

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

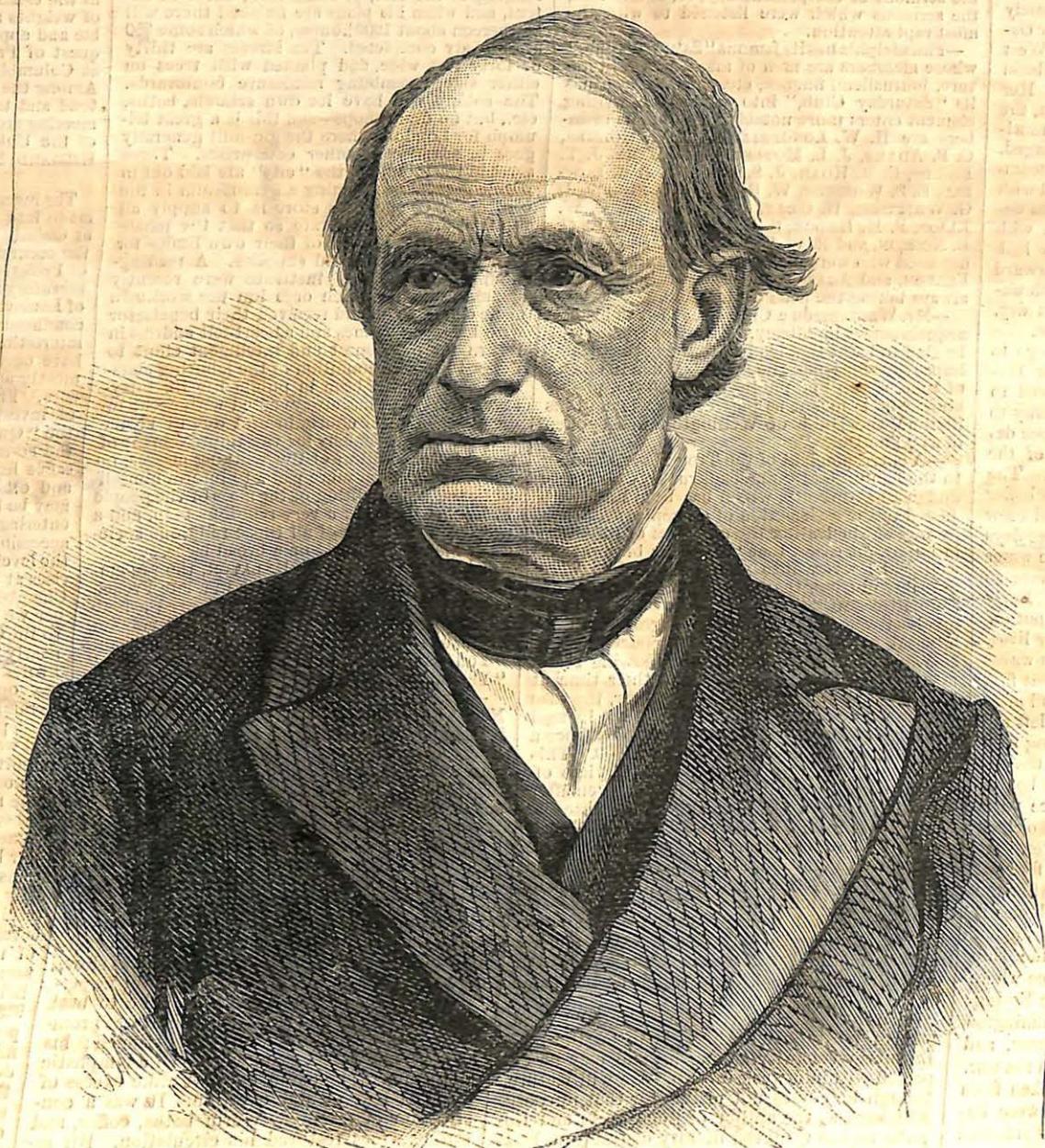


NEW YORK.—SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF "THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING"—MR. SOTHERN AND MISS EFFIE GERMON AS "CHARLES" AND "POLLY."

THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.

THIS gentleman, whose appointment as United States minister to Spain is discussed in our editorial page, was born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1800. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, commencing practice at Newburyport. His political career began in 1825, when he was elected a Representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return, two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and one on the French revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 was elected from the Essex North district of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig party until President TYLER came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic party. Failing to be confirmed in 1843 as Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President TYLER, he was sent as commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that empire. Mr. CUSHING warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became Colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made Brigadier-General. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated.

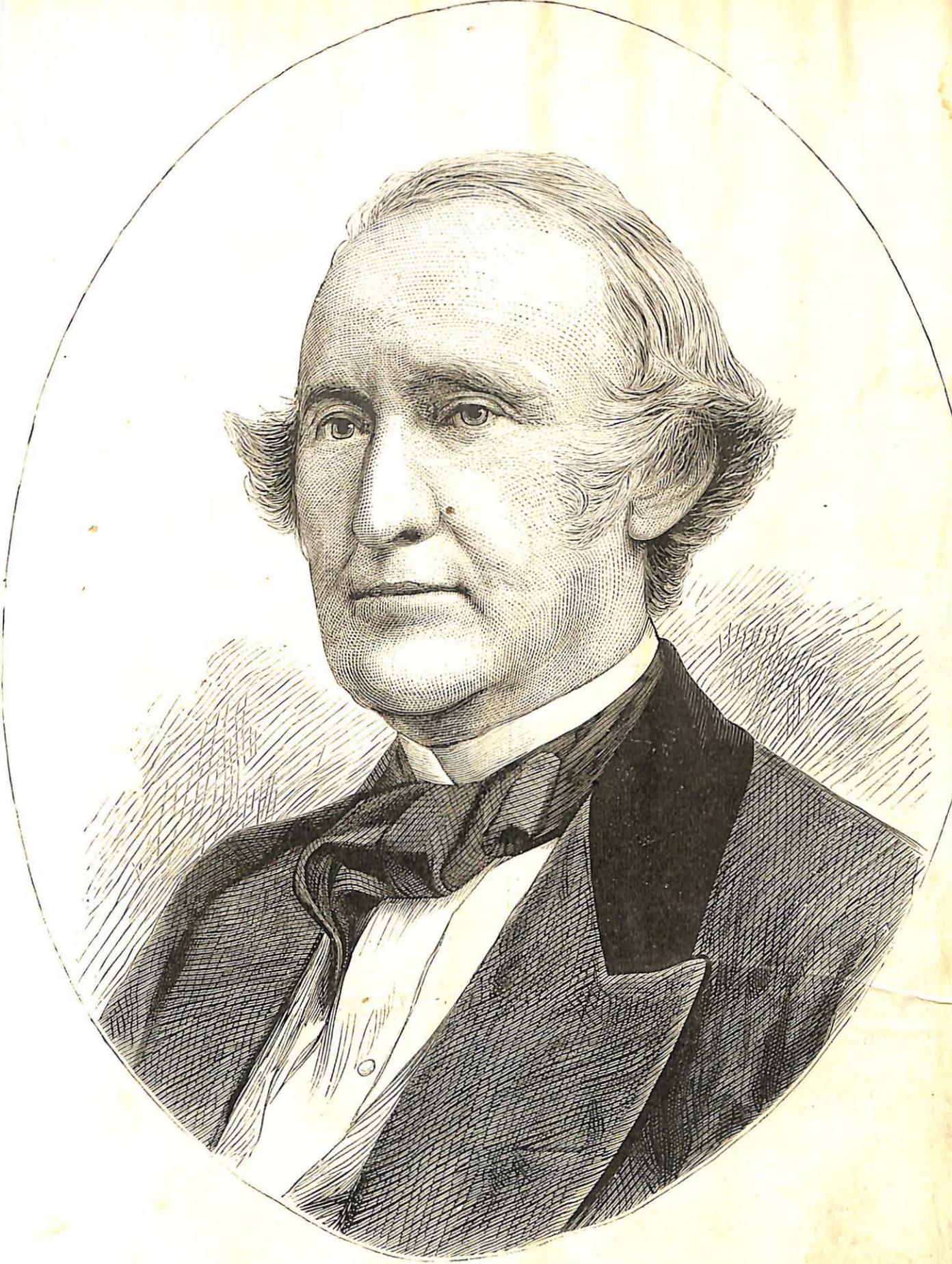
In 1850 Mr. CUSHING represented Newburyport for the sixth time in the Legislature of his native State, and was active in opposing the election of Mr. SUMNER as United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free-soil and Democratic parties. After being two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney-General by President PIERCE in



THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

1853, and held that position four years, dealing with questions of great gravity and complexity. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858, and 1859.

Mr. CUSHING presided over the Democratic Convention held in Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during the eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on one or two occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866 President JOHNSON, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. During the present Administration he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva, and acquired great fame by the able manner in which he conducted his cause to a successful issue. On his return he published a history of that tribunal, which was favorably received. Besides his public duties, Mr. CUSHING has long enjoyed extensive practice as a lawyer, holding briefs in the most important cases coming before the Supreme Court of the United States. His counsel has been sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 291.

THE Phillipses were Puritans who made their longest stay at Andover, and they were founders of educational institutions. John Phillips was the first Mayor of Boston; and to him, in 1811, there was born a son who, in honor of a good old name in the Commonwealth, was called Wendell. Of the youth of Wendell Phillips we know little, save that he early gave indications of that purity of character which, to those who do not love him, has seemed to be austerity. He was always delighted with theories for training animals; and in after-life he said that in order to manage an animal or a crowd you must give it something to *think* about. He was clearly not of the Carlylean faith of giving it something to *do*. He was devoted to books of biography, a critic of individual character from his youth, an intense student of the depths of human nature as revealed in the lives of notable persons. At Harvard College he gave much time to the study of chemistry. It may not be surprising that the Englishman who has the honor of resembling Phillips, we mean Robertson of Brighton, was intensely devoted to theories for taming animals, to books of biography, and to the study of chemistry. Wendell Phillips would have been a practical chemist, if his mother had not induced him to enter the Cambridge Law School. He became "a young lawyer, fresh from books, with all a young lawyer's keen sense of the sacredness of personal rights—fresh from the study of Genesis, of Anglo-Saxon liberty. I had," he says, "all Daniel Webster's eulogy on law in New England at my tongue's end. I was penetrated through and through with Story's idolatry for the Constitution, and, of course, after nine years' study of such perfect government, I looked out on this scene of mob violence [three thousand men in broadcloth dragging a man through the streets with a rope around his waist] with the hottest indignation. I did not know him; I had never seen him. Of course I did not know what offense he had given, or what idea he represented. It was Mr. Garrison, and it was the pro-slavery mob of October 25th, 1835, in the streets of Boston." He sympathized with the Abolitionists. "They taught me that down in those hearts which loved a principle for itself, asked no man's leave to think or speak, true to their own convictions, no matter at what hazard, flowed the red blood of '76, of the hemlock-drinker of Athens, and of the martyr-saints of Jerusalem." At twenty-four, believing that the Constitution afforded an excuse for slavery, he refused the necessary oath of support, and sacrificed every hope of success at the Bar.

In 1837, when Lovejoy of Illinois was shot for defending his anti-slavery press from the Missouri mob, certain Boston advocates of free-speech, headed by William Ellery Channing, desired to express their disapprobation of the murder, and they asked for the use of Faneuil Hall. Their request being denied, they met in the old Court Room. The pro-slavery men attempted to take possession of the meeting, and Attorney-General Austin denounced Lovejoy as a presumptuous fool and Dr. Channing as a clergyman who was marvelously out of place. The tumult rose high when young Phillips rose to speak. The crowd would not listen to him until the name of his family was mentioned. He rebuked Austin, and he left that stage the first orator in America. Thenceforward he was devoted to the anti-slavery cause. He urged every measure which would free the black. During the war he supported with his voice those Republicans who represented ultra-Republican ideas; and he has never ceased to be Butler's friend.

WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

THE announcement of the death of WILHELM VON KAULBACH, the greatest name in German art, awakened a sense of personal loss in every American who has ever visited Munich. Besides being a great artist, he was a most genial and accomplished gentleman, affable and engaging in manner toward all who visited his studio, and especially courteous to those who came from this side of the Atlantic. To young artists of any nationality who went to him for advice and guidance he was always kind and helpful. He was too great to be jealous of rising youth, and was glad to encourage the development of genius.

KAULBACH was the son of a goldsmith at Arolsen, in the principality of Waldeck, where he was born on the 15th of October, 1805. His father, who was also an engraver, and possessed considerable talent for miniature painting, was anxious that he should become an artist; but the lad felt no inclination that way, and it was not until he was well grown that his dormant talent was awakened by the accident of coming upon some engravings by SCHWENDGEBURTH in an almanac lent him by the school-master's son. The influence of these rude pictures was deepened by seeing some of SCHILLER'S tragedies acted.

In 1822 he entered the celebrated academy at Dusseldorf, where he came under the teaching of CORNELIUS, the director and virtual founder of the school, whose influence was for several years apparent in his art. In 1825 he followed CORNELIUS to Munich, and assisted him in the frescoes and decorative paintings undertaken by the master for the King of Bavaria. On the ceiling of the Odeon he painted his first important work, "Apollo surrounded by the Muses." In this, and also in other works painted at the time, appeared the promise of originality and invention so splendidly fulfilled in later years; but it was not until 1828, when he painted his famous "Mad-House" (Narrenhaus), that his genius broke through all conventional trammels. The sketches for this picture were made while he was engaged in painting the chapel of the lunatic asylum at Dusseldorf. The director of the asylum having been attracted by the young artist, took him over the whole establishment, and it is said that the effect upon KAULBACH'S mind was so strong that he could only rid himself of it by putting his sketches into permanent form. The picture was engraved by MERZ in a severe, hard style, well suited to the subject and to its treatment by the artist.

Soon after completing this picture, KAULBACH was engaged in decorating the queen's apartments in the royal palace at Munich with frescoes from subjects found in the poems by WIELAND, KLOPSTOCK, and GOETHE, and painting for Prince BIRKENFELD a series of sixteen designs from the story of Cupid and Psyche. These works added little to his fame; but in 1837 he produced his masterpiece, "The Battle of the Huns," taking his subject from the old legend that tells us how the spirits of the Huns and



WILHELM VON KAULBACH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALBERT, MUNICH, BAVARIA.]

Romans slain in the fight before the walls of Rome meet in the air and fight their battle o'er again. This great picture has been admirably engraved, and is well known in this country. KAULBACH had little feeling for color, and his pictures lose nothing at the hands of a skillful engraver. He was well aware of this himself, and after the art of photography had been perfected he was accustomed to finish all his great compositions in sepia, and have them carefully photographed previous to laying on the color. The writer remembers seeing his "Xerxes viewing the Destruction of the Persian Fleet" at the naval battle of Salamis finished in this manner, and just ready to be photographed.

The engraver's art has made us all familiar with KAULBACH'S "Destruction of Jerusalem," "The Confusion of Tongues at Babel," "The Era of the Reformation," "The Blooming Time of Greece," the "Nero," and other great compositions. The "Era of the Reformation" was purchased by an American, and was exhibited here in 1869. His most charming work is the illustrations to *Reynard the Fox*. In these admirable drawings are found imaginative invention of the highest order, the most exquisite humor and satire, a rare knowledge of animals, and a still rarer insight into life and character. This work will perhaps outlive his greater and more ambitious compositions. We must not forget the illustrations to GOETHE'S poems, which are well known in this country by excellent photographic copies. KAULBACH keenly appreciated the value of photography as a help to the engraver, and, as already mentioned, was accustomed to have his works photographed. This was usually intrusted to his friend, Herr JOSEPH ALBERT, of Munich, in whose pleasant atelier he was often to be found. On such occasions he was fond of meeting friends, and was ever ready to converse. His manner was easy and genial, and his conversation was frequently enlivened with pleasantry and humor.

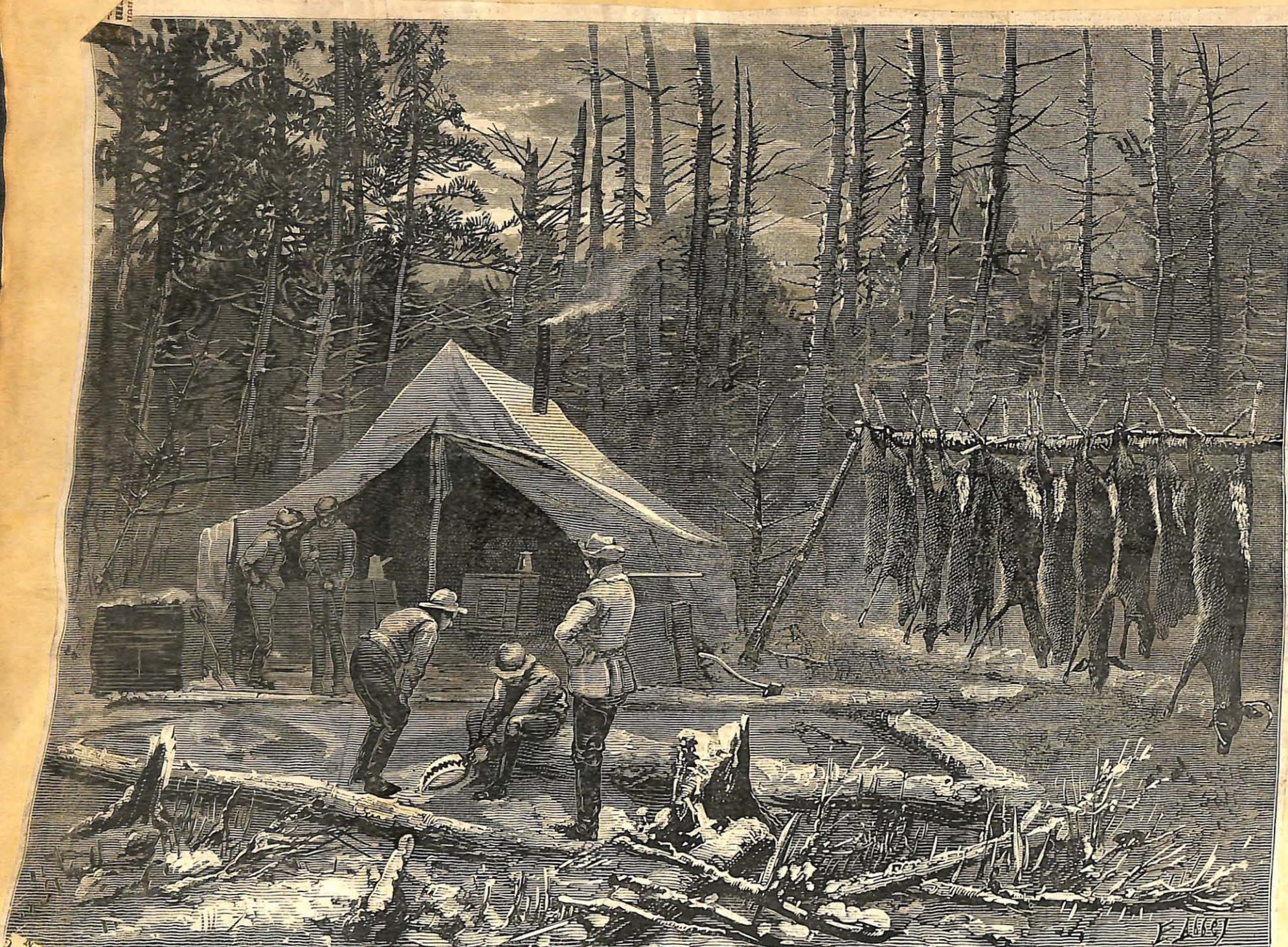
KAULBACH was a man of medium stature, rather spare, when the writer knew him some years ago, with keen twinkling gray eyes, whose glance seemed to go through one like a sharp arrow, yet never unkindly. Our picture is engraved from a photograph by ALBERT. The attitude will be familiar to all who have seen the great artist in his moments of leisurely ease.

KAULBACH died of cholera, after a short illness, at Munich, on the 7th of April.

WILHELM VON KAULBACH



SCANDAL.



A DEER CAMP IN THE MICHIGAN WOODS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHUYLER C. BALDWIN.—[SEE PAGE 180.]

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Morse,



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TWENTY YEARS AFTER.—SEE PAGE 251.



JOAN OF ARC VANQUISHING THE BLACK KNIGHT.
DRAWN BY BENEZUR GYULA.



ISABELLA OF BRITTANY VISITING JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON.
DRAWN BY BENEZUR GYULA.

health, privacy, and decency." This
de of wretches lived over a common
here the ordure of fifteen hundred hu-
gs daily was deposited. Hunger,
ss, Lust, and Crime were the Lures
s of their abode. No wonder that
is bred and existing in such places
treats for a refuge! No wonder
th to ruffianly outrage and crime,
ir illogical misery, the Law their
the rich men, the

New York were spared us? We do not care to
dwell upon this theme to-day. What is done is
done; but never again shall a lawless Populace
obtain such domination over an American city.
The lesson of this catastrophe is henceforth
deeply graven in the national heart: That so-
cial integrity is at the base of all lasting political
greatness; and that when the public moral
sense is once blunted, so that it basely
from the contest with what is dishonest.

... and he has left to
of the highest stoical li-
truth, justice, and hum-
probability, without the
of Christianity, and with
immortality." We may
evidence that he belie-
When asked what his be-
while a candidate fo-
dignantly replied the





THE BROKEN TAMBOURINE.

INE. FROM A PAINTING

W. P. Gardner



H. I. H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE-ALEXANDROVNA OF RUSSIA, BETROTHED TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



SAMUEL J. TILDEN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 954.]



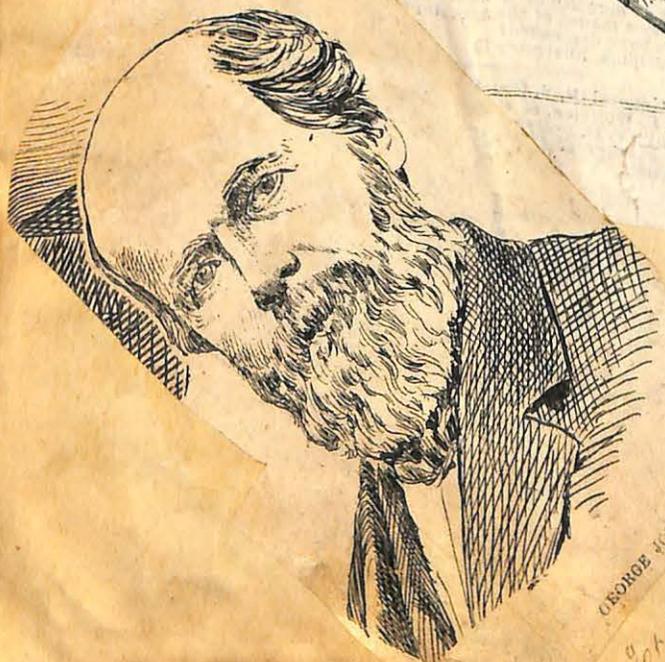
THE PRINCE OF WALES KILLING HIS FIRST BOAR.





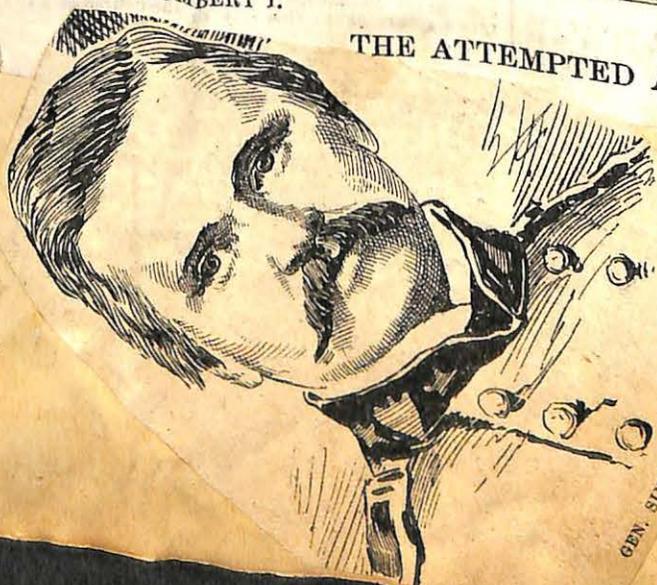
KING HUMBERT I.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINAT



GEORGE JONES.

Gen. Scudato



GEN. SIMON B. BUCKNER.

Scudato



QUEEN MARGUERITE.

ION OF THE KING OF ITALY.



REIGN OF TEXAS



STEWART OF NEVADA

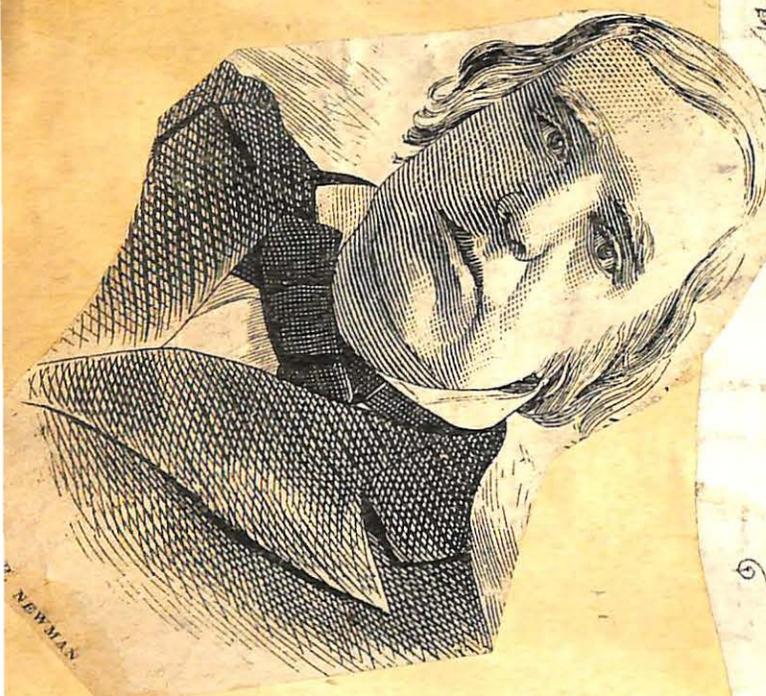
COLONEL WM. C. ALEXANDER.

We present herewith a portrait of the late Colonel William C. Alexander, whose sudden death on Sunday evening, August 24, was duly chronicled in these columns. Colonel Alexander was for many years a prominent citizen of this city. His father was the late Archibald Alexander, D. D., of Princeton. He graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1824, and for many years practised law in that State, attaining high rank in his profession. He was a member of the Legislature, and was chosen a number of times as President of the State Senate. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey against Governor Newell, in 1859, and for a number of years led the Democracy of New Jersey. In 1861 he represented New Jersey in the Peace Convention at Washington. He was greatly respected in that body, and frequently presided over its deliberations. At one time he was named as a probable candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket. He was prominent in the organization of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and when that association was formed, in 1859, he was unanimously selected as its President. This position he held up to the time of his death, a period of nearly fifteen years, during which period the Equitable Society accumulated wealth to the amount of \$23,000,000. As has been well stated, he was a gentleman of the old school, possessed of a fine intellect, commanding presence, and incorruptible integrity, and he will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends.



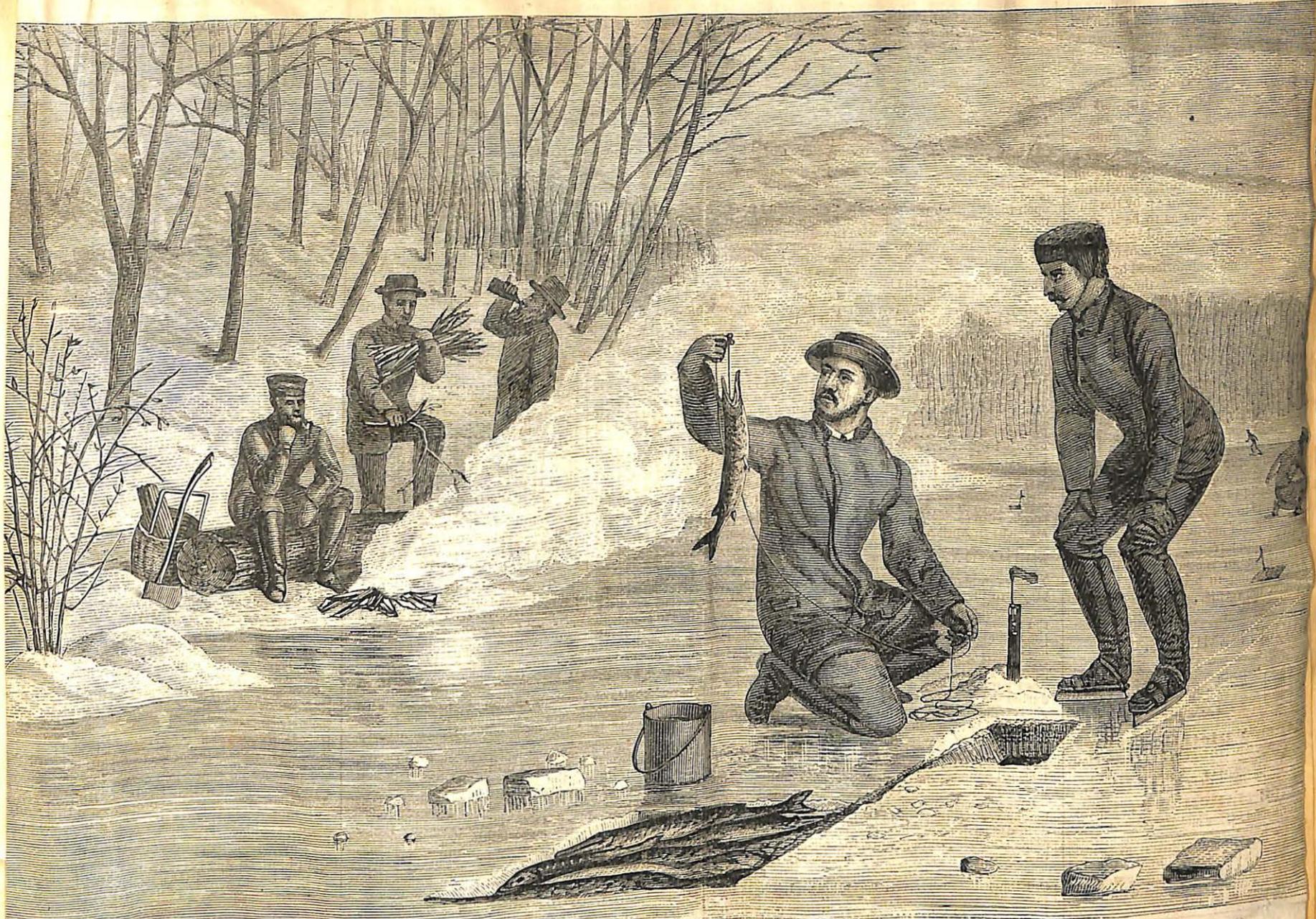
COL. WM. C. ALEXANDER.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.





THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN.]

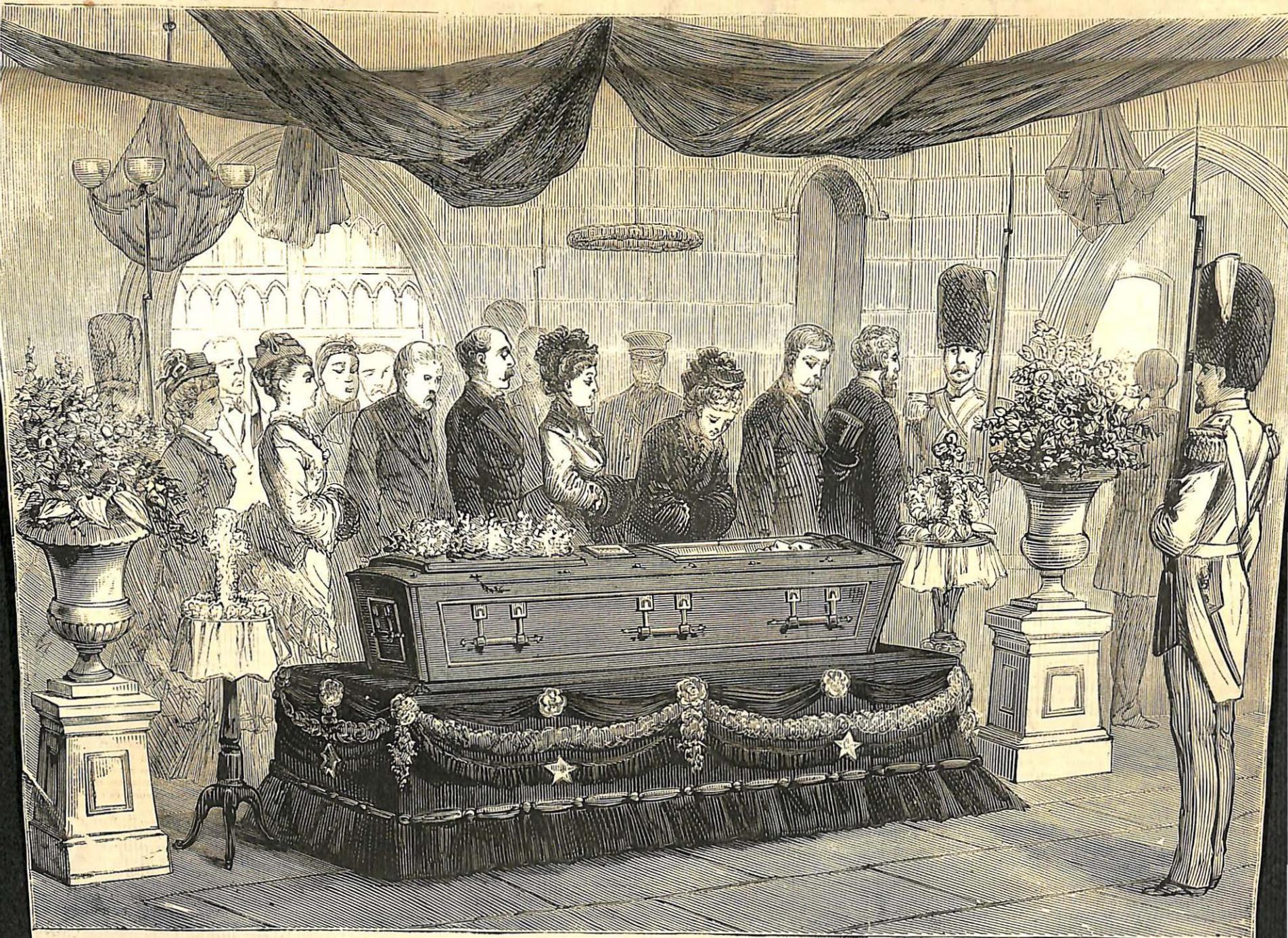


PICKEREL FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES OSBORNE.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

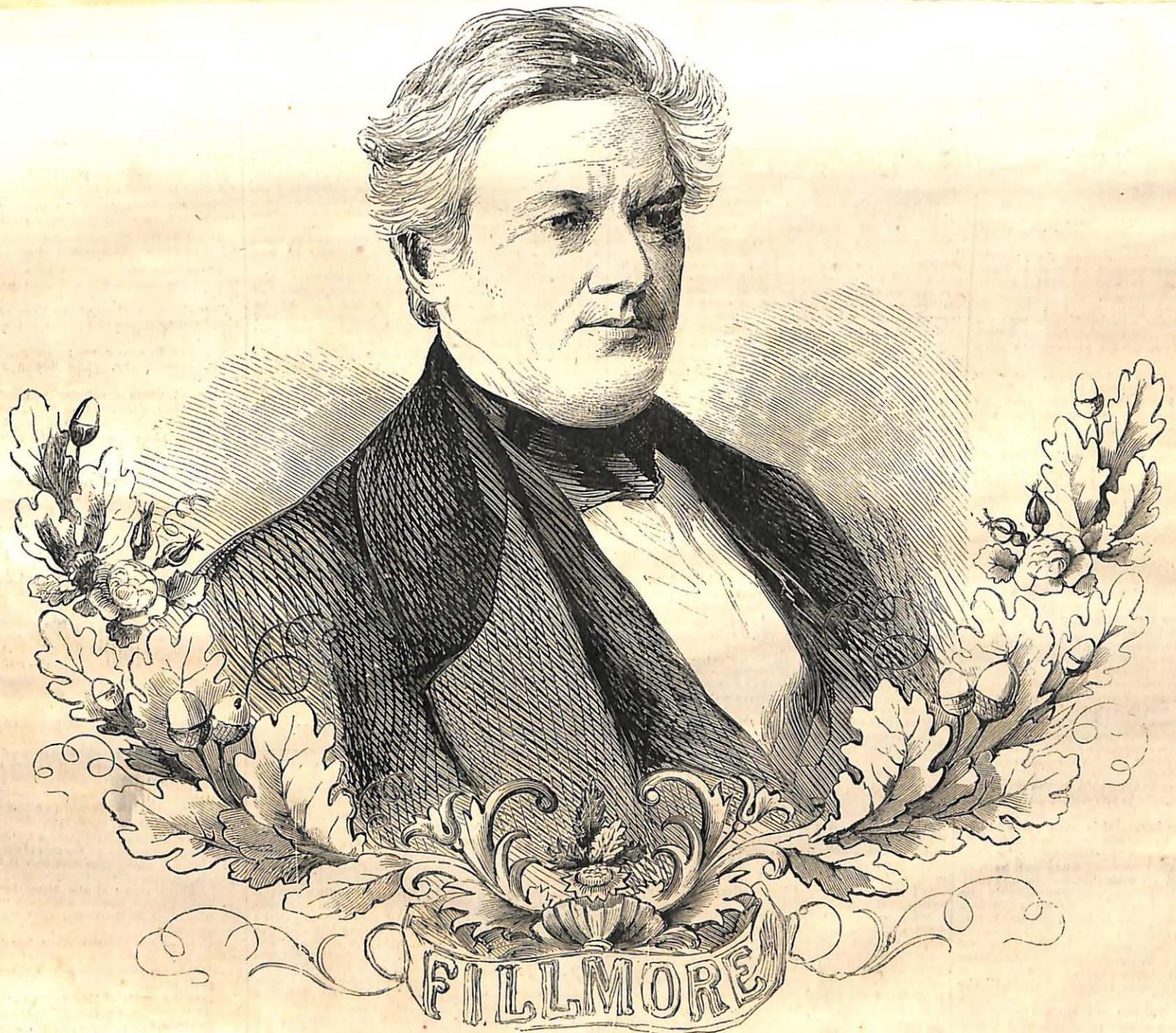


FILLMORE

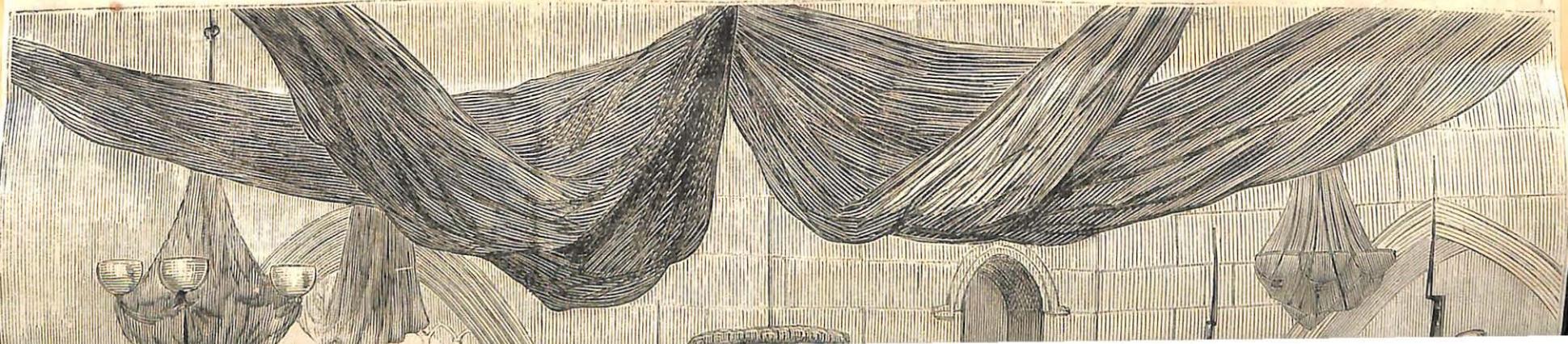
THE LATE MILLARD FILLMORE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, DIED MARCH 8TH.—FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1852.



DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, BUFFALO, N. Y., MARCH 12TH.—SKETCHED BY JOHN B. CHAPIN.



THE LATE MILLARD FILLMORE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, DIED MARCH 8TH.—FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1852.





"WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER."—DRAWN BY A. MUIR

I remember you, Jack, when no bigger than that little girl at your knee,
 And surely no twin brothers ever so lovingly cronied as we ;
 We lived but one life, so it seemed : both were breeched on the very same day,
 We rode on one pony to school, stuck together at work and at play.
 Your foes felt my big, clumsy fist, as weighty as any sledge-hammer,
 While you did my difficult sums, and undid the knots in my grammar.
 When Holiday threw wide the school-door, what boisterous fooling and funning !
 O the boating, and batting and bowling ! the racketing, wrestling and running !

And don't you remember the time you twice kicked the football to goal,
 When we Gloynes men the Fisherites beat in all that day's games on the Mole ?
 One winter so gloriously cold—we thought it was glorious then—
 What a mountainous snowball we rolled, and blocked up the door of Old Ben !
 In the long summer eves you would sit in that willow o'erhanging the stream,
 I busily fishing below, you as busily weaving a dream.
 And now we are here, my dear fellow, both hale, in the land of the living,
 With *your* children's children around you—thank God for the taking and giving !



CHARLES SUMNER IN HIS STUDY IN THE SECOND STORY OF HIS WASHINGTON RESIDENCE, AND ADJOINING THE ROOM IN WHICH HE DIED.—DRAWN BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 35.

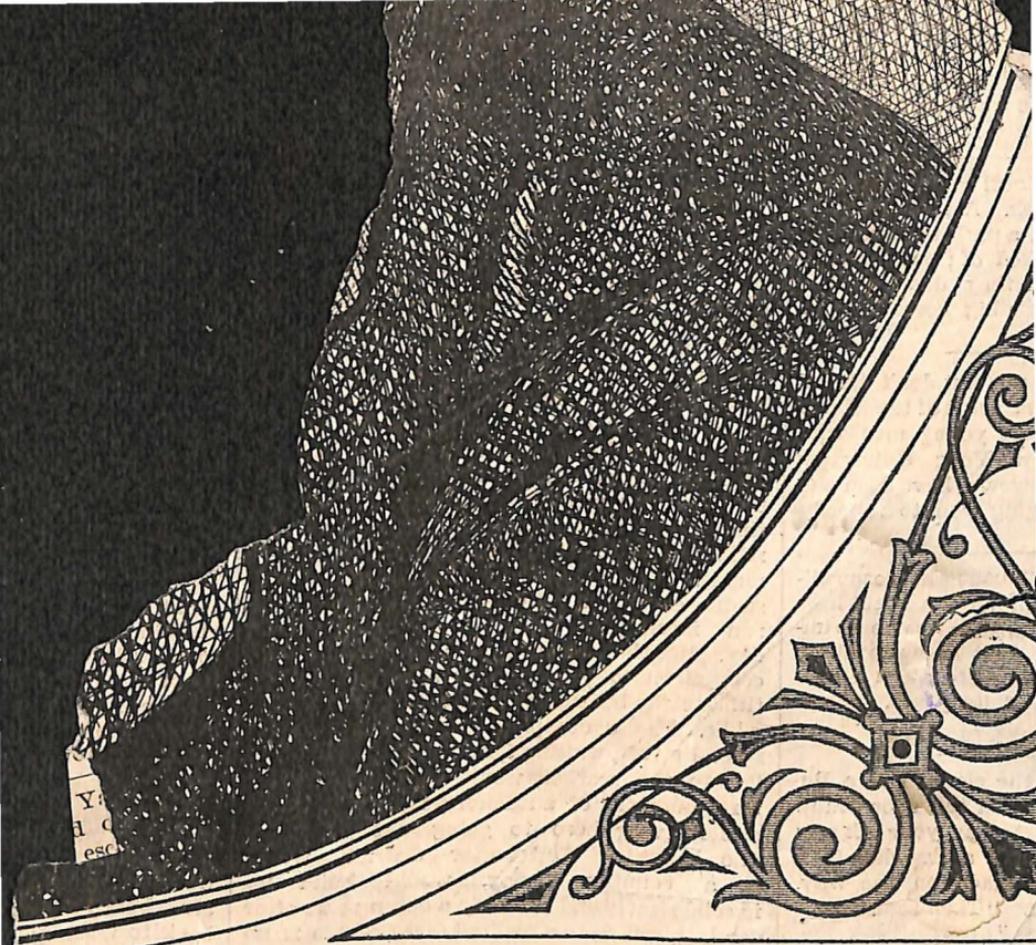


“THE BABES IN THE WOODS.”—A POEM BY BRET HARTE.—ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.



Fredrick Duit Grant
Bride's Parents

THE GRANT-HONORE WEDDING AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRIDE'S PARENTS, VINCENNES AVENUE, CHICAGO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20TH.
SKETCHED BY JOSEPH B. BEALE—SEE PAGE 135.



SENATOR FROM NEVADA.

BROADWAY.]

"THE BABES IN THE WOODS."

(BIG PINE FLAT, 1871.)

"Something characteristic," eh?
Humph! I reckon you mean by that,
Something that happened in our way,
Here at the crossin' of Big Pine Flat.
Times aren't now as they used to be,
When gold was flush and the boys were frisky,
And a man would pull out his battery
For anything—maybe the price of whisky.

Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.
Why, I thought you might be diverted,
Hearing how Jones, of Red Rock Range,
Drew his "Hint to the Unconverted,"
And saying, "Whar will you have it?" shot
Cherokee Bob at the last Debating!
What was the question? I forgot—
But Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating.

Nothing of that kind, eh? You mean
Something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!
Tell to the stranger that little scene
Out of the "Babes in the Woods." You know,
"Babes" was the name that we gave 'em, sir,
Two lean lads in their teens, and greener
Than even the belt of spruce and fir
Where they built their nest, and each day grew leaner.

No one knew where they came from. None
Cared to ask if they had a mother.
Runaway schoolboys, maybe. One
Tall and dark as a spruce; the other
Blue and gold in the eyes and hair,
Soft and low in his speech, but rarely
Talking with us; and we didn't care
To get at their secret at all unfairly.

For they were so quiet, so sad and shy,
Content to trust each other solely,
That somehow we'd always shut one eye,
And never seem to observe them wholly,

As they passed to their work. 'Twas a wornout claim,
And it paid them grub. They could live without it,
For the boys had a way of leaving game
In their tent, and forgetting all about it.

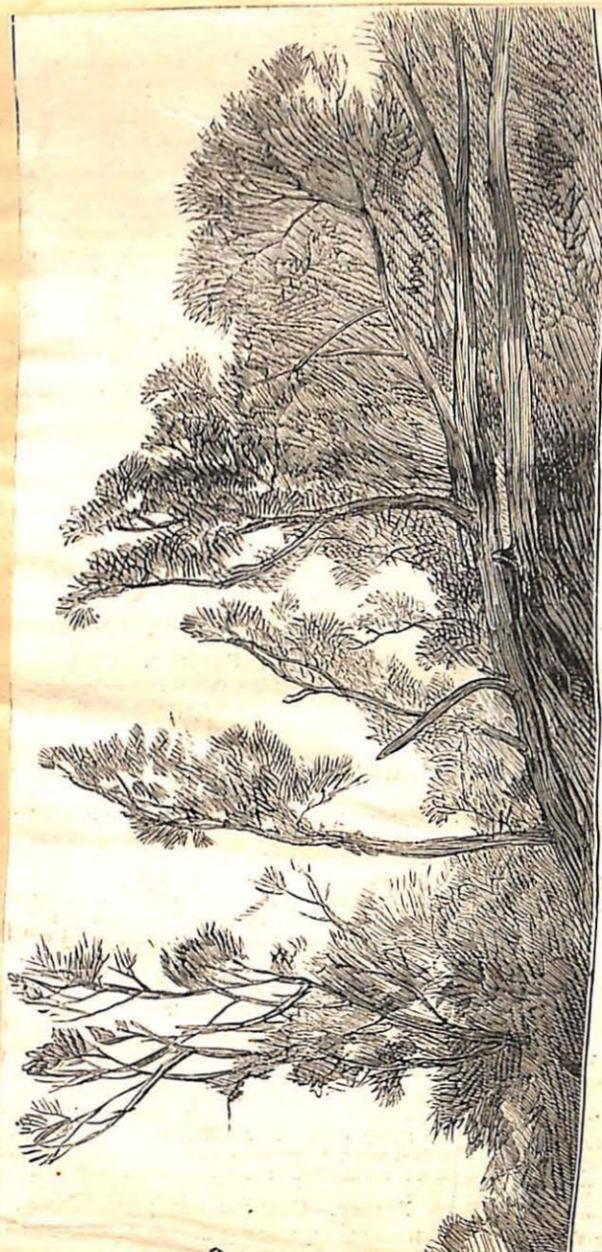
Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb
It lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows.
It was understood that no one should come
To their tent unawares, save the bees and swallows.
So they lived alone. Until one warm night
I was sitting here at the tent-door, so, sir,
When out of the sunset's rosy light
Up rose the sheriff of Mariposa.

I knew at once there was something wrong,
For his hand and his voice shook just a little,
And there isn't much you can fetch along
To make the sinews of Jack Hill brittle.
"Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;
"Tell I'm coming—to get and scurry,
For I've got a story that's bad, and worse,
I've got a warrant: G—d d—n it, hurry."

Too late! they had seen him cross the hill;
I ran to their tent and found them lying
Dead in each other's arms, and still
Clasping the drug they had taken flying.
And there lay their secret cold and bare,
Their life, their trial—the old, old story!
For the sweet blue eyes, and the golden hair,
Was a woman's shame and a woman's glory.

"Who were they?" Ask no more, or ask
The sun that visits their grave so lightly;
Ask of the whispering reeds, or task
The mourning crickets that chirrup nightly.
All of their life but its Love forgot,
Everything tender and soft and mystic,
These are our Babes in the Woods, you've got,
Well—Human Nature—that's characteristic.

BRET HARTE.



"Go warn the Babes," he whispered hoarse;
"Tell I'm coming—to get and scurry."

COLONEL HARRY ROCKAFELLAR.

ON the evening of the 3d inst., the officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., waited upon their ex-Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, at his residence, 137 East Thirty-ninth Street, and presented him with a set of Resolutions, incased in a costly casket, which latter

was in itself a very fitting introduction to the gems of sentiment contained in it:

At a regular meeting of the Board of Officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., held at the armory Wednesday evening, August 4th, 1872, it was unanimously resolved to give expression to the estimation in which Harry Rockafellar, their retiring Colonel, is held.

Whereas, Desiring to place on record its high appreciation of him as a man, and of services rendered this organization for many years of private and official life, we, the members, hereby bear testimony to his honorable record as a soldier, joining the regiment in 1861 at the first call of the country in the dark hour of rebellion, sacrificing health and limb to the cause, and thereafter advancing to high honors in the regular army. In peace he has been no less distinguished, for, in renewed connection with his regiment, the effects of his labor and ability have been witnessed in his superior discipline and *esprit de corps*, his reward being promotion to its highest office.

Therefore, Resolved, That, as its elective administrator, in construing the laws of the organization, and in vigorously and justly enforcing them, he has successfully preserved and maintained its record. As its chief executive and disciplinarian, in zealously guarding its honor and looking to its permanent interests, he has advanced its *morale* in the school of the soldier, and materially added to its strength and prosperity.

And further be it Resolved, That, upon his retirement from the regiment and its councils, the thanks of the organization are eminently due, and are hereby fully tendered, our late Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, for the unflinching integrity, persistent industry, and tireless energy, fearlessly bestowed, creating the present standard of excellence in our ranks. His devotion to and performance of duty, his kindly nature and courteous bearing, are lasting influences which entitle him to our warmest gratitude.

Resolved, That, in retiring, he carries with him our heartfelt wishes for his health, and we invoke the choicest blessings upon his future.

(Signed, for the Committee,
THOS. L. RAYMOND, Quarterm's'r.
GEO. A. I. NORMAN, Adjutant.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., held at the armory on Wednesday, September 11th, 1872, it was unanimously resolved that our late Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, be elected an honorary member of this Board, with privilege of the floor.

Resolved, That the resolutions previously adopted, and the notice to Colonel Rockafellar of his election as an honorary member

of this Board, be suitably engrossed and presented to him. A true copy from the records.

President, COLONEL RICHARD VOSE.
Secretary, GILBERT A. KNIGHT.

SOTHERN AS "DAVID GARRICK."

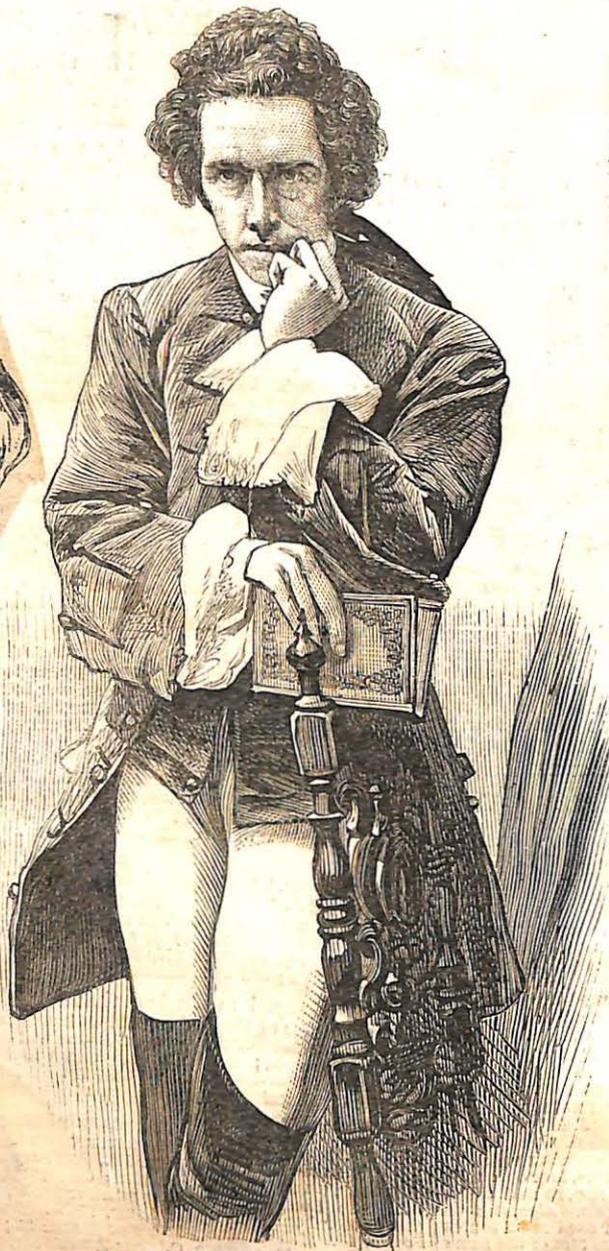
WE give a portrait of Mr. Sothorn as *David Garrick*. It is a very correct likeness, and shows that admirable actor in one of his best impersonations. The public are already familiar, doubtless, with his *Lord Dundreary* and *Sam*, but it is fair to say that his audiences will be surprised at the emotional power displayed by the great comedian.

THE "MINNESOTA" ON FIRE AT SEA.

OF all situations of danger and distress to which men in their various pursuits can be exposed, there is, we imagine, none more full of horror than that of being aboard a burning ship in mid-ocean. On land, when a fire breaks out, it nearly always happens that, whatever be the peril to life and property, strong hands and willing hearts are near to rescue or preserve. But at sea there is no help from without, and if the means for extinguishing fire be not in complete order, the discipline of the crew not perfect, or the captain and officers not cool and experienced, the doom of the unfortunates on board is sealed, for, if any escape the flames, it is only to perish by the waves. The public, unhappily, has heard of late only of instances in which the elements of safety have been shamefully wanting, and the terrible fate of the human beings on board the *Bienville* and the *Missouri* (the details of the late disaster of the *Erie* are as yet unknown) are still vividly in the remembrance of every one.

In bright contrast with the wretched and culpable mismanagement which doomed so many of our fellow-beings in these ships to death in

all shapes of unimaginable horror, we have now to relate the story, as we have it from an eye-witness, of the deliverance of the steamship *Minnesota* from destruction by fire last Christmas Day. All that the public up to the present time knows of the occurrence was contained in the few lines of a message by the Atlantic Cable, to the effect that, "The steamship



MR. E. SOTHERN AS "DAVID GARRICK."

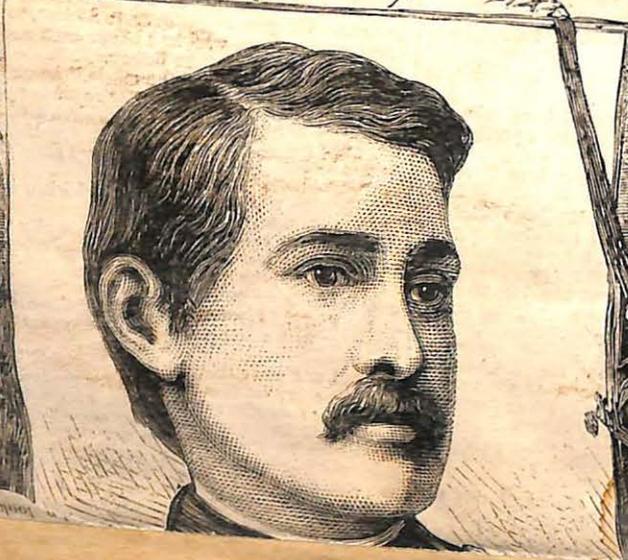


COL. HARRY ROCKAFELLAR, OF THE 71ST REGIMENT.



THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION, NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 250.]

C. S. REINHART



Mr. & Mrs. H. K. Conner
at the residence of
Mrs. Conner
Ida Maria Conner



ights when

Never had
the
Who



AND THE UNITED STATES SOLEMNLY PLEDGES
ITS FAITH TO MAKE PROVISION AT THE EARLIEST
PRACTICABLE PERIOD FOR THE REDEMPTION OF
U.S. NOTES IN COIN " ACT OF CONG^S MCH. 8 1869.

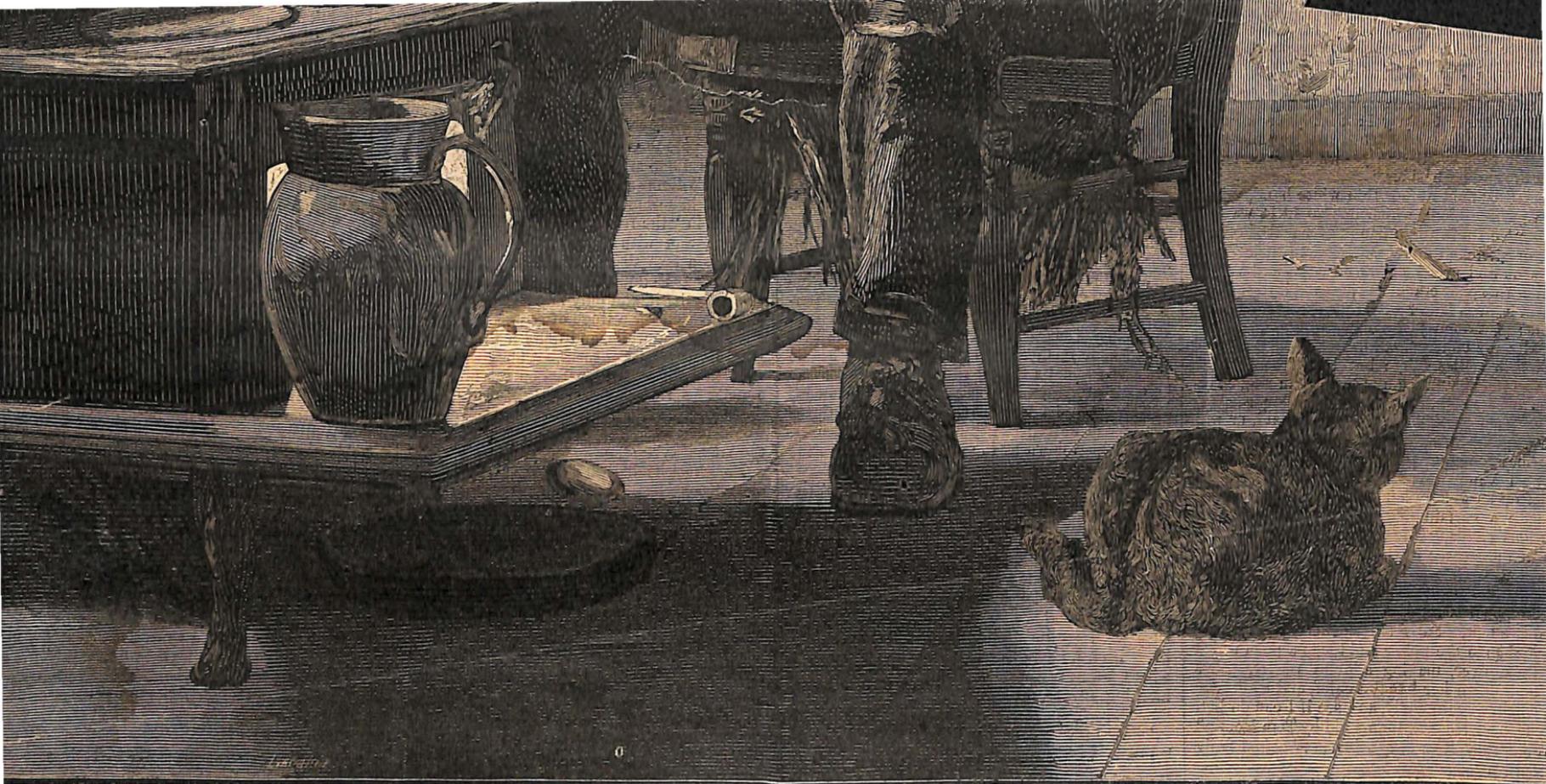


C.S. REINHART

STAND BACK!
"I am not a believer in any artificial method of making Paper Money equal to Coin."—PRESIDENT



...coming - have been - Sept 1 Lady Pettam's son was born, my grandson. I tried to convince her of the wickedness of ...



"DAT 'POSSUM SMELL POWERFUL GOOD."—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. HOVENDEN, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



ORDER
OF
EJECTION
BY THE
LANDLORD.



...of the guilty Utes
...received my attention with grat
...and all the
...of the
...I had
...my grandson
...Lady Ferris's son was born, my grandson
...have been
...firmly know





THE DUMB WATER.

PEARSON & CO.



ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]



THE DESERTER.

THE DESERTER.

What! an' supposin' he did desert?
 That's that to thee, smily Dan?
 Thou hast no lads in thy own cot,
 Or thou wouldest talk so, my man!

But stop till thou'st heard it all out, Dan,
 Till you know how it ended down there,
 An' you won't blame the lad nor the widow,
 When you hear what they both had to bear.

I was down at the cottage this mornin',
 When the soldiers marched up the door,
 An' said as they'd got the queen's orders
 To take away George's ones, an' me.

He was mad with his lass when he 'listed,
 An' his life, for a shillin', he sold.

Yes, sergeant; he'll stick to his bargain,
 He's there in the room at the back,
 An' as truly as bloodhounds ye've scented
 An' followed the lad on his track!

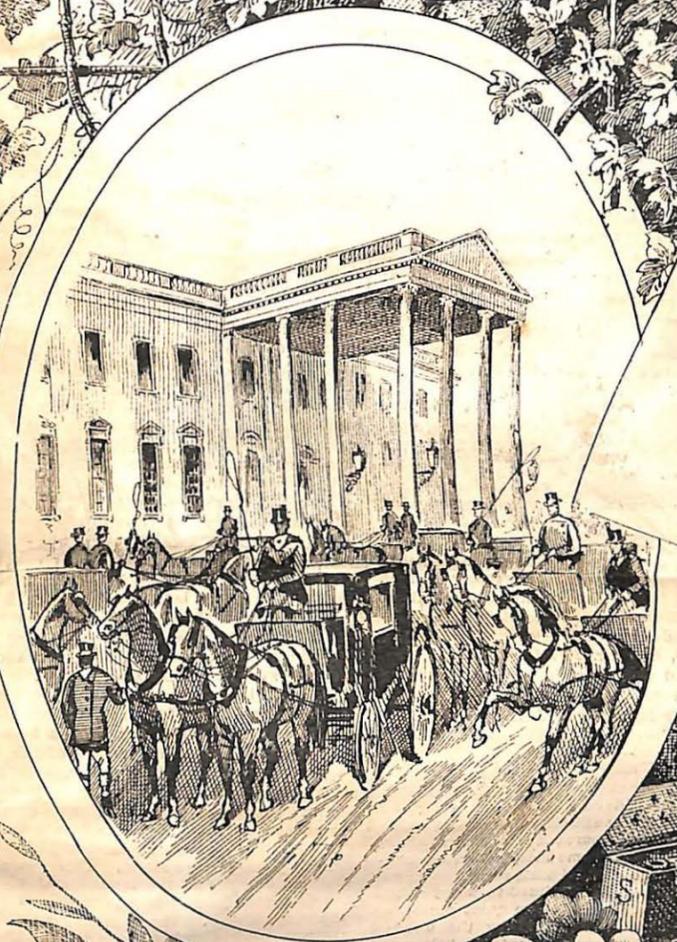
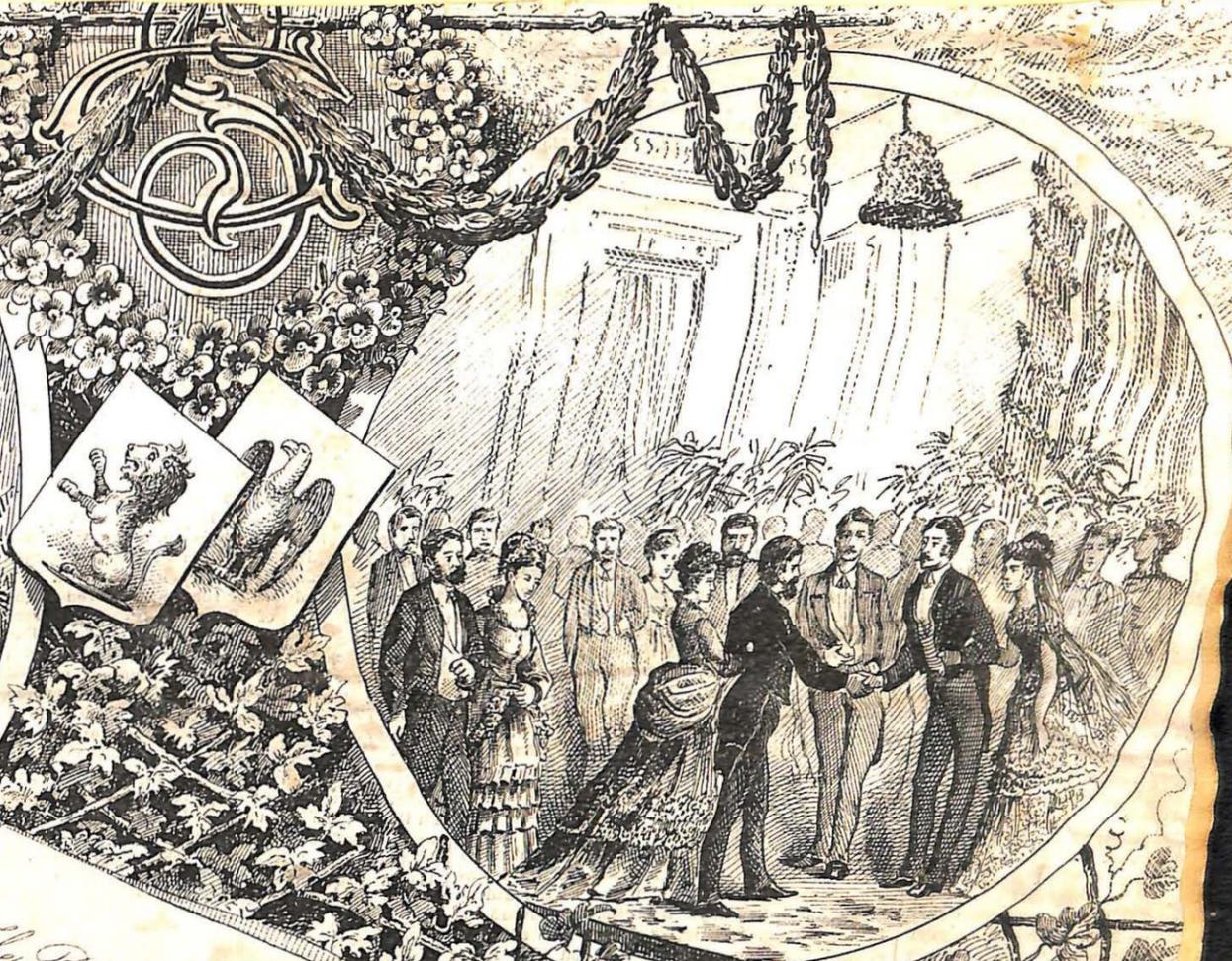
But he starved for a week in the marshes
 Afore he crawled in at that door!
 An' weary, broke down, an' half dyin',
 He drooped, faintin' drooped, on the floor!

An' there she was, bent o'er his pillow,
 Her face hidin' his from our sight,
 An' her hands in his black hair soft twinnin',
 An' lookin' like dead hands! so white!

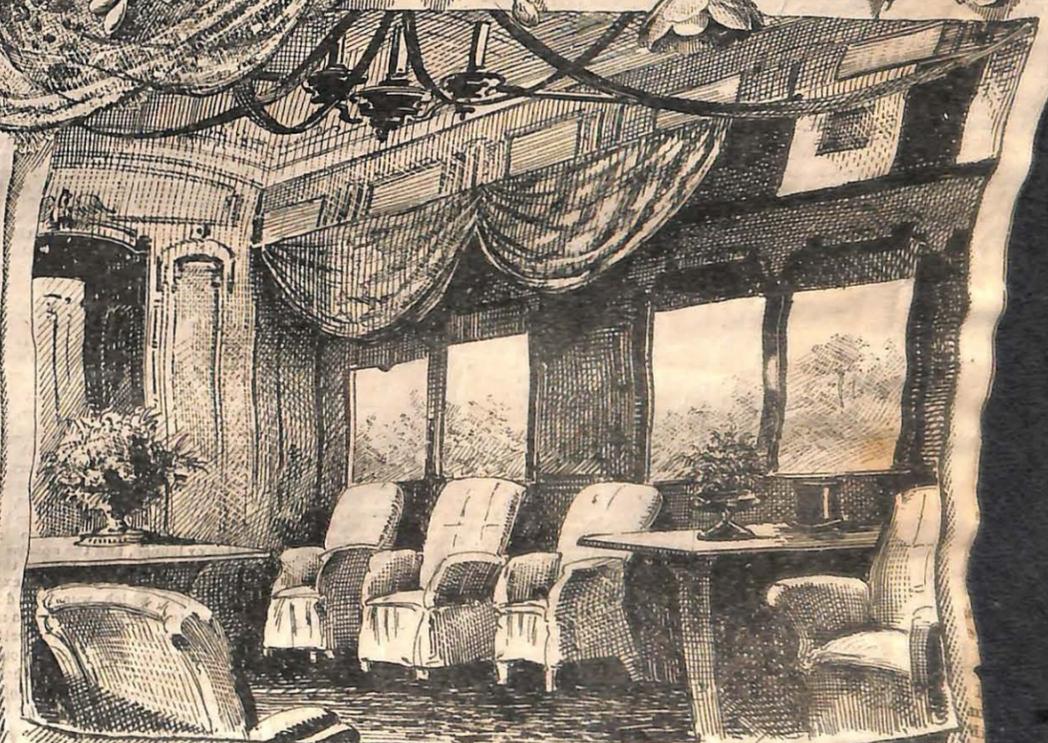
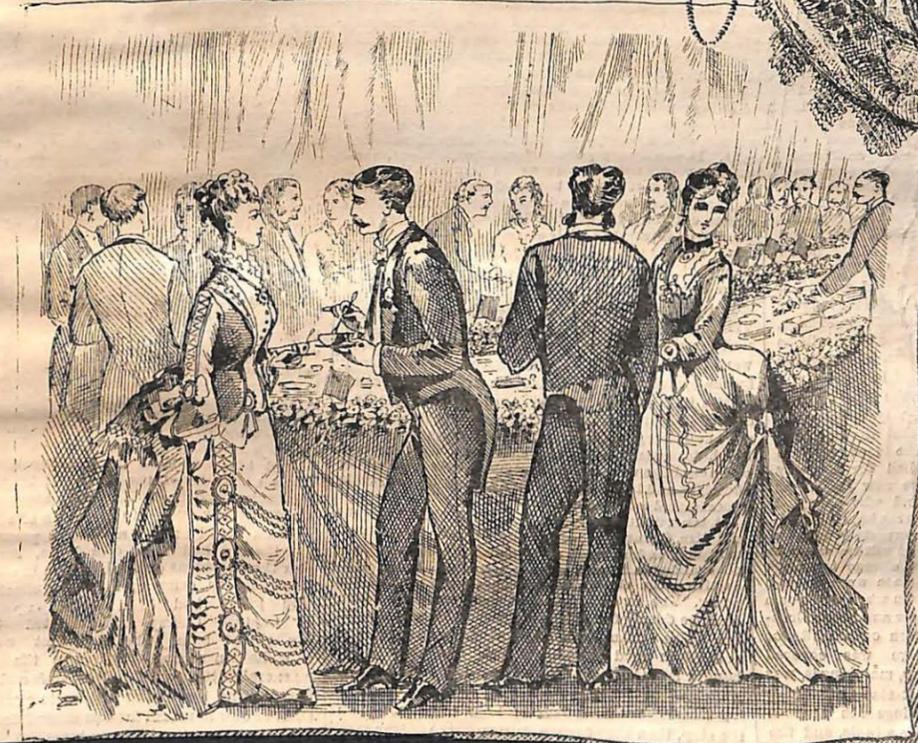
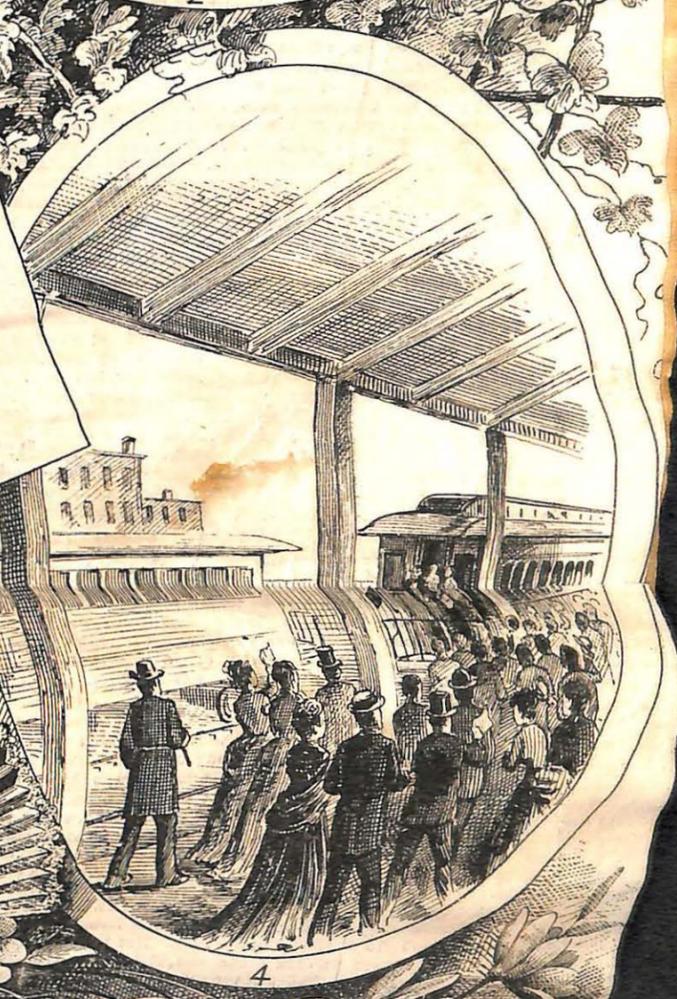
The sergeant's hand placed on her shoulder,
 The sergeant's voice whisperin' low,
 Made her start, made her rise, made the hot tears
 Down her pale face quickly flow!

"What will ye do?"

While the soldiers with bent heads stepped
 An' the sergeant in vain tried to speak,
 The light in his young eyes was darkened
 His voice with Death's silence was checked,
 Never more, Dan, shall poor George's
 Friend, mother, or trunp, or dray,
 Once more see a



*The President and Mrs. Grant
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter
on Thursday
at eleven o'clock.
Miss Nellie W. Grant.
Mrs. Myron C. F. Satter.*





STRAYED FROM THE PICNIC.

STRAYED FROM THE PICNIC.

O HAPPY souls! oblivious to all save Cupid's teaching,
 To what sublimity of joy your secret thoughts are reaching,
 As from the "common herd" afar young Love has slyly brought you,
 To practice 'neath the greenwood's shade the lessons he has taught you!

How know ye that the grand old trees, like sentinels above you,
 Will not betray your watchword to the wanton breeze?—"I love you!"
 The mystic words by which each heart may pass to meet the other,
 While Cupid fans the brightening flame which naught on earth can smother.

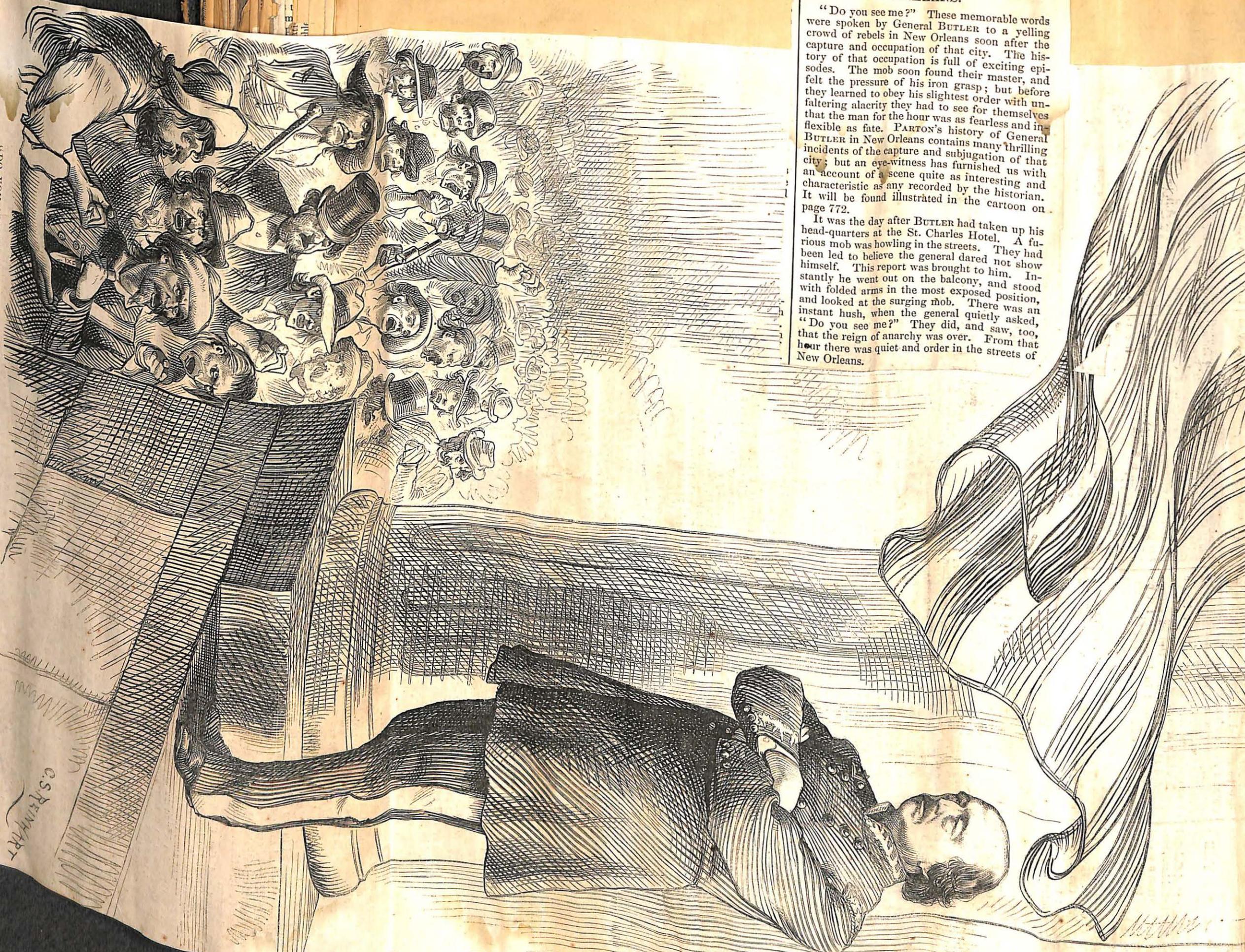
Alas! alas! some thoughtless bird must surely have betrayed you;
 The silence sweet, the solitude, no longer now may aid you;
 For roguish hearts and roguish eyes your hiding-place discover,
 And many a jest and laugh await the hapless maid and lover.

"Strayed from the picnic," one fine day, a foolish youth and maiden,
 Whose hearts, we fear, with Cupid's shafts are sorely overladen.
 Strayed from the picnic, far away! Who knows where we may find them?
 And bring their soaring fancies down to things of earth behind them?

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

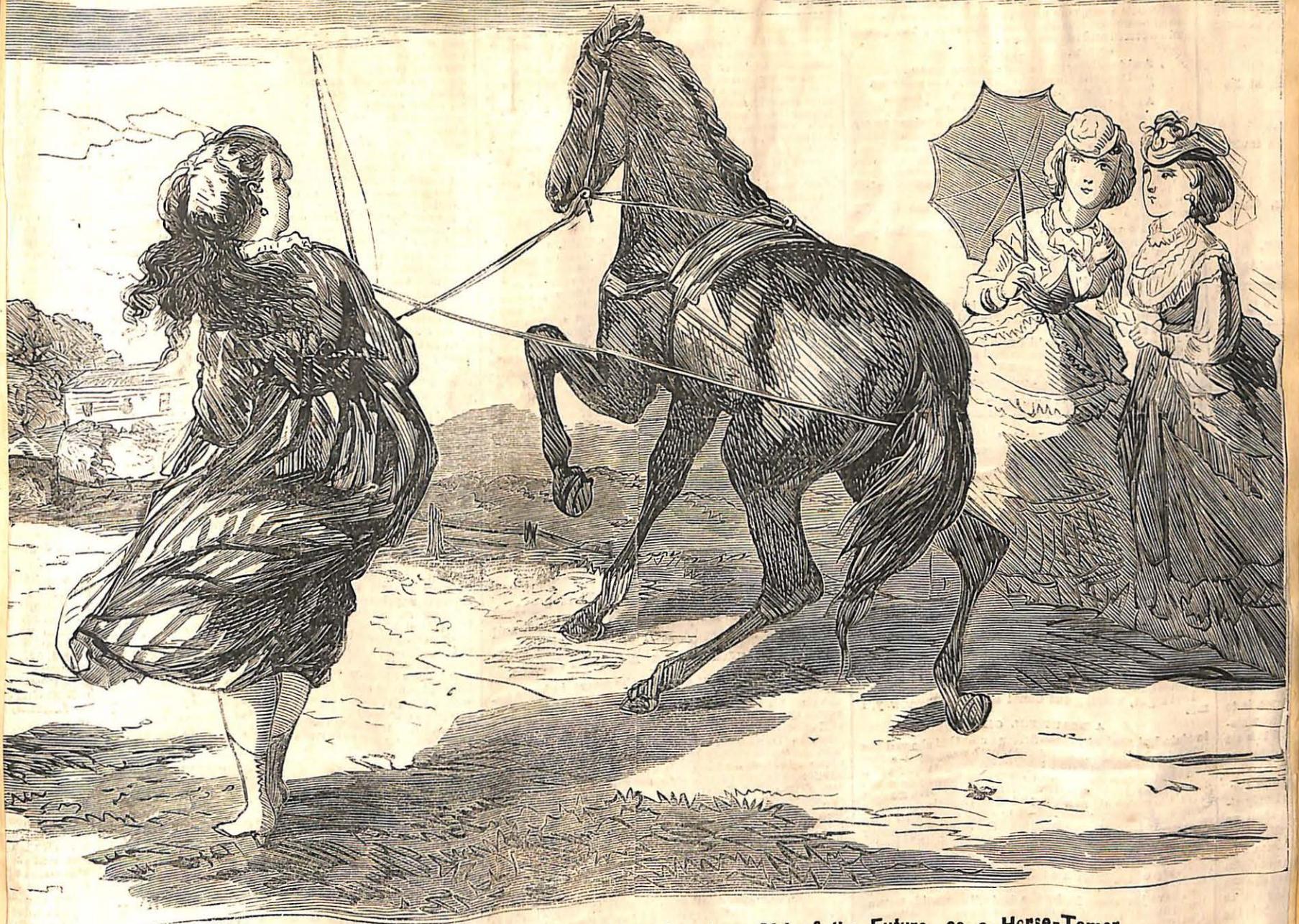
"Do you see me?" These memorable words were spoken by General BUTLER to a yelling crowd of rebels in New Orleans soon after the capture and occupation of that city. The history of that occupation is full of exciting episodes. The mob soon found their master, and felt the pressure of his iron grasp; but before they learned to obey his slightest order with unflinching alacrity they had to see for themselves that the man for the hour was as fearless and inflexible as fate. PARTON'S history of General BUTLER in New Orleans contains many thrilling incidents of the capture and subjugation of that city; but an eye-witness has furnished us with an account of a scene quite as interesting and characteristic as any recorded by the historian. It will be found illustrated in the cartoon on page 772.

It was the day after BUTLER had taken up his head-quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. A furious mob was howling in the streets. They had been led to believe the general dared not show himself. This report was brought to him. Instantly he went out on the balcony, and stood with folded arms in the most exposed position, and looked at the surging mob. There was an instant hush, when the general quietly asked, "Do you see me?" They did, and saw, too, that the reign of anarchy was over. From that hour there was quiet and order in the streets of New Orleans.



"DO YOU SEE ME?"—GENERAL BUTLER DENYING THE REBELS AT NEW ORLEANS.—[See Page 778.]

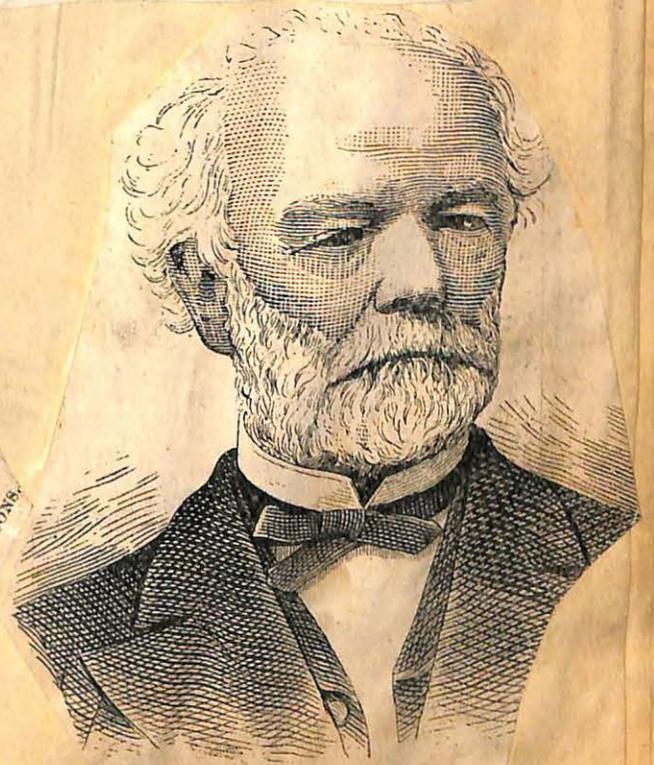
C.S. REINHART



Miss Ann Lash, of Sewickley, Penn., the Representative American Girl of the Future, as a Horse-Tamer.



GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HALL & SONS.

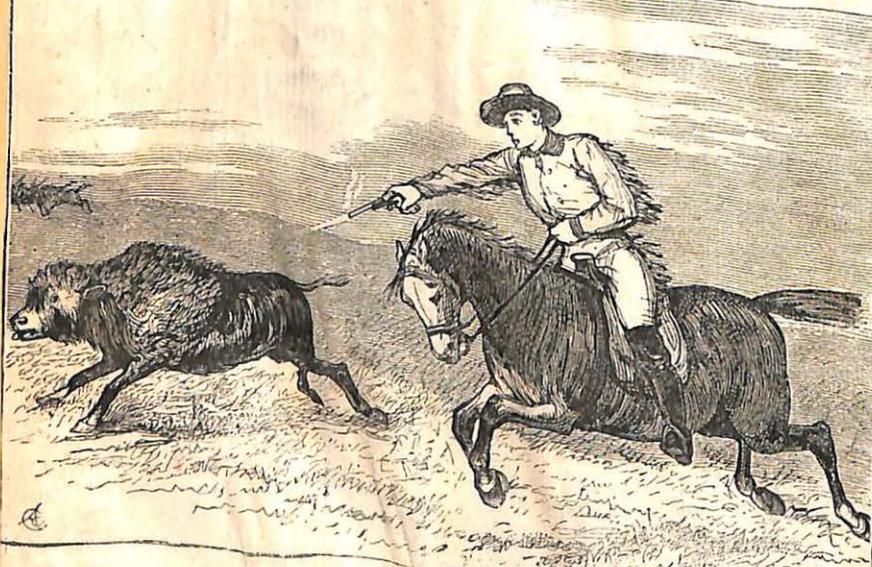


GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.



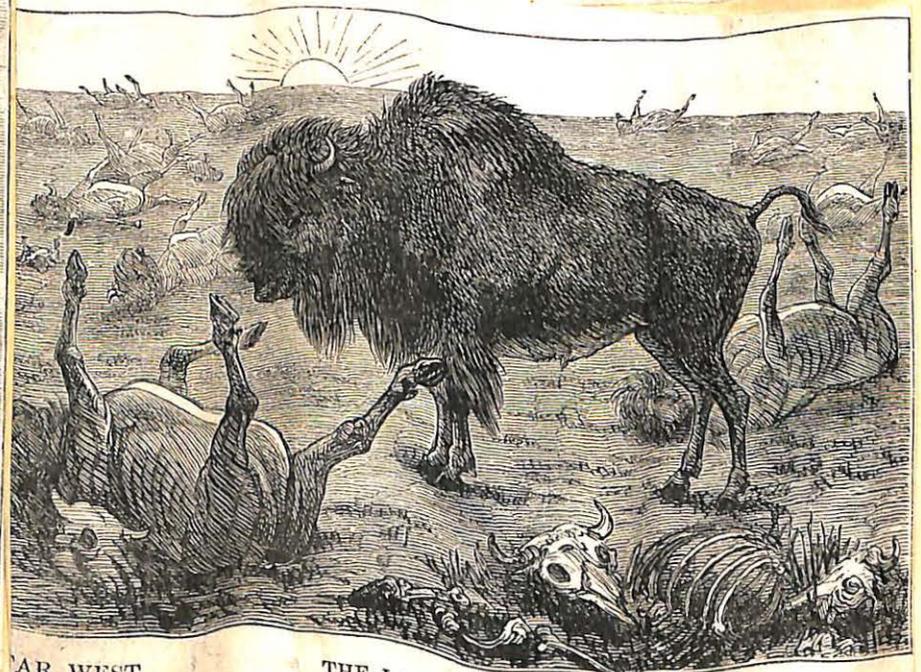
Harriet

THE OPHIR CITY MAIL-COACH.



AFTER FRESH MEAT.

SKETCHES



AR WEST.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

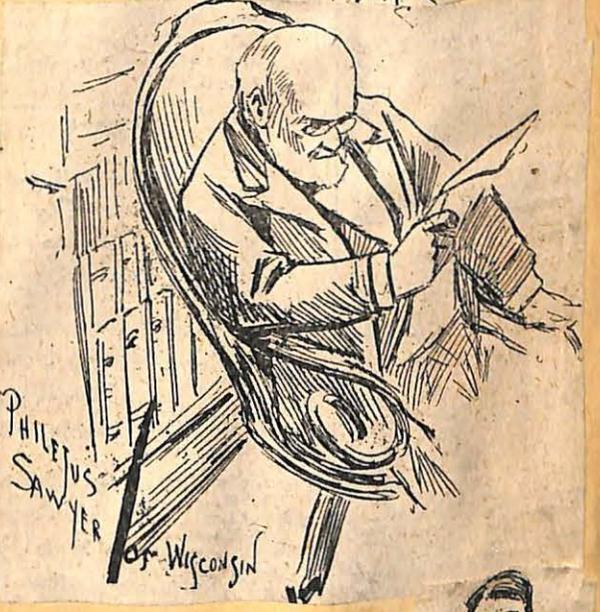
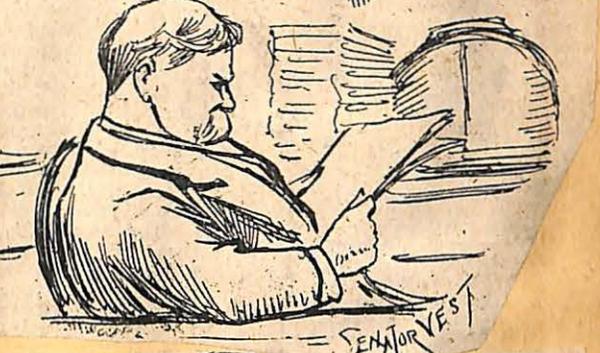
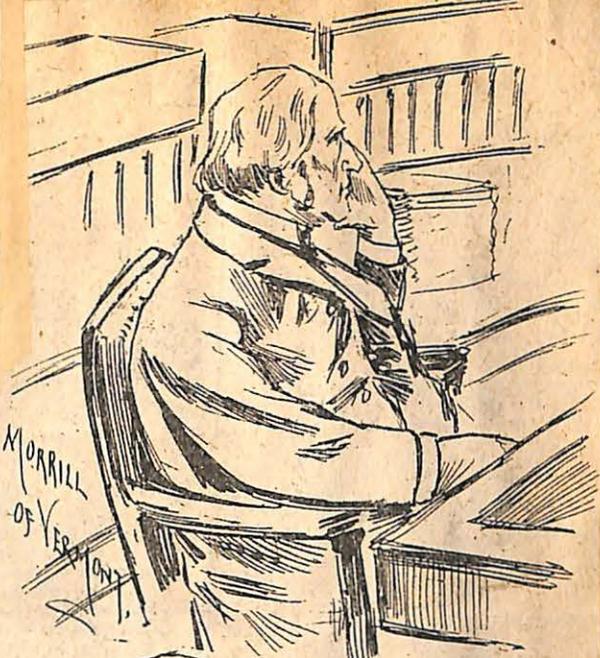


INTERIOR VIEW OF MRS. FABER'S STUDIO.

Mrs. Alice Faber.

In these lazy July days the thoughts of cultured people turn, at times, to the cooler seasons when recitals are in vogue, and there is a longing for the time when there may be feasts of music again. When we consider what has been done in the past in the matter of musical recitals, it is impossible not to realize the fact that Rochester owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Alice Faber, a view of whose studio we present above. This eminent musician occupies the highest position it is possible to attain in the private practice of the Divine art, and may be truly called a queen of song. Had she, with her contemporaries and class mates, Louise Kellogg, Emma Thursby and Minnie Hawk, chosen the more garish and popular career upon the stage, Mrs. Faber would have been equally known to fame with those great stars. But she preferred the more seclusive lines of effort that belong to the studio and the drawing room, and has only consented to assist in great events by the earnest solicitation of her friends. No one has done more for the advancement of musical science in Rochester than Mrs. Faber, and at a good deal of personal exertion and no little expense, she succeeded in securing the presence in this city of eminent musicians such as Constantine Sternberg, Miss Neally Stevens of Chicago, Edward Baxter Perry of Boston, (who has been here twice under Mrs. Faber's auspices,) Edward Elliott of New York, Charles F. Weber of Boston. The latter paid a high compliment to Mrs. Faber in regard to her abilities as a musician and teacher. Mrs. Faber was

fortunate in her early life to be placed under such eminent masters as Rivarde and Vilanova. To these and other celebrities in the musical world she is indebted for that highly cultured and exquisitely finished style which characterizes her playing and singing. Always conscientious herself in her studies and performances, she exacts the closest faithfulness in her pupils and particularly in the rudimentary instruction. Mrs. Faber says that the rudimental lessons demand greater care on the part of the instructor than any subsequent ones. She teaches upon the principle that it is easier to work upon a good foundation. As most of our readers know, Mrs. Faber comes of a musical family. Her father was the well-known David Herron of the Ontario county bar, and partner of the late Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; and there is no doubt the daughter inherits a good deal of that independent firmness of character which great lawyers possess, and which has enabled her to get out of the conventional ruts in imparting her knowledge of musical science to others. Mrs. Faber is not a stereotyped teacher, but wisely discriminates between the characteristics and capabilities of different pupils, and applies the proper methods to each. Lovers of music are looking forward to the coming season with pleasurable anticipations, and they will look to Mrs. Faber for much that will elevate and entertain them in the matter of musical recitals—and many parents anxious for their children's proper musical training will secure dates in Mrs. Faber's classes, and fortunate will be those who succeed in gaining admission before the lists are filled.



BOY, HAMILTON FISH



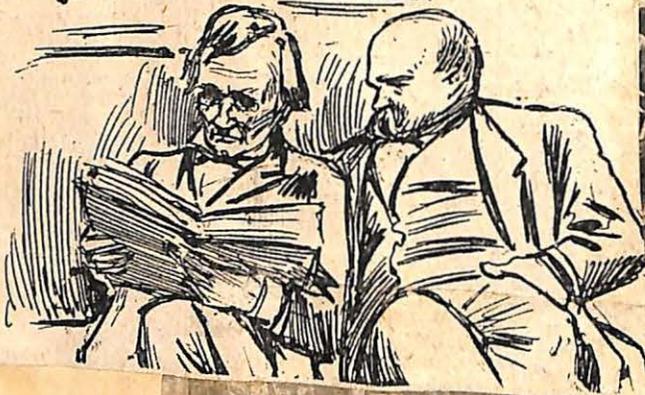
PAINT OF OHIO



A PAGE



HOAR OF MASS.



OUR OWN EVARIS IS VERY MUCH INTERESTED.



SCENE AT THE FUNERAL OF DONALD McNAUGHTON.

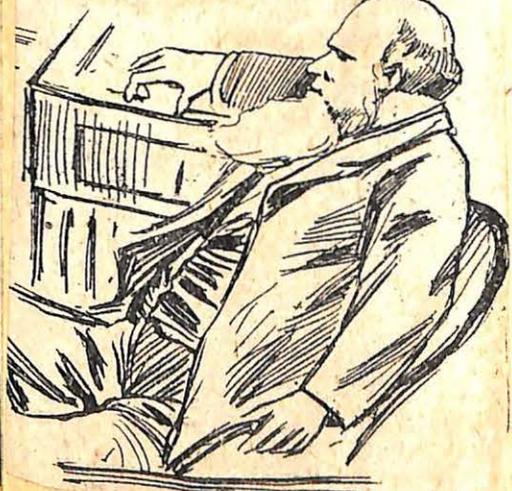


THE LATE DONALD McNAUGHTON.

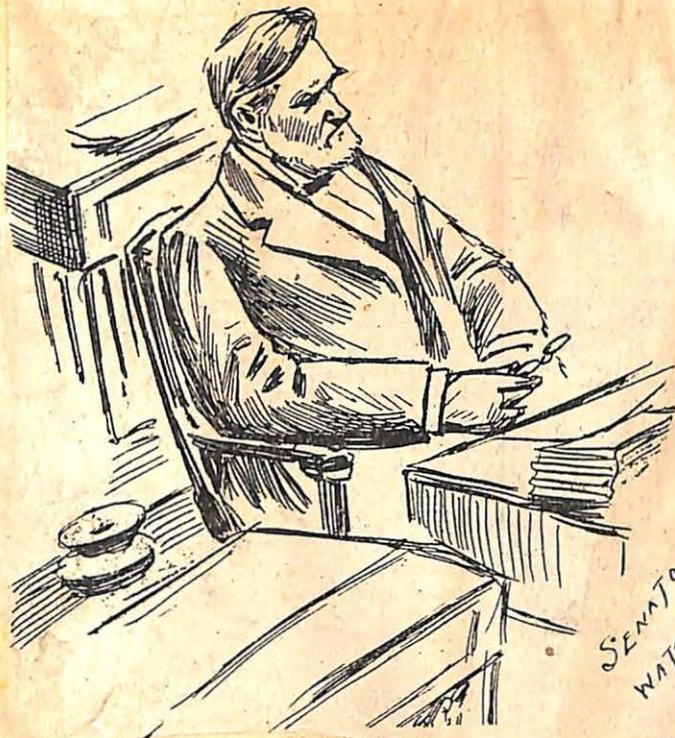
From a photo by Cornell & Saunders.



SENATOR Wm. E. CHANDLER



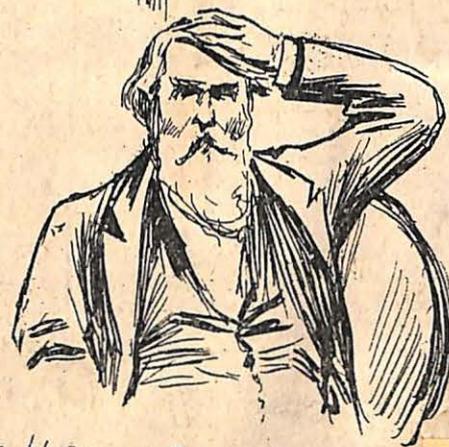
COKE OF TEXAS.



WAITING HIS CHANCE
SENATOR SHERMAN
WATCHING SENATOR
BECK

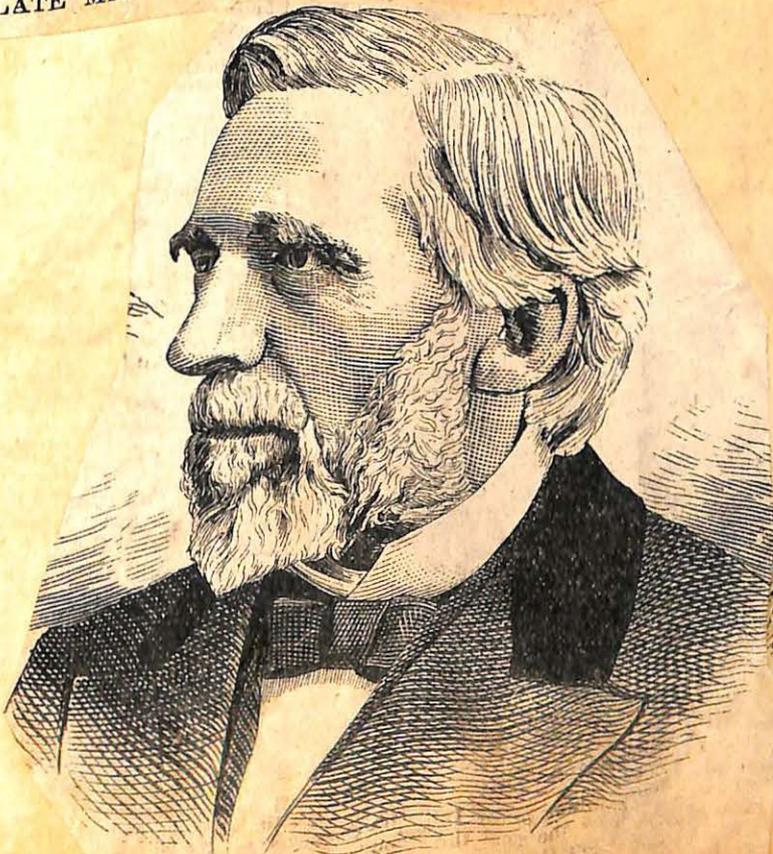


SENATOR BECK
GROWS WARM



HURST OF CALIFORNIA

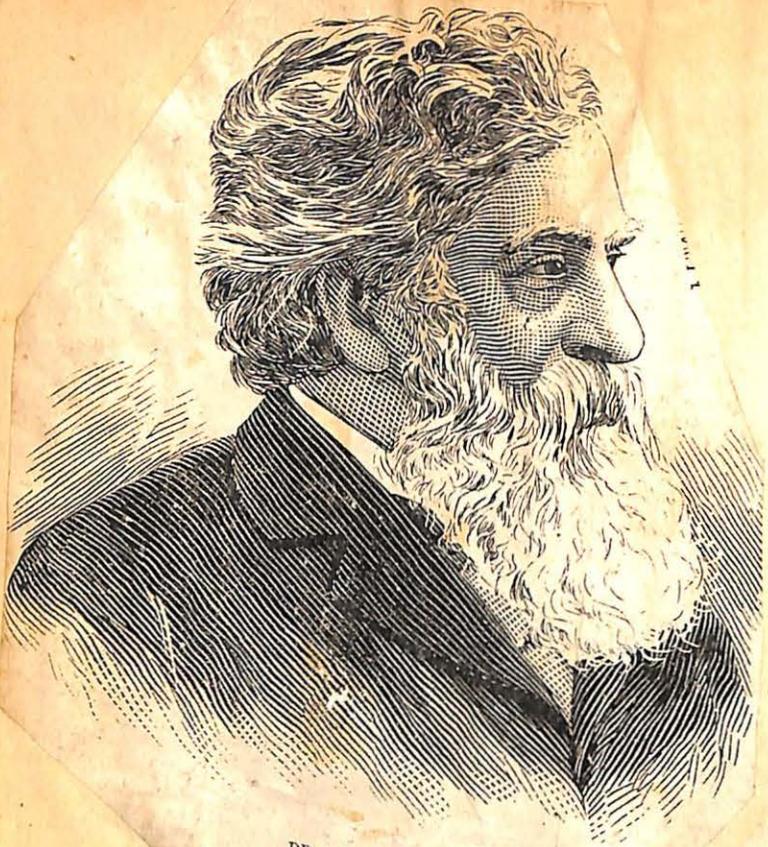
THE LATE MR. McNAUGHTON'S BIRTH PLACE AND FIRST LAW OFFICE



HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL



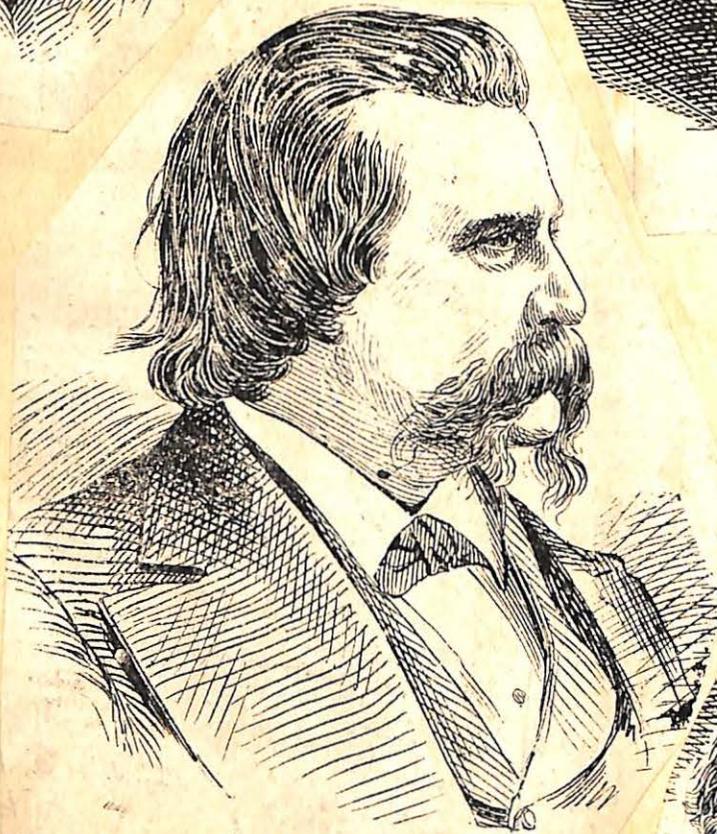
GEORGE W. CHILDS



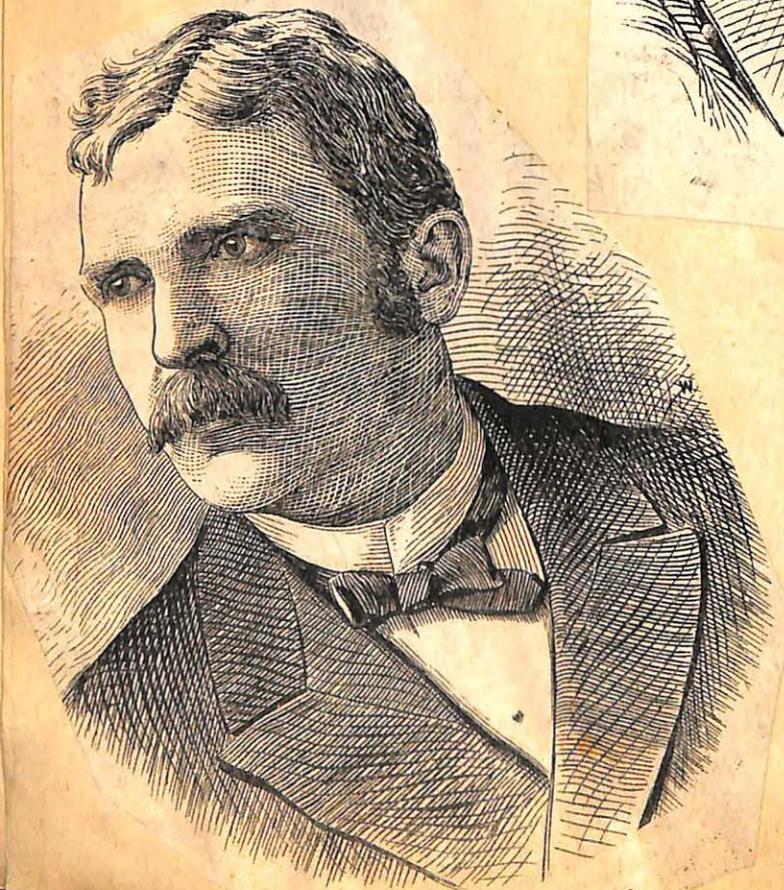
DR. DOUGLAS.



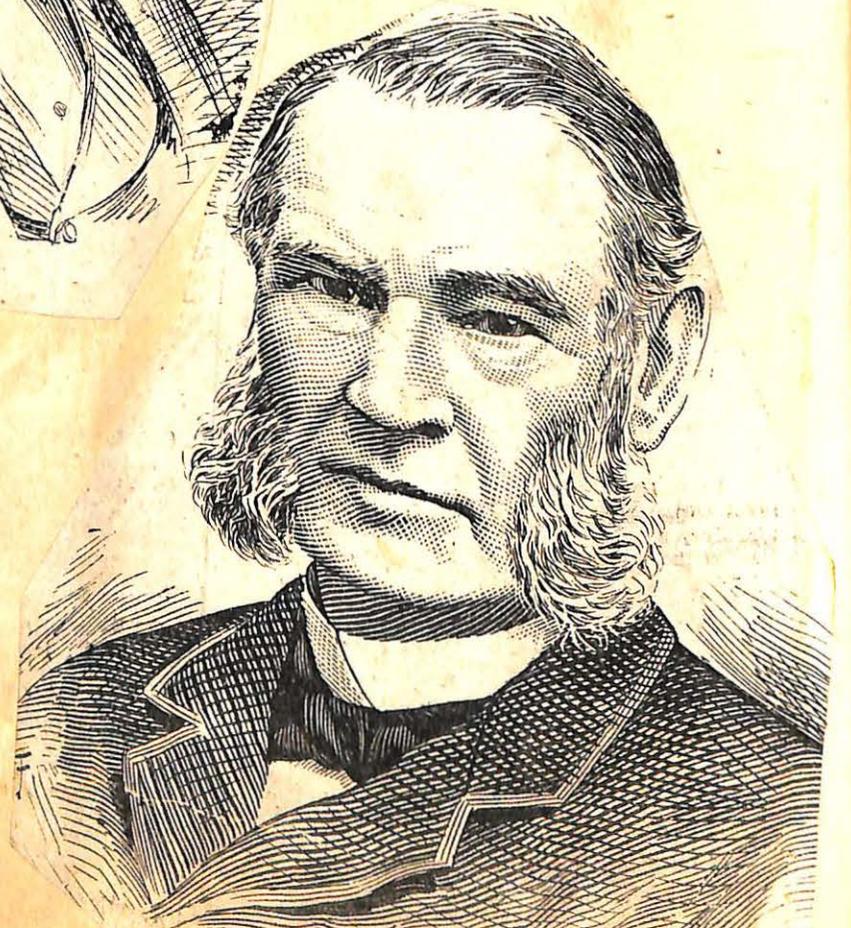
ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.



HON. JOHN A. LOGAN.



ABBI BROWNE.

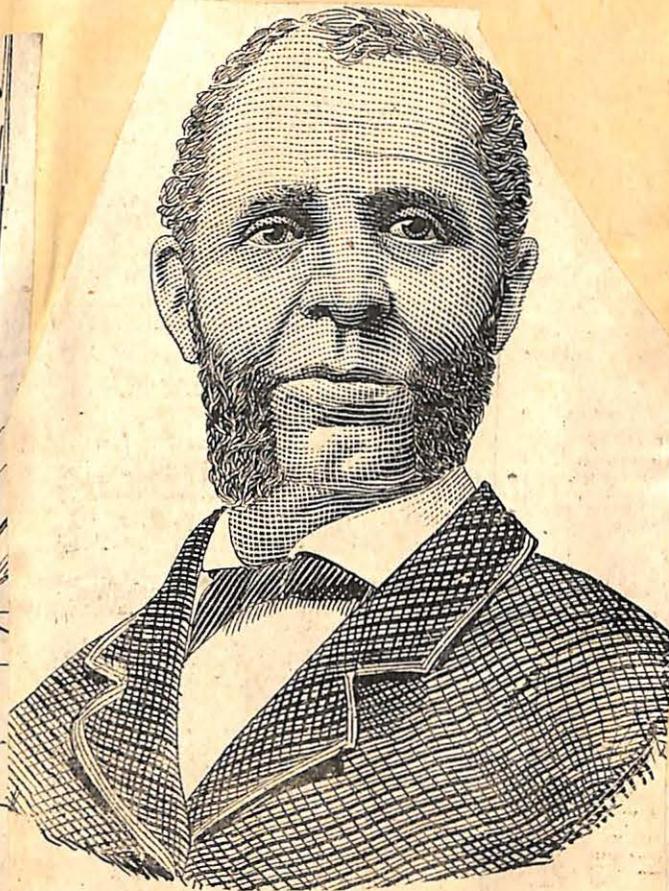


OLIVER HOYT

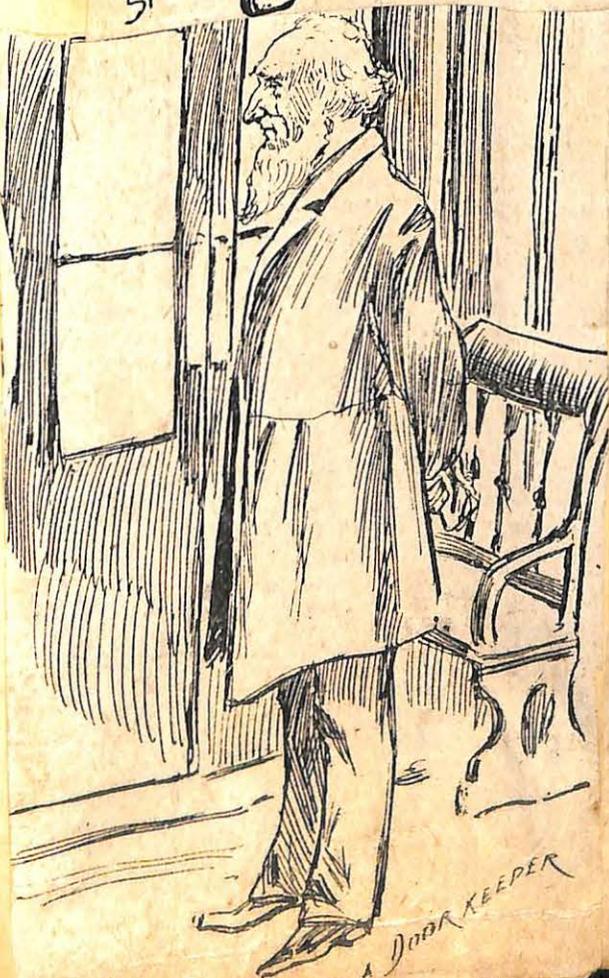
at a h...
received my attention with gratit...
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Lady Ferriam's son was both, m...
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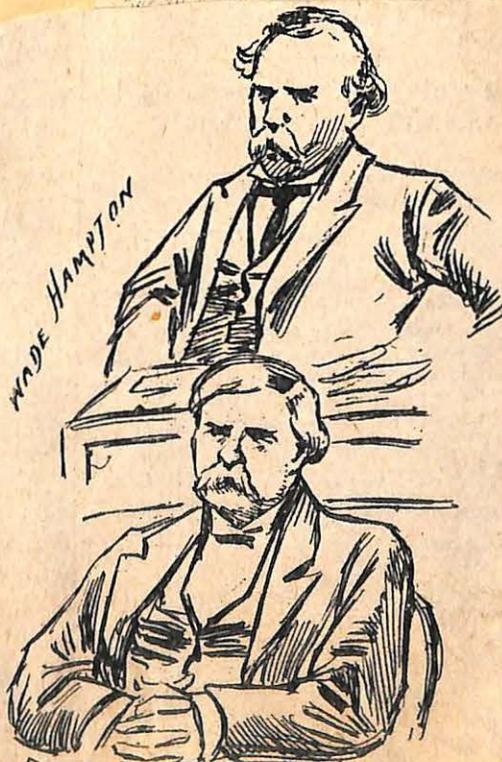
INGALLS
LISTENING TO
SHERMAN'S
SPEECH



HARRISON, GEN. GRANT'S ATTENDANT.

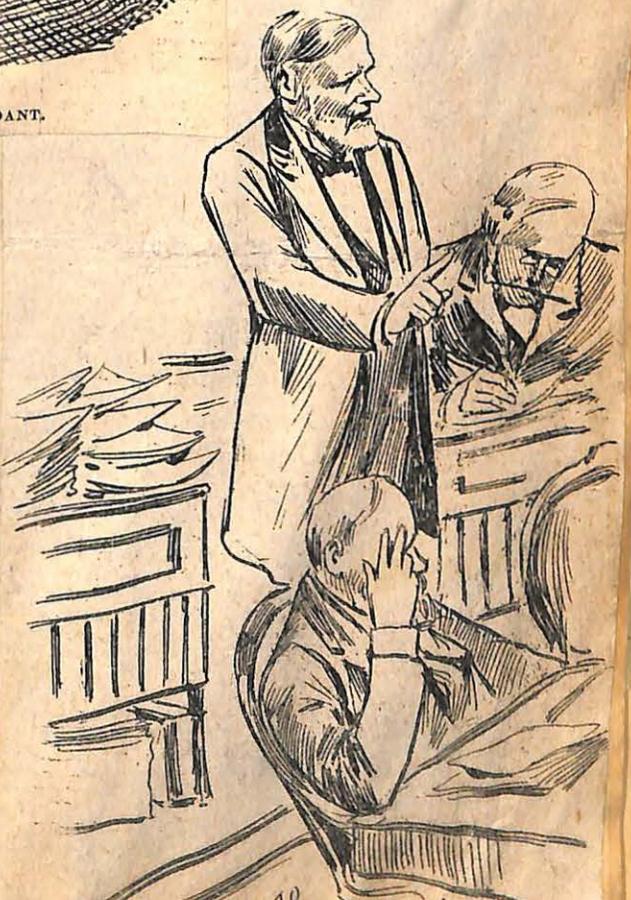


A DOOR KEEPER

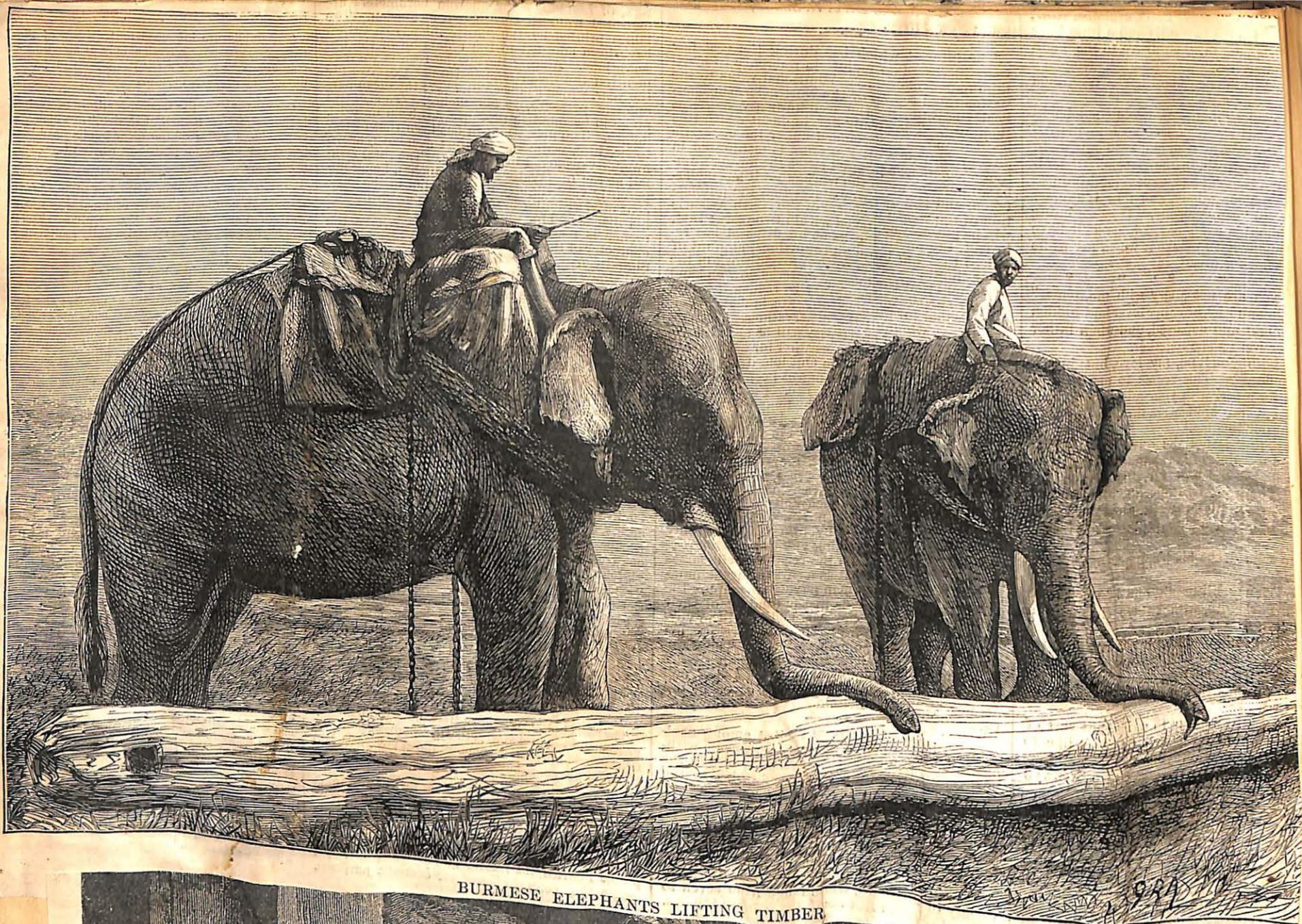


WADE HAMPTON

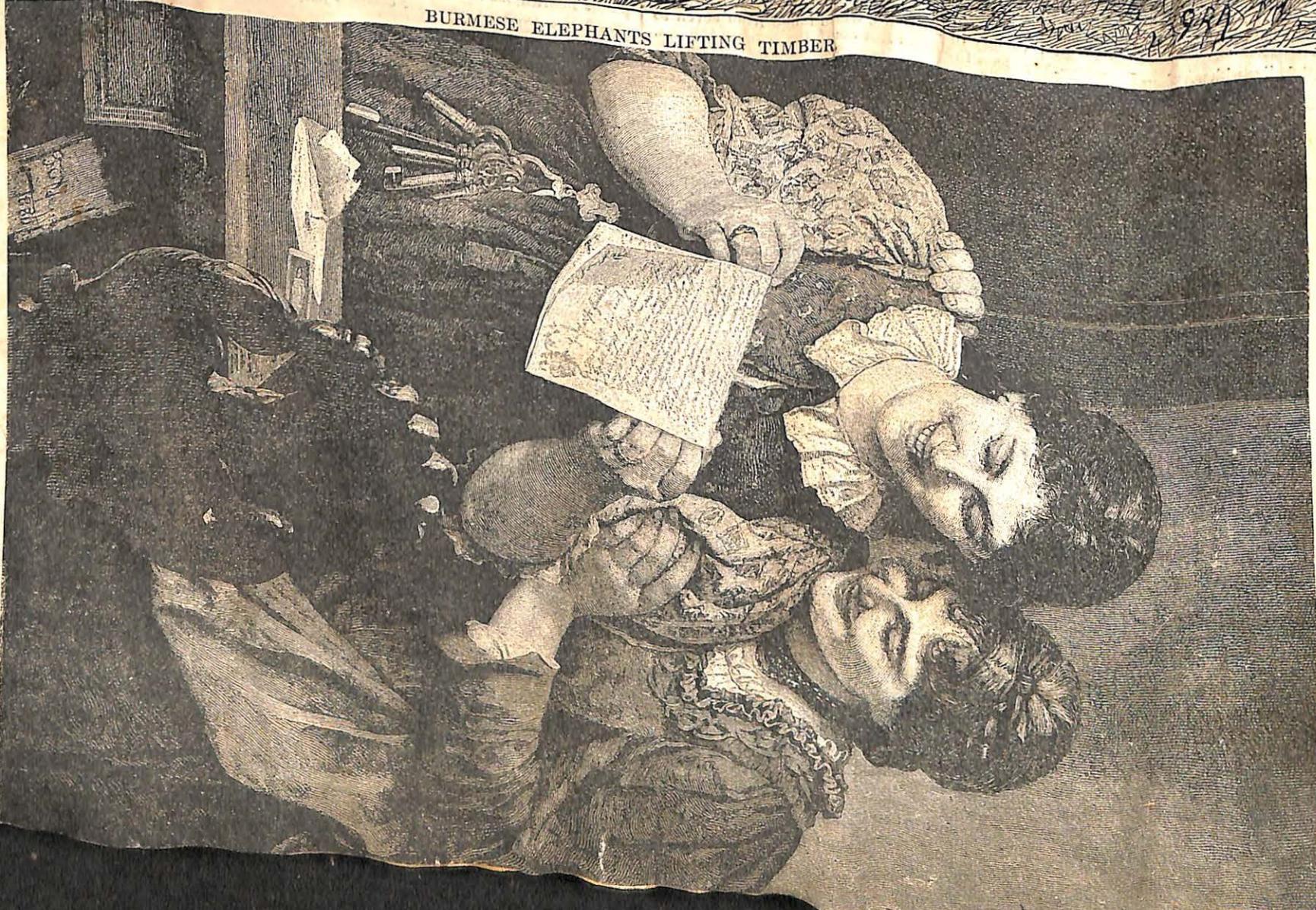
VANCE OF
NORTH CAROLINA



SHERMAN
REPLYING TO
BECK

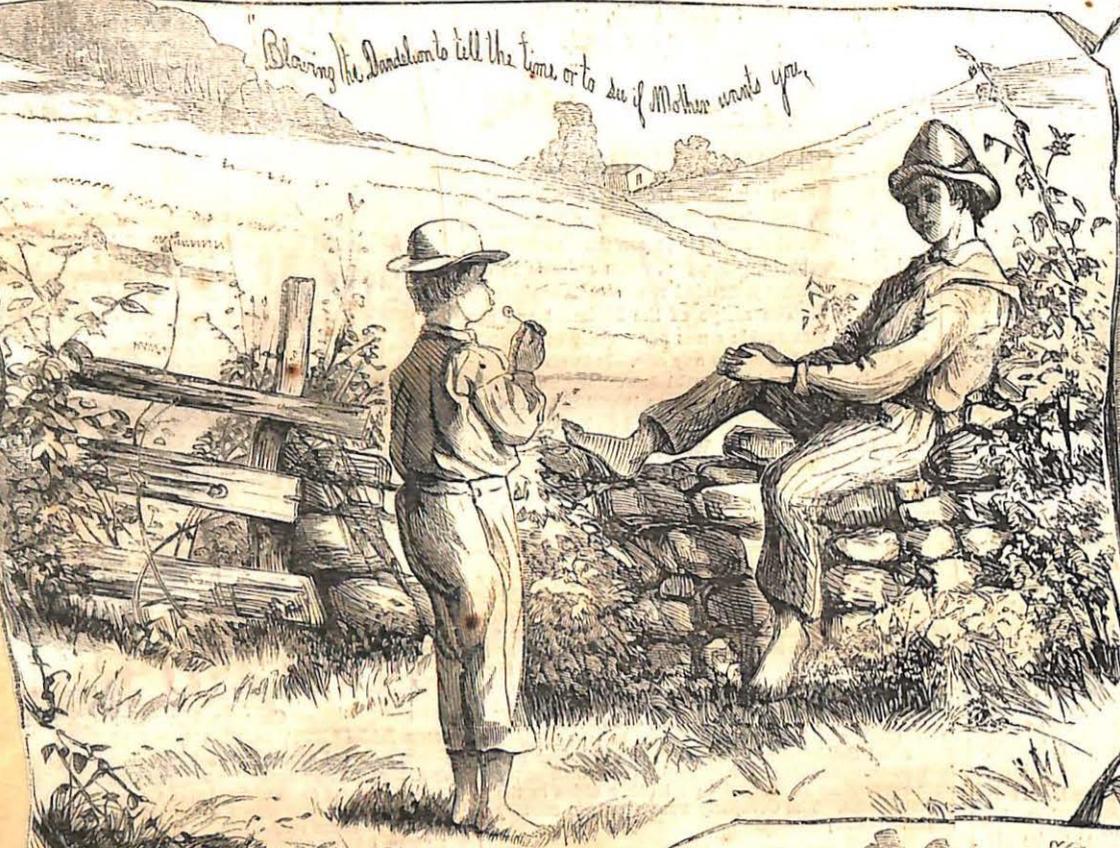


BURMESE ELEPHANTS LIFTING TIMBER



THE LOVE LETTER.

Blowing the Dandelion to tell the time, or to see if Mother wants you.



Hunting the four leaf clover.



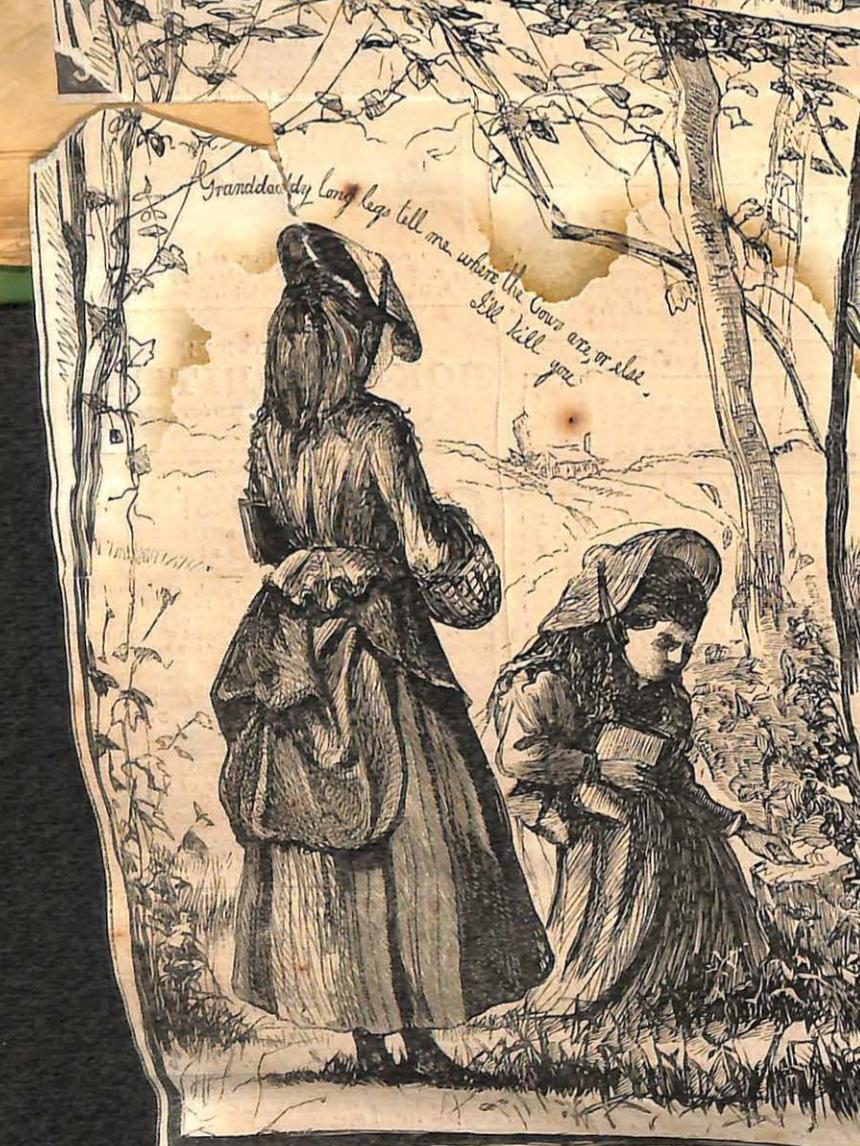
The test of the Buttercup.



The Daring Needles who saw up the eaves.



Granddaddy Long legs tell me where the Cows are, or else. She will you.



Putting salt on the Birds tails.



F. Chure



THE PLAYMATES.

OVER the meadows, so white with snow,
 Brighter than jewels the sunbeams glance;
 Here in the cottage, so brown and low,
 Grandad and Lulu are having a dance.
 Grandad sits in his old oak chair—
 Summer and winter he's always there.

Father and mother, they rise at six,
 And Reuben, he works the livelong day;
 Harry and Lizzie, they gather sticks,
 Till the dim old fire looks bright and gay;
 But aged childhood and baby grace,
 They laugh at Time and his hurried race.

Grandad's hair is of silvery white;
 Time has furrowed his forehead o'er;
 And now, like a veteran of the fight,
 His time is passed and he works no more.
 Blue-eyed Lulu, the household pet,
 Nor care nor sorrow shall greet her yet.

Good Father William, he takes the Book
 When toil is over and day is flown;
 With solemn eyes do the playmates look;
 The music dies with a merry tone:
 Man of eighty and child of seven;
 They wait for the message sent from Heaven.

And Father William, he turns the page
 That tells of a kingdom free from sin;
 Nor toil shall win it, nor wealth, nor age—
 "Be like a child, would ye enter in;"
 Not wise nor mighty, but pure and mild:
 Said Judah's Prophet, "Be like a child."

He looks at the playmates young and old,
 Where one sits throned on the other's throne,
 And thinks of the city of old,
 Which was built on a hill of stone.



THE PLAYMATES.

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Brighter than jewels the sunbeams glance;
Here in the cottage, so brown and low,
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Said Judah's Prophet, "Be like a child."

He looks at the playmates young and old,
Where one sits throned on the other's knees,
And thinks of the city paved with gold,
Whose streets are trodden by forms like these.
For grandad, withered by toil and tears,
Still keeps the heart of his child's years.



CUBAN LOVERS—A STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.

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The Rev. JOHN O
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the cardinals
fore the Italians broke into Rome, the cardinals
more prosecuted, with more
made journeys were prosecuted, with more

THE HON. NOAH DAVIS, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK.—PHOT. BY E. W. BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]



JUDGE NOAH DAVIS.

THIS distinguished member of the bench, of whom we give a portrait on page 620, was born at Haverhill, New Hampshire, September 10, 1818. In 1825 he removed with his parents to Albion, Orleans County, in Western New York, and commenced his education in the common district school of that village, afterward spending two academical terms at the Lima Seminary. He read law at Lewiston and at Black Rock, New York, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in the fall of 1841, and practiced

at Gaines, Orleans County, and for a short time at Buffalo. In February, 1844, he formed a partnership with the Hon. SANFORD E. CHURCH, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and practiced law with him at Albion for about fourteen years.

In April, 1857, he was appointed by Governor KING Justice of the Supreme Court for the Eighth District of this State, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Hon. JAMES MULLETT, and took his seat on the bench in

THE LATE JESSE R. GRANT.

JESSE R. GRANT, the father of President GRANT, died at his house in Covington, Kentucky, on the 29th of June, and was buried on the 1st of July, in the presence of a large concourse of his sorrowing neighbors, by whom he was greatly respected and beloved. At the time of his death he had been eighteen years a resident of Covington.

Mr. GRANT was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794. He married, in 1821, a Miss HANNAH SIMPSON, who survives him. Their married life began in Clermont County, Ohio. Of six children four have been spared to them, and three of the number, among them the President, were present at the funeral. From his youth Mr. GRANT was used to toil. He had an honorable calling, and by carefulness, industry, and economy accumulated a comfortable competency. He was a man of strong purpose and resolute will, and was just and generous in all his dealings. In early life he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he retained his membership to the last. Under the administration of President JOHNSON Mr. GRANT received, and held to the time of his death, the appointment of postmaster at Covington.

His death was not wholly unexpected. He never fully recovered from the effects of a paralytic stroke received in December, 1871, his health having been quite feeble since that time. The body was interred in Spring Grove Cemetery, north of Cincinnati, by the side of his deceased son and daughter.

JESSE R. AND HANNAH GRANT, FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.



JOHN J. BAGLEY.

A portrait of John J. Bagley, ex-Governor of Michigan, appears on another page of this issue. Mr. Bagley was born in Medina, Orleans County, N. Y., July 24, 1832, and lived there until he was eighteen years of age, when his father removed to Constantine, Mich. His parents being poor, he was early in life compelled to quit school and aid in maintaining the family. He commenced his business career as a clerk in a store in Constantine, and continued in that em-

ployment until 1847, when he went to Detroit, where he secured a position in a tobacco factory. In 1853 he started in business for himself, and has pushed it along with business force and energy that it has become one of the largest in the Western States, and "Mayflower" chewing tobacco is known the country over. In addition to his tobacco interest, Governor Bagley has been connected with a number of other enterprises and corporations in Detroit. He has been for several years President of the Detroit Safe Company; he was one of the organizers of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Detroit, and was its President from 1867 until 1872; he has been a director in the American National Bank for many years; was a member of the Board of Education for two years, and same length of the Common Council for the later was re-elected to the same office. In November, 1872, he was elected governor of Michigan, and two years later was re-elected to the same office. The administration of Governor Bagley was highly successful and satisfactory to the people of the State. He originated many reforms and instituted a number of movements of great value and importance. Mr. Bagley is now in the prime of life and in the full strength of his manhood. He is a man of immense physical and mental power, and few citizens of Detroit have done more than he to advance his interests.

OBITUARY.

HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS, the American sculptor, who is famous for his statue of the "Greek Slave," died in Florence, Italy, June 27th. He was fifty-eight years of age. His father, Hiram Powers, was a Vermont farmer, with a large family. Hiram secured the rudiments of an education at a district school, and a knowledge of the general principles of drawing. The death of the father left him destitute, and he sought employment at Cincinnati in the reading-room of a hotel. He was then employed to repair and clean clocks. Having become acquainted with a Prussian sculptor, who was engaged at Cincinnati on a bust of General Jackson, he acquired from this man a taste and knowledge of modeling in clay, and executed several busts and medallions.

For seven years Mr. Powers had charge of the wax-work department of the Western Museum at Cincinnati. In 1835 he made a journey to Washington, where he was actively engaged in modeling busts of prominent men. During his residence at Cincinnati he had formed the acquaintance of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, through whose assistance, and with the money which his occupation had enabled him to save, he undertook a journey to Florence. During the remainder of his life he continued to reside in Italy, devoting himself to modeling busts. After a year's residence, he produced his statue of Eve. Thorwaldsen pronounced it a masterpiece.

A year afterward he produced the model of his Greek Slave. This is the most popular of his works, and was often copied by him. He has produced the Fisher Boy, of which there have been three repetitions in marble; Il Penseroso; Proserpine, a bust; California; America, modeled for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England; statues of Washington and Calhoun, and the Innkeeper of the West.



HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR OF THE "GREEK SLAVE," DIED AT FLORENCE, ITALY, JUNE 27TH. SEE PAGE 287.



JOHN J. BAGLEY,
EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDALL, DETROIT.]

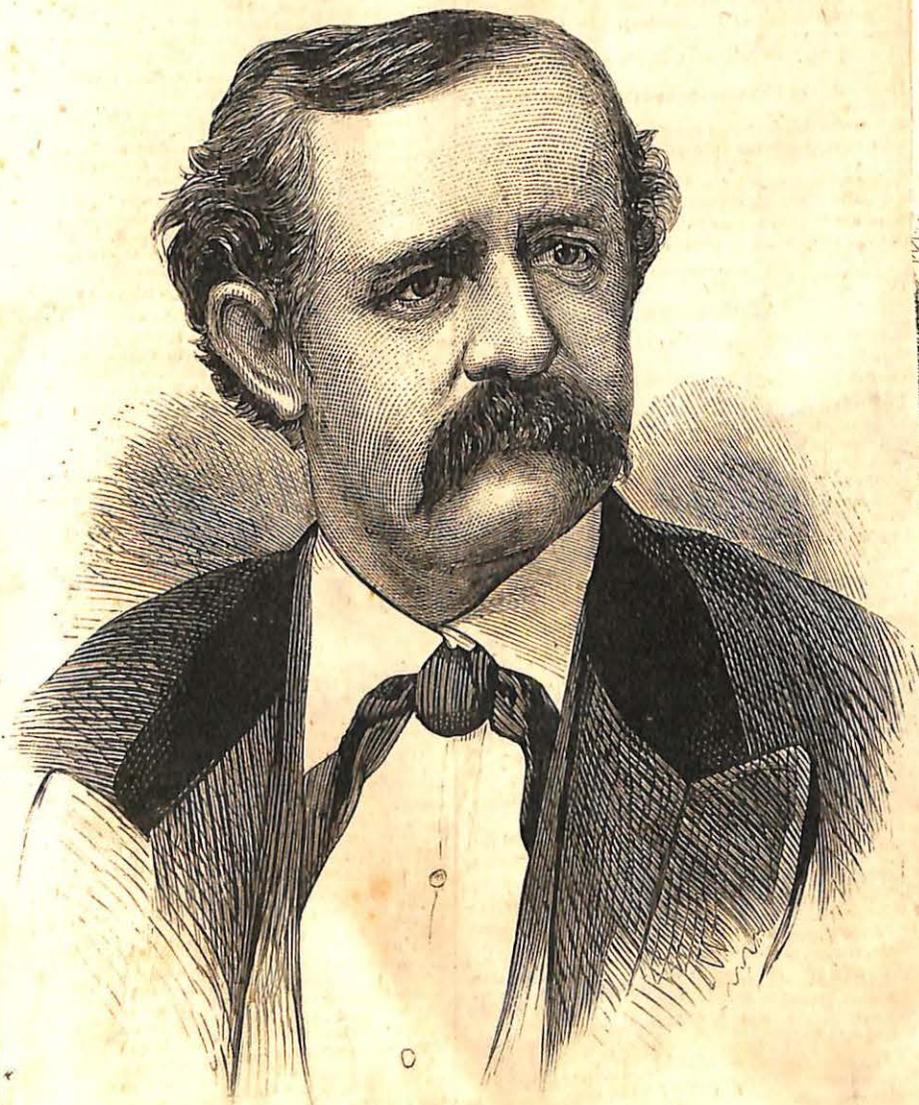


MR. WILKIE COLLINS, THE NOVELIST, NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.



Late
A. A. General.

D. J. Frost,
Commander
F. W. Curtiss's REG'T, No. 193,
MENDON,
MICH.

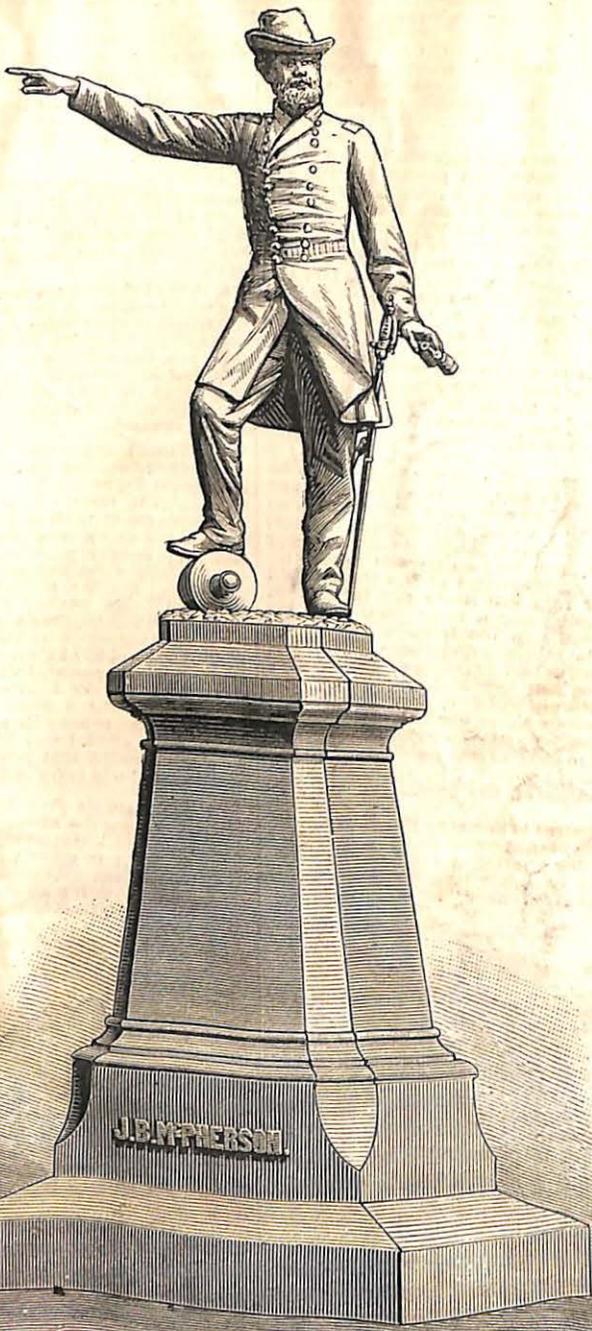


HON. JOHN S. MORTON, JR., OF PHILADELPHIA.



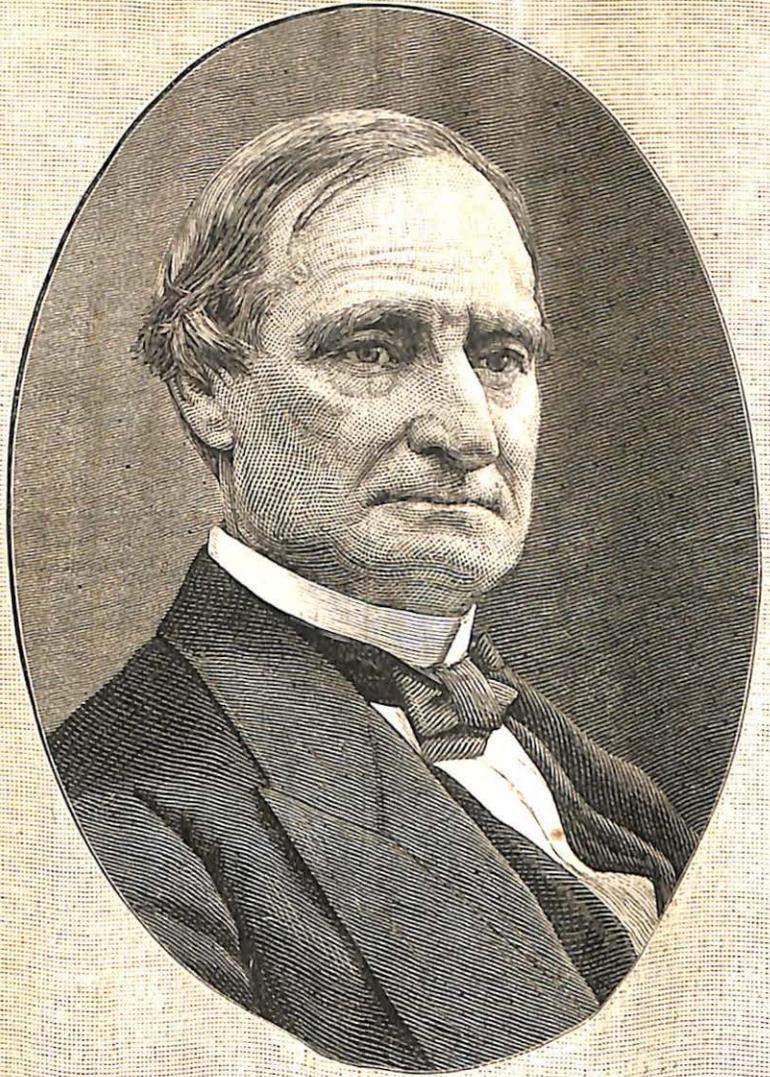
THE LATE INFANT PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF HESSE.

AMERICAN TYPE SETTING AND PRINTING CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



—STATUE OF GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON, TO BE UNVAILED OVER HIS GRAVE, AT CLYDE, JULY 22D.

THE McPHERSON STATUE.
 THE statue of Major-General James B. McPherson, U. S. A., which has been erected over his grave at Clyde, Ohio, by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, will be unvalled on Friday, July 22d. It is expected that as many of the officers and soldiers who served with General McPherson as can do so will be present on this occasion, to pay a just tribute of respect to the name and memory of one of the bravest and best officers of the late war. The ceremonies will consist of a grand military and civic parade, an address suitable to the occasion and short speeches from distinguished persons, and appropriate unvaling ceremonies. It was the intention of the committee to hold the annual reunion of President Garfield's old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio, at Gallon, in the latter part of August, but the date was changed to July 23d in order that the President might be able to attend both events without making a second trip to the West.
 Ex-President R. B. Hayes will be President of the Day, and General R. P. Buckland will be Grand Marshal.



THE HON. ALPHONSO TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR.
 [PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LANDY, 208 FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.]

the Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1838, being then twenty-eight years old. In 1839 Mr. TAFT removed to Cincinnati, where he has since continued to reside. His record is that of a careful, hard-working lawyer, and in

the practice of his profession he has been engaged in some of the best-known cases, involving disputed points of law, which have in the last twenty years been brought before the Ohio and United States Supreme Courts. He has been

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE new Secretary of War, Judge ALPHONSO TAFT, of Cincinnati, is of New England Puritan stock. He was born November 5, 1810, in Towns- end, Vermont, a picturesque village on the east- ern slope of the Green Mountains. His father was a man of much native force, who filled sev- eral terms in the State Legislature. He was a well-informed, but an uneducated man, and his son ALPHONSO inherited his father's mental keen- ness, with an added desire for the advanced branches of learning. He is accordingly found, when only sixteen years old, teaching a district school at such times as his labors could be spared from the farm, in order that he might ac- cumulate the means with which to give himself a collegiate education. When nineteen he en- tered the Freshman Class in Yale College, passed through the full course of four years, and gradu- ated with honor. After graduation he taught a high school at Ellington, Connecticut, two years, and subsequently for two years filled the position of tutor in Yale College, his *alma mater*. In ad- dition to his duties as tutor, Mr. TAFT studied in