

THE
DESERTER'S DAUGHTER.

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"The Captain's Bride," & "The Refugee's Niece," etc.

Southern Field and Fireside Novelette, No. 3.
NEW SERIES.

RALEIGH :

WM. B. SMITH & CO.

1865.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1864, by
WM. B. SMITH & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate
States for the District of Pamlico of North Carolina.

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CHAPTER I.

"This has been a day of events to me and I shall not soon forget it."

Thus spoke Captain Forrester, alighting from his horse in front of his tent, and addressing his first Lieutenant, who, in company with several of the men, were seated around a camp fire passing off the evening in jovial conversation.

"Any thing new on the picket lines, Captain," asked the Lieutenant anxiously.

"No excitement there, I believe but"—

"Why then will you remember to-day so especially? Another adventure I guess?"

"No not an adventure; but an escape."

"From the widow's bewitching eyes," answered the Lieutenant jestingly.

"Don't be jealous, Lieutenant," said the Captain forcing a smile.

But the want of life evinced by Capt. Forrester, in thus turning what he knew to be a very important matter into a joke, was instantly made quite evident to Lieutenant Hart.

"Have a non-commissioned officer and twelve men detailed immediately, Lieutenant, and order them to ambush themselves at the second mile-post beyond the vidette at the fork of the road. There they will find a blind foot path leading off to the right *exactly* at the *mile-post*. That

path I desire to have strictly watched. Instruct them to keep well concealed to arrest every one that endeavors to pass and bring them to me, and to continue there until further orders." Finishing these instructions he turned away and ordered his cook to "prepare dinner in five minutes."

"The Captain's excited," said one of the men at the fire.

"There's something *wrong* as sure as *twice* one makes *four*," answered Charlie M.

This *lapsus lingua*, or the *wrong* answer to the *wrong* sum, caused a general outburst of laughter, and Charlie in ridicule was ordered by all present to go immediately and call on the widow that she might teach him mathematics.

"Hurry off the detail, Lieutenant," ordered the Captain as he seated himself at his mess-chest to eat his hastily prepared meal.

"*Saddle up!*" shouted the non-commissioned officer, and in a few minutes the detail was making its way to the place designated.

It was now growing dark and the sombre clouds boiling up from the northeast and spreading over the horizon gave ominous signs of a snow storm, while a boisterous wind shrieked and howled amid the towering forest pine tops. The camp-fires of Captain Forrester's squadron blazing brightly, and the men that were not immediately on duty were quietly seated around them, waiting for their "*turns*" to go.

At headquarters things were exceedingly quiet. Alone Capt. Forrester and Lieutenant Hart might be seen by the light of their fires seated in dreamy silence—the Lieutenant in wonder, while the Captain was evidently engaged in deep thought; and from the often voluntarily contracting of his dark brow the path of duty over which these thoughts were then meandering were beset with

many unpleasant obstacles. But at last, as though to break the suspense that he knew must be passing through the Lieutenant's mind, he said, "to-day, Lieutenant, I have come in possession of positive information that there is in our midst a secret league, composed of our own fellow-citizens, (but I am glad to say that the league is small) whose avowed intention it is to thwart our designs, who have a regular means of communication that conveys information to the enemy with the greatest dispatch, who carry on a nefarious contraband traffic, and who are endeavoring to induce our fellow soldiers to desert their country's flag. If this disaffection is not crushed in its infancy it bids fair to weaken, if not destroy, the cause in North Carolina. This is perfectly reliable information, from a responsible source; but, by the way, came near costing me my life to-day;" and opening the breast of his coat he displayed the trace of a rifle bullet that just missed his body at the height of his heart.

"This, too, was the work of what was once a *lady*, but"—hesitating he buried his forehead in his hands.

"Is it possible?" asked the Lieutenant in surprise.

"But before to-morrow's sun Heaven may favor us with some clue to this dark plot, and if so I shall go immediately to work heart and hand to bring those black hearted villains to summary justice, and rid our mother State of the stigma that their conduct is already bringing upon her fair name."

"You will need assistance, Captain, in this matter, and remember that I am anxious to be your abettor."

"Yes, I am aware that it will be a hazardous undertaking, and to be successful will require nerve, energy and perseverance. I know of no one on whom I can more confidently rely than yourself in this matter, and I shall expect your assistance." Rising from his seat he extended his hand to the Lieutenant, who grasping it said,

"Here I suppose, Captain Forrester, we mutually resolve to succeed or perish."

"That's the determination," was the response.

CHAPTER II.

"Nothing has been heard from the detail I suppose, Lieutenant?" asked the Captain early on the next morning.

"Nothing except what has just been brought in by the relieved pickets. They report that firing was heard below about day-break."

"Order a man to saddle his horse and report to me," said the Captain. "But hold," I see a man riding in camp now.

"It's one of the detail," answered the Lieutenant, "and, strange to say, he has a little girl on the horse with him."

"A little girl! ha, thus Heaven has crowned this enterprise with success."

Captain Forrester, followed by Lieutenant Hart, walked in the tent as the horseman rode up in front.

"Captain," said he, lifting the little girl from his horse, "I have come to bring this little girl whom we caught this morning, accompanied by some one, endeavor-

ing to pass through our ambuscade. Her escort made his escape, after we had fired on him several times. She will give us no information."

"Come here to me," said the Captain, putting on an austere frown and addressing the little miss who had assumed a look of perfect resignation. This abrupt order caused a little agitation, however, in her features, but, placing the nail of her left fore finger between her teeth, she promptly obeyed the order as the Captain turned away to complete his toilet, which he had not quite finished.

"Take a seat on the bed here, *sissy*. Ain't you cold?" asked the Lieutenant.

"No sir!" answered a low voice.

The Captain, somewhat attracted by the soft musical voice, turned his eyes upon the beautiful features of the blue-eyed neat little maiden and asked,

"Whose little girl are you?"

She hesitated in perplexity.

"I am nobody's little girl."

"What is your name?"

"Lula."

"Lula—what else?" asked the Captain.

"Nothing else?"

"What is your father's name?"

She refused to answer.

"Where is your home?"

"I hav'nt got any home."

"Where is your mother?"

"I have no mother now," she answered, while the tears chased each other down her plump cheeks.

"You are a singular little being," said the Captain.—

"You belong to nobody. You have no home nor mother and named nothing but Lula."

"Where is your father? Come, you must answer me."

"I don't know sir."

"Have you no brothers and sisters?"

"Yes sir, I have two brothers and one sister."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know sir."

"And what's your sister's name?"

"Julia."

"Nothing but Julia of course," said the Captain ironically.

"Is she grown?"

"Yes sir."

"What is your age?"

"Ten," she answered.

"Ten," said the Captain.

"You know a great deal more than you have told."—

He made a feint as though to draw his sabre from its scabbard, hoping thereby to intimidate her. She caught the movement, and, throwing herself into Lieutenant Hart's arms, she shrieked, "oh, Lieutenant, don't let him kill me."

"He will not hurt you if you will tell us why you were passing our men this morning, and who was with you."

"I was sent," she said, "and couldn't help it. Oh! if you please don't make me tell any more."

"Don't be rash with her, Captain."

"She must be sent to the General," said the Captain.

"I'll swear, by Eternal Heaven, to wreak vengeance upon the heads of those villains yet."

Captain Forrester was a young Confederate officer of much promise. No one saw him but to love him. His manly form, his frank, open countenance, his fierce black eyes, his generous heart, and inflexible determination won the admiration even of his enemies.

An enemy to him, however, was an *enemy*, and he hated him with all the bitterness and venom that the depths of his soul could foster, while he loved his friends with that interesting devotion that ever characterises the faithful

heart. The cause of his country was dearer to him than even life itself; and he respected no one that did not cherish a like devotion.

When Captain Forrester was convinced that a plan was really set on foot in his native State to break down the cause in which he himself was struggling, and in which he had seen so many of his comrades and even a cherished brother sacrifice their lives, it aroused every nerve in his form to energy. Then the news through his picket lines to the enemy awakened him to a vigilant sense of his duty.

In Lieutenant Hart he found a genial companion. One whose motto was ever to do or die. One who loved adventure with a veteran hunter's devotion. One who never shrank from any duty except where his finer sentiments were compromised. Never, therefore, could the disaffected mob of North Carolinians have had two more determined foemen watching them than these two who before a camp-fire "mutually resolved to crush them or die."

"Lieutenant," said he after musing for a few moments, "we are now fairly on the track of those traitorous renegades whose headquarters, (if we may honor their den by this appellation,) I have every reason to believe, is not far distant from this place in the wilds of Dover Swamp. To detect and defeat them now only requires a little cunning courage and energetic action."

"What course ought we now to pursue? or what are your plans?"

"We must first find out their base of operations. This movement must be definitely understood; they must be betrayed by strategy, and then we must crush them at one blow. Of course we cannot commence an open campaign against them in their dens in Dover Swamp. So secrecy on our part will be the ground work of success."

"I am well acquainted with all of this country, Captain, and I offer you my services as a scout."

"I suggest, then, that you take with you three day's cooked rations and set out this evening. I am sure that the foot path at which our men are now ambushed is a communication to their headquarters. Take that path, and find to what mystical rendezvous or hover it leads, and what dark deeds of treachery it witnesses. Caution must be your watchword; and let me advise you to keep your eyes open and have no confidants. Order your detail to camp."

This plan was adopted and Lieutenant Hart was dispatched as a scout and detective.

CHAPTER III.

"The widow gives us another ball to-night," said Charlie M—— as he walked hurriedly in camp and addressed a number of his comrades who had seated themselves upon the *pine straw* and were very diligently watching two of their number who were deeply interested in a contest at checks.

"Not to us," answered one of the men, "Charlie, but to you."

"O no! the invitation is extended to as many of the squadron as are disposed to go. You must go, boys. We shall have splendid music. Furthermore, there is to be some new ladies there. The widow says they are beautiful."

"Where are they to come from?" was asked.

"They are to run the blockade of our pickets to-night after dark, accompanied by Edgar and Austin. But this must not be made known to Captain Forrester!"

"It will be a hazardous undertaking; and, furthermore, it is acting in bad faith to the service. How are they to return?"

"I reckon the Captain will grant them a pass in the morning to return," answered Charlie.

"You are mistaken, Charlie; orders have just been issued that no one shall pass the lines without written permission from the General."

"Never mind, boys, the matter is all fixed with the Captain, and will all turn out right," and Charlie turned away and walked to another portion of the encampment.

"That boy deserves sympathy," said one of his friends eyeing him closely as he left.

"Why?" asked another.

"Because by subtility that woman has completely entrapped him, and is fast leading him astray. I for one have but little confidence in her."

"I am sure that she has always treated us very kindly, and, for all I know, she is a perfect lady."

"Very true, but I do not like the cut of her eye. Furthermore, her husband died in the Yankee service, and some even doubt his being dead at all—nevertheless, I suppose she is called *widow*."

"She could not help what her husband did."

"Probably not."

Three hours afterwards and the merriment at the widow's ball was at its acme.

"The boys were successful," said Charlie to one of his comrades.

"Not as successful as you might suppose," was the reply.

"Why?"

"They evaded the picket and patrol, but were met by the relief, who have reported it to the Captain. The Captain says that he intends to arrest the ladies early in the morning, and he has doubled the picket lines to prevent their escape. The Captain has offered a reward to know the boys that piloted them through. The relief could not recognize them in the dark. Edgar is strongly suspected."

"I know that none of the boys who are knowing to all the circumstances will betray Edgar and Austin, and I will make all of these facts known to them immediately."

Saying this Charlie called his two friends to one side and related the circumstances to them.

"This is very strange conduct on the part of the Captain, or else I have been deceived in the matter," said Austin, "for—"

"Never mind, boys," interrupted Charlie, "it will all be right."

"Yes, but if Captain Forrester made this threat he will carry it into execution unless the ladies are carried back through the lines before day. And this must be done. Go, Edgar, and tell them what has happened. Tell them that we will take them back at four o'clock, and be ready then to start. Tell them, also, that it will be impossible to take them back on horse-back, and that they will have to walk."

Edgar did as he was advised and soon returned with the report that the ladies were very much excited, and ready to start immediately.

"No," says Austin, "at four o'clock the fifth relief will take post. We will pass the lines at patrol number one.

At four the patrol will be expecting the relief and will be standing on post with the picket, and under the cover of night we can cross his beat."

"And then how?" asked Edgar.

"We will get into the field at the gate, from whence there is a small path leading into the main road beyond the last vidette post."

"How near the pickets do we have to pass?"

"In rifle shot; but if we are cautious we shall pass unobserved."

At the hour set apart this plan was put in execution. As they passed out of the field, at which place they were safely across the picket lines, Austin exclaimed:

"And now I feel relieved. All danger is now over."

"Wasn't that the tramp of horses' hoofs on the road?" asked Edgar.

"Be still."

"The enemy! the enemy!" whispered one of the young ladies. You had better return to your command. We are not afraid now to return home by ourselves."

"We are sorry that we cannot see you safely home, but it is best for us to return," and, extending their hands to the young ladies, they bid them in haste good-bye.

"Tell Captain Forrester," whispered one of the young ladies, but before she could complete the sentence she was abruptly interrupted by her companion; and the two young men hastened back in the direction of their camps.

When they were passing their picket post they were, as they had done before, using great precaution for fear of being discovered. Edgar halted suddenly and laid his hand on the shoulder of his companion.

"Hark!" he whispered, "an advancing footstep ahead. Lie down."

The form of a man passed them. "He is alone," whispered Austin. As prompted by one common impulse

they sprang to their feet and presented their pistols to the intruder's head.

The man scared out of his wits fell upon his knees and, stammering, said :

"I—I—m a a—cit—e—e—zen."

"Not a word from you, sir."

"Let us search him," said Austin.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" demanded Edgar of the affrighted stranger.

"Hun—t—t—ing."

"Around our pickets, I guess. So are we."

"What kind of a dispatch is this you have here?" said Austin, extracting a neatly folded paper from the back lining of the prisoner's coat, which, when it became light, read as follows :

To ——— GHEISMO. TUNWT.

— 22d, 186—.

H.

The prisoner and his unintelligible dispatch were both sent to department headquarters.

CHAPTER IV.

If three days previous had made a lasting impression upon the mind of Captain Forrester, indeed this was a day of memorable events to the entire command. The most important information had been communicated to the General commanding by this nervous spy and his dispatch, while the minor deeds of treachery that had been going on even within the bounds of Captain Forrester's camps began to unfold themselves before his eyes.

The day commenced with a demonstration by the enemy upon the picket lines. The pickets were everywhere driven back upon the reserve, when, to maintain their position, a most desperate skirmish took place, which, though it resulted in completely routing the insolent foe, yet many of our bravest boys had fallen. Among those were Edgar and Austin, who, while feeling the strength of the enemy's line of battle in the first part of the engagement, were shot dead, and at a point, too, where no enemy was suspected.

Hardly had the enemy disappeared, the line of battle been broken and the excitement of the morning passed away, when Lieutenant Hart returned to camp from his expedition.

This was a new cause of excitement, for every one could see in his tell-tale countenance that he had brought information of importance.

"What's the news! what's the news! Lieutenant?" asked voice after voice.

"I suppose you thrashed the Yankees this morning," would be his evasive answer.

He sought Captain Forrester in private interview. The camp was in breathless suspense until broken by an order issued by the Captain: "For all of the men to be ready to march at four o'clock, on foot."

When the men were marched to the field of operation, not one knew where he was, nor what he was to do. They had marched through the wild woods for an hour and a half, and were now halted in the thickest place they had seen. The Captain and Lieutenant, who had lead their horses in the rear a few moments before halting the men, had fastened them to trees.

"The Captain wants to hide us good," said one of the men in mimic ridicule.

Ordering the squadron to count off the strength of the line in an under tone, he divided it into two equal parts. With the first he formed a parallel line of battle, and, placing it in charge of Lieutenant Hart, he marched the second forty paces, filed it to the right, halted, brought it to a front in a line corresponding with the first.

"Now make ready with your pieces, men, lie down and await orders."

In the greatest suspense and anxiety they all prostrated themselves upon the earth, with their pieces cocked, and in a position to be discharged at the command *Fire*.

How indiscribable is that feeling of impatience that attends the anticipation of a final issue. Every stroke of the heart seems to say "*wait*," while it apparently makes but four vibrations per hour.

"What is to be done?" would be asked by one of another all the way down the line.

The suspense was one of novelty with the men. Every thought would seem to ask its successor, "what's the issue?" With Captain Forrester it was different. His sus-

pense was half doubt, intermingled with hopeful anticipation. He and Lieutenant Hart alone in the two lines, then confronting each other, knew that between them lay a small but well beaten foot-path. As the last lingering sun beam took its departure from the tallest forest pine top, the man on the left of the first line touched his nearest comrade with his elbow. "Look," he whispered, and nodding his head to the left, he drew his attention to a detachment—say a hundred—armed men marching in single file, close order. On they marched unsuspecting. Some wore the insignia of the soldier, both blue and gray, while by far the greater portion were garbed in the habit of the plebeian citizen.

As the head of the marching column passed the right of the ambuscade, Captain Forrester rose coolly and ordered his men "upon their feet." The men sprang from their cover, like mad panthers, their guns sprung and levelled.

"Surrender," he demanded in a firm yet animated voice.

This fell upon their unsuspecting reverie like a thunder bolt. Some attempted to run, some threw down their arms and shouted, "don't shoot."

"Shoot out the brains of the first scoundrel that attempts to escape," ordered Captain Forrester.

"We'll give up," and other tokens of surrender rang out all the way down the line.

Arrangements were made for their safe escort to the camp, when the Captain shouted, "to our horses, Lieutenant, to our horses," and, mounting their restless chargers, they set off with almost lightning speed down the foot-path through the dense gloomy forest.

The path brought them suddenly to an opening at the mouth of a lane. The Captain reined up.

"That is it," said the Lieutenant, pointing to a cottage-built farm-house two or three hundred yards in the distance.

They drew their pistols from the holsters and, pressing their rowels to their horses' sides, they made them redouble their exertions. As they neared the gate leading to the yard, two armed men stepped from behind the gate posts, and, levelling their guns, fired. Lieutenant Hart reeled in his saddle and finally fell from his horse, while Captain Forrester's horse fell dead in a few paces of the gate. He caught on his feet, however, and recovered from the shock of the fall, only to find himself confronted by the two men, who, with fixed bayonets, had thrown themselves in the gate-way to dispute his farther advance. Raising his pistol he shot one of them dead in his tracks. The other, seeing the fate of his companion, endeavored to save himself by flight; but, ere he made but few steps, he met a like fate. The Captain now caught his pistol in his left, and, drawing his sabre with his right hand, rushed on still to the house. As he placed his foot upon the door steps the smoke from a musket almost stifled him, but the ball missed its mark. Raising his sabre at a "teirce point" he thrust it into the bosom of his antagonist, and bore him struggling to the floor. Like a tiger roused from his lair, with the scent of blood, he leaped over the prostrated body of the dying man and into the passage of the house. To the left he spied a shut door. With an elastic bound he threw himself against it and hoisted it from its hinges. As his eyes met its interior, now shaded by the soft evening twilight, a woman, with hands extended towards Heaven and speechless with fear, met him and knelt at his feet.

"Are you," he demanded, "one of the fiends of this den, too?"

She fixed her dark blue eyes upon the blade crimsoned with a father's gore, and now raised over her own defenceless head, and in a faint, tremulous voice implored him to spare her life.

For a minute he stopped—"arrested in his mad career"

—to view the rounded symmetrical form, the beautiful angelic features of the being who now knelt before him to ask mercy at his blood-stained hands. When he saw the round rising bosom convulsed with fear, the burning tears streaming over those now pallid cheeks still flushed with maiden purity, the dark dishevelled ringlets hanging over her ivory brow and falling in pretty masses upon her snowy neck, his rage was swallowed up in pity, his athletic nerves were unstrung and the blood-crimsoned steel fell harmless by his side.

"Who is this?" he asked in a rather subdued tone.

"Julia," breathed a trembling voice.

"Who else is concealed in this house?"

"No other living soul," said she, burying her face in her hands.

"Why such an angel in this den of ruffians," said he soothingly and at the same time he knelt by her side and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

A feeling of despair seized upon her very soul and shook every nerve in her frame. Her heart almost ceased to beat.

"Captain Forrester!" she whispered.

He caught the sound of his name upon her quivering breath and it sank to the depths of his heart and opened the fountain to all that was pure and holy in his soul.

"I am a friend, Julia, a friend!"

This word seemed a talisman, and, like heat applied to mercury at zero, it raised her drooping spirit to a new life.

"In the name of your mother" —

He interrupted her—"Fear not, Julia, you are safe."

"I have been watched—a prisoner in this house—by my father, my two brothers and their colleagues, during which time I have heard plans which if executed would make perdition itself tremble. Daily have I prayed that I might escape and expose it all to you, but the opportunity

was not offered but once and then my plans were all frustrated. Had I the opportunity I could tell you more and show you in this house some of their plans; but it is not safe for you to be here. This night they have plotted, my father at their head, to surprise your camp and murder you."

"Thank heaven," answered the Captain, "their damnable plots have all been exploded."

"The enemy, too, often visit this house and may be here to-night."

"I cannot leave you here, Julia."

"I will go to Mr. R——'s if you will permit me, only a mile or two distant, and continue there until——"

"I will accompany you."

At the door of Mr. R—— he took her hand and bid her "good-bye!" Perhaps forever.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning following these tragical events was one of those calm mornings when winter is just emerging into spring, when a placid smile may be said to be dawning upon the lips of nature—when each little songster dares to speak forth an anxious carol in unison with the notes of the gladdened insects that have been awakened by a stealing sunbeam. A morning that brings gloom over the despondent and makes the grave, light-hearted, mirthful—when joy and despair seem to linger together upon the air.

As the sun lifted his sparkling face above the low wall of smoke that belted the surrounding horizon, all the gloom in the neighboring atmosphere seemed to concentrate and hover over Captain Forrester's camp. It was indeed a picture of a calm after a storm to a ship-wrecked crew, who had been rescued from immediate death, but doomed to perish by degrees upon a barren and solitary rock in the immense bosom of the briny deep. Here and there might be seen one gloomy face, seated undisturbed and alone, his mind wandering apparently in the fathomless depths of despondency. At some other point groups were assembled as though to mingle and share each others *ennui*. The death of a comrade, a mess-mate or a friend had to be commemorated in mutual sympathy.

At headquarters things had been quite astir at an early hour. During the night couriers had been dispatched to and returned from the General Commanding, with instructions. At sunrise Captain Forrester was walking back and forth in front of his tent, his eyes fixed intently upon the earth and grasping tightly his right arm with

his left, both of which were drawn tightly across his bosom. Something haunted him; and what was it?

Charlie entered the camp hurriedly and sought him.

"Captain—," his voice faltered.

"Have you obeyed my orders, Charlie?"

"We found it impossible, Captain."

"Impossible!" retorted the Captain.

"We found her a corpse."

"A corpse, indeed."

"She has committed suicide," said Charlie, handing the Captain a note.

"She held this note in her hand which is addressed to you."

The Captain read the note aloud as follows:

"I know, Captain Forrester; before this you have been apprised of my wickedness. I know that escape is impossible, and I have preferred death to disgrace."

"So, Charlie, this widow, with whom we have all associated and recognized as a friend, has been one of the chief accomplices in getting information to the enemy.—She has been a spy even within the bounds of our camp."

Charlie looked horror-stricken; for this wicked woman by her cunning devices, had exerted an influence over his youthful heart that was fast developing itself in a deep-seated affection. His first love was blighted at a blow. In this note he saw her history at a glance. How he had been duped! For a moment he was moved; but how easily can the heart forgive a fault, even in a worthless object of affection?

When Captain Forrester had obtained satisfactory evidence of the guilt of this woman he knew not of the intimacy that existed between Charlie and herself, and, as Charlie was one of his favorites, he was charged with the execution of the order for her arrest. Charlie could not, would not, shrink from the duty, but resolved in his heart to rescue her from imprisonment. But with her own

hands she had now shut herself within the walls of a prison-house, from which the most desperate lover has never attempted to extricate the ideal of his heart. And now Charlie retires from the further thread of this story, if not a better at least a much wiser boy.

But this did not ease the heart and calm the troubled bosom of Captain Forrester. He had been the hero in a noble enterprise. His whole actions must come before the eyes of the world for approval or disapproval; but

"Let the cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous nature true"

condemn him.

Lieutenant Hart, whom we left fallen from his horse in the lane near the deserter's house, not killed but severely wounded in the head, as soon as he recovered from the shock was placed upon his faithful steed that did not desert him, by Captain Forrester, and succeeded in returning to camp, from whence he was sent to the hospital at Kinston. Little Lula, who had borne herself out nobly before the General by telling all she knew and probably a great deal more, when she heard that Lieutenant Hart was at the hospital wounded, volunteered her services to nurse him; and when a day or two afterwards he was granted permission to be sent home by his request she accompanied him. Mrs. Hart, the Lieutenant's mother, is very much interested in her history as related by herself, and will not consent for her to leave. Little Lula is very happy now and says the Lieutenant is her sweet heart.

The "Cit-t-e-ezin," with his vile abettors, have met a very merited end, that is the end of a rope.

Now let us return and follow Captain Forrester through the sequel of his noble project:

Captain Forrester of himself had undertaken a worthy purpose, that of bringing a treasonable league of his fellow-countrymen to the bar of justice. How far he had

succeeded let results tell. Yes, he had traced it to its headquarters and had given it a death-blow. But had he not come short of his duty!

At that headquarters he found a woman, a daughter of the ring leader. He, as a military chieftain, was acting for the cause of his country, regardless of selfish consideration. He ought to have arrested her, but the sympathy she had elicited in her behalf had caused him to forego that unpleasant ordeal. She was a woman—like his mother—like his sister. She might be an enemy—an accomplice in the hell-born band that he had crushed. Such a train of thoughts as these were wrangling in his bosom this morning. But he saw her still in his mind as he had seen her in reality—the pure, innocent, blue-eyed Julia—the “angel in the den of ruffians”—a lily that had sprung up unfortunately among brambles—the aromatic little flower that seemed destined

* * * “To blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

In these operations he had been *General, commander-in-chief*, as well as the war making power. Might he not be allowed to exercise his judgment in the entire plan, regardless of what the world might say in detail, and hope to be justified by the final results?

“Surely,” he thought, “there can be no treachery in a heart to which those eyes are the index.”

But the idea haunted him in the farther discharge of his duty. At the very consummation of his plan he risked his judgment in an important matter, and might it not have been modified by tears in the eyes of a beautiful woman. He stopped in his walk; some solid conclusion had passed through his mind. He said aloud:

“Human nature is deceitful, and woman is an unsolved mystery. If she has deceived me—if she is an accomplice of the enemy, now she has neither home nor friends, she will seek his protection.

As soon as a respite from duty would permit him he resolved to satisfy himself by seeing her again. So, mounting his horse, he rode to the house where he had left her. She met him at the gate the same warm-hearted Julia; nevertheless wearing an expression of sadness in her sympathy-inspiring eyes. But she did not meet him as one who had been the means of throwing her upon the cold world without a friend to sympathize or a home to shelter her head, but as her deliverer. When he grasped her extended hand, its warm palm sent a pang of sorrow to his heart that nothing save restoration to her could ease and caused a tear to concentrate in his fierce eyes.

“Julia,” said he, “I came this morning that you might tell me of and show me those plans of which you spoke yesterday.”

“Come in, Captain.”

“Thank you I would be glad to do so, but I must soon return.”

She flitted back into the house and soon returned ready to accompany him to the house where but the evening previous he had been the hero in so bloody a tragedy.—They walked on in silence; for what could he say. She broke the suspense:

“Captain, I told you last evening that I had been held as a prisoner—I told you that I had one opportunity of communicating to you the treason that was going on in the neighborhood of your command. On the night of the widow’s ball my father consented for me, accompanied by a wicked woman, one of his accomplices, to go with me in your lines, (she went with the purpose of obtaining information.) I intended to go to you and expose the whole affair; but your threat to arrest us, coupled with the knowledge that I was in bad company, and would be unable to exculpate myself intimidated me, and my plans were all frustrated.”

“Where is that woman now?” asked the Captain.

"She has escaped to the enemy and will go to New York, where she has relatives; and she is, therefore, gone forever beyond your reach."

Just at this moment they emerged into a large neighborhood road, one end of which led to a Confederate picket stand and the other through Dover Swamp into the "lower Neuse road." Julia stopped suddenly and burst into tears.

"Captain," said she, "here, a few days ago, my poor misguided mother suffered herself to be placed as a sentinel while my father endeavored to surprise and capture your pickets, was encountered by some one, on whom she fired. In the contest she was shot and killed. My father suspected some of your men and, to retaliate, he took my poor little sister that night and started in your lines with a phial of arsenic, which she was to deposit in the well from which you obtained water. On his way he was met by a number of soldiers, who captured her and fired on him. I have not heard from him since." Overcome by these thoughts she seated herself upon a fallen tree and burst into a most violent paroxysm of grief.

Captain Forrester watched her in wonder and agitation until his heart grew sick within his bosom. He seated himself by her side and threw his arm gently around her shoulders and drew her to his bosom.

"Julia," said he, "will you—"

"Captain Forrester," she exclaimed, endeavoring to free herself from his grasp, "would you insult a poor girl whose heart is already borne to the earth with sorrow—whom a father's conduct has disgraced?"

"Hear me, Julia—if you can ever love me, hear me. Since I have deprived you of all that you must have held dear on earth—since I have deprived you of friends and home—I here offer you my love as remuneration and my hands to protect you. Say, Julia, that you will be my wife."

How could she believe him otherwise than true? One look at his face was sufficient to convince her of the purity of his heart.

"You do not love me, and if you do I am unworthy of your love."

"If I thought so, Julia, I should surely be unworthy of yours."

Leaning with complacent confidence upon the arm that had slain mother, father and brother, she sighed—and a few days afterwards General Picket signed Captain Forrester's leave of absence for thirty days, and he led to the altar his beautiful Julia, THE DESERTER'S DAUGHTER.

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