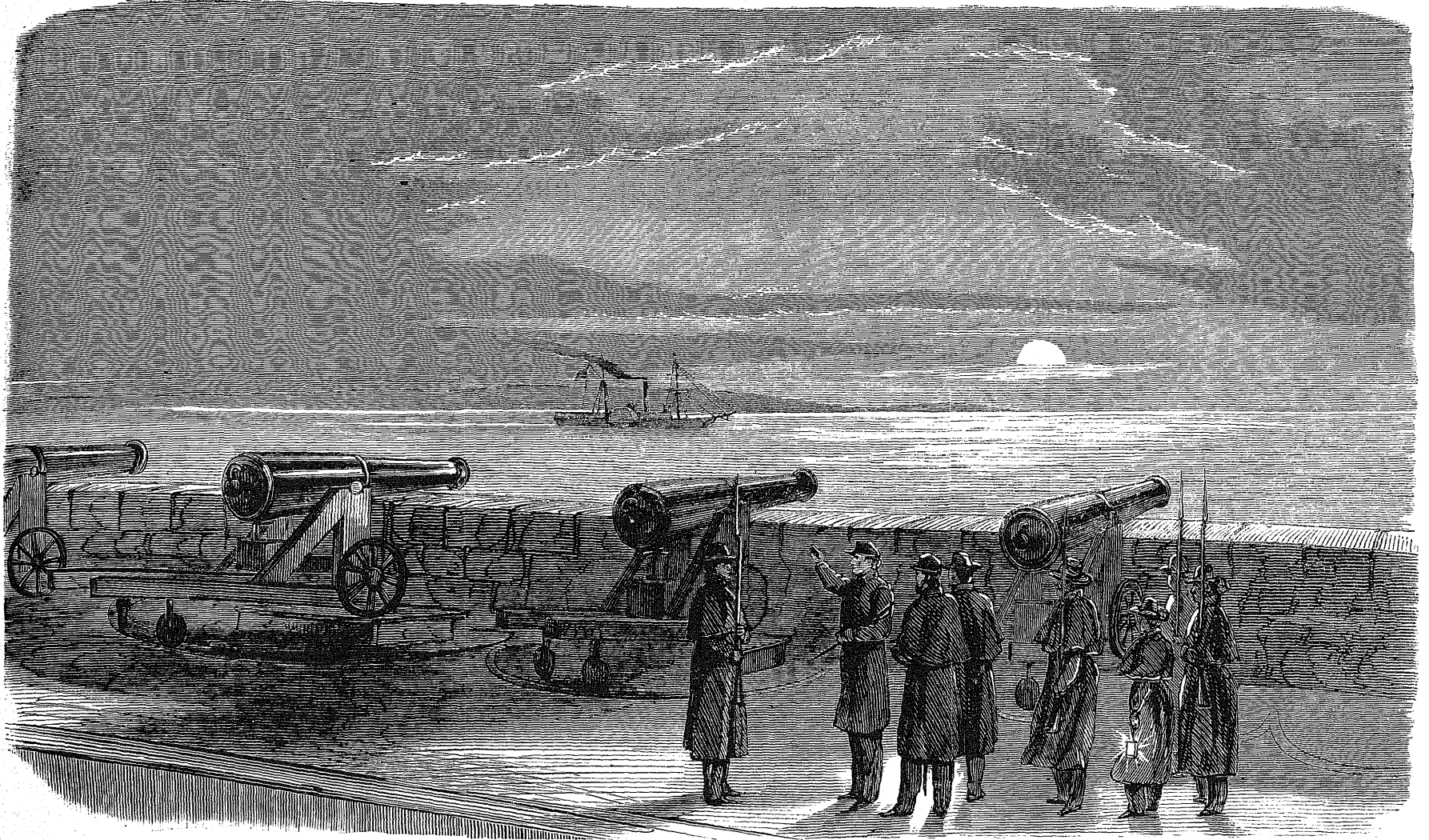
MAJOR ANDERSON RAISING THE UNITED STATES FLAG ON FORT SUMTER, AFTER THE EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTREE. See page 180.



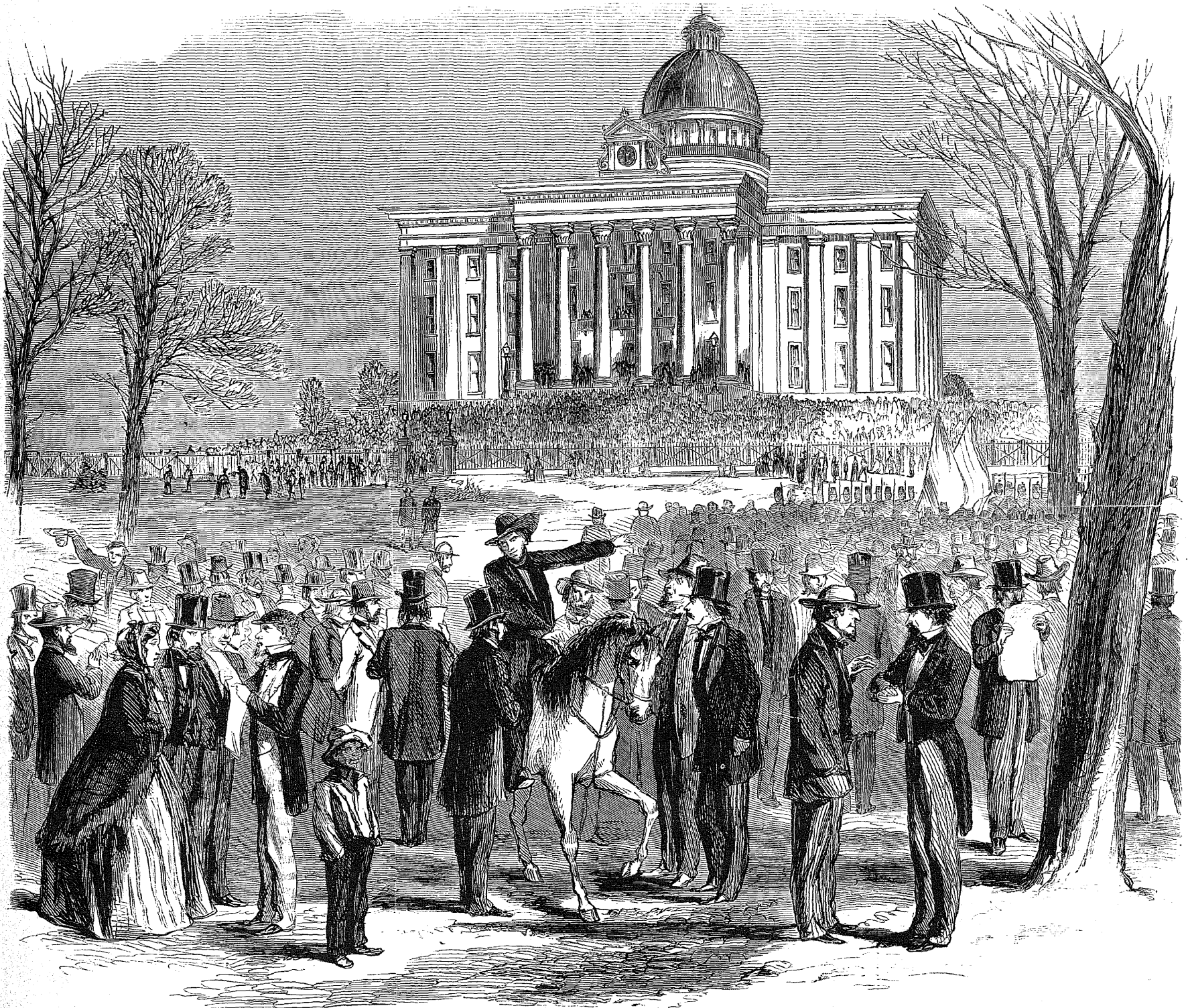
THE MILITIA AND VOLUNTEER SOLDIERY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE STEPHEN WHITNEY LEAVING FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, WITH REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN FORTS. See page 189.

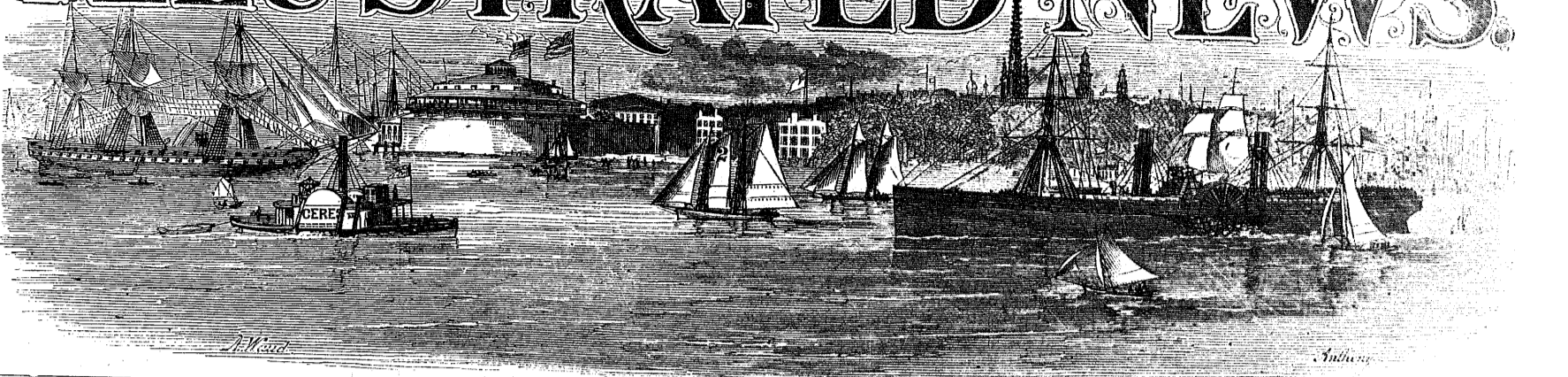


THE SECESSION WAR.—SCENES ON THE RAMPARTS OF FORT SUMTER. MAJOR ANDERSON GOING THE ROUNDS AT NIGHT.



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, MONTGOMERY, ALA., ON THE DAY THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION WAS PASSED. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT. See page 178.

# NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS



No. 77.—Vol. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

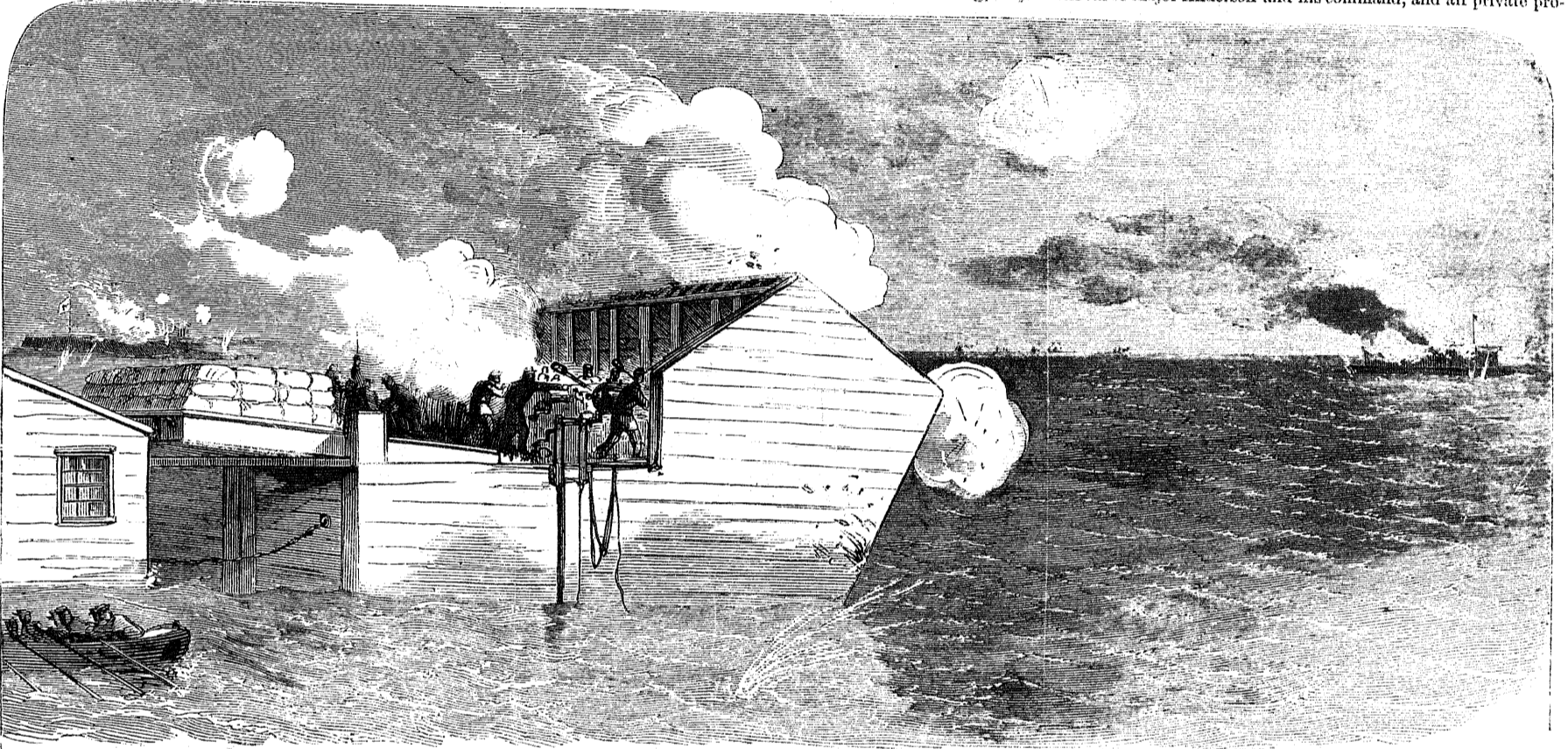
PRICE SIX CENTS.

THE BOAT CARRYING THE OFFICERS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD'S ARMY TO ARRANGE FOR THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER.

a boat to Major Anderson, with offers of assistance, the bearers being Colonels W. P. Miles and Roger Pryor, of Virginia, and Lee. But before it reached him a flag of truce had been raised. Another boat then put off, containing Ex-Gov. Manning, Major

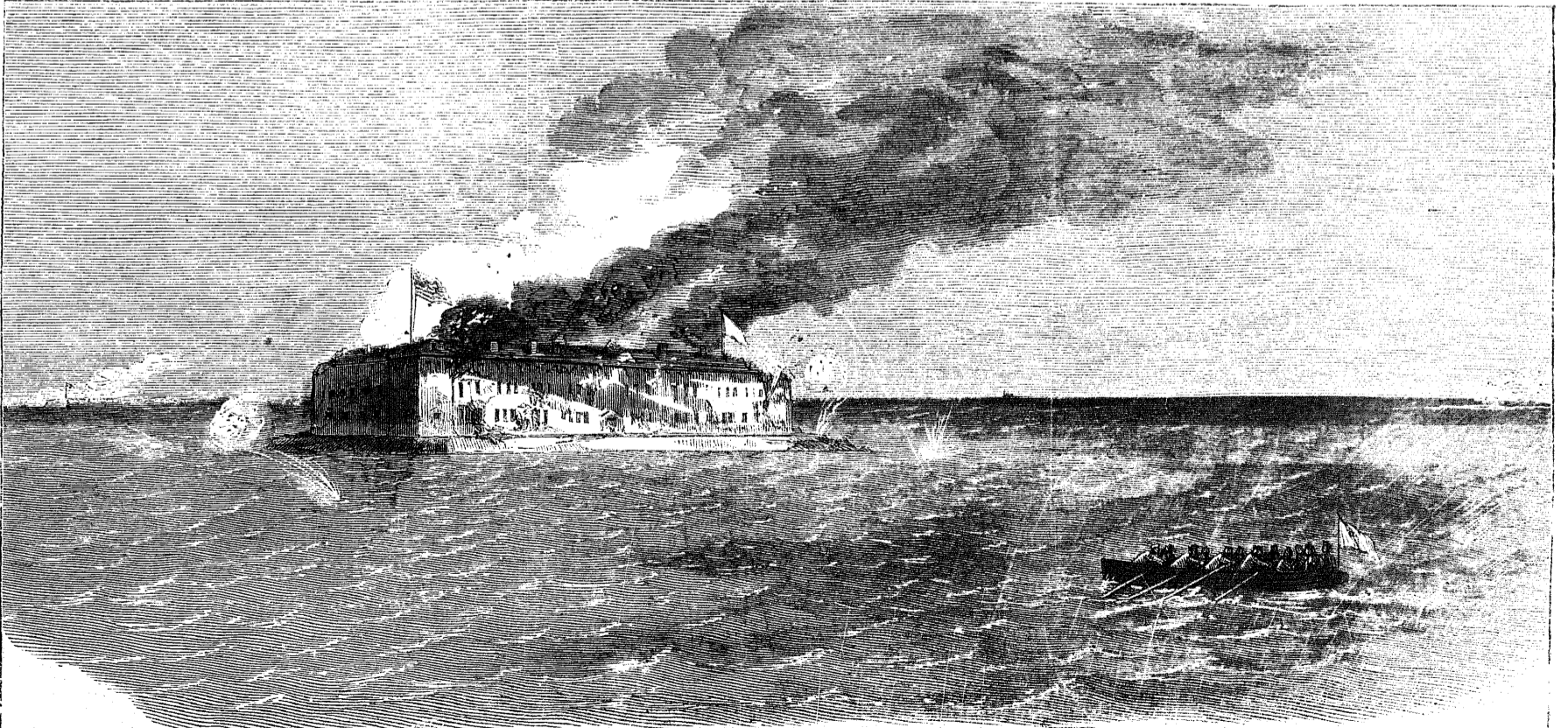
D. R. Jones and Col. Chas. Allston, to arrange the terms of surrender, which were the same as those offered on the 11th inst. They stated that all proper facilities would be afforded for the removal of Major Anderson and his command, and all private pro-

During the conflagration at Fort Sumter Gen. Beauregard sent



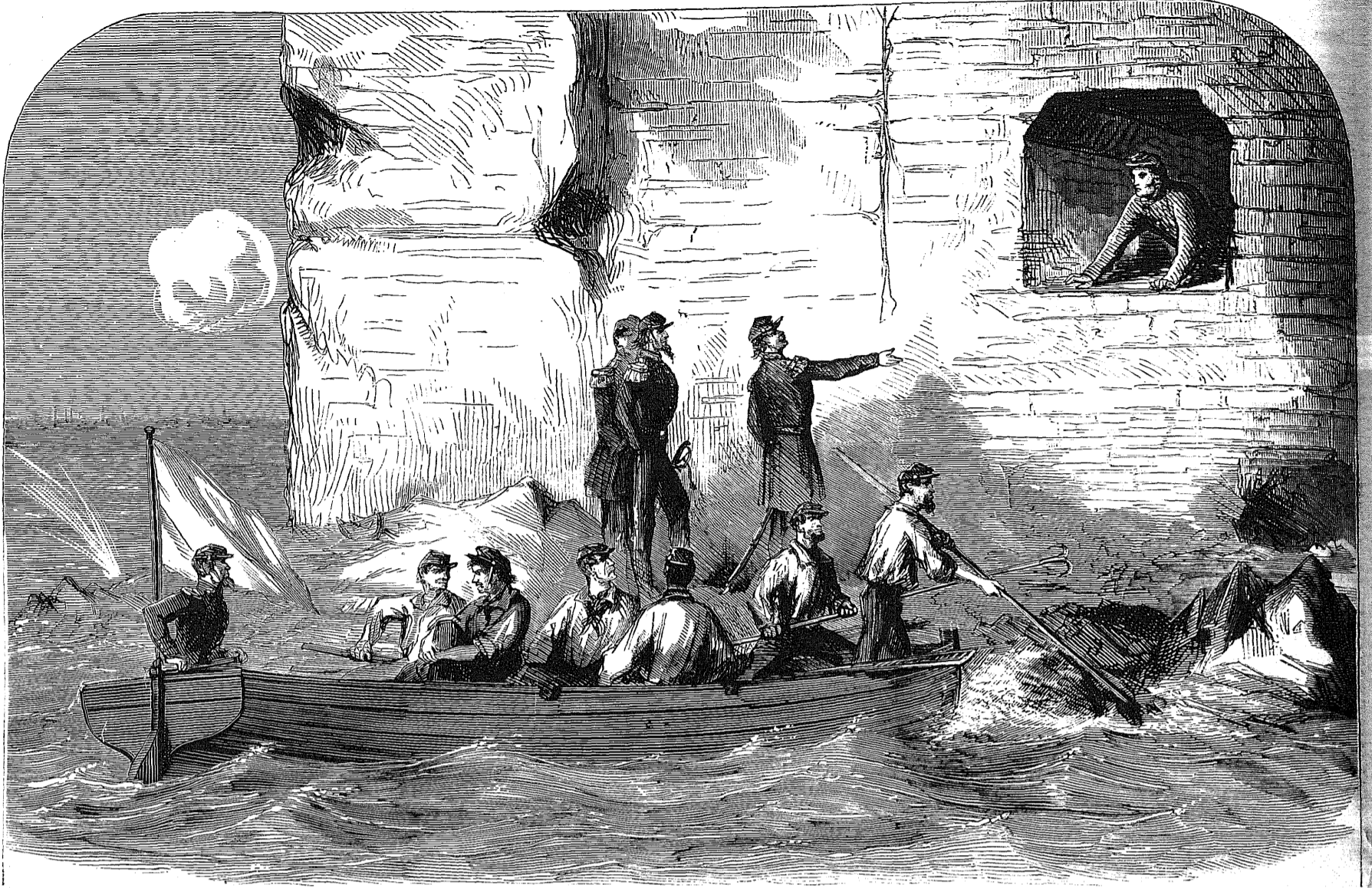
THE FLOATING BATTERY DURING THE ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER. (See page 396)

party, to any port in the United States he might elect. The terms were not, therefore, unconditional; although we do not at present know all the circumstances of the surrender, nor the motives which induced Major Anderson to evacuate. Our sketch represents the boat putting off, with the officers above-named, for Fort Sumter to arrange the terms of the surrender.



THE BOAT CARRYING THE OFFICERS OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO ARRANGE FOR THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER.





MAJOR ANDERSON'S INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL WIGFALL THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE OF FORT SUMTER.

**MAJOR ANDERSON'S INTERVIEW WITH COL. WIGFALL THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE OF FORT SUMTER.**

The accompanying sketch illustrates an incident in the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the rebels, which is the only gleam of generosity or chivalry in the history of that cruel and barbarous onslaught. After the flag-staff of Anderson was shot away, Col. Wigfall, Aid to Gen. Beauregard, at his Commander's request, went to Sumter with a white flag, to offer assistance in extinguishing the flames. He approached the burning

fortress from Morris Island, and while the firing was raging on all sides, effected a landing at Sumter. He approached a port-hole, and was met by Major Anderson. The commandant of Fort Sumter said he had just displayed a white flag, but the firing from the Carolina batteries was kept up nevertheless. It is but fair to say that the flag was not at first discovered on account of the smoke from the fort and the cannon. As soon as it was observed, however, by the General of the Rebel Forces, all firing ceased, and another boat was sent off with officers to arrange with Major An-

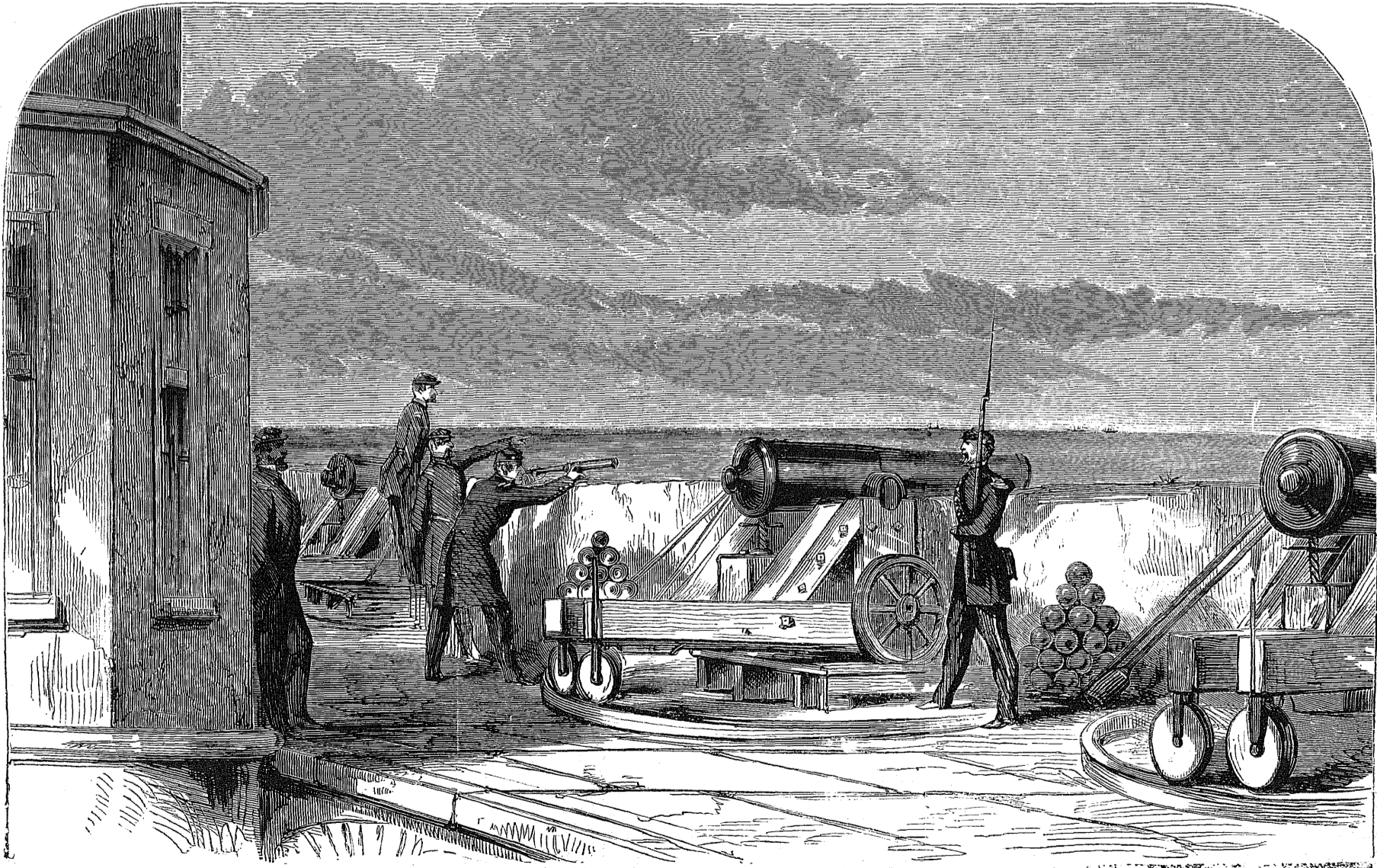
derson for the surrender of the fort, a picture of which we give on this page.

**MAJOR ANDERSON LOOKING OUT FOR THE RELIEF SQUADRON PREVIOUS TO THE ATTACK.**

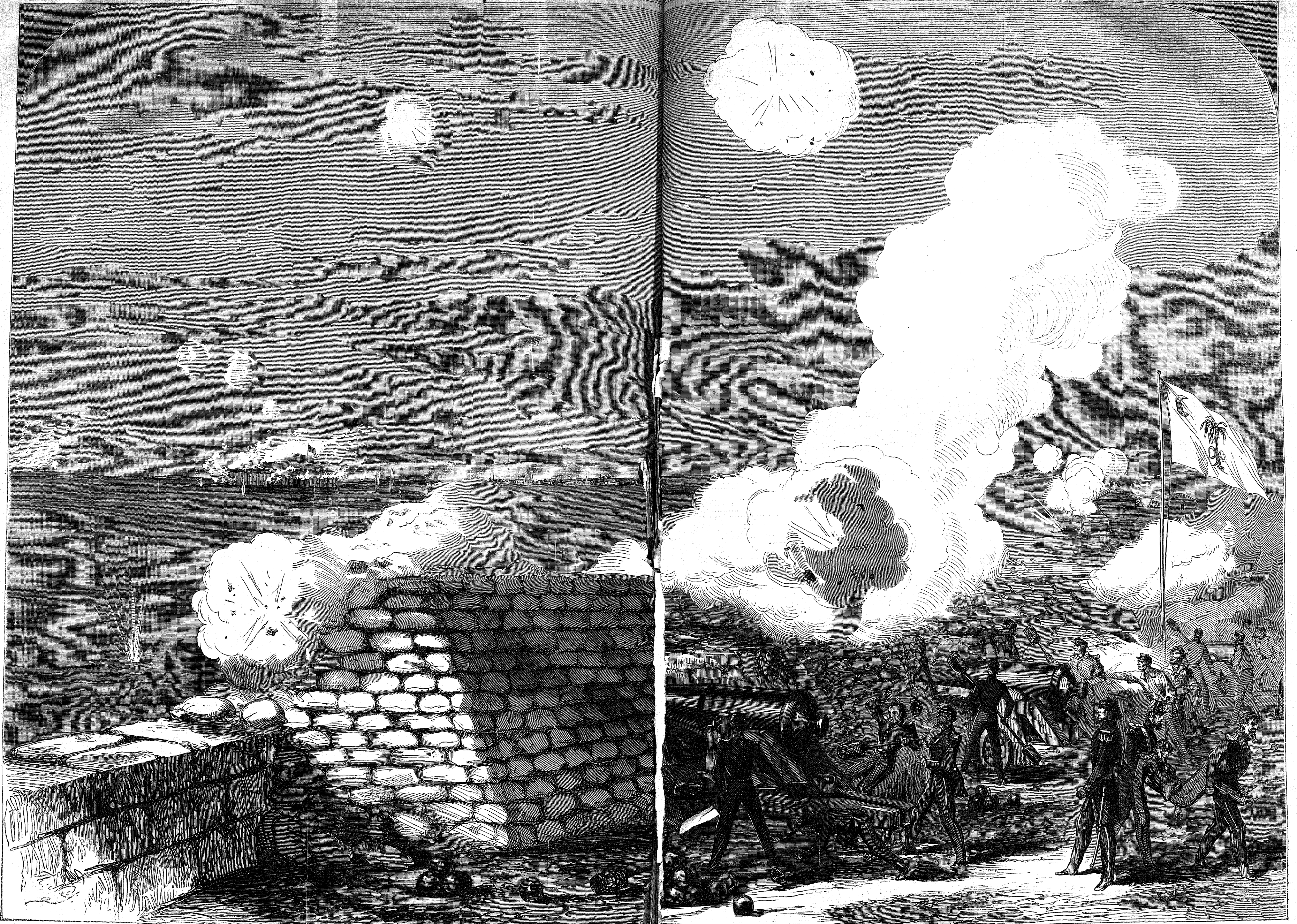
For Major Anderson's sake, we are glad that himself and his gallant command are relieved from their trying position before Charleston. The anxieties attendant upon their situation, supplies rapidly diminishing, the increasing power and vigilance of the besiegers, added to

uncertain knowledge of the intentions of the Government, must have weighed heavily upon the mind of the gallant Major, as he vainly scanned the horizon for the expected supplies and reinforcements, upon which depended the continued occupation of the fortress, but which, alas, he was never destined to receive.

The highest and most characteristic glory of all earthly beauty is to make us aspire to a heavenly one; and a woman is great in proportion to the ideal she suggests.



MAJOR ANDERSON ON THE RAMPARTS OF FORT SUMTER, LOOKING OUT FOR THE SQUADRON OF RELIEF PREVIOUS TO THE ATTACK.



CUMMINGS' POINT.

FORT SUMTER.

ATTACK UPON FORT SUMTER BY THE SOUTH REBELS. FORT MOULTRIE IN THE FOREGROUND.

CHARLESTON.

FORT MOULTRIE.

FLOATING BATTERY.



EXPLOSION OF THE GUN WHILST SALUTING THE U. S. FLAG AT FORT SUMTER. FROM A SKETCH BY B. S. OSBORN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "WORLD." See page 414.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXI.

Robert Urquhart raised his wife from the position whence her terror had left her powerless

to arise, and he placed her in the single chair in the apartment. Adair, recovering from the rude shock he had received, came up to his assailant, and with much composure, said:

"There had better be no mistake between us, Mr. Urquhart."

"There will be none, sir, rely on that," re-

plied the Scot, turning sternly upon him.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Ernest Adair, I am an Englishman, and I am a prisoner at the moment, on the charge of having wounded a ruffian who assaulted me during a gambling quarrel."

"Creditable company for a lady."

"When you know the lady's errand here, you will be glad to have abstained from harsh language."

"The sooner I hear it the better, my man," said Urquhart, who spoke calmly enough, but whose lip and nostril gave sign which even a braver man than Adair might have noted with apprehension.

"What is going to be said?" sobbed Bertha, wringing her hands in the extremity of her dismay.

"Very little, Bertha," replied her husband. "But I believe it will be to the purpose."

"It will, indeed, Mr. Urquhart," said Adair.

"But it is more fit that I should say it, than Mrs. Urquhart. You found this lady earnestly entreating a favor of me. Do you desire to hear what that favor was?"

"I desire it so much," said the husband, "that if I do not learn it in your next words I will shake the answer out of you, or the life out of your body. Is that plain speaking my man?"

"Useless violence, because I am as ready to tell as you are to hear. But will you request Mrs. Urquhart to withdraw?"

"No, sir," replied Urquhart in a fierce voice. "I have to judge her conduct, and I choose to have her presence."

"Then the fault is not mine if her feelings are wounded by what I must say to you."

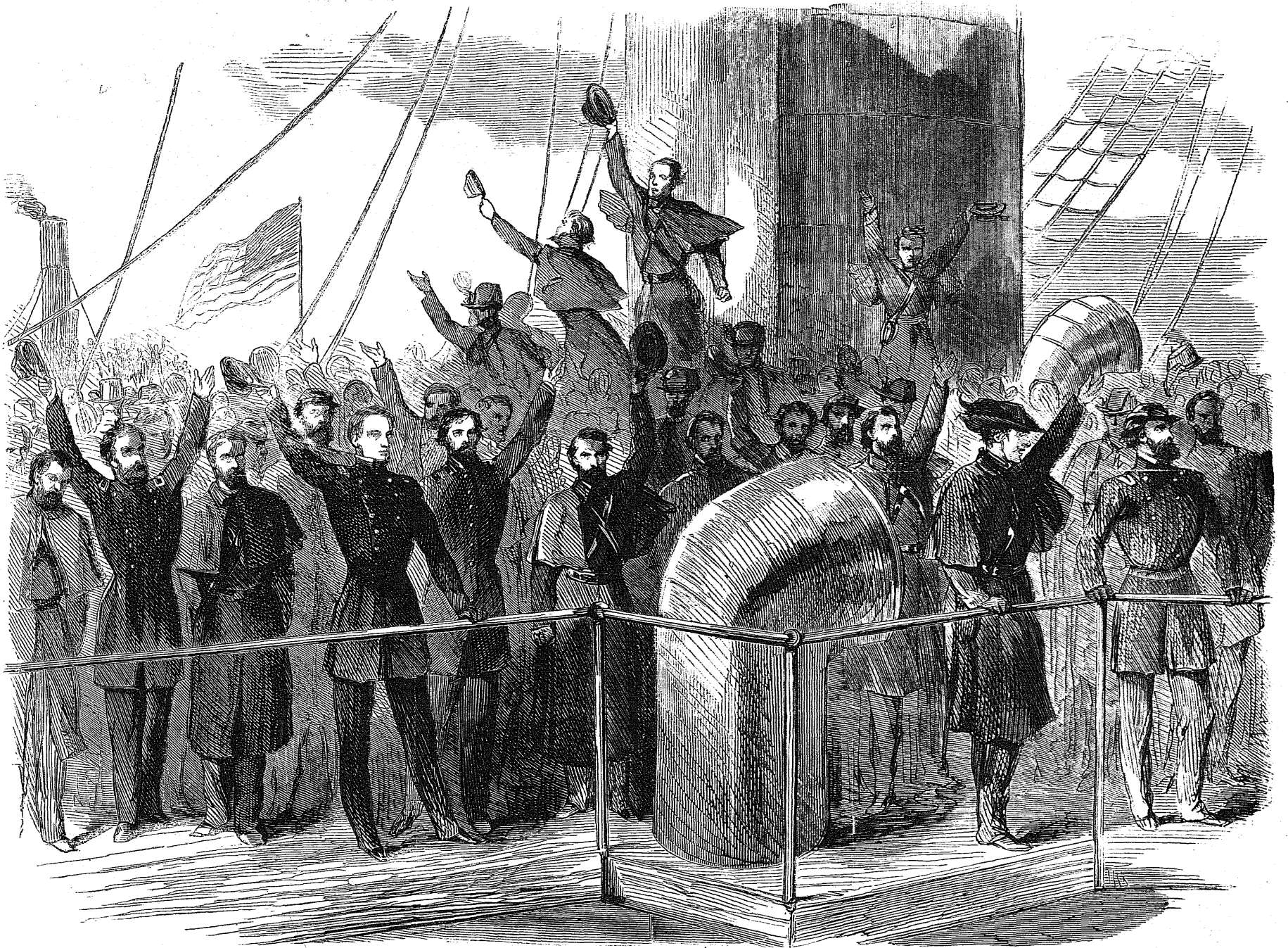
"Hold your d--d tongue about feelings, and

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

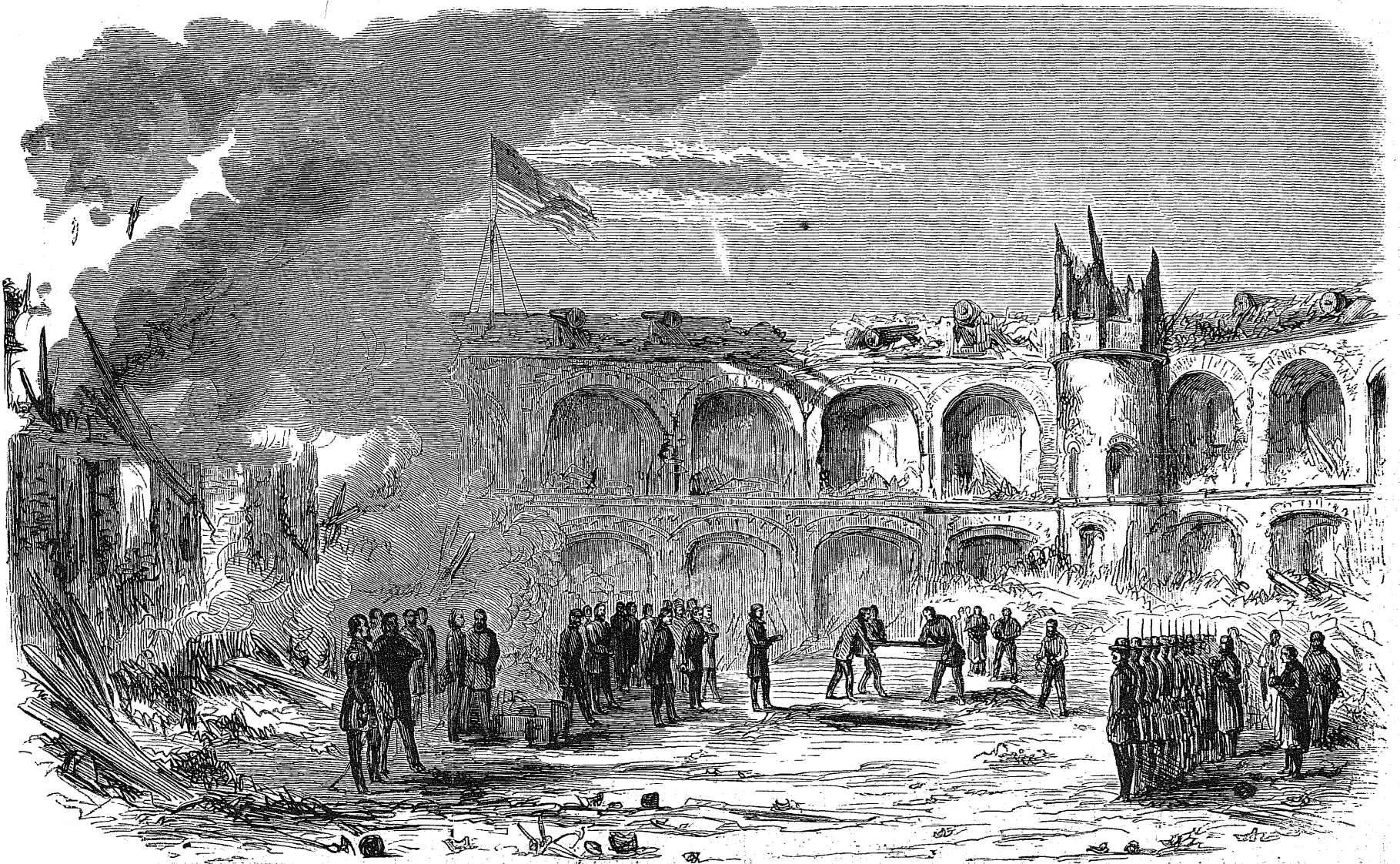


FORT SUMTER FLAG AND STAFF.—SKETCHED ON THE BALTIC.





ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC. MAJOR ANDERSON ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE COMING UP THE BAY. See page 414.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT. BURIAL OF THE SOLDIER KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE GUN WHILST SALUTING THE UNITED STATES FLAG. From a sketch by 'B. S.' OSBORN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "WORLD." See page 407.