

SONG.

I'm lost to joy; I'm lost to love;
I'm lost to all would make me fain:
I lost my way in the light of day—
God send that I find it soon again!

I'm lost to peace; I'm lost to ease;
I'm lost to all would make me blest:
I lost my way in the light of day—
And I'm weary now, and long to rest.

I'm lost to gladness and to mirth;
I'm lost to all that's good to find:
I lost my way in the light of day,
And left the good things all behind.

I wander West, I wander East,
And know not which is East or West:
I lost my way in the light of day,
And I seek it still, and never rest.

The sun went down an hour ago:
I wonder if I face toward home?
If I lost my way in the light of day,
How shall I find it now night has come?

THE LATE GEN. REYNOLDS.

We publish herewith a portrait of the late General Reynolds, who was killed at Gettysburg on 23d inst., from a photograph by M'Clies, of Philadelphia.

General John Fulton Reynolds was born in Pennsylvania in 1821, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and entered the Third Artillery. In 1846 he became First Lieutenant, and served in the Mexican war in that capacity. For gallant conduct at Monterey he was brevetted Captain, and for Buena Vista he was brevetted Major. After the war he became one of General Wool's aids.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry. He was afterward, on 20th August, 1861, appointed Brigadier General of the First Brigade of Philadelphia Reserves. This and the other brigades of Pennsylvania Reserves constituting McCall's Division, were, on the movement of the Army of the Potomac, in March, 1862, placed under General McDowell; but after the battle of Fair Oaks were detached and sent to General McClellan. They took part in the Seven Days' Battles; and when McClellan was wounded and taken to Richmond, Reynolds assumed the command of the division until he also was taken prisoner. On his release, which occurred simultaneously with the first invasion of Maryland by Lee, he was again appointed to the command of the Pennsylvania Militia; and after the battle of Antietam received a letter of thanks from the Governor for his zealous conduct. He was then appointed to the command of the First Army Corps, which he led at the battle of Fredericksburg. His corps bore the brunt of that terrible battle, and lost 3000 men. In January, 1863, he was appointed Major-General, and was confirmed in March. At the Chancellorsville fight he was not directly engaged, but made several false attacks with skill and success. On 12th June he was ordered to take the left wing of the army to the Potomac, which he accomplished with remarkable celerity; the march, considering the heat of the weather, is one of the most rapid on record.

The last of Hooker's army crossed the Potomac on the 26th of June, and pushed on to overtake the enemy. After a number of cavalry skirmishes the



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLIES, OF PHILADELPHIA.]

First Corps was advancing upon the enemy, and, without really expecting a battle, were marching steadily through the town of Gettysburg when they were attacked. At this time it was only possible to bring the infantry into action.

Finding that he could not place his artillery in any good position so as to be made available, General Reynolds, with his staff and escort, went to the front in search of a knoll or eminence where he could favorably plant his pieces. While he was thus engaged he and his party were saluted with a shower of bullets, which made his horse restive and unmanageable. This exposed him to the unerring aim of the sharpshooters, and a rifle-bullet struck him in the neck, severing the vertebrae, and causing his instant death. When he fell General Doubleday took charge of the forces until General Howard came up with the Eleventh corps, when the former resigned the chief command to the latter.

Thus died General Reynolds on the soil of his native State, which at the time of his death he was defending.

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VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRONOLOGY.
The Hard Cash sailed from Canton months before the boat-race at Helder recorded in Chapter I.; but it landed in Barkington a fortnight after the last home event I recorded in its true series. *Chapter IX.*

Now this fortnight, as it happens, was fruitful of incidents; and must be dealt with at once. After that, "Love" and "Cash," the converging branches of this story, will flow together in one stream.

Alfred Hardie kept faith with Mrs. Dodd, and, by an effort she appreciated, forbore to express his love for Julia except by the pen. He took in Lloyd's shipping news, and got it down by rail in hopes there would be something about the *Ayra*; then he could call at Albion Villa; Mrs. Dodd had given him that loop-hole: meantime he kept hoping for an invitation: which never came.

Julia was now comparatively happy; and so indeed was Alfred; but then the male of our species likes to be superlatively happy, not comparatively; and that Mrs. Dodd forgot, or perhaps had not observed.

One day Sampson was at Albion Villa, and Alfred knew it. Now, though it was a point of honor with poor Alfred not to hang about after Julia until her father's return, he had a perfect right to lay in wait for Sampson, and hear something about her; and he was so deep in love that even a word at second hand from her lips was a drop of dew to his heart.

So he strolled up toward the Villa. He had nearly reached it, when a woman ran past him making the most extraordinary sounds; I can only describe it as screaming under her breath. Though he only saw her back he recognized Mrs. Maxley. One back differeth from another, whatever you may have been told to the contrary in novels and plays. He called to her: she took no notice and darted wildly into the gate of Albion Villa. Alfred's curiosity was excited, and he ventured to put his head over the gate. But Mrs. Maxley had disappeared.

Alfred had half a mind to go in and inquire if any thing was the matter; it would be a good excuse.

While he hesitated, the dining-room window was thrown violently up, and Sampson looked out: "Hi! Hardie! my good fellow! for Heaven's sake a fly! and a fast one!"

It was plain something very serious had occurred: so Alfred flew toward the nearest fly-stand. On the way, he fell in with a chance fly drawn up at a public house; he jumped on the box and drove rapidly toward Albion Villa. Sampson was hobbling to meet him—he had sprained his ankle, or would not have asked for a conveyance—to save time he got up beside Alfred, and told him to drive hard to Little Friar Street. On the way he explained hurriedly: Mrs. Maxley had burst in on him at Albion Villa to say her husband was dying in torment; and indeed the symptoms she gave were alarming, and, if correct, looked very like lock-jaw: but her description had been cut short by a severe attack, which choked her and turned her speechless and motionless, and white to the very lips.

"Oho, sis I, 'Brist-pang!' And at such a time, ye know. But these women are as unseasonable as th' are unreasonable. Now Angina pectoris, or brist-pang, is not curable through the lungs, nor the stomic, nor the liver, nor the stays, nor the sance-jan, as the bluntness of the schools pretend; but only through that mighty mainpring the Brain: and instid of going incedaring to the Brain round by the stomick, and so giving the weman lots o' time to die first, which is the scholastic practice, I went at the Brain direct, took a puff o' chloroform, put m' arm round her neck, laid her back in a chair—she didn't struggle, for, when this disorder grips ye, ye can't move hand nor foot—and had my lady into the land of Nod in half a



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA, AT COLUMBIA, PA.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 453.]