



THE "JEROME NAPOLEON," PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STEAM-YACHT, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

Lieutenant-colonel Chambers saw a wounded soldier bayoneted by a rebel in cold blood. Colonel Sheen, wounded, and bleeding to death, was fired at by cannon so that he had to be moved six times by the surgeons before his wounds could be dressed. The Black Horse Cavalry rode down to the Salley Church, which was used as a hospital, and fired their revolvers through the windows at the wounded as they lay. In a word, scores upon scores of reliable witnesses testify that at this Bull Run battle the savages who fought under the Confederate flag systematically butchered the wounded, and this not only in challenge to their own better instincts, but by the order of their officers.

ON HER DEATH-BED.

A LULLABY.

Hush, baby, hush! the still dew is falling—
 Silence muffles all the earth, and steals over the sea,
 Fair ride the moon—hush, ah, the fairest moon
 Will ever bring my darling back to me, love!
 Hush, baby, hush! the gray light is dawning—
 Simmer die from earth and sea, and peace hurries
 away, love!
 Fair glow the morn—hush, ah, the morning light
 Has other eyes than mine to fill to-day, love!
 Hush, baby, hush! the dull winds are waking—
 Mournful over land and sea, and wild through the sky,
 You, let them mourn—the love that men can give
 Will never fill my darling's heart like my love!

Al, how they wait! And yet, they have tidings—
 Tidings to a mother's soul too sweet not to be true,
 Death may be dark; but soon there is a day
 When Love himself shall lead me back to you, love!

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
 Trap! trap! went the gray;
 But pull! pull! rattle like a thing that was mad,
 My chestnut broke away—
 It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
 And but our last day.
 Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
 Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
 But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
 That she showed them all the way.
 Spur on! spur on!—I dashed my hat,
 And wished them all good-day.
 They splashed through miry rut and pool,
 Splintered through fence and rail;
 But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
 I saw them drop and fall.
 To Salisbury town—hush! a mile of down,
 Once over this brook and rail.
 Trap! trap! I heard their steel hoofs beat
 Past the walls of many stone;
 The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
 But blood is better than tone.

I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
 For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
 And I saw their wild eyes burn;
 I felt like a royal hart at bay,
 And made me ready to turn.
 I looked where highest grew the May,
 And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
 One blow, and he was down.
 The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
 I showed the villain's crown.
 Clove through the rest, and flung brave Kate,
 Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pat! pat! they came on the level sward,
 Thud! thud! upon the sand
 With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
 And a shaking of flag and hand;
 But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
 Safe from the casting hand.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S YACHT.

We publish on this page a picture of Prince Napoleon's Yacht, the *Jerome Napoleon*, now lying in this port, where she arrived on 27th. She is about 1200 tons measurement, and is propelled by a screw, with an engine of 800 horse power. She is handsomely modeled, and is rigged as a bark, in jalousie style. In place of the usual white streak there is a wide gilt band around the ship. Her crew consists of 150 persons. The seamen are

dressed in the blue of the French navy, and wear neat tarpaulin hats. The servants wear the imperial livery. The interior arrangements and decorations of the ship are rich, without attempt at meretricious display. The officers' rooms are models of comfort and neatness in their arrangement and decorations. The great saloon is finished somewhat in the style of the grand saloon of the *Great Eastern*. She carries two 12-pound brass cannonades for firing signals or salutes.

The following account of the distinguished travelers is from the *Times*:

Prince Napoleon is a son of Jerome Napoleon by his second wife, and made, next after the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of the Napoleons. He is about forty years of age—tall, stout, five feet eight, and rather like Napoleon the First in face.

His Princess Consort, Marie Therese Louise Clotilde, is wife the same in fact is a daughter of Victor Emanuel, and it will be remembered that the union, a couple of years ago, was looked upon as a "political marriage." The alliance was determined upon by an intimate understanding between the two sovereigns, and the negotiations being in about were delayed more than a year. She was born in 1843, and is consequently at present in her nineteenth year, and is petite, of Italian complexion and features, and very prepossessing and charming in manner. With the Princess, as her first maid of honor, is the Duchess of Abruzzi, also quite young and very pretty.

Among the suite of the Prince are two Colonels of the Empire, M. Buge and M. Fern Flandin, both of them aide-de-camp—the former Governor of the Island of Guadeloupe, now a commander in the French navy. M. Buge, and M. Maurice Sand, son of Madame George Sand, the illustrious novelist, and himself an author of mark. The officers are Lieutenant Prevost, M. Brunet, Captain and Artillery officer of the ship; Eugénie Arago, nephew of the great astronomer; Eugénie De la Guarnier, son of the French senator, newly elevated from the Parisian editorial ranks; M. Orsini, Poet; Surgeon Delanger, and Chief-Engineer Mounier.



"DEATH MAY BE DARK, BUT SOON THERE IS A DAY."



"ONE LONG BOUND, AND I PASSED THE GATE."