

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

On page 518 we illustrate the Rescue of Colonel Smith's Command from an overwhelming rebel attack by a force of Union cavalry under Governor Wood, of Illinois. Colonel Smith's command occupied the brick college building at Monroe, and the rebels, 1200 strong, had surrounded it and planted cannon so as to destroy the building and its inmates. A flag of truce had been sent out, but it was disregarded. Three hundred mounted men were at once sent to the rescue. On arriving at Monroe they formed a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had interred themselves in the academy buildings. The rebels, 1200 strong, were grouped around over the prairie, out of the reach of Colonel Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did considerable execution. The night lasted until dawn. The last shot from Colonel Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Olney on Wednesday, completely routing them and taking seventeen prisoners. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed; but not a man of the Union forces was killed, although several were severely wounded.

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS."

We give on page 519 an illustration of the Recapture of the Schooner "Enchantress" by the Gun-boat "Albatross," from a sketch by Mr. Denny, of the latter craft. A letter in the Tribune thus describes the affair:

On Sunday, the 19th, after sailing two or three hours southeast and eastward, the Albatross sighted a vessel and put her chase, and soon detected what appeared to be the Enchantress, captured by the privateer off Jacksonville, Fla., and from Boston to St. Augustine, and in possession of five tubs and a negro belonging to the schooner. On speaking her and demanding what from and where bound, she replied, "Boston for St. Augustine." At this moment the negro ran from the rigging where the privateer crew from the offing, and from the Captain's. The negro was ordered to lie down on the Albatross. The privateer continued to heave to, while she did. Lieutenant Noyes jumped aboard her, and ordered the privateer to the boat, and to pull for the Albatross, where they were received with a cheer. The privateer was taken to the Albatross, and the crew were taken to the Albatross. The Albatross will shortly proceed to Philadelphia or New York for repairs to her machinery. The vessel has now a reputation which is a terror to the rebels, on sea and coast, as a fighting craft which they neither give a wide berth to.

liberty of looking you a small piece obtained from the original drawing. Hoping you will give this an early insertion, and give honor to whom honor is due. I am, dear Sir, Respectfully yours, FRANK S. BEAVER, Co. C, New Regt., N. Y. M., 4th Regt.

It seems that there must have been two rebel flags hoisted down at Harper's Ferry, one by Blake more and McMillin, the other by Helder of the New York Ninth. Our picture represented the former scene.—Ho, Harper's Weekly.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

Turns a secret drawer in every heart; Whom we lay our treasures on by night; Each dear remembrance of the lonely past; Each cherished relic of the times that are; The old delight of childhood long ago; The things we love, because we know them best; The first discovered prisoner in our crib; The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest; The merry hay-makings around our home; Our ramble in the summer woods and lanes; The story told beside the winter fire; While the wind moaned across the window pane; The golden dream we dreamt in after-years; These simple victims of our young romance; The many nook, the fountain and the brook; Gilding the fairy landscape of our dream; The link which bound us later still to one; Who fills a corner in our life today; Without whose love we do not dream how dark The not would seem, if it were gone away; The song that thrilled our souls with very joy; The gentle word that unperceived came; The gift we prized, because the thought was kind; The thousand, thousand things that have no name; All these in some far hidden corner lie; Within the mystery of that secret drawer; Whose simple springs, though stranger hands may touch, Yet none may gain upon its guarded store.



"THERE IS A SECRET DRAWER IN EVERY HEART."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

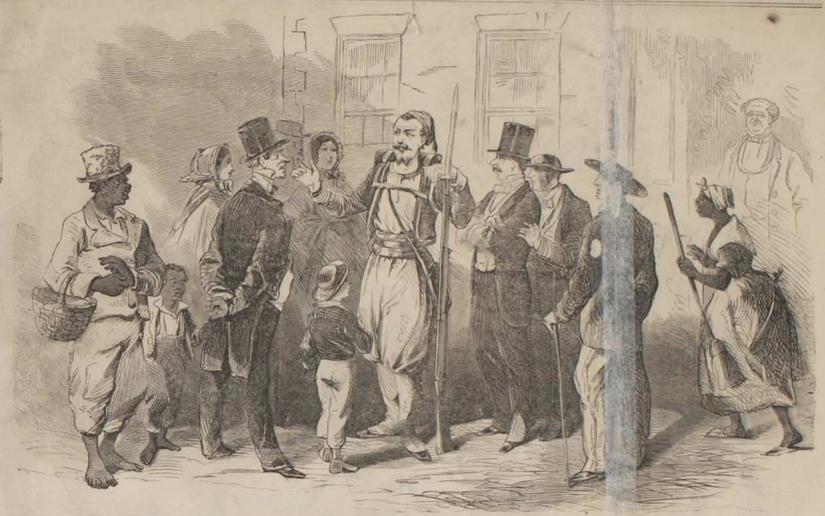
Our special artist in Washington has supplied us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 518 and 519. One represents a Wagoner Zouave, in the hospital at Washington looking gratefully up at the face of his kind hospital nurse. The poor fellow is evidently not used to the tender attention bestowed upon him by the lady volunteer.

THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS," BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS."—SKETCHED BY MR. DENNY.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED.

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



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

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI.

Our special artist writes: "While in Phillippi I was attracted by an immense row in the street in front of the Court-house, and ran with the entire

population of the town to learn the cause. Instead of the arrival of ascending prisoners, or of an army courier, I found the tumult occasioned by the return from the country of a foraging party of volunteers—a squad of some half dozen, under command of a sergeant, with their rifle. Each man carried

one or more young pigs—from the suckling up to the 'lively' shooed—and the squad entered the street in rank with piggy abandoned or trampled, according to the orders of the officer, in the reckless manner of their captives. As they passed the camp the town pigs took the alarm, and made a rush for the

spooker, followed by every cur of the neighborhood. The sergeant ordered 'double-quick,' but one old sow was too fast for the man; she broke their ranks and scattered them as they had routed the rebels on the same ground. They saved their bacon by a rush into the Court-house yard."



RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS."—SKETCHED BY MR. DENNY.—[SEE PAGE 522.]



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